



# When They are Ready

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Two years ago I was guided to explore energy medicine in a more focused way after traditional medicine was unable to treat the excruciating pain in my right leg. My discovery of this non-invasive, relaxing, healing approach thrilled me, as I could feel dramatic changes with each session. My passion and enthusiasm were equivalent to a tsunami, as I felt as if I had discovered the lost scrolls of healing. Naturally, I wanted to practice on anyone who would let me. I also extolled the virtues of energy medicine to my children's school community, to Moms who stood idle after dropping off their kids, to neighbors and friends. Any woe that they shared, was met with an eager suggestion directing them to try energy medicine as well.

My family of origin, recoiled at my new found passion, even though dramatic healing was taking place in me. They thought for sure I had gone off the deep end. Then there was my patient husband, ever supportive of me, but sternly committed to his own traditional views. I could see him in pain as he toiled from the challenges of his physically demanding profession. I cajoled, taunted and tried in vain to educate him. He always reminded me it was my path not his.

I then began to surrender and restore any power I had attempted to manipulate. It was my path and this form of healing spoke deeply to me. I began to focus on my own healing and living the truths I had discovered that worked for me. I now had become the message. I was living proof and I did not need to save the world anymore. Those who resonated began to appear.

My husband surprisingly was one of those people. I had left him to find his own way and he did, in his own time. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon at our cabin in the Canadian Rockies where he first asked me to help him bring relief to his incessant back pain. I was more ready to help than excited by his request. I felt myself entering my healing space and was welcomed by his receptivity to the gift being offered. Besides feeling very relaxed, he noticed a significant shift in the pain he had long endured.

He still likes to assert his more traditional beliefs out loud, but has begun referring others to me, who are troubled by similar pains that traditional medicine has not remedied in them. I think we both know his scepticism has begun to be replaced with a new found belief in something he cannot totally explain, but of which he would like more. He, like many, had to experience energy medicine to know how much of a difference it can make.

I often laugh to myself when I think of how I, too, was once one of those people. What a joy it has been to embrace energy medicine as one of the tools for my family's health and well-being. When others see the changes energy medicine can make, they cannot help but be curious and willing to receive themselves. €