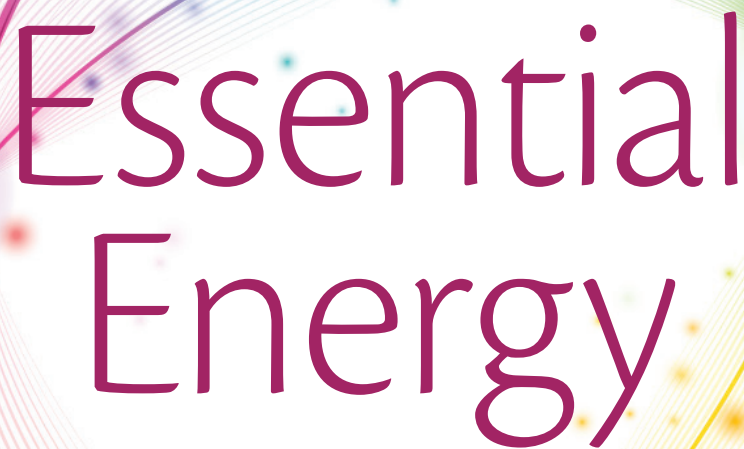


The logo for Energy magazine features the word "Energy" in a white, cursive script font, set against a circular orange background with a radial sunburst pattern of thin white lines.

magazine

Sharing Energy - Transforming the World

Special Publication 2017

The title "Essential Energy" is centered on the cover. It is surrounded by a large, abstract graphic composed of many thin, overlapping lines in shades of blue, green, yellow, and red, creating a sense of dynamic energy and movement.

Anthology: 2009 - 2016

Cyndi Dale

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Cyndi Dale has been a natural intuitive since she was young, and offers these gifts to clients and groups seeking to make real and positive change. Her passion includes helping people open their “essential energy,” the powers and perspectives unique to them. She works with thousands of individuals a year, in the United States and internationally, because once individuals understand their own essence, they can tap into the energies of—and beyond—the world, joining the community of like-minded people who want to better themselves and others.

Cyndi is an internationally renowned author, speaker, healer and business consultant. Her books to-date include the bestseller, *The Subtle Body: An Encyclopedia of Your Energetic Anatomy*, published by Sounds True. *The Subtle Body* has garnered over 100 five-star reviews on Amazon.com and continually sells in the top place, leading millions of books. It has also won four internationally recognized Publisher’s Awards. In addition, she has written twenty-five other books on spiritual and energetic matters.

Cyndi has presented seminars and workshops in Russia, England, Wales, Amsterdam, Iceland and Scotland and has led groups across South and Central America and into Africa. Her training has encompassed studies in shamanism and healing across the world, taking her into the Peruvian, Belizean, Hawaiian and Costa Rican jungles, the Moroccan sands, the Venezuelan savannahs, the glaciers of Iceland and other exciting places. She seeks to unify the world’s most vital spiritual messages, encouraging understanding and community among all peoples.

On a daily basis, Cyndi works with clients and groups, serving as an intuitive coach and an energy healer. Clients are commonly referred by professionals, including psychiatrists, medical doctors and therapists. She continues to hone her ability to help people discover their essential selves so that they can make healthy and positive changes in their lives.

Cyndi offers training, classes and apprenticeship programs in the United States. Through Normandale College in Minneapolis, MN, she offers a seven-class certificate program, “Energy Works: The Subtle Body Certificate.” She is also noted for her one-year Apprenticeship Program, an in-depth developmental process of the spiritual gifts and training in clairvoyance, clairaudience and healing.

Cyndi has been trained in several different healing modalities, including shamanism, intuitive healing, energy healing, family of origin therapy, Therapeutic Touch, the Lakota way, faith healing and holds a fourth degree mastership in Reiki. She taught business ethics at the University of Minnesota; served as a public relations consultant to 3M and Tonka; and has been honored in Who’s Who in American Business, The American Women of Noteworthy Achievement and the International Association of Business.

Cyndi lives in Minneapolis with her sons, Michael and Gabriel, as well as way too many pets, all of which believe they have voting rights to her time.



Over the past years, Energy Magazine has been fortunate to have Cyndi Dale share her wisdom with us. Energy Medicine has ancient roots that permeate many cultures. Cyndi's knowledge draws from these ancient roots and she has shared this knowledge through her writings. Some the ancient terms are familiar to us, such as chi, and others are not as these roots are found in languages and cultures we are not familiar with. Some of these ancient energy practices are still in use today, such as acupuncture, Chinese medicine and Reiki.

However ancient the roots, Energy Medicine is not static nor has the exploration of the power of energy healing stopped. There are more recent practices that have been developed, such as Healing Touch and Emotional Freedom Technique, and more continue to be founded as we gain knowledge and expertise in this area. New modalities are combining practices with new effects; some are combining energy healing methods with more conventional methods such as talk therapies. Regardless of the modality, the roots go deep into the original ancient wisdoms.

Cyndi utilizes these concepts in her own energy healing practice. In addition, she has the unique gift of being able to share practical wisdom and its application in daily life. She gives us insightful gifts, showing us that our daily lives are rich with opportunity for growth, learning and healing. These insights help us expand our own unique abilities as individuals and energy healers.

At Energy Magazine, we are passionate about Energy Medicine and its ability to heal and empower. For us, this work is personal. Our team is made up of four dedicated members spread across the country. Two of us are Healing Touch Certified Practitioners and actively use energy healing with clients. Others have children and grandchildren. We desire that they grow up in a world where energy healing is a common occurrence. We are all personally dedicated to this work. All of us have experienced how Energy Medicine makes a profoundly positive difference in people's lives: in our families, friends, clients and circles of influence.

Because of our belief in the potential of Energy Medicine to facilitate healing, we are fiercely determined to communicate the beauty, simplicity and effectiveness of energetic healing methods. Our mission at Energy Magazine is to publish articles that articulate, demonstrate and substantiate the field of Energy Medicine. Cyndi has helped us achieve this mission and we thank her for this.

We hope you enjoy this anthology of Cyndi's writings from 2009 through 2016.



Bad Things and Good People: When Life Is Not Fair

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July/Aug 2014

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Years ago, I bought a book with a title that presents one of life's most agonizing issues: *Why Bad Things Happen to Good People*. I never actually read the book. At that point in my life, I failed to see how any insight would suffice. There was something so—unfair—about the unfairness of it all.

My oldest shared the same opinion when he was younger. Despite giving it his all during try-outs, he failed to make the traveling baseball team two years in a row. That is a big deal with you are in sixth grade and all your friends make it—because their fathers are on the athletic board. The rejection threw him into a deep depression, the type that toppled his grades into the “D” end. We were even called into home economics one early morning and told by the teacher that Michael would lose his sewing privileges if he did not start paying attention.

The misshapen entity called a “pillow” was so limp, I did not see how he could further damage it, sewing privileges or not.

During those two years, Michael was quite clear that he was not going to be happy until he felt like it; he was one of those “good people” to whom a

“bad thing” had happened, and it was not fair. He did not grace me with a smile until he joined the eighth grade football team and found true companions, many of whom are still good friends.

I am sure you have discovered that it is far more difficult to help clients heal when the wounding is unjust. When we are clearly responsible, we have only to deal with a bit of sheepishness. There was the time I broke my hand by running into a bus stop. (Go figure.) Besides feeling stupid, the healing was pretty much complete after six weeks in a cast. But when the injuries are not our fault? Worse, when the “good guy” is hurt and the “bad guy” is not? All our primitive instincts kick in—the amygdala, limbic system, “fight, flee, or fight” response—and everything in us wants to protest. The only problem is that if our survival instincts were powerless to prevent the trauma, they are equally powerless to create a solution. In fact, the primal urges will prevent healing, rather than encourage it.

I have a perfect example.

A few years ago, I met with two clients similar in age and injured within the same month. Drunk drivers had injured both young men in automobile accidents. In both cases, the offender had walked away

with a slap on the wrist. My clients had not walked away at all. Both would spend the foreseeable future in wheelchairs, paralyzed from the waist down.

The first young man, whom I shall call Ben, was understandably bitter and angry. He had been prepared to attend college on a sports scholarship and believed his life was ruined. He wanted an instant miracle healing and would not believe in a god unless he got it. He also wanted revenge on the perpetrator.

The second man, whom I shall name Richard, was more circumspect. His first request was that I help him forgive the drunk driver. He was tired of obsessing about the offender. Secondly he wanted to learn how to support his mother through this tragedy, as she was falling apart. Third he wanted to determine what he could do toward recovery, not only physically, but also professionally. As were Ben's plans, Richard's were in tatters, but he was committed to seeking a new path.

It is interesting that about a year ago, I heard from both men. Ben was working at a pharmacy and was still angry. He was also hooked on pain pills and still trying to get money out of the driver's insurance agency. Richard had become a physical therapist and was engaged. Neither was able to walk, although both had made gains in that area, but the difference in their voices spoke of the world of difference between them.

Both were "good" men and neither "deserved" what happened to them. Look at how different their recoveries were, however, based on their responses to undeserved trauma.

Life often is not fair—and that does not seem fair, does it? Maturity begins—and ends—with accepting this fact, however.

Being able to control the people or events around us is an illusion, but society seldom teaches this truth. In fact, the American dream is such that we have only to work harder—be smarter, prettier, faster and more powerful—to master reality. Spiritual theories, such as "the secret," would have us think the same. We have only to think better to outsmart the chaos in the universe.

The reality is that there is no great force handing out justice or injustice, at least not on a personal level. We do not take the weather personally, do we? If it pours when we are in the middle of a long hike, we do not think God is picking on us. The rain is not there because we are a "good" or a "bad" person. It simply is.

We just hope we have an umbrella.

My son Michael felt victimized by the baseball judges because they selected their sons over him for the team. What they did was unjust, but he was not being singled out. His quality as a player had little to do with their decision, as he could not match the singular criteria of nepotism. Neither were Ben and Richard singled out by the drunk drivers. The crucial point is that no situation, as unfair as it is, can steal everything from us. Michael lost his opportunity to play traveling baseball, but not his athleticism. Ben and Richard lost the use of their legs, not their essential selves nor their minds. As healers, we cannot justify the injustice, but we can help our client search for the silver in an otherwise dark lining.

I recognize that some people will insist that the offense was personalized—that they were singled out, perhaps to be bullied, hurt or taken advantage of. We have all been there. I have a relative who gossips about me without cessation, and not nicely. It started when I suggested she go to treatment. She has not. Even though her attacks sound customized to me, they actually are not. They are projections of her attitude toward herself. I do not need to own them and when possible, I establish boundaries. At times I have clarified the situation with other relatives and refused to participate in events with alcohol. As healers, this is another area with which we can help our clients. Only after we stop personalizing another's behavior can we create parameters—parameters that recognize we cannot affect another's behavior, only our own.

Over the years, I have found some of the following steps beneficial in helping clients who have been harmed by life's unfairness. You might find them helpful as well.

Bad Things and Good People: When Life Is Not Fair

Concentrate on the self, not the perpetrator. Focusing on “why” the perpetrator was so mean/drunk/stingy/unpunished feeds a victim mentality and keeps the important person—the self—stuck in the trauma, feeling powerless. Over time, this rut leads to entitlement, summed up in this sentence: “I did not cause this problem so others have to fix it for me.”

Assist your clients with determining what they have lost versus what they perceive they have lost.

Help your clients grieve what they will not experience again, from innocence and naiveté to an emotional or physical equilibrium—and then move on, for there is more to gain from life than the grieving of the past.

Cultivate the truth of transformation: we can only create change from a positive mindset, not a negative one.

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Encourage the spiritual viewpoint, which reveals that no matter our material-based condition, we are truly much greater than what we can touch, see or prove.

It is also important to recognize that we do not have to wait to be fully over an event, or even fully recovered, to enjoy our lives. As quoted by J.M. Barrie, who writes in *Peter Pan*, “No one ever gets over the first unfairness; no one except Peter.”

As lovely and light-hearted, as magical and effervescent as Peter Pan was—and is, he is yet an immature boy with no spiritual sensibilities. He will never grow up to tell stories about deeper truths or embrace his children. He will never feel the proud accomplishment of forgiving another or fighting to take a step rather than simply leaping forward. And yes, I have now read the book, *Why Bad Things Happen To Good People*. In fact, I treasure the aged volume, as well as the gems gained from life’s unfair events. €



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Can't Give What Isn't Wanted

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July/Aug 2016

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I remember when I was a “brand new healer.” More than anything, I was excited to assist members of my family.

Just think!

Energy work could help my uncle quit drinking, or at least reduce his gin and tonics from ten to nine. It might assist my cousin in selecting a better mate, or at least finding someone single. Healing could even get my mom to nourish herself with something besides ice cream and wine.

Of course, not one of my family members has ever shown the slightest interest in my healing abilities. As my mom said, “I’m not giving up my ice cream for anything.” And so, when I offer a “friend and family special,” only friends show up.

At some level, I do not question my family’s lack of interest. After all, a good number of them still remember me in diapers. That is hardly a credible professional image. Still, I am constantly amazed at the disinterest in general.

Of course, some individuals can officially plead ignorance. Even though forty percent of Americans use

complementary medicine, modalities in this category include taking fish oil, getting massages and practicing yoga—or at least, dressing in super cool yoga stretch pants. Although energy medicine is an increasingly accepted and understood concept, it is not like there is a string of “Energy Envy” clinics in shopping malls.

The uninformed or unaware do not dampen my zeal. To some extent, I perceive the naiveté as potential recruits—if they are interested in learning more about energetics and the benefits of energy medicine, I will fill them in. If not, I hope they can get the help they need in ways more comfortable to them. More challenging to me are the clients who contract for time and then do not seem to want the assistance.

At first blush, it does not make sense to assert that some clients do not actually want to benefit from a session. Once clients have passed through the door, they have committed time and resources. I am sure my clients are similar to your clients, in that soon after starting a session, they also open their hearts, revealing wounds and hopes. But then, in some cases, that which is ajar is then shut down.

What are the signals that show someone is denouncing an energy session? I am sure you have your own

list. At the top of mine is the “blank stare.” The sign might not be visual. It could be an “uh huh” or silence or an overly talkative reaction. However it appears, the message is the same. The client is saying this:

“I don’t get it.”

Actually, the real message is more than likely this:

“I don’t want to get it.”

Truth can hurt. So can healing, because it inevitably brings change, internal and external. A client has to be ready to make the necessary alterations, and the costs are great. Frequently, transformation involves feeling long-held feelings, facing fears, embracing long-held dreams and taking courageous actions. Far easier to imply, “I don’t get it.”

Yet another indication of non-interest is bypassing. A bypass is a shortcut. Now, when we are driving, it is fine to take a quicker route. When it comes to healing, most bypasses are an attempt to skirt the issues. They are diversionary tactics, a way to dodge the deeper causes of a problem—or the solutions that might work.

Recently, a client provided a clear example of bypassing. Married to an alcoholic, she wanted me to shift her husband’s energetics so he would quit drinking. (Now that would be a trick!) When I suggested we figure out what was occurring inside of her, rather than him, she responded, “Oh no, it would be much easier to simply change him.”

Ironically, our field offers yet another potential bypassing mechanism, although it certainly is not in most cases. It is called spirituality. Many energy medicine pathways lead to questions of spirit, whether they involve the nature of the client’s spiritual essence or their relationship with Spirit. Sometimes it can feel less threatening to search for spiritual solutions rather than emotional or behavioral ones.

For example, I had a client visit with me about losing weight. I explained that we could certainly perform an energy balancing, but we would also need to examine her childhood for some of the causes of her issues. Perhaps we would want to discuss the root of her craving, maybe even establish an eating program. She said she


would rather just “meditate the weight away.”

We would all rather “meditate our problems away,” rather than delve into pain or take actions we are uncomfortable with. But simply thinking about solutions does not usually result in a solution.

Many clients make bold and obvious changes because of our work—actually, because of their willingness to “do the work.” And some are not there yet. I know it is not for me to determine when they will be, or if I am even going to be a part of the shift. Still, I know that if I do my best work, something good will come of it. Plain and simple, good produces goodness.

As for the rest, it is always good for me to practice letting go. As “Dear Ann” (Ann Landers) shared years ago, in response to one of her client questions:

Some people believe holding on and hanging in there are signs of great strength. However, there are times when it takes much more strength to know when to let go and then do it.

Hmmm, maybe I need to change my “Friends and Family” clause to simply “Friends and. . . Friends?” 



Common Sense Healing

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July/Aug 2015

12

Mid-summer finds me knee deep in my son's baseball. I spend my evenings eating salty popcorn, crossing my fingers when Gabe pitches and fending off mosquitos. Given the numbers and length of the games, I am afforded plenty of opportunity to reflect on what healing is truly about.

A recent mosquito experiment was quite telling.

My exposure to holistic medicine has encouraged a sort of perfectionism. The more challenging a client's issues, the more thorough is my advice. Who among us has not assigned clients a retinue of health conscious activities—to include meditation, exercise, regression therapy, positive thinking, prayer and supplements? How about their diet? The gluten-sugar-caffeine-alcohol-cholesterol-chemical-glycemic-meat free menu that leaves our client, maybe even us, wondering exactly what can be eaten.

So let us return to baseball.

It was the first hot game of the season. It was more than welcome, as we had been enduring months of 30 to 50 degree events. I was starting to equate myself with the Pillsbury Dough Boy, as my warm

clothes, which are duck down, are so puffy that I practically have to be rolled onto a bleacher. The shift from cold to hot meant only one thing. The mosquitos would attack.

There is a unique and shared consciousness among baseball moms. Without a single text, email or phone call, we decided that this year we would only use non-toxic mosquito repellent. As "Mom One," I showed up with clove spray. Mom Two had citronella candles. Mom Three passed out mini fans, guaranteed to scare the bugs away, and Mom Four carried a box of dryer sheets, which the Internet insists that mosquitos abhor. Even the men sat around with Bounce dryer sheets on their heads.

Bottom line, Minnesota mosquitos do not read instructions and must be more intelligent than most. Clove is on their preferred food list and citronella, a form of aromatherapy. They can ride the current of a fan's movements to strengthen their projectile velocity. And the dryer sheets? Think "moths to a flame."

Without missing a beat or making a formal declaration, every mom showed up at the next game with Deet bug spray. Of course, we had been trying to avoid toxic material, but when in the trenches. . .

As a healer, I have often been guilty of assigning a list of healthy behaviors, nutrients and attitudes that could easily overwhelm a client. I have done the same to myself. The no-food diet? I have lived on vegetables and air as well, the end result usually an enjoyable “bad food” binge. Me without caffeine? Just ask my kids what I am like.

These days, I eat healthy—pretty much. I avoid the most obvious sins. But I also drink a large glass of ice tea with honey every morning, take my calcium in chocolate flavored candies and wear real deodorant, not the organic stuff. I have an optimistic attitude, except when I do not, and have been known to be grumpy when I awake and the dogs have turned the upstairs into a litter box.

I also apply a more forgiving attitude as a healer. In other words, I am more realistic. If a client gets migraines, I know they need to eliminate certain foods, but everything “bad?” What if the headaches relate to anger at an ex-spouse? I might help the client chisel away at the bitterness, but I am not going to demand a complete change of heart. Maybe the anger is deserved and simply needs a better outlet.

In general I find it more helpful to support small and sequential changes or one great big transformation at a time. We baseball moms only use Deet in small quantities and even then, as a spray over our clothes, thus minimizing the danger and damage. If a client really does need to eliminate a certain behavior, such as the eating of sugar, drinking of alcohol or abuse of a drug, I concentrate on that action and substitute other, healthier activities that will support the change process. In general, however, most healings can involve adjustments over time, such as reducing the three-cup-a-day coffee habit to one cup a day.

As said by Slick Rick, a musician, “We need realism to deal with reality.” As stated by the Minnesota mosquitos upon spotting the dryer sheets, “Really?” €

Essential Energy Medicine and Surgery

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, November 2009

14

Imagine yourself in a cold, sanitized office. The nurse's curt order to "wait in here" still echoes in your mind. You hear the precise clip of her rubber-soled shoes leading from the sealed door, and you wonder if you have been entombed.

The door opens and you smell the ammonia that every physician's white coat seemingly off-gasses. You know why authors use the phrase, "her heart leaped out of her chest," to describe moments like this. Will you be condemned to surgery—or not?

Perhaps you have been through this scenario; assuredly, you have provided support, advice and maybe treatment to a loved one or client. Every year, there are over 230 million major surgeries performed worldwide and 200 million in America. These figures do not include the procedures that leave cowards like me begging for a Valium—or holistically, gulping Rescue Remedy. I would prefer swine flu to being stabbed with a vaccine and have unfortunately passed my phobia to my youngest son, whose expensive Star Wars collectibles overflow into kitchen and bathroom cabinets. There is one for every stitch, band-aid, splinter and even threat of a shot.

Of all treatments, surgery is perhaps the scariest.

There is something illogical about employing injury to heal an injury. We feel violated. Ethically, however, it might be the only option with supportive research. Economically it is often the only insured solution.

How do you approach the topic as an energy medicine specialist if you think there might be alternatives, or at least other complements? I try and remember two simple facts when I am in the position to affect someone else's decision or well-being.

First, I remind myself that all medicine is energy medicine, even allopathic. After all, everything is energy. The issue is not whether or not acupuncture, hands-on healing or toning constitutes "better" energy medicine than allopathic, but which best serves the individual. I advise following a qualified physician's lead with supplemental complementary care unless there is an outstanding reason to avoid such care. I have seen the results of avoiding straightforward "traditional" care altogether. Despite my protests, one of my clients refused a lump biopsy because she preferred holistic medicine. She now has fourth stage melanoma and can only employ energy medicine. We do not want to limit healing options—we want to expand them.

I also consider the power of belief. As Napoleon Hill, the author of *Think and Grow Rich*, once pointed out, “What the mind can conceive and believe, the body can achieve.” Some people simply believe in surgery. No amount of chanting, meditation or macrobiotic dieting is going to change that. Some believe in holistic care. I am not going to alter that either. Studies show that a patient’s belief is prophetic. A placebo alone relieves symptoms in 30 to 40 percent of people, regardless of the condition.¹ A study from Baylor University showed that “fake knee surgery” was as effective as “real knee surgery.”²

This does not mean that people cannot change their beliefs. Gandhi did not believe in Western medicine, until he had appendicitis. As surgery was the only hope, he simply decided to believe in surgery. Sometimes a holistic method will work because someone knows it will—or must. Sometimes allopathic or energetic care works just because they do.

In general, we are called to point out choices in every solid venue, err on safety, support healthy actions and fan positive beliefs.

For the energy medicine specialist, the summative starting—and ending—point is to LISTEN. We accomplish this through heart. Then, no matter what surgery we offer—emotional, energetic, mental or supportive of the physical, we will deliver true healing. This healing is ultimately spiritual. It is to perceive the patient or client as whole no matter what. Quite simply, the path to wholeness lies in caring. €

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Energy Medicine Techniques for Surgery

These energy practices might substitute for or complement surgery.

- Subtle system healing in energy channels, centers or fields. Examples: hands-on, sound, color, light, distant healing, bodily manipulation, massage, needling.
- Physical vibrational healing. Use of nourishing foods, water, movements, medicines, supplements, herbs, remedies; removal of negative influences, i.e. toxic radiation, foods, EMF fields.
- Psychic surgery. Energetic release of beliefs, emotions, energy or genetic templates.
- Inner child or soul work. A wounded self can vibrate at a “ill at ease” vibration. Heal the hidden self, heal the disease.
- Mental/spiritual empowerment. Guided imagery, affirmations, prayer, meditation, contemplation.
- Emotional freedom. Expressing feelings, regressions, therapy.
- Love. The true power of the Universe.



The Healing Power of Humor

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Jan/Feb 2015

16

Sometimes the only way we get through “one of those days” is with humor.

I am almost embarrassed to share about my most recent “bad day.” I was working at home and quite comfortably clothed, since my clients were on the phone. I would like to boast that I was wearing Lulu-approved yoga apparel, but that was not the case. The sweatpants outfit was leftover from my oldest son’s high school days, which means it was, indeed, much worn.

When I work I leave the back door open so the dogs can run. However, when it started raining and Lucky the Elder rushed in but Honey the Puppy did not, I automatically knew he was up to something.

In between client calls I stepped outside. Honey was enthusiastically attacking a tree. Gathering mud on my tennis shoes as I slogged through the rainy backyard, I discovered a huge cache of mushrooms. Honey had also.

Of course they were not dog-friendly and of course I spent every minute between clients scraping mushrooms out of a tree and cleaning up after Honey’s stomach upset. I called the vet, but since

Honey’s symptoms had abated, she said to just watch him.

I was ecstatic to reach the time for my last client and waited by the phone for her call. However she did not and my assistant, who is terrific, had unfortunately forgotten to mention that this client was coming in-person. You can only imagine how I looked.

What could I do but explain and laugh?

Even the most professional of healers will require more than a dollop of humor to deal with a challenging situation. Sometimes the joke is on us, as it was on me in the situation described. Sometimes the comedic is the only source of inspiration to offer a client.

I have not heard many workplace experts speak about the importance of humor. The list of professional criteria usually includes education, skills practice, swivel chairs and decent lighting. Much is made of sick leave policies and grievance protocol, as if healers enjoy their own employee handbook. But humor? It is not on the list but it ought to be.

Humor is defined as the quality of being amusing or

comic. It is also a state of mind. Most major upsets are not inherently funny, and we do not need to see them as such. Getting the news of a friend's heart attack does not — and should not— promote amusement. Helping a client moving through chemotherapy is not a joking matter. But humor can help us deal with events that are so ridiculous and out of our control that the only reaction is to roll our eyes.

There are many types of humor. These include the ability to laugh at life, bond in the moment, embrace sarcasm, act out imitations, self-deprecate and go deadpan. Dark humor makes light of something serious and surreal humor points out the bizarre nature of occurrences. When my client walked into my home office, I relied on self-deprecation to point out the surreal nature of the serendipitous events.

More than once I have dealt with unexpected events in my own life using humor, such as the time my son broke his hand sledding. This kid, who participated in hockey, baseball and football, had never done much more than scrape a knee. Of course he would hurt himself in a non-lethal activity two days before Christmas. Sarcasm helped me contain my stress so I could focus on Gabe and his needs.

I recently worked with a client whose list of hardships was stupendously long. It included two accidents, in which only the cars were damaged; three lost sets of keys, along with three expensive visits from a locksmith; a demotion for nonsensical reasons; the hacking of her email; and the misuse of her credit card. At the end of her recitation, all I could say was, "That's it?" We laughed and got down to work. I believe the levity allowed us to probe the energetics of the issue and decide what was occurring on that level.

Of course most of the time our best "soft" healing tools are compassion, empathy, gratitude, intuition and the like. Once in a while, however, the comedic balances out the tragic. As shared by Mary Pettibone Poole, an author during the early 1900s, "He who laughs, lasts."

We can all use a little more lasting power. ☺



Healing The World: An Essay on Inconvenience

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July 2011

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The other day, right after school, my son, Gabriel, quite surprisingly invited me into his room.

“Mom, can I talk to you? Like in PRIVATE?”

Since only the dogs and myself currently occupied the house, I guessed what was up, right away. Pre-teens do not confide in the “sometimes enemy” unless there is money to be made or a problem to fix.

I listened to him stumble around, while stifling a laugh.

“Well, it’s like this. There was this football someone inconveniently threw at me when I was standing next to this kid, Wade, who is pretty much half my size, and an even more inconvenient huge mud puddle next to him. Then Colin rather inconveniently barreled into me and Wade was wearing new clothes and the teacher found out.”

“Let me guess,” I said. “Inconveniently, you got into trouble.”

After sorting through the difference between a demerit and a behavioral slip (apparently Colin was “guiltier” than Gabe and had to stay after school,

while Gabe only had to have a parent sign a paper), I began to think about how many world issues start with “inconveniences.”

We are a people at war within ourselves. Our dissatisfactions frequently lead to the reason that organizations like Healing Touch exist. There is enough food for everyone on this planet—still thousands starve to death each minute. There is enough medicine to stop, aid or cure most communicable diseases—yet millions suffer constantly and needlessly. There are enough words of love in our religions and spiritual disciplines—yet hatred is the most popular emotion.

Healing Touch is responding by going even more global than it already has. I want to commend every member of Healing Touch for offering grace on such an extended basis. The truth is that this world needs every bit of light we can muster no matter how “inconvenient” it is to reach beyond our comfort zones and do more, even while most of us are struggling with less. True change only comes, however, when we are willing to be inconvenienced for the good.

I think it is ironic that most of the infractions behind the need for global outreach started with inconveniences, or, one party feeling discomforted by another.

Did you know that the Middle East dilemmas originated with jealousy and resentment, emotions that are often so inconvenient, we do not like dealing with them? Today's religious and political hardships began when Abraham's wife, Sarah, excommunicated her handmaiden, Hagar.

Although God had promised Abraham a son by Sarah, Sarah got tired of waiting and offered Hagar to Abraham. Ishmael was conceived. After birthing her own child, Sarah found Hagar's presence rather inconvenient. Abraham did not want to deal with the friction, and so Hagar and Ishmael were sent away. Thus began the chasm between the Judaic/Christian tribes and the Islamic nations.

The horrors of the Holocaust started within the twisted mind of Hitler, who considered the Jewish people to be "inconvenient" to the rising of the German people. And was it "inconvenient" for people of the Western world to not stop the murder and killing until they were affected?

It can seem inconvenient for certain world leaders to pass money and medicine onto the lower classes—for some insurance companies to cover the lesser blessed or for me, Cyndi Dale, to always help clients that might not have the means to pay my typical rates. It can even be inconvenient to be a healer, can't it? It is not always fun to deal with the emotional and spiritual dilemmas.

As Healing Touch spreads around the globe, I want to commend its participants for looking beyond and through the seeming inconveniences of helping others—those who are less fortunate, who speak a different language, who are challenged by needs different than our own. Healing Touch is, in fact, a group of emissaries holding the light in order to awaken more light.

My own emissary of light, Gabriel, eventually understood that he had to move beyond his own attitude that getting in trouble was inconvenient. He called and apologized to the boy pushed into the mud puddle, thereby initiating relational healing between him and Wade, but also inside of his own heart.

My takeaway was this:

The more often we do what is right, even when it is inconvenient, the greater our own healing. €



Just Showing Up

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Sept/Oct 2014

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I am not sure how many of you have spent much time around teen football players—or have ever wanted to—but I am an expert at the species.

Okay, I am “the mom,” a fringe position at best. But I am good at it. I can order pizza, drive rugged and smelly guys around (with four open windows), and put on splints with the best of them.

I am also open to learning what they have to teach, which often ironically, given the injury rate, applies to healing.

As a healer, I have acquired hundreds of techniques and skills, all of which fit neatly in my Bob the Builder-Healer Tool Kit. My shelves overflow with books about healing and spirituality, and recently I had to erase computer files because I did not have enough storage for all the data, which was mostly about healing. Yet the single most important key to being a healer, if not a person, was not clear to me until illustrated by a bunch of teen football players.

It was one of those mornings. I started at 6 a.m. to get my son to football but was soon picking up others’ sons as if running a taxi service. Of course, what gets dropped off must get picked up. A few hours later, my car was full—and “aromatic.” Off we went

to hunt a second breakfast.

Most interesting, the boys started talking about various parents: Who is a good parent and who is not? I kept quiet, but noticed that our lists were somewhat different. Caught in my own judgmentalism, I found myself silently listing the qualities I disliked about some of their “thumbs up” parents: he does not have a job; she sits alone; he wears bad shoes. (It is so embarrassing to hear what we are thinking inside.) Finally I asked the boys what they liked so much about these parents.

“They show up,” one of the boys said.

“Yup,” my son agreed. “No matter what, they show up.”

The boys’ reference was simple. The good parents show up, and not only for sports. The parents they listed come to conferences, drive in the carpool, are home at night and make dinner. (Fortunately the latter is not about quality; we do not all have culinary skills.) I think that so often as healers, we are so trained by our training that we forget that sometimes the most important element is to show up, first and foremost.

When a client makes an appointment, they are entrusting us with their time. During the session, we are further honored with their story, needs, fears, hopes and heart. The more fully present we are, the greater the gift of our presence.

When we listen to a client, we enable them to listen to themselves. By respecting their time and needs, we teach them to do the same. We might think our studied wisdom is what is making a difference, but sometimes the fact that we care is even more important. We become a handrail that provides the steadiness they need to achieve inner balance.

The key to showing up is to “be all there.” One time my oldest son asked if I had my laptop open while he was performing in a play. “It was not me!” I insisted. His question made me realize that we all share a similar deep need: to be totally focused on.

When I am going to work with a client, I tune out everything except that person. I use a simple process called Spirit-to-Spirit to transform into the best self I can be. First, I affirm my own spirit or essence, then I acknowledge the spirit of those present (including that of my client) and finally, I call upon the Greater Spirit, turning myself over to It. I believe that these simple steps establish the power of a passage in Mark 6:

Even when we think we have nothing to offer, when we simply show up and are willing, God blesses the little that we do have and multiplies it, just like He did with the fishes and the loaves.

Open to greater guidance, we are now able to be empathetic with the client, but also provide the perspectives they might be missing. We can understand their story to-date yet help them write their next lines. We can assist them with releasing what is complete and get on with building a bridge to a new tomorrow. We can also simply enjoy them. And all this occurs with exponential grace, because we have shown up.

I am still waiting for that multiplication formula to say, double the amount of pizza I have ordered for the team or triple the sock count, as you know that one sock in every pair will be eaten by the dryer monster. I would even approve if the subtraction principle were implemented in a new way, perhaps decreasing the

months that sports are conducted in rainy, snowy and tornado weather. Nonetheless, it is vital to know that we are enough for whatever task we are handed for whatever we show up for. After all, Spirit will back us up. €



Light in the Dark

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Jan/Feb 2016

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We all know that darkness walks the land. When violence and bigotry escalate, so does fear. Many people feel pushed to a breaking point, wondering if this is indeed the “era of Armageddon” or at least a good time to hide out. As healers, we wonder how to be, especially in regard to helping our clients.

Years ago, my youngest shared an insight that has inspired me.

He had been struggling with nightmares and boogey men. Because of that, he visited me nearly every night. Then out of the blue, I was “solo” for a week—no squiggling child, no one stealing my covers. I finally asked him what had changed for him.

“It’s not a big deal, mommy,” he said. “I figured out I just needed to turn on the light and the dark went away.”

Can the solution be that simple? Perhaps it is, if we understand that “turning on the light” involves two steps: one that involves a refusal, the other an affirmation. Before explaining what I mean, I want to first explore this idea of “darkness.”

In my mind, the most common signs of darkness include jealousy, addictions, abuse, envy, prejudice, judgment and blaming. Great harm comes from these ways of being. We are charged individually but also collectively, as a race, to stop or transform these attitudes or actions so they do not rule our nations or hearts. Extreme darkness is farther along the continuum and is often called evil.

Evil is typically defined as wickedness, malevolence, depravity or maliciousness, especially, and it includes the supernatural. Personally, I explain evil as “anti-consciousness.” Many people define consciousness as awareness. I believe that consciousness is the awareness and expression of our truest and innate human nature, which I believe is love. Because I think that people are basically “good” and here to create more love, I believe that the conscious person is also conscientious, concerned about his or her own well-being and also another’s. Evil would have us “cancel out” or ignore our most essential qualities, which always center on love.

A person, system, soul, force, energy, action or paradigm can deliver evil. We examine the roots of terrorism or childhood abuse or a corrupt government and we find evil. Terrorism is especially disturbing as it is

both senseless and unpredictable. The fear of uncontrolled violence ripples throughout the world, visiting neighborhoods, nations, schools and all too often, makes a home in the heart of the innocent.

My client base has always been composed of true and brave souls seeking to recover from the effects of both common and extreme darkness. I am sure your healing practice has as well. The presence of heightened extreme darkness, or at least an increase in the cognizance of it, has intensified many of my clients' fears and also triggered profound issues. Consequently, I find that many of my clients are surfacing previously hidden and extremely painful feelings and memories. To provide support at this level is an honor. I have also been progressively working with more clients who have been personally affected by terrorism and other extreme forms of evil. I find that I have returned to the wisdom shared by my son and the two steps involved in dealing with darkness quite frequently.


The basic protocol of being a healer often involves helping our clients take two steps. They must say "no" to darkness and shout a "yes" to light. Think of a client struggling with addiction. Recovery begins with refusing to engage with the addictive substance and an affirmation of more self-loving behaviors. There are usually many "no's" and many "yes's" involved with a healing process. Healing is not a one-time "two-step." Sometimes a person must say "yes" to a positive before they can say "no" to a negative. Ultimately, however, to heal in the face of darkness involves taking these two steps, holding onto the vision of our essential nature.

Recently, I employed the same two steps in supporting a woman who lost a relative in a terrorist attack. She was shattered. Everywhere she went, she shook, awaiting danger. She also wanted revenge. She desired nothing more than to hurt someone else as deeply as she had been hurt.

An evil act had killed her loved one. In other words, a group of people violated their own true nature—which is to be loving—to try and strip others of the same. This is the basic goal of darkness. It seeks to take from others what it believes it has lost.

Firstly, my client needed to grieve. She had lost her loved one, but also her sense of safety. At some point, it was time to feel her way through the "no's" and "yes's" involved in moving forward. Her first "no" was to refuse the compulsion to be ruled by fear. She also decided that she had to say "no" to her drive for vengeance. To live in fear or to seek revenge would draw her away from her essential nature. It would cause her to love less.

She then started demonstrating her "yes's." She returned to the restaurants she liked. She even visited the area where her loved one had been shot. Then she joined a survivor group and is now helping others face their losses in a loving way. She not only turned on a light, she became one.

I am not making a political statement about how to deal with abusers and terrorists. I am declaring that our role as healers is to help others arrive at their "no's" so they can embrace their "yes's." In the words of Ogwo David Eminike, we uphold the right of all individuals to be like the sun from the east, to "continue to rise, smile and shine." It is our birthright to live as the light that we are. 



So, What Do You Do For a Living?

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov/Dec 2015

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I was once sitting in a hot tub in Iceland, having just enjoyed an amazing massage. Sinking into the water, I barely noticed the man who slipped in next to me. We started visiting and after a while, he asked me “that question.”

“So, what do *you* do for a living?”

Back then, I responded honestly. After muttering something that included the words “intuition” and “energy” and “healing,” I found myself listening to his list of physical and emotional woes, a recanting that began with a fall at age two and continued throughout his many years of life. It ended with expletives about his latest divorce and a final question.

“Can you just heal me a little bit?”

I might have felt more willing to lend a hand if he were wearing more than a barely-there G-string.

Of course, there are many stopping places on the continuum. If one set of individuals is ready to parade their complaints, the other extreme heads to the hills. I will never forget the woman at my son’s football game who blanched when I said I did “energy healing.” She spilled both her popcorn and

soda leaping off the bleachers, muttering Bible verses the entire way. It turned out okay, though. She left her blanket behind and I had forgotten one, a tactical error in 30-degree Minnesota fall weather.

Then there are the affects our work has on our loved ones. My oldest son once complained that he had nothing *reasonable* to say at school when the kids were inevitably asked what their parents did for a living. His father is a Ph.D. in animal swine management and as Michael put it. . .

“What am I supposed to say? My father is a *pig doctor* and my mother a *psychic*?”

In the end, he decided to simply tell everyone his parents were just a “dad” and a “mom.”

Good enough.

Just telling people that we work with energy, intuition or healing is frequently enough to bestow us with super powers or merit the sign of the cross. At a financial seminar, a woman begged me to ask the ghost of her deceased husband if he had hidden any money in the Bahamas. (Um, the answer was probably “no.”) Another man told me that only Jesus could

do healing and I had better be careful, as he knew where I was headed. (I was actually on my way to the bathroom, at that moment, but I do not think that is what he meant.)

I slipped out before I was asked for the winning lottery numbers.

I am sure you have also encountered the group that sees five heads instead of one, when you state your job title. It is these people who respond with a question, maybe one of these:

“Does that mean that you stick those sharp needles in people?”

“So then you never take an aspirin?”

“Is that a special form of orthodontia?”

I am all for spreading the truth about intuition, energy and healing, as well as being honest. But I am also partial to my privacy and like all of us, my down time. These days, when asked what I do for a living, I kind of, sort of, well, lie—just a little bit.

If I feel relatively safe, I might say that I am counselor (which I kind of am, just not licensed.) I might admit to doing holistic consulting, if I am feeling particularly brave, or that I teach health. My kids tell people their mom is a “spiritual therapist,” which is a great way to go. In a pinch, I imply that I clean houses. The answer is pretty much true, given the prominence of kids and dogs in my life. If I have nothing else to say, I sip at my drink and choke. No one wants to stand around when you are spitting fluid all over the place.

Being a professional is about doing your job well—with all your body, mind and soul. But nobody said you have to write your job description on a name badge, now did they? €



Energy Medicine

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Mar/April 2015

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Sometimes the most vital aspects of life are the ones easiest to overlook, or at best, leave undefined. I remember thinking this when my oldest son was in pre-school and had plumb worn me out. Ready for another adventure, he tugged on my skirt and said, “Let’s go play baseball again!”

That would have been the sixth game of the day.

“Michael, I’m too tired,” I groaned. “I don’t have the energy.”

He looked at me with confusion and said, “Why don’t you put in a new battery? That’s how that pink bunny on television keeps going.”

Michael was referring to the “Energizer Bunny” commercial, in which a pink toy bunny runs out of fuel and is instantly replenished with a battery. While we humans are not mechanically equipped for a battery insertion (darn it), we are energetic beings. We are made of energy. We require energy, emanate energy, nourish ourselves with energy and fix our problems with energy. Because of this, our medicine should reflect this fact.

With the advent of “Energy Medicine,” we can finally

call upon a modality that might equate to playing the Energizer Bunny. Ready to catapult us into the future, Energy Medicine is an especially attractive body of knowledge for Healing Touch practitioners. In fact, Healing Touch is an Energy Medicine specialty, as are many other healing modalities. Understanding the facets of Energy Medicine, including definitions, can only invite more effective client practices and gains.

So, what exactly is Energy Medicine? Generically, it has been explained as a collection of holistic healing therapies that access “life force” to create balance and wellness.¹ Life force has been known by dozens of names over thousands of years. It is called *chi* in China, *ki* in Japan, *prana* among Hindu and Tibetan cultures, *mana* in Polynesia and *baraka* in North Africa. While traditionally ascribed to mystical events including psychic interactions, miraculous healing, levitation of objects and mind power, our ancestors saw no discrepancy in assuming the co-existence of this magical property and the solidity of the perceptible world. They toiled in the soil to plant their crops —then prayed them into being.

The word “holistic” refers to the treatment of the entire or whole being. One division of our sub-aspect is physical, emotional, mental and spiritual. Then again,

we can create categories such as body, mind, soul and spirit. No matter the groupings, we are multi-faceted and complex, as is the healing process.

For instance, a simple cold might be caused by any number of factors. Maybe we are sick because we are stressed at work. That very stress could be the tip of an iceberg composed of childhood wounds, dysfunctional beliefs, unmet emotional needs or a fear of our own divinity.

It could involve a traumatic situation or indicate the beginning of an autoimmune condition. Maybe our soul never quite dealt with a past life or energy it picked up from mom in the womb. . . or . . .

It is the “or’s” and “and’s” that make Energy Medicine so exciting, and yes, hard to pin down. Everything is made of energy and there are hundreds of Energy Medicine therapies. These include the use of natural products such as herbal supplements and mind-body practices, including acupuncture, meditation, Pilates, guided imagery, chiropractic, hypnotherapy and Healing Touch.² To this list I would add age-old and cross-cultural healing methods such as chakra balancing; spirit release; color, shape, and sound remedies; crystal stone layouts; soul journeying; and more, to basically enfold nearly every type of creative healing.

Energy Medicine examples also embrace tried and true Western practices. If everything is made of energy, so is surgery and prescription medication. An instrument is energetic, as is the focus of a surgeon. Chemicals are energy, which means Prozac and Xanax qualify as energetic medicines.

How did we get here, at a point where pretty much anything could be considered medicine? Decades ago, Western society drew a line in the sand and separated “Western” and “Eastern” medicine. Western was traditional and allopathic. Eastern was holistic and could include shamanic and folk remedies, as well as complementary medicine (modalities used to bolster allopathic care) and alternative medicine (approaches used as substitutes for allopathic care). A better understanding of energy, however, urged us to conjoin Western mainstream and Eastern alternative practices, and apply the concept of “integrative” medicine. Basically integrative medicine emphasizes our holistic

nature and allows us to use what works.

These days, the term “integrative medicine” is being replaced by “energy medicine,” which recognizes that the core unit of reality is energy. The addition of “energy” suggests that a healing practitioner’s job is to decrease or eliminate harmful energy and increase life-enhancing energy.

How can we wrap our heads around this concept and make use of it? Let us take a further look at energy and then at medicine to answer the question.

Classically, energy is defined as the ability to do work.³ However, I use an expanded definition of energy that exponentially empowers the healing process. I understand energy as information that vibrates.

As explained by Paul Pearsall, M.D., in his book *The Heart’s Code*, science has determined that information and energy are the same.⁴ Everything that exists has energy, which is full of information. Even the mind or consciousness is a manifestation of information-containing energy.⁵

Energy—information—is not stagnant, a point made by most scientists. Even decades ago, French physicist Louis de Broglie proved that matter actually consists of waves, which have movement. Albert Einstein then showed that photons, which are weightless, are still energy and therefore vibrate; in fact, their momentum is entirely dependent on frequency. We have also discovered that at the most minute level, that of quantum units, we find continual frenetic activity.⁶ Since everything holds information and moves, energy is vibrating information.

There are many forms of standard energy, including chemical, electrical, magnetic, thermal or heat, radiant or light, and more. In classical physics, which explains how the mechanical world works, energy is rational. It slows down at yield signs and obeys the traffic cops of the universe. For instance, if you tell “regular” energy to “sit,” it will—unless the command is given to my dogs, which requires the added incentive of bribes.

Most of the formal healing provided in the West has relied on this type of energy, or physical energy. In this context, “medicine” is the use of physical activities

and substances that diagnose, treat and prevent disease. But Energy Medicine practitioners have opened the door to an energy considered just as real as physical energy, if not more prescriptive and powerful. This is “subtle energy.”

Subtle energy could also be called spiritual or psychic energy or chi, prana, or mana; words we have already introduced to describe the universal leavening. In contrast to physical energy, the subtle seems enchanted. Let me give you some examples.

In the modern world, the study of subtle energy lies in the realm of quantum physics, the analysis of micro-size energies. In the quantum universe, a particle or object does not exist unless it is perceived. This means that a healer could potentially invite an illness out of existence by just plain ignoring it.

Of course, life is seldom that simple. A subtle Energy Medicine specialist understands we must also release the subtle energy anchoring an illness and then, focus on a healthier state. We must replace the undesirable by something more desirable, or the “empty space” will fill again.

There are several other quantum corollaries important to the Energy Medicine aficionado. As already hinted, an observer affects what they are watching. This means that as a healer, you can possibly alter the trajectory of an illness, idea, thought or outcome. Another vital quantum observation is that once two objects or people have met, they remain forevermore entangled or connected, and continue to react to each other. This means that when we are working on a client, everyone we have ever known can also lend a hand; the same is true for our client.

How does subtle energy really work? One explanation is that it is tied into what we call “virtual reality.”

On the atomic level, more than 99 percent of the mass of the visible universe is made of protons and neutrons. The heaviest ingredients of these atomic particles are quantum units, mainly quarks and gluons.

However, these atomic particles are far heavier than the weight of their perceivable sub-atomic particles. These and other observations have led scientists to suggest that much of the universe is made of “virtual particles,” particles that exist for only a short amount of time. They add weight and then disappear again. Virtual particles are actually fluctuations of vacuum energy. In other words, they come from a vacuum, which has led scientists to wonder if matter is really made of vacuum fluctuations.⁷

In my high school science classes, I was taught that a vacuum, the lowest ground state of all fields in space, is empty. Not so. Even the seemingly empty areas of space between galaxies contain matter, or energy that can potentially become matter. This theory, decades old, was recently confirmed by a 2011 experiment at Chalmers University in Gothenburg, Sweden, in which scientists turned “virtual” light particles, which flicker in and out of existence in a vacuum, into measurable, material particles.⁸

As explained by Dr. Richard Bartlett, the creator of the consciousness-building program called “Matrix Energetics,” virtual particles do not exist until they do. They show up out of “seemingly nowhere” and turn into material particles when we want them to or think they will. The observer, whom I would also call the dreamer, makes the difference.⁹

That is “we.” We, the healers, are the dreamers. Part of our job is teaching our clients to create new dreams, dreams that bring them to the horizon of wellness and help “vote” what should appear out of the vacuum energy.


In order to gain better control over subtle energy, an Energy Medicine practitioner works with the body and its obvious statements of need, such as the presentation of imbalance or stress, but also a subtle body. Called the subtle energetic anatomy, this three-part structure enables the oft-intuitive practitioner to sense disparities and analyze for cause, as well as release, shift and attract subtle energies that will correct problems.

Humankind has known about these subtle structures for thousands of years. They are energy channels, such as meridians and nadis, which distribute subtle energy throughout the body; energy bodies, often called chakras, which hold, analyze and emit subtle knowledge; and energetic fields, such as the auric fields, which surround and protect the body energetically. These three structures interact, creating a system of subtle energy flow. In a nutshell, shift subtle energy and physical reality will transform.

The existence of subtle energy is the basis for the strange and awesome effects of Healing Touch and other holistic venues. It also bends the “old Western” definition of medicine into a pretzel. Yes, our ability to sense and manipulate subtle energy, the quick acting, slippery and jet-setting quantum particles, waves, and perceptions, allows us to label medicine for what it really is.

How might I define medicine? I answer with a quote about miracles by theologian C.S. Lewis:

“A retelling in small letters of the very same story which is written across the whole world in letters too large for us to see.”¹⁰

In other words, Energy Medicine is an expression of the miraculous nature of life itself. It is the means to vote for the highest possibilities, which already exist, at least in potentiality. The medic, the medicine-maker, is the dreamer who makes this transformation possible. You could even say that the Energy Medicine practitioner is a magical pink bunny with the most interesting set of batteries ever invented. (Now that makes the job sound as enjoyable as it really is!) 

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The Game of Golf — and the Discipline of Healing

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Sept/Oct 2015

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I really do not golf, but I do know it has a lot in common with subtle energy healing.

Actually I have golfed—a bit, usually near Brainerd, Minnesota, near a gigantic statue of Paul Bunyan. I only do so under duress, however.

Since my sons love putt putt golf, I have been dragged to the range during vacation at least forty times. After one or two holes, I am fed up with chasing the neon colored ball and start dropping it where it is supposed to go. My boys tell me that is not a true hole-in-one—but since I am usually the one paying, I end up with a pretty good looking score card.

I also once had a former boyfriend take me to a “real” golf course, insisting that he could teach anyone to golf. According to Denny, golf was the easiest sport in the world to learn. “How could you screw up?” he asked. “You are basically walking around on well mowed grass hitting a ball with a pole.”

He did not believe me when I insisted that there was no way I could hit such a small ball with such a skinny stick. My sports development had concluded with whiffle ball, which features an enormous bat and a ball nearly as big as a watermelon. After one hole, he

agreed with me. I had no aptitude for the game. I am talking about golf because it is important to establish the difficulties involved in the simplest appearing activities. Energy Medicine practices, including hands-on healing, can appear deceptively easy—and in many way, are quite straightforward. The essence of all forms of healing, no matter the procedure, lies in the heart. Ultimately healing involves the sharing of love.

Professional energy healing, however, is as complex as golf, if not more so. I have found that not all my clients understand this. One client asked why I charged so much for a session when all I did was stand and wave my hands over them. A student wondered why all the training was necessary. “Isn’t healing a natural instinct?” She asked. “Isn’t it just like prayer?”

If only they understood!

Subtle energy healing is—as you know—actually quite complicated. Think of the discipline and many factors involved in showing up for a single session as a practitioner:

- Hundreds to thousands of hours of training

- Practice, practice, practice
- Participation in ongoing education and associations
- Self-care necessary for service work
- Education and practice of social aspects of service business—how to help clients with emotional needs, etc.
- Ability to set realistic goals
- Determining which techniques to use with the client
- Client management—of personal and client expectations, scheduling and more
- Self-awareness regarding codes of behavior—for self and clients
- Knowledge of intuitive energies and subtle fields
- Awareness of spiritual beliefs of self and client
- Engineering involved in running a business—from web site to insurance needs to administrative duties

Of course, a client is not usually aware of these jigsaw puzzle pieces when working with a Healing Touch or other type of subtle energy practitioner. When “waving my hands,” I might be simultaneously assessing a spiritual issue, sensing congested energy and increasing the flow of lymph fluid in their system. When “just praying,” I am working hard to separate my personal judgments and opinions from higher guidance. When a client is upset because they can not get an immediate appointment, they do not know that my assistant booked someone with a terminal illness into the cancellation. But it is good for us, the practitioners, to be aware of the interlocking qualities of subtle energy healing, and sometimes, to compliment ourselves on keeping everything straight!

One of the most admirable qualities of Healing Touch is the well-developed protocol. Included are codes of behavior, healing philosophies, specific techniques and more. Truly, this organization is setting a standard

for everyone in the subtle energy discipline, assuring both practitioners and clients that the complexities are accounted for.

As for myself, I am relieved that I am better at healing than I am at golf. As Arnold Palmer once said, “Golf is deceptively simply and endlessly complicated.” Just like healing—and life, for that matter. €



When There Is No “Me” to Be Found

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Mar 2010

32

My chronological age, not to be announced, places me at the inception of the “Me” generation, which could have catapulted me into a life of ease. A workday assessing the cacao content of bon bons followed by a chauffer-driven excursion to the mall to buy yet another pair of vital black shoes. Unfortunately, I did not read the small print—“Me” came to mean if there is a hole, fill it, even if it is in someone else’s backyard—a job incomplete, a need, problem or emotion to assuage; it is my job. Being a “Caretaker” is similar to being the “vacuumer,” the vacuum and the electric charge, all at once. You end up exhausted and pick up “stuff” that was not yours in the first place.

If you are attracted to Healing Touch or the healing professions in general, chances are that you have signed a similar agreement. Funny how there is an equivalent number of people with the opposite notarized contract, isn’t it? For every one of us that says, “Me. I will do it!” there is another person living the axiom, “I will let you do it!”

It has taken me decades to understand my part of the bargain. Within myself lives a little girl who never believed she deserved. Deserved what, you could ask? Deserved to be helped, seen, heard, whatever it might be. Over time, I became frightened of “not

doing” because I did not want to risk showing my own needs. I did not want to be ridiculed or worse, let down. That might mean I am not lovable. In being over-responsible, I failed to perceive that I was actually acting under-responsibly to myself.

If you are tempted toward over-responsibility, you might have your own reasons. Many therapists can help with this problem. I know. I have met many of them. Unfortunately, I have yet to engage one who walks behind me whispering, “Say no” in my ear when I need it. I must serve as my own coach.

I write chakra books. There is a reason that the “Someone Above” decided I needed to become a chakra expert, even though it was not exactly my first choice of profession. There is not yet a check-off box on career development sheets for “Chakra Queen” or an IRS job code that covers energy work. Learning about chakras has taught me a lot, especially about the importance of self-care and ways to use energetic systems to accomplish it.

Each chakra or energy center plays a role in the ultimate mission of life: authenticity. To be authentic is to be true to self and others. This interactive goal helps us self-realize but also be of service. You can see where this is going. The “over-responsible” set leans toward

honoring others, the “under-responsible” group, toward respecting the self. Neither approach is balanced. Neither creates healthy relationships or true fulfillment.

Each chakra actually carries a key to help us represent ourselves and to also honor others. Each chakra is innately programmed with a basic right, such as to survive, to feel and to think. The implication is that everyone else is invested with these same basic rights. It is our job to support our own rights while acknowledging those of others. It is not really their job to meet our needs or ours to meet theirs, however, unless we have already made an agreement, such as a mother feeding her children or a mate carrying his or her part of the household expenses.

Let me give an example, one that involves the fifth chakra. This is the communication center in the throat. Here lies our right to hear and share truths. Let us say a friend asks if we can pick her up at the airport. We are over-scheduled already—son Jimmy needs new sports equipment, daughter Sally has a violin lesson, we have a work project to finish, the dog has not been walked in something like ten days, dinner is not even thawed and our “spousal unit” is out of town. But we say “yes” because she exercised her right to ask. We do not even

think of suggesting she takes a taxi or even offering to pay for one, if she does not have the funds and we do.

What happened to our truth? Maybe we were not taught we have a right to our own rights. Maybe, as per the presented scenario, we are so “out of tune” that we can not even hear the little voice inside that says, “I don’t have time.” It is a little late to proffer our truth when we are still up at dawn finishing our work project.

We can, however, stop and think before we jump forward. We can evaluate which chakra holds the key-code to this situation and evaluate how to best represent our self and care for someone else.

Following is my synopsis of some of the basic rights infused within each chakra, as per the twelve-chakra system I share in my books. I suggest you develop your own set of codes, using these as a basis, and see what happens when you are worth it.

I have one more piece of advice. There are certain times you ALWAYS want to say yes. These include offers involving chocolate, maid service, free gifts of money and unlimited massages. ☺

Chakra	Self-Rights	Others’ Rights
First	To exist; safety and security	Respect of personhood and of body and property
Second	To feel, have wants, be understood	To have and share feelings and wants
Third	To think one’s own thoughts, to pursue success, to like oneself	To have own thoughts, pursue goals, and use power responsibly
Fourth	To love and be loved	To be considered lovable
Fifth	To speak and hear truth	To share personal truths
Sixth	To see, to set goals, and operate from an accurate self-image	To follow personal dreams and be seen accurately
Seventh	To choose spiritual truth and follow spiritual mission	To hold spiritual viewpoint true to self
Eighth	To own personal mistakes and forgive self and others	To own mistakes, if so desire, and forgive if choose to
Ninth	To embrace life purpose	To follow life purpose
Tenth	To own a home and take care of one’s body and environment	Shelter and taking care of own body and environment
Eleventh	To self-lead and help others if they agree	To lead self and lead you, if you agree
Twelfth	To live as your true self, to know self as pure	To live as his or her true self, to be considered pure



Energy Boundaries for the Healer: Letting Love Do the Work

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Feb 2011

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If there is anything more common than the “common cold,” it is a healer’s ability to pick up everyone’s everything.

For years I could not attend a family holiday or birthday event without catching the flu, anxiety, doldrums or what I call the “Humpty Dumpties,” short for scrambled brains. Others might pass presents to each other, but it seemed they reserved their problems for me.

These maladies transferred in energetically. It was not like my mother wrapped her negativity in a box and asked me to take it home—consciously, that is. That was our arrangement, however, cultivated throughout my childhood and practiced over a lifetime. I became good at absorbing others’ undesirable issues.

What transfers in energetically must be released energetically. While it would be great to obtain a Prozac prescription for energetic depression, the normative version does not suffice. And you know what? Letting go of all that energetic flotsam and jetsam is hard work. If I had a dime for every minute spent “releasing and clearing,” I would not have to play the lottery anymore.

I suspect you know exactly what I am talking about.

This is a common complaint among nurses, doctors, healers and even administrators, especially those who work in hospitals and clinics. If a family Petri dish brews hundreds of issues, imagine what percolates at a hospital or in a healing venue. Not only are you exposed to diagnosable illnesses, but also energetically carried diseases, sensations, emotions and even mental challenges.

In most cases, we can quickly eliminate or clear that to which we are exposed or “pick up.” We might start sniffing and then remember that we just worked on Mr. Jones, who had pneumonia. Blessing him and ourselves, we are able to set aside the Kleenex box. Not every situation is this easy to release, however.

As an example, I once worked with an Emergency Room triage nurse who was also a Healing Touch practitioner. She loved connecting energetically to her patients to provide relief. Her energetic boundaries were great—unless the patient died.

She would then internalize the dead patient’s soul for up to a week, even though it was not what she wanted to do. When an elderly man with throat can-

cer passed, she developed a short-term thyroid condition. A week-long visitation by a deceased teenage girl resulted in a five-pound weight gain. (Apparently the girl loved junk food.) Freeing herself from these spirits was exhausting and took nearly every technique in my energy tool kit, from cord cutting to processing codependency issues.

What caved in my client's otherwise impeccable energy boundaries? I suggest it was her heart.

The call to becoming a healer starts within the heart. It sparks in response to the awareness that others have true and viable needs. The healer is the person who cares enough to respond, to give of his or her heart and send healing, blessing and insight.

Sometimes, however, the healer cares so much that he or she goes a step farther. The healer reaches out and actually pulls the problem into his or her own heart. You know the drill. Clearing, clearing and more clearing.

An analogy is the carpenter who goes to the client's house to fix a chest of drawers. The dresser drawers, however, are so messed up that the carpenter lugs the bureau to his workshop, where he has more tools and time. In the end, he probably spends a lot more energy on the project than he originally planned. Maybe he even gets stuck with the dresser and has to call a service to haul off the furniture.

What is our recourse? I am trying to teach myself to work solely with the true power of healing—love. Love knows no boundaries but it also does not break them. Love is all-powerful but it never overpowers. Love gives and receives, but never in a way hurtful to anyone, including ourselves.

Love is both a healing power and the source of healing. When we find ourselves taking on—or having taken on—another person's energy, I believe we have only to ask for love. To invite only love is to include ourselves in the healing process, not only the patient. It is to become the carpenter able to fix the furniture at no cost to himself OR be happy with a new dresser.

As shared by Emmet Fox:

There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer; no disease that enough love will not heal; no door that enough love will not open; no gulf that enough love will not bridge; no wall that enough love will not throw down; no sin that enough love will not redeem. . . €



Handling Responsibility (Or When a Client Hands You All the Responsibility)

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov/Dec 2014

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Life hands us continual opportunities to assume responsibility for others' decisions. How do we handle this human tendency when working with clients who often surrender their power to healing professionals of all sorts? Not only does it feel uncomfortable, but there are also certain practical changes that can only be enacted by a client. Plus it is not fun or effective to clean up "messes" that are not our own.

Case in point, only recently I ended up playing "maid" because the parties responsible for a mess—a big one—were more than happy to elevate me to Chief Responsibility Officer. Of course, two of the culprits had tails, but still.

My son, Gabe, had hosted what seemed like an entire team of monster-size boys for an overnight. I ordered late night pizza with the agreement that they would carry the boxes to the outside garbage when done. I then went to bed and rose early to get the crew off to football practice.

Arriving home, I immediately suspected disaster. Usually, two gigantic dogs rush me, each trying to out-bark the other with a full news report. You know the drill. The cat from next door crept under the fence. The speckled dog from the other block

marked the front lawn. Someone forgot to leave steaks as payment for guarding the house. However, instead of greeting me, Lucky and Honey were sitting sheepishly in front of Gabe's room, pretending that they would never set a paw in there.

Dogs are not very good liars. My two bandits had tomato stains all over their faces—and feathers stuck in their fur. The feathers were not there because they had been little angels, either.

The bed sheets were in shreds and the pillows were ripped open from inside out. What was left of the pillows would make mighty fine feather dusters. Whatever extra feathers were not on the dogs were all over the room. As the dogs informed me, it was not their fault they had wrecked the room. No, their tails were pointed right at Gabe and his friends. Apparently there had been pizza slices hidden in the bed.

As Gabe implied later, the disaster was not his fault either. Actually, it was mine. He knew I would get mad if the food and boxes had not been handled as I had requested so he and his friends hid the leftover pizza and boxes in the bed (because they were tired and overslept, may I add). They had been planning to throw everything away when they got home—but I ruined their opportunity by leaving his bedroom

door open when I left.

Guess who ended up helping the boys clean up the mess? It sure was not the dogs.

When we do too much for a client, including taking on too much responsibility, it can result in our feeling used. It is hard to be professionally effective if we feel like we are carrying a load that is not ours. As the old saying goes, it does not work to care more about our client's treatment than the client does.

Healers of all types struggle with client pressure. A physician friend was thinking of moving to administration instead of clinical care because he was so tired of being seen as the only healthcare authority in the room. As he pointed out, there is actually very little most healthcare professionals can actually do, except crisis support and assisting with client decisions, if clients will not examine their own internal or external behaviors, from eating healthy foods to wearing their seatbelts to dealing with their emotional needs. In fact, he believed that 80 percent of the patients he saw would not need him except for situational care if they assumed personal responsibility. From his point of view, we are experiencing an epidemic of perceived patient powerlessness, leading to intense and back-breaking pressure on healthcare providers.

Of course, we want to help our clients. We are being engaged to help and helpers are often responsible people. We want to make a difference; we want our clients to feel better and live more fruitful lives. Just as we cannot take credit for our clients' successes, however, we also cannot accept blame for their failures.

We know it does not work to force decisions on a client. Neither can we do our best work if we are overstraining to put up boundaries. I think it is much more productive to gently help clients perceive their choices in a situation. This stance requires understanding why people do not like to accept personal responsibility.

I believe that the main reason people refuse accountability is that they are ashamed of their past or current behaviors. Many of us grew up with parents or in systems that used shame to "guide" us. Shame being the sense that there is something wrong with us, rather than acknowledge that we might have done something wrong—or less right. These systems tend to present in these ways.

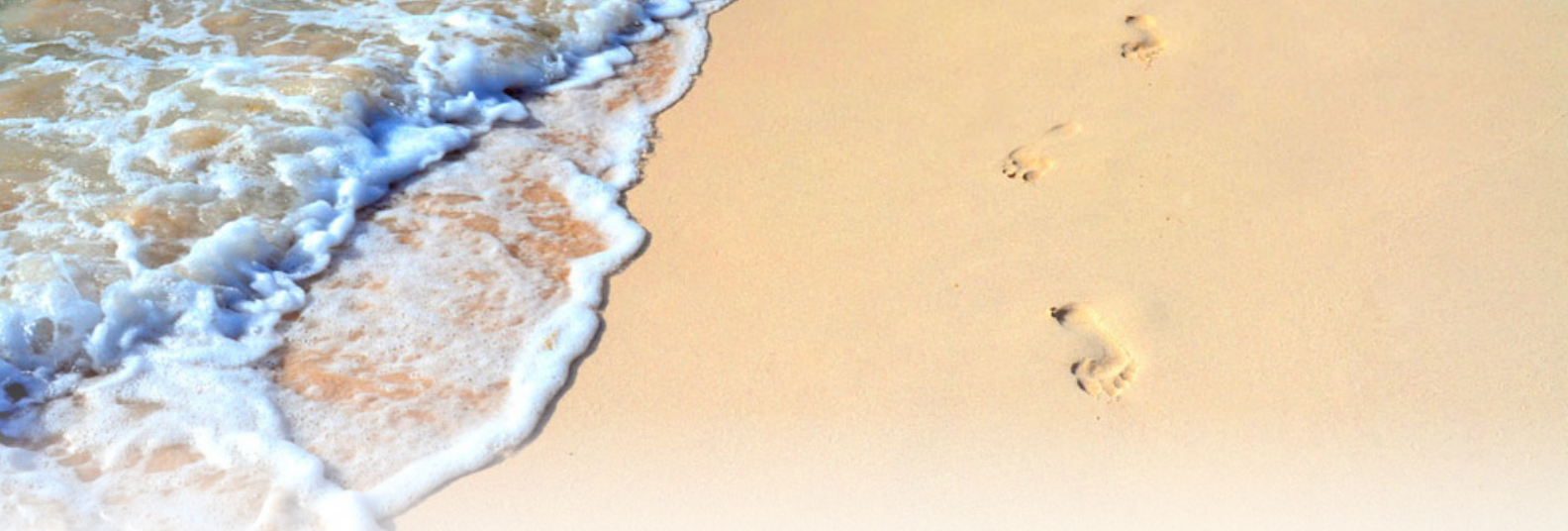
1. *"It is all your fault."* The "all your fault" systems are characterized by authority figures who will not accept their own responsibilities. Instead they blame the underlings. In a family situation, these "underlings" are often the children. In institutions, they might be the employees. This type of system leaves individuals stuck in over—or under—responsibility. Over-responsible people have difficulty determining what changes will make a difference because they think they should change everything. Under-responsible people freeze at the thought of accepting responsibility and want others to do everything for them.

2. *"Better be perfect."* Perfectionistic systems force impossible standards on their members. The result is pickiness. Clients with this background might struggle with determining the core issues to face and want to fix them all. They might also hold us to a code of expectations that we cannot meet.

How do we help clients who exhibit these dynamics? First, I avoid providing guarantees. I am careful with my promises. If asked if I can "fix" the situation or "assure" them they will recover, I state I will do what I can and maybe we can partner. I also use "soft" language, such as, *"My sense is this,"* instead of determined statements. Also, I ask the client a lot of questions such as, *"What do you think,"* or *"How might you go about looking at this issue?"* In other words, I engage them in their own healing process.

I believe that people seek a hero because they cannot perceive the heroic within themselves. This means it is important to highlight clients' gains and successes and compliment their progress. If I am going to work with a client on a long-term basis, I like to tackle smaller issues first and leave bigger issues for later. Better to make one tiny but significant change than fail at a large and vital one. In addition, I always remember that clients might be afraid I am going to shame them or blame them for their problems. What good is heaping more shame on an already volatile situation? Instead I like to uncover the roots of any shame and more often than not, clients end up more willing to try a new attitude or activity.

Of course there will be a time when we jump into "the mess" with our clients. And that is okay—as long as we are not the only ones cleaning up "their room." Now if boys and dogs would only get that point. €



The Magic Key to Dreams and Desires (Tip: A Three Year-Old Knows It)

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Jan/Feb 2014

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It is the New Year! It is time to preview our deepest wishes, helping clients do likewise. As we open the treasure chest of hope that we usually lock away, we might want to consider using the “magic key” that will actually root our dreams, stretch our arms to the sky and enable us to catch the stars falling to earth.

This key is the word “No.”

Many of us have heard author Anne Lamont’s statement: “‘No’ is a complete sentence.” Maybe that notion has spurred us to actually use the term once in a while, when backed into a corner or clarifying its pronunciation for a client. I have discovered, however, that healers have a hard time with the concept. We are givers. We share. We help. “Yes” comes more naturally than “No.” But without a well-seasoned sprinkling of the word “No,” our “Yes’s” get the best of us and we actually do not end up with much of what we truly desire.

One of our inner selves is ready to help us out. It is our inner three-year old, within whom is hidden the psychological edge (called stubbornness) needed to manifest our personal desires. Think of it. To a three year-old, “No” is more than a complete sentence. It is an entire vocabulary; a language unto itself.

As a mother, I have no end of examples from which to draw. Let us start with my oldest.

“Look at the pretty peas,” says mom, holding a spoon with shaky hands, knowing she has already lost the battle before the starting of it.

“No!”

“Let us pretend the spoon is a rocket and you are a really cool astronaut; or how about you are flying an F14 and these tiny green pellets are the fuel you need to escape this high chair and return to the Power Rangers show?”

“No!”

Do you think Michael ate a single pea throughout that entire stage?

His brother did not really care much about peas, but do you think I could pry him out of his Batman costume or get him through the doors of a drop-in daycare? I pretty much relegated my parenting role to serving as the cape crusader Robin, having moved my business to the home.

During this seemingly intolerable stage, I started

to spoon out my own dollops of “No’s.” No running in parking lots; no skipping every meal in lieu of ice cream; no hitting, pinching and biting—although that one was a harder one to enforce. (Really, would you not be tempted to bite the fellow psycho-toddler hitting you over the head with a GI Joe tank?) Basically, however, my kids left toddlerhood with a pretty strong sense of personal boundaries, mainly because I was usually too tired to argue much.

As adults—as healers—“No” is seldom on the tip of our tongues. Many of us were raised under the obligation of “Yes,” which implies that we are perceived as more likable, compassionate and generous if we are agreeable and affirmative. My own upbringing underscored these ideals, as my dad raised his three girls to “act like ladies.” (And if you were a boy, he would have insisted you become a “gentleman.”) Ladies say “please” and “thank you” and they never, ever say “No,” even when Great Aunt Hazel wants to kiss you with her red lipstick mouth, the kind that leaves bloody-crumbs on your cheek. We did our homework, agreed with our superiors and did favors for everyone who asked.

This attitude is present in most forms of spirituality, which emphasizes the importance of serving others. How can you turn away the needy? How can you not do unto others what you would want them to do for you?

The problem is that handing out “Yes’s”—like we are passing out Halloween candy in a house with a stuck doorbell—is that others’ priorities will continually take precedence over our own. It is easy to become so involved in assisting others that we literally cannot take care of ourselves. If we have no energy for ourselves, how will our dreams ignite? When will we cultivate them? I am personally not at my best during the wee hours of the morning.

Our “No’s” do not have to be cold. We can still offer advice or direction. We can refuse to take that emergency client and instead suggest someone else. Or we can simply exercise our inner “three year-old” by saying “No,” even saying “No, thank you,” if we are one of those “nice” three year-olds.

Starting to add more “No’s” can sometimes trigger repressed resentments, the feelings we refused to acknowledge while saying the personally inconsider-

ate “Yes’s.” Think of how many times you smiled but thought, “How dare they ask this of me?” How often did you perform a task unwillingly while thinking, “I would never ask for this.” My “cure” was to hope that others would become more polite; that they would eventually consider my needs, not only their own.

Well, that is realistic, is it not?

We cannot be in control if others are demanding, obstinate or desperate, or maybe, just want to ask a question. We can only respond. Resentment brews when we let ourselves, not others down—when we take ourselves out of the formula, instead of leaving ourselves in the quotient.

Sometimes I choke on a “No” because I think my needs are less important than others’ are. One of my personal priorities is making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for my youngest son’s football team. It is not that I like slathering White Wonder Bread with cheap peanut butter and jiggling grape jelly, only to stuff the 40 sandwiches back into the now 40-pound bread bag. (I know, I could use whole wheat bread, but I am under firm marching orders not to embarrass Gabe by making those “horridly dry organic sandwiches.” The truth is that I like being a football mom. No matter what, I do not fill that hour with clients— emergency needs or not. If I am upholding my bargain with myself, I am actually a nicer person when working with my clients.

So this year, when making a list of everything to which you want to say “Yes,” also consider what to which you are willing to say “No.” Encourage your clients to do the same. Just do not judge what shows up on your dream list. After all, what do you think those efficient three-year-olds are doing with their extra time? They certainly are not eating peas or working. If they are toting attaché cases, those cases are full of toys. Rather, they are donning their Mask Crusader costumes and creating adventures, blowing soap bubbles at hungry dogs and turning their vegetables into flying saucers. They are being and becoming, at the same time. They are using their “No’s” quite well.

As T.S. Eliot said,
Last year’s words belong to last year’s language. And next year’s words await another voice. €



The New Paradigm: A Matter Of “No” and “Yes”

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Jan/Feb 2013

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As we round the New Year, many of us are breathing a sigh of relief. I found myself frequently “putting up” with 2012 and the so-called end of the Mayan calendar, awaiting the start of something new.

There is spiritual precedence to believing we are entering a new age or paradigm. Peoples including the Hopi, Sioux and Hindu, suggest we are at the horizon of a fifth age.

Collectively I think we are all hoping this next age, if it is real, will say “yes” to a lot of great ideas. How about unity, compassion, care and prosperity? Personally, I am a little more self-oriented than that. My vote is the lottery or at least daily housekeeping services. Maybe someone else to walk the dogs; their combined weight is 150 pounds and still, they seem to continue eating all the time. My kids vote for a chef; they still ride me about the Thanksgiving I forgot to turn on the oven and the turkey was raw—as in totally uncooked.

My sense, however, is that before we decide when to say “yes,” we have to get clear on a few “no’s.” This is especially important for those of us working in the spiritual and energy arts. As we know, it does little

good to take arbitrary action and think you are producing long-term change. That is equivalent to the proverbial moving of the chairs on the Titanic. The goal is to shift internally. Change what creates reality and all of reality will change.

In my own life, I have already been practicing a few “no’s.” The holidays gave me great opportunities for that. There was the relative whose addictions have controlled the family for years. This year I said “No,” in a polite but very clear letter. She wrote back that I should never contact her again. Since that is impossible, I am ignoring that comment—but I am deciding it is time to stop losing power to cruelty.

I watched my youngest come up with a hard-won “No.” (One of the hardest things is watching someone you love struggle and be unable to help.) For two weeks, my effervescent blonde bubble was grumpy around the house and went to bed depressed. He did not even get into his bad-for-you video games.

You just know it is a girl (or boy, depending on gender) when teenagers act like that.

Then one night I picked him up from church youth group and he was gregarious again.

“So you figured out what to do about Jane?” I asked.

“How did you KNOW?” He was shocked.

(Really?)

It seems Gabe had finally decided that being in love with someone who does not love you back is not worth the pain.


“I decided to stop feeling bad because she does not see who I really am,” he stated. “It is time to move on.”

What is it that no longer serves—to which we can say “No”? Beliefs about our unworthiness of goodness? The sense that we are not powerful? The patterns of thinking someone else’s opinion of us is more important than our own?

“No” is as powerful as “yes” and is also stronger when followed by a yes. What if inside of ourselves we unpack the “yes’s” that we already know are true. “Yes, I am a great being!” “Yes, I have made mistakes and have become wiser because of it.” “Yes, I am here on purpose and am eager to continue unfolding to it.” Or on Gabe’s behalf, “Yes, I deserve to be really seen and valued by someone.”

When we give ourselves the right “nay” and “yay,” we are then able to support the same in our loved ones, clients and patients. Perhaps someone upstairs will hear my “yes” to a housekeeper and all will be well!

Regardless of my private sense of success, it is truly as many great philosophers have said. Spoken by columnist Jan Denise: Love really does make everything beautiful, from the inside out.

If we concentrate on the beauty of the self inside and say no to what makes us think we are ugly, how could our lives not form a new paradigm outside of ourselves, like petals opening to the sun? 



That Old Lemonade Trick

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, May/June 2014

42

A few years ago, my youngest son got tired of my lemonade lecture. You know the one. “If you only have lemons, make lemonade.”

Faced with a near-impossible situation—a book chewed by the puppy and then plopped in a snow bank in the backyard—Gabe said, “Mom, you know lemons only make lemon juice. You have to add SUGAR to end up with lemonade.”

As much as I would love to prove that sugar is the critical essence of life, a theory that only works if it is encompassed within chocolate, that is not the point. Gabe’s comment forced me to examine how often I try to fix what cannot be fixed in my own life, setting myself up for that all-pervasive complex of co-dependency. I have been guilty of the same with clients.

First I have to add a qualifier. Most of my clients are passionately interested in bettering their lives and are also highly reasonable. They are not just standing in line waiting for a “miracle handout.” They are willing to work on issues and change behavior. They also understand the benefits of employing a subtle energy practitioner or using energy medicine techniques on themselves.

We live in a quantum universe in which consciousness directs particles, forces and frequencies to shape and transform concrete reality. Our intentions count.

Every so often, however, I am asked to participate in an agenda that calls for making lemonade out of only lemons, minus the sweetener. For example, years ago I taught a series of workshops in Russia. Before one of my evening sessions, a woman implored me to “save her marriage.” It turned out that she and her husband had been divorced for years. He had moved on. Not only was he remarried, but he also had two small children with his second wife.

More recently, a male client asked me to convince his wife, who was coming in the following week, that he was not committing adultery. When I asked him why she would think that he was, he said that he hired prostitutes and she had discovered the evidence. “That is only out of town, though, and I’m not in love with them.”

Then there was the client that wanted me to intuitively “tune into” her boyfriend’s X-rated situation, mainly because she wanted to “feel” what he was experiencing.

I am sure you have your own stories of requests that are asking the impossible, unethical or distasteful of you. For every one of these, there are hundreds that excite us into providing assistance. Since Gabe's comment, however, I have learned to stop and make sure that the sweetener, the leavening agent, is available for the formula. If not, this situation is not mine to participate in.

My favorite tool for deciding whether to assist someone or not is my gut. There are over a dozen forms of intuition, most easily organized into clairvoyance or inner sight; clairaudience or hearing messages; and kinesthetic intuition, which involves sensing, feeling or knowing what is going on through our bodies.

While seeing images or obtaining guidance are viable forms of receiving intuitive guidance, I cannot always call these forms of messages out of the air. Intuition is like that. It is accurate but confounding. Our inner knowing, however, is always available—that sense that something is “right” or “wrong,” a “yes” or a “no.”

I used to ignore this internal reaction. Growing up, it was not safe to say “no” or have my own opinion, much less assert my needs. Listening to myself equated with being punished. I know that sometimes I still have to override these old programs, but it is always worth it.

After sensing my true reactions, I then use my intuition to figure out the best way to share my response. In the case of the Russian woman, I heard a message in my head to share with her. I suggested that I help her let go, emphasizing the point that she deserved an accessible man—maybe we could figure out why she did not believe that? With the other two situations—the man “not” committing adultery and the woman caught in her own “X-files”—my body felt so tired and heavy that I simply said I was not equipped to help them with these situations.

If we do not follow our intuition I am afraid we are doomed to repeat the rather humorous scene, portrayed in the following quote by Emo Philips, an American entertainer.

At my lemonade stand I used to give the first glass away free and charge five dollars for the second glass.

The refill contained the antidote.

He used to say that he poisoned people with the first glass just so they had to buy the second glass. After all, we do not want to sell—or buy—“bad” lemonade just so we have to compensate with a second glass. €



The Busy Meditator

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Sept 2011

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I avoided looking at my wristwatch, even as I averted my eyes from every clock face or digital timekeeper in the room. I could deal with being behind in returning phone calls and email, but I was having difficulty dealing with the current trauma of the day. Lucky the monster puppy had hidden Gabe's and my shoes somewhere on—or off—the premises. In one minute, we would be officially late to baseball.

A few minutes later, I had fished my shoes out of the backyard pond. Gabe stood on the deck, dangling his, the backs smeared with dog slobber.

"They are too squishy to wear!" He complained.

"You will run faster," I sighed. As typical, we would now be late to everything today, all because of Lucky's refusal to differentiate between food items and inorganic materials. Seeing as my New Year's resolution to meditate daily had already been "on pause" for six months, I figured another day would not make much difference.

Periodically—like a few times a week—people ask me about my meditation process. They assume that because I am in the spiritual healing business,

I must have developed a robust prayer and guru-status meditation practice. By now, I should be able to levitate off the floor and pull gold coins out of the air. How surprised they are when I say, "Meditation? I took a yoga class once when I was pregnant. I could not bend, though, so I just sat on the floor doing deep breathing exercises."

I hate to admit that modern life has gotten the best of me. In the little time I can carve out of life's hustle and bustle, I would rather go to the movies than sit on a pillow with my legs crossed. (Besides, we have run out of pillows. Last month, they were Lucky's favorite snack.) This does not mean, however, that I do not meditate, in my own way.

There are many ways to meditate, and they do not all involve chanting mantras, twisting into yogic postures or focusing in quietude. The methods of meditation are as varied as the individuals on this planet. In addition, there are countless ways to perform the two other counterparts to meditation—prayer and contemplation. All three activities, when embraced with delight rather than a fateful sense of "have to," unite to form the basis of a solid spiritual practice, and equally important, a rich and splendid life.

Prayer can be defined as talking to the Divine, meditation as listening to the Divine and contemplation as basking in the presence of the Divine. While many experts recommend that we separate these activities from normative life, we are not always able to do so. Sometimes our time truly is not our own. Rather, it is a commodity owed to our children, aging parents or job. Sometimes we do not feel well enough to engage in strict spiritual venues. Furthermore, some of us lack the personality needed to engage in long, disciplined processes. Whatever the case, it is important to know that we do not have to refrain from these vital spiritual actions simply because we do not fit into a standard religious or spiritual mold. Instead, we can shape our spiritual practices to suit our lives, rather than the other way around.

I consider every moment an opportunity to converse with the Divine. Is not God as available to the person standing in line at the grocery store as the one bowed before an altar? As my son once said, “God sure has big ears—to hear all of us at once.” I am sure the Divine is not going to reject my prayer because I am wearing sweat pants instead of my Sunday best.

Likewise, the Divine can get a message to us anyway He or She wants. My oldest son was once complaining that I was too old to remember what it was like to get a cavity filled. How could I possibly understand what he was going through during our drive to the dentist?

“Well, maybe I do not get it, but God does,” I said.

“He doesn’t have teeth,” Michael remarked.

At that moment, a huge bus pulled up next to us, with two words printed in bold letters across it.

“I Understand.”

Underneath those words was the kicker.

“From God.”

Was this response not as heavenly a meditation message as one we might receive within the secure walls of an ashram?

As for contemplation, is it not the state I aspire to every time I engage with a client? To honor the spiritual nature of another person is equivalent to contemplating the Divine. What greater task could we energy healers fulfill, but this?

In the end, is not all of life a prayer, every medium a conduit for the Divine and each person deserving of being contemplated? Whether your moments of bliss involve fishing shoes out of ponds, becoming the “om” in a soundless manner or singing prayers at the top of your lungs, may you know that the Divine is always listening, speaking and responding—and sometimes maybe even chuckling. €



Picking Up the World's Issues

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Sept/Oct 2016

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Life seems to get more and more stressful, doesn't it? You know it is bad when your idea of fun is watching Beverly Hills Housewives reruns and not eating chips, simply because you are too tired to walk to the kitchen to get them. Energy workers have the unique advantage of being able to access subtle energy to defuse stress; then again, our natural sensitivities can be the very reason that we are totally stressed-out.

Energy workers constantly deal with stresses beyond the everyday. We sense others' feelings, know their needs and relate to the paranormal as if it is normal. After all, we are energetically intuitive. That is what makes us good at what we do. But these days, the subtle energy stressors are sky high. I am finding that many energy specialists are struggling to cope with more than their client's issues; they are also picking up the world's challenges.

We really do live in revolutionary times. We are barraged by negative newscasts, electromagnetic pollution and emails that multiply like "Tribbles" did on Star Trek. (Who would have thought that those furry creatures that keep splitting would have predicted our e-mail in-box?) We flick on the television and we

are parachuted into a refugee camp. We scribble a grocery list and instantly imagine the crying of starving children everywhere. We ask to be instruments of peace and our vision is filled with the victims of war. It is not a good sign when our own politicians act like they are in the middle of a video game.

For the truly sensitive, everything out "there" is something that potentially registers in "here."

Most of us have learned how to set and hold energetic parameters. We leave our work behind at the end of the day and go about making dinner, caring for our family and bill paying, like everyone else. But let's be real. There are so many individuals, communities, animals and natural habitats in trauma, we cannot help but sometimes sense the worst of the waves of pain.

Most likely, you can tell when the world is getting to you, but sometimes it is hard to differentiate between everyday and worldly sensitivities. I think that we have personal symptoms of "world burn-out," signs indicating an over-responsiveness to the world's concerns. Before I share a short-list of generic symptoms, I will share my key indicator, although it is sort of embarrassing.

When over-influenced by the world's drama, I become mind-numbingly stupid.

I will share an example.

A few weeks ago, my son Gabe said this: "Mom, the clothes have been so soft for a few weeks. I really like them." He added, "They smell good, too."

Now, teenagers never, never, never comment on clothing texture or aroma. My teen hardly even grunts a "thank-you" after I have slaved for hours—or what has seemed like hours—getting the stains out of his baseball pants. Clearly something strange was happening in the laundry room.

I trudged into the utility room and searched for the anomaly. My eyes settled on the laundry detergent. That had been an amazing purchase. I had been recently hit with so many strange waves of stress that I had tried to clamp down on my daily responsibilities. How cool to order all my home products through a time-saving, all-natural, online service.

And there it was.

Fabric softener.

My son's clothes were filthy, but they sure felt and smelled so good.

As I researched my new products, I was not overly surprised to find out that I had made several erroneous purchases. The toothpaste, which thank goodness, we had not yet opened, was actually a denture bonding product. The dog vitamins were cat vitamins, which so would not go over, and the hand soap was recommended for psoriasis patients.

Besides my deep-dive into foolishness, I had also experienced some of the other signs of world energy overload. Based on self-examination, as well as what I have heard from other energetic practitioners, I have seen that some of these signs could indicate an over-absorption of worldly issues:

Dissociation. The sheer amount of negativity in the universe can easily cause an aspect of our inner child or soul to just plain "jump out." After all, it is much nicer in the ethers. Consequently, we might feel unusually spacy, disorganized or "out of it." Hence buying the wrong kind of detergent.

Anger/Exhaustion. My sense is that many people are

intuitively feeling angry on behalf of the world's victims and then dropping into the follow-on exhaustion.

Anxiety/Powerlessness. Anxiety is fear of the future. Waves of fear or terror followed by a bout of powerless can indicate that we are sharing these feelings with the traumatized on this planet.

Pre-terror. Some of us are future oriented. We might get struck with the sense that something bad is going to happen, but not know what. Time and time again, you find you have actually perceived a dark event elsewhere, right before it occurs.

I am sure there are dozens of other symptoms potentially affecting the energetically sensitive who are attuning to the world's challenges. The question is, how can we remain caring world citizens yet safe and secure within our own energetic boundaries? These are a few ways that we can remain open-hearted and yet functional:


Separate. Ask Spirit or your higher self if what you are sensing or experiencing is all yours or relates to the world. Request separation from that which does not personally involve you.

Send love. Use prayer or your understanding of grace to send love, requesting that Spirit or your higher self brings love where needed.

Request an assignment. Ask Spirit or your higher self to show you if there is a practical activity you can perform to help the world. You might not be called to the frontlines. The last time I did this, one of Gabe's friends came over and I spent an hour helping him brainstorm a solution to an emotional problem.

Remain positive. A lot of people are calling this the era of "Armageddon," or the beginning of the end. Cross-cultural predictions also infer that we might be entering a 1,000-year time of peace. I choose to be a force toward peace, not destruction.

Perhaps Desmond Tutu said it best: *Do your little bit of good where you are; it's those little bits of good put together that overwhelm the world.*

Self-forgiveness works, too. I mean, does it really matter if we wash with fabric softener for a few weeks? 



The Self-Forgiving Practitioner

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov/Dec 2016

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I have a fairly blunt friend with whom I was discussing my client work a while ago. I was not actually irritated with my clients. Instead, I was down on myself for a slew of professional imperfections.

The laundry list was long and started with forgetting to email a link to a querying client. Shortly after that anomaly, I blanked out a client's name at a store. A few days later, I received an angry call from a workshop attendee. I had been too exhausted to tend to her needs after leading a weekend workshop and she thought I should have stayed longer. On top of that, my mother fell ill. While bouncing from hospital to home and back again, I had to reschedule several clients. I do not like to do that. Even the dogs were looking at me sidewise. You know that you are off your game when your position as the "dogs' best friend" is threatened.

In response to my self-critical litany, my friend said only this: *Sounds like you need to forgive yourself for not being a god.*

She was right.

Many of us were raised to not only "do it all," but to do so perfectly. In my family, there was not a lot of choice

in the matter. My parents were inconsistent in their attention yet indubitably demanding. In terms of house-keeping alone, I had to literally pass a "white glove test" after the daily dusting duty before I could go outside and play. Funny how my mom's gloves appeared snowflake-bright after checking my sisters' work and were iron-worker gray following my evaluation.

But the tasks did not end there. If every weed was not pulled out by the root, I would be assigned double-duty the next gardening day. My parents did not take kindly to my creative protestations, which included insisting that dandelions were really flowers. As for cooking? My approval rating was not even on the scale. I still remember getting grounded for the meatloaf composed of more ketchup than meat and the baked potatoes that were brick hard. Did I mention that I had actually forgotten to put them in the oven?

Needless to say, I have put all of that behind me as an adult. I own exactly one plant, which is grown in water near the sink, and I consider dust devils a mark of intelligence. After all, you have to be doing something important if your house is a little under the weather. As for the science of cooking? I once overheard my kids talking about which of their mother's speed-dial

take-out restaurants were their favorites.

Okay, I get it. Avoidance of disliked activities does not exactly indicate that I have recovered from familial perfectionism, but it does show that I kept my wits about me by not turning into June Cleaver, the iconic mother from the “Leave it to Beaver” show, who managed to run a household in heels and pearls. I am sure that you have your own family perfectionism to battle. These days, the true battleground of self-critical perfectionism applies to my healing business, not my housekeeping.

The healing profession is naturally replete with “hyper-expectations.” Most people believe that the doctor knows and cures all. Although those of us in the energetic modalities are not usually full-on physicians, the same hopes are frequently projected onto us. Quite simply, our clients want us to make them well, and not just a little better, but “all the way” well. Because we have big hearts, clients might believe that we can also take away all their pain. And those of us who employ our intuition or spiritual principles in our work are often burdened with an additional idealism. Our clients often assume, or at least wish, that we have access to all the answers. These types of hyper-standards can easily conjoin with any predisposition toward perfectionism to formulate an overwhelming set of unrealistic professional expectations.


I am a true advocate of professional excellence. However, my friend’s statement pointed out that I do not need to forget that I am a normal human being just because I want to provide quality client service. I might be a divine spark, but I am also a standard human being, not a “special issue” action figure. I am not Superman or Superwoman or even a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle. It is as important to embrace my humanity as it is to express my divinity.

Because of my friend’s statement, I decided that I needed to forgive myself. I am not saying that I had to forgive myself because I was a “bad care provider” when too tired to help a client when off-duty. What I needed to do was to forgive myself literally.

The word “forgiveness” can be broken into two root words: “for” and “give.” We could also spell the first word in this way: “fore.” The term “fore” means

“previous.” “Give” means what it sounds like—to release, give back or give away. What if forgiveness might sometimes involve the need to “give away that which came before?”

When we are able to “give away” or release ourselves from previously-imprinted perfectionistic programs, such as those generated by our family, religion, culture or another group, we create the space needed to arrive at our own essential value system. In my case, this activity has allowed me to better value myself, not only others. By releasing ourselves from the long-time perfectionism applied to the healing profession, we can ironically, shine even more brightly. We can spend our energy where it counts, using our gifts in the ways that they excel. We can inform clients about what is realistic rather than unrealistic, and through our honesty, invite their own acceptance of human imperfection and the adventure that comes along with it. And we can roll better with the punches, for life certainly comes with those.

This definition of forgiveness is not the only one, but I have found that it is invaluable when used to transform self-criticism into self-acceptance. And who knows, I might find even more household duties I can give up, guilt-free! 



A Story of Self Love

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Aug 2011

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Like most healers, I struggle to find time and space to take care of myself. I am not talking about performing the daily tasks of living, like washing the dishes, walking the dogs, and in my case, attending the dozens of traveling baseball games that this year, have all involved huddling in the rain under a blanket. (It would be more fun if my son's team would win.) The real dilemma is that sometimes I sub-consciously consider self-care—which does not include dishes, dogs and baseball disasters—at odds with my calling as a healer.

Logic is not only on the side of giving love but also of receiving love. At some level, I know that you can not give what you do not have. If I do not care for myself, I will not be able to care for others. If I do not allow the Source—God, the Divine, the All, Allah, the Creator, the Mother—to care for me, how can I convince others that there is a Source that desires to heal them? If I do not perform the small tasks of self-care that lead to health, such as eating right, sleeping well and having fun, how credible am I when prescribing self-care for others? It is hard to remember these truths, however, as I have spent my life earning a Ph.D. in codependency.

Instead of imparting the wisdom of self-care through

an essay, I decided to write a story about the seeming-quandary of giving to others while providing for the self. In a way, this story is actually about the nature of love. As strange a phenomenon as love is, it is the only medicine there is. This curative is available to us, not only others. What we give, we also receive, but when we receive, we are also better able to give. Such is the circle of love. To include ourselves in the circle is to create more love for all.

The Angel Who Forgot Her Shoes: A Story About Love and Healing

Once upon a time there was an angel who knew she was completely and wildly connected to the Source, no matter what. She was so excited when the Source asked her to come to earth to share its infinite light, for the earth was a dark place and in need of the reassurance of eternal love and the bliss of golden grace.

While she was packing her bags, the Source walked in. Poking through her suitcase, the Almighty made an observation.

“You did not bring many clothes. Or undergarments, or even shoes for that matter.” The Source wondered especially at the latter, as this WAS a girl angel, after all.

“Oh, I will not need them!” She quipped brightly. “All I need to do is give away your Light and I will be continually refilled.”

Though the Source advised otherwise, the girl angel did not pay attention and off she went entering the healing field, the best possible place to share divine light.

As you might expect, life did not go as she had hoped. After a couple of decades of providing never-ending streams of loving energy to others, the girl angel noticed that she was constantly tired, even irritable. In fact, she was often sick. After coughing her way through yet another healing session, she finally asked the Source what she was doing wrong.

“You do not wear clothes, undergarments or shoes,” the Source gently reminded her.

“What would these provide me?” She queried.

“Your clothes represent boundaries. Without distance between you and others, you are in danger of becoming them. You are here to become yourself, not someone else.”

“Your undergarments serve your inner self. To focus on the self IS to focus on me—as you are part of me. The journey of life involves becoming more of yourself, but also more of me.”

“Finally, your shoes help you walk this world without sinking too deeply into it. There are many problems on this planet and it is not your job to fix all of them.”

“In fact,” the Source continued, “the less you care for yourself the harder it is to connect with me. You will lose yourself in the giving to others.”

The girl angel thought about all of this and decided that perhaps, the Source was right. She began to conduct what could be called “self-care.”


First she asked the Source for clothes, which the Divine customized for her. Separated from others’ woes, she ironically found herself more objective and thus better able to serve others. As she became used to distance, she started to notice how she felt; what she liked or did not like—and what was unique about her

being. It became easier to carve out time for herself, feed herself good food and indulge in rest. More relaxed, her life became more of an adventure and she found herself enjoyably traveling the many worlds inside and outside of herself.

The Source next selected appropriate “undergarments”—qualities and virtues for her to hold dear and eventually embody. What did it mean, to identify with faith, hope, love and joy? What did it mean, to be faith-full, hope-full, love-able and joy-full? In seeking to understand the true nature of being an angelic spirit within a body, she uncovered her own deep needs—and wounds. The subsequent journey of self-healing invited a deeper dependency on the Source, as well as those around her. She learned to trust, and became an even clearer channel for divine love.

And in the buying of more shoes, her wardrobe became the envy of everyone she met.

In the end, the girl angel realized—as did boy angels on the same path—that she was not only on this planet to give love and healing to others. She was also here to receive. By giving and receiving, she discovered that this world became a little more like the heaven she remembered. That knowledge made her even happier. €



Wholeness Through the Holidays: Or, How to Not Overdo It

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov/Dec 2013

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A few years ago, I learned a great holiday lesson, although the hard way. My youngest son broke his hand a few days before Christmas Eve and had surgery the day before. But I, of course, forged ahead with my dinner plans.

Norwegian Lutherans, if you do not know, are fairly set in their ways. I confess I have inherited most of my ancestor's traits—minus the Viking's lack of certain inhibitions, I assure you. Christmas Eve, like all holidays, is a very established affair, with polished silver and china, appropriate linens and three courses all perfectly timed.

It does not matter that few partygoers actually like the first course, which consists of Norwegian delicacies. Actually, there is nothing very dainty about the Norwegians, aka the Vikings, but Christmas food is as good as it gets, featuring at first sitting the following: lutefisk (cod soaked in lye), lefse (Norwegian tortillas), mashed potatoes (mine start in a box) and green peas (added only for decoration; all the other food is white.) The weight of the ancestors sat on my shoulders, as this was only the second holiday held at my house. I was certain I could pull it off, despite lack of sleep and an invalid son. To tell you the truth, it did not go well. Not only did not the lutefisk, a

rather jelly-like substance on the best of days, assume a mostly porridge-like appearance, but also all the food reached disaster-point at the same time. I smashed three courses into a single serving.

I know I am not the only person guilty of holiday perfectionism. Statistics show that 70 percent of all people reach a near-breaking point in relationship to time, money and gift giving. The temporary stress can feel overwhelming to most, as indicated in my client schedule, which almost doubles during November and December. People everywhere are concerned not only about how to make their desires fit their budget and calendars, but they are dealing with the deepest of all life issues, the matter of love.

No matter our religion or tradition, the holidays cumulatively represent our inner need for communion, peace, connection and service. Most of us have stirrings of joy leftover from our childhood, at least moments in which our eagerness resulted in a smile. But many of us, as adults, might say this about the holidays, a quote by a twelve-year old girl from Germany: *What do the holidays mean to me? I used to know, but I'm not sure anymore.*

As energy experts, we are in the unique position to perceive the holidays in a way beneficial for our

clients and ourselves. We can see through the lens of energy, not only tradition, memory and fantasy.

The word “holidays” means “holy days,” and that is the energy ascribed to the events at this time of year. It is a time to create wholeness and implicitly, a time to recognize where we believe ourselves lacking the same.

One of the reasons that so many people feel depressed or anxious at the holidays is that their inner selves are calling out, pointing out areas of perceived lack. Sure, the list might start with practical items, like money, time, kind relatives or Scotch tape—don’t you hate running out of tape when you are almost done wrapping? Dig a little deeper and more vital needs emerge.

Within is the precious inner child who longs for parenting or understanding, the soul that yearns for expression, the loving mate seeking a partner for the dance of life. In the depths of our psyche, within our essential self, we are already whole. The gaps lie within the “inner selves,” as well as between the selves themselves.

We have many names for these aspects of self: body, mind and soul are the most popular. My esteemed Hawaiian colleague and healer, Ramsay Taum, shares that his tradition labels these aspects higher, middle and lower selves, or the inner father, mother and child. Indigenous people the world over would equate our internal structure to the medicine wheel, a compass-like image representing the interactions that lead to peacefulness. My understanding of the Lakota, with whom I studied for several years, suggest the following inner personality traits: our northern self is our warrior or active element; our eastern self, the visionary or goal-setter; the southern self, the healer or receiver; and the western self, our inner shaman, the self who walks the dimensions and can end what needs to be ended.

During the holidays, it is all too easy to feel only the gaps, not the stitching; the holes, not that which is whole. Our losses are real—as is the yearning for connection and bonding. As an energy practitioner, I know that my role is to serve as a witness to my client’s pain—and my own, if it arises during this time period. I listen to the stories, laugh at the jokes and agonize with the horrors. I have also learned to take yet another step—to encourage clients to uncover that which is already whole.

Might not the “inner father” be able to provide

protection for the “inner child” who has never had it? Likewise, maybe the “internal visionary” can embrace the endings wielded by the “inner shaman,” and point out the rising of a new dawn?


It is this interconnection within the self that teaches us the most holy lesson of all. It is a spin on the old adage, “Wherever you go, there you are.” What if this is a good thing; a simple recognition that all our experiences, the easy and the challenging, are reservoirs for spinning a good life?

The gift to recognize, in-between the glitter and glitches of the holidays, is that there is also a holy presence whose reach far surpasses that which we have been trained to recognize on a day-to-day basis. Call it God, the Divine, Spirit, the Great Spirit, Kali, Ganesh. Call it what the scientists suggest, the Zero Point Field or the Unified Field Theory. Call it what you would, but know it as love, the feeling we deserve to direct toward ourselves—and truth we deserve to receive from that holy presence. When we encourage our clients to feel the love they have from one “part” of themselves to another, they can then open to the highest love of all. It is this love that can take out the needle and thread and weave all parts of together.

It is because of self-love, then, we open to greater love. Somewhere in the middle and merging of these two processes is the place from which to make holiday decisions—is the space to decide what is a truly loving way to act. Does everyone really need five presents? Is it really that important to carry forward every tradition, or to perhaps establish a few of our own? The answer must start and end with love.

In my own life, I learned this lesson so well a couple of years ago. That last Christmas Eve was strikingly different from any I have ever known. I ordered four different dinners from Whole Foods and had everyone enjoy his or her own favorites. My mother ate ice cream; my friend enjoyed vegan food; I dug into meat; and my son Gabe selected what Gabe kids eat. Then we watched the movie “Elf” and opened presents, all the while, laughing.

I do not think I ever had a more enjoyable holiday.

As Mother Teresa said, “Not all of us can do great things. But we can do small things with great love.” Small dinner—big dinner; you tell me! 



Around the Mulberry Bush: Getting Out of Sameness

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July 2010

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Ever feel like every day is pretty much a repeat of the day before, except perhaps with a few new crises? We are hopefully not as stuck as Bill Murray of “Groundhog Day” movie fame. Can you imagine awakening to the same life every morning, with no compensation for hard lessons learned? Life does, however, share certain similarities to the movie, all of which remind me of the nursery rhyme, “Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.”

Perhaps you sang the song as a child. Holding hands, you chant while skipping around in a circle. Around and around the mock mulberry bush in the middle, you dance to the mantra, until at some point, you all fall down. Kids are not stupid, are they? At a very early age, they start practicing for adult life. However, adult life has a lot of sameness in it, sometimes so much sameness that we feel like exploding. Consequently, most of what seems the same (and is) feels like work.

Even though I do healing work for a living, which is actually pretty exciting, unpredictable and fascinating—many days I feel like I am performing my own Mulberry Bush solo. I get up and yawn. I pick up the house and yawn a little more. I take a multiplicity of vitamins and chew my dairy and gluten-free healthy breakfast, awaiting the drive to my son’s school

because I stop for caffeine on the way. I get home and work and then I yawn, even as I make a decision about dinner, power walking, dogs, email and how to Google up the next Little League game map. Many days certainly seem like a Mulberry Bush experience, minus the naïve joy relegated to childhood.

A life coach might examine my life and suggest I insert more balance. Balance? I ask. I have balance. I allot “x” amount of time for everything I need: nutritional digestion, tennis shoe treading, purposeful working, girlfriend talking, mothering mayhem and even sometimes a date or two. So why is that mulberry bush still in the middle of the living room?

Well, the truth is that when I get into the doldrums, seeing only sameness, I am misperceiving the world. I am missing that which is meaningful by assuming meaninglessness. For its part, the world acquiesces. It is not going to argue. If I say it is all work and no play and it is all the same, even the healthy “balanced” activities, it nods, ultimately reminding me that if I want change, I have to be the change artist, a lesson I initially learned when complaining about my life to a therapist years ago.

“Life is boring,” I whined.

“Why have you decided to become so boring?” She quipped.

The key to shifting perspective and therefore, life itself, lies in intention. I know. Intention has become quite the buzzword among energy workers. If we intend a healing, it happens. If our intention is good, good comes back to us. Okay, we have to stop here. Not only is this approach simplistic, but it also is not realistic. We hold many intentions simultaneously and these often war with each other. It is a lot of work to force an agenda and override confusing, mixed messages. It is so much work, in fact, that eventually, everything becomes work—and sameness.

Frankly, I am a little tired of doubling as the proverbial hamster on the wheel, especially when my household representative of these four-footed caged creatures, whose name is Max, is already enlightened enough to scoff at the wheel and instead, sit around all day, eating. I am tired of defining intention as the setting of goals and working toward them. Why not define intention differently and by doing so, invite more adventure, love and truth? Why not desire meaning—but go a step further and assume it? Would not life be more enriched, colorful and flavorful? To accomplish this, we must steer away from defining intention as the aiming at objectives and instead, perceive it as quality of purposefulness.

If I really think about it, everything is purposeful, if only we can perceive the qualities within it. For instance, I often complain about all the sports practices and games I have attended over the years. There are some rules in Minnesota, you know. Kids only play hockey in ice arenas as frigid as the wintry outdoors, football in the rain and sleet, and baseball during hail and tornado season. If you lump all practices and games together for two sons over the years, I am currently “batting” 1,400 sport events—with many more to come.

I have yet to figure out the difference between a punt and a kick, a ball and a foul, and a run and a goal. These are pointless anomalies to me, but at least the related games make some sense, unlike rugby, one of the preferred sports of my oldest son’s. As far as I am concerned, the rugby years yielded only a by-name relationship with the emergency room doctor who

was, for some reason, the only one ever on duty when bringing my son in for a multitude of broken, stretched or injured bones and muscles. I do not recall that number of muscular-skeletal parts on any anatomical chart I studied in high school biology. Not only did the injury rate suggest meaninglessness, but I never could figure out why those teenage boys would sing “Waltzing Matilda” to such gleeful abandon when all they did at home was grunt. No, if there is anything that might connote sameness, imbalance and work to me, it is sports.

For all the work, tediousness, money and time, however, it has been worth it. Sports has meant something to my kids and so, it has meant something to me. Sure, they have had fun, but they have also developed qualities of meaning including sportsmanship, the value of persistence and the importance of losing politely.

Perhaps all the sameness in my life—and yours—really is not. Maybe it is all a way to show up for the meaning inherent in each and every moment. Maybe today, as I dance around the mulberry bush, I will pluck off a few berries and see how they taste. Maybe today I will set the intention to enjoy everything—for everything is ripe with meaning. €



Arriving

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, May/June 2013

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We took long and relatively horrible summer trips when I was a child. Always in our tan station wagon — eagerly announced by my mother who believed in “showing us the country”—and silently planned by my father, who in the weeks before we departed could be frequently found frowning over the bank statements at his desk. We three girls learned not to say what we thought, even to each other.

Instead we readied ourselves as if for war.

There is something catastrophic about inserting three sisters in the backseat of a car with nothing but seat belts and an inch of space between them. That phenomenally insignificant territorial difference might as well have been the Gaza Strip in duplicate, the sister in the middle doomed by the fact of being surrounded by near-terrorists.

Whether we were driving the ten hours it took to get to Watford City, North Dakota, my mother’s family’s farm community or the exotic shores of Corpus Christi, Texas, the protocol was the same. We started with my mother putting on “her face” with the contents of her grey make-up case and the three of us jockeying for the most surface area, a task that

spurred us into arguing the entire journey. My parents had their own counterattacks. It is hard to count how many times they threatened we would be left at the next rest stop or that they would skip our lunch. Sometimes my dad would paste masking tape between us. (I think he really wanted to use it on our mouths.) These techniques did little but force us into silent belligerence—for a while. It is amazing how furtive you can become with your feet and elbows, how insistent a girl can be that she was not the one who hit the other, even though there is no one else around.

No matter how frustrated we became, the fullness of our frustration could always be encompassed in the much-touted question:

“Are we almost there, yet?”

In that question, we sought an end to the misery we were causing each other, as well as the beginning of the fun we could be having. The only problem in asking the question was that we were hardly ever “almost there.”

I wonder how many times, as an energy healer, I have wished to be “almost there.” I especially ask the ques-

tion with a new client, for I know that they might not have the time, money or inclination to ever return. Therefore, within a 55-minute hour, I have to “get us there,” or—or what?

I will have failed my job, let the client down, taken a left instead of right turn, gone into the wrong profession, caused disaster, death or ruin or worse.

Come to think of it, I am quite incessant with this issue of “arrival” in many areas of my life. Will I have “gotten there” when my youngest graduates getting B’s instead of C’s in Communication—or when he actually reads a book instead of the Cliff Notes? When my oldest produces a grandson? When I move out of the suburbs and into a beach hut? When I have written 25 books, rather than 17? When some brilliant scientist invents a pillow that presses out wrinkles, and I do not mean those in the pillowcase?

In terms of energy work, we cannot help but want to arrive at a productive and joyful conclusion. After all, we would not be in the business of healing if we did not want to help people feel better. We want that depressed teenage girl to set down the razor blades and concentrate instead on a dress for Prom. We want the fourth stage cancer patient, the mom of three little ones, to receive the miracle for which she is asking. We want that businessman who has been out of work and is caring for his elderly parents and autistic son to be hired for a job.

We want, we want, we want—and yet, the setting of these goals does not always get us closer to their accomplishment.

It has been said in many ways and many cultures, it is often best to concentrate on the journey, not (only) the destination. Years ago, John Steinbeck wrote a book, *Travels with Charley*, featuring a trip he took across country with his dog, Charley. Most likely, this journey was a good-bye to life, for Steinbeck had been diagnosed with a terminal heart condition. Contained within this book is a lesson for each of us, one we might squeeze like sunshine from an orange.

Steinbeck applies the Spanish verb *vacilar*, “to wander,” to his meanderings and describes himself as a *vacilando*, or “wanderer.” It is this attitude he asks us to adopt in our own lives, the sense of caring more about the journey than the destination.

Certainly, Steinbeck had a final goal, a point on a map he vacillated toward. He acknowledged, however, that this destination was nothing more than it appeared, a symbol on a piece of paper. The wealth of the journey—the colored sunsets, weepy rains, greasy French fries, satisfactory nights spent sleeping under the stars, parenthetical thoughts and paragraphs of emotions—were the treasures gathered on the way. These were the experiences that taught him about how to become even more “John Steinbeckian” than he was. That allowed him to know Charley for what he really was—a fellow life companion disguised as a dog, incognito only because he had a tail.

It is good and it is comforting to help our clients feel better. We want our training to create miracles and our hopes to assure well-being. Even when the selected objectives can be checked off the list, however, the honest heart says that we have not really “arrived.” There will be another bend in the road or curve ball thrown sideways, if not for us as a healer, most assuredly for our client, who is, after all, a living being and therefore, subject to constant change.

Perhaps the wisest attitude to adopt as a healer, or a person for that matter, is that proposed by Steinbeck. We know where we are going. We long to get there, and we just might. Because of our assistance, clients might rise from their palette whole-limbed or finally release the long-night sufferings of childhood. The chances of an accomplished mission, however, are greatly increased by our ability, as a healer and a person, to remain in the present and seek to add benefit in the moment. This indeed, is the best that medicine can offer.

This is, in fact, the path to increased connection and joy, healing antidotes within themselves.

I often wonder how different all those family vacations might have been if I had decided to enjoy the trip along the way, instead of always waiting for our arrival.

Although I cannot turn back the clock and tell my younger self to complain less and care more, it is not too late to do so now. Who knows what might happen if more of us stopped being so concerned about widening the inch between us and closed the gap with more love? €



Back to (Energy) School

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Sept/Oct 2013

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September always ends summer with a bang—or maybe, one of those darn “tardy” bells. We feel like we are going “back to school,” even if we are not.

I enter the fall with trepidation. For so many years, the turn of calendar was a return to prison. Off went the flip-flops and on went the unbending loafers. Instead of a bike bag, a backpack. Replacing Nancy Drew and Hardy Boy novels, books with words too long, spines too stiff and characters too boring for me to do anything but sigh. Summer provided just enough freedom for September to illuminate the loss of it.

I have to admit that sometimes, learning in general brings up the same attitude. It is not that I do not like educating myself—even researching, reading and studying. I absolutely do. I am simply tired of some of “life’s lesson plans.”

You are an energy medicine practitioner. Think of how many times you watched a client struggle through difficulties and felt prompted to say, “Let’s look for the lesson in this situation.” Likewise, count how often times have you have been reminded that life is a “school” or that your own personal challenges

have something to “teach you.”

Whenever my own mentor gently suggests we “take a look” and see what “the teaching is,” I groan. I feel a little like summer is behind me and I have months of school ahead.

I hate to admit this, but all that enters my mind is this:

I know I will never learn this lesson because if I could, I already would have.

Think about it. Have you ever really learned how to be patient, or simply how to hide your impatience better? You see what I mean.

We know that as energy medicine practitioners, we must continue to learn. Because our job is holistic, so are our “lesson plans.” We are constantly acquiring knowledge about physical illnesses, pains, challenges and healing processes. We are continually gauging our clients’ emotional needs as well as monitoring our own.

We stealthily assess others’ mental states, even while pruning dysfunctional beliefs like weeds from our own mind-gardens. And perhaps as a reward, the

work itself forces us to constantly stretch toward the stars, opening to the grace that accompanies our prayers.

The question still remains: Does learning have to be so hard?

I recently reflected on this question during the first phase of writing a new book. Called *The Chakra Sourcebook*, I envisioned it as the go-to kitchen-sink book on chakras and more. To put it bluntly, I began the project with attitude, as in egoism. This will be easy, I thought. How much more do I really have to learn about chakras?

Stalled for three weeks in chapter four and the Vedic Scriptures, the world's oldest written source material on spirituality, I knew the answer to my question.

I have a lot left to learn. Maybe too much?

I would like to blame the so-called Vedic scholars, who do not seem to agree on much for all their expertise. Take the dating of the Scriptures. There is an 11,000-year gap between professional opinions about the origination dates of these scriptures. How is a suburban mom with too many dogs and kid baseball games supposed to figure out exactly when something as important as the Vedic texts were written, especially when the sages of the world do not agree; not only that, they seemingly have no idea?

Do not get me going.

For the first two weeks of my “back to school” project, I was testy. I could not figure out what I was supposed to be figuring out. Then I could not figure out why no one else had figured much out—not because I cared about the subject, but because I wanted reprieve. I arduously perused book after book, article after article and actually attempted to figure out a little Sanskrit—until finally, I figured out that there really was something I was supposed to learn, and it was not whether or not the Aryans or the Harappans composed the Rig Veda. (I hope you are pretty impressed with that sentence.)

It is not about learning; it is about attitude.

With this awareness, the early ancestors started to come to life. I could smell their cooking, hear their hearts; even perceive what they were seeking from their gods. I could imagine myself walking with them, fussing over their children, sharing their fears of the afterlife. At that point, I stopped learning in order to get the chapter completed. I started caring because I was interested.

As an energy medicine practitioner, this is the shift I challenge myself to make when working with clients. Perhaps I first listen to their needs because I want to understand the facts. I then think about what I am supposed to do. But then comes the change-point, when I decide to drop into my heart and simply care.

The heart knows so much more than the mind does.

This is something I must remember in my own life. When struggling, there is little point in asking myself, over and over, questions like these: “What is the lesson?” “What is the point?” “What am I supposed to gain from this?” There is no peace in this type of process. It infers a sort of wrongness, sending the message that I have been doing things wrong.

The truth is that none of us try to do the “wrong thing.” We simply do, in each moment, what we know how to do at that time.

What if instead of searching only for what I am supposed to learn, I simply start caring? This could involve caring for myself, that self who is going through difficulties. It might include caring for the others involved in a situation, and then only after true compassion has been shared, it can incorporate caring about the wisdom to be gained.

Life is more than a series of lesson plans. It is an invitation to show up and care—to gain in compassion, love, hope and humor. This is what we give our clients and this is ultimately, the gift we owe ourselves. ☺



Embracing All That Life Has to Offer

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Jan/Feb 2012

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A few weeks ago, we welcomed four new pets into our home, products of a science experiment via my twelve-year-old. Their names are Peter, Paul, Mary and Roger, though darn if I can tell the difference between them.

They are Hissing Cockroaches.

I bet most of you do not know that there are many varieties of cockroaches, but Madagascar's version is pretty special. A good two to three inches long, they hiss when scared.

I am not sure who hissed louder when Gabe and I changed the habitat last week, but I can tell you, I have had more pleasant experiences. Since I refused to touch our new friends, I was reliant on a spoon, a big box and a paper towel roll. Do not even ask. Just know that within five minutes of our experiment, the first escapee was trapped under a cereal bowl, the second under a frying pan lid and the last two were stuck in the paper towel roll, toilet paper on either side.

There are many lessons involved in hosting pets and children, as well as coping with all that is unexpected. The most profound can be summarized in

the phrase, "embracing all that life has to offer." This concept is also key to serving in our highest capacity as a healers.

I know that some of you might cringe at the thought that cockroaches and Healing Touch have anything in common. (I am more than a bit repulsed by the creatures myself. Imagine an insect that has survived this planet for 350 million years.) Nonetheless, what is our job, as healers, but to embrace everything our life has encompassed so we can help our clients do the same? Only when we start where we are can we shift to a new place.

A client who was involved in a water accident ten years ago recently underscored this truth. At that time, he was pronounced a paraplegic and was given a zero chance to ever move his arms again, much less his legs. He refused to accept this prognosis. Despite being turned down by several insurance companies, he found a non-profit willing to sponsor physical therapy beyond that provided through standard medical care.

His dedication to altering his neurology included working with several energy healers. As he shared, "Subtle energy can reach places that physical

energy cannot.”

When this gentleman came to see me, he walked in.

Yes, he needed assistance, including an aide and physical supports. He struggled to take notes on his paper and his head bobbed every so often. BUT HE WALKED INTO MY HOUSE.

When I asked him how he felt about spending his last ten years so diligently striving to learn how to walk—again—he said this:

“I had to decide if I was going to let my circumstances define me or become a better person because of them. I went for the latter.”

This man’s dedication to transforming his situation set him firmly on a path of regeneration. He accepted what life had offered him—paralysis. But from this vantage point, he set about changing what he could, eventually transcending reality through his unwavering devotion to a higher goal.

When we are working with clients, we must first see them for who they are. We accept them as is, whether the current reality includes depression, anxiety, joblessness, adultery, hatred, addictions or joy. Only then can we go about helping them open to a higher reality, one that might possibly change or transcend the current one.

In order to support our clients in this way, we have to do the same for ourselves. We start by embracing all that is, no matter whether we like it or not. There are a lot of situations I would not necessarily vote into my everyday life. As the mother of boys, I am definitely involved in too many sports activities and an over-the-top number of science experiments of the gruesome nature. The home laboratory has not been limited to cockroach warfare. The school has sent home numerous projects, one involving seven mealworms and another the building of a volcano that only erupted sidewise.

I can not affect change in all my life areas, but once I have sighed and embraced reality, I can at least open to the higher lessons. What are the cockroaches providing? I am not as scared of bugs as I used to be.

They can only get you if you let them out. There are a lot of life situations like this. A “mean relative” can only zap you if you see him or her.

The mealworm lesson? The volcanic escapade? I am still working on these. In the end, however, it comes down to yet another insight provided by my heroic client.

“In learning to walk all over again,” he said, “I figured out how lucky I am to have the ground under my feet.”

People like this man reinforce just how fortunate I am and we all are to simply have a life to embrace and the promise of tomorrow. As said quite simply by Brian Tracy:

Give thanks for everything that happens to you, knowing that every step forward is a step toward achieving something bigger and better than your current situation. €



Features Not Flaws

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Mar/April 2016

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I remember the minute I decided that there was something really wrong with me—not just kind of, but *really*.

My family had just moved from Alabama to Minnesota. I already knew I was odd. I saw energy emanating from people. I talked to fairies. I remembered past lives. These things I could keep to myself, however.

Once the Northerners heard my southern accent, I was cooked. “Why do you talk wrong?” one little girl asked. “We say ‘the’ not ‘thee,’” the teacher admonished me. Stubbornly, I pointed out that the Quakers used both “thee” and “thou.” I was sent to the office to practice my pronunciation with the secretary. Kids would press their face against the glass and make monkey faces at me.

That is when I decided I was seriously flawed.

As an energy practitioner, perhaps the most common challenge facing my clients is an inner sense of wrongness. There are several labels they slap themselves with: unworthy, undeserving, inadequate, disliked. What they are really saying is that somewhere along the line, they were made to believe they

are flawed.

Sometimes a person is shamed into self-recrimination. One of my clients was told she would never amount to anything. She had a straight “A” average. Yet another had several abortions during a hard time in her life and “well meaning” members of a Bible study group damned her to hell. Still another client was born with one leg shorter than the other. His Hindu family assumed it was karma and he deserved the punishment. After all, all his brothers were “normal” and were not an “embarrassment” to the family.

How many consequences result from being convinced that a unique, unusual, quirky or even endearing characteristic is a fundamental flaw? My shamed client has not ever had a loving romantic relationship. The woman “damned to hell” can not sense the presence of a loving God. The man with the shorter leg hides in his apartment. He holds only virtually accessible jobs. He has no friends. He is constantly ill because he does not exercise.

Quite simply, individuals cannot open fully to grace, abundance, friendship, guidance, opportunities or healing if they think there is something inherently wrong with them. (And then think of what happens

with human mistakes!) Depression, anxiety, poverty, addictions, loneliness and even pain and illness are the frequent results. If we cannot accept ourselves, who will? If we cannot embrace ourselves, who might? If we cannot laugh at ourselves, we will feel like others are laughing at us.

In the world of gemstones, few colored gems are perfect. Several types of gemstones are actually more valuable with blemishes. These are the varieties that have “defects” or “flaws” called inclusions.

Inclusions are foreign materials found inside a crystal. In many cases, these increase the value of the stone. They provide vital information about the history of the stone and are a proof of authenticity. Natural gemstones, which frequently include inclusions, are treasured over artificial ones, which are sterile.

An inclusion can be made of minerals, but also water, gas or petroleum. Even insects and plants can be trapped within a stone. Frequently the fragment is even older than the host rock and might look like a cloud, needle, pinpoint, crystal, vapor, feathers, fingerprints or streak.

Amber is one gemstone that is more valuable when organic matter is trapped within it. The fossilized resin of the pine tree, amber was formed about 50 million years ago. When specimens are trapped within, the amber is especially precious. Rutilated quartz is another gem that is more cherished when filled with golden “needles.”

Every experience we go through leaves an impression upon us or an inclusion within us. And certain characteristics are within us when we are born. Some of these must be shaped or redefined so they benefit rather than harm us. This very process transforms wounds into badges of honor which are to be worn proudly. Our innate traits are by their nature treasures to be unlocked, polished and shone into the world.

As healers, our task is to help our clients accurately frame or reframe their self-judgments from dark to light, unhealthy to healthy. This reconfiguring requires us to recognize that their “flaws” are actually “features” that make them amazingly interesting.

A feature is a trait or characteristic that qualifies something or someone. It is an attribute. I like to think of it as a trademark. Why not promote what is distinct about us? Celebrate it? Frame it in a commentary that shows it for what it is—a hallmark of uniqueness?

As Confucius so wisely said centuries ago, “Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.” Within each of our clients is a diamond with features of greatness, just waiting to be recognized. ☺



New Beginnings: Trading in for a Better Deal

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, December 2009

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Every year we are provided the opportunity to start all over again. Maybe it is time to take advantage of the offer.

I kick myself for earlier inhibitions. I have usually compared the potential of “New Year” resolutions to a used car sales pitch:

“Best Deal in Years!” “Rebates Galore!” “Trade in your ‘Junker’ for a Porsche!”

I am a Minnesotan. By the time you have driven a car of value through a winter of ice, salt and slush, the trade-in value is that of day-old lutefisk (a Norwegian delicacy, fish soaked in lye). No, I have usually folded one year into the next with the excitement of eating chocolate chip cookies made with carob instead of Godiva.

Research, however, has proven that it really is possible to start anew—with a few caveats. Better yet, there is no special “secret,” no million-dollar smile to purchase from the dentist, no multi-level marketing business to join, no quantum computer to shock one into higher consciousness. I am not talking about the Law of Attraction or coercion, manipulation or bribery. Instead there is a combination of two concepts:

Choice and Perception.

Can we really become something more than we have ever been? Eliminate yesterday’s problems? Heal illnesses and express our true selves? Biology says, “Yes.” First off, our cells constantly renew, suggesting the possibility of transformation. According to a 2005 paper in *Cell* entitled “Retrospective Birth Dating of Cells in Humans,” the average life of a human cell is seven to ten years, differing by tissue. If we can change molecularly, we can alter organically.

Other studies show that releasing stuck feelings, modifying negative beliefs and believing in higher values improves our health, healing capacity, well-being, prosperity and relationships. The caveat, however, is that we have to choose to improve and this requires starting with empowering perceptions.

What is the power of perception? Research outlined in my book *The Subtle Body* demonstrates that we are constantly surrounded by background noise. Some of it is negative. The absorption of negativity literally “makes us sick.” Other nuances are life enhancing. These advance our circumstances. If two people are exposed to the same conditions, one might notice the “good stuff” and thrive, while the other sees only

“bad stuff” and declines. What is the difference?

The main determinant of positive outcome lies in our heart. Love imbedded within our being creates robust and generative effects. Hatred leads to physical disorders, unhappiness and suffering.

One way to create radical change is to “hold an intention.” My favorite study in this area was published by *Explore* in October 2007. (You will like this one.) One ounce a day for three days of “Intentional Chocolate,” a retail product blessed by meditators, increased subjects well-being, vigor and energy by an average of 67 percent and upward of 1,000 percent.

If eating chocolate can transform our lives, what about even more potent activities? What if we decided that the air we breathe nourishes our soul, we really deserve abundance, the Divine desires our optimum health and that yes, we really can donate those extra ten pounds to the “Universe”? To do my part toward clinching the deal, I have been employing a new trick. I have been recognizing that everything good is already present.

I posed this idea to participants in a workshop I recently lead in Seattle by asking these questions:

What if every healing you have ever received has worked?

What if every vanished dream is actually visible and every lost love, already found?

I explained that our bodies already demonstrate this truth as per research on individuals with multiple personality disorder. Documentation has proven that one inner-personality can be afflicted with diabetes and require insulin while another is diabetes-free. If we could perceive ourselves as “disease free,” what then?

I know this is not an easy process. If perception is next to God, however, and we can choose to create something supportive instead of destructive, why not seek a new beginning? Why not decide to become greater than we have allowed ourselves to be? It does not really matter if we initiate this decision on January 1 or February 14 or today. What is important is to begin, take the first few steps and follow where they lead. €



Unusual Professions: Unusual Mentors

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, March 2011

66

Being a healer is not always easy. The idea is often more glamorous than the reality. Besides the constant struggle of explaining what you do, there is the fact of working on invisible energies with usually invisible methods. How many times have I wondered if I was really helping or doing more than waving a magical wand and uttering Abracadabra? For these and countless other reasons, energy healers need mentors and ongoing guides as much as do allopathic healers; maybe even more, because of the “weird” factor.

Through Healing Touch Program, you are provided an amazing and brilliant source of mentorship. One of the program’s strongest assets is its built-in system for ongoing development via the elders and instructors. The truth is, though, that all Healing Touch Program practitioners are of such a caliber that everyone learns from each other, just different things and in different ways. I only wish Healing Touch Program had existed when I started my journey as a healer almost thirty years ago. I believe my healing path would have been much more smooth and even.

The meandering nature of my path did, however, teach me to be open to unusual founts of guidance,

many outside, not only inside, of the “box.” As an example, one such teacher lived deep in the darkness of the Amazon. I met “him” when leading a group to Peru.

Our objective was to study with a particular shaman, Don Hermon. For his part, Don Hermon wanted to introduce us to his instructor of eight years. He asked if we could journey to his teacher’s home and I said yes.

Journey we did, in wooden canoes that barely floated on the water. After disembarking, we hiked for what seemed like hours through the jungle, a young man clearing the path with a machete, as we slowly and miserably proceeded. We finally reached a clearing.

“This is my teacher,” Don Hermon said proudly, pointing to a tree.

I wondered how the group participants were taking this, but they seemed kosher with the idea. Then suddenly, the tree seemed to stir and a nest of bugs flew out, surrounding one of the participants and stinging her everywhere.

I felt as if the tree were guiding me toward a solution, encouraging me to actually trust the belief in healing

that I professed. Taking out my lip balm, I covered the participant with the camphor and assured her that she could be healed. The welts immediately disappeared.

I did not stay in the jungle to continue studying with the tree. It was a “one shot deal,” but the lesson went home with me.

From that time onward, I welcomed the variety of teachers (and lessons) the Divine set on my path. The year of the tree, I also consulted a financial therapist, who helped me structure my business. A new therapist provided me insights on boundary setting. A chiropractor took me under his wing and taught me the link between physiology, symptoms and spirituality.

It seems now that I am constantly being “assigned” healing teachers, even when I do not think I need one. As a case in point, my oldest son Michael recently taught me an important lesson about the relationship between energy and practicality.

At his encouragement, I decided to “give up the ghost” and buy a new car. I had been puttering around in my mother’s eighteen-year-old Pontiac Sunbird and as he pointed out, “There’s no healing power in the world that can fix that thing, Mom. Besides, there’s something kind of spooky about driving a car that’s so loud the dogs are too scared to jump into the backseat.”

Michael came along to test-drive Jeeps with me, but I still could not decide between two vehicles, so I called a friend for her opinion.

“Wow, Cyndi! I think you should get the Compass! It will help you find your direction in life and it is red, so your first chakra will get a huge boost.” (And this is from a lawyer.)

After hearing this advice, my son rolled his eyes and said, “Mom, this is why you have me around. Not everything is about energy and healing. Let’s just stick to safety and the bottom line, okay?”

I drove away with a new red Compass that day, not only because of my first chakra and the energetic meaning of the Jeep, but also because it was a great buy. Lesson learned! There are lots of teachers in life; I

simply have to stay open to what they have to teach me. And who knows? That Compass might point me toward vacationland any day! ☺



Facets of Intuition: The Key to Connection

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, May/June 2016

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Intuition is one of the most often used words in modern conversation. Energy healers employ the word even more than others do, as it is an integral part of the healing equation.

Here are a few ways I used the word only yesterday:

With client number one: “This is the image my intuition is showing me about your situation.” (Let’s skip the fact that the picture was of a frog. All I could hope was that it did not relate to her new boyfriend, who did not exactly sound like a prince.)

With client number two: “My sense is that you might want to abstain from alcohol.” (You can only guess how well that went over with a six beer-a-day alcoholic.)

With my son: “I have a gut sense that you have not eaten anything but pizza for two days.” (He denied my intuition until I found the five empty pizza boxes in the recycling.)

With my dogs: “I knew it! You were only sitting quietly to get something out of me.” (Imagine, I had not remembered that there was a candy bar in my purse.)

It is intuition that informs us about our clients’ aches and pains, the causes of their issues, their passions and joys and potential solutions. Intuition nudges us forward, sometimes lovingly reminding us what happened the last time we ignored it.

Intuition reveals clues about another’s true nature and tells us what to say when we are dumbstruck. It affirms a link to a higher presence and alerts us to dangers and opportunities. Baseline, intuition connects us—to information, possibilities, healing energies, Nature, loved ones and mystical sources of knowledge, guidance and healing. But this does not exactly explain what intuition is.

In this article, we will explore several facets of intuition. We will examine intuition as a mental and a psychological construct. We will dive deeply into the physicality of intuition and why we are biologically front-loaded for its interconnectivity. Rounding the curve, we will survey intuition from a spiritual point of view. Then I will present my own view of intuition, which is as an energetic vehicle for bonding. As you travel through these considerations, keep uppermost your own personal experiences of intuition, for these are the ones that ultimately instruct about this incredible “tuning fork” to Spirit.

Before jumping in, I want to present the most accepted definition of intuition. Noah Webster of the Merriam-Webster's dictionary fame, who clearly sat around and pondered the issue for decades, suggests that intuition is a "natural ability or power that makes it possible to know something without proof or evidence."¹ We have all experienced the chimeric nature of intuition: it's imaginative quality, sometimes lack of congruity and magical, if not curious, side effects. While we instinctively know that we are intuitive, the mercurial nature of intuition makes it hard to define or grasp. This makes a broad-based investigation even more interesting and important.

One theory asserts that intuition, or rather, "intuitions," the messages that our intuition provides, relate to mental states. In short, intuitions tell us more than what we think; they tell us what is best to think.²

Frequently an intuition or knowing is contradictory to what we think we should believe. That is one of the reasons that some people consider intuition enchanting, confusing or illogical. And yet, over and over again, our intuitions prove themselves "right." Case in point, I was raised to "be a lady." That was probably my father's favorite directive. So what did my intuition indicate I should do when my car tire blew and I was out in the middle of nowhere alone? It certainly did not enforce "lady-like behavior." I stripped off my dress, pulled on a pair of overalls stuck in the backseat and got my hands greasy. I am sure you have had equivalent experiences with intuition, which frequently prompts actions that differ from our established programming.

Psychologically, intuition can be defined as a process that invites knowledge without analytical reasoning. It is distinct from instinct, which is an inborn inclination, in that it is more cryptic. Some psychological experts believe it is an "explainable" process involving quick deductions that integrate, or draw upon, our subconscious, unconscious and conscious selves. These deductions also rely on the ability to search the past, present and future.³

This point of view suggests that intuition is at least partially natural rather than (only) supernatural or extraordinary. I believe this is true, as long as we acknowledge that it is "natural" to be "supernatural."

We all know that the intuitive faculty can access forgotten memories, events occurring in present time that we do not actually know about and possible future events. These types of insights are explainable via quantum physics, which shows how the smallest energies in the universe work.

Quanta, subatomic particles and waves, can compress time, leap across space and collapse the present day so we can sense, see or hear what others cannot. It is our soul or psyche—hence the study of "psycheology," that explains these fantastical capabilities. Our soul, which spans lifetimes, can best explain itself and communicate its perceptions through intuition, the language of time-space. Literally, intuitions connect our soul and body and instruct our mind.

From a purely physical point-of-view, intuition involves our basic chemistry and neurology, using these mediums to link us to the world. One particular set of cells, the glial, describes how intuition empowers creative leaps, providing insights our turtle-slow mind simply cannot.

Glial cells are non-neural cells. Classical science says that these cells support the nerves. Nearly 90 percent of the cells in the brain are glial cells and are associated with dreams, creativity, vivid thoughts and imagination. So important are they that it is suggested that the nerves actually support glial actions, not the other way around.⁴

The higher the ratio of glial cells to nerves, the more intuitive the brain. Einstein, for instance, had an incredible number of glial cells, as compared to regular neurons.⁵ To what did he credit his genius? He applauded his creativity and intuition.⁶ I believe that most of us have experienced intuition as an illuminating awareness leading to innovation and creativity. Complicit in this process are our glial cells.

Yet another group of cells, called mirror neurons, are related to intuition's empathic capabilities. Empathy, the ability to sense what another is experiencing, has long been labeled a form of intuition. Because of these neurons, we can watch another in pain and feel pain ourselves. We can therefore intuit what another needs.⁷ Our tendency toward compassion, altruism and bonding are themselves products of intuition.

Spiritually, intuition has always been key to knowing God, by whatever name. In the Old Testament, it is considered the conduit for receiving godly messages. We must cultivate our awareness of intuition, for it is not always apparent. It does not always shout with a megaphone or wear a loudly checkered shirt. As is revealed in the first book of Kings, God spoke to Elijah, a prophet, not in the wind, earthquake or fire, but with a “still small voice.”⁸ Other forms of intuitive connections, per the Bible, include healing, dream interpretation, speaking in tongues, divination and foretelling. One must be aware to receive and properly interpret these insights.

Visiting the East, we ask Swami Sivananda, a well-known Hindu guru, about intuition. He responds that intuition is an “active awareness.” A form of knowing, its subject is the “immortal internal self.”⁹ Hence, we can consider intuition a vehicle for self-connection, a channel to know and become our best selves, as well as a higher power.

For me, the energetic explanation of intuition incorporates the mental, psychological, creative, physical and spiritual aspects of intuition, and goes one further. It also clarifies how intuition works.

Energy is information that moves or vibrates. Everything seen and unseen, concrete and insubstantial is made of energy. The difference between types of energy is basically one of mode. Simplistically, there are physical and subtle energies. Physical energies are measurable and subtle energies are immeasurable. These lay on the same continuum, however, which means that a physical object exists physically but also subtly, and vice versa. Something subtle can, at least potentially, also show up physically.

Physical information is mainly shared through light and sound. (I have already recognized the biological, or neurological and chemical, aspects of information sharing. These functions also involve light and sound.) Light is a product of the electromagnetic spectrum or electromagnetic field (EMF), and is one of the most interesting mediums for energetic transference, at least in regard to examining how intuition works.

Every aspect of us, including our DNA, cells and organs, generates electromagnetic frequencies (EMFs).

These EMFs carry information from one part of the inner self to another, but also exchange information with the greater world. Carried on these fields are perceptions, cognitions and emotions—in other words, intuitions. While all parts of us generate EMFs, the heart is an especially powerful expresser. With an amplitude at least sixty times greater than that emanating from the brain, the heart’s EMF has been proven to pulse messages internally and externally, thus promoting intuitive insights and connections.¹⁰

Sound also shares information. As mechanical waves, sound waves require a medium, while light waves do not. Every part of our being, however, emanates and is affected by sound. While light and sound differ, both are complicit in intuition, which can manifest as sensation, awareness, seeing, hearing, smell and more.

Subtle energy-information is carried through physically measurable light and sound waves but also on frequencies we cannot measure. Subtle fields, called biofields when emanating from a body, interact with others’ subtle fields, swapping information.¹¹ It is these fields that create the most profound and extraordinary intuitions.

As a physical being, you can walk into a room and sense the physically measurable EMFs, which are light or sound bouncing off an object or person. These intuitions might relay colors, smells or tones. But you can also sense the subtle information, which is quantum in nature, meaning less measurable but extraordinarily powerful. Because you are a subtle being, the simple act of stepping into a room can illuminate a ghost, the pain of the long-lost friend or the image of the room being reduced to rubble in fifty years.

Subtle energies are exchanged through the body proper but also through the subtle energetic anatomy. This anatomy consists mainly of energy bodies, such as the chakras; energetic fields, to include the auric field; and energy channels, including the meridians and nadis. Pictorially, chakras are like islands inside the body. Most are anchored in the spine and all are associated with an endocrine gland. The physical connectivity assures an integrative relationship with measurable EMF, sound and chemical and neurological processes. The subtle energy channels serve as river ways that transfer physical and subtle energy

packets to and from the chakras. And the chakras expand into subtle energy fields, such as the auric fields, which form colorful circles of light around the body. These fields send messages from the chakras into the world and deliver information, which might be physical or subtle, from the world to the chakras. This information is the foundation of intuition.

In other words, intuitions occur as we decipher the information that enters through physical and subtle fields. Intuition also involves sending information to all parts of the self—body, mind and soul—and into the world. The chakras are the “brains” or command centers that create understandable communiqués.

Each chakra operates on a band of frequencies that attract, store, interpret and communicate specific physical and subtle data. I work with a twelve-chakra system, with seven chakras aligned with the spine and five linked in other ways to the body. These frequency bands are frequently described as color and sound and enable the chakra to process information physically, psychologically and spiritually. Because different psychic or subtle energies enter and emanate from each chakra, we can consider the chakras the homes of our various intuitive experiences.

The chart at the right shows what intuitive gifts lay in each chakra. Described are the chakric locations, colors and types of intuitive faculties.

As you can see, an energetic explanation of intuition incorporates the various views of intuition. Intuition enables mental and psychological maturation. It keys us into our creativity and empathic capabilities. It supports our own and others’ physical, psychological and spiritual well-being. In addition, it underscores the fact that we are physical and subtle or human and divine.

How best to enable your own intuition? I like the Taoism view: “The Master observes the world but trusts his inner vision.”¹²

May all our awareness and intuitions lead to the summit of goodness, and ultimately, to connection. €

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Chakra-Based Intuitive Gifts

Chakra	Location	Color	Intuitive
First	Hips	Red	<i>Physical empathy:</i> Ability to sense external physical sensations in own body. Enables manifesting.
Second	Abdomen	Orange	<i>Emotional empathy:</i> Ability to feel others' feelings and transform emotions through creativity.
Third	Solar plexus	Yellow	<i>Mental empathy:</i> Awareness of others' motivations and thoughts. Can lead to administrative success.
Fourth	Heart	Green	<i>Relational empathy:</i> Can sense love-based needs. Home of healing abilities.
Fifth	Throat	Blue	<i>Verbal empathy:</i> Can hear and share verbal messages.
Sixth	Forehead	Purple	<i>Visual empathy:</i> Sees images for others; leads to strategy and foretelling.
Seventh	Top of head	White	<i>Spiritual empathy:</i> Senses spiritual truths; leads to prophetic abilities.
Eighth	An inch over head	Black	<i>Mystical empathy:</i> Shamanic gifts.
Ninth	A foot over head	Gold	<i>Soul empathy:</i> Awareness of others' soul capabilities; leads to harmonizing and global transformation.
Tenth	A foot under ground	Brown	<i>Natural empathy:</i> Can relate to natural beings and objects; leads to natural based healing.
Eleventh	Around body	Pink	<i>Force empathy:</i> Can sense natural and supernatural forces; can also direct them.
Twelfth	Around eleventh chakra	Clear	Everyone carries at least one unique gift in this chakra.

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– David Feinstein and Donna Eden



Signs of Spring

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, March/April 2015

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We have a new puppy. As are all puppies, Honey the male Golden Retriever is wild, adorable and tricky. All my son Gabe has to do is drop a sock, paper or cap, and off goes Honey into the wilds with it. So far I have uncovered six mismatched socks, three chewed baseball caps and all our missing pencils under the melting snow.

I was not looking for a puppy, but Honey was looking for us. Our family has had three male Honey Golden Retrievers, all equally mischievous. One day the last Honey was actually delivered to our home in a City road sweeper. Apparently he had run off and discovered the workers' lunches sitting on the front seat. The neighbors immediately knew whose dog had "done it."

Honey II died about three years ago and I decided we had enough Honey dogs. We were happily raising Lucky the yellow lab, but life—and Honey—had a different plan. I started getting dreams about a new Honey dog. I said nothing to Gabe since I was not too keen about another puppy. Then one night, Gabe was cruising the Internet and accidentally came across a puppy named Tank being sold by a breeder in Pennsylvania. We live in Minnesota.

For the next several weeks, everywhere that Gabe and I went we spied signs of tanks. There were at least a dozen billboards advertising sewer, gas and diesel tanks. There were circulars for GI Joe and Sherman tanks. We ran into Hummer tanks on the streets and turned on the television one night to hear a man talking about "being tanked." Then there was the array of everything from license plates with acronyms for Golden Retrievers to the honey that got delivered one day, unordered.

The final sign occurred when I was talking to my mentor. Just before leaving her office, I said I needed one more omen, to prove the point. A dog walked up to me in the hallway, no person in sight, carrying its own leash—which it handed to me.

Needless to say, Honey III is now tearing up our universe.

As we search the environment for signs of spring, it is a perfect time to remind ourselves about the power of opening to less "reality" based signs. Also called omens, warnings and portents, these mystical communiqués are certainly not taught in med or nursing school, nor considered appropriate instruments for the traditionalist's doctor bag. Even in energy circles,

they are sometimes only discussed under the breath and while in conversations at seated tables, not via speeches directed from the lectern. Yet every healer that I know, at some time, has relied on some sort of otherworldly sign for self or client.

These mystical creatures of chaos are supposed to appear when we need them. Signs can appear as animals, storms or other beings and forces of nature. They can cloak themselves as books that fall on our head or a friend who calls with a phenomenally fitting comment. They might insert themselves into a television special that quells our fears or a nightly dream that forecasts the future. Not only can a sign serve us personally, but we can also compel a sign to assist a client.

A sign is never supposed to take the place of ethics, integrity, training or common sense. It is too easy to see what we want to see, rather than what the greater universe might be sharing. Nonetheless, if we are working with a client and wondering what chakra on which to work and a red cardinal appears on a tree branch outside our office, we might want to concentrate on the first chakra.

Recently I was wondering if I should take on a potential client or not and was not getting anywhere with my rather burdened brain. I simply turned the question over to my intuition and asked Spirit to help me. Later that day I sat at the mechanic's office, waiting for my car to be fixed. Arbitrarily I selected an arbitrary magazine and an arbitrary page to read. There was the first page of an article outlining criteria for when to turn away a patient or client. Based on the advice, I decided not to work with the client.

Asking for a sign does not necessitate a certain religious or spiritual belief. Years ago, the Institute of Heartmath released a video that showed two views of the same few minutes in time. During the first clip, we see a person watching a city street, several harrowing events threatening to capsize his sense of safety. The images are equivalent to watching the ball on a crane swing—perhaps toward a boy's head. A man's fist is raised—perhaps to hit another person. During the second view of the video clip, we are assured of the uniformity, the very melody, of the world. The crane swings in an arc while the boy points to it, laughing in glee. The raised fist descends upon another man as a

happy pat on the shoulder. All is well.

Signs are those moments in which we have given ourselves permission to notice the notes that make this world a concerto rather than a dissonant cacophony. They are less about the outside influences than they are about our internal posturing and attitude.

With this in mind, I frequently propose that my clients ask for signs to resolve some of their own issues. If they believe in a god, I suggest they approach their Higher Power with prayer, meditation or simply the pose of curiosity. If they have knowledge of their intuition, I ask that they present their query to their own intuitive self. Then I ask them to pay attention to what small or large portents come their way.

I like this process because it empowers clients to use their own mystical gifts and perceptions to help themselves. It also affirms this world as a good and loving place, one in which everything and everyone is interconnected. This recognition alone can compose a healing. At the same time, it assures the client that their healing or transformation is not dependent on me, much as they might like to think.

Spring is a wonderful time to open to any and all signs of nature! Who knows what beautiful tune that fair-weather songbird might have waited all winter to sing for you! It might have all sorts of wonderful things for your future—maybe even a puppy. ☺



Growing Old

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue , Oct/Dec 2011

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T*o know how to grow old is the masterwork of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.*
– Henri Frederic Amiel

My mother is eighty-four years old. She is busy almost every night—with book clubs, church meetings, concerts and the dream interpretations she provides to people in need. Little wonder my twelve-year-old believes that his grandmother, who does not actually hold a paying job, is a member of the work force.

Recently he looked at me and asked, “Mom, what do you think Nana will do when she retires?”

One of the goals of Healing Touch in relation to the elderly is to bolster health, so the aging remain as spry, nimble and aware as possible. There are also times when an elder needs help doing the opposite—releasing loved ones, possessions and dreams—and gathering memories before moving to the next stage. These are times that our elders require pain relief and soothing, medicine for the soul as well as the body and a replacement for what is lost.

It is hard to release what has defined our lives—and

us. Even my mother, as active as she is, feels like she is losing ground to age. Once a morning person, up at dawn and chirping with the birds, she now complains because she does not start her day until 10 or 11 a.m. “It takes me so long to wake up, take my pills, shower and dress,” she remarks, “Half the day is gone before I have started it.”

I have heard similar remarks from many of my elderly clients. One, a petite, vibrant woman named Muriel—who LOVES red tennis shoes (I have never seen her wear anything else)—once said, “My four minute eggs now take me an hour to cook. I think there is something wrong with modern hens.”

Energy medicine is not a magic cure. It is not going to erase all the wrinkles on our faces, but maybe it can ease the creases in our hearts. Hands-on-healing is not going to eliminate every terminal condition but maybe it can invite graceful transformation. A healing touch might not bring back yesterday but it might fill our remaining days with nostalgia and sunshine. In other words, Healing Touch and other energy modalities cannot change reality, but they can open us to new realities.

I remember how hard it was for my dad to give up

what was most precious in his life after he was diagnosed with cancer. One day, after receiving two types of treatments for lung cancer, he called me into his hospital room.

The curtains were shut.

I asked why.

He said, "I do not want to see planes anymore."

Planes were my father's lifelong passion.

My father restored planes in our garage when I was growing up. He would haul in great husks of these broken machines, many with their wings shorn off, and gently and efficiently set about bringing them back to life.

He would first repair the body and then set about tinkering with the engine, or the heart, of the plane, smiling when it roared back into action. He would next grab a few men from the neighborhood and attach grappling hooks to the reanimated living "patient" to help haul it to the backyard. The most delicate part of the procedure now began, which was the healing of the wings.

For all that these wings of a small plane accelerate to a hundred miles an hour and carry upward toward 2,000 pounds, they are made of thin aluminum frames with stretched fiberglass and glue. I remember wondering how a glue similar to the Elmer's I used in kindergarten could hold a plane together when it was high in the sky.

Eventually the body and the wings would be joined and a real-life plane could now be trucked to the airport. My dad was his happiest at that moment, for then he could enjoy the freedom he had spent months on the ground earning.

My dad did not have to tell me that he was dying. The shut curtain, which cancelled out both the sight and the sounds of airplanes, told the story.

All the way through life, we are asked to give up what is most important to us. Our babies turn from being toddlers into grown-ups, who then move away. Our

knees get cranky and we are walking instead of running. Our lives ebb and so do our appetites, maybe even our ability to get to the refrigerator at all. Yet we are still alive, we are still being transformed, body, heart and soul. However, we are usually very aware that we are losing what is precious in the process of waiting for our wings to be attached—the wings need to fly a new direction, into new places.

My father eventually shifted his passion for planes into a concern for his only grandson, my oldest son. The promises I made to my father during his final months gave my son a wonderful start in life. These promises included selecting a school for him that would give him a great education. They also involved collecting artifacts from my father's life that would remind my son that his grandfather always loved him, from this OR the other side.

My father did not need to release everything to open to a new horizon, nor do we, as practitioners, need to compel our elderly clients to let go of everything. Instead, our job is to help peel away the surface of life to the truth that is underneath.

Love continues.

Sometimes it takes a healing touch to know this. €



Lessons from the Pretend Baseball Season

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, July/Aug 2013

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Although I love the heat of summer, spring is my favorite season. After a winter spent under ice, we Minnesotans flee our homes and our Michelin-man wardrobes as if escaping a prison. It is not unusual to find men, women and children alike wearing shorts and flip-flops while avoiding dollops of still-melting snow.

For many, the best part of spring is baseball season—kid baseball, that is. By the end of March, moms (like me) have loaded their cars with boots, sandals, protein bars, umbrellas, blankets, sun block and equipment spanning Little League to traveling baseball years. While we might hide beneath a blanket as often as coat ourselves with Coppertone, there are at least a few days of warm breezes and happy sunshine.

However, that did not happen this year. While we are now firmly ensconced in summer, we pretty much skipped spring. It just plain kept snowing, which means that even though dads continued to schedule spring games, optimistic creatures that they are, the chances of pulling off a game was, well, as sure as a snowball surviving you-know-where. Overall, I nicknamed this spring the season of “pretend baseball.”

Because I am a healer, I had fewer problems with this spring than did many other parents. After all, we healers are often playing “pretend baseball.” We schedule a client. We prepare for success. We show up, but despite our best efforts, sometimes nothing happens. The “weather gods” are against us, causing a streak of ineffectiveness that can go on for weeks or even months.

It is tempting to ignore our ineffectiveness. Failing that, we might push harder or explain circumstances away. The other option is to embrace it for what it is—a spiritual truth, a law of reality and the paradoxical key to healing.

The cause for our seeming lack of effectiveness is the same as the reason we can not control the weather—or weather the storms. It is our ultimate and terribly wonderful powerlessness.

We cannot make our clients well or leave a harmful relationship or stop suffering. We cannot compel them to quit drugs or examine their childhood issues or oblige their own divinity. We cannot do these things for the sole (and soul) reason that our humanity is firmly anchored in the very powerlessness we so often despise.

Don't we do everything we can to fight our powerlessness, our inability to use our will like a crowbar that should force reality to budge?

We try to control our thoughts. We monitor our emotions. If we are tired, we drink coffee. If we are lonely, we get on Facebook. Fundamentally, we buy into society's assertion that for every problem, there is a microwavable solution.

Hungry? The Golden Arches are a few blocks away. Sleepless? There is always Ambien or Lunesta. Need money? That is a bit harder to come by, but many people think it works like my son Gabriel did when he was younger. "What do you mean you do not have money, Mommy?" He asked one time. "The bank gives it out for free."

Acknowledging our powerlessness does not feel good. It is scary. It makes us feel unimportant, but it is also wondrous. Our powerlessness enables us to need others. Because of it, we ask for help, open ourselves to guidance and are humbled to such an extent that we might very well find ourselves astonished by the grace that pours to and through us.

Our powerlessness also accomplishes the following, as shared by Henri Nouwen in *The Road to Daybreak: A Spiritual Journey*.

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

Our powerlessness invites care. It encourages compassion and altruism and dependence on a higher authority, which in turn, leads to dependability. It inevitably calls for surrender, a willingness to be carried, transported and cultivated into being.

A seed can only be grown if it is surrendered into the

ground. There it must trust that the rain will fall and the sun will shine and that it will eventually become the flower it is meant to be.

As healers, our job is to help our clients surrender to this very process of growth—of love.

After all, the season of "pretend baseball" did more than frustrate baseball aficionados. It prepared the ground for the summer flowers. €



The Essence of Healing: Mercy

Energy Magazine Issue - Mar/April 2013

80

The theater is so dark I cannot see the popcorn. I am picking one kernel at a time out of the bucket. Usually this does not matter. I shovel it in, knowing that the attendants will later sweep up my mess with their shovels. Because of the movie's subject matter, however, I am cautious. I am counting each kernel, remembering a phrase my parents, who grew up in the Depression, used to mutter:

"Eat your peas. There are children in the world who have nothing."

I used to wonder if even the hungriest of the children in India would tolerate those mushy light green peas that plopped out of the Green Giant cans.

I was watching the movie *Les Miserables*, a story about poverty and starvation, loss and cruelty, misery and mercy. Although the ingredients of despair were on the screen in front of me, I was completely entrenched in the characters' sufferings, the ills that healers have committed their hearts to alleviating across time.

I am not writing a review of *Les Miserables*. Rather, I feel called to address the antidote to misery pre-

sented in the movie, the remedy to the hardships, tragedies and traumas that you have devoted yourself to transmute as a Healing Touch professional. For in undertaking the calling of healer, you have decided to enhance the faintest of lights and to light that which is as yet unlit. You have promised to cast hope into the darkness, even when there is no reason to hope and to believe in goodness, even when faith is irrational.

You have committed to sharing mercy.

I think of the many clients with whom I have worked whose stories are unspeakable. I recall a woman who was sexually abused by every male relative for ten years, starting at age four. I remember the man who lost both his parents and sister in a car accident when he was six years old and was then raised in an orphanage. Sometimes there was food. I think of the elderly man who was born in a concentration camp during the Holocaust—there was no food. Then there are the streams of individuals courageously facing the challenges of life—lost jobs, cars that quit, addictive family members, mental illnesses and the stress of the tyranny of details that seems to rule our lives.

It can be hard to stare into the depths of suffering and

know what to do, even when you are the “energy expert.” Are not healers supposed to have kit bags full of instruments and pithy sayings, medicines and miracles? Are not healers trained to make it “all go away?”

Against all that, what good is mercy?

We do not talk about mercy very often in our culture, not unless we are exposed to a Pentecostal preacher and wooden pews that force us to sit upright and attentive. Mercy is not trendy. It is not “in.” I have yet to see a t-shirt with the word “Mercy!” splashed on it, unless perhaps it is a commentary of sorts.

Mercy has not made the front page of the news for a very long time. The last time I heard the word in my daily life was when my youngest son was begging for money for the penultimate tennis shoes and suddenly blurted out, “Have mercy on me! ALL the kids have these shoes but me, mom. You don’t want me at the bottom of the totem pole, do you?” As old-fashioned as mercy might be, the need for it is very much alive.

Mercy is compassion showed toward someone we could hurt. It is also an event—for which we are grateful—which provides relief from suffering. In our daily lives, mercy exists when we forgive our parents for the harm caused us or when we forgive ourselves for the mistakes we made because of childhood wounds. We are merciful when we let someone with only one food item cut in front of us in line, our cart heaped with coupon specials, or when we slip extra money into the Salvation Army bucket.

As energy practitioners, mercy is actually the key to delivering healing. Mercy starts with the way we look at ourselves. Should we really expect the miraculous of ourselves? Should we be holding ourselves to unbelievably high standards? Might we be better served—and of better service—if we humbly ask to be instruments of kindness, and proceed from there?

While listening to our clients, mercy becomes nothing less than gold. We know our own past, after all. We have walked the journey path of being fully human. What mistake haven’t we made, at least in thought, if not deed? What pain or hard feeling haven’t we experienced? Of what challenge haven’t we despaired? We have only to meet another with our own humanity to

help them release judgments about themselves, often the very judgments locking in the blocks causing their problems.

When actually performing healing work, no matter the technique, it could be said that mercy is actually the only instrument being applied. Mercy is the steel comprising the sword of truth that insists our client is worthy of love, and therefore, transformation. Mercy is the feather that strokes away their pains, assuring them that they did not deserve the harm caused them—that there are angels with wings just waiting to lift them up.

In the final run, mercy is also that which creates joy and therefore, healing. As Joseph Campbell says, “Find a place inside where there is joy, and the joy will burn out pain.” Mercy is the path to this joy, a Herculean form of love that lifts off the clouds of suffering so we can ooh and awe at the sun beneath. It is at this point that healers can smile, for misery has no power where joy exists. €



The Healing Touch of Joy— No Matter What You Eat

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, December 2010

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My dad grew up during the Depression. His father had been a mechanic, but because of the poor economy, my grandfather did not work for much of my father's childhood. He drank instead. My grandmother took in laundry. I cannot imagine there were happy times, even at the holidays. There was a story my father told, however, that suggested otherwise, and which taught me a lesson about joy.

My father was one hundred percent Norwegian, a rather stubborn and profound heritage. Imagine a tribe that spends eleven months buried in a snow bank and the leftover month shoveling out. Well, it would get to you, too. Your life view would reduce to this:

If you are not too miserable, you might be happy.

Holidays were spent eating foods (it would be a stretch to suggest the word "enjoying meals") that were mainly white, boiled, and if lucky, swathed in butter. One such necessity in my father's household was a version of lutefisk made with this recipe.

Norwegian Recipe for Joy

Take dry stockfish (cod)
Soak in strong lye for two days
Salt the jellied solution
Put in a barrel
Bury in ground for several months
Consume at Christmastime
(Clothespins for the nose recommended)

According to folklore, lutefisk was actually an Irish invention, conceived during the invasion of Ireland by the Vikings. Saint Patrick, in defense of his country, sent poison fish to the raiders to kill them off. Norwegians being Norwegian, they greedily imbibed the poisoned fish, smacking their lips. So Saint Patrick had his men pour lye on the next batch, sure that this would do the trick. The Vikings declared lutefisk an incomparable delicacy.

As my father tells it, he loved the holidays because he and his sister were given a nickel to ride the streetcar to Ingebretsen's, the Norwegian deli, located all the way across town. Not only that, but everyone would vacate the streetcar on the way home because, even wrapped in several layers of newspaper, the prize was so pungent, the other streetcar riders would flee or refuse to board.

The holidays are a time for joy; at least, that is our expectation. Joy is different to different people. To my father, joy was chasing people off the streetcar—not the one named “Desire,” the more aromatic version. To others, holiday joy involves opening presents, greeting relatives or attending a place of worship.

There are many people, however, who do not have much to celebrate during the holiday season. Perhaps a loved one has just died or they have no loved ones. Maybe they have lost their job, home, health or hope. It is for these individuals that Healing Touch can make a tender difference.

A Healing Touch practitioner does not have to enter the home, clinic or hovel of the desperate, or even know the name of one in need to find someone lacking joy. The healing power of love is available to anyone, always, through the heart. Because of love, healing is timeless and priceless, especially at the holidays. No special wrapping is needed, just plain newsprint works, even if it surrounds lutefisk!

Can you imagine the definition of healing in a culture devoted to the stoic denial of misery? At least there was no need for anesthesia. Given the constant state of hypothermia, you would be too cold to feel anything. And yet, in the midst of a frozen season, in fact, a decade of despondency, my father found healing in a joyous moment.

In addition to our own traditions, what if we were to each take a moment every day of the holy-days and send good wishes to those who do not have the energy or capacity to imagine goodness for themselves? Love truly does make the world go around, near and far—it touches each and every one of us. €



Joy as the True Reality

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Aug 2010

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One of my favorite statements is this:
“Reality wins.”

Think the dog is going to walk himself? The bills are going to magically animate and pay themselves or better yet, sprout money trees? No—but there is a reality above, below and throughout this one that transforms the mundane and even painful into something meaningful, if not pleasant or delightful. I was awed to experience this enchantment during the Healing Touch Program Conference on Joy, at which I was honored to present a talk and a workshop.

Joy is many things to many people. For some of us, it is a broken cell phone and the ensuing silence, for others, a long-awaited outreach from a loved one. We might sniff joy in freshly baked chocolate chip cookies or inhale it through a roll in the grass. For healers, joy is the sharing of compassion, the smile—or tears—on a client’s face, revealing a heart mending, a soul stretching, a child budding wings that were not there before.

Joy is not always the happy feeling we get when we arrive at the destination, however. It is also the sense of the route, the grit of the journey, the survival of

the trials. Because of this, we might say that healing and joy are completely interchangeable. Healing leads to joy and joy opens to healing—for both encourage a process that meets deep needs and desires. When sharing at the conference, I suggested that all of life is, in fact, about following the pathways to joy.

One of the chief pathways to both healing and joy involves listening to and respecting our feelings. Each feeling carries a message, which if responded to, encourages joy.

Anger insists we establish a boundary so that ensconced safely, like a turtle in its beautiful shell, we can get back to the joy of swimming freely.

Sadness reveals the “holes” caused by loss. Fill these holes and we return to the wholeness of joy.

Fear shouts—Stop! Go forward, backward or sideways. Engineer a left or a right turn here, and safe again, you can give and receive joy.

Disgust is a body-based reaction to a poisonous or toxic person, substance or situation. Rid ourselves of the offending agent and we return to a healthy state. Loving ourselves is necessary for joy.

Joy is the fifth feeling. Its communiqué is fairly easy to decipher. It says, “I want more of the same”—the same being love. To own our joy when it is clearly present is to accept the love that is always present.

Feeling our feelings to their natural conclusion frees us from the stress, negative programs, assumptions and conditions that lead to all major and minor illnesses. It encourages the chemical, psychological and behavioral activities that promote happiness, prosperity and healing. But it also empowers our spirit, the eternal spark of self that knows that we are joyously connected to all other beings and that the Divine—the Source of All—is merrily sharing healing streams of grace with us at all times.

Have we not always, then, been moving toward joy? Perhaps reality is similar to a “joy map,” with coordinates and landmarks and roller coasters and bells and whistles that all lead to the center point of joy and its favorite companion, love. The job of a healer is to read this “carte blanche” (spiritual map) for self and others.

What if we were to assume a reality of joy, in a practical, not naïve fashion? Joy flourishes best with boundaries, companionship, security, responsible self-care and the encouragement of love—the various gifts culled from the major feelings. It also grows when nourished by FUN.

What was my favorite take-away from the Healing Touch Program Conference? It was FUN. It was fun to look deeply into others’ eyes and there discern acceptance and grace. It was fun to hear stories, some giggly, others painful and sense truth. It was fun to watch the sidesplitting antics on the stage and thank God I was not up there because I could not have been so funny. The communion and yes, love, flew me home with a smile in my heart. One that kept on grinning despite the dust bunnies that greeted me and the teeth-chewed bills that had not escaped the wild maniac dog fast enough. Joy is reality, and you know, some of it really is fun. ☺



Luck In the Home

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov 2010

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We have a new puppy, Lucky. We chose him because he was the spunkiest and most fearless of the bunch. As shared by the breeders, “He’s the first to the food bowl and the fastest to wag his tail.”

To date, Lucky’s career has continued to reflect this early promise of vim, vigor and trouble making. As you might expect, this rolling butterball has already earned a dozen visits to the vet. His almost-gastro-intestinal tolerance of all people foods is matched by his stubborn but good-natured refusal to let go of the wild retriever, Honey’s, tail. It is quite a sight to see a ball of fur flying across a hard wood floor, tossed off after a ten-minute ride.

There are limits, however, to what a Western veterinarian can do.

Plain and simple, Lucky would not be so lucky without energy healing. Coco, the clairvoyant, but deaf and blind dog-prophet, would not be alive or be able to nose her way around the yard without the light of energy healing. Johnny T. Cat, escape artist extraordinaire, would never have survived his encounters with a fox and, for sure, it takes patience and lots of love to cope with Honey. As well, the three kids, mom,

boyfriend and passel of neighbor kids would have been equally disabled by life’s tumultuous rides if not for some sort of unseen power that creates peace where there is chaos and love where there is friction. In fact, as “mom” runs an office in the home, it is highly unlikely her clients would prosper (or survive tripping on the chew toys) if not for the active use of energetic tools.

Healing Touch, and energy healing in general, is imperative to all of life. Of course it belongs in hospitals, clinics and offices. However, more important than any of these professional settings is the home. The place where we expose our hearts, our vulnerabilities and show our real selves—like the one that really enjoys being a couch potato for an entire evening while watching reruns of “Dallas” (now I have dated myself) and munching on chocolate and chips. Home truly is where our hearts are, which is why every home should have the touch of healing.

In our house, we employ energy techniques for nearly everything. My sons did not always know that mom was “clearing energy” every time they were sick, frustrated or too hard to handle (in which case it was my energy that was being cleared), but that is the truth. More than once I would “send energy” when

they were struggling with life's dilemmas, only to have them "miraculously" come up with the perfect solution. (This technique always worked better if I kept my mouth shut, too.)

My youngest will still ask me to "do that thing" when he gets hurt. My oldest? Methinks he doth protest too much. He is still trying to pretend he did not receive a near immediate healing of a twisted ankle years back.

Employing Energy Medicine does more than assist with hurt feelings or torn body parts. To employ Energy Medicine or Healing Touch opens the door wide to all things of Spirit. A friend of mine still recalls the time he was working on my house and a spirit named Walter started telling him what to fix. That "spirit" was my father, who died fifteen years ago. The consummate tinkerer, he was still hanging around, making sure someone put the house in order—since he knew it certainly would not be his daughter.


The awareness of the invisible is a good thing, even if some things that "go bump" in the middle of the night must be gently guided out the front door. Because of his awareness of energy, my youngest son was once able to give name to the "strange spirit" that kept knocking items over in the living room.

"Oh, that's just God," Gabe informed his friend Jacob, who was more than curious about why the table, plant and other paraphernalia started toppling.

Jacob paused and noted, "This doesn't happen at MY house."

Well, maybe it should! Maybe EVERY household should be made aware of the invisible, the things of heart, the effectiveness of Healing Touch and the source of all good things. Think of what our world would be like if our homes were more similar to the world that we desire.

As shared by Mother Teresa, "Love begins at home, and it is not how much we do, but how much love we put in that action."

May all our touches at home be healing. 



Service with a Smile

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Mar/April 2012

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I remember the first time I learned about the concept of service, usually defined as giving without expecting anything in return. I was in fifth grade and my mom volunteered that I wash dishes at the church potluck. The duty consisted of scraping out casserole pans coated with leftover “hot dishes”—before scrubbing them clean.

The thing about Minnesota hot dishes is that no matter what the featured meat or vegetable is, the primary “glue” is always the same—cream of mushroom soup. If there was one thing I hated as a child, it was cream of mushroom soup—especially COOKED cream of mushroom soup, which left the same film in your mouth as it did on a pot.

Valiantly protesting, I was eventually lectured at the kitchen table by both my mother and father. (I considered myself lucky that the pastor was not present as well.)

With disappointed looks on their faces, they said, “Cyndi, God put us here to be servants. It’s the least we can do, as Jesus gave his life for us.”

I told them that I had not been alive 2,000 years ago and that slavery was illegal, but nothing I said made a

difference. A few days later there I was, scraping pots and pans in the church.

Well into adulthood, I struggled with the idea of service. Oh I GAVE. Early in my career I clocked many hours serving on several local boards of directors, organizing non-profit galas and volunteering at soup kitchens. As a mother I have lost count of the time spent on forcing friends to place fundraising orders for everything from potato peelers to stale cookies. (I finally decided to buy everything myself just to spare my friends the purchase of yet more wrapping paper or car washes.) I did not fully appreciate the true meaning of service, however, until an especially heart-wrenching event occurred.

While sitting on a bench near a store, a woman arrived and sat next to me. She was tall and dark-haired and her coat had seen better days. Her shoes were covered with salt from the slushy streets and she had a huge run in her nylons. I have to confess, I remarked to myself that the run was unsightly.

We started to converse and I found her intelligent and interesting. At one point, I asked her what she did for a living.

With tears in her eyes, she confessed that she was unemployed, but that she was excited about a job interview she was to have later that day. She proudly showed me her resume and said that she was perfect for the job. Almost under her breath, she added that she was scared, however, because she had just enough change for bus money, but not enough to buy new nylons.

My mother's cautionary voice whispered in my head. "She's just trying to get money out of you." My father's warnings whipped in as well. "If it's not your business, don't do it." But then I remembered the lecture I received prior to my pot scrubbing service at church and I started to understand something.

Service cannot be forced or it is a form of slavery, nor can it be motivated out of guilt or we will become resentful. Having said that—we are here to serve.

One definition of service is to "cover another." It is to do for others what they cannot do for themselves but that we can and are called to do for them. If I do my son's homework for him, I am not performing a service. I am interfering in his life. In fact, I am debilitating him. I can show him how to write a fraction or spell a certain word if he requires that help, but ultimately he is not going to pass a math or composition test if I am the only one who knows the material.

I used to think that service had to be labeled with a title or assigned a role, like "PTA Mom" or "Chief Church Bottle Washer" or "Really Important Board of Management Committee Head." Now I think that service is a mentality rather than an assignment, an attitude rather than an act. Even working with a client is a service. We are giving what we are called to give and what the other person desires to receive. If we go too far, however, we might undercut a client's growth. We can offer guidance and healing, but we cannot sit in a client's house and force them to eat correctly or go to work on time. Every service must be delivered with a willingness to surrender.

I gave the woman money for nylons. I have no idea if she spent the money on nylons, but I believe that she did. I would like to think that she arrived at the job interview and was wildly and quickly hired—but I do not know. We give—and let go. We give—and let go.

As Mohandas Gandhi once said, "That service is the noblest which is rendered for its own sake."

May we embrace our own call to serve as joyfully as did Gandhi, although I vote that the deed never again includes hot dishes. €



The Healing of Children— Everywhere

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Feb 2010

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I have chronicled the most painful and HARD time in my life as “The Chronic Illnesses of Gabe,” my youngest son. For over five years, I spent more time in medical offices than I did sleeping. Exhausted, I was an advertisement reading “Pestilence Hospital-ity.” Not only did I graciously house every common disease, I also hosted a few unusual ones. I still remember diagnosing both Gabriel and myself with “atypical” chicken pox, only to have the pediatrician insist it was impossible to get any version of the pox twice.

Really?

Perhaps I should have entitled this article “The Petri Dish of Parenting”?

Those challenging years ended with a grand finale, surgery to remove four golf ball size polyps from Gabriel’s nasal passage. Gabe is well, but those years left me with scars, as well as a heart full of compassion for the caregivers, parents and people searching to provide healing for children. Point blank, there is no easy formula, no “one size fits all.” I think that Healing Touch embodies the key, however, within its name: “healing” or “whole” and “touch,” the sweetness delivering healing.

Healing depends on acknowledging an innate wholeness, no matter the presenting problems. Society asserts that we are only whole as adults, but a child’s simplicity is misleading. Research reveals that an infant philosophizes in the womb, understands love and makes decisions impacting the remainder of life. Many spiritualists believe that the younger the child, the more “wholesome” he or she is, still able to scan the sacred scrolls of understanding. As well, a child’s physical and energetic systems are as complex as an adult’s.

The conditions that challenge children are consequently as challenging as those we face as adults. While Gabe’s “cure” was ultimately physical, the healing process was much richer than that, as revealed in a comment he made upon waking one morning.

“Do I have to go to school today, Mom?” Yes, I said.

“Now I have tears in my eyes and my stomach is going to throw up.”

There are many medicines for a single problem, but all salves involve touch, in the narrowest and broadest sense of the word.


Physical touch is the difference between life and

death. According to research, lack of touch was a predominant factor in 50 to 100 percent of the deaths of children raised in orphanages during the 19th and early 20th century. Touch is not only physical, however. Energy is also conveyed emotionally, mentally and spiritually. We can touch with our feelings, mind and soul. In fact, a recent study in Britain suggests that a major reason for stress, disease and problems amongst youngsters is lack of emotional support at home. Mental stimulation improves IQ and spiritual inspiration provides everything from a healthy value system to self-esteem.

As an integrative practitioner, I try to remember that every personal contact, word, tone or posture presents a message to a child. We are radios. Psychic and sensory information beams out, but also comes in. Children are even more sensitive to invisible touch than are adults, as they have not developed the boundaries necessary to filter the frequencies. They have not learned they are not supposed to sense, feel, understand and absorb others' emotions and impressions.

Healing Touch professionals are not always positioned to share physical healing—but it is not necessary. A thought, a kind word, a prayer, can make all the difference. This is good news, for there are children everywhere who will never be exposed to Healing Touch, much less any medical attention or affection. These are the children that die from largely preventable causes, about half from hunger, still others from poverty, abuse, neglect, enviro-hazards and the 20,000 known diseases. They are the meek, the invisible, the children of the Divine who do not make the headlines.

A Healing Touch professional can certainly help the children around him or her, but what of these children? By acknowledging the whole of humankind, we can touch children everywhere through our hearts. That is the power of love.

That is love empowered. 

Simple Color Techniques for Helping Children

In my practice, I have found that working with color is an easy way to aid children. Color can be transferred energetically via intention, prayer, meditation, gemstones or hands-on healing. Color can be prescribed via clothing or accessories.

When working with children directly, I'll often ask what color is "off" and what color they need. I either have them draw a picture of themselves with the "right coloration" or imagine themselves in an invisible magic coat.

When working with color, it is important to first heal or boost the problem area and then activate a child's gift as per the following descriptions. Also listed is the endocrine organ associated with each color.

Red: Adrenals. Empowers, renews, protects. Exhaustion, ADD, ADHD, excretory system, major addictions, critical illnesses and life limitations. Ask Spirit to remove "codependent bargains" or agreements zapping vital energy. Opens manifesting gifts and physical health.

Orange: Ovaries/testes. Emotionalism, intestines, reproductive area. Flushes aura to remove others' feelings. Activates creativity and feeling empathy.

Yellow: Pancreas. Fears, worries, self-esteem, boundaries, digestive conditions. Generates administrative and learning abilities, also mental empathy.

Green: Heart. Heals relationships. Heart, lung and breast problems. Opens healing gifts.

Blue: Thyroid. Communication (psychic and sensory), also throat, neck, jaw and teeth. Accesses spiritual guidance, oratory and musical attributes.

Purple: Pituitary. Strategy, sight, self-image. Hormone functions. Gift of vision.

White: Pineal. Spirituality, higher learning, sleep, mood. Mobilizes spiritual purpose.

Black: Thymus. Mysticism, issues related to time, past, autoimmune system. Source of shamanic gifts.

Gold: Diaphragm. Harmony, breathing. Attunement to world.

Brown: Bones. Connection to Nature, ancestors. Genes, congenital challenges. Sensitivity to natural world.

Rose: Connective tissue. Connection issues, hands, feet, fascia. Commanding of natural and supernatural forces.

Clear: 32 points. Issues of personal mastery. Individual gifts.



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Healing Children (and Ourselves): Back to Innocence

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, May 2011

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My own children provide me with ample reasons to not only provide healing, but to receive it.

As I write, I am sitting “up north” vacationing. At least, that is what we Minnesotans call spending four hours loading the car with every potential emergency item, from an extra PS3 gaming system to a snow shovel, and then driving the frozen tundra to enjoy spring “break” with the kids.

Not even twenty-four hours into the wild spree, my twelve-year old son, Gabriel, Gabe’s friend, Colin and I hunker down in our “suite,” a kitchen area separating two small rooms, while a snowstorm swirls around us. Most of the bath towels are plugging up the wheezing cracks in the balcony door, leaving us with a few washcloths to use as towels for our sundry needs—including the cooking.

I wrongfully assumed there would be a restaurant on the premises. Apparently we are pretty much the only guests here. We are now switching to vending machine meals, as we have already been reprimanded twice for setting off the fire alarm. Colin as chef, needs to earn a cooking badge to become an Eagle Scout. I am voting for the fire-starting badge, instead.

Kids are supposed to be kids. Kids are fun, lazy, rebellious, situationally sweet and as undefined as the free radicals in a chocolate cake. What about the children who do not have the luxury of joy or the energy for mischievous trouble?

I often work as an intuitive and energy healer for children, whether directly or via their parents. This is one of the most important, but also heart-wrenching, aspects of my practice. A few weeks ago, a mother called because her son had just been diagnosed with a fast-acting cancer. Yet another father wrote because his eighteen-year old daughter had been hit by a drunk driver and was now paralyzed from the waist down. Any disease or trauma, whether physical, emotional or mental, when affecting a child, seems particularly unfair—especially the illnesses I call “social” which include abuse, neglect, starvation and abandonment.

I simply cannot accept harm to the innocent.

Just as challenging, but less discussed, are the childhood conditions that involve spiritual susceptibility. Recently, a mother reached out because her seven-year old daughter, who is extraordinarily psychic, had started cutting herself with knives “which the dark forces are telling her to do.”

Yet another teenage girl's mother shot out a frantic missive. Ghosts like locusts continually infested her daughter. "They actually strike her, when she tries to send them away," the mother sobbed. "Red marks appear out of nowhere on her face or body. I KNOW they are real."

I am a believer in licensed care. Some situations, however, also require an out-of-the-box perspective. We energy healers operate both inside AND outside of the box, which is why we are so often exposed to the scary, painful or unusual. Even though we can often assist, it is still painful.

The terms "suffering" and "children" should be an oxymoron, and they are not. In fact, the opposite is more often the case.

There are a lot of spiritual principles, far-flung across time and culture, which assert that we are responsible for the events that occur in our lives. If it is not karma, it is original sin—if not original sin, then soul agreements—if not soul contracts, then the collective unconscious. What happens if we apply this notion to children, not only adults?

We immediately spot the holes in the theory.

There is not a child alive who has chosen to be abused, hated, neglected, traumatized or afflicted with a serious illness. There is not an infant born who has desired to be unloved, never held or abandoned. If this is true of children, is it not true of adults?

Somehow it is so much easier to perceive the innocence in a child than the underlying innocence of an adult. Likewise, it is much easier to buy a book like *The Secret* and search for ways to force reality to change than to acknowledge that we are not really in charge of very much at all.


Working with children has not only stretched my heart, but also my philosophical underpinnings. For too long and too often I have bought into the idea that we are responsible for that which happens to us. We ARE responsible for what we DO and THINK about what has occurred in our lives, but if a butterfly in South America can start a hurricane thousands of miles away, what chance do I have to monitor and

manage everything in my life? Why, 90 percent of the cells in my body are not even my own. They are microbes, which do not even carry my DNA.

I am not God.

Of course, we are to grow in responsibility and accountability as we age and mature—in addition to growing in love, faith, goodness and hope. How can either occur, if we are not encouraged toward grace rather than shame?

In my book, grace is love conjoined with power. To begin and end a healing session with grace, for a child or an adult, is to connect that person to a higher, eternal source of love. One that will create connection, but also motivate or empower a transformation. A healthy outcome might require behavioral shifts, but it will always necessitate a transformation of the heart. This is only possible where love is present and an underlying innocence assumed. It is not enough to suppose an underpinning of innocence for children. We must grant the same right to adults, if we are to create a world that is loving and peaceful.

This philosophy is best administered in more than our work. What might occur if we were to always offer grace, as the first and last medicine for everything in life? Maybe the burned frying pan will not scrub itself. The boys' health might still suffer from their vending machine diet but we might all have a little more fun. If you feel called to send a little grace my way for the recovery phase of my vacation, I would be more than happy to receive it! There is never enough grace to go around. 



CELEBRATION!

For a World Full of Love

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, June 2010

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It is wonderful to be around someone who loves birthdays. Children especially delight in reaching the next stage, assigning a magical power to the flip of the calendar. Case in point, my youngest son Gabe turned eleven in December, yet when asked how old he is, he answers this:

“I’m turning thirteen.”

Explaining the discrepancy between his “real age” and “preferred age,” he states, “I’m close enough to being a teenager and I certainly act like one already.”

Even if we do not like “getting on,” it is certainly better than the alternative. Besides, every birthday or anniversary is an opportunity to erase the old and call in the new. Why not throw a party, eat an entire chocolate cake or revel in the super excitement of what is to come?

This month, we are celebrating the anniversary of Healing Touch. WOW! What is it like for Healing Touch Program to be in its 21st year of achievement and vitality? For what are you going to wish, when blowing out the candles?

I am going to answer these questions in a unique

way—by playing the Fairy Godmother. No, not the nasty one that crashed Sleeping Beauty’s birthing ceremony and dumped her into years of depressive nightmares. I would rather fashion myself on Cinderella’s winged sponsor, as she not only granted wishes, but dreamed her protégé into an incredible future. My observation of Healing Touch, as well as, my wish for it, is that it be celebrated as the movement that it is. Yes, Healing Touch is a group. It’s an organization. It’s a protocol, a philosophy and a teaching. But it’s much, much more than that, and deserves to be recognized as such. It is also a movement.

Healing Touch Program is a group, and a great one. Groups are important. At any given time, each of us belongs to hundreds of them. There are ethnic, family and friendship groups. There are groups we like and groups we do not like. Groups that exist and groups we long to join. (I have applied for card-carrying privileges to the group that grows money on trees, but I am continually rejected.) To qualify as a movement, however, a group’s central idea has to affect more than its member constituents or the people circling the outside hub. Unlike a mere group, a movement transforms those who do not even know the group exists.

As a movement, Healing Touch curves around corners, moves through walls and bends minds. Its practitioners grasp stars and deliver them to earth. Its mere existence invites grace and light into lives everywhere, even into the hearts of those who have never heard of Healing Touch Program—even into the souls who have no hope of healing. You see, Healing Touch is about shared love and it is the giving of love that heals. The most powerful calling on this planet is to share love, for the slightest offering yields enormous results. Once started, love lights the world like strings of dynamite. There is simply no stopping it.

Love cannot be contained. If it could, it would not be love. It cannot be destroyed or it would not enable healing. A single group, organization, religion, institution or paradigm cannot own love, but it can spread love amongst them all. In that Healing Touch Program teaches, demonstrates and upholds the sharing of love, it moves everyone toward healing, not only the relative few who participate in or through it.

As a practitioner, you know that your life has been changed for the better because of Healing Touch. You have given love, and now, you probably could not discontinue if you wanted to. Once a person starts sharing love, he or she cannot quit. We are not light bulbs that glow only if plugged into a socket. We do not burn out from the beaming of our light. In fact, the more love we give, the brighter we become. The more we give and the more brilliant our love—the more empowered the healings.

Love is, quite simply, something that can never be reduced. It can only expand. It can only advance, never retreat; catch, not sputter. Shift one person and everyone else with whom he or she connects is also transformed. Believe in love and there will be increased reasons to believe in love. Count your blessings and more appear.

So now I am taking out my magic wand and maybe a big box of Kleenex. For what would I wish? What future might I foretell for Healing Touch Program? How about following in the footsteps of a few other enormous greats and, quite simply, change the world?

As Buddha said, "There's a different way." Those who believed created it.

As Amelia Earhart said, "We can fly higher and longer." Those who opened their wings did.

As Martin Luther King Jr. said, "I have a dream." He did. Those who dreamed along with him, made it real.

As Healing Touch says, there is love. To share it is to become it. Perhaps one day, we will each become this love, and the entirety of the world will be healed. €



Changing the World, One “Red Cape” at a Time

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, Nov/Dec 2012

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Every mom knows the power of toys, and if you are a mom of boys—and I am, action figures in particular.

If you are a boy whose height is south of five feet, you have only to hold a plastic Power Ranger, Batman, Spiderman or Captain America to assume the same super human traits. Girls might add a Wonder Woman, Invisible Girl or Cat Woman.

All over the world, small boys and girls everywhere aspire to fly around with red capes wearing leotards while defeating evil and performing heroic deeds. And whether their dreams are dreamed in the night or with eyes wide open, these children are convinced that they have in fact, saved the world, but for the hoping to do so.

It is innate to want to transform the world.

Sadly, the world is need of saving, and not only by action figures. It seems every corner of our universe is full of children with hungry eyes, women with wounded spirits and men with confused identities.

We think of Energy Medicine as a discipline pertinent to health care alone, but it is much more than

that. I believe it represents the path necessary to upgrade our fantasies of saving the world into the reality of doing so. Energy Medicine is the answer to actor Kyle Chandler’s question:

What, am I supposed to run around in a little red cape and save the world?

Yes, we are—as long as the cape is emblazoned with the phrase, “Energy Medicine.”

Energy Medicine is so powerful because it is holistic. It recognizes each of us as a whole human being: body, mind, spirit and heart. It embraces the needs of our bodies, including nourishing food, water, exercise and sleep, yet it emphasizes the other aspects of life, such as emotion and beliefs. It is not a religion, and yet the foundation resides in the knowledge that we are unified in spirit. It is essentially a path into the heart, for humans and our four-legged companions on this planet as well.

The main cornerstone of Energy Medicine is interconnectedness. Alone, if wrapped inside the consciousness of isolationism, each of us is frail and ineffective. If our coffee pot fails, we can hardly change the course of a stressful morning, much less

an outcome in the world. Because we are linked, however, that which we do with the intention of goodness ripples exponentially.


Energy Medicine practitioners are committed to the principles that can lead this world from shadow to light. Perhaps we work on one person at a time, lead groups, assist our neighbors or write long books. The “bigness” of the loving action does not matter. It is the recognition of grace through that activity that guarantees a spiral of transformation near and far.

Of course, sometimes it does take an action figure with a red cape to create a change.

About twenty years ago, I was camping in Venezuela with my oldest son, Michael, who was four at the time. We were near the Pemon Indians, a native tribe. Within a few weeks, Michael had befriended a couple of the youngsters and was running around as buck-naked as they were.

Recognizing that these youngsters had none of the luxuries of American kids, Michael gave one child the only toy he had brought on the trip—an Ice Man action figure, with cape.

The child broke into a zillion smiles.

I am not sure whose heart or life was changed more that day by Michael’s simple gesture—the other boy, or Michael. I know only that when we do put on our “red cape” of care and compassion, the one worn every day by Energy Medicine students and practitioners, the end result touches both the earth and the stars. Where else do the practical and the poet intersect so powerfully? 



The Real-World of Spiritual Work Or, Getting the Housework Done In-Between Clients

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, April 2011

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As I wrestled my son's pajamas away from the jaws of my six-month-old puppy—the latter word the biggest misnomer ever assigned a 70-pound Yellow Labrador Retriever eating his way to 120 pounds—I thought about all the behind-the-scenes work of my job, which includes shoveling a path through the house for my clients. There have been days my entire wardrobe has been hauled out for viewing by the monster puppy.

Lucky is not only adorable, but also able to open closed and locked doors with a flick of his nose.

As president of my own energy healing company, I am also its janitor, nurse, bookkeeper, secretary, marketing expert, personal trainer and cheerleader. Oops, I had better add the title of Swat Team Leader for arising emergencies.

I have staff and consultants, bright and dedicated team members who help me help people. The truth is, however, that at least half of any business devoted to Healing Touch, Energy Medicine or the intuitive arts is what my son would call “boring,” and I would call “practical.” The list of hands-on considerations includes an extended outline of external but also

internal tasks that if not tended, potentially choke the flowers for all the weeds.

Generally I divide the “musts” into four categories, using a Myers-Briggs model of temperament and personality. According to this Jungian-based philosophy, we tend toward one of four basic types of interaction:

Driver: Pushing, making, doing.

Expressive: Creating, sharing, exhibiting.

Amiable: Befriending, loving, harmonizing.

Analytic: Detailing, organizing, systematizing.

Being a healer—living a good life—requires that we attend to each of these functions outside and inside of ourselves. We are not going to ace them all, as we are hard-wired for success in some areas, neutrality or disaster in others. But we have to try anyway. We are only going to be able to fulfill our higher calling if we also successfully administer real-life. Somewhere along the line, someone built wings for the angels. Can you imagine the patience and protocol to attach the right feathers to the right bone and glue everything in the right place? The point is that it takes a lot of meticulous work to fly high.

I have external jobs that involve my driver personality. I push the kids out of the house to school, the broom around the floor and the caffeine down my throat at dawn. I expressively create marketing materials that share my services and make sure my assistant is able to amiably greet potential clients. Like all decent analysts, I pay my bills weekly and report my earnings and taxes monthly.

I am not good at the analytical, but you know what? I have to do it anyway. I have made every mistake the IRS (Internal Revenue Service) could have imagined (and they can testify to this truth), but I pay my taxes all the same.

Addressing our internal needs is as important as fulfilling our external obligations. It is not always easy to stay motivated. The solution is to activate our “inner driver.” “Yeah, Cyndi! You can get through ten straight days of work! Go to it! You can attend kids’ hockey games six nights a week! It will be fun!”

Not much comes to those who sit around and wait. Yet there needs to be time for inner expression or creativity, for mulling over the purpose of life, for enjoying vacations that fulfill and inspire. There must be space for friends, for talk time, fun time, shopping time. There must also be logic to the day’s flow, a tending to personal business. I take every Friday off now to attend my support group, visit my own care providers, stock up on groceries and pet food and perform all those sundry activities that make me crazy if I do not do them.

I love energy healing because it helps me touch the sky, scoop the stars out of the heavens and laugh at their brilliance. I also know that they will not grow on earth unless planted in the soil. That is my job. To create the immortal we must accomplish the tasks of mortality. I guess in the end, we energy practitioners are farmers to the soul and must get our hands dirty once in a while to accomplish this goal. ☺



Touch From The Heart: Touching Our Elders

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue, September 2010

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Last fall, I spent Thanksgiving vacation in the emergency room and hospital. On the lighter side, I fully experienced the truth of the phrase, “Hospital food isn’t much to write home about.” Who knew one could ruin canned cranberries? It made me feel better about my own cooking, especially the Thanksgiving I had forgotten to turn on the oven. That year we skipped the turkey and fixings altogether. On the more depressed side, I did not have much appetite anyway. My mother had fallen and injured herself, thereby starting the long and painful slide from independent to assisted living.

Imagine my surprise to find a posting for Healing Touch on the chaplain’s door. “Oh yes,” asserted the floor nurse, “We’re all fans of Healing Touch.”

During the next few weeks, I discovered that many of our area’s senior facilities offered some version of Healing Touch, massage or Reiki—some form of touch that heals. Minnesota might be a little off the grid for many folk, but we are right up there with complementary care.

The need is stupendous. Touch itself is a stand-alone need. Infants deprived of touch fail to thrive; about 100 years ago, 99 percent of babies

in American orphanages died because they were not touched. Conversely, touch truly does heal, as proven in a recent study. When massaged three times a day for 15 minutes each time, babies with a high chance of infant mortality or developmental disorders gained 47 percent more weight than infants who were not massaged.

Older ages also benefit from healthy touch. In one study, children and teens with adjustment disorders, upon receiving massage, became markedly less anxious and troubled than their counterparts.

Lacking human contact, might we all turn our heads to the walls, perhaps to seek the window facing Heaven, the place from which we came?

To touch is to affirm life, to share care and nourish intimacy. It is to bolster our immune system, improve our sleep and create true communion. Healing Touch goes a step further, as it offers even more. To touch the soul is to create more spirit in this physical world, and it is this which heals.

So what population is probably the least touched?

Think of how many of our elders have lost their life

partners and friends. The lucky ones are visited by relatives. Most are not. Lack of mobility, either due to physical illness or loss of driving privileges, creates isolation. Those in nursing homes or hospice are dependent on their caregivers, who are often poorly trained and sometimes, neglectful.

Who is touching these individuals, our Elders? Who is even available to do so?

This question is rather depressing, as the numbers of elderly grow each year. The percentage of elderly amongst the total.

US population has tripled since 1900 and is expected to double between now and 2030.

Who is going to care for these people, the Elders on the way? Who is going to touch us in such a way that we know ourselves as nourished, nurtured and attended?

Healing Touch professionals are in an enviable and vital position. To touch another human being is an honor. To provide curative touch—trained and directed love—is to honor another. To provide this gift of the spirit to one in dire need is to not only answer a prayer, but to become the prayer.

Personally I would like to find a Healing Touch professional on every hospital room ward, in every hospice center, and staffing the emergency rooms. I would like to hear about Healing Touch professionals included on medical missions trips and housed on Alzheimer's wards. And you know, my sense is that this prayer just might be answered, because Healing Touch is already responding. It is hearing the need of humanity and putting the "kind" back into "human-kind." It is following the command set forth by leaders including Abraham J. Heschel, who challenged us all with these words.

A test of a people is how it behaves toward the old. It is easy to love children. Even tyrants and dictators make a point of being fond of children. But the affection and care for the old, the incurable, the helpless are the true gold mines of a culture. €



Will What We Fear Really Appear?

Cyndi Dale – Energy Magazine Issue. May/June 2015

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Who among us has not heard of the Law of Attraction?

There are many ways to state it: “What you think about expands,” or, “Your thoughts create your reality.” Then there is this version of the principle:

Whatever you fear, will appear.

These well-meaning philosophies are meant to increase abundance and stimulate mental discipline. In me, however, they often do the opposite. Unbridled, these statements have the power to terrify me.

I think back to my first pregnancy. I was scared to death. I drank margaritas before the test strip was “positive.” Had I already caused a birth defect in my unborn child? I was certain I would blow the delivery, sleep through my baby’s cries and never lose my baby weight. What frightened me even more was the advice I received from a well-intentioned healer, in whom I confided.

“Fear is a powerful emotion,” she said. “Better think positive thoughts or you will create what you are most scared of.”

The advice did not help me much—rather, time did. I made it through the delivery, although I cannot say I was very polite to my husband, and my son was born hale and hearty, with lungs so well developed that I could have slept next door and still heard him. Within a short amount of time I even lost—well, re-proportioned the pregnancy weight.

Was I just lucky? Or is there a deeper principle at play, one more important than the Law of Attraction?

Recently a client told me that she was sure she had caused her own breast cancer. “My mother had breast cancer. I saw what she went through and have always been scared the same thing would happen to me. I guess I gave myself cancer.”

Unfortunately, many people exposed to the Law of Attraction share the same type of inverted logic, which has become an integral mainstream doctrine. What we think and feel can shape how we perceive reality, but can a single thought or fear really cause everything that happens to us or to another person?

There are seven billion other people on this planet, all with voting rights. We have 60,000 or so thoughts a day and our feelings cycle continually, a

primary emotion like anger - often including several secondary and dozens of tertiary emotions. Not only that but we can feel several primary emotions at once, which include joy, surprise, anger, sadness, fear—and love.

Can the fear of giving birth to a challenged child singularly create a disability? Let's ask the question a different way:

Cannot love cover a mother's desire to want the best for her child?


Can a woman scared of getting breast cancer actually give it to herself?

Maybe the better question is this—can a client's love of life help keep her alive?

My client's sense of guilt began to disappear when I told her that because she was scared, she had regular mammograms. The cancer was caught early and was highly curable. Why shame herself for her fear? Rather, why not understand it, embrace it and then affirm the positives that had resulted because of it? After seeing the situation this way, my client stopped feeling "bad," she stopped beating herself up for being scared. The fear went away.

None of us want to live with constant anxiety and fear. Telling ourselves that our fears are causing all the bad things in our lives might not create our physical reality, but it will make us miserable. This is why it is important to get to the bottom of a fear or stressful emotion and help our clients do the same. Ultimately every feeling is doing us a favor, pointing out a place where we can transform our perception from fear based to love based. If we help a client transform the energy of an emotion into a constructive decision, action, perception or goal, we can better achieve the goal of healing, which is to increase our ability to give and receive love.

As said by the Buddha, "Our sorrows and wounds are healed only when we touch them with compassion."

Perhaps we should rename the Law of Attraction. How about—the Law of Love? 



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