

Spirit Path

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I have been fascinated with energy healing and the metaphysical world before I realized it was something that I could study. I have been attuned to subtle energies since I was a kid and have had unexplained experiences throughout my life. When I was a teenager, I spent my time introspecting about the Universe and everything that accompanies life's mysteries. I didn't notice how odd I was until I was around people my age and noted the differences of my interests. One of my favorite past times was walking around in old cemeteries. I loved looking at the big carved graves, I loved seeing the moss and over growth; I could feel the beauty of the energies that those graveyards held. I think, without identifying it, I was always searching for a deeper connection to myself and the metaphysical world. I do not think I have changed much since becoming an adult. I crave that connection and meaning of all life's mysteries and to pull apart the fabric of reality to see what lies beneath the surface.

I am not sure if this deep hunger arose out of my childhood and the experiences that I had or that I was just born with this drive for understanding. I assume that this sensitivity arose from both, nurture and nature. Though my parents fundamentally loved me, I grew up with high amount of emotional neglect and abuse. My father was an emotionally vacant, intimidating, binge drinking alcoholic, who was verbally abusive to my mother. My mother was over stress, unsupported, and emotionally abusive. She was very unpredictable. I feel that her behavior was conditional upon others; she had nothing of her own. My childhood was very traumatic and caused me to become hypervigilant about everything. I furthered my trauma by self-inflicted abuse for many years; both mentally and physically. But it was my childhood that drove me to dig deeper within myself and find the answers that I was yearning for. I had to know, and searched everywhere to find, unconditional love for myself on a soul level. This is my back ground that lead me to my "Spirit Path" and ultimately brought me to Sound Healing

I will share something that happened shortly after beginning online classes with Globe Sound Healing. I had followed the advice of one of my teacher, Janis, and started my own morning practice. I had been doing this faithfully for a few days, waking up and practicing different tones, chants, and mantras. One morning I began by doing warm ups to the Five Tibetan Syllables. As I toned, I went deeper into a state of rhythm. I could feel my heart become activated. I saw my heart open up and I began to have visions. This memory has been recurring for many years. I have done a lot of energy work on this memory, and though it has lessened and shifted over the years, it has always remained painful and stuck.

The scene is this: I am very young. I am sitting on the floor of my living room watching television. It is late, the room is dark, and my father comes home belligerently drunk. I am terrified when I hear the front door open and I wish I had gone to bed before he got home. I see

him standing over me with that look, that look only child with an alcoholic parent knows. His whole face looks different, his voice sounds different, he looks terrifying. He begins his typical rant. In one breath he talks to me about how great he is and how everybody loves him. He talks about his past; what a star he was in high school and how women would do anything for him. How he missed his opportunity to play ball professionally because he married my mother and had children instead. In the same breath he would talk about how ugly he was and how he deeply hated himself; how he was tortured by his demons and regret. He would switch back and forth between grand ego and self-loathing. My father was also a theologian and would talk about religion and speak to me in Greek and Hebrew while he was intoxicated. My dad's presence was powerful, and I was terrified to move. I can see myself just sitting there and wanting to leave but not being able to do anything. I made sure that I did not do anything to draw attention to myself because even though he talking to me, he didn't really realize that I was there, and I could not risk him really seeing me. The tension is so heavy, and I am all alone with him. I see myself just sitting cross legged on the floor, stuck, trapped, silent, and scared.

This is what is coming up while I am doing the toning and I focus my voice at the me that is stuck on the floor. The tone switches from an AHHH to the Hawaiian forgiveness chant, Ho'oponopono. The room starts to change, and I can see the room become lighter. I see light coming from over my head and through my chest. I place my hand over my heart and my other hand in the air and I see myself projecting love and forgiveness out of my hand on to the little me. Like a flash I have a deeper understanding of the stuck emotions on a felt sense. This memory has always invoked a very powerless feeling for me. I believe as a child I took on my father's self-hatred and tried to absorb as much of his pain as I could. My fathers pain was so big that I felt like I was dying, knowing that he was suffering. I remember wishing I could take his pain away because it was easier for me to feel the pain then see him go through it. Growing up I felt that I had to be tougher then I real am, that I did not need love or comfort, and that receiving love and comfort felt like a death sentence. I could not be soft because the threat was too great.

There is an instant forgiveness to that little girl: for not being stronger, for not moving, for being helpless, and for being frozen. I see and feel the energy move out from her as tears run down my face. I see that little me moving and being comforted by many angles. I see her dancing in the light and feeling free. This is the first time that the little girl has not been sad. I have gone and sent love to her in the past but there was always a sadness to her. This little girl feels responsible for helping her dad and is heartbroken because she can do nothing. This time it was like she knew that it could all be dissolved and healed. I see my dad and I see the pain that he is carrying; I can feel the weight of his position as a father and being intoxicated in front of his small child. I see his pain as black energy and it is surrounding his body. I have such deep empathy for what he is going through, which I have never experienced with this memory before. I keep the mantra going and I see the energy building in my hand, I feel the energy swirling in my heart. I am tapped into being fed love from the Universe. I project my hand at my dad and I feel the anger dissolve; not just my father's anger, but anger that I have held on to for so many years. In an instant I can feel the forgiveness and compassion for my father. I can feel my Dads pain and, instead of being completely powerless in sadness or fear, I am present, but detached from the emotions.

This has been a stuck memory for over 15 years. I have gone to this memory many times and have been able to comfort the little girl. Sometimes she would let me pick her up, sometimes she would just let me hug her, but she always returned to the spot on the carpet with her dad standing over her. This was the first time that she got up on her own and moved around. She was set free. The little girl in my memory was now able to move on her own free will. But what is more profound to me is the simultaneous healing of my father's energy. After that experience I was in such a state of gratitude and an awareness that I had not felt before. I felt like I reclaimed a part of myself that I didn't even know was missing. This was a big piece of my healing journey, a journey on my spirit path. Namaste.