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Being Here

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I've been resisting doing energy work, lately, preferring to focus on simply being present with myself in life. Not doing for others. Not "serving"— which feels to me like a laden word and concept these days.

So I was surprised the other day when I felt compelled to 'do energy work' with a woman who was a participant in a class I was teaching. I had been asked to teach a workshop for cancer patients who are experiencing chronic pain, helping them deal with their situation in ways other than by taking medication to numb it all. At the end of the workshop, a woman approached me asking for information on a personal level. Begging me, really. She was so distraught under her impeccable makeup and professional dress. Her situation was that, following surgery to remove a brain tumor, she had lost all sensation from one half of her face. Except for, as she described it, a relentless, stabbing pain nested right behind her eye. *Relentless*. Her face revealed the agony behind that simple word.

I felt the familiar electric current in my spine alerting me to 'be there.' Amidst the confusion of voices arguing in my head about not wanting to invite more patients, came the voice from my mouth, offering to do a session for her. When she expressed her chagrin about my not accepting insurance, my mouth's voice simply offered to work with her now. Here. Where we found ourselves to be together.

We ducked into a back room, and I entered what I call the "in-between space" – surrendering completely to that which can heal and serve, allowing it to move through me, speak through me. Suddenly she exclaimed loudly, "Dr. Wallace! I don't know what you're doing, but I feel like there are prickles all over this side of my face!"

"Yes?"

"But," she said, weeping, "the doctors told me I would never feel anything there, again."

"Don't ever let anybody talk you out of the possibility you are experiencing."

I smile thinking of the advice I gave. Yes. The possibility I am experiencing. Now. Here. Being present with what is. With each and every person I am with. It doesn't matter what it is called

or how it is framed. *This* and *here* is the only place I can be – and if healing wants to emanate from this space, let me not be one who offers an argument against it.

So simple, really.

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