

## Finding Healing

One Friday we went to York – just for the weekend, to celebrate our wedding anniversary. On Saturday morning, during breakfast, Stella looked at me and said, “Are you all right?” I confessed I didn’t feel right – the left side of my face didn’t seem to be responding to instructions, and she could see that it had fallen. So we shot over to Reception, and asked them to call an ambulance, fearing that I was having a stroke.

I was taken straight to the hospital where I was admitted. By Saturday afternoon I’d had a CT scan and been told that I hadn’t had and wasn’t having a stroke – no sign of either a blood clot or a haemorrhage. “We’d like to give you an MRI scan, and we won’t be able to do that until Monday.”

Stella went back to the hotel, and happily her route took her past “The Zentist” - a shop selling crystals, essences and other healing items. She bought me a spray “Calling All Angels” and was given an amethyst angel for me.

So, on Sunday morning I was sitting in bed thinking, “I’m getting worse. They don’t know what is wrong with me. I’m not receiving any treatment.” I’m a crystal healer, Stella works with flower essences, and over the past few years I’ve also made some essences. It seemed to be time for some action.

I needed some healing energy, but didn’t know what. I filled a glass with water, and reached out to find the energy I needed. I felt it to my left – I don’t know how far away - and brought it into the glass, which I then drunk over the next half hour. Later in the morning I did the same again, with a different energy in a different place. I still have no idea what was in those essences I made – only that they were the right healing energies for me then.

Sunday afternoon we put our heads together. We were both being highly stressed by not knowing, and not being told, anything. Being 130 miles from home we knew no-one locally. Homoeopathy was calling to me, so we borrowed a phone book and looked up homoeopaths. One name stood out – Rowena Field – so Stella phoned and thank goodness Rowena responded immediately – “Yes I’ll work in the hospital, yes I’ll come tomorrow.”

Monday lunchtime I had my MRI scan. For those who don’t know what it’s like, imagine being inside an empty giant tin can. Someone outside is alternately banging on the can with a big stick, or running it up and down the corrugations. These sounds can go right through you, and sometimes you actually feel your body move in response to what is happening. Restful it is not!

Monday afternoon Stella came with Rowena, who managed to take a case study despite the interruptions in the ward. She told us that she also did cranio-sacral therapy. We've both had that before, so 'Wonderful'. Rowena came back that evening with a homoeopathic remedy, and promised to come again the next afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon Rowena gave me a little cranio-sacral treatment, with me sitting in a chair in the visitors' quiet room attached to the ward. She'd never tried to do it with a seated patient before, and we were interrupted a couple of times, but I felt much better. It was abruptly ended when a porter arrived to tell me they wanted to do another MRI scan – this time with a dye injection to 'give more resolution'!

Back into the tin can – this time they told me that wanted to do two scans. I'm lying there, tense and stressed, still no idea about what is wrong with me, or why two more scans at such short notice, and being bombarded by sound when the penny dropped – I was having a sound treatment! Once I relaxed into it, it was just like someone using a drum to move energy around, or clear blockages in my system, or a rattle to shift negative energies from my aura. The hospital thought it was just a diagnostic tool – I realised it was a healing tool – just depends on your point of view!

Wednesday afternoon – Rowena came again and gave me another Cranio sacral treatment. This time we went to the chapel and were completely undisturbed. By the time she'd finished I could actually feel a difference to my face – it was coming back to normal.

By Wednesday evening the doctors had decided that I had Bell's Palsy and could go – they didn't have any treatment for me. Hooray!

Why have I written all this down? Just to help anyone else who finds themselves in a similar situation. Even when we don't know what we need, the healing energies are there for us, and will come when we look for them, or call for them. Following our intuition as to the right healer for us will bring us not just the right healer, but the right therapy as well. And healing tools are all around us – if only we can recognise them!

P.S. Most people who get Bell's Palsy make a full recovery, and as I write this, I am recovering well. By the time you read it, I expect to be fully recovered. I love a story with a happy ending!