

## Living in Deeper Harmony

### My journey to a more spiritually guided and blessed life

Here I sit typing, remembering events that brought me to this moment. As I sit on the floor, I gaze out the picture window in my new room, my new space on this earth. breathing in new and familiar. It is time to write, and yet, I am not to the end of the thought. How do I share a transformation as the transformation occurs? One sentence at a time, I imagine.

For the past 10 years, I happily practiced acupuncture. Although well-schooled, I sometimes felt my interactions with my clients could go deeper. There was something inside me that kept me partially hidden, slightly disconnected, safe. I felt a disappointment deep inside as I sometimes ignored or simply glossed over aspects of healing with my clients that I believed might help them. Something inside kept this at bay. This something, was my fear of intimacy; intimacy with myself, intimacy with others and intimacy with God. Could I learn to engage with people in a way that allowed me to express completely the divine qualities that weave through my being like water? How do I break down the dam?

My practice became successful; and on one level, I was content. My clients were content, and yet there was that gentle pull, the tap on the string of my heart. "Let...Go...Go...Deeper", and then my excuses answered the call. "Be grateful for what you have," (yes, I know, seems rather holy) although I was using this to cover over the longing in my heart. Is it greedy to want more? I realized that the "more" was a desire to know myself completely, know Allah completely, truly serve outside my own desires. Is that even possible?

I now say, Yes! After enrolling into the Ministry Master's program at USHS, I immersed myself into the homework. I first noticed that something had changed when an interaction with one of my regular clients took a dive into the deep end. Robbie had been coming to see me for 4 years, every week. Robbie was 74 when we started working together. I treated her for a shoulder injury, asthma, heart condition, arthritis and overall aches and pains. Over the years, Robbie would comment on the peaceful atmosphere of my space. She often remarked that she came just to relax and reconnect with God. I became inspired to share with Robbie some of the prayers we were learning in class. Serendipitous conversations began that would end with either me blessing her or holding her hands and saying prayers together while I placed the acupuncture needles in the appropriate places. Incidentally, all of these prayers were in English. We enjoyed connecting in this way for a few months.

One day, Robbie called to cancel, she was on her way to the emergency room. I was concerned. Two weeks later, Robbie came in to tell me an amazing story. As she greeted me, I saw tears in her eyes. She explained how two weeks prior, her chest started beeping.

She said , with a slight giggle and a conspiratorial whisper, that it was the scariest thing that had ever happened to her. She was driving when it started. She kept looking around the car believing that it was prompting her to check her engine. It was the battery on her pacemaker. Allah was asking her to check 'her' engine. Robbie was able to get into her cardiologist immediately. He ran tests and determined that her heart no longer needed the pacemaker! The doctor could find nothing wrong with her heart. As Robbie told me this, she grabbed hold of my hands and looked me in the eyes. The faith and certainty in her eyes I will never forget. She thanked me for all the "healings" and said she knew without a doubt that it was from our time together. The most amazing part of this is that I was not treating her to "heal" her heart, that was a pure gift from God. We were simply sharing time and space together intentionally with Allah.

In that moment, I realized I could no longer keep the prayers hidden. I began inviting people into my private treatment room for deeper healing opportunities during their initial intakes.

Everything changed. My interactions with my clients deepened. I found myself wanting to engage in ways that allowed me to be a partner with my client. We held our time together as sacred. I found myself moving in my practice with more trust. I no longer worried when someone cancelled, but instead, trusted Allah's movement as the perfect shift in a current leading us home.

Shortly after Robbie shared her story with me, I got a call from a young woman named Stella. She was a vet suffering with PTSD, high levels of stress, chronic pain and fatigue. When Stella arrived, she was in a heightened state of anxiety and fear. I led her into the private office and assured her that everything would be Okay. We immediately began to talk about God, Allah. I recited the Fatiha, out loud, on that initial meeting and for the first time. In the past, unless I knew the person, I would say it quietly to myself. There was no thought, simply the opening of my mouth to allow Allah's soothing words to bring comfort. Stella burst into tears and asked me to "sing" to her some more. She said it sounded familiar, like a lullaby.

Stella had spent the last 3 years locked into a system that labeled her "crazy" and kept giving her more medications as symptoms appeared. As weeks turned into months, Stella realized that she just needed to feel safe, to let go and relax. She didn't know how anymore, except that it happened when I "sang" to her. The words of the Quran truly soothed her enraged nervous system as a nourishing balm on inflamed skin. I gave her acupuncture every visit, although she would always take them out before I came back into the room and ask me to sing the "songs".

I treated Stella for almost 2 years. In that time, she got pregnant and delivered a healthy baby without medication. She and her husband moved closer to family where she now gets support with her other children. Each time Stella walked into our treatment space, she opened up just a bit more. Recently, Stella shared her desire to help other

women like herself. Women discharged from the military, women suffering. Stella understood that she could heal and let go of the past. She was not crazy, just in pain. Amazingly, she also began to talk about her childhood and how her experiences in the military were familiar to her as she had been abused as a child.

Acupuncture was a doorway, a familiar, safe opening. It was the spiritual healing work, however, that helped Stella disengage with the past to be fully in the present moment. Through our sessions, Stella was able to distinguish between voices attacking from outside of her, voices inside that were in cahoots with those outside voices and a deeper still voice that brought peace and security. Near the end of our time together, Stella easily dismissed the voices that once caused her so much anguish. She also noticed, that as she was able to "remember" who she is, her pain vanishes. Stella remembers that she is a loving, kind, compassionate and strong woman; a woman who loves God.

My last visit with Stella was the week I closed my practice to move to Portland. She hugged me and shared that for the first time in 15 years, she felt like herself again. She recorded me reciting the prayers so that she could give herself treatments when I moved. When Stella walked into my office over 1 1/2 years ago, she was considered a lost cause by the medical institution. Through weekly prayers, compassionate listening and gentle guidance, Stella is now engaged in her family life and looking into how she can help others with her story. She is taking minimal medication. In a beautiful way, she remembers the prayers she heard while deployed and now finds a sense of safety and connection through listening to them.

Everything in Allah's time. This is a lesson that keeps showing up for me. When I first started treating Jackie 6 years ago, I was so excited to help her. She was an ideal client, young, committed to her healing, inquisitive and willing to try anything. She was suffering with pretty severe Lyme's disease symptoms. She had gone through a few doctors and eventually found out how to keep the symptoms at bay through diet and appropriate exercise. However, she had plateaued in her healing and decided that acupuncture might help. We came up with a plan and Jackie followed through with all of it. Even though I would say the Fatihah when I read her pulses, I did this quietly to myself. We would have great conversations and as she shared with me, eventually, I would say something to her each visit that touched her heart. The comment would otherwise be benign. Each week as Jackie shared with me the breakthrough along with what was said to bring it about would always find me pleasantly surprised and in Awe of Allah's Generosity. During this time however, I did not continue to follow my guidance and share spiritual healing with her. My practice was in full swing, my partner quit and I was working 5 days a week, seeing way too many people. I was just too tired, at least that is what I told myself. I was not surprised when Jackie just didn't show up one day. In a way, I had stopped showing up for her. Sure, I was physically there, present, administering informed acupuncture treatments, however I believe we both knew something else deeper was brewing.

When I look back at this time now, I understand that it was Allah's timing. Both of us were in a place of growth and needed time to mature. I'll admit that at the time, I struggled with blaming myself for not being a "daughter of my moment". Allah is the most Merciful. I was pleasantly surprised when Jackie called me about 1 month after I entered the Master's program. Instead of acupuncture, she wanted to meet with me, privately, and go over EVERYTHING! She felt it was time. So did I. It had been 2 years since I had last seen Jackie.

This time, we dove right in. I started the session with a prayer, out loud. We spoke for awhile. Jackie was feeling great physically, she was just in a place in her life with her relationship, her career, everything where something needed to shift. She had just turned 30. It is true with all my patients, that in their healing, I receive. I am able to see a mirror and a place inside myself that Allah is touching through the interaction. With Jackie, it was very strong. I felt like we were both in a moment together the same woman, growing, deepening and healing. I also saw that same place she held, a place where Allah's Mercy could not get in. That place I recognized, the hard places that criticize every little action. Even though Jackie just wanted spiritual healing and counseling, I added acupuncture to her treatments, even a little Zero Balancing. Instead of "working", figuring out what needed to be fixed, our sessions began to be about voices that kept her from relaxing, receiving her blessings, softening, letting go. In a way, I saw her as my little sister, open to the wisdom, knowledge, life experience I could offer. I felt this light inside myself glowing, calling to her light, leading her back to the Truth, her Truth, my Truth.

Reciting the 99 qualities and doing Remembrance out loud was difficult for Jackie in the beginning. She realized that she hated the sound of her own voice. Boy, how I could relate. Each session began with Jackie realizing a place that she didn't love about herself and slowly embracing each place with Allah's Mercy. We worked a year with Rahman and Wadude only. She embraced remembrance and it showed. I was amazed at how she would do remembrance every day. She loved it so much. I completely understood. I watched Jackie soften, learn to love herself. As she blossomed, her relationship smoothed out, she began to change friends and do things for herself that brought her joy. Just as everything is in Allah's time, our time ended in December.

It was perfect. Allah brought her to a beautiful place of contentment after moving through a particularly challenging struggle with harsh inner voices.

Harsh inner voices sometimes (if not always) manifest as outside harsh voices and may often affect the physical body. Joe was 22 when he started coming in to see me. His mom called to make his appointments. Joe had been in a motorcycle accident and had a TBI (traumatic brain injury). He and his mom hoped acupuncture could help. I started Joe in the large community room using only acupuncture. He was very disheveled, dirty and had such an offensive odor that I started putting him in the private room after the second week just to keep the other clients protected. Having treated over 10000 people in the

last 10 years, this was the first time that I literally could not stand to be in the room with one of my clients. I opened the window when it was 30 degrees just to get fresh air.

Joe was unable to drive, had a hard time relating his thoughts, unable to make eye contact, unable to keep commitments without the aide of his mom, and unable to take care of his basic hygienic needs. Joe's main concern was his inability to listen to music anymore, he was a DJ on the side. The loud music now gave him a headache. Interestingly, his brother's voice also gave him the same headache. He also got a headache while performing his landscaping duties involving loud machines. Voices, loud sounds. This was the first moment I wondered about reciting Quran for healing with Joe.

Joe liked getting acupuncture, and felt as if he was feeling a bit better. I, however, was compelled to do more. I decided to give him a Surah Protection Healing. If I am honest here, I will admit that I gave him a protection healing more for myself. I didn't know if I could continue treating him. I found myself wishing he would cancel. I felt the odor was indicative of a dark energy needing to go and had fear around this. I was also concerned that I could not get him to really look me in the eye. I asked him for permission to do the healing and he said sure. Near the end of this session, his body convulsed and something shot out of his right foot. That is not something that happens everyday at my practice. (at least of that I am aware).

The following week when Joe arrived, all the changes were apparent. He looked me square in the eye and smiled. When he got on the table, I noticed that his toes were clean for the first time in 9 months. His body odor was almost completely gone. I did not need to open the window. I started doing a combination of acupuncture and spiritual healing with Joe. Joe kept quiet about what he received, giving mostly one word answers to questions or would simply say, "I don't know". At one point, I was not sure if he even noticed the prayers. His mom was concerned about his cost of treatment and so we started scheduling every other week and I went back to strictly acupuncture. During this short time, I knew deep down that I was not being completely present with Joe. Once I made the declaration in my practice to offer spiritual healing again, I decided to revisit this with Joe. Before I said anything to Joe, he looked at me and said, "I really miss the prayers you used to do for me". I have to admit, my heart broke just a bit hearing this. I admitted to him that I didn't know he noticed. He also said that he wanted to come in every week again and wanted to know if that was OK. This was the first time in 1 year of treatment that Joe spoke about what he wanted. Until that moment, Joe was there because his mom wanted him there.

Treatments changed again. I started doing full spiritual healings with him. I taught Joe remembrance for when he had trouble with his thoughts, annoyance with his brother, family or couldn't sleep. As Joe shared voices of doubt, voices of self-disgust and hatred, those voices dissolved with remembrance of his truth. Slowly, Joe started to open up and share his hidden world of beauty and possibility, his hopes and dreams. Joe started to schedule his own appointments, show up on time and ask me about myself. It was as if a

light had come on inside him and he started smiling more. We started to stretch our treatments out a bit as I was curious to see if he would maintain his healthy habits. Would his personal practices keep the "voices" at bay? First two weeks, and then the ultimate test, one month. I saw Joe one last time on my last week of treating. He walked in, I asked him how he was. In the past, every time I asked this he would answer, "I feel pretty good, just could we work on my head some more". This time, he looked at me, beaming, "I feel great". Even though I had made sure he had someone to go to when I left, I knew it was not necessary. Joe asked me if I thought he could take a little break in treatment. Emphatically, I answered, YES!

As I write about these amazing people and our time together, It is difficult not to keep sharing stories. There are so many. I chose these particular clients because they all clearly show a shift in how deeply they received healing directly relating to my emersion into the Ministry Master's program, They all came to an end, so to speak, in our healing time together. They all so clearly remind me of Allah's timing in everything. How, Allah guides us in each moment. How, in each moment it is our willingness to let go and receive, let go and be moved, molded, transformed, and healed. These times, we may not know what we need, however if we take the time to ask, take the time to be in silence, take time for ourselves and time shared with others on our journey, we will be given the next step.

Trust and patience ~ we only know a shift has been made if we take the time to notice our responses to our world. Sometimes, the shifts are so small, barely perceptible and yet powerful as we gain strength in the certainty that Allah is shaping us, molding us, helping us to be the best possible versions of ourselves, who He made us to be. One moment when we realize we are simply praising Allah for a moment even when that moment is not what we thought we wanted.

This story is hard for me to write. It is a glimpse into my world just last month, last year. A world that I loved, a world that held gratitude for blessings received, a world that in a moment changed. All of the time I spent with these beautiful souls helped my soul take the leap into the next stage of my journey. The letting go, the trust, the timing, all of it, one cog in the wheel that is my life as Allah makes it, in His time. Here I sit, in that same room, recalling the mysterious miracle of Allah's healing with just a few of my clients. I am reminded that it is now my time. I am scared. I don't know what Allah is making. My whole world is completely changed, and yet there is a small still place inside, calling me to remember the 100's of clients in just this last year that Allah cared for in His way. Allah cares for me now. His protection is all I need. The added blessing of the awareness that He is caring for me is what fills me with gratitude, love and trust. Patience is born from recognizing Allah's movement in our world. I pray my eyes stay open.