

## Barbara Brodsky's Healing Journey Continues

By Barbara Brodsky

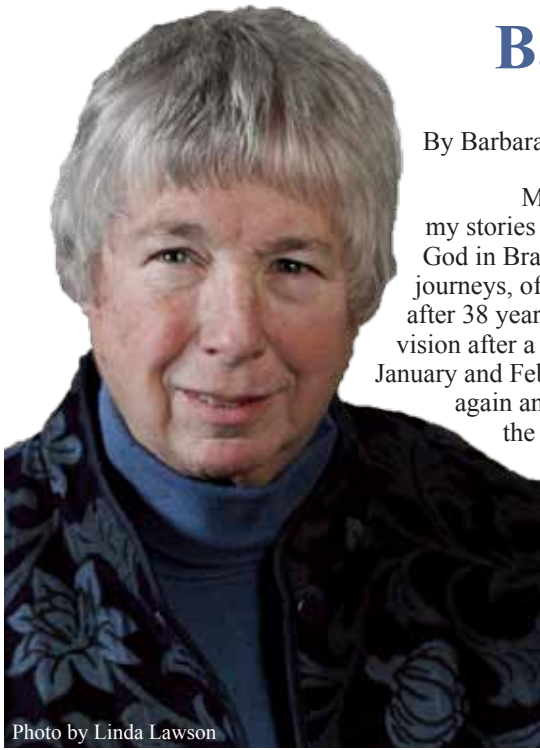


Photo by Linda Lawson

Many of you have been following my stories of my visits to the Casa of John of God in Brazil. I've written of the gift of these journeys, of a very gradual return of hearing after 38 years of deafness, and the return of vision after a serious accident in 2004. In January and February of 2010 I visited the Casa again and am still absorbing and integrating the experiences. Sometimes big events look big, as in hearing thunder or hearing *Amazing Grace*, stories that I told in previous essays for the *Crazy Wisdom Community Journal*. Sometimes it's not until one looks back that one sees the enormity of the gifts given. These experiences help me to better understand the meaning of healing. Let me start at the beginning.

I came to the Casa this year with several intentions beyond the usual request of help for my hearing and right eye. For over a year I had had severe shoulder pain; medical tests showed advanced osteoarthritis in both shoulders. I had severely limited range of motion of the arms, pain when I moved them, and worse, pain even when they were still. There was nerve pain shooting down both arms, which was challenging in the daytime and impossible at night. I had not slept well in over 6 months; throbbing sensations kept me awake most of the night. There was no comfortable sleep position that didn't lead to strong pain in a few minutes. In late September at Omega Institute, the Entity working through John of God was able to alleviate some pain but said I needed to come back to Brazil for him to do deeper healing of the shoulders.

Another intention: I was still looking for the right way to bring my new book out into the world. I came to the Entity on my first day at the Casa with all of these intentions. As usual, he didn't even wait to hear what I was asking, just said "Surgery," and dismissed me. About the book, he just nodded and said, "It is done." The doubting mind immediately jumped to the thought, "He doesn't care about me." How long have I carried that old baggage, believing myself in some way to be lesser than others, wrong in some way, unloved or unlovable? Such thought arises very seldom now, and when it does I know it as old conditioning, but it still does come and still has power to cause pain. What most needed to be healed then was not the deafness, eye or shoulders, but this old myth that still had roots and arose with conditions.

That first week flew by. For two days after surgery I slept an exhausted sleep, not just recovering from surgery but from months of sleep deprivation, for (miraculously) I could sleep with no pain. The third day, I awakened enough to check my email and found a letter from a wonderful publisher in California who expressed strong interest in my book. By the end of the week this interest had deepened into a commitment; he wanted to publish it. How can one keep the myth going, of "I am not seen or heard?" with these responses? And yet the roots were still not fully resolved.

The day before the surgery review, I met with Heather, my friend and translator. The pain was so much less, but I told her there was still no motion possible in the shoulders. Held still, they were pain free, but movement was agonizing. She said to show the Entity the limited motion that I demonstrated for her, and I returned to my pousada for lunch. Midway through lunch, I started to feel light-headed and very sleepy, so I went to my room, lay on the bed and immediately fell into a deep sleep. I dreamed I was having surgery. I next opened my eyes three hours later. It felt like coming out of general anesthetic; it took me an hour to get myself into an awake state, as that drugged sleep kept pulling me back. When I finally was able to move, I walked out of my room to sit on a chair in the garden. When I reached for the chair, my arm moved freely, without pain. I started to move both arms and was immediately cautioned by spirit to be very gentle; no big movements for a week; they must heal; there are stitches. I sat, filled with wonder, which would increase in a few minutes when I realized that for the first time since the retinal vein tore in 2004, I could see color with the right eye rather than just shades of grey. I just sat for half an hour, feeling loved and expressing gratitude.

I was busy these next two weeks with my group, the 12 people for whom I was serving as a guide, and did not see the Entity personally except for passing through the lines for surgery review and taking my group members to him. When I wasn't busy with my group, at the Entity's request, I sat in his Current (meditation) Room, but my meditations were shallow and it felt like nothing was happening. Then those 2 weeks ended, part of the group left, and I was no longer official guide for those who remained. It was time for me to pass by the Entity again, and I pondered what to ask him. Here is the ironic part; despite the enormous gifts of those first 3 weeks, I still felt like I must be doing something wrong. Around me, I saw profound healing and heard stories from people about their healing cancer, MS, and other

ailments including deafness. Why could I not hear? Why did nothing new happen this year with my ears?

I had the wisdom to see the grasping and fear, and not get totally caught in it, but it was there. Finally I decided to ask him, "What I can I do to support healing of the hearing?" It sounds like an innocent and upbeat question, but at some level I was still asking, "What am I doing wrong? Tell me so I can fix it." The incorporated Entity that morning, Jose Pentead, truly saw where I was and had the perfect response. He said, "Love supports healing." He was holding a small flower, placed it into my palm, gently closed my fingers around it and continued, "Here is my love. Now sit in my Current."

I spent the next 10 days reflecting on his message, as I sat many hours in Current and meditated in the garden. I do believe I'm a loving person, able to love others, to treat myself with love and to receive love from others. Yet as I watched the arising thoughts and my response to them, I saw myriad ways in which I was less than loving to myself. Especially, I saw that when a thought arose of, "What am I doing wrong," I immediately condemned myself with a follow-up thought, "I should be beyond that kind of thinking by now." I was amazed at how many judgments and "shoulds" I saw.

### I sat and the tears came. There was such a deep level of healing, and with each tear shed, a profound release of old beliefs.

Yet the myth persisted. If I just did *something* right, I would hear. If he would just put his hands on my ears, surely he could bring hearing. I could imagine it happening! "Why is he ignoring me? What am I doing wrong?" Then one day I was standing in the Main Hall before the day started when the incorporated Entity came out on the stage. As he faced the assembled hundreds of people, he looked directly at me, then walked right toward me, stopped inches away, looked into me for a long time with a deeply penetrating look, then stepped back one step and put his hands on the head of the woman standing next to me. With his hands on her head, he continued to look at me. It was clear he was aware of my thoughts and was challenging me to release them.

Twice in one day, the Entity walked up to where I was sitting in the front row of his Current. My eyes were closed but I could feel his energy approach. The first time he put his hand on the head of the woman sitting next to me, then moved her to a big chair right next to his seat. Another time, he called a different woman sitting next to me, to come from the Current, up to talk with him, and asked her to stay another week so he could do more work with her. Each time, the same old habits arose. "I am invisible; unloved; imperfect." Each time they were noted with mindfulness, and I was able to skillfully note the tension and not build further stories, but these thoughts still came. And judgment of them came. It was a painful 2 weeks.

Finally it was my last day, and I would pass through the line again. The logical mind did feel gratitude. By now, with his blessing, I was swimming and able to move the arms fully and with no pain. I slept soundly. I saw in color again. I had a perfect book contract for *Cosmic Healing*, my book about this healing journey. Balance was improved. I had been riding a bike with increasing ease and balance for 5 weeks. I was walking with greater ease.

As I had pondered the book, I was very aware of the responsibility to bring this book fourth without a lot of ego, but from a very clear space. I had been told by spirit for years, "The book will be published when *you* are ready." In other words, I would not be given the opportunity for this next step until I was ready not to have ego grab hold of it. If the opportunity was now here, then I was ready; and that felt true. Yet the question still came. Thousands may read this book; I will travel and give talks with it. Already I had an invitation to speak in California, to share some of the book's teachings with a large audience. Can these words come from a place of emptiness and love? So I asked the Entity what seemed at first to be another clear and innocent question; "Please help me to do my teaching and work with the book with humility, wisdom and love."

Again the Entity, this time Dr. Valdivino with whom I have worked intensively though these years, saw right through my question and into my fears and doubts. Am I "good enough" to do this well? He gave me an exquisitely tender smile, and the kind of look a parent might give a beloved child, of "You still don't get it. . . . Please try now. . . ." He took my hand, and said very clearly, enunciating each word so I could lip-read it, "I love you very much," and he placed two radiant roses in my hand. "Sit in my Current."

I sat and the tears came. There was such a deep level of healing, and with each tear shed, a profound release of old beliefs.

Are these beliefs completely eradicated? Probably not. Hopefully the next time they emerge I can remember, smell those roses and feel spirit's love, release the thought faster, and rest in Truth. We are loved. We are home. There is nothing to fear.

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*(Cosmic Healing; A Spiritual Journey with Aaron and John of God, by Barbara Brodsky, published by North Atlantic Books, will be released in March of 2011. Please watch for it at Crazy Wisdom.)*

**"Please help me to do my teaching and work with the book with humility, wisdom and love."**