


THE
JOURNEY®

THE JOURNEY

HOW TO HEAL YOUR LIFE AND SET YOURSELF FREE



FROM INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
BRANDON BAYS

PRAISE FOR THE JOURNEY

“Brandon Bays takes her readers on a journey of astounding inspiration.”

-Deepak Chopra

“Any healing journey is a journey of love. Brandon serves as a master guide on that journey and condenses the essence of it in this seminal book. Each page is a reminder of where real healing -be it of the mind, body, or spirit- occurs.”

-Catherine Ingram, author of *Passionate Presence*

“The Journey will inspire millions, not only those with physical challenges in their lives but those seeking spiritual understanding.”

-Candace Pert, PhD, author of *Molecules of Emotion*

“Brandon Bays is a remarkable soul, and her story of healing and reconciliation is a testament to the capabilities of human beings. Read this book and be inspired to take your own journey of healing!”

-Anthony Robbins, author of *Awaken the Giant Within and Unlimited Power*

“Brandon’s inspiring story is proof of the healing power that exists within every individual.”

-John Gray, author of *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus*

ALSO BY BRANDON BAYS

Freedom Is

Living The Journey

The Journey for Kids

The Light in the Heart of Darkness
(With Kevin Billett)

The JourneyTM

How to Heal Your Life and
Set Yourself Free

By Internationally Bestselling Author
Brandon Bays

AN INVITATION FROM BRANDON BAYS

Dear Reader,

The Journey is an experience. One that is different for everyone. It's real. It's changing people's lives, and has done so for over 20 years.

Yet, millions of people have yet to try it for themselves.

Which is why once you've finished reading this book (or as soon as you are ready), I would love to extend a heartfelt invitation to you.

Join me or one of our presenters at one of the many live events around the world, so you can experience for yourself everything I've shared within these pages...

To really 'get' The Journey, from the inside out.

Where you'll experience first hand the powerful healing tools that for the past two decades have been changing people's lives for the better.

Just go to **www.thejourney.com/book-bonus** to download your free bonuses and to find out more.

Love

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Brandon Bays". To the left of the signature is a simple line drawing of a heart.

Brandon Bays

In gratitude to the healing grace pervading all of life.
May we all experience the magnificence of our own souls.

A LETTER FROM BRANDON

Beloved Reader,

It has been 25 years since I healed from a basketball-sized tumor. The profoundly transformative and liberating healing work that came out of that experience, and became known around the world as The Journey Method™. In offering this new, condensed version of my story and the evolution of the work it is my deepest prayer that you get the latest, up-to-date insights and teaching.

Over the years as I worked with tens of thousands of people around the world, I have seen what works and doesn't work. So Journeywork has organically evolved, deepened and expanded. Over time, new aspects of the work developed. It became not only become more user-friendly and refined, but more liberating, more freeing.

The Journey Method™ was not derived from any theory or formula; it was born from many people's direct living experience of healing their lives: physically, emotionally, spiritually. And my wish for you in reading this book is that not only are you inspired by the stories here, but that you are also inspired, catalyzed to begin your own life-healing Journey into the freedom and wholeness within.

It is my prayer that you come home to the love and peace that is your own essence, your own soul. And that you not only use this grace-inspired process work to heal your own life, but that you give the work away to your loved ones to begin liberating their lives,

helping them to discover and open into their divine potential.

Since the book was first written and became a bestseller, I have been awed by how Journeywork seemed to catch fire wherever it travelled around the world. In the recent years, Journey Intensives - our beginning workshops - will have been offered in thirty-five countries, and my writing is now translated into twenty-three languages - a number that is still growing.

Wherever I travel I experience that, no matter which country I am in, there is a deep longing to open into, to awaken to, the divine potential, the greatness that exists within each of us. There is in all of us a genuine thirst to heal our lives. We want tools, methods and process work that will liberate us, free up our lives. We long to bring healing and wholeness into our everyday world. And we want results - lasting results.

Ultimately we want to take the lampshade off our own lights and discover our own truth, find our own answers. We want to live a guided, grace-filled authentic life, lived from the love that is our essence.

And this book is designed to share with you the certainty that such freedom is not only possible for you, it is your birthright, for it is who you truly are.

So, beloved reader, I pray this book will inspire you to begin healing your life. I hope it will open the door to your deepest self and that you will respond to your heart's calling and come home to the magnificence that you are. And I pray I'll get to meet you personally along the way, at one of our Journey seminars somewhere in the world and that together we will open into this infinite presence of love.

Until then, all love and blessings.

Namasté,
Brandon

INTRODUCTION TO THE JOURNEY

This is a book about freedom - freedom to live your life as you've always dreamt it could be.

Deep inside all of us a huge potential beckons, waiting to open us to the joy, genius, freedom and love within. This presence is calling you home right now, longing to set you free. Yet all of us have issues we have felt trapped or limited by. We hear the whispering of our own soul calling to us, but feel unable to access that greatness. Instead, we feel covered or blocked in some way, limited by our issues - anger, fear, depression, grief, hurt, anxiety. It may be as simple as feeling there must be something more to life, or as complex as feeling a complete failure. It may be as debilitating as an addiction or as life threatening as a serious illness.

No matter how deep the issue is and no matter how much you have struggled with it, the possibility exists for you to become absolutely free, whole, and healed. You are capable of getting to the root cause of these issues, resolving them, letting them go completely and setting yourself free to live your life at your highest potential, as a full expression of your true self.

Through the humbling and profoundly transformative experience of naturally healing from a tumor in only six and a half weeks, I uncovered a boundless joy and freedom that have been my daily experience ever since. This is the most priceless gift of my life. Since that remarkable journey 25 years ago, it has been extraordinarily moving and inspiring to watch Journeywork catch fire in every country in which it is offered. Across the globe, tens of thousands of people from all walks of life use The Journey Method™ to discover true freedom in their lives. They're discovering their own answers and uncovering their own deepest truth. They are cleaning out past emotional blocks and physical challenges that have held them back. And they are finally healing on all levels of their being. Ordinary people are getting extraordinary results. It seems that no matter what your background is, how old you are, what your culture or upbringing has been, everyone knows there is a huge untapped potential, a boundless presence, inside, and we all secretly long to experience it. This presence is awake while you're asleep at night, making your heart beat, cells replicate and hair grow. Part of the extraordinary gift of my own healing journey was to discover and pioneer a simple yet powerful step-by-step method to get direct access to this infinite wisdom - a wisdom that can reveal to you old emotional patterns and memories stored in your cells, and a healing energy that is capable of resolving and clearing those old issues completely, so the body and the being can go about the process of healing naturally.

Today I travel all over the world with Journeywork, giving workshops and advanced programs. I'm always delighted that it attracts people from all the helping professions: medical, traditional, complimentary and spiritual. I give talks and seminars at hospitals, hospices, abuse centers, homeopathic colleges, healing centers, spiritual organizations, churches, and to cancer support and addiction rehabilitation groups, schools, universities, government ministries and of course to people from all walks of

life. Everywhere I go, people successfully incorporate Journey work into their professional programs with ease and grace. I believe we all recognize that there are some issues that simply require truly in-depth, roll-up-your-sleeves-type healing work. We know it's important to address an issue at the deepest level to finally clear it out and resolve it completely. Together we understand that The Journey Method™ is a way of bringing about profound healing, wholeness and a deep sense of well-being -no matter what our healing backgrounds. One of the programs I give is a worldwide practitioners' accreditation program, which has attracted medical doctors, alternative therapists, counselors of all types, psychiatrists, priests, nuns, ministers, social workers, schoolteachers, college professors and, most of all, ordinary people from all walks of life.

In South Africa, there are doctors taking this healing and forgiveness-based work into communities where they can't afford medical treatments, and we are helping train their staff. Police trauma units are using this work with victims of violent crime. I've trained abuse counselors in Soweto to use the work in their community. In the United Kingdom, Europe and Australia, priests are taking the work back to their flocks. Schoolteachers are getting extraordinary results with their youngsters, helping develop the most balanced, confident, high-achieving classes in their schools. In Australia, where this book was a number-one bestseller in its field, several medical doctors and complementary healing therapists keep the book in their waiting rooms for their patients' reference, recognizing that some illnesses require more than just a pill.

Addiction rehabilitation groups are using the work to clear out the intense self-loathing connected with drug abuse, and nurses in cancer treatment facilities are using it along side the chemotherapy treatments. A swami has taken the work back to his ashram to help people deepen in their experience of the Infinite, and nuns are using it to experience the deep peace

within. Rabbis in synagogues in Israel are helping their people free themselves from long-standing emotional issues, and some grief counselors who help people on their deathbeds are using Journeywork to open their patients into the infinite peace inside to ease their passing. Journeywork is clearly cross-cultural and appeals to people from all religions, creeds, all ages and walks of life.

What moves me most are the hundreds of phone calls, letters and emails we get from people who haven't had a chance to take the workshops - people who are courageously using the processes explained in this book to undergo their own healing journeys. We hear from people who have successfully and completely cleared long-standing debilitating emotional issues like chronic depression, over whelming grief, intense low self-esteem, jealousy, abuse and betrayal. We are always inspired when people share how they've become free from physical challenges including heart disease, breast cancer, chronic fatigue, debilitating arthritis, Crohn's disease, skin diseases - the list goes on. Every day in our office we receive messages of healing from all over the globe. And the message is always the same: "I was able to tap into my own infinite intelligence, uncover my own blocks, free them and set myself free -just by using the processes described in this book."

It has been the greatest gift of my life that grace revealed the means to let go of the past and discover the beauty, love and peace that is inside all of us. And it is my deepest prayer that everyone, not just some of us, awakens to this extraordinary presence of greatness inside and that we all begin living our life as a full expression of the love, the potential within.

This book is written as an expression of the deep gratitude that I feel for the powerful healing process I under went, with the prayer that it will be a living tool that will inspire you to embark on your own journey.

May you discover the boundless joy at the core of your being.

This is your invitation to freedom, your road map to the soul.
Are you ready to soar?

“Come to the edge,” he said.

“We can’t, Master, we’re scared.”

“Come to the edge,” he said.

“We can’t, Master, we’re scared.”

“Come to the edge,” he said.

They came. He pushed them... they flew.

Freedom is our destiny. Yet we fear taking the very step that
will carry us into the greatness that is our own true nature.



FOREWORD

I once heard a story that each of us comes into this life as a pristine, pure, flawless diamond. And through the trials of growing up and the course of life's pains, our innate brilliance becomes hidden by a load of rubbish - lies, judgments and limitations we buy into.

Then, when we become adults, we cover over the whole mess with a coat of bright, shiny nail polish. We present this artificial veneer to the world and wonder why no one seems to think it's that extraordinary. Over time, we may even come to believe that this protective shell is who we really are, and we shape our whole personal identity around it.

But if we are very lucky, life presents us with a gift - a "wake-up call." Something takes place when for a moment we crack through the hardened surface, look past the layers of all the lies and shutdowns. We penetrate the layers of muck, and we catch a glimpse of the radiant brilliance shining from deep within.

Then, if we are very, very lucky, we spend the rest of our lives journeying homeward into this exquisite beauty and freedom. We discover that we have always been, and will always be, this pristine, flawless diamond -completely whole and free.

This is the story of the journey home, and the soul's incessant call for us to recognize the greatness inside our selves. It is your wake-up call, your invitation to finally come home to who you really are.

You are that which you are seeking.



1 THE JOURNEY™

I woke up that morning in the summer of 1992 and realized I finally had to face whatever it was that had made my tum grow so large over the last few months. I just couldn't stay in denial any longer. Some part of me knew there was something seriously wrong inside, and that I was finally going to have to face the doctors and get it checked out.

I didn't want to believe that anything could possibly be 'wrong' with me. It seemed I had been doing everything right! I'd been extremely health conscious, proactively conscientious for over twelve years. I ate vibrant, nourishing, vegetarian food, drank only pure filtered water and exercised everyday. I lived in a little cottage on the beach in Malibu, California, and breathed fresh sea air. More important, because of all the personal growth work I'd done over the years, I no longer needed to direct my thoughts along positive lines; that was already happening naturally. I was fulfilled in my marriage, loved my kids, and felt enlivened by and extremely grateful for my work -traveling the world giving seminars, inspiring others to create vibrant health. My life was everything I had ever longed for.

I'd spent a lifetime attending workshops and seminars, learning

everything I could about healing the body and the spirit. It seemed my entire life was about living the principles of health and well-being - I definitely 'walked my talk.' Yet here I was faced with a tummy so large that I looked pregnant, though I knew I wasn't. How could this be when I was doing everything right?

Embarrassed and ashamed, I couldn't admit my fears to even my closest friends. Here I was, an 'expert,' teaching others how to take charge of their health, yet I couldn't even zip up my loosest-fitting slacks.

For more than fifteen years I had been in the natural healing and complementary health field, and now, faced with a serious health issue, I felt lost at the prospect of going to a regular medical doctor. Though I knew I urgently needed a proper medical diagnosis, I had no idea of where to start or whom to call.

I scanned the shelves in the local bookshop and found a book written by a surgeon who specialized in women's health issues; one who was known for not taking out all your organs as the first option. I figured she might be an intelligent place to start, so I called the number at the back of the book and was thrilled to get an appointment in only six weeks' time.

During that time, however, it seemed as if my tummy just blew up in size, and, oddly, my period began long before it was due. The night before my appointment, I plucked up the courage to tell one of my best girlfriends, Catherine, what was going on, and asked her if she would accompany me on my visit.

When we arrived at the doctor's office, I felt sick at the thought of what might be diagnosed. As Catherine and I sat waiting to go in for my examination, I broke out in a cold sweat as fear washed through me in waves. After an hour and a half, the nurse finally came and called us in. The forty-five-minute examination was painstakingly thorough and seemed endless. The doctor said almost nothing as I waited to finally hear what I feared most.

When she finished she quietly turned to me and looked me

straight in the eyes. In a kind but unemotional voice she said, "Brandon, you are equivalent to five months pregnant with a tumor the size of a basketball."

It seemed as if everything started reeling inwardly as I tried desperately to somehow grasp what she had said. I made an awkward attempt at being lighthearted, saying, "Oh come on, Doc, aren't we exaggerating a bit here - a basketball - isn't that a bit over the top? A basketball is this big!" (indicating with my hands the size of a basketball), smiling incredulously and immediately feeling foolish.

Not warming to my attempted humor, she became firm, almost cutting, answering, "Would you rather I called it a beach ball? It's this big (indicating a beach ball). And it's crushing the rest of your organs. Haven't you noticed you've been out of breath lately?"

I nodded and mumbled feebly that I figured it was due to the bloating and weight gain. She said, "It's because this tumor, this 'pelvic mass,' has grown from your pubic area all the way up to your rib cage and is pressing against your diaphragm, making it difficult for you to breathe. You need to get into hospital today so it can be surgically removed."

I felt as if someone had knocked the air out of me. I stupidly made a few more feeble attempts at lightening things up before I found the nerve to ask if I could speak to her in her private office.

We sat down together, and I asked the doctor what exactly the diagnosis meant and what my options were. The more she talked, the more dire she made things sound. Immediate surgery was my "only option."

My heart started to pound as the pressure began to build inside. I felt like a trapped animal. I finally had to come out with it: "I can't let you do it, Doc - I'm in the mind-body healing field. I've got to be given the chance to walk my talk, to try to heal it my own way... How much time can you give me?"

She became even more intense and replied that this was not something to take lightly. "You don't understand, Brandon,"

she said. "It's not just the size of your tumor. My immediate concern is that I could lose you within a few days because of the amount of blood you're losing. This is not your period. You are bleeding internally."

I began scrambling, negotiating from any angle I could think of. Everything the doctor was saying I was considering intelligently and logically, and I didn't want to do anything to risk my life, but I felt a strong pull - somehow I just had to buy myself some more time. I had to have the chance to undergo my own healing process, to give it my best shot.

I asked, "What if I could stop the bleeding through medical hypnosis or homeopathics or something? Then how much time could you give me?" She shook her head in what appeared to be pure exasperation, and dropped into a kind but resolutely firm tone that seemed softly patronizing. She said, "Brandon, you seem like a very sincere person, and I even believe in alternative natural medicine when the diagnosis calls for it, but your pelvic mass is just too big to even consider it."

Indicating the shelves and shelves of books lining her walls as if they were conclusive evidence, she continued, "There is not one case history in all these books of a woman who has healed naturally from a pelvic mass the size of yours. So even though you may have the best intent in the world, I can't in good conscience let you out of here in the condition you're in. As a doctor I'm in the business of saving lives, and you need to check into the hospital this afternoon."

"What if you had to give me time; how much time could you give me?" I pleaded. The negotiation continued, until finally, after another thirty minutes, we reached an agreement that if I could somehow get the bleeding to stop within a couple of days, she would give me one month to do what I knew how to do -to take my best shot at healing. If the symptoms worsened, I would call her immediately, and if after one month the pelvic mass was not completely gone, I would come back and let the surgeons remove it surgically.

As I left her office, I looked back into her concerned eyes, and I saw that she really cared. Yet I could also see that she had no doubt that I would fail at healing myself. Quietly, with a knowing tone in her voice, she said, “I’ll see you in a month’s time,” certain that surgery was my destiny.

My heart still pounding, I stepped out into the Los Angeles sunshine and felt that I had been let out of prison. Though I’d never been very fond of L.A., that afternoon somehow it seemed the most beautiful place on earth. The trees seemed to scintillate with color, the air was intensely fragrant, and I felt incredibly lucky just to be alive. My senses were so aware -so keen, so sharp. Life felt so very, very precious.

At that moment something radical happened. It seemed as if time stopped altogether. In that moment, all fear subsided into a deep calm, and a quiet but certain knowing arose from within - a knowing that I had been given a huge wake-up call and that, in fact, this tumor was a gift, that it had something important to teach me, and that somehow I would be guided to heal myself.

It wasn’t even a question of if I would heal, but how.

Though I didn’t know what my healing journey would be, I realized that the same part of me that had been responsible for creating the tumor would also be responsible for un-creating it. And in this recognition I felt a child-like innocence and trust that somehow I would be guided to discover what this pelvic mass had to teach me.

And so my healing journey began.



Chapter 2

As I stood in the L.A. sunshine for that moment when time stood still I felt that the whole of my life had been lived to bring me to this very point. Snatches of memories of the various spiritual and mind-body healing teachings I'd experienced through years of study began to flow through my mind.

I felt a welling up of gratitude for all I'd learned, for all the teachers I'd learned from, and for all the case histories I'd studied of people who had been diagnosed with illnesses more serious than mine; people who had, with great courage, been successful in healing themselves. Not only had I read, studied, and learned of hundreds of these cases, but also over many years I had been privileged to therapeutically help others as they successfully underwent their healing. I realized that their experiences had been real-life examples for me, and their courage had kindled my own. I knew that if there was just one person who had been successful in healing at a physical-cellular level, then it meant that every human body was capable of cellular healing. So I knew without doubt it was possible; I just didn't know what my healing journey would be.

I turned around, realizing that I had been immersed in my

thoughts for some time, and that Catherine was still standing next to me. I gave her a look of incredulity, and said, “Well, at least I’ve got a month’s time. Let’s go get some juice. I’m feeling a little shaky - I need to pull myself together.”

From the restaurant I called my husband, Don, who was out of town, giving seminars as Head Trainer with Anthony Robbins. I tried not to let my voice sound overly concerned as I relayed the news

“Remember that appointment I had with the surgeon to check out why my stomach was getting so fat?”

“Oh, yeah, how did it go?”

“Well, I’ve been diagnosed with a tumor the size of a basketball, and I’ve been given one month to sort it out.”

There was a long silence over the phone. Then, “Shit, one month?”

Though an articulate Ph.D., he seemed utterly at a loss for words. Mumbling something unintelligible he handed the phone over to Tony, who was also my boss. I hadn’t expected that. I felt very exposed and on the spot, but tried to sound chirpy and confident as I gave Tony the news. Stumbling, I said, “Hey, Tone, I don’t know if you’d noticed my stomach has grown kind of fat in recent months.” (I thought I’d been successful in covering it up in long, flowing, romantic dresses.)

“Yeah, Brandon, as a matter of fact I had noticed... ”

Embarrassment washed through me. After a long, awkward pause, all my words came rushing at once - “Well... I’ve been diagnosed with a tumor the size of a basketball, and I’ve been given a month to sort it out... ”

Another long pause seemed to hang in the air, as I waited in anticipation for what I feared would be a humiliating response. But, unexpectedly, he replied in a breezy, encouraging tone, “Not a problem, Brandon, you’ll get it handled - I’ll see you at Mastery” (a seminar taking place in Hawaii in only one month’s time).

Tony passed the phone back to Don, and I gave him a con-

densed version of all the medical details, assuring him I'd get the blood loss problem handled immediately, and I got off the phone.

I stood by the phone box mildly stunned, mused over the conversation with Tony, and thought about his response. "Not a problem, Brandon, you'll get it handled."

I realized the absolute confidence he had in me, and also the certainty he felt about how quickly cellular healing can take place in the body. I thought, "He's right, it can and does happen that quickly, so I need to make sure I only tell people who have this knowledge and certainty. I can't afford to invite the negativity of well-meaning people who project their own doubts, fears, and ill-judged sympathy onto me. I've only got one month. It's precious time."

At that moment I made a silent promise to myself that I would tell only those people whom I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt would wholeheartedly support me in a positive way - who were certain that I could and would heal.

I ended up telling only eight people.

After lunch, I went to a homeopathic pharmacy and spoke to the pharmacist. He suggested a few herbal and homeopathic remedies, including one to help stop the bleeding, and cautioned me to stop all caffeine, as statistics show that caffeine can increase tumor size.

I then went home and did a simple neuro-linguistic mind-body healing process on myself to stop the bleeding. A day and a half later I was surprised and relieved to discover that, except for occasional spotting, the bleeding had stopped.

I then called the doctor. Upon hearing the news, she sounded skeptical but somewhat open, making sure she cautioned me before ending the conversation with " ...if any of your symptoms worsen at all, call me immediately."

It wasn't until after I put down the phone that I realized I'd actually succeeded in buying myself an entire month. I relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief. Then it began to dawn on me that now my real work would begin.

Chapter 3

In one way I felt an openness and an almost childlike curiosity as to what my journey might bring. And yet I was all too aware that I had been given an urgent wake-up call, and that one month was a very short time. I could not afford to squander even one precious moment of it. Though I didn't know where to begin, I felt a constant, insistent inner knowing that somehow I would be guided. So, all I could do was TRUST.

I made a promise to myself that I would surrender completely into whatever I was guided to do, and TRUST in wherever that would lead me. I would give it my best shot, no matter what the results. I had no doubt that part of my journey would involve uncovering and discovering what the tumor had to teach me. I knew I would need to find out what past unresolved emotional memories and patterns were residing in the cells, learn whatever lessons were there, and finally resolve and release them.

I had the belief, after years of work in the mind-body healing field, that everything happens for a reason and a purpose. Once you learn what the disease or physical block has to teach you and you finally let go of the emotional issues stored in the cells, then, and only then, can real healing begin on all levels -

emotional, spiritual, and physical. Only then does the body go about the process of healing itself naturally. I knew my journey would have to include letting go of whatever emotional issues were stored inside the tumor. I just didn't know as yet what those issues were.

I also knew I needed to support my body physically in a very practical way if it was to start dumping a huge amount of degenerative and toxic cells! So, the first thing I decided to do was to support my body with a vibrant and clean diet, using well-known natural hygiene therapies I had learned over the years.

I already ate very healthy foods, but now I decided to eat in an optimal way, to create the highest levels of energy. I boosted my vegetarian diet from 65 to 70 percent fresh and raw fruits and vegetables to 100 percent completely live food, including lots of freshly squeezed juices. I added food enzymes and increased my mineral intake significantly, and took herbs that I knew would help with the cleansing process. Additionally, I decided to keep my lymphatic system flowing with massage, and my colon cleansed with colonic irrigation, so that when the emotional letting-go was complete, my body would be in top condition to do the physical letting-go. But these were just practical physical supports that were easy to do. I knew my real work lay in discovering what was emotionally stored inside that tumor.

Don was in Canada, unable to leave the seminars he was giving. So I decided that day that, given the importance of what was taking place, I should be by his side and that we should take some time out to have a short vacation together, slow things down a bit. Then perhaps the inner guidance might reveal the next step. So I booked a flight to join him in Quebec.

I instinctively knew that my healing journey lay in becoming still, being open, and TRUSTING, TRUSTING, TRUSTING, allowing the next steps to be revealed to me. I somehow understood intuitively that I, the personality of Brandon, was not in charge, but the infinite intelligence inside would be tak-

ing the driver's seat. I knew that the part of me responsible for making my hair grow and my heart beat would be doing the work - and that it would take great courage to surrender and relax into the stillness in side, so that the inner guidance could reveal the next step.

So, a little holiday seemed like the best next step.



Chapter 4

As I sat on the plane to Quebec, I realized I wouldn't be enjoying all the glorious French food there - I'd be dining on crunchy salads and carrot juices and fresh fruit and colloidal minerals. A part of me grew restless and stubborn at the thought; yet I reminded myself I had only a month, and it was the least I could do to support myself.

As Don and I leisurely strolled the quiet, picturesque streets of Quebec, I felt a heightened awareness - my senses seemed so alive and acute. The trees appeared somehow more vibrant, and the smells from the street cafés so varied and full. The cobblestones were rounded from years of people and carriages and cars, and the clouds seemed to stand out vividly against the crisp blue sky. I felt so blessed just to be able to look and smell and feel - even the biting wind seemed somehow rare. It was almost as if my soul itself was tasting life as it really is.

A hush fell over me. Once again time seemed to stop. I found myself resting in a sharp stillness that was somehow both utterly unmoving and scintillatingly alive. The awareness that I was being guided arose strongly from within. Outwardly I must have appeared pensive and quiet, but inwardly I was near tears with gratitude for this knowing revealing itself so

powerfully.

I looked back at Don; I didn't know how long I had been standing there, but I noticed he seemed unusually quiet. When I probed deeper, Don admitted that he was scared.

"It just seems so big... " Long pause...

Quietly I answered, "It is big."

I didn't know what else to say. He'd stated the obvious, but the obvious seemed incomprehensible.

Another long pause...

I said, "I sometimes get scared, too. Then I have to remind myself to be open and trust. No use fighting it. I wish I could somehow explain to you this quiet certainty that keeps coming up from inside, but somehow no matter how worried my mind and personality seem to get at times, something deeper - from within - seems to know different. And this knowing is what's carrying me through this extraordinary journey. So, let's just enjoy our time here, it's such a romantic city." We slipped into a café, and I encouraged him to enjoy the lovely French cuisine, even though I was only eating salad. Reluctantly, he agreed.

Day by day the peace deepened, and after three or four days in Quebec I knew it was time to move on. To what, I didn't know, but something inside seemed to be urging me onward.



Chapter 5

From Quebec I decided to give our friends Mark and Elaine Thomas a ring, and arrange to meet them. They were living in a spiritually based community in upstate New York, and I figured I could visit them, have some good bodywork done, and get their advice on what to do next. It was with Mark and Elaine that I had undergone much of my complementary healing training, and they had seen both Don and I through times of great spiritual and emotional transformation in our lives. And even though it was now years later and we'd moved on to different aspects of mind-body healing, somehow they seemed to be the right people to be around. I knew that at least they'd be supportive.

When we arrived, Elaine offered us all a cup of herbal tea, and said in her forthright and intuitive style, "So what's up? Something's going on!"

"Well, I've been diagnosed with... " - I laid the whole story out, including the physical things I was doing, and finished by saying, "So I'm letting myself be guided."

Shrugging, she said, "Brandon, I don't even see this as an issue. You're going to get this handled... no problem... it'll be a breeze... I just know it... Really, I mean it, Brandon." And I

knew she did.

She was hearing the news for the first time and using the exact words Tony did - "No problem, you'll get it handled." It was beginning to feel like the people around me were a mirror of that same inner knowing that was arising in me! The outer confirmation of what I inwardly felt true was very reassuring.

I did manage to get some good massage bodywork while I was there, and also found an herbalist who suggested several herbs to aid in the cleansing process. As I prepared to leave, the massage therapist handed me a small slip of paper with a phone number. "I did some research for you and found a good cranial-visceral massage therapist in Santa Monica. That's not far from Malibu, is it?" "No, just down the road," I replied. "Thanks, that was very kind of you."

"Not to worry, Brandon - I really see this thing leaving you easily. You'll get it handled."

There it was again - third time! This time my hair stood on end. It really was beginning to feel as if the universe was trying to tell me something. If I ever believed in such a thing as a sign, then I was getting signs from all over the place, and they were all pointing to the same thing - YOU'LL GET IT HANDLED!

Holding the slip of paper, I thought, "Hmm, maybe this guy is one of the bread crumbs, the signposts along my path. I'll give him a ring as soon as I get back to Malibu."



Chapter 6

On my way home from the airport, holding the slip of paper in my hand, I felt an eager anticipation building. I could barely wait to see where this new signpost would take me next.

With a spring in my step I bounded through my front door in Malibu, reached for the phone, dialled the number on the slip of paper, and got the massage therapist's secretary. She apologized profusely, but he didn't have a single opening for one month. Did I want to schedule for then?

A month? I didn't have a month! I had less than three weeks left.

I felt as if someone had stuck a pin in my balloon. How could it be that he couldn't see me? I was just so sure he was part of my journey - one of my signposts. So far everything had flowed so perfectly, so gracefully - as if I was somehow in 'the zone' that so many athletes speak of. This couldn't be right. I asked her if she was absolutely certain.

"Yes, I'm sorry - he's completely booked."

Deflated, I put the phone down, still somehow unconvinced. Two minutes later I redialled - "Could I at least speak to him?"

"He's with a client."

"Well, could you pass on my message?"

“I’ll let him know you called.”

That night at 10:45 I received a phone call beginning with a flurry of apologies for calling so late. “My name is Benjamin - I’m the cranial-visceral massage therapist you phoned.”

We talked until 11:00 p.m., and he said, “Listen, if you don’t mind coming at 7:00 a.m. I’ll fit you in for as many sessions as I can between now and your time to go back for tests. Can you make it that early?”

“I can’t afford not to. I’ll be there at 6:45.”

Though early mornings have never been my best times, I was thrilled to be actively working toward physically healing myself, and glad that things once more seemed back “in the flow” and on track.

At the end of the first session, Benjamin turned to me as I reached for my coat, and said, “You know, I don’t get the feeling that this is really going to be a problem for you; I almost get the feeling it’s already healing itself. I know it sounds crazy, because your examination is less than three weeks away, but I get the feeling you are going to get this thing handled!”

I practically repeated it out loud with him! What was this, a mantra? I shook my head, smiled, and waved goodbye - “See you tomorrow.”

Benjamin had given me the name of a very good colonic irrigation therapist. I got an immediate appointment. During our colonic session she felt around my belly and said, “You know, I get the feeling this is going to move out very quickly, but there’s some old emotional stuff stored in there that you need to let go of.”

“I know,” I mumbled quietly. I was already all too aware that although I was actively taking care of my physical body in preparation for the healing, I still had not yet addressed the emotional side -I had not got to the core of what created the tumor in the first place. I checked inside to see if I was avoiding facing the issue, and I honestly didn’t feel I was. I was just staying open and trusting I would be guided, and I hadn’t yet felt

“called” or pulled to dive into the emotional cause of the tumor.

It took a lot of courage, and more patience than I was normally accustomed to keep trusting, and I was fully aware that time was marching on! That night I got a phone call from my dear spiritual friend, Kabir, in San Francisco. He is an oncologist, a doctor who specializes in cancer, and I listened as he gave an hour’s earful of technical medical detail, most of which I didn’t fully understand. I kept feeling, “There’s got to be a reason I’m listening to all this.”

Finally, toward the end of the conversation, he got out of doctor mode and back into friendship mode, and I was able to get a word in edgewise. I let him know that it was not my intention to go the orthodox medical route. I intended to try healing on my own before giving the surgeons a chance to cut me open, and I really wanted to get at the emotional issues that I knew were at the core of it all, and get the learning that this pelvic mass had to give me.

“Brandon, I just got an idea! You should come visit me for a couple of days; I’ve got this great bodyworker who helps people let go of the emotional issues stored inside while working on your body - it’s fabulous work. I go there myself about once a week. She’s magic!”

“I’ll see if I can get good flights. If not, then we’ll assume it’s not meant to be”, I replied.

As grace would have it, I got one of those super-duper special discount deals on two tickets to San Francisco only forty-eight hours later. It was only two and a half weeks before I had to reappear at the doctor’s office and here I was once again - TRUSTING, TRUSTING, TRUSTING!

I was delighted to find Kabir had already organized a couple of appointments for me, and when I stepped off the plane that I felt that something important was going to happen in San Francisco.

I booked Don and myself into a great little bed and breakfast inn just down the street from the therapist. Figuring I

had only a few short days there, I thought I might like to rest between sessions, keep quiet and meditate to let myself heal.

Some part of me instinctively knew that the time had come to face the music - to turn inward and keep to myself. I didn't know how important that decision would turn out to be.



Chapter 7

As I went up the steps to meet Surja, the massage therapist, something inside began to feel wobbly and a little scared.

A lady with a kind face answered. With very reassuring tones, she took me to her treatment room, which was warm, clean and nurturing in a simple, homey way. I asked her what the teddy bears on the chair were for. “Oh, for kids when they come here. It makes them feel secure. Some adults like them too.” I smiled, and got the feeling that they were really there for the adults.

She was burning some fragrant incense, and had pictures of a couple of spiritual masters she had studied with. Though massage was her specialty, I could see she had a great love of spirit, and probably the same thirst for learning that I do.

We got to chatting before we started, and I told her the whole story from beginning to end - that it was my firm belief that emotional memories are stored in the cells of the body and get passed on from one cell generation to the next, and that real healing begins when you let go of these cellular memories. I prayed with all my heart to finally face whatever was stored inside that tumor. I hoped she could help.

I admitted to her that, being in the mind-body field myself,

I'd probably tried and done everything over the past twenty years. I felt I'd experienced every natural healing technique available, and figured I'd already handled all my emotional issues. So, when my belly kept growing and growing, it never occurred to me that there could actually be anything seriously wrong. I had to admit that perhaps I'd grown arrogant - thinking it couldn't happen to me.

I told her something that I hadn't shared with any one else - how humbling it had been, and how ashamed I'd felt not only to find out how large the tumor had grown, but also to realize how long I'd stayed in denial. I just hadn't wanted to believe that anything could be wrong with me, as I was supposedly doing everything right.

She stopped me to say, "You know, it sounds like you were doing everything right - it just seems to me like this must be some old stuff you need to get rid of."

"But I feel like I've done every healing process on the planet!"

"Well, clearly your body doesn't think so! The fact that your emotional stuff has manifested at the physical level must mean that you're finally ready to face it and let it go."

I knew she was right, and nodded in quiet agreement.

Before we started the session I made a silent prayer that I would have the courage to face whatever was stored inside the tumor. I then opened and surrendered inwardly, and allowed myself to expand into the stillness that had been my constant companion throughout my journey. I knew instinctively that it was definitely from the stillness that all the answers would come - not from my personality, and certainly not from my chattering mind. If my thinking mind was to have come up with the answers, it surely would have done so by now. As it hadn't, my only route was trust: trust in a deeper wisdom, the wisdom responsible for making my heart beat, my eyes shine, my hair grow; trust in the infinite intelligence responsible for making my cells replicate; trust in the part of me that is awake when I'm asleep at night. I knew I would have to trust and

surrender into my very essence -into the real me- into what felt like 'home' to me.

As Surja began massaging me, I closed my eyes, felt my self relaxing ever more deeply into peace, and once again I had the experience of time standing still - my senses fully alive, and yet my mind completely at rest, with a presence of peace that seemed vast, without boundaries. I felt connected with everything.

While massaging, she suggested, "Why don't you, in your mind's eye, take some steps right down into your tumor and see what it looks like down there?" Her suggestion seemed so obvious, but somehow it felt right. So I decided to do just that.

When I got inside my uterus I didn't like what I saw. It was pretty scary-looking, and more than once I thought, "I'm getting out of here. I don't want to see all this." But my inner wisdom kept reminding me that I was here for a reason, and so once again I prayed for the courage to face whatever it was I needed to face. I was certain I was going to find something I just couldn't bear to see.

As I was 'walking about' inside the tumor, I came to an area that seemed particularly dark. As I approached the area, I could sense an intense feeling of fear emanating from the walls. Spontaneously, an old memory of an intense childhood trauma flashed before me. Instantly, my doubting, thinking mind checked in and said, "It can't be that - I know all about that memory - I've already dealt with that issue and put it to bed! It wasn't that big a deal - it can't be the cause of what's going on in here... blah... blah... blah... "

As Surja continued to massage, I shyly relayed the judgments my thinking mind was making. She said reassuringly, "Well, your body wisdom is probably coming up with that particular memory for a reason. For now, why don't you just go with what's coming up for you, even if your thinking mind is doubting it? What have you got to lose?"

And so I continued watching the memory. In my mind, I

found myself going through the scene as if in living color, and in slow motion. Unexpected emotions that I had buried and long since forgotten seemed to be arising, and the true expression of how I felt at the time seemed to be surfacing. I hadn't realized how intensely I had felt at the time. I'd been too successful, even then, at masking my true emotions by putting on a brave face.

Tears quietly streamed down my cheeks.

I felt very private, and I didn't want to say much to Surja about it. And yet, there was a great relief in finally just being real with myself - taking the mask off and letting my self experience the incredible vulnerability and helplessness that I felt as a young child in that memory. I was finally letting myself feel the natural emotions that I hadn't let my self experience at the time of the trauma. Somehow, even as a small child I'd learned that I wasn't allowed to show my true feelings. And, more important, I hadn't been able to admit them to myself.

So, in a very simple, pure way I was finally allowing my self to experience what had been there all along. I had never really forgotten this old memory, and the 'discovery' of it was no real revelation. What came as a surprise was the intensity of my true feelings - I'd been so successful in putting a lid on them that I managed to convince myself that the whole episode wasn't that important!

I shared a little of what I was going through with Surja, and gently she asked me, "Do you feel complete?" I checked inside with the inner wisdom. "No."

"Well, why don't you imagine a little campfire, and put all the people in your memory there with you; and why don't you have a fireside chat and find out why the other people were behaving as they did, and let them know your true feelings - let the younger you talk to them as if they were here right now."

Once again, what she said seemed like a good idea, so I thought I'd give it a go - I had nothing to lose. Meanwhile, I was still getting a lovely relaxing massage. Surja seemed to

instinctively know in which area I was carrying tension, and she would ease it as I carried on with my internal processing.

Inside my mind's eye, I pictured myself at a crackling campfire. Both my parents were there - they looked so much younger, and dressed 1950s style - and the four-year-old me who'd gone through the emotional memory was standing there in her little dress, looking very unprotected and unsure of herself. The present me was also there, so I decided to go over to the younger me and invite her to sit in my lap, so that she could feel safe and comforted.

I was very surprised at what was said at the campfire. I hadn't realized how intensely the younger me had felt about this old memory. It seemed the little me had a lot of unexpressed pain to share.

She finally said what she had been unable to say for years. It seemed as if years of pain poured out of her. When she seemed empty of words, I turned to my parents and asked why they had behaved as they did. I was equally surprised to hear what was going on for them at the time, and tears of compassion sprang to my eyes as I finally understood the source of their pain, and how frustrated and helpless they felt. My sister had drowned at the age of four, and unfortunately their inexpressible pain would sometimes spill out and get directed at me and my siblings.

The fireside chat continued until we'd all finally emptied ourselves out, having shared from our deepest hearts. And my little childhood self, for the very first time, truly understood why and how everything had taken place. I was left in peace - peace, simplicity, and true understanding.

I related a very condensed version of what had taken place to Surja, and she asked me once again if I finally felt complete with this old issue. I checked inside. "No, there's something still niggling me, but I don't know what it is - it's just a feeling that something else still needs to take place."

I felt at a loss. I knew there was no sense in turning to

my thinking mind. It would only give me some obvious logical-seeming answer that had already been unsuccessful in helping me to heal, or it would judge me and tell me how stupid this all was.

So, once again I felt myself opening and trusting and surrendering into the silence - I knew the answers would come from there. As the silence became very vast, very pervasive, my thinking mind was arrested and, once again, I felt awed by the beauty of the peace that seemed to be emanating from my soul. My thoughts came to rest, as silence seemed to fill the room.

From the depths of the silence, I heard the words (or rather somehow experienced them) - "You need to forgive your parents."

It hit me like a stone. I knew it was the truth. It was so obvious, but it had never occurred to me before. So, in my mind's eye, I reconstructed the campfire and put my parents by the fire. Then, inwardly, the younger me forgave both of them - in the innocent way that children forgive. I felt as if my heart was breaking as the words of forgiveness came from my lips. The forgiveness was absolutely authentic, and came from the very depths of my soul.

Tears streamed down my cheeks. Peace washed through my body, the peace of completion. A simple knowing arose from within, a knowing that THE STORY WAS OVER!

As I lay there on the massage table, I began to feel a subtle but palpable energy coursing through my arms and legs, then throughout my whole body. Somewhere deep within I knew the tumor's healing had begun.

After a short while, Surja gently let me know that it was time for the session to end. Two hours had gone by. It had seemed so much quicker than that! Gently, I sat up, feeling a little light-headed, and she handed me a glass of water.

She suggested that I might like to go back to the B&B, maybe have some soup, take a rest, and just allow things to continue to process inside. I nodded silently - I didn't feel

much like talking - and quietly prepared to get down off the massage table.

Inwardly, my thinking, doubting mind had slowly crept back, and was now in full force saying, "That wasn't such a big a deal - you found an old memory- so what?... You've done this kind of thing before... Been there, done that, got the T-shirt... All this was just in your mind, in your imagination..." and on, and on.

I slipped off the table, my mind chattering away, and reached for my clothes. As I put my arm out to grab my slacks, I felt wildly off balance, woozy and wobbly all over. I had to grab for a chair to sit down.

In that instant my mind stopped all criticism, and quietly turned all of its focus to what was going on in my body. I thought, "Shit! Something is happening here, something big!" and I reached down to touch my taut-as-a-drum belly to find it had actually gone just a tiny bit soft! I thought, "I must be dreaming - things can't happen this quickly." My mind began to race - it couldn't comprehend what was taking place. I felt sick all over. All I wanted to do was lie down.

Don was already out in the living room, waiting for me, and I didn't want him to see how sick I was feeling. I felt extremely disoriented - I could feel that things inside were shifting rapidly, but if I had to explain what I meant by that, I knew I couldn't.

Gently, I made my way into the car. When I got to my room at the bed-and-breakfast, I was unbelievably grateful to slip into the clean white sheets and just snuggle down and rest, while whatever it was that was taking place, took place.

I continued 'processing' through the day, and during the night I slept fitfully. I woke up the next morning feeling weak and vulnerable, uncomprehending. Everything was happening so quickly. It felt as if the molecules in my body were buzzing and shifting, and when I touched what had been my hard, pregnant-feeling tummy, it felt like jelly.

For three days I was weak and disoriented. I felt some how raw and exposed, as my body seemed to go about the process of doing what it knew how to do. I was absolutely certain of one thing: 'I' wasn't in charge. My body wisdom had powerfully taken over and was transforming my cells naturally and perfectly, of its own accord, without me having to think about a thing.

Strangely, my mind finally shut up - it had no more judging comments to make. The fact that things were working perfectly well without its interference was so powerfully evident, it had nothing more to say about it. I rested in a peace that was all enveloping. I felt childlike, innocent, completely content not to understand any part of what was taking place internally. I rested easily in the sweet, all-embracing acceptance that was present. The intelligence of the body wisdom was working its own miracle inside, and all I could do was rest in gratitude and surrender.

As I relaxed in quiet contemplation, it occurred to me that all along I had thought this tumor was clinging to me, when in fact I had been clinging to it - protecting myself from the memory and painful feelings stored there. And when I finally discovered the emotional patterns and memory connected to it, and finished the story, that's when the need for the tumor finally finished. Once the issues were completed, healed and forgiven, the tumor was able to leave. It had fulfilled its purpose and given me its teaching.

It seemed as if I had literally put the painful memory into a package, and put a lid on it. Then the cells had grown and grown to keep the old memory encapsulated, protecting me from having to face it over the years.



Chapter 8

It was now only ten days until I was due back at the doctor's office. Daily, my stomach was growing flatter, although as I got close to the due date I could see it was not yet completely flat.

By this time I was already back in Malibu, and I decided to see if I could accelerate my healing. I asked a few of my closest friends to help me go through the memory processing two more times, although this time, instead of massaging my body, they held acupressure points relating to my internal organs.

Once again, I surrendered deeply into the silence, and spontaneously the inner knowing brought up a few more memories - different ones from the first, but all centered on the same theme. I found I was forgiving myself, as well as the other people involved, but I could see I was just learning different aspects of the same lesson.

It was as if there was one core issue and I had spent a life time repeating the same pattern, making the same painful mistakes, but with different people. It was as if I had a string of memories that was like a pearl necklace - even though each memory or each pearl had a slightly different shape, size and hue, they were all essentially the same. And it felt to me that on that day with Surja, we had broken the string, and now all

the pearls were just sliding off - all the memories were just finishing themselves and leaving. When we were done with each process I felt profound shifts and movement that continued for several hours.

Two days before my doctor's appointment, I kept feeling my tummy. It had gone down in size dramatically, but it still didn't feel completely flat. So, when I sat in the doctor's office, waiting for my examination, my heart began to pound. I felt a mixture of excitement, anticipation, and fear washing through me; my knees felt weak and my hands sticky. Once again I sat there fearing the worst, waiting for the doctor to lower the boom.

Once again, we went through a thorough examination, only this time the doctor talked to me as it was progressing. She mentioned that she had sent the previous test samples in to discover whether the mass was malignant or benign, but they had been contaminated with all the blood, so she was going to have to redo the tests. I kept thinking, "I don't want to hear about the previous tests. Just tell me what's going on now."

As she was speaking, I suddenly remembered that a year earlier I had Pap smear results that had come up as precancerous. On a scale of one to five, with five being cancerous, I was a three. At the time I didn't really give it any thought, as my alternative healthcare practitioner had dismissed the result, saying that many things could contribute to a precancerous smear result - even a vaginal infection. So, I had just let it go. I realized now that I ought to have investigated it further.

Finally, the doctor said, "Well, there's been a big improvement. The pelvic mass seems to have gone down significantly - from the size of a basketball to the size of a six-inch cantaloupe melon."

The words fell on my ears with a dull thud.

"A six-inch cantaloupe - are you sure it's still that big?" I said. Disappointment filled me.

"That's a dramatic change, Brandon - it's gone all the way

down from pushing against your diaphragm, three inches above your waistline, to right here, two inches below your waistline. I can cup my hand right around the top of it. Here, touch it with your own hand - can you feel it?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to fight back tears.

"Think of a basketball." (She showed me with her hands.) "Now think of a six-inch cantaloupe melon. (She showed me again.) That's a significant change." Long pause. "But it's not significant enough, Brandon. You still need to have it surgically removed."

I turned my face away so she couldn't see me as I wiped my eyes, and quietly asked if we could talk about it in her consultation room. I thought it had gone down a lot more than that. As I sat with her, her words seemed to come through a haze. She clearly could see I was upset and was trying to assuage me while remaining firm in outlining the direction I should take.

"It's a huge improvement, Brandon. There's nothing to be disappointed about. Clearly you've been doing something to heal yourself. But I feel I must let you know tumors are known to be volatile, and it is possible for them to vacillate radically in size -that's why your tummy blew up in size in the six weeks before your first visit. There's nothing to say it won't blow up in size again. You need to get real about this, Brandon. You need to get the tests done to determine its nature, and once they are complete, have it surgically removed. That's my strong advice to you. This is not some thing to take lightly - a cantaloupe-sized mass means it's already quite advanced."

Everything she said made sense from a logical point of view. But everything inside me was still saying NO! I sat there quietly as she spoke, not offering any outward resistance - just trying to take on board her words, and truly weigh their validity. There was no doubt she made sense. But that inner knowing of "you'll get it handled" was still strongly in the background.

At one point, in a mildly disinterested voice, she asked what I had done over the last month for such a dramatic change to

take place. I piped up, hoping that she might actually want to hear about the intense emotional healing journey I'd undergone. Innocently, with great enthusiasm I began to launch into my story. She stopped me short.

"No, no! I just want the facts. What have you been doing physically? What foods have you been eating? What herbs, if any, have you been taking? Has your diet changed significantly? What about your physical activity? I just want the facts for my file."

So I began listing out all the herbs, enzymes, colloidal minerals, colonics and massages, and ended by saying that I was on 100 percent fresh and raw fruits and vegetables, combined with fresh squeezed juices.

She noted it all down, closed the file, and said dryly, "Well, you may have to remain a raw foodist for the rest of your life, if you think that's what created the change" - with a wry, sardonic smile that looked unbecoming on her otherwise pretty face.

Inwardly, a door slammed. I stopped feeling like a help less wimp and got it: this was not a doctor who wanted the whole picture, the real facts, which included the emotional side of things. She wanted her idea of what the facts were! I realized there was no further basis for discussion, and something inside said "ENOUGH!".

Simply, and somewhat curtly, I thanked her for her time, and said that my belief was not that the tumor would blow up and down and up again, but that I was on a healing journey. I was determined to honor my body, and would give it whatever time it needed to complete the healing process.

She looked dumbfounded. She became very unattractive as she attempted to persuade me that I was in dreamland, and reiterated that my only option was surgery. I looked at her as I left, and felt a strange combination of compassion and disgust - is healing only about the food we eat, and the medicine we take? I realized that that was simply her model of the world,

and that it wasn't her fault - her training was necessarily narrow. Doctors are trained to work on bodies - in the same way that mechanics are trained to work on cars. They go into the healing field ostensibly to help people heal, but somewhere along the way they forget that people aren't just their bodies. We have bodies, minds, and emotions, but most importantly what we are is soul - something that can't be touched, tested, or surgically removed.

As I drove home, I was very glad for the wake-up call her lack of understanding had given me. Her arguments had been very seductive, and I had begun to fall into a doctor's idea of how to heal someone - you fix them by taking out the parts. It took her total lack of interest in the rest of my healing journey to make me realize once again that I must follow my own truth no matter how foolish it appeared from the outside. It was a hard choice, because unlike at tacking the tumor from a purely physical level, you couldn't see, touch, or test the emotional shifts that had taken place inside me; and yet, for me, they were every bit as real as the physical shifts that seemed to follow from them as a direct result.

At that moment I felt very alone. Logically, I knew it wasn't true, as I had devoted, supportive friends and family, yet somehow I still felt lonely. I realized that there is a way in which everyone must follow their own, unique healing path, and it is an experience that no one else can have for you. Spiritual transformation is an inner journey - it's the soul's personal path of learning and letting go, and it's something that must be experienced on your own.



Chapter 9

When I stepped through the door, there was a message on the answering machine from Don, who was in Hawaii preparing for a Tony Robbins two-week seminar called Mastery. He had remembered my appointment with the doctor and was wondering how it had all gone - he sounded enthusiastic and supportive. I really felt I needed to share what was going on, but felt inwardly ashamed - that somehow I'd failed - it hadn't completely healed.

At the thought of Don and my friends in Hawaii, I felt even more alone. Some of my closest friends were there. I didn't want anyone to know - I knew they were rooting for me and would be very disappointed. But I knew I needed to give it more time.

Then I remembered my first conversation with Tony - "No problem - you'll get it handled, I'll see you at Mastery." I hadn't made it to Mastery. My failure was so clearly obvious.

Tony's wife, Becky, had sweetly called me three days earlier, warmly imploring me to come along to Mastery - "You don't have to work - you could just come and hang out - be there in support of Don." I'd been touched by her reaching out to me, but quietly answered, "Beck, it means so much to me

that you would call, but this is one time I need to give myself completely into my own healing journey. I've been there for so many people over the past thirteen years. Right now is just not the time for me to give to others, even if I'm just in the background. I've promised myself that for once I'd just support me, and I'd give it my best shot." These were hard words for me to say, as my whole heart and soul wanted to be there to help, yet I knew I had to keep my promise to myself.

I knew Don wouldn't be available to talk to until late that night, so I decided to give my close friend Skip a call, to confess my 'failure' to somebody and at least get it off my chest. He'd been one of the eight people I'd shared my healing journey with, and had been there with me from the beginning. He'd held my acupressure points for both sessions as I'd continued my processing, and had really seen me through an intense and powerful transformation. He'd been irrepressibly supportive all along, and I figured he might help me lighten up, at the very least.

Skip answered the phone with his normal enthusiasm. "Hey, Brandon! How'd it go?"

"Well, not as well as I'd hoped. It only went from the size of a basketball to the size of a six-inch cantaloupe." I related the whole doctor's visit.

"Hey! Hey! Stop right there, Brandon. Did you say it went from a basketball to a cantaloupe? That's incredible... you're amazing! What are you worried about? It's on its way down. Don't listen to what that doctor told you - just look at the results. You know it's not going to blow up and blow down - YOU KNOW what created that shift - I was there with you when most of it happened."

Then, chastisingly, as if speaking with humor to a child, he said, "You know better than this. This isn't the Brandon I know! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE. IT'S ON ITS WAY OUT, BRANDON! It's just a matter of time - give it a week or two. At the rate it's moving, your stomach will be flat in no time! What are you thinking?"

His unbridled enthusiasm, coupled with his absolute certainty that I would heal, and his incredulity at my state were contagious, and made me laugh at myself. Sheepishly, I had to admit he was probably right.

“Well, Skipper, it’s just hard to stay strong when a doctor’s in your face basically telling you you’re full of shit.”

“She’s full of shit!” he said with a warm, “I don’t really mean it” kind of laugh. “She doesn’t know the intensity of what you’ve gone through, or the surrender and trust it’s taken for you to really look at those old outmoded dinosaur issues that were lurking inside that tumor. She doesn’t know how free you’ve become. You’re radiant, Brandon. Look at your self in the mirror. Give me a break!”

His enthusiasm won me over, hands down.

“Dump that doctor, Brandon. She doesn’t know who you are. She doesn’t know what you are capable of. Listen, my wife is going to an incredible doctor here at Cedars Sinai hospital. Why don’t you give them a call and see if you can get an appointment, say in two weeks? Your tumor has to be gone by then. You know Cedars - it’s one of the best in the country. They’ve got this incredible high-tech equipment, and they are really caring. Want me to give them a ring? They are state-of-the-art, Brandon. You should get it checked out by the best. You should put your mind at rest.”

Hesitatingly, I said yes - wondering if the tumor would actually be gone by then.

“I’ll call you right back. I’ll see what I can do.”

Five minutes later he called back, all excited - “Hey, I got you an appointment not this Wednesday, but next. You’re gonna love their office, everyone’s really nice. You might have to wait a couple of hours because they seem to get really booked, but I promise you it’ll be worth it.”

Over the next week and a half I was delighted to see Skip’s words about the tumor going down in size coming true. My stomach grew flatter and flatter as the week went on. When I

went to my massage therapist, he kept insisting, “Brandon - I just get the feeling there’s nothing there. I can’t feel it with my hands anymore, no matter how deeply I dig in.”

My colon therapist echoed his sentiments, saying that she intuitively sensed I’d let go of years of emotional baggage. And throughout the time, I continued taking the herbs, eating only fresh and raw fruits and vegetables, drinking loads of freshly squeezed juices, taking the minerals, and supporting my thinner and more vibrant-growing body the best I knew how.



Chapter 10

The following Wednesday, when I showed up for my appointment, I felt quietly excited, a little scared, and innocently hopeful. Skip was right - I had to wait over two hours as the waiting room seemed in constant flux with expectant mothers and mothers with babies. I tried to interest my racing mind with the various magazines around, but found I was too restless with anticipation.

Finally, a nurse came and called my name, and I was ushered past several open doors through which I could see all kinds of complex-looking equipment. The nurse asked me to change, as she proudly explained the various pieces of equipment in the room I was waiting in. "It's the latest technology - with it the doctor can quite accurately see inside your organs. If you want she'll turn the monitor screen toward you so you can watch what she is doing. You'll find the doctor very helpful - she'll explain everything to you as she takes the pictures. If you want, we've got the latest thing - pregnant mothers just love it - it's a machine which can develop the pictures within moments of the times they are taken. It's like a Polaroid - pregnant mothers like to take them home to show off the baby in utero. If you want, just ask the doctor - she'll give you yours."

I thought how technical it all seemed, but I warmed to the nurse's obvious friendliness, and when she left my heart began to pound as I sat there in the cold equipment-filled room, waiting for the doctor to arrive.

Five minutes later she breezily walked through the door, not wearing the standard doctor's coat. Immediately I liked her. We chatted together about what a nice couple Skip and Jill were, and finally got around to the purpose of my visit.

I had already made the decision that I would not tell my whole story to this doctor. I wanted a fresh unbiased opinion based on technical results, not on the diagnosis of my previous doctor. So I got around it by saying, "I'm thirty-nine years old, and my gynaecologist thought it would be a good idea to get a complete ultrasound examination - she was concerned I might have a small growth, and as I'm the age for such things to occur..."

She interrupted me to ask, "In the uterus, the ovaries - where?". "She didn't actually say," trying to remain vague and non-committal.

"Well, why don't we do a comprehensive exam? We'll get the whole picture that way. There is a new piece of equipment that we recently acquired that makes it so much more accurate and easy to see. It may not be as comfortable, because it means I'm going to have to put a probe up inside you, but I promise I'll be gentle. This way we'll go at it from all angles."

I answered I was eager to be as clear and thorough as possible, and would willingly cooperate with whatever she thought was necessary. The examination went much as the nurse had said it would. The doctor was very chatty, and clearly did her utmost to put me at ease.

Sweetly, she turned the monitor for me to watch as she probed about examining the organs. After the first five minutes she said in a delighted tone, "Well, first off I'm not finding anything. We need to be more thorough, and take a look at your ovaries as well as above your uterus, but it's a good start."

She explained that in order to get a more accurate picture, she would need to use the new machine they'd acquired, and tried to make me laugh through the uncomfortable parts, constantly directing my attention away from my body and toward the screen.

"See - this is your left ovary... everything looks clean there. Why don't we take a snapshot of it so we can examine it more clearly when you're done?" And so we continued for the next twenty minutes, checking it from every angle - or at least so it seemed.

When she finished she exclaimed, "Well, you're not only clean - you're textbook perfect clean! Your organs couldn't be in better condition." She took out some of the pictures and got out a medical textbook to show me the comparison.

"See, this is a perfect uterus. Now look at your pictures. Your organs are exactly as they should be - perfect in size, position, proportion - perfect in every way... remarkable for someone your age... I'm going to write you a clean bill of health. We'd be happy to send your diagnosis and pictures on to your doctor - just let my nurse know the details and she'll call your doctor and send them wherever you like."

When I came back to the reception room to write my check for the examination, I was blown away by how expensive it was for that half-hour diagnostic. And yet, I've never had such a huge smile on my face when writing a check for an amount that large. I couldn't write it quickly enough. I wanted to skip out of that office!

When I walked down the hallway to the elevator, I checked to see if anyone was looking - and when the coast was clear, skipped three paces and skidded to a stop in front of the elevator door. When I stepped outside into the sunshine, I was struck once again by how beautiful L.A. seemed. Again, I was aware of how precious life seemed, and how grateful I was to be alive. And I felt a sense of awe and wonder at what an amazing miracle is stored inside the human body - how the infinite wis-

dom that knows how to make our hearts beat, our hair grow, that awesome perfection of inner knowledge that secretes exactly the right amount of hormones at the right time, had worked its magic. This amazing inner power that is awake, working while we are asleep at night - what an amazing grace it is. What an awe-inspiring mystery.

It had happened just as my inner knowing had told me it would - the same part of me responsible for creating the tumor had un-created it, and I had been given the amazing gift of being allowed to participate in that process, learning what it was the tumor had to teach me.

I felt myself to be the luckiest person alive.



Chapter 11

On the ride home, I felt like a horse champing at the bit - I could barely wait to get inside my house so I could call Don, who was just finishing the Mastery program in Hawaii. When I got in, I rushed to the phone, not even considering what time it might be in Hawaii, and decided to take a risk and call the front desk and see if someone could get him out of the seminar room. Sure enough, they found him in the hall, not far from the phones.

“Hello, Brandon - are you all right?” He knew it wasn’t my style to call while he was in session.

“Yeah, just got back from the hospital. I’ve been diagnosed to be textbook perfect clean! The tumor’s completely gone!”

Pause... as he digested just what had been said.

I began to launch into the whole story when he interrupted with, “That’s incredible! You’re amazing!”

By that night, word had gone out to all the trainers - not only that I had had a tumor, but that it had healed in only six weeks. When Tony heard the news, he said, quite matter-of-factly, “I knew she’d get it handled. I never thought it would be a problem for her - I really didn’t. I never expected any thing less.”

I was glad that I had chosen to tell only people who were certain I could heal. They had been such a constant support, especially during those times when I began to wonder my self.

It wasn't until the next Mastery program, six months later, that I got a chance to meet up with the rest of my fellow trainers, and there were many congratulations and slaps on the back. Then once again, our hearts and minds were enthusiastically focused on the seminar, and helping the participants.

Mastery is a powerful program where speakers from all over the world, who are at the very top of their professions - real masters in their chosen fields - come together to share their knowledge and expertise with over 1,000 participants. These masters include speakers like General Norman Schwarzkopf, Dr. Deepak Chopra, Dr. John Gray, and Sir John Templeton, to name a few.

It was about half an hour before Dr. Chopra was getting ready to go on stage. I was really looking forward to hearing him - I always felt so inspired by his portion of the Mastery program because he spoke so eloquently about cellular healing and how it takes place, from a scientific perspective.

He is one of the most articulate speakers on the subject of mind-body healing. As a highly respected endocrinologist, he took a radical approach. Instead of studying failure and the symptomatology of what causes people to die, he chose to focus on success and made a life study of the process of the survivors who had healed themselves from serious disease.

I had studied with Deepak years before he'd started coming to Mastery, not having any idea how influential his work would be in supporting me on my own healing journey. I never figured that the countless case studies of people who had successfully healed themselves against the odds would end up being such a fundamental and inspirational model for me. I'd read of people with brain cancer, bone cancer - people with much more serious illnesses than I had been diagnosed with - healing themselves in record time. One woman whose entire

body was riddled with cancer, who was diagnosed to die within three hours, woke up in the morning completely cancer free. So I knew if others could do it, that I had a good chance. It was because of their inspiring examples, and those of others I had helped and worked with over the years, that I had no doubt that my own healing journey was possible.

So on this day that Deepak got up to speak, I felt particularly grateful for both the man and his work, and I was standing in the hallway contemplating my good fortune when Tony sauntered up to me.

“Hey Brandon, why don’t you get up on stage before Deepak? You’ve got ten minutes... tell everybody what happened and exactly what you did to heal yourself. You’re a living example of precisely what Deepak is going to talk about - it’ll be a powerful model for people. This way they can all know how to fix themselves,” he said with a good-humored smile.

On hearing that last remark I chuckled. He’d made it sound like I could just stand in front of a room and say, “Do A, then do B, then C, and you’ll be ‘fixed.’” Softly, not wanting to dampen his enthusiasm, and yet wanting to be firm nonetheless, I said, “You know, Tone - I’m not really willing to do that. That would be such a disservice to people. You can’t say ‘Do A, B and C and you’ll be healed.’ It’s not like that. In fact I didn’t even heal myself - the infinite intelligence inside did all the healing. I just got the incredible blessing of being allowed to participate in the experience. So, I wouldn’t feel right getting on stage and talking about it.”

I made an excuse to slip away before Tony had the chance to pursue the subject further. More than once I’d been persuaded by his powerful enthusiasm to stretch - to do something I didn’t really feel up to - and this was one subject that seemed somehow very sacred to me. I felt very humbled and privileged by the amazing healing journey I had undergone, deeply grateful that I’d been guided so perfectly, and I didn’t want to start pre tending that all of a sudden I was an expert and had all

the answers. More important, I didn't want people to go away thinking it was a 'mind over body' thing, because it definitely wasn't. It was a journey of discovery - surrendering, letting go, and healing. And my mind had next to nothing to do with it.

Truly, if my mind was to have figured it out, it would have done so a long time before. But it hadn't, and in my process I had discovered I needed to look someplace much deeper than the mind to get the learning.

How could you explain that to a group of 1,200 people? How could you tell people that there is a power inside all of us - an inner wisdom responsible for making our hearts beat and cells replicate, our breath go in and out even when we're asleep - and then suggest that it's possible to get in touch with that, and trust it can guide us to discover the emotional memories stored in our cells?

Then how could you explain what to do once you've uncovered the memories? How to completely process what was left unresolved and finally release it? How could I explain that I'd been spontaneously guided to undergo this process, and that in finally letting the emotional story go, and completely forgiving all the people involved, something unexplainable began to happen inside? That my body began to regenerate healthy cells spontaneously and automatically, without me having to do a thing?

How could I explain that a basketball-sized tumor can leave gracefully and cleanly in only six weeks, once the emotional pattern stored in the cells has finally been dealt with?

I walked away, thinking it was an impossible proposition, and I made sure to sequester myself completely out of sight, so that Tony wouldn't accidentally find me right before Deepak was due to go on stage. But he'd definitely got me thinking. Some part of me was saying, "Brandon, this tumor was a gift - not only to you, but to others who could benefit from what you discovered." And another part of me was countering, "Yes, but each person must undergo their own healing journey them-

selves. No one else can do it for them - it must be a personal journey of discovery, unique to each of us. Who am I to try and stand up on stage and tell people what to do? It's pure arrogance."

So my mind battled back and forth as I hid in the hallway waiting for Dr.Chopra to take the stage. Once he was safely on stage, I slipped into the seminar room and stood at the back to hear his talk on cellular healing.

I'd heard it so many times before, and had always found it freshly inspiring. But this time I heard it with new ears - not as a wonderful theory, or a model of possibility, but as a statement of fact, a statement of my own experience. He was standing on stage confirming, from a scientific perspective, exactly how my tumor had left - saying it was possible to interrupt the memories stored in degenerative cells, and once the pattern was interrupted, that new healthy cells could replace them.

Having made a life's study of the successful survivors, he said he found they had two things in common. One: they were able to get into the 'Gap,' get in touch with the silence of being, the infinite intelligence, the wisdom beyond the mind. Two: they were able to let go of memories stored at a cellular level.

He told the story of one woman who had been given a heart-lung transplant, and how she'd actually 'inherited' the cell memories of the man who donated his organs. Upon waking up from the transplant operation, she found she had a strong craving for Chicken McNuggets and fries - even though she didn't like them! Further investigation revealed that the donor had been on his way to McDonald's to have Chicken McNuggets and fries, and had died suddenly in a motor accident.

Subsequently, she found many other memories 'coming back' to her; memories of this man's family and past girlfriends, memories that had been stored in his heart and lung cells. When she later met with his family and shared the memories that were coming up for her, they confirmed that all of

the details checked out - she was literally experiencing his old memories as they were leaving her new heart cells.

Chopra explained it quite elegantly - that these 'phantom memories' get passed on from one cell generation to the next. He went on to say that the cells in the various organs of the body regenerate at different speeds. The liver cells take six weeks to regenerate, whereas the skin cells take only three to four weeks. When he said that you have all new skin every three or four weeks, I remembered my last trip to Hawaii, and how, in only three weeks, my golden tan had almost completely faded away. He was right - all new skin!

He went on to say that you get a whole new stomach lining in only four days and, more amazing than that, your eye cells completely replicate every two days. That particular scientific fact has always seemed almost incomprehensible to me. If you're like me, you're probably asking - how is it possible that you can have all new eyeballs in only two days' time?

Then I remembered my mother's recent eye operation. On a Monday she went into the hospital, and under anaesthesia they slit open the front part of her eye, pulled it back, and inserted a new lens. Once the lens was in, they put the front flap back. Then, on Wednesday, she went back to the doctor, and he took off her eye patch. Her eye had healed perfectly, and she could see - only two days later. All new eyes in only two days.

So, I knew what Dr. Chopra was saying was not just scientific theory - it was demonstrable fact. But it still never ceases to fill me with wonder at how amazing the infinite intelligence inside the body is, and how quickly the body can regenerate its cells.

He then went on to ask, "If you get a whole new liver every six weeks, why is it that if you have liver cancer in January, it's still there in June? Your liver would have regenerated itself several times by then. All the cells would be entirely new." The audience sat nonplussed by the question.

Then Deepak went on to explain that stored inside our cells

are old memories - he called them 'phantom memories.' These old memories can eventually cause degenerative disease patterns within the cells. And before a diseased cell dies, it passes its memory onto the next cell being born. So the disease pattern continues.

He likened the human body to a computer, saying it was possible to interrupt the programming, and then the possibility for radical healing existed. He intimated that in order to interrupt the programming, and uncover the cell memories and let them go, you would need to get in touch with the same part of you that had created the programming in the first place - the infinite intelligence, the body wisdom. And he suggested that those people who know how to get in touch with this body wisdom - to get into the 'Gap,' the 'quantum soup,' or 'infinite field' - these were the successful survivors of disease.

He said it was his observation that everyone got to it in their own way - some spontaneously, some by choice - and he suggested that the possibility existed for everyone, that it was part of the quantum mechanics of the way the body healed. He confirmed in theory what had been not only my own direct personal experience but also what I had witnessed working with people over the years.

When his lecture was done, I thought about going up to him and saying, "You know, I'm exactly like all the hundreds of case studies you've documented - I underwent a similar process." But then I grew shy. I thought, "He's heard it all - it would only be old hat to him."

But I did wonder why he hadn't come up with a step-by-step process, a method, to give people. He is a medical doctor and I guess his job at the time was observing, correlating, and recording; presenting to us the overwhelming evidence that healing at a cellular level isn't simply a theory - it is proven and documented.

When I got back from Mastery, I felt haunted by Tony's challenge. Something about it just wouldn't leave me alone. I

felt so selfish - why wasn't I willing to reach out to people and share my experience with them? I realized that many people might benefit from at least being pointed in a direction that could possibly work for them.

Not only that, but alongside being a Master Trainer and seminar leader, I had been giving private one-to-ones for over ten years, serving people in letting go of all kinds of emotional issues. I'd been trained in Neuro-Linguistic Programming, Neuro-Associative Conditioning, nutrition, kinesiology, iridology, medical hypnosis, and so many other forms of alternative therapy - and from many years of caring deeply and working closely with people I had an intuitive wisdom that served me in helping them become free. So what was holding me back? Why, when service was my life, was I keeping it to myself?

When I checked inside to see what was really bothering me, I wondered "How can I teach someone else how to get in touch with what Dr. Chopra calls the Gap or the quantum soup? It's not enough to talk about the infinite intelligence, you have to experience it firsthand."

For me it had been a direct experience. I felt it was not something you could teach to someone - it is something your soul teaches you. How could I explain that mystery to someone else, and more important, how could I help others connect with the deepest part of themselves and directly experience it? I began to wonder when I'd first spontaneously experienced this timeless awareness and whether everyone might have at least glimpsed it at one time or another.

Instantly, I flashed to a memory of myself at an early age. I must have been six or seven, and I remembered lying in the grass in front of my house. My mind had become completely immersed in my own private world of grass and dirt and bugs. I examined each blade of grass, noticing the tiny striated segments, and could even see the various cells in each blade. The dirt was emanating a warm, humid, earthy smell. The grass was fragrant, and I became riveted in my little kingdom. My

mind, utterly focused, came to a complete standstill, and in that moment of absolute stillness it seemed as if time itself stood still. I found myself immersed in a bath of peace.

The grass seemed to shimmer with an intense beauty. Everything scintillated and was bursting with life. It seemed as if only a moment had gone by when I heard my mother's voice calling me in to dinner. As I got up I realized at least an hour must have slipped away as I had somehow dropped into the Gap. My soul had quietly revealed itself to my innocent child-self.

Then my mind wandered to the various other times in my life that this vast silence of being had revealed itself to me. I realized that often the soul flashes forth at the most unexpected moments. Oddly, I flashed to a time I'd gone to see a baseball game. It was in New York City, in Yankee Stadium. Cars were lining up for miles to get in, and the fumes were noxious. It was a hot summer's day in the Bronx and tempers were flaring. I wondered, "Why am I doing this? This is crazy. All this hassle just to see a man with a bat hit a ball. No," I thought, "that's not why I go to the ballpark. There's something special that happens at a baseball game - something I can't explain."

I remembered getting into the stands, kids running all around, candy popcorn all over the seats, spilled Coca-Cola and sticky old beer on the floor, chewing gum on the backs of the seats. Some kid from the upper stands poured a beer over the balcony onto the guy next to me: the kid thought it was hilarious, the guy was fuming.

Then the game started, and a hush went through the audience and we stood to sing the National Anthem. A guy at the end of our row quickly broke the mood. He was drunk and began hurling obscenities at the opposing team, spilling his popcorn. Two chairs down another guy got pissed off and started yelling at him to shut up. And so the brawl began... All this and the game had not yet even started!

Once again, I wondered what I was doing here, putting up

with this stuff on a sweltering summer's night, and once again some inner knowing reminded me that something special happens at a ballpark - some magic would happen - I should stick it out.

And the moment came. The pitcher wound up and threw the ball; it seemed to happen in slow motion. The whole crowd became hushed as the ball approached the batter -poised, keenly focused, ready to hit the ball. Then it was as if the stadium took a breath together - one breath... utter stillness... all minds and hearts absolutely riveted on the ball... time stood still.

Then - WHACK! The bat sending the ball soaring into the outfield... hair standing on end, ripples of ecstasy and joy flowing all over, pealing with laughter, cheering for joy... Magic!

It was a simple, common moment in a normal everyday sports game. What had made it so magical? A ball hitting a bat? I don't think so. So what had made it so special?

I played the whole scene over again in my head, only this time I slowed it down. Ball comes... everyone and every thing stops... mind comes to complete standstill, and in that gap of absolute silence something flashes forth - an immensity revealing itself... a presence of vastness... a greatness that can't be explained... and then whack! Something great revealed itself in that tiny instant. One heart, one breath, hair on end. We'd dropped into the Gap for an instant and this vast truth had, in a flash, revealed itself.

No wonder we love to go to sports events. All of us have probably been to a basketball or football game and had the experience when it seemed as if for a moment everything came to a standstill while the crowd was held in suspense and, for an instant, an unexplainable energy arose from in side, making our hair stand on end? Isn't it true we secretly wait for that magic moment? We know it may only happen for one tiny instant, but it'll be worth putting up with all the rest of it.

Then my mind flashed to another experience of Source, to my first honeymoon night with Don. We'd bought tickets to

see Rudolf Nureyev in the ballet *Romeo and Juliet* at the Metropolitan Opera House. At that time Nureyev was already a legend and was at his absolute peak.

And here too was a moment where it seemed as if time stood still. It was as if Nureyev reached into the depths of his soul - into genius itself. He leaped into the air, and his legs spread into a full split; then, for a moment, it was as if he lifted even higher - as if he was practically floating in the air. Once again the whole audience drew a breath, one heart, hair on end.

Ripples of cause-less joy spread through the theatre. It was as if in the moment Nureyev tapped into his inner genius, the same thing in all of us instantly recognized itself. Our own greatness flashed forth. We'd seen our Selves in the mirror. No way to explain it, but it had been undeniable, palpable. Everyone got it at the same time. Self-recognition.

When Nureyev came out for his bows we all just leapt to our feet. Tears streaming, hands clapping, clapping, clapping. We couldn't thank the man enough. We kept him coming back for forty-three minutes of cheering and ovations. I know because we missed our dinner reservation! My hands were purple, and yet I couldn't stop applauding. I was so grateful to this man for tapping into his soul, and I was thankful that the genius inside me had remembered itself.

Have you ever had that experience at the end of an exceptional play or concert where you felt yourself swept along by the beauty of the music, and your sense of separate self dropped away? Or perhaps you've had that experience in nature? Have you ever stood on a mountaintop, awed by the vastness? Or found your being hushed by the beauty of a sunset by the sea? Or perhaps you've had the experience of skiing 'out of your mind,' feeling like a river flowing down the slopes - completely at one with the mountain and lost in a flow that intrinsically knew how and when to turn.

All of us must have had this kind of experience at one point in our lives. Perhaps you've had the experience of being swept

along by the flowing rhythm of the music while dancing and found your mind was no longer directing your feet, that they seemed to have a life of their own.

I realized that there were so many times I'd dropped spontaneously into 'Source'. Yet the challenge still lay before me - how to help others have a direct sustained experience of this?

The soul had chosen such times to reveal its boundless expansion, but how to tap into that by choice, and then how to help someone else remain in a sustained experience of it long enough to be able to go through a healing process? How to help someone directly experience this boundlessness, this peace, this eternal love? How to help someone discover for themselves that this has always been and would always be who they really are? That it is who they are in their essence, in the very core of their being? And that as soon as the mind gets out of its own way the "real" Self would be revealed?

How to help someone realize that there is no need to turn to anyone or anything outside? That this power, this consciousness, this presence of love, this oneness that is whole, silent, and keenly aware, call it what you will -is your own true nature! How could I assist someone in discovering something that only they can discover and directly experience personally?

I knew that no amount of words could capture it, that the best that words could do was point at it, but that the experience of it could come only from experience itself, from the boundless greatness revealing itself.

I thought, "Everyone must have glimpsed this truth at some point or another in their life - surely." Their minds had to have been arrested at some point or another. How could you have watched Torvill and Dean skating to Bolero on their way to Olympic gold and not had a moment of riveted stillness, absolute awe, when the inner genius revealed itself?

Perhaps you may have heard John F. Kennedy proclaim, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country" or Martin Luther King exclaim, "I

have a dream... ” or Neil Armstrong transmit from the moon, “That’s one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.” Moments when truth itself spoke and then truth inside you recognized itself.

So often when someone taps into that inner genius, into the truth, something inside us stirs - the hair stands on end, and an inner “yes” is felt. Truth recognizing itself. But how to get truth to recognize itself by choice?

So I stopped giving one-on-ones for a while. Until I could find a way to give someone a sustained experience of their true self, I felt I wouldn’t be serving people at their deepest level. And I knew it is when the emotional issues are addressed at the deepest level - at the level of the soul, of consciousness itself - that you really get to the core of the issue. It’s then that true freedom, emotionally as well as physically, can take place. Then real healing begins.

Mine had been a spiritual journey - one of letting go into freedom. The result had been healing at a very physical, cellular level. The evidence was unmistakable, and yet I couldn’t touch or test, or even explain, the unexplainable power and mystery of the soul.

So the prayer continued to go out - I wanted to be guided to find a way to help others experience it themselves. I wanted to assist them in healing on all levels, not just the physical, but also the emotional and spiritual.

As I didn’t have the answers I thought it best to continue my own personal spiritual journey and put my quest to help others have a sustained experience of Source on the back burner. I decided to trust that if I was meant to help others, somehow a way would be revealed.

Several months later, when I least expected it, the answer was profoundly revealed. I was given a direct experience of Source so enormous that the full realization of it has not left me since that day. Source has been present as the undercurrent of my life ever since.

Chapter 12

I was taking a course with a spiritual teacher when, during a question and answer session, one of the students asked, “What do I do if an intense emotion comes up for me - how do I find the peace in that?” She answered, “Just don’t move. Let yourself be completely present to the emotion. Welcome it. If a negative emotion arises, don’t run away from it; don’t run off to the refrigerator to eat some food to cover it up; don’t turn on the television to distract yourself from it; don’t call your friends to disperse its energy by gossiping about it. Just stop and feel it. Just let yourself be present to it. You’ll find if you don’t try to distract yourself from it, or push it away, or, worse still, dump it on someone else; if you stay still, if you are really present to it - in the very core of the feeling you will find peace. So when you feel a powerful emotion, just let it be - DON’T MOVE. Welcome it.”

I thought, “What a radical idea.” Everything in the self-help movement is teaching us to change our thoughts, make them more positive. Or if you don’t change your thoughts, then change your physiology - do anything you can to avoid the pain. Even see a medical doctor who’ll prescribe drugs to dull the emotional intensity. Act as if - do whatever you can to

make sure you don't allow yourself to really feel what's coming up. She was saying something totally different - "Don't move. Be present." What a novel concept!

Something inside me stirred. I asked myself, "What if she's right? What if, instead of re-framing my emotions, putting them in a more positive context or explaining them away, I simply welcomed them as they arise and allowed them to be fully felt? I wonder if I might find this peace she is speaking about in the core of the feeling?"

So I decided to give it a try. What did I have to lose? That had always been my way: I could never take anything at face value; I always had to experience what someone was talking about before I could take it on board.

I knew I had a long-standing emotional issue that I needed to resolve. I had been compelled by a need to help and serve others, even when it cost me my health. I just didn't know how to say no. So I thought this might be the perfect opportunity to investigate what she meant.

Don was going to be away giving seminars for five days. Why didn't I use that time to really check her theory out? So before Don left, I let him know that I was going to try an experiment. I was going to take the five days and go into silence, and instead of using all the old techniques, I was going to do what the spiritual teacher had suggested - go right into the heart of the emotional feeling and discover what was at the core of it.

I explained to him that she had suggested that you do not distract yourself from the emotion, gossiping about it or going to the movies to get away from it or eating or watching TV to avoid it -that you should just allow yourself to really feel it. So, I didn't know what would happen, but I really felt pulled to give it a try.

I asked him not to phone me as I didn't want to use that as an excuse to distract myself. I really wanted to give it my all. He and I had both been on several silent spiritual retreats

before, so it was nothing new to him, and he was glad to give me the support.

As he was departing, Don said, "I'll miss you - I really love our nightly phone calls - I'll miss the contact. You know, Brandon, I'm always saying to my students at the seminars, 'I go away for a weekend and I never know who I'm going to come back to!' You're always growing so much."

I replied lightly, "No one could say it ever gets boring or stale around here."

"No... no chance of that!"

He wished me luck, and I could feel that inwardly he admired my perseverance. As he was going out the door, I kissed him goodbye, and somehow it didn't feel like our usual soft, romantic parting. It felt like a sad, almost longing farewell - as if he were off on a long ocean voyage, and I'd been left on an island, marooned, unable to reach him.

"What nonsense," I said to myself, trying to shake the feeling off. As I shut the door, I began to notice a sick sensation growing in the pit of my stomach, as if something big was about to happen. A shiver went through me as a strong sense of foreboding washed over me.

Again I tried to shake it off as I ran over to the balcony to wave my usual goodbye. As the car pulled off, I strode back into the living room, chastising myself inwardly - "This is ridiculous - he's only going away for five days... pull yourself together."

Mentally, I pulled myself up by the bootstraps, and half marched myself into the kitchen to make a salad for lunch. While preparing it, I was aware that part of me was trying to keep myself busy, to distract myself from the growing sense of foreboding. As I chopped the salad and minced the vegetables, I could feel a subtle, but very present fear lurking in the background. The food seemed particularly unsatisfying, and I sat and ate a very unsettled, restless meal.

During lunch, I got the notion that I should probably pre-

pare myself for the big experiment by making sure the house was cleaned, the laundry done, and the bills paid and in the mail. Some part of me knew this was an avoidance tactic, to prolong the period of time before I had to face the emotional issue, and part of me felt it was probably a good idea to clear the decks so that I wouldn't have any distractions.

I busied myself putting everything in order, making some last-minute phone calls to alert my daughter and friends that I was taking time off, and then I finished it all by changing the announcement on the answering machine: "Hi, there - you've reached Don and Brandon. Don will be out of town for five days, and I'll be on a silent retreat, so we won't be able to get back to you until Monday. We look forward to speaking to you then. Please leave a message at the sound of the beep."

It sounded so final - like I'd cut myself off from all communication with the world. I reached to turn the volume control all the way down, and something inside stopped me. I thought, "Even if I won't be speaking to them, at least I can hear their voices."

At this last thought, I laughed inwardly at how dramatic I was making all of this seem. I reminded myself how much I had enjoyed taking silent time in the past, and tried to convince myself that this time was no different, but my body wasn't believing the words. It felt like my mind was trying to give me a snow job, and I just wasn't buying it.

With no more chores to distract me, I became all too aware of the sick feeling of fear building inside. I strode down the stairs into the living room, and decided the time had come - I would finally face this emotional issue. I sat down in our big, soft, peach-colored chair and thought, "Now what?"

As I sat there, I became aware that something inside seemed to be driving me to be of service to anyone and everyone who came into my life. I would help someone no matter what time of day or night, so much so that I had often completely ignored my own needs, and definitely had burned myself out more than

once, working continuously day and night for sometimes weeks on end.

It was when I was giving to others, and helping them in some way, that I felt my best. In the seminars with Tony I would often get only a few hours' sleep, and yet I would thrive on it - feeling I was really giving my all. But I could also see that it had moved well beyond healthful and enthusiastic support into an unhealthy need to be of service. It was as if my whole identity had become tied up in selfless service.

I recalled one incident that really drove home to me the depth to which it was running my life. Two years before, after enjoying twelve years of absolutely vibrant health, my body gave me a 'wake up or else!' warning. It came directly after a fourteen-day program with Tony during which I had taken on so many jobs that I was getting only two or three hours' sleep per night. Some nights I only got a shower, changed clothes, then went back to work.

At the end of it, I felt emotionally deeply fulfilled, very rewarded, feeling that my efforts had made a huge difference in a lot of people's lives. But my body felt differently. It said, "Stop. Enough!" and I ended up in bed with acute pneumonia.

Every health professional I went to at that time said exactly the same thing to me, "Brandon, you have suppressed exhaustion buried in your cells. You're just going to have to wait this one out, and take rest and heal. How do you plan to be around to help others if you aren't willing to take care of yourself? If you don't stop, your body will stop you."

I listened to what they said, and made the decision that I couldn't afford not to heed their advice. So, little by little, over the next two years, I began to learn how to look out for myself and create more balance in my life. It was hard though, because whenever I did take time out just for myself, I felt guilty and secretly ashamed, like I should be out there helping and serving.

The love of service had definitely become a need, an ad

diction, an obsession. My identity had become tied up in the noble, selfless image I held of myself. So, as I sat down in that peach chair, I knew I wasn't sitting there to face and resolve just any old emotional issue. I was there to face one of the biggest issues of my life - to examine my very identity, to find out what was driving me, and more than that, to find out what was at the core of it all.

It felt huge. And as I sat there, innocent and open, I didn't know where to begin. I felt very alone. I didn't have a teacher to point the way and help me through. My husband wasn't there to hold my hand. I was completely on my own. Silently I made a strong vow not to distract myself from the project, not to make any phone calls to reach out to people, nor to receive any. I wasn't going to indulge this addiction, not for five days. I was simply going to do what the teacher said: "In the face of strong emotion, don't move, welcome it."

So I sat still in the chair. After about five minutes I began to sweat. My heart began to pound at the very thought that I wouldn't be allowing myself to get up and answer the phone to anyone needing help. My mind began to race to all the people in my life that I 'should' be reaching out to. So, to calm my mind, I decided I'd start the big experiment with meditation.

But even that was difficult, as it brought the fear more fiercely into my face. The question arose, "If I'm not serving anyone, and there's no service to be done, and no one serving, then who am I?"

There was an inner scrambling, an overwhelming fear that if there was no service being done, and no one doing the service, then there would be no one there. I decided to let myself face the fear straight on, not to run away from it, but just allow myself to feel it completely, be overwhelmed by it if need be, and stick to the teacher's advice, "Welcome it, and just don't move."

So I sat there holding the sides of the chair, and allowed myself to feel the full energy of the fear. My hands were sweat-

ing, and my body felt flooded by it. As I welcomed this fear I began sinking inwardly. I sank into a loneliness - a loneliness so deep it seemed as if the whole room was lonely. It felt like the chairs emanated loneliness, and the walls were lonely; a loneliness so profound, all the molecules in the room vibrated with it. It seemed there was no place the loneliness was not. Still I kept my vow. No matter what the emotion, I would not move, I would just be present to it, feel it completely, and let myself be carried into the very core of it.

After some time, I began sinking from loneliness into an other layer of emotion. I fell into a despair so deep I didn't know I could feel that hopeless. It was the feeling, "If there's no service being given, and no one to serve, then what's the use of living? Why bother?"

There was a feeling of just giving up, and a willingness to pack it all in, to die. I'd never experienced such over-whelming pain mixed so completely with utter hopelessness and helplessness. Despair was everywhere, and there was no avoiding it.

Just when it seemed as if the despair would overwhelm me, I felt myself sinking again through yet another layer, only this time I seemed to be standing on the edge of what appeared to be an abyss - a black hole, an absolute nothingness. Terror arose as a sickly cold sweat broke out all over my body. I felt that I would die if I went in 'there.'

I froze. I got absolutely stuck and resistant. It seemed like the blackness of annihilation. So I just stood there, in my mind's eye, frozen on the edge of what I was certain would be my own death, or at least the death of Brandon as I knew her.

The terror was overwhelming; tears flashed from my eyes, my hands gripped the chair. The terror was exhausting, yet I still kept my commitment: I did not move. I was stuck, unable or unwilling to surrender, yet steadfast in my vow. I was frozen in terror, and didn't know what to do.

Still I didn't move. Time went by. Finally a question arose, "What if I were never to leave this place, and I were stuck here

always?” And in that moment something happened. It was as if my will finally caved in, and I surrendered. I found myself free-falling... free-falling through nothingness, and expanding into a peace that mere words can’t begin to describe.

The entire room filled with peace. It radiated peace. I was peace, and I was also everything in the room. Peace and an indescribable love seemed to fill the room. I was the love that is the source of life itself. I was the molecules dancing, and all the spaces in between.

Everything in the room seemed to scintillate with shining peace, and yet simultaneously I had the profound, undeniable recognition that this peace was not a passing state, nor was it something outside me. It was me. I’d fallen into my very soul. And my soul was everything. I felt bound less, limitless, eternal, timeless - I felt that this that I am reached beyond the reaches of the universe, with all of life happening in me.

I realized that this must be the “peace that passeth all understanding” - the peace beyond understanding, beyond the comprehension of the mind. I knew myself as pure awareness, absolute freedom, limitless love.

I was reminded of the words of the great Sufi poet Kabir:

The way of love is not a subtle argument. The door there is devastation. Birds make great sky-circles of their freedom. How do they learn it? They fall, and falling, they’re given wings.

This love, this freedom, has been with me, as me, ever since that moment. I know it to be who I am. Not a passing state, but who I am at my core. This is the only real truth. This is Home. It had happened exactly as the spiritual teacher had said it would. Right in the very core of any feeling is peace itself. Peace with a capital P. Ultimate Peace.

Spontaneously, I had dropped through the limiting emotional layers that seemed to obscure me from knowing my true self, my soul. These layers had acted like veils that had kept my true self hidden from me. All I’d done was peel one veil,

one layer, back at a time. It was like peeling the layers of an onion, and what I'd found in the core was a diamond of flawless perfection, of indescribable beauty. I'd unearthed a shining brilliance that no words can describe.

It reminded me of the story at the beginning of this book, only now it wasn't a metaphor, it was my own experience. I'd heard it said that when we are born, we come in as a pristine, pure, flawless diamond, and through the course of life we dump a lot of emotional 'shit' on top of it, and obscure its natural brilliance and radiance. Then, when we become adults, we paint varnish over it, to make it all appear shiny and presentable. All we've really done is put a hard polished veneer over a bunch of crap. When we present it to the world saying, 'This is who I am,' we wonder why it is no one buys it.

Then one day, if we're very lucky, through some act of grace, or through a transformative seminar, a book, a crisis, a disease, or some other gift of life, we might have the great good fortune to break through and crack open this brittle surface. Then for a while it might seem as if all we're doing is shovelling through the brown stuff. But eventually, underneath it all, we unearth the priceless diamond that has always been there - shining, pristine, pure and exquisitely beautiful.

We eventually realize that we've always been this flaw less diamond, only we'd spent the whole of our lives mistakenly thinking we were the stuff that obscured it. For some of us, even though we'd glimpsed our own inner radiance, it wouldn't take long before we'd forget it, or ignore it, and once again we'd identify with our polished, artificial surfaces.

This story had finally revealed its true meaning for me. I'd dropped through the layers of my rubbish, and had spontaneously discovered my flawless true Self - a realization that no one could take from me. No emotion could make it go away, no life experience could stain it, no criticism could mar it, for it is by nature unstained, pristine, and untouched by the whole of life's drama. It's who I am, who you are, and who we always

will be. I came to realize that the whole world had come alive, and was scintillating and sparkling as me.

I continued to stay in silence for the full five days, but now I no longer felt the need to call friends and clients to offer my services. Nor did I feel compelled to pick up the phone at the first request for help. I no longer needed to serve in order to get love and appreciation. Why would I seek love from others when I'd realized I am love?

What an irony! I had spent a lifetime earning others' love, approval, and admiration by giving, serving, helping, caring, and striving to do my best, even if it meant sacrificing my own needs and personal desires or goals, and even if it destroyed my health. And here I'd discovered that this love and self-worth I'd been seeking had been there all along! Nothing to do to get it - just realize it, be it.

So, basking in my own love, I was happy to peacefully go about my daily household chores. Not because they would give me anything, or prove that I was a good person, but just because they were natural things to do. Effortless being.

Since that experience, I've found myself resting as this effortless being. I no longer feel compelled or driven to do, do, do to help every person I know. The difference is that I'm no longer driven by the need to get love, to be worthy, to get approval. Service takes place as a natural aspect of my life, simply because it's the natural expression of the love that is always there. It is born out of an easy flow of love, and it feels to me as if all of my life is taking place in this flow.

Most surprising of all, I found it became as easy to receive love as to give it. This was a real revelation for me. In the past I'd always been the caregiver, the strong one - I'd created an entire identity around being there in support and service. I would have felt ashamed, an absolute failure, if I had to ask for help or guidance, or needed emotional support. Even to receive material gifts from loved ones was difficult for me. I was much more comfortable in the serving role.

In the presence of real love it doesn't matter whether I'm giving or receiving - it just seems to flow through, and it's beautiful no matter which direction it comes from. More accurately, it doesn't even feel like giving and receiving - just action taking place in a vast presence of love.

Now I'm finally willing to admit I need help, that I don't have all the answers. I'm finally willing to be open and real with my loved ones - not acting strong but being strong enough to realize I can't do it all on my own - that I genuinely need help, and I feel so grateful for the support and guidance of others.

So many lessons have come out of that one experiment and the lessons keep coming daily. However, the task still lay before me. Now that I'd experienced it myself, how to translate all that into a practical, step-by-step plan or map so that others could go on their own personal journey of unlayering and Self-discovery? And then, once they had uncovered the boundless love, the vast silence of the soul, how to help them discover the memories stored in the cells?

Then, once the cell memories were uncovered, how to help them resolve and heal the old unresolved issues? Then how to assist them in finishing their old painful stories? Finally, once that was completed, how to teach them to trust that the body would know how to heal itself naturally, automatically, of its own accord, without them having to do anything to 'make' it happen?

How to teach people that this is a process of participation with the soul, and once old patterns, issues, and memories are healed, that the body intrinsically knows how to do the rest? How to assist people in learning to TRUST, and help them to move from "doer-ship" to "be-er-ship"?

I realized this was no small task. Yet I also knew that I'd been given a key - a key to falling into the Gap, to getting in touch with the truth. I'd found a way to have a sustained direct experience of the infinite intelligence, Source. Now the question was, just because it worked for me, did that mean it

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would necessarily work for others? I decided to find out.



Chapter 13

I put out a prayer that people who felt ‘hooked’ by a challenging emotional issue would somehow be guided to work with me. I specifically put out the intention to work with people who felt they had no hope - people who had tried everything to heal from an emotional issue; people who, like me, had done all kinds of seminars; people who had done a huge amount of introspection, or gone through years of therapy; people who, even though they had tried and tried, were still haunted by their old issue, as if it was running on automatic pilot.

I had been completely hooked by the need to serve others, and it had been controlling my life. By going down through the emotional layers I had become free. So I wanted to draw to me those who, like me, really wanted to be free and were willing to roll up their sleeves and get down to work.

I knew that we all have issues we’re hooked by. There are only so many negative emotions, and we’ve all had them come up at some time or another. I thought of some of the more common ones - anger, rage, frustration, anxiety, loss, depression, betrayal, feeling inferior or unworthy, low self-esteem, jealousy, sadness or hurt, sensitivity to criticism, loneliness, abandonment, grief, despair, fear of the loss of a loved one, fear of failure

or judgment, and so on.

I knew these were the emotional issues we all get trapped by, and I thought that if we were all capable of dropping through the emotional layers, as I had done, and if we were all capable of discovering our true selves, beyond the pain, what an amazing gift that would be. What if we could all pull back the emotional layers of the onion to reveal the love and peace that is at our core?

As I had never done the process with anyone but myself, I wanted to start by working with my closest friends and loved ones. The next day I received a phone call from my friend Nancy.

She alluded to some emotional problems that she and her husband, Ronald, were having. So I suggested, "Why don't we try a process I recently underwent, and see where it takes us? It's intense, and I can't guarantee it will work because I haven't tried it with any one else, but I'm willing to go for it if you are."

Nancy agreed, and we made an appointment for the next morning. And although my own process had been long, painful, and arduous seeming, I figured that now that I understood the unlayering principle there were probably some linguistic tools I could use to help her go through her emotional layers more quickly and easily than I had done.

The next day, we met at Nancy's place. As we sat down on the soft carpeting in her bedroom, I asked her if we could put out a prayer for guidance, as this was the first time I would be trying the process with someone else. She agreed, and replied that she felt touched that I cared so much to want to help her. Recently she had felt emotionally incapacitated by a jealous rage that kept arising. No matter what she told herself to soften the feeling the rage seemed to come spontaneously and unfettered, out of nowhere. She knew it was irrational, and there was no basis for it in her husband's actions, but she just couldn't seem to stop it from blowing up. She was newly married, and feared that if the jealousy didn't stop she might

lose her husband.

She said she was willing to try anything and just wanted to find out why this was happening, to be come free from it. She kept assuring me that this just wasn't like her. She'd not known such jealousy in the past, and she didn't know where it was coming from right now.

Assuring her that I was happy to assist her in any way I knew how, I felt I also had to tell her I just couldn't give her any guarantees. I'd been set free spontaneously from my own issue of needing to serve, but I didn't know if she would undergo the same unlayering process, nor if she would get the same result, but I was willing to give it a try.

She knew my extensive background as a therapist and a seminar leader, and she said, "Brandon, you've had such a profound effect on so many people's lives. I'm really open to trying anything you feel might help. Let's just go for it." Her enthusiasm and openness were heartening, and inspired me freshly to give it my all. So we sat silently and prayed. I made a special prayer that she'd truly become free. I had spoken to her husband and he'd asked me to do what I could to help, as he couldn't face any more of her irrational-seeming outbursts. He'd gone into shutdown mode himself, and he feared that he might have reached the limit -he was near 'threshold' with it all.

And so we began. I asked her just to sit, be present, and allow herself to fully feel the jealousy, to really allow it to come up. She chuckled, "No problem there," as the emotion erupted, and her face became bright pink. I asked her where in her body she felt the jealousy most strongly. She pointed to her chest. I could see that the feeling was very intense for her, so I quickly asked her what was behind it or underneath it.

She spontaneously sank through to the next emotional layer, anger. Once again I reminded her to let the feeling be fully experienced, to be open and present with it. Her face turned red and her body began to shake. She said, "It's not really anger,

it's rage."

"Well, go ahead and just allow yourself to really feel this rage."

Her body tensed as she allowed it all to come up and be fully felt.

"Now I wonder what's behind it, what's underneath it? Just allow yourself to drop through." I could see her sinking through to the next emotion.

"Hurt," she said, as tears flashed to her eyes.

"Where in your body do you feel this hurt?" I asked.

"Here, in my solar plexus."

She began to cry openly, and as I could see that she was fully welcoming the feeling, I gently asked her once again, "What's beneath that?"

Once again she fell through to another layer - "Abandonment."

Before I could ask her where in her body she felt this feeling, she said, "Is it okay to talk?"

"Sure," I said, not knowing if it might be a distraction. She'd done so well up until now, being present and fully feeling the feelings, and I knew it was essential for her to just stay with the raw, pure emotion, and not distract her self or avoid it.

"I see a memory of when I was eight years old. My sister, my best girlfriend, and I were playing on the beach. Then my sister ran off to play with my best girlfriend, and I felt totally abandoned, lost, as if she'd stolen away all the love and friendship in my life."

I was busy writing down everything she said, and I thought - "We'll get to this later. Right now she still needs to keep 'peeling back the layers of this onion.'" I said, "Thank you. I wrote it all down; we'll get to it later. Let's stick with the pure emotion that you're feeling - so just feel that pure abandonment... What's beneath that?"

Her posture visibly changed, and she said, "I feel so lost, so alone."

“Then feel that fully. Be present to it,” I said.

Her face filled with a forlorn look that made her appear lost and childlike. Then there was a long pause as her face grew pale. Then she muttered breathily, “Oh, shit. I’ve sunk into something I’ve never seen before. There’s this black hole here, it’s like a void.”

I thought, “I know this place all too well - she’s there! I hope she’ll have the courage to dive in.” It had been such a stopping place for me, and I prayed that somehow I’d be able to reassure her enough to get her to relax into it. I said gently, “Well, just let yourself go into it.”

She replied, “I can’t. I’m scared.”

“Scared is okay. Just let yourself fall right into the nothingness.” She began to shake, and then her breath stopped for a moment. Inwardly I felt a tinge of panic, and then I watched as a deep relaxation spread all over her body, and a little smile began to play across her face.

“So what are you feeling?” I asked, really curious by this time.

“Laughter!” She began to laugh out loud. “What was I afraid of?”

“Where do you feel that?”

“In my belly, but kind of all over,” she replied, as she shook with laughter.

“Great, now what’s beyond even this?”

“I feel childlike, playful, happiness all over.”

“Great! Feel it fully,” I said.

She began to glow. “Now what’s beyond even that?”

“Joy!” Her emotion seemed contagious. It felt so pervasive, I caught it myself. “I feel like I’m just radiating joy, like it’s everywhere,” she enthused.

Something inside me still felt that she wasn’t quite there yet, so I asked once more, “What’s beyond that?”

And then a great presence of peace filled the room as she grew absolutely still. A look of peace and awe radiated from

her face.

“Eternal. It’s eternal... I’m everything... I’m everywhere... It’s God... Bliss. There are no words.”

“I know,” I thought. “There are no words.”

She’d done it! She realized herself to be the same bound less awareness for which there are no adequate words. And, instead of taking hours, she’d taken only minutes!

“Beautiful... ” I said to her. “Beautiful. Just rest in this, as this.”

I was stunned and awed. We’d taken only about fifteen minutes. Yet she was clearly having a profound experience of her own essence, her true self. As I sat there with her, I too felt that immense peace, as if I’d gone through the layers with her. And so, for a while, we just sat together drinking in the indescribable beauty of truth.

“Now what?” I wondered. “How can I bring this peace into the healing process so that she can have access to the wisdom that arises naturally from it?”

Even though her experience of her own Source was profound, I knew it wasn’t enough just to leave her in the presence of it. She still had to address the memory that had spontaneously come up. I knew that the reason my tumor had left was not just because I knew how to access my soul, but because I’d found the issue that was stored in my body, and finally resolved it and finished the story - it was a combination of both. Even though the vast, bound less, eternal Self is in and of itself immense, it still isn’t the whole picture in healing.

How could we get the wisdom born of this vast, bound less peace to speak to the various emotional layers she’d gone through, and more important, bring it directly to the memory itself? So I decided very simply to ask her to speak from this place of infinite peace to the various emotional layers she had experienced. “If this vast eternity, this peace, this love, had something to say to the previous emotional layer, joy, what would it say?” I asked.

When she began to speak, I put my pen down, riveted by the wisdom pouring from her. She said, "I am joy! Joy is always at my very core. I only need to turn my attention to it, and it's always there."

I had never heard Nancy speak so simply and beautifully before. It seemed as if truth was speaking. So I asked the same question with the next layer up, and once again what she said was so inspired it brought tears to my eyes. And so, in the same way, we continued, letting her inner wisdom speak to each layer.

I sat humbled. It seemed that truth was not just speaking the wisdom, but that it was dissolving all the pain of her previous emotional layers. The words springing from Nancy's mouth were an antidote to the pain she had experienced. When she finished speaking to each layer, it was as if the pain that had been there was dissolved into the vast energy and peace that was in the room.

When she got up to the abandonment layer I looked down at my sheet, and noticed that this was the point at which the memory had appeared. I thought, "I'm sure the memory came at this level for a reason and a purpose. It seems like now would be the right time to address it, to take Nancy through the same healing process I went through with my tumor."

So, remembering my experience with Surja, I asked her to imagine a campfire, and to put the various people who were in her memory by the fire. I suggested that she also bring to the campfire a mentor whose wisdom she trusted, and in whose presence she felt safe. And so her fireside chat began.

Her process went much as mine had gone, and as the younger Nancy spoke to her sister and her best friend of the abandonment and hurt she had felt, it seemed as if years of unspoken, unexpressed pain were finally being expressed and leaving. Then she listened as her sister and her best friend shared what they were going through at the time. Nancy seemed genuinely surprised to hear that it was not her sister's intent to steal her

best friend away - that they were just running off to have some fun. Her sister apologized sincerely for the pain that had come out of their actions.

When it seemed as if they'd finally resolved the whole issue, I asked Nancy if she felt complete - was there any thing still unspoken that she needed to share with her sister? She replied that she wanted to thank her sister, that she'd never known how she'd felt, and she wanted her to know that, even though they'd had a lot of misunderstandings through the years, she loved her. Then I asked her again if she felt she was completely empty; had she said every thing she needed to say, and heard everything she needed to hear?

She replied simply, "Yeah."

Remembering how important forgiveness had been in my own process, I asked Nancy if she was finally willing to completely forgive her sister, from the bottom of her heart.

Quietly, she answered, "Yes."

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she finally forgave her sister for a betrayal she'd held on to for years - a betrayal that had, in fact, never actually occurred, except in the younger Nancy's mind.

"Hmm," I thought, "it's uncanny how similar this is to what is happening right now in her life. She's feeling betrayed by her husband, and has an unexplainable jealousy and rage for something that hasn't even occurred."

It's amazing to me how we store these old emotional patterns inside, which play themselves out again and again only with different people. Same issue, just different players! And yet we never seem to resolve the pain or learn the lessons; we just keep running the same old pattern over and over again!

A friend of mine had once come to me complaining that she just seemed to go from one relationship to an other. She'd said it was as if she just packed all her bad habits, old wounded patterns and emotional baggage into a suitcase. Then she'd get into the next relationship, open the suitcase, and the same

old emotional patterns would play themselves out. Then she'd pack them all up again, leave the relationship and go on to the next, open the suitcase, get all her emotional baggage out... And so it would go, over and again. She said she was tired of never learning her lessons, but instead just re-running the old habits.

Nancy reminded me of this friend. Here Nancy was, running her childhood abandonment issue and the jealousy that came out of it, with Ronald. If she didn't wake up to her pattern soon, she might actually create what she most feared, that her irrational jealousy would drive him away, and he would, in fact, abandon her. Then she'd finally have a real, not imagined, reason to feel abandoned.

I thought, "We all do this. Isn't it amazing that we aren't given a manual when we are born telling us what to do about all of this, and how to handle it when these things come up?"

When the memory processing was finished, I asked Nancy to once again let her own inner wisdom speak to the remaining levels, and let the energy of peace dissolve any remaining pain. When she was finished, I did what's known as a "future integration" (a standard NLP means of checking with the other-than-conscious mind to make sure the processing is all integrated). I asked her to look into the future one day from now, one week from now, one month, six months, one year... and so on, to see how at each juncture she was handling her old abandonment/jealousy issue.

As Nancy looked one day into the future, she said she definitely felt easier, lighter - like it wasn't much of an issue, but that she would have to consciously be aware not to imagine that her husband might be doing something behind her back. At one week it was easier still to let go of the old pattern, but she occasionally had to remind herself. At one month it was hardly an issue at all, and at six months it never even came up for her again. At one year she felt herself free and joyous, and at five years she was blown away by the wisdom and freedom

she developed. Ten years down the line, she said she felt like she was light, radiance, and joy itself.

Figuring that the “future her” was pretty wise, I said, “Why don’t you let the wisdom of the future you give the present-day you some advice? Why don’t you write a letter from the future you giving the present you some practical advice on what to do, what to say, what to think, how to be, what kinds of actions to take, how to help your relationship with Ronald, and so on?”

When she opened her eyes, I handed her a piece of paper, upon which she promptly began to write a letter to herself. She wrote for some time, and when she was done, she put her pen down, and with a laugh said, “The future me had a lot to say - and not just about Ronald, but about a lot of things in my life.”

Handing me the letter, she said, “What do you think?” I read it, once again thinking, “This is the wisdom of the ages, like modern western sutras. It really is not only profound, but extremely practical.” I thanked her for sharing it with me, and suggested that she put it up on her bathroom mirror to remind her of the various commitments she had made to herself.

Three days later, when I caught up with Nancy, she said the jealousy issue wasn’t coming up for her anymore. De-lighted, I still wasn’t certain that I was completely convinced. So I made sure to give her a ring two months later, just to check.

“No, it still hasn’t even come up for me, Brandon. I’ve got other stuff I need to handle, but the jealousy issue has definitely lost its hold over me.”

What an extraordinary first experiment! Not only had Nancy successfully uncovered this that we all spend our lives seeking - the love and peace that is at the center of our being, that is our soul - but she had succeeded in getting to the very core of what was driving her jealousy game. She had been having jealous rages that felt completely out of control, but when she addressed the real issue, stored underneath it all - the fear of

abandonment - and that was finally resolved, the jealousy was no longer even an issue for her!

“Interesting,” I thought. “So it’s possible to get to the core of an issue, to the very incidents that put it in place. Once the core issue is resolved, then the surface issue can finally free itself.” Again I wondered, “What if everyone was capable of this? What if we could all get to the real cause of our pain, and free ourselves BEFORE we create disease? What if we all could give ourselves our own wake-up calls, so that our bodies aren’t required to do it all for us?”

Unlike Nancy, I had been given a huge wake-up call by my body, in the form of the tumor. And I wasn’t given much time to uncover what my core issue was, what was stored there in the cells. Thank goodness I was guided to uncover those past issues, and finally release them, so that my body could go about the natural process of healing.

If only I’d given myself this wake-up call sooner. Perhaps then the tumor wouldn’t have been created in the first place. Perhaps I might have freed myself before the degenerative cell pattern started.



Chapter 14

And so I began to approach my one-on-one therapy work with this unlayering principle in mind. I was determined to help people get underneath their surface issues, to the core of what was really ‘running their show’ on an emotional level, and I knew it was essential for real transformation that it take place at the level of the soul.

So that the process could refine itself without professional pressures, I began by working with my closest friends and family members who were open to self-discovery, and who sincerely longed to be free from any emotional issue that they felt hooked by, anything that seemed to be running on automatic pilot.

I knew that jealousy and abandonment were not the only emotional issues that hook us. We all have issues, and at one time or another it can feel like they control us. And yet, we’ve never known how to get to the real core of the issue, to the underlying cause of the pain. And so we just approach it from the surface level, either ignoring it and pretending it doesn’t exist, or trying to convince ourselves that if we say all the right things inside our heads about the issue, we might actually fix ourselves. Meanwhile, the hidden cause remains at our core, and we wonder why, no matter how hard we try, we somehow

can't seem to let it go.

To a person, everyone I worked with dropped through the layers successfully, and then was dumbfounded that old wounds were the cause of their current pain. I was thrilled at the amazing results they achieved. We worked on every thing from jealousy to resentment, fear, guilt, shame, loss and rage - you name it, we worked with it. Over the months I could see a clear pattern emerging, and so I decided to construct a very simple script that could be used to help people go down through the emotional layers. I then created another one to help people discover and resolve the emotional issues with the people at their campfire, and yet another for the 'future integration', so that they could see how things would be different in the future. This was followed by a letter from the future them to the present them.

When it was finished I handed it to Don, whom I knew was not only an expert in the field, but who was by nature quite critical and skeptical. After reading it through, he said, "This is impressive, Brandon. It's probably some of the deepest and most important work going on in the field of mind-body healing today. Do you mind if I start using it in some of my own private consultations?"

"No," I said, stunned and humbled by his response. I'd expected him to be quite critical and nitpicking. Instead, he seemed genuinely impressed.

He said, "You've put months of work into this, and it shows, not just in the wording, but in the whole syntax and content. It's not just remarkable, it's usable."

I was flabbergasted, and felt that perhaps some of the in-depth work I'd done over the last several months might have actually paid off. As we sat together on our living room sofa, and I flipped through the first draft of The Emotional Journey process, I felt as if a piece of the puzzle had finally dropped into place. Resting in my hands was a living tool that could be used in a profoundly practical way to help others go on their

own spiritual and emotional journeys.

I quietly shared my vision with Don; how deeply grateful I'd been for the tumor, and how that wake-up call had set me free on so many levels, not just physically. It had been a priceless gift that I felt somehow must be passed on to others, and I prayed that through it others might recognize their own immense inherent wisdom, and be inspired to go on their own spiritual, emotional and physical journeys of discovery.

I told him how deeply moved I'd been over the last several months, how privileged I felt to be allowed to assist others in discovering their true selves, and how awed I was by everyone's success in setting themselves free. I'd been amazed by the soul's natural desire and willingness to help the body become free from the emotional issues that had been stored there for years. Everyone had been so open, so willing, so courageous, and the results reflected that greatness.

I'd once heard a spiritual teacher say, "If you take one step toward grace, it will take a thousand steps toward you." It certainly seemed to be true in the case of healing. It feels as if the body wisdom is eager to assist us in letting go of these old issues. If we but make a small effort toward it, it does the rest.

I shared that what I really longed for was to reach out to people who had physical challenges and blocks and dis ease, that I wanted to serve others in not only becoming free from emotional issues, but helping them go on a physical healing journey as well. From my own experience with the tumor, I'd seen how powerful it had been to uncover and discover the memories that were stored inside the cells, and get to the core of it all. And I intrinsically felt that this wasn't just a fluke experience unique to me. I knew that this possibility exists for all of us. And so silently, I put out a prayer that people who had physical challenges would be drawn to me so that we could begin working at that level, as well as the emotional level.



Chapter 15

The next day, Don flew out to give one of his seminars in New York, and while he was there, a woman named Ruth called him and asked if he could help her. She had been diagnosed with a grapefruit-sized uterine tumor and, even though she was in her sixties, she didn't believe in the adage "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." She was very open to trying anything that might help her heal herself.

She had been told by doctors that her only option was surgery, and she would have to have her uterus taken out. She said, "You know, just because I've passed the childbearing age doesn't mean I want to have my insides cut out. They seem so matter-of-fact about it, like I should think it was normal to have my womb removed."

She'd heard through a friend that I'd been successful at healing myself from a tumor much bigger than hers, and she wondered if Don could give her any advice. She was due to go in for surgery in one month's time. He suggested she give me a ring, to speak to me directly, and, after she had heard my story, he would help her in any way he could.

Only one day had gone by, and yet already my prayer was answering itself. People with physical challenges were being

drawn to The Journey. Don forgot to call me to let me know he'd given her my number, so when she called it was a complete surprise. I was delighted to speak with her and let her know that healing at a cellular level is definitely possible. I asked her what type of tumor it was, and she said that they thought it was fibroid.

"That's benign (non-cancerous), isn't it?"

"Yeah," she said, in her crusty New York accent.

"So, is there any danger in postponing?"

"No. As a matter of fact, there really isn't. It's just... you know, doctors... "

I asked her if she would be willing to delay her next doctor's examination for at least six weeks.

"But I'm scheduled for surgery in one month."

"I know this is a big thing to ask, but could you un-schedule it, or at least postpone it? It took me six weeks for the healing to complete itself, and I wouldn't want you to cut yourself short of time."

She sounded flustered and unsure. I'd been so clear-cut and forthright from our first sentence, and she was still grappling with the idea that her healing could take place that quickly. Then I filled her in on my own story, ending it with the suggestion that she see my husband for a one-on-one, where she would get a chance to undergo a physical healing process I'd developed out of my own healing experience. At the very least, she would emotionally free herself from what was stored inside the tumor, and learn the lessons it had to teach her.

She asked me if I'd done this process with anyone else who had a tumor, and I admitted that she would be the first other than myself, but assured her that all she had to lose were whatever limitations, old wounded patterns, and any traumatic memories that were stored inside her cells. At the very worst, she would only have wasted two hours of her time and postponed an operation that wasn't urgent. At the very best, she might succeed in freeing herself from the tumor.

We spoke for about forty-five minutes, and at the end she sounded grateful, but still somewhat skeptical. I couldn't blame her. I'm the same way. Unless I know something to be true and real for me, it can all sound like so many words.

She followed through, though, and delayed her surgery by two months and made an appointment with Don. As it turned out, the doctors didn't give her the hassle she expected, maybe because they considered her case to be more routine than urgent.

Don called the following evening and asked, "Now, tell me again how it was you actually went into the tumor itself and uncovered the memories that were there?" I had recently completed work on a whole new script of the process I had originally undergone on the massage therapist's couch. Using language patterns friendly to the other-than-conscious mind, the Physical Journey guided people down a set of steps into their Source. While here, in their essence, they were asked, in their mind's eye, to step inside a magical space shuttle which was capable of taking them safely and gracefully to any part of the body -it was powered by their internal body wisdom, so there was nothing for them to think about or effort over. All they needed to do was to let it take them where it wanted to go.

In this way, we could be sure that their own inner genius was allowed to be in control of where the work would begin -it let their conscious minds off the hook in making that decision. The cell memories would be accessed in the place their inner intelligence, their body wisdom, chose, and the processing would take place there.

I briefed Don thoroughly in the new Physical Journey syntax, and made some specific suggestions about how to work with Ruth. Once he'd got clear, and sounded confident he could do the work with her, I said, "Funny, you're the one to do the first physical processing. Isn't it interesting that it would be with a woman who has a tumor in her uterus?"

"Yes, but she's in her sixties and doesn't have the back-

ground and understanding that you do, Brandon.”

“Well, it’s not the person, it’s the process that works! Goodness knows we’ve certainly discovered that by now. Anyway, it won’t be up to either you or Ruth; it’ll be up to the infinite intelligence inside her body to do the actual healing. You guys will be just willing participants in the process. Call me when you’ve finished. Let me know how it goes.”

Three days later, Don called. “Well, surprisingly, it went very well. She’s got a lot of verve for a lady in her sixties, and she really went for it. She says she’d like another session just to make sure.”

“Sure, why don’t you? It can’t hurt. All she has to lose is some old emotional baggage.” And so they had a second session.

We didn’t hear from Ruth for three months. We had travelled to Australia to give seminars, and so we missed the message she’d left on our machine. When we came back I was tickled to hear that husky New York accent coming over the answering machine.

“Well, I went to the doctors. They couldn’t find the tumor. All that was left was a little fluid that they drained off with a needle... just thought you’d like to know. Guess we stumped them, huh?” She sounded droll, mildly playful, and somehow unimpressed all at once.



Chapter 16

While preparing for our trip to Australia, I continued to refine the Emotional Journey process, taking into account all that I was continuing to learn when working with people. Each time I worked with someone the script got stronger, clearer, and more user-friendly. I decided to take the script with me to Australia, in case the need for Journeywork arose while I was there.

We had a wonderful time. The Aussies are always so welcoming and boisterous. It feels like such a newborn country, and there is a fresh enthusiasm and openness to their nature that I find particularly appealing.

While we were there, it occurred to me that these might be the very people who'd like to learn the Emotional Journey process. It had been some twenty-one months since my tumor, and I'd worked with people only in one-to-one sessions. Although people had achieved hugely successful results, I still felt I was guiding them through the process, and they weren't actually learning the process itself. I was 'giving them fish,' but I wasn't 'teaching them how to fish.' I had often thought how much more empowering it would be if people could learn to do this process themselves. Then they wouldn't need to go to a

specialized trainer or therapist to get the work done, but could continue their unlayering process on their own.

It is a Journey, after all. It's not like a sticking plaster, where we fix one issue and we're done. We all have many emotional issues to work on, and my real prayer is that we continue to let go of these limitations for as long as they come up for us. We should never stop transforming; just come ever more fully into the awareness of ourselves as this pristine diamond, always letting go of the limiting layers that seem to obscure us from our true selves.

I thought how wonderful it would be if I could teach people how to do the Emotional Journey process together, and then they would have a set of skills to work with for any emotional issue that might come up in their lives. It's not as if I personally needed to be part of everyone's healing journey. It's preferable for people to peel back their own layers, discover the boundless silence of being that is their own self, resolve their own emotional issues, completely forgive and finish their own stories. Then it's up to nature to do what it knows how to do - heal the body and the being.

I thought, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if people could have a script to work with, one that they could share with their partners and loved ones. Rather than sit and watch television every night, maybe they might occasionally choose to do some transformative work with themselves, and begin to live as an expression of their true selves - as Freedom."

So I decided to put on a small evening workshop at the house of my close friends, Catherine and Peter. Their living room and drawing room areas could easily accommodate about sixteen people. I thought that would be a small but very manageable number to try out Journeywork with.

On the Sunday night of Don's final seminar, I put out a public invitation for people to come to this special first evening. I told my own story, and said I really only wanted to invite people who sincerely wished to be free from an issue they felt hooked

by - some emotional pattern or physical challenge that, no matter how hard they'd tried, no matter how much therapy they'd done, no matter how many seminars they'd attended, still kept coming up for them.

I didn't want to invite people who were just interested in learning yet another process. I only had sixteen spaces, and I felt those spaces were precious and should go to people who truly, deeply longed to be free from something that had been challenging them for years.

Half the room raised their hands, and so I had to reiterate my plea. "This is being done in service to freedom, and it's not a process for wimps or curiosity seekers. It's a process for those who really want to roll up their sleeves, look the tiger in the eye and face old emotional memories and pat terns that may not be so comfortable.

"I'm asking that only those prepared to do deep work, who feel ready to finally finish their stories, come to the back of the room to see me."

The places were filled as quickly as my pen could write. As I looked at a sea of disappointed faces, I felt terrible to have to turn everyone else away. I'd never realized how deeply we all long to know our true selves. And how much we long to let go of the shackles that emotionally bind us and keep us from experiencing the boundless joy at the core of our being.

I had already done The Journey processes with a couple of dear friends in Australia, so I trained them to be helpers in order that the people doing Journeywork for the first time would feel very supported. There were only eight couples working, and four of us helping, which seemed very manageable - one trained helper for every two couples working. There would be one of us on hand any time someone needed assistance, or if anyone had a question. I wanted everyone to know that it was a safe and nurturing environment, and that they were highly supported.

I was surprised that all sixteen people were either early, or

arrived right on time. As everyone gathered together, I could feel an eagerness building, but also a lot of nervousness. I asked everyone to take a few minutes to let our energies settle, to let ourselves become present to the moment. We closed our eyes and sat quietly together for silent meditation.

I found myself resting in the powerful peace that had become the familiar undercurrent of my life. The entire room fell silent in the profound presence of stillness. Not a muscle stirred, and yet there was an alertness, a scintillation to the energy in the room.

I felt as if my own awareness filled not only the room, but extended boundlessly beyond, encompassing everything and in everything. My mind became utterly still, completely thought free, and it seemed as if we were all bathing, soaking in this presence of love. We were steeping in Source.

After a few minutes we opened our eyes, and as I got ready to speak, it occurred to me that this stillness is contagious. If there is just one person hanging out in thought-free awareness, everyone ‘catches’ it. I have since read a beautiful quotation by W.B. Yeats, which expresses this perfectly:

“We can make our mind so like still water that beings gather about us to see their own images, and so for a moment live a clearer, perhaps even fiercer, life because of our quiet.”

Over the years, I’d heard a Sanskrit word that was often used to describe this phenomenon. It’s called Satsang; Sat means ‘truth,’ and sang means ‘in the company of.’ So Satsang means ‘in the company of truth,’ or in the presence or community of truth. Here we were resting in peace, in stillness, in the company of truth itself. Satsang.

After meditation, I told everyone of my healing journey, and even while the story was unfolding, we were still bathing in that peace, in Satsang. I made sure I included my experience of peeling back the layers and finding that underneath all the emotional layers was a black void of nothingness, and how,

when I'd fallen through that gateway, I had come into the extraordinary presence of love that I realized is my own soul. I shared with them the awe I felt in experiencing my own inner wisdom, and how I felt it was the infinite intelligence inside that was responsible for all the healing, and that I was only a humble participant in the process.

I shared that I felt it was possible for all beings to come to know their true selves, and in the realization of that, to then tap into the inner wisdom that springs naturally from their Source. I emphasized that Journeywork was not a mind-over-matter process, but rather a journey of discovery into the soul.

I told them I believed that real healing starts at the soul level, at the level of essential awareness, and reflects back through the emotional level to the physical level. So in order to get to the core of an emotional issue, we have to first get to the core of who we really are. Then, once we are in touch with our own essence, that wisdom can guide us to uncover what emotional memories are stored in the body. It's only then that we can get to the bottom of it all, and set ourselves free. As I spoke, I looked deeply into the eyes of the people listening, and was encouraged to see that some part of them seemed to recognize, and understand, what I was talking about.

I asked one of my friends, Ian, if he would be willing to do a live demonstration of The Journey process, and he warmly consented, which I felt was immensely gracious of him. He had an issue of frustration that had been bugging him, so we decided to use that. Although we were in Australia, Ian is English, and a little reserved. So, I was very grateful that he was emotionally open and authentic going down through the levels.

As he went down through the layers, it felt as if everyone in the room was going down through the levels with him. At one point he got to a layer of helplessness and, when he started to cry, I noticed that there were tears in a number of people's eyes. He had some slight resistance as he went into the void, which he called nothingness, and then his face began to beam

with a radiant joy as he came into the presence of peace within.

He uncovered an early childhood memory, of when he was in the crib. He felt he'd been abandoned, and felt frustrated and powerless that he couldn't communicate his need for help. Finally, at his campfire, he was able to express to his parents how he really felt at the time, and forgiveness came easily to him. When we'd finished the whole process, he looked aglow and openly childlike.

I looked around the room, and tears were coming to several people's eyes. They felt so moved, so touched, to see such profound transformation in such a short time. In the room was a palpable tenderness and compassion combined with a willing openness that made it the perfect moment to suggest that people take out their scripts, pair up, and begin their own processes.

As I walked about the two rooms, I was deeply moved by the profundity of people's processes, and how much they let go of. There was one woman, though, who seemed to be having a difficult time going down through the layers -every time she got near the blackness she would avoid it and go right back up to where she started.

I noted that and thought, "Hmm, don't we all do this? Just when we are about ready to break through, something inside stops us, we get stuck and instead we run our old habits over and over again. We have a fear of the unknown, and will avoid it at any cost, even if it means never becoming free from our old stories of pain and suffering."

This woman had been diagnosed with chronic depression, and was so debilitated by it that she was unable to work and had been living on disability income for six years. She said to me when she arrived that night that this might be her last hope. She'd tried everything, from therapy to drugs to seminars, and nothing had worked for her. Even getting up in the morning was a struggle. As it was, she had dragged herself to this evening's workshop.

In her voice was the sound of failure, as if she had predetermined that she would fail this time, as she had done at every other attempt over the last six years. When I went over to her, she had already emotionally ‘cycled’ three times - she just couldn’t face the void. When I looked at what her partner had written down as her emotional layers, I thought, “Hmm, this is her whole pattern of depression perfectly laid out in black and white. It’s classic. Of course she doesn’t know how to drop through the nothingness, it is the thing she fears most.”

I recalled my own first experience of the black hole, and remembered how I feared that I was on the brink of annihilation and how terrified I had been. I felt a deep compassion for her, yet a firm knowing that in order for her to finally break free from her old pattern she would have to surrender into the empty blackness and fall through.

In a gentle but firm voice I said, “Do you recognize this old pattern? You go from depression to hopelessness, to helplessness, to desolation, to despair, to anxiety, to fear, and then you come to this black nothingness and get stuck, and feel angry and frustrated. Then what do you do? You get depressed at the frustration, and then you go right back up to the top and run this whole pattern again. Is this something you do a lot in your life?”

“Oh, yes. It’s an old friend of mine. I know it well. It’s all I ever do, in fact. When I get to the anxiety and fear I give up. Then I get so frustrated I get depressed all over.”

I asked if she finally wanted to be free. She said feistily, “Of course I do. I’m sick of this.”

“Well, you’re going to have to face that blackness and surrender into it, and just relax and finally drop through it.”

“But I don’t know what will happen to me if I do.”

“I know,” I said. “But if you want to be free, you’ll just have to TRUST.”

So, I guided her down through the layers, making sure she didn’t linger too long at any level. The Journey is not about

wallowing in or expressing your pain at every level, it's about feeling the emotion long enough to fully experience it and dropping through to the next level until you finally get through all the layers to Source.

This time, when she got to the black hole, she announced in an "I told you so" voice, "I'm stuck!"

"So what if you were to relax and smile and just fall right into the blackness? What would that be like?"

"I don't know what that would be like!"

"So I wonder what it would be like if you did."

A brief look of confusion and questioning crossed her face, then she began shaking, "I'm falling! I'm falling!"

"Keep falling," I said. And suddenly she burst into tears, sobbing and sobbing, tears streaming. "I'm love... I'm God... It's God... It's... I don't know what it is... I'm Free... I'm Freedom... I'm beautiful... It's beautiful..." She wept in relief, and beamed with awe.

I knew then that the rest of the process would be a piece of cake for her. She'd finally come to know what was underneath all that anxiety and fear, and she'd realized that there genuinely was nothing to fear. I handed the script back to her partner, and they finished the process successfully.

As the evening continued a couple of other people in the room felt a little reticent, and would raise their hands to ask questions, but all they really needed was a bit of reassurance from someone who'd actually been through the process.

Source really is contagious, and I had been aware for some time that when I was deeply immersed in stillness, in infinite silence, whomever I was working with found their way into that awareness with greater ease and alacrity. To work with someone, you can't just do the process, you have to be it, live it. Then it is easy for people to 'catch' it from you.

I've carried this principle directly into my current one-on-ones and seminars. I give more and more advanced training to the assistants, so when we work with people we really can

assist them through a process fully. We've all been through it a number of times, we've seen the kinds of challenges that might come up, and we've developed skills in handling these challenges, so we're of much deeper service to the people being processed.

When the evening workshop was over, it was well after midnight, yet people kept hanging about. No one wanted to leave. We all were basking in the healing afterglow of being in the pure presence of Love itself.

Three months later I received a letter postmarked from Australia. "Odd," I thought, "I didn't give anyone my address that night. This person must have gone through a lot of hassle trying to get my home address." When I opened it, I recognized the name at the bottom to be the lady who had been diagnosed with the chronic depression. I read her simple but moving words.

She said that on the night of the Journey workshop, she uncovered an overwhelming anxiety beneath the blanket of depression. Once she faced and resolved the anxiety issue, the depression finished completely: she hadn't experienced a moment of depression since. She wrote that in the past it would have taken a gargantuan effort just to get out of bed in the morning, whereas now, not only was she naturally rising early, she was "simply and effectively going about her day." She was delighted to finally be back at work after six years of chronic illness.

Her letter now rests among thousands like it, in a huge file that I keep as a testament to the enormous courage and immense wisdom inherent in the human soul. Each time I receive a letter I am newly inspired and deeply moved - awed by the fearlessness, strength, and wisdom within us all, and it feels as if I'm hearing again for the first time what amazing grace exists inside our own hearts. These letters still bring tears to my eyes - the greatness within never ceases to fill me with awe.

Out of that simple, intense first night, The Journey work-

shop was expanded and refined. It has since grown into a rich and profound three-day program where people leave in recognition of who they really are, having drunk deeply from this well of peace that is at the core of our being.

On day one we undergo the Emotional Journey. We learn and experience the unlayering process and come into the core of our soul. Then our inner wisdom guides us to discover and resolve old emotional issues. We learn the campfire process and the future integration.

On the second day we all undergo the Physical Journey, a wondrous journey of discovery inside the body to uncover any blockages or rigid places or diseased areas that might exist. Then we discover the actual memories stored inside the cells, and go through the process of resolving them and doing the forgiveness work necessary to finish the story and set ourselves free.

And on day three we learn and put into practice a whole load of techniques, skills and insights that help us to leave the workshop confident that we can use Journeywork in our lives ongoing.



Chapter 17

So, now that you've learned about the Emotional Journey process, it's time to learn more about the Physical Journey.

There is one man whose Physical Journey process was particularly moving. Jim was a sixty-seven-year-old who owned a small bakery in the north of England. His niece had come to one of my introductory seminars and had said that he would like to speak to me privately about his health condition. She warned me, "Jim is not familiar with all this mind-body healing stuff, and he can be very skeptical and independent minded. He's a Yorkshireman and has quite a fiery temper. I don't want you to feel intimidated by him."

I chuckled and said I would be happy to meet him. I explained that often, when people don't know about the work, they are actually a lot easier to work with.

"I don't know," she hesitated. "He can be pretty strong-willed."

"Strong wills are healthy things to have. Sounds like I'm going to like him!"

Jim traveled down to London by train, not knowing anything about me or my story, just trusting the advice of his favorite niece. When I opened the door to welcome him, I looked into fierce blazing eyes and fiery red cheeks. Jim was just as

his niece had described him. It was clear he was a no-nonsense man with a mind of his own.

With a determined stride he walked directly into my sitting room, and sat down before I even had a chance to offer him a seat. I liked him instantly. There was a twinkle in his eye, and behind his fierceness, I detected an inner radiance, a glow.

When we sat down for tea, he wasted no time in getting to the point. In his forthright Yorkshire manner he said, "I don't know what it is you do, but my niece seems to think you might be able to help me." I readied myself to give him a condensed version of my own story, and began with, "Well, actually... " But before I could get the words out, he abruptly interrupted with, "No! I want to tell you my story... " Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "I showed them... I showed them all."

My interest was piqued. I asked what he meant, and it gave him the exact opening he was looking for, as, with great gusto, he launched headlong into his story.

"Two years ago I went to see my family doctor. He sat me down as if to have a heart-to-heart chat with me, looked me straight in the eyes, put on a grave voice, and said they'd found an egg-sized cancerous tumor in my lung. It was so far advanced that I had less than three months to live. He said there was nothing they could do for me, and that I needed to get my affairs in order.

"Can you imagine that?" Jim bellowed, obviously out raged. "A doctor telling me I have only three months to live! What a load of crap! I'm not ready to kick the bucket yet - it's not my time to die! I may have lung cancer, but that doesn't mean I'm willing to pack it in and give up. What a load of rubbish -bloody hell!"

"So, what happened," I asked, intrigued and enthralled by his garrulous manner.

"Well . . . I found another doctor."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said I had only two months left to live!"

“So, what did you do?”

“What else could I do? I sacked him. Then I found a third doctor, and I sacked him too.”

“Then what happened?”

“Well... finally I found a doctor who made some sense. She had a history of successful cases, and had actually succeeded in helping seven people go into remission from the very same type of cancer I had. I figured she would be worth listening to, because at least she knew that it was possible to survive and heal. She was the first doctor I came to who wasn’t convinced that I had to die.”

As I watched this sixty-seven-year-old baker, I felt such a sense of admiration. He had such a feisty fighting spirit and a crusty, wry sense of humor. He had no background in the field of health, and yet he knew that you don’t have to take your first prognosis. I thought how wonderful it would be if we all had this strong will to live. What an example he is to all of us.

I’d read in several books about the psychology of the patients who survive cancer. One of the most important qualities that researchers determined was a causal factor in survival was this strong will to live. Often the most difficult patients, who are most cantankerous and trying for the doctors and demanding of the nurses, are the very ones that beat the odds. Here was such a man.

“So, what happened, Jim? You obviously didn’t kick the bucket!” He looked like a picture of health, and I told him just that. He went on to describe the various treatments he had undergone: chemotherapy, radiation, etc. There was a genuine sense of pride in his voice when he finished his story with “I showed them all. Three months ago I had an MRI scan (soft tissue X-ray) and the diagnosis was good. The tumor has gone into remission - it didn’t metastasize as they expected - it hasn’t spread.”

His face looked all aglow, and he chuckled as he added, “A couple of months ago I ran into that first doctor. Was he in for a shock when he saw me! He turned completely pale, as if

he'd seen a ghost. He was absolutely convinced I'd died twenty months ago! And I don't plan on stopping now - I'm going to keep on going!" From the spirit of the man who sat before me, I knew he would. He stubbornly and triumphantly punctuated the end of his story with, "My time is not up yet!"

I said, "This is an incredible story, Jim. You should go out there and share it with people. Let them know it's possible to participate in their own healing journey, that you don't have to take the first prognosis you get as gospel, and that we all have the freedom to choose which healing path we wish to take. You should go out there and talk to other patients with cancer. Let them see the possibility right before their own eyes. You are a wonderful example to us all."

"Oh, I know that. I'm already doing that in my own way." He shrugged, a little embarrassed.

"So why are you here?" I asked. "I feel like you are a teacher for me. You are such a great example of what's possible."

All of a sudden, his gregarious, almost boisterous manner became very quiet and vulnerably tender. His voice became almost inaudible, and his face became childlike and open. I had to lean forward to hear the words that explained his visit.

"I want to know why... I want to know why this is here," he whispered, tapping his chest. "I know I'm meant to learn something from all of this. This didn't happen just so I could prove some doctors wrong. I know it happened for a reason. I just want to know why," he said, tenderly, almost plaintively. "I don't want it showing up in some other part of my body just because I didn't learn what it had to teach me."

I was arrested by his words. Tears came to my eyes to be in the presence of so much strength and courage, and such obvious humility all at once. This man was showing me that he was willing to admit he didn't have all the answers, and he hoped that maybe I could point him toward discovering what the tumor had to teach him. I felt so touched by his tender exposure I couldn't speak for a moment or two.

Then, very simply, I replied, “Well, that’s my speciality. I help people uncover what it is that these diseases have to teach us. It’s my prayer that if we really learn the lessons, we won’t have to repeat them. My belief is that the reason so many people have the experience of having a cancerous tumor surgically removed, and then, three years later, another one shows up somewhere else, is because they didn’t learn the lessons, and get the understanding the soul wanted to give them the first time around. So then the soul says ‘Hey, you didn’t listen to my first wake-up call - let me try again. Maybe you’ll listen this time.’ And so another tumor pops up.”

Jim agreed. He said, “Oh, I’m sure I’m meant to learn something. I just don’t know what.”

And so I told him a very brief version of my own story, ending it with the statement that I’d be happy to help him uncover the old memories stored inside that tumor, so he could learn what it was the tumor had to teach him. He looked deeply into my eyes, as if searching my soul, and then said quietly, “I still don’t know what it is you do, but I trust you and I’m willing to try anything.”

And so we began the Physical Journey process. Here was a man who knew nothing about mind-body anything, who just somehow knew that there was something deeper to understand. Once again I thought to myself how thirsty we all are to learn our lessons and become free. What a divine thirst that is.

For such a strong, stalwart man he turned out to be very open and very real in his process. He was almost childlike in his openness. When he arrived inside his lung, before I could ask him what was there in the tumor, a very vivid memory flashed before him.

He was sixteen years old, in wartime England. His father had already deserted the family, and left him to care for his mother. German bombs were being dropped all over the country. He was at school when a bomb landed in his section of town. Something inside him panicked. Fighting the schoolmas-

ters he broke free, ran out of his school, home to find his mother. Searching, searching... she was not there.

Finally, he ran through the side lanes into the high street. There he found her. She lay perfectly stretched out, young and beautiful, as if just lying down for a nap. Her clothes looked perfect, as if they'd been "ironed onto her." He ran over to her, and tried to shake her awake. He kept shaking her and shaking her, until finally the police came and pulled them apart.

"She's dead, son."

Then the tears and the rage came. A rage he could never express - a rage against God. How could he ever forgive God for taking his mother before her time? She was so young, so beautiful, so full of life. How could God do this? What kind of God does this?

More rage came - rage against the enemy. How could he ever forgive those evil Nazis? She didn't have a gun. She wasn't even in the war. How could they kill an innocent woman? How could he find compassion for a people so evil? All the unexpressed, unresolvable rage just came pouring out. So, young Jim, not knowing what to do with all the pain, stuffed it right there beside his heart, in his left lung.

I suggested something I'd never done before. I asked Jim to imagine setting up a campfire right there inside his lung, and to invite all the people in his memory, including God, for a fire-side chat. I sat silently as Jim expressed fifty years of unspoken rage against God, finally speaking his piece, getting it off his chest and out of his cells.

I asked him what he thought God might reply, and it seemed as if an inner wisdom arose from somewhere deep inside of him. It explained that no one can be taken before their time. There were other plans for his mom, and he should know that she is at peace and exactly where she needs to be. Then when it was time for him to forgive God, it seemed as if his heart broke wide open, and profound forgiveness poured from him, forgiveness so huge it took my breath away.

Then he spoke to the Nazis. He expressed such a heart rending rage that I didn't know if my own heart could bear it. And, once again, when he asked the inner wisdom why, the enemy replied that they were just acting under orders, and that they were just as scared as he. Guns were being pointed at their heads, and their mothers were dying as well.

Compassion poured from Jim as he wept in complete understanding of their plight. His voice broke as he forgave the enemy with all his heart. Then he actually asked for their forgiveness for having so harshly judged them for all these years.

I could see that he was finally complete. It was over. Fifty years of unresolved rage had finished. He looked as if a cement mask had broken wide open, revealing the real him underneath, and he shone with a quiet radiance.

When his process was over, I sat quietly with this extraordinary man. A childlike innocence and peace seemed to radiate from him. Quietly, I said, "I was right. You came here as my teacher." His face was flushed and his eyes sparkled like diamonds, and a quiet inner sweetness poured from him. There was not much more to say.

Before he left I thanked him for coming, and said, "I know you're getting another MRI scan in two weeks' time. I'd like to ask you to stay open to the possibility that they might not find anything there."

"Oh, no, no," he said, quite surprised that I would suggest such a thing. "It can't happen. You see, my tumor is not like yours, it's a different type. There is no recorded history of any one who has had this kind of tumor disappear. With lung cancer the best you can hope for is that it goes into remission, that it doesn't spread, and it's already done that. I didn't come to you to heal the tumor. I just came to you to find out why it was there, and to learn what it had to teach me."

I said softly, "Well, why not just stay open to the possibility, maybe you'll be the first. You never know. Just keep on being the shining example you already are. Go out and spread the

word that healing at a cellular level is possible. It was such an honor to work with you.”

As he left, I thought what an immense blessing it is to be allowed to do this work. I have to be the luckiest person alive. Truly, for me, it doesn’t feel so much like work, it feels like a privilege.

Three weeks went by, and no news from Jim. I was a little disappointed not to hear from him. Then I got a phone call from his niece. All ebullient and enthusiastic, she said, “My aunt is wondering what you did to my uncle. Jim’s become a pussycat! He’s no longer raging about the place, barking at the help when they spill the flour, or blowing his stack when the loaves don’t come out right. He’s no longer yelling at the traffic, or angry at the news. He’s become so much sweeter and kinder. My aunt asked me to thank you. She feels like she’s finally got the man that she knew was there when she first married him forty-five years ago.”

I laughed and said I was delighted to hear the news, and shared briefly with her what a privilege it was to have worked with her uncle. I kept waiting for her to mention the MRI scan. It was clear the conversation was coming to an end, and she still hadn’t mentioned it. Finally, as we were getting ready to say our goodbyes, I found the nerve to ask the question, “So, what happened with Jim’s MRI scan?”

“Oh, yeah. They didn’t find anything. All that was left was a hairline scar,” she replied.

“That’s amazing! What are the doctors saying about it?”

“Oh, it’s like a circus at the hospital. They’re all going nuts trying to figure it out. Half the medical team is certain that they must have misdiagnosed him in the first place, and the other half is trying to attribute it to a drug he was given two years ago. They’re treating Jim like a ‘lab rat,’ giving him every test on the planet. He’s the first recorded case where a cancerous lung tumor actually disappeared.”

“How’s Jim taking it?” I asked.

“You know Jim... He takes it all with a pinch of salt and a big dose of humor.”

A week later, I received a joyous and moving letter detailing his remarkable progress. After reading it, I thought, “You know, we all go on our own spiritual and healing journeys, each in a different way. This man chose radiation and chemotherapy, and fortunately he also got the lessons his soul wanted him to learn. He needed to become free from fifty years of rage. What a lesson to learn.”

We all think, “It’s the traffic that makes me angry,” or “It’s the news that pisses me off,” or “If only so-and-so would get it right, I wouldn’t have to blow up at him.” We think what causes our anger is something outside of us, when in truth, the anger is already stored inside. Those outer circumstances just push our button, and activate the emotion that was there all along. The anger button is not the only button we have. A whole host of buried emotions are stored inside us, and our outer circumstances are merely triggers that activate what is already stored inside.

Sometimes I think diseases can turn out to be our greatest gifts. For Jim, it was the gift of letting go of fifty years of rage, which finally gave him back his real Self. The doctors still can’t explain the miracle of his tumor’s disappearance. I heard from an independent source that Jim’s case was subsequently published in a British medical journal, and the tumor’s disappearance was attributed to the drug he took two years before doing the Physical Journey process.



Chapter 18

One of my favorite aspects of Journeywork is the profound healing and forgiveness that takes place within families, after completing their Journey processes.

Journeywork is not about uncovering memories so that we can use them to justify our current behavior, or to use as a weapon to blame those we love. The Journey is about re solving our issues, healing the pain, completing the stories and forgiving those we love, so that we can get on with our lives healthily - free from the emotional baggage of the past.

There is one woman whose courageous story epitomizes the depth of forgiveness possible, and the powerful effect it can have on healing an entire family. Rachel was a warm hearted, thirty-two-year-old mother whose story is not unlike that of many people who have been diagnosed with chronic depression.

Adopted at age two and a half, she had been repeatedly sexually and physically abused by her adoptive family and their friends throughout early childhood. Like most children in her circumstances, she didn't have the emotional coping skills to deal with the unbearable trauma and distress it caused. Depression became a blanket to numb her to the pain.

By the age of eleven she was in her first therapist's chair. At

sixteen her internal suffering was still unresolved and so unbearable that she made the first of several attempts to take her own life. She had been in and out of doctors' and psychiatrists' offices and hospital psychiatric wards, with stress, breakdowns and depressive bouts, ever since. She had taken every imaginable sedative and antidepressant drug, including Prozac, but no amount of therapy or medication freed her from the despair.

Her three beautiful children were taken from her and put into foster care because she was diagnosed as emotionally unfit to be a mother. Even with heavy doses of sleeping pills, she was managing only two hours of sleep per night. She felt she was spiraling down into a hopelessness from which there would be no return.

She wrote me a heart-rending letter telling me of her amazing return to health since her first Journey process. She said she had not seen a great improvement for a few days. Then one night she decided she did not need the Temazepam to get to sleep. She slept solidly for eight hours. "It was absolutely wonderful. No nightmares, nothing. I could have run around shouting for joy."

She started looking at herself differently. She actually started to smile, something she hadn't done for over two years. She went and saw her mother, and had a long chat with her. "After so many years it was wonderful to be able to hug her and tell her that I loved her, and that I really did forgive her for what she had done to me."

She stopped taking the Prozac and hasn't touched it since, saying her life feels whole again. She ended with the news that she had finally got her children back. They all attended a Journey children's retreat together, and it was so moving to see them reunited, playing so naturally together in such a loving environment.

Sean, her son, ended up being one of the stars of the kids' program, admired by both children and adults alike. He and his brother underwent much of the same kind of powerful and

profound healing process work that Rachel had, and they also let go of years of emotional pain.

Together, they are a joyous example of how even the most hopeless-seeming family circumstances can be healed.



Chapter 19

In various cities, I have encouraged graduates to form support groups that meet once a month. These meetings have been very popular and are a supportive way to continue letting go of the emotional veils that seem to obscure our inner diamonds. It is great to work with others who have the same skills and who are willing to see us for who we really are.

Have you ever had the experience of feeling that you've grown as a person, then gone back to visit relatives who treat you like the person you used to be? Even though you feel like you've progressed, they seem to hold on to their outdated image of you. No matter how hard you try to communicate from your new perspective, they continue to see you in the old way.

At the grad meetings, I find it so liberating that we are all willing to greet each other freshly, with new eyes. We know everyone is evolving, and we refuse to hold on to past impressions. We continually ask the question, "Who's showing up, right now?" And I often ask graduates, "What would you rather do, sit around and watch television, or sit together and spend a couple of hours setting yourself free emotionally?" It really can be that easy.

At one grad support meeting I attended in Manchester, England, Anita, a lady in her fifties, piped up to share her

story. She said that she had attended The Journey weekend workshop three weeks earlier and truthfully hadn't expected a physical result. She'd had chronic acute knee pain for years, and it had become so bad it was hard for her to drive, or even walk to her car. She said, "I thought, Brandon may be able to heal her self, but not me. All I want is the emotional freedom." But she persevered nonetheless and did two Physical Journeys.

With a huge smile on her face she said, "Honestly, I didn't expect a result and I didn't actually notice any difference after I did the process. But just yesterday it dawned on me - I'm squatting in my garden weeding. I couldn't even have knelt before, let alone squatted. I hadn't realized my knee had actually healed - it seemed so natural to be squatting again, I didn't even think about it."

Upon hearing Anita's story, another person stood up. Bill said he'd taken the Journey one year earlier and had come with chronic depression. After the weekend, he was convinced that everyone else had had a huge break through and he'd been the only one who hadn't. Bill forgot his process and went about his life, and it didn't dawn on him until several months later that he no longer suffered from depression. He explained that the whole reason he came to the grad support meeting was he wanted to thank me in person for something he'd "kind of taken for granted."

It is true - when we come into our natural state, it just seems so natural that we forget that it ever was any other way.



Some time ago I had a similar experience. Like my graduates, I too continue to get Journeywork when a physical or emotional issue arises. I noticed my vision was getting blurred. I had always enjoyed 20/20 vision, but as I was driving in my car I noticed that I was a little carsick. I saw a road sign in the distance that I would normally be able to read clearly, but it looked fuzzy and out of focus. I put it down to feeling a little tired and didn't think much more about it until the next day, when it happened again. After a week of blurred vision, I decided I'd better do a Physical Journey and uncover the problem. Being forty-three at the time, I knew that most people would say that this was the normal age when eyesight starts to deteriorate but I thought, "That's not my belief system. I don't believe it's an age thing. There must be something I'm somehow not willing to look at."

When I Journeyed inside the body, surprisingly I didn't end up where I thought I would. I just assumed I would end up inside my eyes and discover the problem there. Instead, when I got in my space shuttle, the infinite intelligence took me to my uterus. Although it didn't make any logical sense, I had learned from previous experience that the body wisdom knows where it wants to go and I've never known it to be wrong. So

I decided to trust it.

In my womb I uncovered an old memory that had bothered me over the years. Whenever I tried to recall this memory, I was unsuccessful - it was a pure blank. My father had taken his life when I was nineteen years old, and I had felt emotionally devastated by his death. At the time, I'm sure I appeared outwardly centered, strong, and brave. I focused on helping my family go through the funeral process. But inwardly, I felt numbed and uncomprehending - unable to allow myself to feel or express the pain I was feeling. I've heard since then that often when someone commits suicide, the immediate family members somehow feel responsible. So mixed in with the numbness that barely covered the despair and grief was a profound sense of guilt - as if I should have been able to save him somehow.

After the funeral I went back to university and felt I was existing in an unreal world. I was a first-term student and had come to this new, strange, and lonely place only two weeks before my dad took his life. I felt alone, bereft, abandoned and cold, without a single friend to turn to.

In the memory I uncovered, it was a harsh, bitterly cold autumn night in upstate New York. I decided to go on a date with some guy I had barely met, just to distract myself from the pain. I didn't tell him what had happened with my dad, and put on a false, bright air, trying to appear mature and 'with it.' We went to a bar and drank some cocktails. I was completely unaccustomed to alcohol and quickly became drunk. Unlike my usual practical self, that night I had a brazen, reckless, devil-may-care attitude. I thought, "What does it matter anyhow? Nothing makes sense anymore. It's all pointless." I drank heavily, without caution.

On the way back to the dormitories we stopped by the liquor store and bought a quart of gin. When I got back to the guy's room, I downed three-quarters of the bottle myself. I must have passed out because I'd never been able to recall what

took place after that.

Two days later I found myself walking in the woods near campus. I was cold, damp, wearing the same clothes from that night and felt emotionally ravaged, washed out, and disoriented. I felt a deep disgust with myself combined with a feeling of “I don’t care anyway.” I didn’t know how I’d got there in the woods. Blearily, I found my way over to my department at university where I discovered notices up all over the bulletin boards. Apparently they had been looking for me for two-and-a-half days. I’d lost more than two days of my life and I had never remembered them - until this Physical Journey process.

I think the memory of those two days was too painful to look at, and it had been easier for my other-than-conscious mind to just block it out. But I guess at age forty-three, my soul felt it was time to finally face what took place and see what really happened during those two days. During my Physical Journey process I began to see flashes and snatches of what had taken place during that time.

It wasn’t pretty.

I could understand why it was I had unconsciously protected myself from it all those years. But I finally did face it and I went through some deep process work and extensive forgiveness work. In this case, more than anything, it was myself I had to forgive for treating my life so carelessly, dangerously, and callously. And for punishing myself for a guilt I couldn’t quell. I was lucky I survived that amount of alcohol. But then again, maybe that was the point.

When the Physical Journey was finished I expected there to be an immediate change in my eyesight. After all, I’d finally ‘looked at’ something that for all those years had been un-seeable. Three days went by and still no change. My eyes were still blurred and I was still getting carsick.

“Hmm,” I thought, “how odd. It only takes forty-eight hours for the eye cells to replicate. Perhaps the infinite wisdom was wrong this time - perhaps I should have gone to my eyes in-

stead of my womb.” I forgot about the process and went on with my life. I made a pledge to myself that next time I did a Physical Journey, I would specifically choose to go to the eyes.

Three weeks later I came home late one night. The lights were not on in my garden and I suddenly noticed that my vision was so clear, I could see like an animal. I was keenly, sharply aware, able to see clearly in the dark. I could see the blades of grass and leaves, my night vision was sharper than I ever remembered.

The next day I noticed I no longer had carsickness. My vision had become clear again, it had crept up on me unawares and I hadn’t even noticed. It was so natural that I didn’t even think about it. I was just like Anita and Bill, who hadn’t noticed their own progress until after the fact.

I find that Journeywork is often like this. Once we’re healed it’s hard to conceive that we were any way other than healthy, normal, and natural. I find I have to remind people who do Journeywork to make sure that they keep score and take stock. In our neurology, success breeds success. And so, looking back at where we’ve come from and keeping score can be an important part of reinforcing healing.

I’ve noticed that sometimes with Journey process work it may take some time before the healing is complete. With each process, it’s up to the inner intelligence to take each of us, uniquely, at a pace that is natural. Often it can seem like turning a switch off, and the old pattern is completely gone, instantly. But, at other times, it can feel more like a fan winding down. Have you ever switched off a fan, and noticed it takes some time for it to slow down and come to a full stop? With the Journey processes, it can sometimes be like that. Each time it is unique to the particular issue. There is no ‘right’ time for healing.



Chapter 21

Now that you've learned about both the Emotional Journey and the Physical Journey, you might enjoy hearing some of the unexpected positive 'side effects' of doing Journeywork.

Very often people have such a profound experience of Source that they find many old habits and limiting beliefs drop away spontaneously without them consciously working at it. The more they get in touch with their true Self, the more the old, destructive patterns become obsolete and unnatural. Recently I have had several grads at the work shops speak of this phenomenon.

Noreen, a gregarious and warm-hearted fifty-year-old Irish woman, counted herself very blessed to be the nanny to the children of two Journey grads. It happened by chance (or perhaps by destiny) that Noreen was asked to mind the children while the parents attended the Abundance Retreat, a retreat that frees us from the many hidden ways we limit ourselves and unconsciously prevent ourselves from achieving abundance in our lives.

Noreen would sit outside the seminar room door patiently waiting for the mother to come out during breaks to breast-feed her son. Soon everyone coming out of the room would find themselves sitting and chatting, regaled by Noreen's fiery wit

and Irish charm. She, in turn, began to notice that there was something special about the people taking the seminar, a presence of love that seemed to emanate from them. She noticed a certain sparkle, a twinkle in their eyes. She felt she really wanted to have some of whatever it was she experienced in everyone's presence, and decided there and then that she just had to take The Journey weekend seminar.

Noreen had suffered for years from chronic acute back pain, and had been diagnosed with a benign lump in her breast. She was interested in the possibility of healing herself, but more important, her real thirst was to find out what the energy was that she felt whenever she met someone from the seminar who was awake to their true self.

Noreen came to the very next Journey workshop. She had a profound Emotional Journey process, and when she dropped through the layers and came into the experience of her own soul, her Source, it was so powerful that she made a decision to honor it at any cost.

Noreen felt that she had spent the whole of her life looking for this inner greatness, seeking this love that is in the core of us all. Once she had experienced the beauty in her own heart, she made a vow to be true to it, to be true to the diamond she had unearthed. She didn't want to do anything that would cover, stain, or sully this immense radiance; she just wanted to remain in the presence of it, to be in its simplicity and its purity and not leave it.

Noreen had always been a staunch drinking girl. It seemed like part of her Irish heritage. She went to the pub most nights, carousing with the girls, smoking and drinking, having a grand old time, often until the wee hours of the morning. She said to me she didn't really know any other life. "That's what people do, isn't it? You come home from work, have some food, and then it's off to the pub to enjoy a night out with your friends."

After taking The Journey she felt so completely at peace within, so contented, that she found she didn't require con-

stant activity or friendship to fulfil her. The contentment was there all the time, whether she was working or playing. She felt so at peace with herself that at night she no longer felt compelled to burn the midnight oil, but began to revel in her own good company.

After some time, she said that the pubs began to feel too smoky and dark, and all interest in going to them fell away. Unexpectedly, she found that cigarettes repulsed her; they made her feel dirty and began to taste like sawdust. And, surprisingly, she didn't need the drink either; it began to taste like urine. She'd always found smoking and drinking relaxing, but now she felt naturally relaxed and had no need for them. To her surprise she began to crave more vibrant foods, wanting to eat more healthily. When she tried to eat meat she found she couldn't swallow it. And in time she became a vegetarian.

All this and yet there was no effort in it. All the old habits dropped away spontaneously once she recognized that she was this that she had been seeking. Once she felt true fulfilment and peace, she no longer wanted or needed old destructive habits that had always been a means to fill a deep emptiness inside.

She said she felt she had found a light inside that she wanted to honor and protect, and she truly understood what is meant when people say the body is the temple for the soul. That the lump in her breast and the chronic acute back pain also left her seemed almost incidental compared to this greater realization.

Suzy was yet another Journey grad, who laughingly shared with me, "Brandon, I always thought those healthy people were so boring - you know the type, they drink mineral water, eat rabbit food, work out, don't smoke or drink booze - I always thought, 'They are all such goody-two-shoes. I don't want to be like them.' Now look at me, I've turned into one of them! I don't know what happened to me, but ever since the No Ego Retreat (an advanced level residential retreat) I really feel, for the first time in my life, I want to take care of my body. I actually care about myself and want to look after my-

self in the same way I would naturally care for someone I love.”

As she spoke these words, I smiled, looking into her healthy vibrant eyes, amazed once again how the soul wants to cooperate with us in experiencing our own freedom, that it really wants the highest and best for us.

Once you come to experience your own inner light, you start to cherish it and become less and less willing to do anything that might cover or obscure it. We become less willing to put a lampshade over our light. Marianne Williamson wrote about this so eloquently in her book *A Return to Love*:

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, “Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?” Actually, who are you not to be?

You are a child of God. Your playing small doesn’t serve the world. There’s nothing enlightened about shrinking so that people won’t feel insecure around you. We are meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It’s not just in some of us: it’s in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we’re liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.



Chapter 22

Our light is not the only thing we put a lampshade over. Very often we try to cover up and obscure our emotional feelings as well. I've found that this is especially true with addictions. Addictions can often be a means of distracting ourselves, or "putting a lampshade over" a deep emotional issue that we don't feel we can cope with or even face.

In our culture, we are often taught to address the surface behaviour of an addiction (overeating, alcohol or drug addiction, compulsive shopping, stealing, or gambling, etc.), and yet we don't think to look at the core issue that is causing the behavior in the first place!

For instance, we may be aware that we have a challenge with our weight, and so we go about addressing it by changing our diet, going on fasts, or changing our exercise program. We address our behavior, but we don't think to ask, "Yes, but why am I overeating to begin with?"

So often we are successful with the new diet for only a short period of time, and then, slowly, our old ways creep back in and our weight increases once again. Why? Because we never found out what was causing us to overeat in the first place. The emotional root cause is still lurking inside the body, un-

addressed.

Very often, at The Journey seminars, someone will raise their hand and say, “I don’t have an emotional issue, my problem is that I can’t stop myself from overeating or snacking.” Whenever someone says this I wonder what feeling they are trying to ‘stuff back down,’ what they have not yet been able to face. Of course they are not aware that they have an emotional issue, they’ve stuffed it down and put it to sleep before they’ve even given themselves a chance to feel what is really there.

We often hear the expression comfort food. Well, what emotional feeling or issue needs comforting? The food numbs our ability to feel. How many of us can honestly say that we eat purely because the body is hungry and in need of nourishment?

So, in the seminar room, I often invite everyone to try this experiment, it’s that can also be used to uncover the emotional driver of any unhealthy habit or behaviour: Just close your eyes... Now imagine a recent time when you’ve reached for that snack food... a specific time... Once you’ve got the memory, roll the cameras back a few seconds to the very moment the impulse to grab for the food came up... (I wait for them to recognize it)... Now go back a few seconds right before the impulse arose... Just before there is the decision to take action to get or eat the food, what are you really feeling?... Be willing to feel what is really there.

Inevitably, a look of surprise crosses everyone’s face as they discover what it is they are actually feeling before the impulse arises, before they’ve escaped feeling it by stuffing it back down. Often it is a feeling of deep emptiness, loneliness, despair, or overwhelming anxiety. It is usually a very strong and deep emotion. As soon as we get a whiff of it, we are already reaching for the food to avoid it, run away from it, and put it back to sleep.

In Journeywork, I always say, “Wake up.” Once you’ve identified the emotional issue that you’re avoiding feeling, then you

have the tools to finally deal with it in the Emotional Journey process! But if you're too busy stuffing it down, how will you ever get to the root cause and resolve it?

At a Journey workshop in London, one woman in her thirties with this exact problem raised her hand. She was clearly obese, and said she had been struggling with diets all her life. She really longed to be finished with it. When I asked her to do the process, she uncovered a deep feeling of shame mixed with fear. She opened her eyes completely stunned, and said she had no idea where that could have come from. She wasn't consciously aware of anything she was ashamed and fearful about. She really was puzzled. I suggested that she trust that the emotional feeling was there for some reason, and that she use it as her starting point when she underwent her Emotional Journey process later that day.

When she was processing, I noticed that it appeared as if she'd uncovered something deeply upsetting. And, toward the end of her process, I could visibly see enormous relief in her entire body. As everyone's process is always kept private, I did not inquire what she had undergone, but I could tell it was big.

One month later, she came to our monthly grad meeting. She'd lost 26 pounds! With great enthusiasm she was the first one to raise her hand to share her success story. She said that, previously, she had never been able to remember anything before the age of ten, that somehow it was always a blank to her. During the Emotional Journey process, she finally got access to an earlier childhood memory that she'd not previously been able to recall. It was a childhood sexual abuse issue, which had been extremely traumatic, and she guessed she'd unconsciously blocked it out.

In her campfire process, not only did she finally access it, but, more important, she completely resolved it. Though she could never condone or forgive the behavior of the man involved, she said she wholeheartedly could forgive his soul. She said she'd felt free and so at ease ever since. The last I heard,

she was continuing to lose weight.

Yet another man was at The Journey, and his problem was alcohol. He said he wouldn't call himself an alcoholic, but it was his common practice to have three or four pints of beer every night. When he went through the discovery process, he opened his eyes and meekly said, "I have fear of failure. I see my whole pattern. This fear arises when I sit at home and begin to relax so, even though my mind tells me I shouldn't, I say, 'Oh, I'll just have one beer' Then it turns out to be three or four. Of course, the next morning I wake up feeling hungover and ragged, and I go to work and my performance isn't very good. I actually fail to achieve the results I want. So, what do I do? Feeling bad about having been a failure, I go back home at night and drink more booze to numb myself to the fear. And so the cycle continues."

In his process, he uncovered childhood memories of being told by his dad that he would never amount to anything - he'd always be a failure. It had been a battle ever since then. The next time I saw him, his beer belly had disappeared, and he was glowing. He'd stopped drinking and smoking, and had succeeded in getting a better job.

These are only two people out of tens of thousands who have freed themselves from addictions by addressing the emotional cause, instead of solely going after the symptom. The Emotional Journey process was their key to freedom. They successfully uncovered the freedom and wholeness already waiting inside us all.



Chapter 23

It seems it doesn't matter how old or young any of us is. There is a way in which we all have a sense that there is something large and free inside us. We have a knowing that we are capable of greatness and, secretly, we long to tap into our true potential and let it be fully expressed.

Noreen was sitting across the table from a former Catholic monk, an eighty-seven-year-old Irishman, having tea and a chat. He explained to her that, as he was getting older, he found it somehow comforting to sit quietly at the back of the local church -he felt such a peace and contentment there. However, something had been bothering him of late. Over the past few weeks, when the contentment arose, he found fear was emerging alongside it. He admitted to Noreen that it was making him feel reluctant to go to church for his daily contemplation.

Noreen asked, "What are you afraid of, Arthur?"

He flushed and answered in a broken whisper, "Dying... I think... " His voice trailed off.

Gently and simply, Noreen said, "Come with me to the sitting room, Arthur. Let me do a short process with you."

The old monk quietly followed Noreen, and settled down in

an easy chair. Softly, Noreen guided him down through the emotional layers. When he dropped through the blackness into vast peace, tears sprang to his eyes, and gently streamed down his cheeks. He opened his eyes and tenderly whispered, “Why don’t they teach us this in the churches? All those years, and I never knew.”

No matter what our age, each of us longs to remember who we truly are. Each of us longs to finally come home. Going down through the layers is not the only way to tap into and directly experience the peace and freedom that is your Source. There are so many other ways that can take place in every moment of your daily life.

My experience is, once you’ve had a full awakening to this that you really are, Source keeps nagging you. It just won’t leave you alone! Once you’ve journeyed home, home keeps beckoning you again and again. Truth keeps calling you into itself, until finally you fall so in love with it that you’re not willing to do anything that would take you away from it.



Chapter 24

Not everyone who does Journey process work arrives with a challenging emotional issue or health problem. As a matter of fact, most of the people already have much of their lives well in order. They may already feel healthy, and lead successful and fulfilling lives.

I think a true sign of success is the honest recognition that there is always room for improvement, always more growing and learning to do. Success tends to breed more success, and to continue to succeed, you must grow. And so, highly successful people often come to The Journey for a general internal house cleaning, to become even more free, more alive and more healthy, in their relationships, at work, or within themselves. They come to be more successful.

Often when people have achieved everything -the perfect family, the house in the country, and have highly successful jobs - something inside them says, “I’ve achieved everything I thought I wanted, and yet I just know there is something more - something greater.”

These are often the very people who have the greatest longing to wake up to their true Self, to Source. They’ve realized that all the outer trappings may be pleasant but they just

know it's not enough. It's not it. These people often become ardent spiritual seekers. Having sought the greatness in the outer world and having realized that there is some thing missing, they begin to turn their attention inward, hoping to find the truth that will set them free.

This thirst to know who you really are is the most profound thirst there is. It is a thirst of the highest and deepest order. Very often seekers aren't even aware that this is what they are seeking. All they know is that there is some thing greater, and they want to experience it, to know it, to live it.

Sometimes, it's only when you have all your ducks in a row, when everything seems to be going right, that your soul whispers to you, "Yes, and there's something more." It's then that people find themselves with me at The Journey weekend.

I always believe that if people have picked up this book or made it to The Journey weekend, it must mean that the soul is ready. Somewhere inside, they have put out a strong prayer -a prayer to wake up to the truth, a prayer to find the greatness within. I feel so honored, so humbled to meet such people because I know that they have put out a divine prayer, and that even if their conscious mind isn't aware of it, their soul is calling them home.

They are here to discover their true selves, and if they are very lucky they may fall so deeply in love with Source, with truth, that they decide they want never to leave it.

Geoffrey, the managing director of a highly successful company in England, is one such man. When he arrived for his one-to-one session with me he seemed self-assured, dynamic, a real achiever type. I imagine most people would consider his lifestyle to be enviable: he has a beautiful daughter, lovely wife, gorgeous home, and successful career. Virtually everything in his life appeared to be moving in the right direction.

He let me know that everything was actually going quite well and that he'd really only come to sort out some minor things, for some 'fine-tuning.' It had been bothering him that,

although he was the head of a successful computer firm, he had a fear of public speaking and felt shy and awkward when making presentations in front of his board of directors. “I know I’m a good leader - our results indicate that - but when it comes to public speaking, I freeze.”

We laughed and I explained that in the United States they did a survey, and found out that fear of public speaking is actually the number one fear, greater than the fear of death! I went on to say that this awkwardness that he felt was extremely common. I said, “Since people fear public speaking more than death, you’re probably well ahead of the game, because at least you’re getting up there to deliver speeches. That’s more than most people feel they are capable of doing.”

He smiled and reiterated that he longed to be free from anything that might be holding him back. So I assured him that I would do my best to help him uncover what was at the bottom of this fear, so that he could finally set himself free from it.

Before we started his process work, he looked at his watch, and let me know he had a meeting to get to, a plane to catch and that it all needed to be completed and finished by 2 p.m. Basically, he had come to get rid of his greatest fear and he wanted it handled in an hour-and-a-half’s time! Even when it came to personal growth he expected to achieve the best results in record time. I smiled and said I’d give it my best shot.

As I reached for my clipboard, silently I made the prayer I always make for clients before I start; that the highest and deepest healing take place on every level of his being, emotionally, physically, and spiritually. And in my heart I was reminded that, although he thought he was there to cure himself of the fear of public speaking, in fact he was going to be getting so much more: he would come to know his true self, the infinite wisdom, the inner genius.

Though he’d not mentioned it, I knew that somewhere inside he’d put out a prayer to wake up to who he really is and that even though fear of public speaking was his surface emo-

tional issue, his real longing was for freedom, for peace, for truth itself.

As we went down through the emotional layers, he gave a running commentary, as if he was keeping score of how well he was doing. Even in his process, his achiever identity was strongly coming through. For part of the process, I felt this commentary almost got in the way and I had to remind him to stay out of his head and just feel and be present to his emotions. Eventually he finally broke through. It was a humbling experience for us both. Here was this man sitting in his perfectly ironed shirt and silk tie, with tears of awe and wonder streaming down his cheeks; wonder at the awe-inspiring beauty he'd discovered, the vast, boundless oneness with everyone and everything. He sat silently, deeply moved by the powerful presence of love in his own heart.

Once he was in touch with his own infinite wisdom, it was extraordinary how clearly his childhood patterns were revealed. He saw scene after scene with his father in which he felt he would never be good enough for his dad. If he brought home an exam marked 95 out of 100, his father would say, "What happened to the other 5 points?" It seemed that no matter how hard he tried, no matter how much he'd achieved, he'd never win his father's respect or approval.

He saw with absolute clarity what was at the core of this fear of public speaking. And how, even with his board of directors, he felt he'd never win their respect, no matter how much he'd achieved. It was almost as if every time he stood up to speak in front of the board he was actually a small boy standing before his father. The old fear of 'I'll never get it right. I'll never be good enough' was causing him to crumble internally.

After he completed the process work and resolved the issue with his father, forgiving him for all the times he felt so misunderstood, unloved, and disapproved of, we continued going through the remaining emotional layers.

When we were done, I looked into the eyes of a man who

had finally found peace. He glanced down at his watch and realized that he was just in time to catch his plane, but thought that maybe he'd cancel the board meeting that afternoon. He admitted that it was such a huge revelation for him that he wanted to take a few moments just to savor it and integrate it. Inwardly I noted what an unlikely response that would have been for the man who had walked through my door just two hours earlier.

Two weeks later, I was at a Journey seminar and Geoffrey surprisingly strolled into the seminar room. I hadn't actually expected him to come, because of his busy schedule, and I was delighted to see him.

At one point during a question and answer session, Geoffrey raised his hand and proudly and fearlessly stood up to speak in front of a room of over 100 people. He spoke eloquently and breezily and inspired everyone, as if speaking in public was as natural to him as tying his shoelaces.

What an about-face, I thought. He shared that he had previously had a fear of public speaking and had come for a one-to-one session with me. Not only had the fear gone, but since then, he felt himself to be so in the flow, in the 'zone,' that his golf game had improved significantly. In fact, he won a golf tournament two days after the session.

Everyone applauded his obvious success. And then he added, "When I got up to receive my trophy I gave an acceptance speech flawlessly and easily. It was then that I realized my fear of public speaking had left me."

When he sat down, I looked into his eyes and saw that same twinkle, that sparkle that I so often see when some one has woken up and come home to their true self. He positively glowed. And I thought, "Isn't it amazing how even a businessman whose whole focus has been on achievement longs to know this inner love, this peace?"

For the first time he truly looked successful to me. He'd found that priceless treasure that no one could take from him.

He'd found his real self.

Yet another man came to a workshop, but in his case almost the opposite had been true. In his forties, Alan had been a highly successful businessman, having made millions. Now in his sixties, he had lost his entire fortune and had to rely on a friend to pay his course fee for the weekend.

During his Physical Journey process he had an unexpected event take place. His space shuttle had taken him into his eye, which looked all cloudy from the inside, looking out. Interestingly, though, the memory he uncovered was not a negative memory from his past, but a positive one. Alan went back to a time in his life when he was highly successful, a real go-getting achiever and entrepreneur. He went back to a time when it seemed as if everything he touched turned to gold, a time when it seemed that nothing could stop him.

There were no other people at his campfire, just the younger forty-year-old Alan, the present-day Alan and his mentor. But, boy, did the younger him have a lot to say! The younger Alan gave the present-day Alan a real talking-to, reminding him in no uncertain terms that the same genius, the same positive qualities, that had made him a millionaire in his forties, were still inside him. They were sitting there fallow and unused because the present-day Alan had forgotten who he was. He had forgotten the greatness that had allowed him to achieve such success. The younger him was upbraiding him, imploring him to recognize, "I'm still here!"

It hadn't occurred to the present-day Alan that his success hadn't been a product of outer circumstances. He hadn't realized that his success had been born out of his own inner greatness. It was the first time in over ten years that Alan even contemplated the possibility of succeeding again.

After the process, Alan said he felt he had a skip in his step, and that he felt truly freed from the helpless victim state that he'd been a prisoner of for so many years. It had taken the process for him to remember what it was to be in touch with

Source again, and how it felt to tap into his own inner genius. It was the first time he felt in flow, in touch, in years. He hadn't thought it was possible.

When he got ready to leave the seminar, I saw a youthful twinkle in his eye that I'm certain must have been what he looked like in his successful younger days. He'd remembered the spark of being in touch with his real, free Self.



Chapter 25

It's been my ongoing experience that our journey doesn't end with one Physical or Emotional Journey process. In fact, usually doing the process is just the beginning of a lifetime of letting go of emotional layers, and an ever-deepening experience of freedom. Freedom has no boundaries. It's not like you experience Source and you are established in it. Rather, it's more like you start living as an expression of it, and Source reveals all the remaining veils, wounded patterns, and old issues that are ready to be let go of. And yet, this that you truly are, Source, remains still, pristine and untouched by the whole dance of life.

Source is relentless in its desire to free you. By its very nature, Freedom calls to the surface anything that is not yet free, and says, "This is welcome, but it's not who you really are." Source has a way of pointing to this that you are not, even while taking you deeper into this that you truly are. So when the tumor came and left, I didn't realize that this would be just the beginning of a lifetime of letting go.

About one-and-a-half years after the tumor, in the fall of 1993, there was a big firestorm in the hills of Malibu that was widely reported on TV and the news. The fires were so

devastating that they destroyed 280 homes and left hundreds without a place to live.

I was in New York City at the time, in a television studio. The director came up to me and said, "I think you'd better go to the green room lounge to watch the news. You have a home in Malibu, don't you? Perhaps you'd better make sure everything is all right. The reports say the fire is out of control and the flames are over 70 feet high."

As I watched the news, none of it made sense, it seemed surreal. There was my hometown, beautiful Malibu, thick with black smoke and blazing like an inferno. Quietly, I sat alone in the lounge and watched as, one by one, friends' homes went up like so many matchsticks. It felt like a poorly edited disaster movie, and that soon the credits would start rolling.

I couldn't see my own house, but as the fires were clearly moving across the hillsides and my house was on the beach, it didn't seem as though there was much possibility that the flames would leap over the highway and set the beach houses on fire.

Feeling like I wasn't really helping matters by sitting there stunned and hypnotized in front of a television screen, I switched it off and decided to sit quietly and pray for all the people who suddenly had all their lives turned inside out. I knew there must be so much suffering going on, and I thought of my friends and sent them all my love. Unable to reach them, I felt very alone and helpless. I so longed to be able to do anything at all, and praying was the best thing I could think of.

Then I just sat there, quietly stunned, riveted in a timeless stillness with nothing to say or do. Softly, into the stillness, an inner foreboding began to arise. I decided I'd better do a quick mental checklist to make sure that none of my loved ones were in my house, just in case. I thought of my daughter, Kelley, and how she had recently moved eight miles away to Santa Monica with her fiancé. And I knew Don was in Santa Fe taking a seminar. We no longer had any pets so for a moment I

felt a sigh of relief that none of my family was at home... and yet, quietly, that inner foreboding began to snake its way back into my guts.

Shaking it off, I decided to call my daughter and her fiancé to make sure they were all right, and once that was all clear I asked the director to be allowed to leave early.

That night I slept fitfully and woke the next morning with a splitting migraine. I went straight to the studios. When I got there, everyone stopped to look at me. I thought I had arrived late. There was a terrible hush in what was other wise a busy, chirpy crew.

Two people kept exchanging glances, as if to decide who was going to break the news to me. Finally, mercifully, someone wound up the nerve and said, "Brandon, I think you need to book your flight home. ...Your house has just burned down... Sorry... don't know what to say." Awkward pause... "Did you have insurance?"

"No... no one does in Malibu, it's just too expensive when you live by the sea... " Another long pause... "Well, I guess I'd better find out if the airlines can help me out." No one said anything else. There was nothing more that could be said.

I stepped outside the studio doors into the sharp, cold New York wind. It was a gray fall day, but the colors seemed keenly intense, the smells so strong, the traffic noise blaring, and yet in all of this I felt a very deep quiet.

Oddly, I felt as if some great burden had been lifted from my shoulders, as if years of karma had left me somehow. I felt curiously light and free. From inside, a little song I had heard at a spiritual center began to play itself. The words were, "Have faith, everything is all right." They seemed ridiculously corny yet sweetly appropriate, so I continued to sing the tune to myself as I walked back to the hotel to pack my bags.

I called the airlines. Though I had a non-refundable ticket, they agreed that under the circumstances I could fly standby, but warned me that the next flight was quite full. When

I arrived at the airport the flight was fully booked, and as there were no more coach-class seats available, a very kind lady upgraded me to first class. Tears sprang to my eyes at the generous heart of a complete stranger so clearly reaching out to me at a time when I most needed it. The song “Have faith, everything is all right” continued to play inside my head.

On the flight home, I became aware that the clothes in my suitcase were the sum total of what I owned. Here I was, forty years old, and all I had was a suitcase of clothes to my name. Somehow, it didn’t seem such a bad thing.

On arriving at Los Angeles airport, my husband greeted me and said, “I think it would be best if we went straight there. You have your driver’s license with you, don’t you? They’re not letting anyone through the barricades unless you can prove you are a resident. Already there’s been so much looting.”

As we drove up the Pacific Coast Highway, it no longer looked like a surreal disaster movie. Everything was very, very real. The devastation took my breath away. When we got close to what used to be our home, I took in a deep breath to prepare myself, yet nothing could truly prepare me. When we pulled into the driveway, all that was left was black and burned timber, still steaming in places, a lot of rubble, and our magnificent magenta-colored bougainvillea, still untouched, fresh, in full bloom, looking so vibrant and alive in contrast to the stark black pile of the remains of eighteen years of family life.

I had expected to burst into tears, but instead I felt deeply quiet, humbled, and aware that this was a sacred moment for me, a precious moment. I didn’t want to suppress or obscure anything that I might feel. I just wanted to be present to whatever might come up. A deep unexplainable feeling of gratitude came washing through me. I became aware of how lucky I was to have such a loving relationship with my husband and daughter, and this was, after all, all that really mattered. Everything else was just material ‘stuff.’

As we stepped into what would have been our kitchen, Don

cautioned me to be careful, as the floors had burned through. A few pieces of blackened wood remained standing, the fridge and dishwasher had completely melted, and the plastic had fused to the metal. I could see the signs that whatever pottery hadn't fallen and smashed had already been looted. It seemed somehow bizarrely ludicrous that people would actually prey upon someone else's loss and steal from those who already had next-to-nothing left.

Nothing about the remains seemed to resemble what I had come to know of as our home until I came across a piece of pottery that the looters had missed. It was a mug that I bought at that spiritual center. On it were written the simple words, "Have faith, everything is all right." I laughed to myself, and realized I was being left signs that grace was definitely at hand.

Don and I continued to dig through the rubble, to see if there might be the occasional keepsake or piece of memorabilia that might be worth salvaging. Amazingly, a metal filing cabinet had fallen on our heavy leather-bound wedding album. We were thrilled to find it, and though the pictures were partially soaked with water, they still were intact. I also came across a badly marred metal button that a teacher had once given me. On it were written the words, "When life gives you lemons, make lemonade." It seemed like I was being left signs everywhere, and I smiled at the thought of just how much lemonade I'd probably be making.

Each moment seemed both precious and poignant, not at all as I had thought it would be. We laughed at how much better the view of the ocean was, now that there were no walls, and continued digging our way through the remains. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, I heard a voice behind me. I turned around and found myself face to face with a huge television camera. A reporter jammed a microphone under my mouth and asked, "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?" Startled and stunned, I mumbled,

"...Well, no... as long as you don't mind me getting on with

the work... We've just arrived here."

"Well, how does it feel to be a victim of this disaster?"

Shaking my head incredulously, at the amazing insensitivity of asking a question like that at a time like this, I nonetheless softly replied, "Well, actually, I don't feel myself to be a victim."

"Okay, so how does it feel to be a survivor of this disaster?"

I looked at her and quietly said, "Well, actually I don't feel myself to be a survivor, either."

"Okay, so how do you feel?" Finally she'd asked the first real question.

"Well, truthfully, what I'm feeling most right now is gratitude."

"Gratitude? How could you feel gratitude at a time like this?"

Finally, I stopped digging around. I turned and looked straight into her eyes. It flashed through my mind as I saw her face how difficult it must be to be a reporter. Quietly, I said, "I feel gratitude because I am truly aware today that most people would gladly burn down ten houses to experience the kind of love that I have in my life, to have the deeply fulfilling relationship I have with my husband, and to feel how blessed I am to be so close with my daughter."

Pointing at the rubble, I said, "This is not a disaster. If you're looking for a disaster, go speak to the eighty-year-old woman who lived at the top of that hill. She never sees her children anymore, and her house was all she had left. Me, I'm forty years old. I have people I love and a career I feel privileged to work in. You wouldn't say to an eighteen-year-old, 'Oh, what a disaster, you have nothing but two suitcases in your hands to start up life with.' You'd say, 'You have your whole life ahead of you.' I'm like that teenager. I may be forty years old, and I don't have any insurance, but I have my whole life ahead of me. So this is not a disaster."

She asked the cameraman to cut, and privately asked me if I

really felt this way. She had tears in her eyes. Quietly I answered, “You know, at a time like this it doesn’t occur to you to make something like that up. There is a lot of vulnerability and humility at a time like this, and truth has a way of speaking itself plainly.”

“But how could you feel grateful, when you know your house is the only beach house that went up in flames? Doesn’t that make you feel, ‘Why me? Why my house?’ ” I saw her signal the cameraman to start rolling again.

“Well, let me tell you the real story of this house. Ten minutes before you walked in, I spoke to a fireman, who said he was here at the time of the fire. An ember had flown across the highway, and though an entire fire squad was poised outside my house, ready to douse the flames, they couldn’t stop it because the seventy-mile-an-hour winds were too strong. It was out of their control. So the house burned down to the ground in less than five minutes. He also told me something much more interesting. He said the whole house burned down except this one room over here -my meditation room. He said, ‘I don’t know what it was about that room, but the fire stopped there.’

“Because of that one mysterious room, all the neighboring beach cottages were saved. So, if my house had to be sacrificed so that all the others could be saved, well then, that is a small price when you look at the whole picture.”

With this last answer the reporter seemed at a loss for words, and having run out of questions, she and the cameraman quietly packed up and left.

The fireman stopped by later, and asked what it was about that room that made it so special. He seemed genuinely perplexed. None of his colleagues on the fire team could figure it out.

“Well,” I said, “I recently had this room built onto the deck. Because it was my meditation room, I put pictures of saints from various spiritual traditions inside the walls as it was being built. Now, I can’t explain the mystery of why it didn’t burn down, but if the fire stopped there, all I can suggest is perhaps

there was some protective grace in it somehow. I can't really give you an answer, but the important thing is our neighbor's house, which is butted up next to it, remained completely untouched by flames. And for that I do feel grateful."

"Well, if it had reached your neighbor's house, the fire would have taken every house on this strip of Malibu beach, because there was no way we could have stopped it."

Shaking his head, he added, "I don't believe in those kind of things, but as a fireman I know my business, and it does make you wonder."

It didn't make me wonder. It seemed the signs of grace were all over the place. And truly, I was left with everything that really mattered: my husband, my daughter, and my ability to earn enough money to put food in our bellies and eventually a roof over our heads. Most of all, I was left feeling abundant, like I was blessed with what really mattered in life, love itself. Or, at least so it seemed at the time.



Chapter 26

But life had something deeper to teach me about the true nature of love.

It was a year after the fire. We had settled into a new apartment in Malibu, south of all the devastation, this time in the hills with a view of the ocean. Somehow grace seemed to be supporting us in getting our lives started again from scratch. So many people, even complete strangers, were kind and generous to us during that year. Furnishing our new home had taken every dime we had, and so Don had written several letters to the Internal Revenue Service requesting that like others who had lost their homes in the fires we be put on a payment plan to pay our overdue taxes. The fire had been financially devastating, and we were doing what we could to get our lives back together.

Don and I had been working out of the country for nearly two months. Our air tickets allowed a stopover in India, and so, on a shoestring and a prayer, we went to visit a spiritual teacher there. It seemed it was time for so many lessons - first the tumor, then the fire, and when we visited the teacher I felt a deep surrender and an unslakable thirst to learn whatever Source had to reveal or teach me.

During our stay, I had a crashing spiritual experience - a feeling that my 'pot had been smashed' - that my own separate identity, all that I thought was 'me,' my ego, had crumbled into dust. What was left was pure awareness shining in everything, everywhere. On the plane ride home, there was the awareness that I was looking at everything with fresh eyes, as if for the first time. Everything was scintillating as me. I had no idea that what lay ahead in Malibu would end up mirroring the experience in India. My life would never be the same.

Lugging my heavy suitcases up the stairs to our new apartment, weary and tired from the long trip, I still found myself seeing everything freshly. The jade tree looked so lush. The flowering ice plant looked so vibrant. And when I stepped into the apartment, threw open our sliding glass doors, and drank in the fresh sea air, filling my lungs with the salty-seaweed smell of the ocean, I wondered if it had ever smelled this glorious.

I looked behind me at the kitchen table. There was a stack of mail piled high, which had always given me a 'welcome - yes, you've arrived home' feeling. So, before unpacking our bags, I rifled quickly through the pile, to see if perhaps there was some good news from someone. Five heavily stuffed envelopes, addressed from the IRS, and dated at different times were among the other letters. "Great," I thought, "They must have finally responded to Don and put us on a payment plan." Though I usually left the bills for Don, I felt strangely compelled to open them first.

Expecting good news, I was not prepared for what I read. Shocked, I thought, "There must be some mistake. Can they really do this? We've just been devastated by the fire." I quickly tore open another, more recent IRS letter. Same words, only more demanding. They were taking one hundred percent of our wages and were freezing our bank accounts.

"How is it possible that, when you have lost everything in a fire, the government could take away even your ability to put food on a table? Didn't they realize they were taking everything

we had?" I felt the wind had been knocked out of me.

"Don, you need to look at these."

I stood at the kitchen table stunned, unable to think. Looking for something that might be a little more friendly to read, I tore through the pile, and found a letter from my daughter, Kelley. She had always been my soul mate. I prided myself on the deep abiding respect we had for one another - how we could tell each other anything, and shared our deepest secrets. I felt ours was not just a special mother-daughter relationship, but a remarkable one. Her handwriting instantly warmed my heart, and I made a mess of opening the envelope, not able to open it quickly enough.

My heart stopped. Tears flashed to my eyes. Her words cut through me. She wrote that while we were away, she had been through some dramatic life changes, and on looking back through her life she felt Don and I had been too strong an influence on her. She didn't want to have any more contact with us, and didn't know when she would. She left no number, and no forwarding address.

Her letter had come so out of the blue, seemingly out of nowhere. I truly couldn't imagine what we had done or said; it just didn't make sense. We'd just arrived home, and in five minutes it seemed as if our whole world was coming tumbling down around us.

Two days later, not knowing where to turn, with no money to pay a lawyer to help us, and not having a clue about who else to ask about the IRS, Don and I were standing in our bedroom. There was a feeling in the air of everything being on tenterhooks, on shaky ground. Under the strain, Don's temper seemed to flare, and unexpectedly he blurted out that I needed to "get real" and wake up to what was going on around me, and not just with the finances. Didn't I know that he had fallen in love with an other woman? Hadn't I figured it out yet?

I stood there open-mouthed, absolutely stunned. Eventually, thinking he might have a crush on someone we both knew,

I mumbled, “Who?... What do you mean ‘in love with another woman?’... Who is it?”

“It’s someone I met while I was away last August. We’ve been passionately in love ever since.”

Still stunned and uncomprehending, I stupidly asked, “Are you physically involved?”

He gave me a ‘Must I spell it out to you?’ look, and said, “What did you think I meant by ‘passionately’? This is not some one-night thing, Brandon. This is serious. I’ve already spoken to her about marriage.”

I was dumbstruck, blown out of the water. I’d never seen any signs or clues of anything. I was so unsuspecting, so trusting. We were both so much in love with each other. Our marriage seemed so alive. It wasn’t as if we had a dead, empty marriage like so many I’d seen. We both still called each other our ‘true love,’ and Don still had the ability to make my heart skip when I heard his car pull up. Ours had been a high romance, a ‘legendary love.’ Even the spiritual teacher in India had commented on the rarity of the devotion we had for each other, and how we were an extraordinary example to all couples. I’d always seen us holding hands, together in rocking chairs, still deeply in love with one another until we died.

It was the only thing in life I was absolutely certain of. Don and Brandon were two names set together in stone. This must be some mistake. The words just didn’t match what I knew in my heart to be true. The words didn’t match what I knew was the reality; that he loved me more than life itself, as I did him.

The conversation went on into the mundane particulars, as he pointed out to me all the signs I stupidly and trustingly had missed. As I walked out into the living room, it seemed as if the whole world as I knew it came crashing in around me. Nothing was as it seemed. Nothing was certain or real anymore. Everything I had thought of as my life had been stripped away, and there was nothing to cling to, nowhere to turn. It felt like free-falling, free-falling in nothingness. No walls to grab onto,

and nowhere to land.

The tumor, the fire, the IRS, no money, husband leaving, Kelley gone: was there anything else that I had thought was my life that could go? It was just like in India, when I felt my ego had been smashed. Here my identity in the world as I knew it - mother, beloved wife, livelihood, even my ability to survive - had been stripped away. Was there nothing certain or permanent in the world?

Feeling extremely present and sharply aware, I walked up the steps to the kitchen to get a glass of water. As I passed the refrigerator door, a quote pasted there caught my eye. The words arrested me. They seemed to leap off the page: "Know whatever comes unexpected to be a gift from God, which will surely serve you if you use it to the fullest. It is only that which you strive for out of your own imagination, that gives you trouble." I read it three times. The words penetrated me to the core.

As I stared at them, I knew them to be true. Every cell in my body knew they were true. Truth itself knew that Truth was speaking. And though I couldn't know the mystery of what was happening, all I could really do was trust that somehow there would be a gift in it, and that if I used it fully it would surely serve me.

Once again, in the middle of catastrophe, the signs of grace were speaking loud and clear. Time stood still. All fell silent, and a profound decision arose from inside, a decision to trust in what was happening no matter what. It was a decision to know with certainty that it was all somehow a gift from God, and though I couldn't fully understand its mystery, I knew in time the gift would be revealed.

In that decision to trust came complete surrender. In surrender a presence of love filled the room and permeated everywhere. I was bathed in it, embraced in it. Yet I also knew it to be who I am. Alive, scintillating, the presence of love was everywhere, and there was no place I could go where it was not.

Source had been teaching me so profoundly, using my life as the classroom. With the tumor: you are not your body. With the fire: you are not your material possessions. With the IRS: you are not your money or your ability to survive. With Kelley: you are not your relationships. With Don: you are not the romance or the marriage. You are this love that is present when all else comes and goes.

Bodies age, wither and die. Possessions leave, relationships leave, lifestyles leave; but you are the love that is present when all else has come and has gone. Eternal love. The only real love. The only thing that cannot come and can not go. This was the one beloved worth being true to. This was the one love worth making a marriage with. I made a vow that I would be true to this beloved for the rest of my life. I would make my life an endless prayer of gratitude in surrender to this love that is here when all else had forsaken me.

I was reminded of the story 'Footprints':

One night a man had a dream.

He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonged to him and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand.

He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life. This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it.

"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My precious, precious child, I love

you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you.”

This was the first time the story really had a true meaning for me. Here, in the most devastating moments of my life, Source was here, carrying me, embracing me. Not two, just one.

Don came to me later, and told me what I already knew to be true, that he still loved me deeply and that he was confused. We had a long-standing emotional issue that had not yet been resolved, and which was troubling him deeply. He also confided his confusion with his new romance, and pleaded that I give him time to get clear, that I honor the twenty years of the love that we had shared.

I agreed, and made a secret vow to myself that no matter what happened, no matter how painful it became, I would not do anything to stain or dump on the sacredness of the love we had shared. I knew that the possibility existed that he might leave, and I decided I was not going to let twenty years of a legendary romance be marred by the necessary grief and pain that would have to take place. I would allow grief to be grief, and twenty years of beauty to remain twenty years of beauty.

At that same time, I also made a vow to myself that I would not start calling all my friends and family and start gossiping about myself, drawing them into the drama under the guise of needing to confide. It felt like a sacred time, a precious time, and I didn’t want to invite everyone else’s judgment and projected pain to be dumped onto what was a time of tremendous learning, and opening into the full recognition of what real love was.

So, I kept it to myself, remained present day by day to what ever emotions came and went in this vast ocean of love that was omnipresent. The love was there waking, sleeping, while eating - it would not leave me, nor would I leave it.

And yet the whole drama of life continued in its tumultuous ways even as I bathed in this presence of pure love.

It seemed that this love was completely untouched by any emotion that came through it, or by any circumstances that took place. It was like resting in an ocean of love in which all the drama of the fishes was taking place, and yet the ocean remained untouched by it.

Don promised he would be open with me, and share with me what was really going on for him in his heart. And though it was painful to remain open, while I watched my husband of twenty years carrying on a long-distance romance in my presence, at least there was a power of being absolutely honest with each other. Don was my best friend, and I knew he was the one I could rely on to see me through this most painful of times.

He went off on a business trip, and his new love joined him while he was there. On his first phone call, he spoke openly about his feelings, what was coming up for him. He was still uncertain about what it all meant, or where it would take him. Oddly, I was comforted by the obvious honesty, feeling that as long as we had clear and open communication, there would be truth in what was taking place.

However, by the end of the weekend when he next called home, I could hear a covering very clearly in his voice. A veil had come down, and pure open truth was no longer there. Out of the ocean of stillness I was resting in, a huge wave of rage began to give rise to itself. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced. The power of it was almost overwhelming, and as I listened to his covered tones, I internally raged, "This is not right!"

The rage was enormous, and yet it seemed strangely impersonal. It didn't even feel like 'I' was enraged, but that Truth itself was enraged and had a life force of its own. I got off the phone and could feel the power of the rage building even further, as if a volcano was ready to blast.

Still resting in Source, I sat down on my meditation cushion. The words, "This is not right!" blasted out of my mouth. I thought, I got a tumor because I wasn't able to be present and allow myself to feel what was going on emotionally. Well, this is

one time I'm not going to stuff it back down. I'm not going to create another tumor. I'm going to just sit here and allow this rage to be fully felt. I'm going to be absolutely present to it.

Suddenly, I began to feel a pain at the base of my spine and in my groin area. As I sat, I felt the rage turn into a blazing white-hot flame that began to burn up through my body. It came up through my belly into my stomach, leaving me red and perspiring in the wake of its fire. It continued up through my chest and into my throat, and finally seemed to leave through the top of my head.

The white flame had purified my body, and I sat there sweating, blazing in freedom, in profound stillness. Then the next wave of emotion came: a grief and loss unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Once again, I was totally present to it and allowed the fullness of it to be felt. I doubled over in pain. It too was followed by a quiet, and then the next wave of pain came: anguish. I found myself curled up in a fetal position as it poured through my body. Then once again, silence. The next wave came. Every imaginable emotion burned its way through my body.

The process lasted for six whole days. I lost eleven pounds in weight. At the end, I was left washed clean. The grief and loss had finished itself completely and utterly in only six days. I had not known that just allowing pure raw emotion to come through the body could be that painful, but what I learned was that if you are fully present to it, if you welcome it, there is no pain, no matter how deep, that cannot finish itself this quickly. I was left in a wake of peace that is still with me today.

I've subsequently heard it said in spiritual circles, that if you are totally present to grief, all grief will finish itself within seven days. There is no grief so great that it needs to last longer than that. Grief is prolonged either because we don't let it all come up, or worse, because we string it out by believing our society's dictum that it has to last longer.

All this had taken place, and still the presence of love in

which I was resting was completely untouched by it. Even in the depth of anguish, love was there. It was as if the body had to go through this profound and powerful letting-go process, even though 'I' was identified with love itself. Love remained when all else left.

And so it went for the next couple of months -love present, while the drama of life continued. Finally, there came a point where I said to Don, "You must make up your mind. I'm surrendered to whatever decision is made. I just want somewhere to give my life into. If we're to remain married, let me give my life to that, or if I'm to be single, then let me give my life to that, but please give me some place to surrender."

He said he needed time to go into silence and truly get clear, as I was forcing him to make his decision before he was really ready. He was going to Hawaii for a seminar, and he promised that while he was there, he would be still and come to a decision.

On his way out the door, I looked into his pained eyes. It was clear that this was also the hardest thing that he had been through in his life, and quietly he said, "I know this sounds like bullshit, but underneath it all, I've had this incessant deep feeling that I'm doing this all for you. I don't know what I mean by that, but that's what's been coming up for me."

I answered that perhaps he was right, and when he closed the door something inside of me knew it was true. I didn't know how, but I knew it was true.

While Don was in Hawaii, I continued to rest in awareness, life still happening in a bath of love. I had noticed that ever since the "This is not right" day, I had a nagging feeling gnawing at my guts. Every morning, just as I was waking up, I could feel my tummy churn. When I finally asked myself, "What am I really feeling?" inwardly I heard the simple word betrayal. The grief, loss, and pain had finished completely, but the feeling of betrayal still haunted me.

So I decided it was time to call my close friend Vicki, and finally let her know everything that was taking place. I knew

I needed an Emotional Journey process big time, and as I was still hooked with the betrayal issue, I hoped she would be willing to help me out.

When she heard the news she said, “Of course, Brandon. Come over today. Bring the Emotional Journey script with you, I’m a bit rusty. I haven’t done one in a while, and this is a pretty big issue.”

As we sat there for the process, my tummy began to flutter. I truly didn’t know what I would encounter. I had been so present to all my emotions, and I couldn’t figure out why this particular one wouldn’t stop nagging me.

It took almost no time to go through the layers, and when we got to the campfire, Vicki said, “Well, as this is a current issue, does the seven-year-old you really need to speak to Don? The seven-year-old didn’t even know Don.”

“I don’t know. She must be here for some reason. I suppose it can’t hurt.” Boy, was I surprised. It wasn’t the present-day me that felt betrayed at all! It was the younger me that was so upset. I had made a vow to myself at seven years old that one day I would marry my Prince Charming, and we would be madly in love and live happily ever after until the day we died. The younger me felt crushed that her story book romance had been shattered.

A deep feeling of disillusionment and loss came as she surrendered to the truth that the romance was over. The younger me wept tears of surrender and said something totally unexpected: “It was me that betrayed myself. I believed that fairy tales can come true, and I hated you for proving me wrong, when actually I was the one who made up the story in the first place. I was the one who took up residence and lived in the fairytale.”

When she forgave, I knew the storybook romance was finally over. I was left in the tender sweet wake of reality itself. I thought, “Isn’t this amazing? Here I am, resting in this ocean of love, and still this old issue needed resolving. Thank God for

The Journey process!” When I was done, I felt completely and utterly free, and have remained so ever since.

In the end Don decided to move on and to marry his new beloved. I was freed to start my life anew, and this time I had finally learned what Source had been trying to teach me: nothing you can do can give you this love. No career can give it to you; no amount of service can make you know it; no lover, partner, or family can make it happen; no house, car, or material belongings can buy it for you. Nothing and no one can give it to you, for it is who you already are. You are the love that you have been seeking.

It turned out Don had been right, I didn’t realize that he would be the one to make my deepest, most heartfelt prayer come true. Ten years before this whole story began, I had attended a seminar in which I uncovered my life’s purpose. This purpose I memorized, inscribed on my heart, and did my best to live each day. It went, “The purpose of my life is to be pure joy, and to help myself and others discover our greatness, our god-selves.”

Each day I put out that intention, and my prayer had finally been answered. I had discovered what real joy was, and had finally uncovered what true greatness, god-self, was. Don had been a vehicle used in the answer to my own deepest prayer.

I had to discover for myself both what love is and what love is not, in order to uncover my innate greatness. What I didn’t realize was that he set me free to do what it is I am here to do, for since his leave-taking I have finally been able to give my whole life into serving Truth.

So much of my energy and devotion had been focused on him and his career. Now I was free to give all my love into serving humankind in waking up to the Freedom and love that is what we truly are. I am sitting here today, writing this book, because I was finally set free to do what had been my deepest heart’s desire. I am living my soul’s purpose.

Kelley finally got in touch with me a year later, and came to

her first Journey seminar in London. There were many tears of joy and renewal of our deep love, and a year later I was privileged to be there with her as she gave birth to our beautiful grandchild, Claire Grace.

Since then I have been going on tour around the world, giving Journey workshops. As the Journey grew I found the need to take on a business partner. Over time, very slowly and sweetly, a soft romance crept in on cat's paws. And Kevin and I were married on Maui, in January 1998.

His commitment to serving Truth is equal to my own, and together we are deeply fulfilled in the knowledge that love cannot be given or received. It's who you are. And still, it is a great joy to celebrate life together in this ocean of love.

Ultimately, life is the real journey.



27 YOUR JOURNEY BEGINS

So many people come to The Journey with physical challenges such as chronic fatigue, multiple sclerosis, tumors, cancer, arthritis, chronic back pain, allergies, skin diseases, heart disease or acute knee pain. They may have trouble sleeping or have been diagnosed with chronic depression or are perhaps feeling listless or lethargic. Still others come with emotional issues, like debilitating rage or heightened sensitivity to criticism, or they have low self-esteem. Some come because they fear public speaking or have problems with procrastination, anxiety or stress. Still others have challenges with smoking, drinking or drugs. Many come because they feel they cannot resolve the grief or loss in their life, or perhaps they have a sexual block that is holding them back from being intimate. And others come along simply because they feel there's something missing - that there must be more to life, and they sense a greatness within that they just can't get access to.

A great many people come because they know they are capable of achieving great things, and yet something holds them back - some silent saboteur seems to stop them from achieving the kind of abundance and success they just know they are capable of.

In each of these cases, people have succeeded in getting to the very core of their issue, be it emotional or physical, and they have been successful in setting themselves free. They have participated in their own healing process.

And yet what they go home with is something much deeper and more priceless than healing. They go home with the knowledge of who they really are. They come to realize that all of these emotional and physical challenges have actually turned out to be the greatest gifts of their lives because they served as a wake-up call. And what they wake up to is the immense beauty of their own soul. They wake up to the presence of love that has always been secretly tucked away in their hearts. They come for healing, and they leave with the realization, the knowledge that the Kingdom of Heaven most certainly dwells within.

With all my heart I pray that this book has given you a wake-up call. I hope that all the inspiring stories of self-discovery will ignite a flame of longing in your own heart and cause you to go on your own spiritual journey.

I wish you well and pray you find deep peace and freedom on whatever journey your heart calls you, and perhaps someday I might have the joy of meeting you at one of the seminars, or maybe you will feel inspired to pass this book along to a friend so that each human heart can become aware of its own greatness.

May you discover the presence of love, which is your own true self, and live as a true expression of Freedom.

In all love,
Brandon

May the Source be with you!

YOUR INVITATION FROM BRANDON

Dear Reader,

I truly hope you have enjoyed sharing my experience of The Journey and its magic.

This is however an experience. One that is different for everyone.

It's real. It's changing people's lives, and has done so for over 20 years.

Yet, millions of people (just like you) have yet to try it for themselves.

Which is why I would love to extend a heartfelt invitation to you today

Come and join me or one of our presenters at one of the many live events around the world, so you can experience for yourself everything I've shared within these pages...

To really 'get' The Journey, from the inside out.

You'll experience first hand the powerful healing tools that for the past two decades have been changing people's lives for the better.

Just go to **www.thejourney.com/book-bonus** to download your free bonuses and to find out more.

♥ Brandon

JOURNEY EVENTS: INFORMATION AND RESOURCES

The Journey Intensive Real Tools - Real Healing - Real Freedom

Do you desire more fulfilling relationships with your loved ones, greater satisfaction in your career, improved health and well-being, spiritual growth?

The Journey Intensive with Brandon Bays is a three-day experiential workshop, giving you the tools to make the necessary life changes to move forward! Many participants describe the workshop as the “most transformational experience” of their lives. Drawing from direct, personal experience and sharing her inspirational story of healing and developing this life-transforming work, Brandon will guide you step-by-step through your own personal journey, teaching you The Journey Method that has transformed the lives of hundreds of thousands of people around the world.

During The Journey Intensive weekend, supported by a highly experienced team of staff, trainers and Journey Practitioners, you will learn The Journey Method. Following a step-by-step process, you will get to the root cause of long-standing issues and get in touch with your own emotions - emotions that you may have shut down, numbed or denied for many years because of past experiences or current circumstances such as stress, depression, relationship issues, work/life imbalance, illness - allowing the possibility of physical and emotional healing.

You will use tools to:

- Access your true feelings.
- Learn how to deal healthily with your emotions.

- Uncover and clear the blocks and limitations that hold you back.
- Find completion and release years of baggage that has been weighing you down.
- Reconnect with your authentic self, your true potential.

You will experience:

- Inspirational teaching stories.
- Guided visualizations and meditations.
- Practical group work.
- One-to-one process work, with a partner of your own choosing.
- How easy it is to access your body's infinite wisdom.

By the end of the two days, you will leave:

- Having learned straightforward repeatable tools to use in your daily life.
- Having experienced first-hand the benefits of clearing out stored issues.
- Having let go of emotional baggage.
- Feeling free, energized and inspired to continue living your life as your true potential.
- With continued support through local grad meetings and ongoing programs.

To find out the dates of our Journey Intensives around the world, please visit us at www.thejourney.com or call us on one of our worldwide office numbers.

The Journey Intensive is a deeply transformative event that gives you the freedom to live your life the way you always dreamt it would be.

You've read Brandon's story. Now we hope you feel inspired to experience your own emotional and physical transformation and join us at our next event!

THE JOURNEY ACCREDITED® PRACTITIONER PROGRAM

Are you ready for the next step? Then give yourself the gift of a lifetime!

Throw away the formulas and undergo deep process work. The Journey Accredited® Practitioner Program is a series of “hands-on” retreats that will teach you how to work and live energetically in consciousness, at the deep est level, with yourself, your loved ones or your clients. You will learn how to uncover your own deepest healing while becoming a competent facilitator in a professional setting.

There are seven courses which each designed to transform and heal every area of your life and will empower you to:

- Come home to the greatness within yourself, to live in fulfilment as a true expression of your highest potential
- Liberate yourself and manifest your heart’s desires by clearing your silent saboteurs
- Clear any emotional blocks and physical challenges which keep you from living life fully
- Work with people of all ages, from all walks of life
- Uncover core issues and get to the root cause of what blocks you
- Learn how to work energetically at the deepest level with your clients on a huge array of issues: from physical illness to addictions and obsessions to depression and emotional hooks such as anger, rage, fear, low self-worth, and from relationship issues and sexual blocks to abuse and shutdown.
- Live as your Life’s Purpose guided by your own essence and help others uncover their own Life’s Purpose.

The Practitioner Training Program is the deepest program we offer and is perhaps one of the most in-depth self-healing practitioner programs in the world. The best thing about becoming a practitioner is knowing how to live a guided life in conscious abundance.

How to put into writing healing stories using Journey-work to share about the marvellous, wonderful, unique tool that is The Journey? Where do I begin? How do I start to share what for me is a daily occurrence? Every day in my office I witness deep, lasting transformation. I see people freeing themselves from bouts of depression, allergies, anxiety, grief, low self-esteem, debilitating mood disorders and physical ailments, such as high blood pressure, IBS, migraines, even cancer!

How do I describe the “indescribable”? Should I talk about the one who cleared herself of breast cancer in just two processes? Or the one that suffered from sexual impotence for as long as he could remember and could resume having a normal sex life again after just two sessions? Or should I talk about the one who was suffering from panic attacks and couldn’t sleep but felt an instant relief and change after the first session? Or maybe I could talk about the lady who was totally unable to let go of a past heart break to the point of becoming obsessive, and was able to forgive and move on? Or about the lady that was unable to attend to her dying mother in her last days of her life, and was able to surmount her fears in one session and was then able to let her go in peace while holding her hand? Or about the ones who were suffering from fibromyalgia to the point of being in constant pain and who are now pain free? Or do I talk about myself, finally released from the relentless, harsh, subtle, critical voice that kept me feeling never “good enough” and unworthy, no matter what I did or how much I succeeded?

As you can see, I am in awe of what I witness and am very, very humbled by it.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is written to inspire you to recognize and realize the greatness that lies within all of us, to point to the possibility that participating in our own healing journeys is a gift we can give ourselves. It is a wake-up call to the freedom and wholeness already inside.

It is NOT designed to take you away from whatever healing path or health program you are on - whether medical or complementary. Instead, it is meant to enhance and support your own chosen process and growth. You should feel free to use this work gracefully alongside whatever healing path you are on.

In the field of healing, there are no guarantees, and there are as many routes to healing and health as there are people. Hopefully, the words in this book will inspire and support you in whatever path you choose.

If your heart feels called to know more about this work, or to find out about any of our support products or Journey workshops, please feel free to call one of our worldwide offices. There are people who will be delighted to answer your questions. Also, you can find out more about our international seminar schedule on our website - www.thejourney.com - and all of the contact details you need to support you as you embark on your journey are in an earlier section of this book.

May your chosen journeys be filled with the joy of self-discovery and wholeness, and may you uncover the extraordinary beauty of your own soul.

GRATITUDE

My gratitude to my mother for her belief in me, and for imparting to me her great love of beauty and nature.

My love and gratitude to The Journey team: Gaby, Cliff, Michal, Daniel, Jane, Claire, Arnold, Bettina, Alexandra, Bet, Annette, Skip, Sharon, Jonas, Patricia, John, Lydia and all the office teams globally, for their constant love and support... And I thank all the Journey Practitioners around the world using this work to serve humanity - you are the torches.

My heart is deeply grateful to those awakened teachers who woke me up and who dedicated their lives in service to truth - pointing to the greatness within us all - Krishnamurti, Ravana Maharshi, Gurumayi, Gangaji. And eternal indebtedness and love to HWL Poonja (Papaji) for 'smashing the pot,' destroying the concept of separate identity, giving the direct realization of Self - the essence of this book. May my life be lived as a never-ending prayer of gratitude in service to this that is revealed in their presence.

And my most profound thanks to my partner, Kevin, whose own devotion to truth saw me through the creation and editing of this book. He passionately believed in the book's message, and his desire to serve humankind made him hold the book up to the magnifying light of truth. He made certain it had the highest standards of purity and honesty.

Thank you to the hundreds of thousands who have used The Journey to transform their lives, and to the courageous and generous souls whose inspiring stories fill this book (some of their names have been changed to protect their privacy).

Most important, my gratitude to Truth itself for awakening me to the love and greatness within.