

Doing the Work Level 4 Experiences

By Tammy Rogers, HT student

Tammy attended Cynthia Hutchison's Level 4 class in the Chicago area last July, which was held simultaneously in the same location with a level 5 class taught by Sharon Scandrett-Hibdon. She wrote these reflections two days after class completion and shared them with us. You can read more about the Level 4 curriculum by [clicking on this link](#).

It has been two days since returning home from my Healing Touch Level 4 training. This level marks the beginning of the HT Practitioner Apprenticeship year and focuses on preparation for Level 5 graduation and Practitioner Certification. This four-day workshop at a retreat center in Chicago offered uninterrupted, in-depth study of healing techniques, professional practice issues, as well as, a safe, trusting environment to continue personal healing. Since returning from this remarkable experience, I have been asked a dozen or so times how I am doing. People seem to ask without expectation, as more of a greeting. We all do it. However, I have been tempted to replace the usual “*fine, thanks*” with the truth - “*I'm processing.*”

I suspect most people would not know what to make of that - and neither do I. The beauty of it is that, as I continue learning to follow my energy and that of others, I am making room for the mysterious changes that are unfolding within me. Part of that requires that I politely ask my rational brain to take a seat in the corner while my feelings take their turn.

I am not always so gracious toward my feelings. During the workshop, as my partner and I finished our third session together, with me as the HT practitioner, I notice the time and realize that I am encroaching on the second hour. If I do not finish, she will not have enough time to give me a full session. Rather than motivate me, the idea has a ho-hum effect. Well, I

think, I do not really *need* a turn. Maybe due to the high vibrations in the room, I thankfully recognize this as the voice of fear. But fear of what?

I tell my partner, Kathy, about it, and complain of my thigh muscles feeling tight. She begins our session and after a moment has me turn onto my stomach. As she works on my back I cannot help but think that she may be off base. My shoulders are feeling pleasantly tingly, but shouldn't we do some *serious* work? By the time we finish and head to our lunch break, I know that *serious work* is exactly what has happened. I cannot seem to stay grounded. I try to eat but feel waves of anxiety. More than anything, I want to be alone, outside, preferably lying face down in the grass. But I do not want to miss the lunchtime conversations with Level 5 participants, who are sharing this weekend with us and providing valuable insight, support, and encouragement.

However, self care is an important part of the weekend, so I excuse myself. My shoes come off the minute I get outdoors and the hot asphalt feels wonderful under my feet. I find a spot under the trees, just past a shrine to St. Joseph. *Pray for Us* says the inscription in the cement, but the shrine is empty. I wonder if he is having some work done, too?!

With my back against a tree, I let the tears come. The emotions feel old but, strangely, are not attached to definite thoughts or memories. In a way, this is a relief. In the two years that I have been receiving Healing Touch treatments, I continue to hold a fear that, in releasing emotion, I will be forced to relive something unpleasant. What I have found is that the fear comes from the stories I have attached to the feelings, not the feelings themselves. This time the story is not the point. Instead of sentences, I am envisioning a finger painting - streaks and smudges and colors. Although my brain is not necessarily happy about being deprived of its *a-ha!* moment - my body knows that this is safe and right and needed. The energy knows. The Universe knows.

