The Healing Touch of Joy -- No Matter What You Eat

My dad grew up during the Depression. His father had been a mechanic, but because of the poor economy, my grandfather did not work for much of my father’s childhood. He drank instead. My grandmother took in laundry. I cannot imagine there were happy times, even at the holidays. There was a story my father told, however, that suggested otherwise, and which taught me a lesson about joy.

My father was one hundred percent Norwegian, a rather stubborn and profound heritage. Imagine a tribe that spends eleven months buried in a snow bank and the leftover month shoveling out. Well, it would get to you, too. Your life view would reduce to this:

*If you are not too miserable, you might be happy.*

Holidays were spent eating foods (it would be a stretch to suggest the word “enjoying meals”) that were mainly white, boiled, and if lucky, swathed in butter. One such necessity in my father’s household was a version of lutefisk made with this recipe.

Norwegian Recipe for Joy

- Take dry stockfish (cod)
- Soak in strong lye for two days
- Salt the jellied solution
- Put in a barrel
- Bury in ground for several months
- Consume at Christmastime

(Clothespins for the nose recommended)

According to folklore, lutefisk was actually an Irish invention, conceived during the invasion of Ireland by the Vikings. Saint Patrick, in defense of his country, sent poison fish to the raiders to kill them off. Norwegians being Norwegian, they greedily imbibed the poisoned fish, smacking their lips, so Saint Patrick had his men pour lye on the next batch, sure that this would do the trick. The Vikings declared lutefisk an incomparable delicacy.

As my father tells it, he loved the holidays because he and his sister were given a nickel to ride the streetcar to Ingebretsen’s, the Norwegian deli, located all the way across town. Not only that, but everyone would vacate the streetcar on the way home because, even wrapped in several layers of newspaper, the prize was so pungent, the other streetcar riders would flee or refuse to board.

The holidays are a time for joy; at least, that is our expectation. Joy is different to different people. To my father, joy was chasing people off the streetcar—not the one named “Desire,” the more aromatic version. To others, holiday joy involves opening presents, greeting relatives, or attending a place of worship.

There are many people, however, who do not have much to celebrate during the holiday season. Perhaps a loved one has just died or they have no loved ones. Maybe they have lost their job, home, health, or hope. It is for these individuals that Healing Touch can make a tender difference.

A Healing Touch practitioner does not have to enter the home, clinic, or hovel of the desperate, or even know the name of one in need to find someone lacking joy. The healing power of love is available to anyone, always, through the heart. Because of love, healing is timeless and priceless, especially at the holidays. No special wrapping is needed, just plain newsprint works, even if it surrounds lutefisk!
Can you imagine the definition of healing in a culture devoted to the stoic denial of misery? At least there was no need for anesthesia. Given the constant state of hypothermia, you would be too cold to feel anything. And yet, in the midst of a frozen season, in fact, a decade of despondency, my father found healing in a joyous moment.

In addition to our own traditions, what if we were to each take a moment every day of the holy-days and send good wishes to those who do not have the energy or capacity to imagine goodness for themselves? Love truly does make the world go around, near and far -- it touches each and every one of us.

About the author:

Cyndi Dale is the author of *The Subtle Body: An Encyclopedia of Your Energetic Anatomy*, and eight other bestselling books on energy healing, including *The Complete Book of Chakra Healing*. She has worked with over 30,000 clients in the past 20 years. To learn more about Cyndi, her work, books and products please visit: [www.cyndidale.com](http://www.cyndidale.com)

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