HEART OF HEALING NEWS

January 2009

Helping You Heal,
One Little Ripple at a Time

Nancy Lankston, RN, CST
913–206–4531

The Great Wave Off Kanagawa by Hokusai 1831

In This Issue:

Finally Page 1
The Wisdom Of Dr. M Page 2
Potty Diaries Page 3
Classes Page 5
Power of Belief Page 6

Finally

It is freezing outside. After weeks of balmy weather, it **FINALLY** feels like winter is going to stick around for awhile. I don't like winter much. Too much cave time. I love my cave, but I also crave some outdoor time every few days. It is too cold to venture out today. So, here I sit.

Here I sit with ice cold toes, supposedly writing. I sit and debate with myself; should I stop writing long enough to walk upstairs and retrieve a pair of socks? Or light the fireplace? It took me more than an hour this morning to actually sit down in my writing chair and **FINALLY** start on this newsletter. A short break now could be fatal. This newsletter may never get published if I stop now. I may be stuck inside my cave, but I can still avoid writing for hours and days at a time. I have been known block out hours to write and then waste every minute on trivia.

I could sit here and fantasize about flying off to Florida or Mexico...warm breezes, sun, waves on the beach...now THAT is a topic I could warm up to. I could hop online and check out airline ticket prices and hotel amenities - all for a trip I probably won't take. A total waste of time, but a great way to avoid writing. Procrastination is perverse.

Perverse is this; once I **FINALLY** start writing, it is hard to pry me away from the page. I will write for hours without stopping; no food, bladder about to explode, ignore the phone. Dinner falls by the wayside as I chase the perfect phrase. My husband comes home to find me with glazed eyes still slumped in my writing chair, cats and kids all mewing for food. He wisely asks if I want him to go get take-out. I grunt and nod. What a lovely, smart man.

Writing and childbirth have a lot in common; both can be long, exhausting and exquisitely painful. Every piece of writing feels like a new pregnancy and birth; I carry the seed of an idea and labor over it for days until I **FINALLY** "secrete" an article or essay. And I never quite know what I am going to end up with until after the birth.

This baby (AKA newsletter) is **FINALLY** born and taking her first breath. Now comes the fun part… I hope you enjoy her. She took the long road to get here.

The Wisdom of Dr. M

Years ago I worked for a very wise doctor. He was a petite little man with a hot Latino temper. I learned a whole slew of Spanish cuss words from Dr. M. He's been dead for more than 15 years, but he's still one of the most amazing healers I have ever known.

Dr. M grew up in Ecuador; a tiny country in South America that is certainly not known for being at the forefront of medicine. But he learned much about the true essence of healing from watching his physician father treat patients with access to only the most basic equipment and medicines. And even after years of U.S. medical training and experience, he managed to maintain an intuitive sense of how to help his patients heal; simple yet profound treatments were the rule. Nothing very complicated; not much in the way of whiz bang technology; just the basics delivered with love and compassion. His patients adored him - they sensed they were in good hands.

My boss knew all about his patients and their families; he would quiz them about their love lives, their jobs, their mothers - no question was off limits. I sometimes found his questions bizarre and intrusive. I was young and did not yet understand that he asked those questions because he sensed that his patients emotional and spiritual health directly affected their physical health.

I wish Dr. M were still here with us training this generation of doctors. How wonderful to have a doctor who remembers me and asks me about my love life and my family! All those nosey questions that used to embarrass me now seem crucial to quality health care. How can a doctor care for you adequately if she doesn't know anything about you except a few facts listed in your chart? But that's another subject entirely.

Dr. M was opinionated and not at all shy about expressing himself. He would go on and on about how preservatives in food were at the root of many health problems; he blamed everything from cancer and diabetes to arthritis and heart disease on artificial chemicals in our food. He liked to deliver his dire pronouncement about American food and health while standing in his office smoking a cigarette and drinking a diet Coke. This made his argument seem especially poignant.

My boss was a great example of the old adage that the most difficult patient for any healer to heal is himself. His father had died suddenly when Dr. M was still young. He never got to say good-bye to his dad and it obviously still grieved him deeply 20 years later. Add to that being caught in the middle of constant arguments between his wife and mother and Dr. M's smoking made perfect sense. But back then I just thought he was weak for not being able to quit smoking. That was decades before terms such as emotional eating, stress related illness and PTSD became mainstream. Today the research on the link between emotional upset and illness grows every day. And as I try to give up my own chai habit, I realize first hand just how emotionally loaded our food and drug choices can be!

When Dr. M would jump on his bandwagon and lament the sorry state of American food, I would roll my eyes and try to change the subject. I was a know-it-all twenty something, fresh out of college; I really loved my candy and junk food; my boss just seemed like an eccentric old man to me. He actually reminded me of a college chemistry professor I had who would go on and on about the dangers of fluoride in tap water. Now I realize just how wise both of them were...Today, years later I am the one lamenting the sorry state of American food.

Our food has not improved in 20 years. If anything it has gotten worse. The grocery store has aisle after aisle of food, kept "fresh" with preservatives such as BHA, BHT and MSG. Europeans want nothing to do with our mi lk and cheese because we continue to feed our cows bovine growth hormones. How can we give growing school children milk laced with those hormones?!

The ingredients labels on many foods read like a chemistry experiment. It actually is a big chemistry experiment; put preservatives in our food to increase the shelf-life and assure us that all those chemicals are "fine"; they won't

Continued on Page 3

do us any harm. Wait 20 years and see what happens. Sounds a bit like the instructions for instant soup; just add hot water and wait a bit. Only this time the results can be way more serious than soggy noodles!

This crotchety old nurse has gotten a bandwagon of her own and it is called avoid artificial dyes and preservatives. Twenty years after Dr. M tried to tell me and anyone else who would listen, I am now trying to tell you. My wise old doctor boss was absolutely right - what you eat can either nourish you or kill you; choose wisely. Do not assume that just because they sell it in a grocery store that it is good for you!

Those of you who have known me a while have heard all of this before. My husband calls it Nancy's rant #1A. And yes, I actually do get red in the face and rant about this on occasion just like my wild Latino boss used to. Dr. M has passed his baton to me. : -)) I rant and I push my opinions about food. And I will continue to rant because your health is worth it. I hope you will take a cue from Dr. M; protect your body from chemicals that can hurt you.

What You Can Do:

1. **READ LABELS;** know what is in the food that you feed yourself and your family.
2. **AVOID ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES & DYES;** Artificial chemicals are NOT food and they CAN hurt you. It may take 20-30 years, but these chemicals can make you sick and even kill you. And watch out for preservatives and dyes in lotions, makeup and hair-care products as well.
3. **AVOID FOOD THAT HAS BEEN PROCESSED OR MANIPULATED TO MAKE IT LAST LONGER.** Long shelf life does not mean high quality. In general, the more processed a food is, the less nutritious it is. For example, avoid oils that have been refined with chemicals and heat. Buy cold pressed oils instead.
4. **BUY THE FRESHEST FOOD YOU CAN AFFORD.** Cheap food can cost you your health. It is NOT worth it.

Global Warming begins and ends at home.
Be aware of how much fuel it took to transport your food from its source to the grocery store. Buy local.

Potty Diaries

For My Baby Girl Who Is Now 10 Years Old

August 2001 - a red letter day; I have decided to potty train my daughter! Those of you who are not parents may want to just skip over this essay. But I can hear all the experienced parents in the audience, groaning and shuddering in sympathy. I have been told that potty training is NOT for the weak. According to my friends, potty training will require more planning and endurance than an assault on Mt. Everest. But it cannot *really* be that hard, can it??

I actually put off potty training for months. I had a good excuse - we were moving. But now it's time. We are settled in the new house, my daughter is comfortable at her new preschool and she will be 3 years old soon. It is time. I am so excited about being finished with diapers! Besides, I want to move her to the big kid's class at preschool and she has to be potty-trained to move up. So, it must be time...

Day 1 - How exactly do I do this? The babysitter potty trained her older brother. I get zero credit for that success story. I actually have no idea how to teach the use of a toilet to anybody. Oh well, at least I know my limitations. But, other parents figure this out...how hard can it be? But how exactly do I explain to an almost 3 year old the mechanics of urine production and release? They did NOT cover this in nursing school! And why aren't babies born knowing this? It seems like some kind of flaw in the system to me.

Day 2 - My daughter and I read a book last night about "big girl" Amy using the potty. My daughter loves the book and wants to read it over and over and over. However she does *not* want to sit on the potty like Amy. Forget it,

Continued on Page 4

Laughter is inner jogging.
Norman Cousins

Mom. NO WAY. The potty book came with a stuffed bear that sings a song about being a "super duper pooper" when you press his paw. How cute! Well, it was cute, until I heard him sing it over and over and over for 3 hours straight. At this point I really don't care if that bear is a super duper pooper - I plan to disembowel him tonight while my daughter is asleep and end his singing career once and for all.

Day 3 - My daughter averages about 3 seconds on the potty chair before she gets bored and leaps off. I have tried books, songs, funny faces - at this rate I will have an entire Vegas style caberet show created for her by this weekend. NONE OF IT works; my child would rather not sit on that boring potty. There is one surefire way to get her to pee: just pull up her training pants and she'll pee within 60 seconds. Sigh... I am beginning to think that this may take awhile.

Day 7 - This morning I realized that I have become a total control freak about potty training my daughter. I always thought of myself as an easy-going and laissez-faire parent. Ha ha ha. I have been trying to get my child on a potty schedule that would make a German train conductor sweat. Achtung! It is 8:55 a.m.; time to pee, my little Liebchin… Perhaps I am a tad more anal-retentive than I care to admit. One thing is certain; my kid is NOT a German train and this rigid pee schedule of mine is definitely not working.

Day 9 - Today's potty score - Child: 7 soaked pull-ups, Mom 0. My daughter appears to have impeccable urine control - she just has no interest in my pee in the potty scheme. Sticker rewards failed and I am ashamed to confess I even tried cookie bribery yesterday. I've become obsessed with finding the secret to preschooler potty use. There must be a secret all the other moms know but forgot to mention to me! Today's score says it all; I am a failure as a potty trainer.

Day 10 - When potty training begins to involve physically dragging my reluctant kid into the bathroom, it's time to take a break. Uncle! I must come to terms with the sad fact that I am a potty training wash-out. I am putting my daughter back into pull-ups full time for a few weeks while I regroup and ruminate on my failure to inspire proper toilet use. The big question in my mind is, will she go to Kindergarten wearing diapers?

Day 45 - Okay, my daughter just turned 3 years old. I have had a month to reflect on my mistakes. I have had advice from all sides - most of it conflicting. And my "Mom of the Year" award is in serious jeopardy. Drum roll please - I am ready to try again. My latest idea is nudity. Yes, nudity. I will just keep my daughter nude and have the potty chair ready and available. This could work! Really it could.

Day 47 - Hey, this is working! My daughter is now peeing in the potty like a champ. Now there is only one problem. As soon as I put a pull-up or panties on her, she develops instant amnesia and pees in her pants. Okay, fine - we just have to move to a nudist colony. Preferably somewhere a bit warmer than the Midwest in February. My next job is to convince my husband that this new nude lifestyle is for us…And I also better start doing aerobics – I need to lose weight and get toned up before I have to spend my days in the nude. Nothing like a stubborn 3 year old to change your entire life. In the meantime, I'll just turn up the heat and keep my kid in the house with the blinds drawn night and day.

Day 48 – Today my daughter pooped in the potty! Wake the kids and phone the neighbors! Daddy had to suffer through a blow by blow description of the big event over the telephone. He was so thrilled. Hey, when you have been changing diapers every day for 3 years, one tiny poop in the potty is worth a 21-gun salute.

Day 50 – Jeez, I thought that panties with Super Women like Cinderella and Snow White might coax my daughter into keeping her underwear dry, but no such luck. Even gorgeous Disney princesses cannot stop this pee storm. Nudity appears to be the only answer.

Day 51 - We have had so many accidents on the living room rug that I am fantasizing about keeping a carpet cleaning service on retainer. Or maybe I should dye the carpet yellow and pretend it's the latest trend in hip décor.

Continued on Page 5

Day 55 - Timing is everything. IF I get my daughter to the potty within 5 minutes of any liquid passing her lips and IF she just has on a dress and panties and IF she's in a potty-friendly mood, THEN she will pee in the potty and keep her panties dry. I feel like Nancy Reagan planning her trips for times when all the planets are properly aligned.

Day 56 - After a day of orchestrating potty training, I am exhausted. And my right eye has begun twitching like Inspector Clousseau's boss in the 'Pink Panther' movies. I never knew that potty training could be bad for your health. But on the up side, my daughter only went through 3 pairs of panties today! Now that is progress.

Day 60 - My daughter went ALL DAY in the same pair of panties! Am I dreaming or what?! The potty training fun may actually end before she turns five. God is smiling on me...I might live through this... Just keep breathing.

Day 70 - I see the light at the end of the tunnel. My child actually went into the bathroom and peed on her own! Without prompting! There *is* a God and she likes me! Someday soon I may have a day that revolves around something other than a white porcelain fixture. But for now, I will just keep flushing my days away.

> Everyone knows how to raise children. Except the people who have them.
> P.J. O'Rourke

Upcoming Classes at the Heart of Healing

Want to learn about energetic healing and Reiki?
Take **Exploring Energetic Healing on January 22 and 29.**
And learn even more about energetic healing in **Energetic Flow II coming up in April.**

Interested in learning the philosophy and techniques behind CranioSacral Flow Therapy?
Sign up for **Introduction to CranioSacral Flow and CranioSacral Flow I on Feb. 7 and 8**.
And learn even more craniosacral methods in **CranioSacral Flow II on March 7 and 8.**

Want to explore the energetic and physical anatomy of the amazing female body? And learn how to take better care of yourself? Take **Nurturing the Feminine Form on February 26** and explore the female pelvis. Or take the same class during the day on **March 6.**
You can also join me for **Nurturing the Feminine Body & Heart coming up in May** and learn how to nurture your heart and solar plexus**.**

Visit www.heartofhealing.com
for class descriptions, times and fees.

Please register for Heart of Healing Classes in advance to reserve your space.

Receive 10% off the class fee when you pay 2 weeks or more in advance.

Helping You Heal,
One Little Ripple at a Time
Heart of Healing
Nancy Lankston, RN, CST
913–206–4531

> We make a living by what we get.
> We make a life by what we give.
> Winston Churchill

Power of Belief

I painted last week. Just for fun. I cannot draw very well, but it doesn't matter. I know I'm an amateur but I still love the way the paint slides onto the canvas and the way the colors merge and play off each other. I do not plan to exhibit my work anytime soon - I just love playing with colors and shapes and paint.

As I painted, I got the urge to put a lot of pink in the sky. I resisted and resisted - whoever heard of a pink sky??! It was bad enough that I already had these weird pink highlights in my tree bark, and now pink for the sky too? Anyway, I finally gave in to my crazy urge and painted the sky pink. And that pink sky tied the entire scene together - it looks fabulous pink!

I was admiring my pink sky and I remembered an argument my son had with his preschool teacher when he was 5 years old. The teacher told him "paint the sky blue and the grass green." My son had other ideas; the grass became purple. His purple grass looked really cool but his teacher was *not* amused. I heard about how "difficult' my son was when I picked him up that night. And I still wonder if teaching 4 and 5 year olds that there is one correct way to do something is a good idea.

Young children need teachers; they have a lot to learn. Kids are *not* born civilized. My 10 year old would still be eating with her hands like some kind of barbarian if her dad and I did not INSIST on the use of the fork. And kid brains are built to soak up massive amounts of information about the world and how it works. Even before starting school at age 5, a child's subconscious mind soaks up the "rules of Life" like a sponge. Kids learn how to do all kinds of everyday activities; how to walk, talk, feed and dress themselves, brush their teeth...the list of physical tasks they learn is huge.

Kids also learn a lot about human behavior in the first few years of life; when it's OK to do or say certain things; both good and bad responses to tons of life situations. Childhood learning is a bit like learning to play a very complicated game of Monopoly; at first a child struggles through day to day activities paying close attention to every move. Even walking is difficult and takes all their concentration at first. Over time, once all the rules of this life "game" are memorized, the child can play without even really thinking about when to roll or which way to move around the board.

Teaching kids civilized behavior and filling up their subconscious with "the rules of life" comes at a price. Most adults I know (myself included) are walking around with ideas about ourselves as well as rules about how the world works in their subconscious that no longer fit today. Wasn't that obvious watching how some people reacted to Barack Obama's skin color during the last election? The fact that President Obama had a very white mother and was raised in a white midwestern family and went on to attend Harvard Law did NOT matter to some; to them he is the stereotypical scary black man who would rob them in the alley if he got the chance.

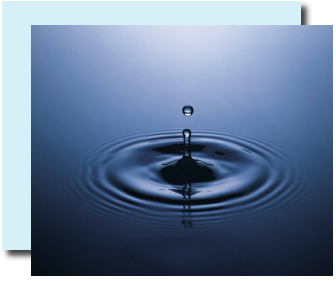
How do rational intelligent adults end up reacting to all black men like they are thugs and thieves? Crazy prejudices live on generation after generation because we absorb them from our families when we are too young to know better. The minds of young kids are not very sophisticated. Young kids are not capable of understanding subtle behaviors; an action is either right or wrong, good or bad; there are no shades of gray for young kids. That means as adults we end up with old childhood rules in our subconscious minds that are quite rigid and ridiculous. Add to that the fact that not everything our elders told us about the world was necessarily true or helpful.

Times change. Just consider what your great grandmother believed was appropriate dating behavior. Or what she thought about women working. Hopefully we refine our beliefs about the world as we grow up. But many of those old childhood rules and beliefs are still hanging around in our subconscious minds causing all kinds of trouble.

Psychologists say that we function on auto-pilot for 80% or more of our day. And those old childhood beliefs in our subconscious can run the show when we are on auto-pilot. That's how you get those moments where you look back at your behavior and wonder why the heck you said or did something so crazy!

Continued on Page 7

A lie told often enough becomes the truth. – Lenin



Here are 3 ridiculous beliefs I learned as a kid:

Why buy the cow when the milk is free? My mom's favorite saying about sex before marriage… does that mean women are cows?? And if I have sex before marriage, then I must be worthless, right? What a sad way to try and control teen sexual behavior; load them up with guilt and shame... I had to laugh when I heard the modern addendum: why pay for the pig when all you want is a little sausage?!

Men are in charge. Wow, that's emotionally loaded, isn't it? As a kid I noticed a lot of things; the president was a man and so was the principal of my school along with every doctor, store manager, bank VP...or how about noticing that men made more money and men never had to clean the bathroom...Need I go on about where this silly notion came from?

Politicians are cheats and liars. Thank you Nixon and Watergate for that gem. I still have difficulty believing *anything* politicians say.

My childhood beliefs are silly and amusing, aren't they? Less amusing are the old beliefs and rules affecting people's health that I push against every day in my therapy practice. For example, 2 clients about the same age came to see me with herniated discs in their low backs. The first man had a friend whose back pain improved after CranioSacral treatment and now he wanted to try it. The other man came in telling me that his back could NOT heal until he had surgery; he told me that he was only there because his wife would not stop badgering him.

Guess which client ended up having surgery and whose back healed with just 6 CST sessions? It did not matter how many statistics I shared with the second man about the effectiveness of healing herniated discs with alternatives other than surgery. He believed that he needed surgery to heal and he ended up having surgery. Our beliefs dramatically influence which therapies and drugs will work. The power of belief physically affects how our bodies respond and heal.

The research on how long people with a terminal diagnosis live is very revealing. The vast majority of patients die within *days* of the time their doctor predicted months earlier. The power of medical authority telling us the way it is… The lesson; beware of giving *any* authority power over what you believe, how you heal and even how long you live!

To a large extent, what you believe is what you become. When it comes to life, your beliefs are shaping your every experience. Beliefs are held as vibrations within your body. And what seems like a trivial, small belief can have a huge impact on your entire life. One little belief can spread its influence like ripples moving across a body of water.

Even your genes are reacting to your beliefs. Crazy? No, just the latest findings in the area of Epigenetics. The new field of Epigenetics has turned classical gene theory on its ear. Read The Biology of Belief by Bruce Lipton if you want to know more about how your beliefs can affect the way your genes express themselves.

Those 3 childhood rules or beliefs I listed earlier have one thing in common; I do NOT believe they are true anymore. But if I don't actively work to uncover these rules and rewrite my subconscious programming, this crazy stuff will probably continue to influence my behavior as an adult!

Time to go digging and flush out any out of date beliefs I've been holding on to...but wait, first I am going to add some purple grass to my latest painting. Yes, I actually believe it is possible for grass to be purple.

Man is what he believes.
Anton Chekhov

Author's Note: If you need help finding and eliminating old childhood beliefs and rules, I recommend that you try Resonance Repatterning (also called Holographic Repatterning). Or work with a Satir trained Psychotherapist.