



## Native American Spiritual Insights for ACTheals

by Douglas Schoeninger, PhD

Insights I received from John David, Gaylene, and Liz Gomez and their boys at the 2014 ACTheals International Conference in San Diego.

- Honor each person. Gaylene Gomez spoke, “We came to honor you, to honor all you have given, all you have sacrificed, earning degrees, being trained to care for people, caring for health and healing. And we came to honor our ancestors and traditions and to share these with you.”
- Honor your warriors, your spiritual warriors, those who fight, and sacrifice their lives, to protect the group, and to protect the faith.
- Listen to each person in the group

**(Editor’s Note:** The following excerpts are from the book: *Aboriginal Christianity - The Way It Was Meant To Be*. Rapid City, SD: Adrian Jacobs, P 69 -70. **Jacobs, Adrian, 1998**).

“People were required to be thoroughly involved through discussion in the one-to-one, family, clan, nation, and confederacy levels for a treaty to have legitimacy.... when this process was followed it produced an enduring and powerful unity. At the heart of the consensual process is a fundamental respect for the individual. The Great Law constitution of the Six

Nations Iroquois Confederacy, established in pre-Columbian times, codifies human dignity.... The genius of the Great Law is its combination of high value on the group and the individual.

“... Under the Great Law my voice (vote) is respected to the nth degree – no decision is made until I agree. The most insignificant individual (in the minds of others) is elevated to ruling status....so each person has been heard. Reflective listening was utilized to ensure each individual was understood....

“Oral societies develop keen listening skills and accurate memorization....

“The group is valued. The valuing of relationship harmony means that individual suffering is acceptable for the greater good of the group...When the group is highly valued in a society there is a corresponding pressure to give up an individual position if the group is overwhelmingly against it. Aboriginal heroes are...those who have lived sacrificially for the benefit of their people.”

- Don’t break the circle. Hold onto each other. Everyone counts. Do not let differences and disagreements break the unity of the circle. In talking circles/healing circles, don’t interrupt.



John David and Gaylene Gomez at the 2014 ACTheals International Conference, San Diego, CA

- Smudge/cleanse each other with prayers lifting each other’s burdens to the Creator/Father.
- God has gifted each person and each tribe/culture and has not forgotten any. God intends to restore the unique gifts in each group. He has not forgotten any people nor neglected any people’s restoration.
- Ask God’s liberation from prejudice and false images of Native American tradition and practice. See the holy God has placed in each people group for the benefit of all.
- Attune our hearts to God’s heart through prayer drumming, through the heartbeat of the drum.



### Inside:

President’s Letter.....	2	Region News.....	10
Saints in the Making.....	3	ACTheals Members who Passed.....	10
A Call to Dialogue.....	4	Holy Spirit in Clinical Practice.....	11
On Being One.....	6	2015 International Conference.....	12
Sitting in Vigil.....	7	A Letter of Thanks.....	13
ACTheals is my Life.....	9	Wholistic Massage.....	14

# InterACT

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The vision of ACT is to be an international, ecumenical association of Christian healthcare professionals, clergy, and associates equipped and extending the healing presence, heart, and mind of Jesus Christ to their patients, clients, colleagues, and institutions, under the power and guidance the Holy Spirit.

The mission of ACT is to provide resources and support to enable healthcare professionals, clergy, and associates to: **1)** Personally experience the healing power of Jesus Christ; **2)** Integrate their professional skills, spiritual development, healing ministry, and theological understanding; and **3)** Extend the healing presence, heart, and mind of Jesus Christ through their work and ministry.

We invite your comments/suggestions, written thoughts, or submissions. We reserve the right to edit submitted articles without notice. Your name can be withheld by request in *InterACT*, but must be included with a contact phone or email when your article is submitted. We also request that a current digital “headshot” photo of you accompany your submission.

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# PRESIDENT'S LETTER

by Denise Dolff, M.A.

Easter is inevitably a time when we contemplate the meaning of the Paschal mystery not only in our Christian faith and traditions, but also in our lives. The theme of death and resurrection plays out in innumerable ways as we process the events that have shaped and impacted who we are, and the choices we make. And so it is fitting that we also examine what this means for *ACTheals*.

This past year has been a year of change. We have changed our name, more succinctly articulated our vision, and clarified our mission. We have accessed new membership software, let go of our relationship with Degnon Management, and aligned with AEC Management Services. We have a new postal address, new telephone number, new email address, and new administrative personnel (details can be found on our website [www.actheals.org](http://www.actheals.org) under Contact).

I am reminded of a meditation on transition by Father Ronald Rolheiser OMI in which he states that when Jesus chose to be our paschal sacrifice, he also chose to leave many things behind (Philippians 2: 6-7). Every decision requires a letting go of something, in order to gain something new. And even though it is forward movement, it takes time and can be difficult. And so it has been with ACTheals.

Our decision to become more financially solvent has necessitated transition. Our decision to be more visible to the professional healthcare community has necessitated letting go. Our decision to highlight our strengths in order to attract new members to our vision and mission has necessitated change. Each has entailed elements of both death and resurrection. I breathe a sigh of relief as I see things coming together for the benefit of our members and our organization. I am also very grateful for the generous use of time, energy, and gifts by so many in leadership who embraced the details of all that was—and continues to be—necessary in order to actualize these changes.

For me, personally, it has been both a learning curve and leaning curve, as I leaned into the support of these leaders. Considering this, I



Denise Dolff, ACT President

would invite each member to prayerfully ask God how you are being called to assist in this time of transition and change and I invite your ideas regarding the furthering of our vision and mission. Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit (John 12:24 NRSV).

In living the Paschal mystery, we can only adjust to the new reality of ACTheals if we are willing to let go of the old, allowing it to bless us as we move forward. As individuals and as an organization, we cannot cling to the past but must open ourselves to the now call and work of the Holy Spirit, thanking God for this great task of extending the healing presence, heart, and mind of Jesus to all in need. I ask each member to live this call to the best of his/her ability, and to pray daily the ACTheals prayer for each of us.

Gracious God, thank You for the gift of ACT, for those You have called to membership, past, present, and future. I lift each one to You now, and ask that You intervene in their lives with the power of Your Holy Spirit. Anoint them to the ministry to which You call them. Bless them, their families, and their work, and unite all members with You and each other that as each opens to You, Your will may be done and Your people healed, for the glory of Your Name. In Jesus Name I pray. Amen.



# Saints in the Making

By Ginny Antaya

Saints, saints, saints. They seemed to be a central focus of my early childhood religious experience. Prayer cards accumulated in unruly piles on my bedroom dresser, overflowing to the floor and eventually grew to a large box under my bed. The big statues with “Holy Eyes” seemed to follow me around my parish church with a beckoning smile. Some saints had strange names and lived in far-away lands during long-ago centuries. I longed to meet a real live saint who was not burned at the stake or had not met a painful death.

In Catholic School, I was introduced to the Baltimore Catechism of the Catholic Church. I was unsure where Baltimore was but the first chapter grabbed my attention: “The purpose of life is to know God, love God, and serve God”.

“This must be the secret of the saints,” I thought.

As I continued my search, the difficulty came in the practice of the revelation. Questions arose: How could I love God, much less serve God, if I did not know God?

Who is God? I was offered many abstract and sometimes strange answers to that question. The most common answer was, “God is a mystery.” So, how does that information help my search to know God? How can I know, love, and serve this mystery?

The purpose of life began to gain clarity through a combination of life-giving elements in the introduction to the “Mystery of Sanctifying Grace in Baptism.” I received this Sacrament in infancy. Few of us can remember the event even though we may see a photo of us having been brought to the font by family who believed this might be the start of our sainthood.

Regarding coming to know and love God, Jesus became central to me. Here I began to know that He was born in a manger filled with gifts that were for me. Jesus was

full of love and walked the earth a very long time ago and died so that I would not go to that scary place called hell. There were so many depictions of what Jesus may have looked like, I finally chose one which still sits on my bedroom dresser and fills me with joy and a smile. I concluded that the mystery unfolds in our daily walk in faith.

And yes, by the grace of God, parents, and teachers, I eventually surrendered the struggles to unravel the mysteries and to simply gaze with love. I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal savior. This decision penetrated the mystery where knowledge could not.

The timing of my accepting Christ draws me back to the great anticipation of receiving what I believe to be the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharistic Celebration. I was a child of ten years old and joy filled my soul while walking in a bubble of love for days after receiving this Sacrament. I remember the peace of simply walking with my Jesus and desiring Him to be my special lifetime friend. Further detachment from a theology that I could not unravel at that tender age brought the gift of loving the mystery.

The Sacraments took on the Truth and Purpose to know, love, and now serve God. Confirmation ignited the fire of service, and I could then join Joan of Arc on her horse!

The blessings of Marriage and the love my husband and I found in each other cemented our vocational call to bear children and love and serve as we are called “two by two.”

Reconciliation, or Confession, is an opportunity to examine and repent of my sins against knowing and loving God, myself, and neighbor and serving those in need.

The vocational call to the healing ministry brings with it the privilege to witness the “tender touch of our Lord” as the wounds



*Ginny Antaya, Associate Member of ACT, the founder of the Mercy of God Prayer Center in Austin, Texas and the Vice-President of Our Lady of Guadalupe Prayer Centers, Int.*

of His beloved are healed and lives freed and changed to take those next loving steps on the journey in life. Praise be to the Lord!

Eventually, in my journey of trying to become “a Saint in the making,” the ambition turned into a ritual of formula that perhaps most of us who are perfectionists entertain and engage in naturally. In self examination, was I as committed to “following Jesus, no turning back” as in the song of early commitment that reverberated in my weary spirit during my years of serving?

It was time for another profound insight to enter into my mid-life exploration - perhaps adding maturity and refreshing insights discovered in the early search of the “Mystery.”

It was early in 1980 when I invited a newly-found friend to lunch. As we sat at my kitchen table, sharing our lives and our faith, I verbally heard the words that resonated with new understanding: “Ginny, God is much greater than our finite minds can ever imagine. The mystery of God cannot be contained or boxed in.”

The statement was made in an animated way and with much joy that it broke the narrow confines of my myopic or narrow understanding and view of the “Mystery.” Aha! This possibility I can embrace: “Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for those who Love Him.” (1Corinthians 2:9)

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# A Call to Dialogue

by Father Bob Sears, SJ (for Douglas Schoeninger, PhD, Chair, the ACT Ecumenical Relations Sub-Committee of the Spiritual Life Committee)

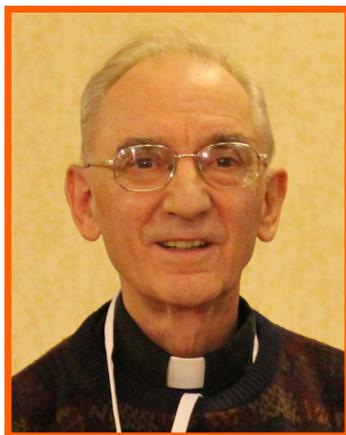
In our San Diego Conference, the ERC committee (Ecumenical Relations Committee) had scheduled the Sunday Christian Holy Communion service and the Catholic Liturgy to be celebrated one after the other, with communion being reserved to be received at the same time, each according to their tradition. We wanted to celebrate our unity, since through Baptism we share the same Spirit, as well as respect our continuing differences, since full ecumenical dialogue respects each tradition's authority and the fact that we are not yet fully united. As an introduction, we began our Sunday services with a video message from Pope Francis to a Kenneth Copeland leadership conference, explaining his desire for ecumenical unity and asking Copeland's conference to pray for him (see the YouTube presentation: [www.youtube.com/watch?v=uA4EPOfic5A](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uA4EPOfic5A)).

Following is a short summary of Pope's Francis' video presentation:

## Protestant Congregation Receives Personal Video Message From Pope Francis

### Pope Urges Them to Join Him in Prayer, That 'This Separation Comes to an End'

ROME, February 21, 2014 (Zenit.org) - Pope Francis has shown his enthusiasm for ecumenism through a private video recorded for longtime friend, Anglican Episcopal Bishop Tony Palmer, which was played at a gathering of Kenneth Copeland Ministries.



Father Robert Sears, ACT Past-President

Kenneth Copeland Ministries is a Protestant ministry based in Texas, founded and directed by Copeland and his wife and children.

In the video message, the Holy Father explains that he and Palmer have been "friends for years."

After a brief introduction in English, the Pope spoke in Italian and the video was played with subtitles.

The Pope goes on to speak of joy and yearning -- joy that his audience has "come together to worship Jesus Christ the only Lord" and yearning that "this separation comes to an end and gives us communion. I am nostalgic (yearning), of that embrace that the Holy Scripture speaks of when Joseph's brothers began to starve from hunger, they went to Egypt, to buy [food], so that they could eat."

"We have a lot of cultural riches, and religious riches. And we have diverse traditions. But we have to encounter one another as brothers. We must cry together like Joseph did. These tears will unite us. The tears of love," Francis told the congregation.

The Pope said he spoke as "a brother" and "in a simple way," inviting them: "Let us allow our nostalgia (yearning) to grow, because this will propel us to find each other, to embrace one another. And together to worship Jesus Christ as the only Lord of History."

"I thank you profoundly for listening to me," the Pope continued. "I thank you

profoundly for allowing me to speak the language of the heart."

And he asked the congregation for prayer, a request that they granted immediately following the video, as Copeland led the congregation in prayer, which he described as "prayer in the Spirit," as they spoke in tongues.

Francis urged: "And let us pray to the Lord that He unites us all. Come on, we are brothers. Let's give each other a spiritual hug and let God complete the work that He has begun. And this is a miracle; the miracle of unity has begun.

"A famous Italian author named Manzoni, once wrote in his novel, of a simple man amongst the people, who once said this, 'I've never seen God begin a miracle without Him finishing it well.' He will complete this miracle of unity. I ask you to bless me, and I bless you. From brother to brother, I embrace you. Thank you."

After Copeland led the congregation in prayer, himself visibly moved, he echoed the Holy Father's idea of the "miracle of unity [that] has begun," saying that when he entered ministry 47 years ago, "this was impossible."

ACTheals is committed to healing not just the soul and body, but also the spirit, which now is in a dissociated state because of our fragmented Christian tradition. (I mentioned in my article *The Trauma of the Broken Church*, in the *Journal of Christian Healing*, that one estimate is that there are 38,000 different Christian denominations today, where Jesus prayed for unity.) ERC sees it as part of ACT's mission to do what we can to heal that dissociation. We now seem to see each other's church affiliation as their business, individuals respecting each other from a distance. But as Pope Francis puts it, we are brothers and sisters who no longer communicate deeply with each other. What we want to facilitate is an open dialogue, "an interchange of views we may have been holding back for fear of offending those of other faith traditions," as Doug Schoeninger put it in the last issue

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of *InterACT*. He continued: “We think Jesus wants us to talk about what is important to us to help us love more widely and become open to dialogue.” Ask yourself: What is my particular gift for ACT, and how has it grown out of my faith tradition?

We wanted to work views from different denominations and perspectives into a series of columns for *InterACT*, and invite responses dealing with such things as: What is the gift for ACT that I hear in this presentation? Where does it pinch me (i.e., cause resistance in me)? How might Jesus want me to respond to my resistance? We introduce the sharing with the three rules for ethical engagement we use in Board meetings:

1. Respond to others by first stating what you value in their expression before you introduce what you would do or say differently from your tradition. This furthers creativity.
2. Turn criticisms into proposals, revealing an issue that needs to be talked about to save the value of both sides.
3. If the other expresses a criticism or complaint ask her/him to turn it into a suggestion or proposal. “What would you like to see done or accomplished?”

We began this type of dialogue in the Fall 2014 Issue of *InterACT* with Doug’s sharing, “What I want to share with ACT from my Baptist Tradition: My Experience of walking with Jesus.” In the Winter Issue, I responded from my tradition, “He has led me through my desire for truth that lasts.” Only God can resolve the differences in the Church, but we want to do our part by learning about each other’s views with deep respect. We continue this request for others of different experiences and traditions to volunteer (or respond to our request) to join in this dialogue. May we all pray for the reuniting of our various gifts in the kind of union Jesus prayed for, “that they all may be one, as you Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that you sent me.” (John 17:23)



The woman who became a lifelong friend was Patricia Stankus who served the Catholic Church with an unmistakable anointing in her mission of availability to share her many God-given gifts with the people in the Diocese of Austin, Texas. Pat’s addendum to the statement, “We are all saints in the making,” was followed by: “Saints run in packs.”

I have noticed that God chooses ordinary folks who know and love Him to also serve in ministry which is a sacred trust. Community discernment, accountability, and submission to Church authority are important. “Lone Rangers” can easily become prey to deception and voices other than that of the Shepherd. We are all called to Holiness: “He who called you is Holy. You also be Holy in all your conduct.” (1 Peter 1:15)

When I meet God in person one day, I hope the question posed will be: “Ginny, tell me all the ways you have loved in your life.”



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# Taize Union

Call it what you will  
We live in mystery

--Not knowing

Each is given a morsel

--Yet the whole

Of elegant experience  
To hoard or share

Exposing our delicate seeking  
Takes courage lest  
Some one should  
See

45 minutes of coming together  
To chant love

Down from the head to the heart  
Where repetition defies analysis  
Beginning with questionable slowing

Then

Entering the space beneath words  
To

Indescribable

Where we connect without controls

Taize called us from routine  
and three geographical corners  
To our collective prayer space

Trusting the unknown  
Without introduction  
Flute and piano filled the room  
In support of our hesitation  
We found the melody and words  
Softly at first  
Then with abandon  
Voices and instruments prayed

Rapture and silence continued  
In silence  
Then I heard “felt safe and at home”  
Community chanting connected our souls  
With boundaries made of music  
And no naming or explanations  
The Mystery spoke its own language  
Of Loving Unity

Royce Johnston

# On Being One: Fate and Faith

By Karen Cichon

Last summer, I read an old paperback that had belonged to the previous owner of our dunes house. It had high soul-impact for me and quickly found its place on my favorite books list. This week, my city neighborhood book club discussed the book, John Irving's *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, with several women expressing how deeply they had been affected by it, especially those who had read it in their youth, to the point of reading it repeatedly. The character of Owen Meany is a hero; a very unusual, odd hero, but a true hero because of his faith, the purpose it gives all aspects of his life, and how he lives it out.

Owen is given a jump on things because he is given a vision of his fate early in life. That brought up the question in the group of predetermination. But I pointed out that this was different because Owen could not just passively wait around and expect that the vision would just happen. Rather, it moved him to do the things that were necessary for it to become manifest. He said "yes" to it and it shaped his life and his view of himself. Nothing swayed him. He lived in co-creation of that ultimate moment.

Most of us do not have such a precise heads-up on a crucial event in our lives; yet, we, too, are asked to live lives of faith and "yes". I find that to be a primary theme for me, both in my life and in counseling others. How, exactly, does one "live in faith"?

Some days are better than others on that!

Yesterday was a good example of my human nature eventually going along with the program. My husband was feeling ill and could not drive me to work as he ordinarily does. That meant that I would take the two buses through downtown Chicago to get to my office. We both started the day out of sorts, made worse by my seeing my bus fly by the house just as I started out the door. Grumble, grumble. Now I would be rushing to be on time, as opposed to getting to stop and smell the coffee.

Eventually, when I experience that negativity in myself, I drag myself to the place of faith, especially Romans 8:28 - "All things work for good..." I rest in that belief and behave accordingly - all is well. Change of heart in progress, aided by sunshine on a pleasant winter day, I came into mindfulness of the moment: the people around me waiting for the bus, my beloved Victorian block against the blue sky. My heart began filling with love; joy was breaking through.

The short bus ride was an adventure, as so many are. Maybe if I had to do this everyday for long periods, the young woman speaking so loudly on her cell phone would be supremely irritating, but, today, it was more entertaining than annoying, and became a group experience with the other passengers, especially the smiling Hispanic man with all his cleaning equipment taking the wheelchair space. I love the living human museum of a bus ride in the city!

***Change of heart  
in progress, aided  
by sunshine on a  
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day, I came into  
mindfulness of the  
moment...***

When the woman missed her stop and asked the bus driver if he was going to turn the bus around, we were all grinning and, as I departed, I got to briefly chat with him about the adventures of his work. That kind of human interaction is what makes the city so alive and connecting. I quickly ran across the street to catch my second bus and wavered for a minute because it was one that would let me off two blocks, rather than one, from my office. I jumped on anyway and found it to be rather tomb-



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like, shrouded with a thick covering of filthy snow and salt from some very sloppy streets. The windows were impenetrable and I am a clean-window, give-me-light kind of gal. The moment of regret passed, as I again chose joy and focused on my companion riders, taking in each precious, unique life that passed before me. As I got off, there was another woman complaining that she missed her stop and making it the driver's fault - God bless those drivers! I scanned the streets to choose my route and then I saw him. Tyrone.

For years he was a regular sight, slumped in his wheelchair across the street from my office window, suffering his contorted, spastic movements while soliciting hand-outs from passers-by. We would talk a bit and my heart would go out to this young man who had to push against such odds to survive in this tough world, the cold wind whipping around him for hours as people would hurry by. He was probably the age

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of my own son with cerebral palsy, with greater intellectual gifts but with so many more hurdles.

And then he had disappeared. I did not see him for at least a couple of years and I was truly concerned; praying for him; wondering if he had finally succumbed to the elements of poverty, homelessness, disability, and racial disadvantage. I carried him on my heart and then forgot until I would see someone else on his corner. God knows I wanted to know he was okay.

And now, there he was, struggling to push his beat-up wheelchair toward me, speaking unintelligibly. I honestly don't know if I could have been more delighted to see anyone at that moment. My heart flooded with joy and gratitude at this splendid unexpected blessing. I yelled his name and ran to him.

His awkward movements had him stuck in the middle of the intersection and I rushed to grab his chair and move him to the sidewalk before the light changed. As I took him in close-up, I saw that he was in worse shape than ever, clothes so worn and filthy, eyeglasses broken with one lens totally smashed. "You're a mess! I am so glad to see you!" I could then make out what he had been saying as he rolled to me: "I need to wash my clothes."

We only had a moment, but it was enough. I was able to make up somewhat for all the time I had not seen him and let him know I cared. He would be able to wash his clothes and maybe put something toward yet another pair of glasses. And I was able to bask in the gratitude that the grace was there for me; I had not wasted my trip being peeved that I was running late or that I was on a dirty, wrong bus. It had all been part of the plan and I had cooperated with it. Kind of like Owen Meany.



# Sitting in Vigil

*By Jann Dalton*

The other night I sat vigil with a man who was dying.

Since last spring, I've been part of a group of Hospice volunteers who signed up to sit vigil with people who were actively dying and have no one else to be with them at the end. We share a belief that no one should be alone while dying. There are all kinds of possibilities why someone has no one by their side. Families die or move away, relationships deteriorate or perhaps never developed properly. Estrangements cannot be bridged. It doesn't matter. Each person is a child of God, and we (my fellow volunteers and I) believe we owe them God's love and compassion as they prepare to leave this earthly life.

I had in fact been with a dying patient before which just developed because the patient I had been seeing for months went downhill rather suddenly, and her sister decided it was more than she could handle. So I agreed to stay in the nursing home with her while she grew ever weaker until her niece could drive here from another state. The thing I found quite unnerving at that time (about 5 years ago) was the sound of the "rasping." It really scared me on some internal level, and, though I persevered and did everything expected of me, it was unnerving.

I got the call to this vigil on a Friday and made arrangements to come to the hospital at 6 a.m. the next day. After dressing, drinking some caffeine, and driving to the hospital, I checked in on time. It was only after going into the patient's room that I realized that I had not even asked his name. I reflected that I liked not knowing his name or anything else about him; he was a child of God and had no one else. That was all I needed to know.

I asked the departing volunteer if there was anything special I needed to know. He said the patient had been somewhat combative in the night, and the nurses had given him a sedative. I looked at the patient, who was



*Jann Dalton is a retired social worker from Connecticut and a new ACTheals member. She now volunteers at a reservation in South Dakota, at her church, and with hospice patients.*

sleeping on his side, curled in on himself with both arms partially under the pillow and had a washcloth covering his eyes, probably protecting them from the light. I realized as I looked at him that he was quite young, his skin was smoother than most of my patients, although mottled with bruising, and his hair was curly and only slightly grey.

I sat down beside him and I saw that his name was Frank and said a prayer that if it was in accord with our Lord Jesus Christ's wishes, to have this young man go home to the Lord this day. Then I said a Rosary and prayed to the Lord for mercy and kindness for his servant Frank.

I wondered about this man, what kind of life he'd led. Ruminated how he had come into this world an innocent little baby, probably brought delight to his parents and family, and imagined what kind of childhood he'd had. Maybe it was average—filled with the things of story books and Hallmark cards—or maybe it was darker, filled with quick hands that brought pain, physical chastisements, tormenting words, and harsh accusations. I'd never know.

The quiet video channel was on—I think it's called C.A.R.E.—and one of the first pictures I saw was of wheat. I thought of how the Eucharist is wheat and here I

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was, ministering to one of God's children, essentially "feeding" him. Then a field of deer came on—in Native American spirituality deer represents gentility—which was what I was feeling towards Frank. Everything felt in harmony with the Lord.

I wondered what would soothe him or was his dying stage already beyond anything I could say or do. I wanted to smooth his forehead, but since he'd recently been combative, thought better of it. There was conversation and activity in the hall; I'd noticed lights and people in some rooms when I'd come to the floor—not everyone was asleep and the staff was busy.

I just tried to be a loving Presence to the patient—fully in the present for him. I thought of him as lovable. I thought of Blessed Mother Teresa and how she loves the lepers and dying of Calcutta, and how her words brought so much of Our Lord's messages into this century. Even if the person is a stranger, is old and disfigured, smells, cannot speak or even say what they want, we should honor their life because Our Lord Jesus Christ called them into life and it is our job to be the loving servant of the Lord and take care of His brethren.

And so the time passed until the next volunteer came at 8:30. I already knew that I wanted to come back that night if needed. So I went home, picked up the pace of my day, fought my fatigue, went to Zumba class, baked a zucchini so it wouldn't go bad, kept my luncheon appointment and realized I'd be sick if I didn't get some rest. So I gave myself permission to lie down for an hour to try and sleep, but I found my brain zooming around with thoughts of Frank, life, and death.

After a very full day, I called the hospital and was told to come back at 10 pm. It was already a terrible night—much rain—so I dressed warmly, had some more caffeine, and went back.

The first thing I noticed was that Frank was in a completely different position. He was flat on his back, and I could see his complete face for the first time, a rather

pleasant face. He was rasping rather badly, so I knew that his condition was continuing to deteriorate and guessed that he might indeed go Home this night. I learned a bit more from the nurses: he had a sister and two estranged children. They had all tried "tough love," trying to convince him to give up his bad behavior, but to no avail. Lying there in the hospital bed, all cleaned up, I tried picturing him in less attractive positions, yelling, fighting, saying bad things, being mean. It didn't matter; I was going to show him God's loving arms.

### *...no one should be alone while dying.*

The nurses told me that one of the volunteers had put her hand on his chest and it seemed to calm him, so I tried that but it didn't seem to make any difference. Then I thought about what would calm a child. How even if you've grown up in a house with fast hands, if it was just a loving hand in a stable position, maybe it would be calming. So I put my hand on his forehead, said little murmurs—the kinds of things I knew I'd like if it were my last moments. He seemed to accept it so I played with his hair for awhile, thought of how most moms do this with young children, and hoped that he'd had the experience of loving hands playing with his hair sometime during his life. The depths of his rasping seemed to lessen, but I warned myself not to be ego-involved—that it had to do with him, not me. And that since he was dying, the rattles would continue.

Yesterday had been the Feast of Saint Francis of Assisi. I remembered reading recently that Pope Francis said the moment of truth for Saint Francis was when he embraced the leper: "Because in every suffering brother and sister that we embrace, we embrace the suffering Body of Christ." So, I thought, "I must embrace the rasps—they are not the enemy—they are his road back to Christ. I listened to the rasps differently now; they didn't sound like those of the first dying patient I attended five years ago. I smiled to myself as I thanked one "Frank" for his gift to me in the service to another.

The nurses came to change his position and I watched. I was actively thinking of all the kind things they did for my first patient when she was dying, most of which I didn't get to see, and again appreciated all the wonderful things that we just accept and don't usually think about.

After his position change, while I was still chatting with his nurse, she suddenly said, "That's a change," and we listened together. Then she left and I moved to the chair on his other side and said some silent prayers with an occasional soft statement of his name. I was looking intently at his face and he seemed rather calm, then I thought his eyes might be open. I changed my position to see if it was an illusion, and I realized he hadn't made much sound in a minute or so. I knew my sense of time was not sure, and as I looked closer, his eyes grew more open and he gasped. I knew that his eyes were not seeing me so I just said soothing things. He seemed very calm so I just continued to pray over him and say little murmurs. After awhile, I realized again that it had indeed been more than a minute, so I went into the hall and to the nurse and told her that I thought he had passed. She came in and confirmed it. So I just stayed in the corner, watching the nurses and techs fold his hands and do all the gentle things they do after a person dies. It was 10:25 pm on a rainy Saturday night.

I stayed and talked with the nurse for a little bit, and we both agreed that if there was a service for him we both wanted to be there. I felt blessed to have had this moment and thanked God that it had been so peaceful. In volunteering for this service, I had wondered if it would bring back too many painful memories for me since my husband had died just a few rooms away only 15 months before, but now it was fine. I felt that all of us had given the service to this man we had signed up for, and I felt so connected to these wonderful volunteers and staff for choosing this ministry.

Thank you, dear God, for allowing me this opportunity to do your work. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.



# ACTheals IS MY LIFE

By Georgia Connor, PhD

## Part I

It was out of an answered prayer that I met Marilee Walker in autumn 1999. It was out of my deep need to meet other professionals who had a love for our Risen Christ and Holy Spirit. I shared this 'secret prayer' of mine with my dearest friend in Christ, Father Alan Phillip. He said he discovered an Association of Christian Therapists on the web. He reported to me that he called the LA Chapter President. She lived only a few minutes from my home in Sherman Oaks and she wanted to speak with me immediately. I remember asking, "She wants to speak with me, today?" I felt the Spirit rise in me - and the gift of tears began to fill my eyes. I then knew the Lord was answering my longtime prayer. "Yes Georgia. Her name is Marilee Walker. She wants us to visit her tomorrow evening in her home. She's invited us to dinner to a little French Bistro around the corner." I took down her phone number. I called. She actually answered the phone! I was so emotional; she was so profoundly calming. I knew I had found a friend in Christ and, as it turned out, a dear professional Mentor as well. Father Alan and I joined ACT during the LA Regional 21 Christmas party at Chuck Weber's home in December of that year.

In summer 2010 Marilee arrived at one of our ACT SEW meetings in my new home in Westlake Village, CA. She brought two friends who were struggling with cancer. Marilee had bright yellow eyes and was jaundiced. My stomach did a nose dive, as this did not look good to me. We prayed. She wanted me to test her on my advanced biofeedback computer. She only had a few minutes and I told her I needed more than 10 minutes to see what was going on. I advised her to call her doctor immediately. Within two weeks Marilee's hospital bed at Saint John's Medical Center was surrounded by nine of us prayer warriors equipped with Holy Bibles, crosses, anointing oil, and Holy Spirit.

As she went in for her diagnostic procedure Marilee knew she was loved by many. She told me she was confident that her life was securely held under the providential care of Almighty God. A pancreatic tumor was blocking the bile duct. The doctor was able to put in a stint in to help the duct drain. I remember standing in Marilee's kitchen only days later after the biopsy results came in. The tumor was malignant—adenovirus.

Marilee stood directly in front of me, looked directly into my eyes and stated, "Georgia, the Holy Spirit guided you to heal yourself of ovarian cancer. Would you do me the honor of providing your healing program?"

When she spoke, it was as if Holy Spirit himself directed an energy right through me. I was empowered and knew exactly what to do. I replied, "Marilee, I would be honored and hugged her."

And then I informed her, "But this is going to require a lifestyle change for you, my friend."

"I'll be a good student!"

I smiled, "It means you are going to have to drink at least 6-8 glasses of living water every day."

Her eyes grew wide, "That much?"

***I knew I had  
found a friend  
in Christ and, as  
it turned out, a  
dear professional  
Mentor as well.***



*Georgia Connor, PhD is a Neuroscientist and Learning Consultant to individuals, couples, and families in Southern California. She gratefully serves as the ACT Coordinator for Los Angeles Region 21.*

"Yes. Like most cancer patients, including myself when I had it, you are dehydrated, constipated, sleep deprived, and you have great oxidative stress."

"What's that?" she queried.

And thus began our eleven month journey to extend Marilee's life. I am happy to say it was a Holy and healing journey and we became even closer Sisters in Christ through it all. I was most grateful I was able to keep her from any recognizable pain for the eleven months. As a matter of fact, the antioxidant therapies I tested her for gave her boundless energy to the point where no one could believe she actually had a diagnosis of cancer.

Her closest friends in ACT, the Catholic Church, and family friends came to the rescue by throwing fund raising parties so we could purchase the special pH balanced water, Chinese herbs, homeopathy, anti-oxidants, asparagus, organic foods,

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and other technologies she needed to sustain life at her bedside. The multiple therapies we used were OK'd by her oncologist, a truly loving and capable soul.

### **Tuesday, April 5, 2011**

So what does one do when you know your most beloved, cherished one is facing death? I cried to the Lord, in Marilee's kitchen, when I realized her days were to be briefly numbered—not exactly how she and I had planned. We were hoping for another two years. A friend had given her an electric heating pad which Marilee used regularly, without my knowledge. The electrical frequencies literally cooked her tumor and made it grow.

I sobbed uncontrollably in her kitchen for some time. Yet again, this was a time like many other moments in my life—it was a moment for me to recognize another opportunity to forgive and accept what is. I had to remind myself about the providential hand of God in our lives—especially Marilee's and mine. So, what to do next? What else is there to do for an extravagant, generous person like Marilee? She loves excess, and lots of it! So...we CELEBRATE!

I announced to Marilee she could have anything she wanted to eat or drink that night. She seemed a bit confused.

“What do you mean, Georgia?”

“I mean, the Party begins NOW!”

She asked, “You mean I can have anything I want?”

I said, “Yes, Marilee, anything!”

She asked, “Could I have a nice, big glass of red wine? You never let me have wine,” I exclaimed, “Absolutely! I'll go right out and get some. It will go wonderfully with the vegetarian lasagna I just made for you.”

“Do I have to eat that?” she asked.

“I think it would be good for you. Just a few bites,” I said with a wink.

*(Part II will appear in the 2015 Summer Issue of InterACT)*



# Region News

## Region 9 Report:

The Michigan/Northern Ohio (Region 9) will sponsor a Day of Prayer on April 18, 2015 Gesu Church in Detroit Michigan. Our theme is about different forms of healing prayer. Arlene Apone is our speaker. For questions and registration, contact the Regional Coordinator, Kris Sendelbach at [fuzziandcompany@gmail.com](mailto:fuzziandcompany@gmail.com). Thank you.

Kris Sendelbach, Regional Coordinator  
Michigan/Northern Ohio

## Southeast Region Report

ACTheals Southern Deanery 17 Spring Retreat.

We will be having a retreat Friday April 24-26 in Jacksonville, FL. It will run from Friday 3:00 pm, April 24 - Sunday noon April 26, 2015 at the Marywood Retreat & Conference Center, Jacksonville, FL 32259.

Father Anthony Eseke will be our retreat master. He will be responding to the need for training nurses, counselors and Ministers to the Sick as well as Grief Ministers on integrating God's loving, living, healing presence in the midst of long-suffering illnesses and traumatic grief such as sudden death, suicide, murder, etc. that the ministers are faced with in their ministry.

Father Anthony ministered to each of us at last year's retreat in Jacksonville, and we found it to be a very beautiful spirit filled weekend. This year we hope he will teach as well. Also, Forrest Yankee has agreed to speak from a clinical position on trauma issues.

If anyone would like more information please contact Debbie at 321-733-1593. Thanks

Melissa McKenna and Debbie Kalinyak



# ACTheals Members Recently Passed

*by Nancy Morgan*

At the meeting of the committee chairs, it was suggested that InterACT note that two members who have played significant roles at the international level in ACTheals have recently passed.

**Teresa (Teri) Banach** of the San Diego region passed away on January 13, 2015. She was an intercessor at the International Conferences for many years.

**Anita (Angele) Desrosiers** of Canada passed away on Sunday, January 11, 2015. She was regional coordinator for a while in Canada, was Chair of the Regional Coordinators, and has recently been the International Resource Coordinator.

God bless.



# The Holy Spirit in Clinical Practice

## The Importance of Listening in Healing and Healthcare

by Douglas Schoeninger, PhD

Deep listening to ourselves, to God, and to others is a work of the Holy Spirit in and through us.

### The following statements/experiences have stayed with me:

- I am able to make 80% accurate diagnoses through listening carefully to the patient's story, the patient's account. (paraphrase of Michael Brescia, MD)
- In order for trust to build between my patients and me, I must listen to their story. On this treatment options and compliance depends. (paraphrase of Mark Sheehan, MD)
- When I listen to a patient I use the patient's words and this seems to open up the patient to elaborate. (paraphrase of Dale Matthews, MD)

### Cleveland Clinic: YouTube Video:

Everybody has a story: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_embedded&v=cDDWvj\\_q-o8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=cDDWvj_q-o8)

This YouTube video was inspiring to me. It made a statement and asked a question.

- Everybody has a story
- Would we treat people differently if we knew their story?

### Quote from Michael Brescia, MD

"I had a patient suffering a rectal tumor, who, every day at 2:30/3:00 PM, started screaming in pain. I'd run in and give him additional doses of narcotics, increase the drip...we couldn't stop his moaning and crying. I said, 'Bill, please help us. Help us to help you.' He said, 'Don't you know what happens at 3:00? My children get off the bus and I help them with their homework. I can't meet them at the bus anymore.' ...now that we knew what it was, at 2:30 we could run in and be present. We touched him and we held him and we sang some of the wonderful... African-American spirituals. In this way the 3 p.m. agony stopped."

### Listening that builds trust in health-care is reciprocal.

Patient to nurse, "Is that you laughing in the hallway. I really enjoy your laugh." Usually quiet, unexpressive nurse enters the room smiling and eager to relate and benefit the patient. "Yes that's me. Thank you."

The wound nurse inquired and listened and shared her story with the patient. A bond was formed with the patient. Then the nurse asked,

"Do you want me to remind you? Which (physical) positions work best for you? How severe is that pain, 1-10? What are you concerned about? I'll take care of that if you want me to."

The oncologist called our family together.

- "Your husband is terminally ill. There's nothing more to do."
- We talked for a while about how to tell him.
- Her language was cut and dried. "This is terminal," she said.
- "There may be a softer way," I said.
- Later the doctor thanked us for helping her with her words.
- "Your words were softer, gentler. You raised the bar for us."

### In healthcare practice we listen in order to:

- Imagine what is real for the patient (and patient's family) and for oneself
- Make room for each patient's side and experience
- Credit: speak the value received in what a patient has shared.
- Acknowledge Context: The patient's current life situation, place, people, pets, things.
- Identify Resources: Inquire of resources in the patient's life, experience and relationships, purpose and plans.

The following research findings show that the central institution of primary



care - the 15-minute physician visit - can no longer accomplish what society expects:

- Fifty percent of patients leave the office visit without understanding what advice their physician gave. (Roter DL, Hall JA. Studies of doctor-patient interaction. *Annu Rev Public Health*. 1989;10:163-180.)
- Physicians, according to one study, interrupted patients' initial statement of their problem in an average of 23 seconds; in 25% of visits the patient was unable to express his/her concerns at all. (Marvel MK, Epstein RM, Flowers K, Beckman HB. Soliciting the patient's agenda: have we improved? *JAMA*. 1999; 281(3):283-287.)
- Forty-two percent of primary care physicians report not having adequate time to spend with their patients. (Center for Studying Health System Change. Physician Survey, <http://CTSonline.s-3.com/psurvey.asp>)

### You Need to Talk: We Have Time to Listen

Evaluation of a listening service for General Practice Patients based in Inverness, Scotland: Prepared by Dr. Harriet Mowat. (*Journal of Christian Healing*, 28-2, pp 29 - 44)

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This pilot listening service started in January 2010. Patients who participated in the listening sessions were calmer, more able to talk to family, and build and sustain better relationships with family, more able to return to church, accept the death of a loved one, leave the past behind, change a way of thinking, socialize, and were keeping a diary and reading more.

**Polyvagal theory expands our healing paradigm:** (Porges, S. and Buczynski R. (2013). Body, brain, behavior: how polyvagal theory expands our healing paradigm – an NICABM webinar session, February 13, 2013)

“The neural circuit of social interaction and social engagement is the same neural circuit that supports health, growth and restoration.

Safety is the critical feature here. If our nervous system detects safety, then it’s no longer defensive.

When it’s no longer defensive, then those circuits support health, growth, and restoration.

It’s not two disorders, or two diseases, or two disciplines. It’s not an internal medicine on one side and a psychology and psychiatry on another side – it’s an integrated physiology that is not only regulating health, growth, and restoration, but it’s an integrated physiology that fosters and supports social interaction to create safety for the individual.

It’s a hierarchy, and the most important thing to our nervous system is that we are safe. When we’re safe, magical things occur. They occur on multiple levels – not merely in terms of social relations, but also in accessibility of certain areas of the brain, certain areas of feeling pleasure – being expansive, being creative, and being very positive as well.”

Being well listened to, being heard, is central to being safe, therefore to healing at all levels.

#### **Spirituality & Health: A Common Thread**

A soul is never sick alone

- We don’t know how to make a broken system work.

- We do know how to be present, to listen, elicit trust, be fair, strengthen confidence, and smooth some paths towards healing.
- We know that when the spirit is wounded, the will is broken, and the mind is conflicted, the body surrenders. (Barbara R Krasner)

#### **Christian Listeners USA an initiative of the Institute for Christian Healing** (www.christianlistenersusa.org)

ACTheals has adopted Christian Listening training as a core skill and core curriculum for healthcare providers and healing ministers in ACTheals. In this curriculum healthcare providers and healing ministers learn to:

- Develop skills for listening to others: patients, their families, and other colleagues with the heart of Jesus Christ in order to
- Provide *a safe place* for patients, their families, and colleagues to come as they are and tell their story.



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## **START SPREADING THE NEWS!**



ACTheals 2015 INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

“Healing Families in Christ: Past, Present, and Future”

DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel at Orlando Airport  
September 17-20, 2015.

#### **Conference Scripture:**

“...from whom every family in heaven and earth is named...” Ephesians 3: 14-21

#### **Pre-Conference Speakers:**

Father Joseph Ssemakula  
Doug Schoeninger & Judy Shelly

#### **Conference Speakers:**

Judith McNutt  
Doctor Renee Pelleya-Kouri  
Father Bob Sears

**PLEASE SAVE THE DATE, MORE DETAILS TO FOLLOW**

www.ACTheals.org

# A Letter of Thanks

**TO: ACTheals International Committee Members, San Diego Region 43 and LA Region 21 Members**

Dearest Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

I send my most heartfelt thanks to all ACT members who prayed for a healing 2014 ACT International Conference in San Diego last week. Also, I send grateful thanks to those of you whose participation, in whatever measure, made it a success.

It was a joy for me to serve as your Saturday morning MC at the Conference. Your prayers and encouragement secured an instilled presence of Holy Spirit to strengthen me and uplift me to a new level of endurance. Yes, the power of your prayers uplifted my 'endurance quotient'. Thank you Lord!

How wonderful to be inducting 12 new ACT members this weekend! Welcome all! I wish to especially welcome our new LA member, psychotherapist Lorraine Gray. We are discussing the building of a new SEW Group in Westlake, CA on a Tuesday evening each month. If anyone is interested please contact me at [mndmoves@aol.com](mailto:mndmoves@aol.com) or call me at 805.370.5388.

I send special thanks and acknowledgment to the following people whose devotion to Our Lord and tireless dedication to ACT helped to make this Conference the healing place of worship. Unity and education were indeed established for our New ACT Vision- Advancing Christ-centered health-care one healer at a time. Please keep the following members in your prayers of gratitude: Lawrie Gallagher and her team of Anointing Greeters who set the healing tone each day which included John Skirgaudas, Sr. Margaret Devlin, Alice- May Ryan, Skip Conde, Therese Tanis, Lorraine Cardin, Cathy Easton, Rita Cornyn, Evelyn Murray, Suzanne Graas, Barbara Recchia, Jean O'Neil, Jan Nadler, Mary Evans, Nancy Lofgren, and Ester Salazar. To Corinne Helena for Coordinating Speaker Guardian Angels with Cathy Easton who designed lovely Gift Baskets for Speak-

ers and John Skirgaudas for so graciously being our Speaker Guardian Angel; Rita Cornyn as Social Event Coordinator and Margaret Rodiger Carey for sharing Christ's light with everyone at the Dance;

To Region 43 members who did more than I can say: Sheilamarie Racicot (MC & Region 43 Coordinator), Nancy Morgan (ACT, new National President), Carol Oliveri (Liturgist & Anointing Oils); Susan Tepas (Spiritual Life Chair); International Committee members, especially Mike White, Doug Schoeninger, Mike MacCarthy and Father Bob Sears who made me feel so welcomed;

*...the power of your prayers uplifted my 'endurance quotient'.*

My deepest gratitude to Djahara & Peter from Allied Healthcare who embraced me with the listening of loving kindness, respect and inclusiveness which I experienced for the first time from Allied Health. We are now committed to designing a new form of communication with the larger body of ACT. Thank you;

Again, our hats off for the fine detailed work of Lawrie Gallagher as Atmosphere Coordinator, Meditation Room Coordinator and for her helpers Rita Cornyn and her sister Alice for beautiful, fresh flowers, Al Nyland, Evelyn Murray, and Cathy Easton; Chapel Coordinator Barbara Graham with Lawrie Gallagher, Bob Garland and Virginia Garland rendered loving service; Carol Oliveri, Bob Garland and Kris Dolbow for serving as devoted Sacristans; George Guschwan for coordinating our Healing Team People with grace;

We thank Jim Demar as Program Chair, especially for selecting our inspiring speak-

ers and workshop leaders including: John David and Gaylene Gomez and Doug Schoeninger, PhD; Dr. George Delgado; Dr. Ben Keyes; Dr. Jung Choi; Nancy Morgan, MFT and Guadalupe Cardona; Pastor Joe Johnson who offered a wonderful workshop on healing memories;

Many thanks to Lisa Grove, MFT for our shared vision-prayers and for 'just being there' as Margaret and I served birthday cake in honor of Lawrie & Al at the dance.

Our most heartfelt thanks to our Priests and Clergy for embracing us with the word of God and illumination of Holy Spirit; to Our Lord for bringing us our walking miracle, Father Joe Scerbo who Celebrated Mass on Saturday—truly Inspiring for us all; Father Chris Crotty and Father Bob Sears; and last but not least to my dearest friend in Christ for 20 years, Father Alan Phillip who made sure I got to and from the Conference and who prayed me through it all. Please forgive me if I left anyone out.

I leave you now with the words of St. Paul to the Philippians 2:1 "If there is any encouragement in Christ, any solace in love, any participation in the Spirit, any compassion and mercy, complete my joy by being of the same mind, with the same love, united in heart, thinking on one thing"... "For God is the one who, for his good purpose, works in you both to desire and to work." (Philippians 2:13)

I rejoice and share my joy with all of you Holy ones. In Christ's love everlasting,

Georgia

*Dr. Georgia Connor, PhD  
ACTheals Coordinator, Los Angeles Region 21  
([mndmoves@aol.com](mailto:mndmoves@aol.com))*



# Wholistic Massage: Understanding Your Body through Self-Awareness

by Ping -Tak Peter Chou, Msc, RMT

*“Keep on doing what you have learned and received and heard and seen in me. Then the God of peace will be with you.” (Philippians 4: 6-9)*

The wisdom of this quotation is what I need to have peace within me, with me, and of me. We are all created in the image of God, and if we tune into our body and listen, we can hear and see God within ourselves. We are the temple of God. In the temple that is us, we can feel God’s love and in His love we receive His joy and peace. So, we are called to see inside our body and listen. By doing so, our body will bring healing because God’s love is perfect, and we are made perfect through His loving presence in us.

This is a continuation of my talk on Learning the “Christian Listening skills” at the 2014 ACTheals International Conference in San Diego.

The three main steps are:

1. What is the most important thing you need to care for? Listen to your body and see which parts of it need the most attention
2. What will you do about it?
3. How do you feel about it? How do you feel after you tend to those parts?

## **Self-awareness of the body:**

You can be either the speaker or the listener depending on your aims and mind-orientation.

Self-Awareness questionnaire:

- A. In terms of physical awareness: which parts of my body are hurting, weak, or restricted in terms of movement and function? What have I done to them through injury or work-induced illness? Trust your body’s memory.



- B. In terms of emotional awareness: when I experience emotions such as joy, sadness, anger, fear, or grief, which parts of my body respond? Some possibilities are: shortness of breath, difficulty moving (hands or feet), trembling, shaking, crying, or headache.
- C. In term of psychological awareness: Am I depressed? Am I stressed out? Can I think? How do you respond to the environment like sound, noise, or words? Can I manage my life? Can I handle relationship? How does my body react to these circumstances?
- D. In terms of spiritual awareness: Am I trusting? Do I have faith? Do I have hope? What is my life purpose? My religious life? My relationship with God? My prayer life? Am I in spiritual distress? How does my body feel about it?

## **Consider a self-massage:**

It can lead to healing and experiencing God’s love, but only if you are mindful about what you are doing and listen.

Self-Massage Intentions:

1. Do I understand my body?
2. Do I love my body?

3. Do I want to take care of my body?
4. Do I need help with an understanding of my intentions?

## **Self-massage in action:**

Yes, you can administer self-massage to your hands, feet, and shoulders. Some people say, “Your hands store the memory of fear, your legs store the memory of uncertainty, and your shoulders carry your burden and develop stress.”

The simple and powerful massage techniques are:

1. Continuous long stroke (Effleurage):

This will bring a firm yet constant flow into your body; also it connects different parts of your body. You can do firm and continuous long strokes across your hands and shoulders (left and right), low back, legs, and feet (left and right). Once your parts become aware of each other through this process, notice any feelings that you received.

*You can be either the speaker or the listener depending on your aims and mind-orientation.*

2. Alternate pressure (Petrissage)

Using your hands to induce alternate pressure to your body will shift the focus of tension into your body parts. You will be able to feel the reaction of your manipu-

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lation in some of your body parts—that some are more flexible and resilient than others. You can do these to your hands, shoulders, legs and feet. Notice how you feel after that.

The greatest message of the “Wholistic Massage” is “listen to your body.”

As a therapist, we are the listener and our client’s body is the speaker.

Therapeutic Massage is a general term meaning manipulation of the body through some actions and techniques

aimed at facilitating physical healing of the body.

Massage manipulations can produce two effects:

1. Sensory inputs to your body and other mechanical action to your body corresponds to the sensory and motor parts of your nerves.
2. The mechanical action sends signals faster than the pain signals; therefore, when you receive motor action on your body, your pain will be minimized.

These are the first steps towards healing as you are released from pain.

And now, finish with a prayer: May You continue to guide us to listen to Your words, dear Lord, to be true to ourselves and faithful to Your call. Amen.



---

**The Immanuel Life Annual Gathering 2015**

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