

# Healing

## A Hero's Story



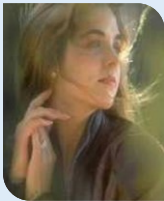
Alone in pain she strived to make her dream come true.  
“There must be more to life than this.” Somehow she knew.

At times she hid her self away in silence keep.  
Although her anger pierced the dark when fears ran deep,  
**She yearned for peace.**



Her cry of loss and loneliness from days before,  
Became a promise to herself she must explore.  
The day she freed herself from rage her darkened cloak,  
She felt the warmth of trust and love, her dream awoke.

**She dreamed of peace.**



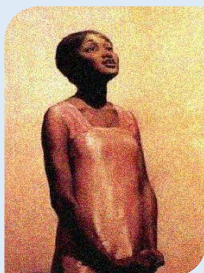
Though pain and heartbreak sometimes left her ill at ease,  
Her passion and compassion filled her energies.  
To learn to teach and teach to learn became her light,  
Her spirit spoke of sacred things her gift, her plight.

**She spoke of peace.**



The privilege of reaching out and reaching in,  
Fulfilled her dream to tame the fear and rage within.  
She walked and talked with purpose, and then came the day,  
To offer peace to those who searched for their own way.

**She walked in peace.**



For in this journey she would make a simple choice,  
To trust the power deep within, her gentle voice.  
A gentle touch with mind and heart alone can bring,  
A gift of peace that's so profound our spirits sing

**She lives in peace.**

# Healing

The following poem reminds us that no matter where we are on our life's journey,  
we can each expand the presence and power of Spirit...  
by seeking the wisdom of your own story.  
You can inspire others to do the same.  
Here is one such story.

## Her Journey Continues



Your journey so far, a challenging road,  
With purpose you always move on,  
You follow the light that's guiding your way,  
Believing in wisdom beyond.

In wonderous awe you venture to find,  
connection with meaning and peace,  
Your story, your tears, a spiritual path,  
You offer to others with ease.

Eyes open to see the signs from beyond  
Clear messages come into sight,  
And nearing your sleep your elders appear,  
So proud of your journey to light.

Surrounded by hope and visions of truth,  
Your spirit holds passion and strength,  
Your wisdom has found a voice of its own,  
Enduring life's vastness and length.

Others have gathered to know what you know,  
To share in your journey this day,  
You give them a place of safety and love,  
To find their own wings, their own way.

Your journey from here, a sacred affair,  
Tells tales of a magical place,  
Of offering peace and hands that can heal,  
with gratitude, honor and grace.

Those seeking their truth will spiritually thrive,  
For healing will flourish in love.  
A pure and gentle connection with peace,  
from Spirit, through Spirit above.

.....

Each of us has a story and our journey with Spirit.  
We can all be heroes to Spirit...  
with each loving intention, act of gratitude,  
moment of compassion, offering of patience,  
sharing of vision and gift of wisdom.



*"We'll be OK boy" he whispered.*



Ol' Joe had a way with horses that made folks shake their heads in awe. He could calm the most ornery of beasts with his soft confident tone. But there was more to it. He knew horses. Everything he learned about horses, and most of what he knew about himself, he learned from horses. They taught him to respect their instincts and pay attention to their body language, which always spoke volumes about how they had been treated in their world. Ol' Joe would say,

*"He's learning all the time, but he won't tell me all his secrets.  
I respect that."*

Ol' Joe knew just by reading this horse's energy that he had experienced some trauma. They kicked up clouds of dust as they pushed and pulled in this almost dreamlike dance. Ol' Joe's energy was firm but gentle, almost hypnotizing. He knew it was well worth his effort to be patient to help the horse through this healing process at his own pace. His grip on the reigns was just enough to say,

*"Follow my lead, and we'll work this out together."*

Ol' Joe knew there were few things sweeter in life than to see a frightened spirit make a conscious choice to trust. He'd say,

*"It's my job to lead with safety and understanding.  
When those are in place, trust is soon to follow."*

Ol' Joe lived his life believing the mutual cooperation of kindred spirits is the most precious of life's experiences. When Joe was a kid he had suffered a life of fear, hurt and deep disappointment. He carried the wisdom from his heart wounds with him every day. Horses reminded him that every spirit needs and deserves a chance to be loved and honored. Understanding them meant caring enough to pay attention and communicate with a respectful curiosity.



*"Firm but gentle on the reigns'll do it".*

Ol' Joe was doing his magic again. Yet he'd say,  
*"It's not magic at all. It's just common sense."*

His patience and genuine spirit shone through again that day, with each deliberate step and body gesture as they circled in the ring. Just like every other frightened spirit this beautiful powerful beast wanted to feel safe in his life again. The horse walked around that ring, responding to every movement Ol' Joe made. Sometimes with confidence, and sometimes balking in fear or confusion.

*"Expect and respect resistance. It's part of it.", he'd say.  
"This horse wants to know how I'm gonna' treat him...  
Am I a guide he can trust? It don't seem like  
too much to ask for, if you ask me."*

Only a little while earlier the dust had been a turbulent billow covering most of the ring. Now the horse's fear and panic had been replaced with a shared focused concentration. From one spirit to another, Ol' Joe had a way of knowing when to let the reigns loosen, to allow the animal his time and space, and always provided immediate responses of assurance and support.

Ol' Joe watched with a keen eye, waiting for a sign. He sensed it coming... and then it happened. The horse snorted out a deep breath, shook his head side to side, and released his pent-up energy. Suddenly his energy and demeanour became grounded and calm. Ol' Joe could see the release in the horse's stride and said,

***“You were ready weren't you, boy... to let go of that trauma?  
Good job... I'm proud of you. You're OK boy... You're OK.”***

And with a gentle pat, Ol' Joe walked slowly from the ring toward the horse's owner. The cowboy stood in silence, as Ol' Joe approached. His arms were loosely crossed as he leaned his shoulder against the fence. His head down as he gently carved a pattern in the dirt with his boot. Ol' Joe placed his arm over the fence, and the cowboy slowly raised his gaze to expose tears running down his face. Ol' Joe looked out toward the horse again and said,



***“You're kindred spirits, you and him.”***

The cowboy struggled to regain his composure with a cough or two, and wiped his face with his sleeve as he said, “Yeah, I've seen hard times too, and I was really worried for him.” Ol' Joe nodded his head gently and said,

***“It was time for him to cross that fine line, and let the trauma energy go.”***

The cowboy said, “It overwhelmed me there for a bit. I felt his pain, and a whole lot of my own. ” Ol' Joe offered,

***“I've crossed that line many times in my life too.  
I've dedicated my life to helping horses make their way back...  
but I know for a fact that they are the ones doing the helping.”***

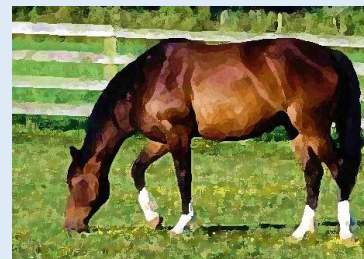
The cowboy cracked a slight grin and said, “Yeah, well I think I just got my first lesson from him.” Ol' Joe continued,

***“This never gets old. Every time I see them find their spirits again,  
I am grateful to be a part of it.”***

The cowboy reached out to shake Ol' Joe's hand, “I want to thank you for helping him out... and I'll never forget this day.” They walked toward the horse, and Ol' Joe said,

***“He'll expect more now...and so he should. His spirit is willing to trust... now it's up to you.”***

The cowboy tilted his hat and with a deep breath and strong voice he said, “Him and me, we're in it together from now on... and I plan on payin' close attention to what he's got to teach me next.”



Ol' Joe knew the signs of deep healing. He'd seen it in the horses, and in the faces of many owners who had come to seek his counsel.

**Ol' Joe was profoundly grateful for another successful day at the office.**

**All spirits deserve support  
and validation.**