

CHAPTER 2

The following morning, I walked into the kitchen and told Patti I wanted to go to the gym. She looked at me like I was crazy, saying, “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“I want to go.”

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“Yes, I’m sure. I have no idea where I am. I have

to have a starting place.”

Imagine someone who has worked with herself

the majority of her life, knowing her body and mind, being aware when something starts changing from a state of health into disharmony, knowing what to do to bring it back into a state of harmony using natural ways; no drugs, no testing, no doctors. I had been using this innate wisdom, practice, and research to teach others for over three decades. The IV push of epinephrine changed all that in a matter of seconds.

I had no idea where I was; I didn’t have any sense of Self. I could not decipher what was happening in my body and mind. It was all chaos! The intensity of the pain in my head became unbearable when I tried to think. I truly had no idea where “I” was. I didn’t know what exactly happened to my body nor the damage that had incurred or how to start healing from it. What did I need to do?

Every time I would visit Patti in the past, we would go to the gym. This was familiar. I remembered what my body’s capabilities were. At the gym I got on the treadmill and started it slowly. Walking at 2.5, the slowest speed possible, I pushed myself to last three minutes. I felt like I was going to pass out, my heart was racing at 195 beats per minute, my head was spinning, I was dizzy, and I was hyperventilating. I stepped onto the sides of the treadmill, locking my arms as I grasped the handrails, afraid I was going pass out and fall on the running treadmill. I called out to Patti to come shut it off. As I stepped off the treadmill, I staggered to the wall and slid down, so if I passed out, I would be closer to the floor and wouldn’t bust my head open. I sat there as my heart slowed and I caught my breath.

I was even more messed up than I thought. After my spinning head and racing heart settled, we went home where we talked about my condition. Afterward I rested for quite some time. That three-minute walk wore me out.

My heart had been so healthy and now was dam- aged. I had worked on my heart for many years. Using Bert Hellinger’s Family Constellation as a blueprint, because my father’s side of the family all died from heart problems. The fear that came along with the dam- age to my heart was as monumental, as the dysfunction of my mind was overwhelming. Having attended a workshop with Bert Hellinger, a German psychotherapist, in the 90’s, I realized I could set up a mock family

constellation on poster board to bring past, present and future generational healing of the heart.

Patti took me to a doctor's appointment that she had made for me with Dr. Clark Gaither, a general practitioner, in Goldsboro. Sitting in the chair with him looking at me, my mind was a blank. The only thing I could do was smile and try to be pleasant. He seemed to realize, to some degree, how I was. The only concern he voiced was about the pulmonary hypertension that had shown up on the ultrasound they had done in the hospital. He wanted to keep an eye on it, while giving me time to let my body settle from the trauma. He told me to take it easy and come back if I had any questions. His parting words, "Come in any time you need to see me," gave me a sense of comfort and let me know it was okay if I went back, even if I didn't know the reason.

While we were driving home, I noticed that my eyes were blurry. It softened the world I was seeing, which was a great benefit, for I needed softness at the moment. It felt like my mind was in a suspended state, somewhere other than where I was. It was as if my brain had been taken away from me; not only couldn't I find it when I tried to think, but intense pain had taken its place.

Days became a blur as I continued to access my Self. My mind felt numb. There were no thoughts running through it. I would just sit, with what is called the thousand-yard stare. When I would try to think, the pain would intensify. When people would talk to me, I would hear what they were saying, and then as the words went into my brain the pain would become so intense I would have to hold trigger points on my head to cope with it. As I tried to follow conversations I could only do so for a short period of time and wouldn't remember afterward what was said. If someone gave me too much information, I would get lost with all the words creating chaos in my head.

I scheduled an appointment with Patti for a myo-fascial release treatment. When she was done working on me, I noticed my vision was sharper. Afterward we decided to go out for lunch.

As Patti was driving, I enthusiastically commented "Wow! I can see again. I can see that sign on the building. I can even read the road sign."

"What do you mean? Are you saying you couldn't see before?" she asked.

"I could see. It was just all blurry. I told you that," I replied.

"Oh my God and I let you drive our car!" Patti exclaimed.

Very matter of factly I told her, "Oh, you didn't have to worry. I could see the yellow lines and I made sure I stayed between them."

At my next appointment I told Dr. Gaither, "Things aren't right in my head."

Compassionately, that's when he told me, "Think of it like this. You went five miles into the woods and now you have to walk back out."

Little did he know those words were to become my mantra, or maybe he did know. I needed words to bring some sort of understanding to what I needed to do. With blind faith, I just kept walking, believing if I did not stop, I would find my way out of the woods.

A few days later, Patti's husband Hal had a kidney-stone attack and she took him to the hospital.

They gave him medicine to help pass the stones and for the pain. Patti needed to go to work. With Hal so out of it, I told Patti I would make sure he took the medicine on time. Her surprise at this took me back. Although I had no idea what the extent of damage was done to my brain, she seemed to know.

Everything was going fine, Patti made out a schedule and all I had to do was follow it. She went back to work that afternoon, and all went well. The next day Hal slept in late and I couldn't give the meds to him at the allotted time. My mind went into chaos. I couldn't figure out how to adjust the times to administer the meds. I didn't know what to do. Thankfully, Patti came home to check on us. I was all teary, frozen in emotional overwhelm, not knowing what to do and the pain was starting to intensify for Hal. She made out a new schedule, got Hal what he needed, settled me down, and returned to work.

That was the first time I realized that I could not work with numbers. I had always been great working with numbers even in my head; I very seldom needed a pen and paper.

For many years, Patti and I had traveled together. Our trips were usually a week or two. We would pay as we went, each keeping a running tab. She would write hers on paper, I would keep mine in my head. The last day of the trip I would tell her she needed to get the last gas, or I needed to pay for food so we would be closer to equaling out. The first few years, she was surprised. Then she took it for granted. It became one of her jokes. If someone needed numbers figured out, Patti would say "Put a dollar sign in front it and give it to Akasha. She will figure it out for you."

Every time I would learn of something new I couldn't do, it was another blow. How much damage had been done to my brain? I didn't know what I couldn't do until it came up and I tried. Not only couldn't I do stuff but the unawareness of it affected me just as much. How couldn't I know what I could no longer do?