



Out of Control

by Mary A. Maynard, BSN, RN

I didn't plan to add meditation to my daily routine. I had everything I needed to stay in balance. I prayed. I walked. Ate clean. Did Tai Chi. My life habits were working well until I met the brick wall of shocked helplessness.

I was not prepared to stay strong through years of seriously ill children and grandchildren. The background sound in my mind of repetitive worry with intermittent crisis, left me weak and tired. A very quiet panic took over. I started thinking that I was built for sprints not marathons.

By the second year, my own sturdy body and mind was showing the signs. I stopped walking every day-I didn't have time. I stopped eating vegetarian-it didn't seem to matter. I felt better when I submerged in other people problems-I overworked. My sleep wasn't rejuvenating. I needed an alarm clock. I spent more time in bed than needed, with my eyes closed. I was watching the screen on the inside of my eyes. The pictures weren't pleasant. Endless, ugly merry-go-rounds of stories spun in my mind. I discovered a core of disbelieving grief, I never knew existed.

The disbelief and grief were rooted in that God wasn't calling me to help my kids. I had a thriving holistic health practice. I was gifted, as many are, with intuitive and Lightworker skills. Couldn't I help to make a change in the brain cancer, the hole in the heart, the immune system failure and the predictable depressions that chased us all? I used quantum mechanics daily in the care of others. Why couldn't I see beyond this wall to their care? When I tried to organize myself for the familiar work of healing for any one of them, I felt my hands drop and shoulders sink. I would see my energy field tip over and feet quickly unground. I could pray, yes. Anything else, no. Where was my guidance?

This question hung in the ethers of my soul; the answer was outside my ability to hear. I searched. I worked with every practitioner I could access. I bought many hours of care for myself and my family. I felt the natural world Mother and Grandmother effort-no matter what I could do-wasn't helping. One morning, very early, I was in my "refusal to awake" state. Staring at my eyelids, I found the word 'Help'. I repeated it over and over, silently. Sometimes with feeling. Oftentimes, neutral and calm. I had no idea that I had stumbled on Analytical Meditation. Of course you know the word "stumbled" really means, "carefully and mercifully guided".

Tibetan Buddhism defines two types of meditation. The "mindless" repetition of a word or mantra toward a state of "no mind" is called Stabilizing. Using the repetition of a word with intention of a deep level of understanding is the process of Analytical meditation. With Analytic meditation you are sourcing the essence of what can be known of the word. I think of it as "All-Mind"; the flip side of "Mindless". Yin and Yang. It seemed that the question keeping me awake and walled off from my energy, was to be answered only between God

Consciousness and myself. No practitioner could mediate this answer for me. It was an inside job.

I practiced every morning. I thought; "Help". Sometimes I sat in lotus. Sometimes lying still. The experience was an unfolding sensation over hours, days then into months. I would sometimes see the wall I was feeling, hear the stories of my mind and then they would slowly dissolve. I would see helping of all kinds. Me to others. Others to me. Sometimes an image of a door. Sometimes blank and just a feeling of comfort or peace. The words and stories became very thin layers of consciousness unlocked, flowing. What had been unfixable in its dense emotional form, (worry), became clear, bright and understood.

This understanding registered within me at a level where the word itself had no meaning. The word "Help" was the key in the lock, the jump off point, not the endpoint. It was the tool that connected me to the universe. The universe of the world of "help". Einstein would snort at the innocence of this observation, but everything was related! Help became peace, joy, comfort, gratitude, love. All aspects were connected and the entry points were everywhere, every-when, or every how I chose. My Higher Mind was revealing everything.

Using high sense perception, I watched the particles of matter begin reforming the arches throughout my body where I was sagging and grounded in paralyzing emotion. I floated in the quantum foam-a silvery shiny stream where minute, unnamed particles reside. I could see/feel the Planck's (the smallest named particle on Earth) "talking" to me and each other.

Physical research confirms what we intuitively know of our bodies-Planck's have the intelligence to know when they are being observed. When observed they create particles. What is really interesting is that when they are not being observed they return to being waves. The power of my analytical meditation was creating the observational effect and changing my waves into particles. Any business major will tell you that you get more of what you measure.

My youngest granddaughter, age 10, evidenced this when she had the opportunity to be in the 17' crystal pyramid at a wellness fair I sponsored last Fall. I noticed her contemplating a small glass swan she was holding. After 10 minutes she came out and casually reported that her third eye had opened up and she could see the swans on the silver lake. I had never instructed her in chakra or the quantum foam (the silver lake). Later in the car, I asked what that meant and she said, "Well, I feel a lot stronger. I think I'll hit the ball better next year." We all have different goals. Hers was a good baseball season. That season she was awarded the game ball in the playoffs.

My loved ones a dozen years later: the hole in the heart spontaneously resolved leaving the surgeon puzzled, the brain cancer has not shown again, the depression is mostly lifted. The immune system dials in and out. I walk again. I again eat vegetarian from love. I sleep. I have 50 stress pounds to continue to eliminate and fragile adrenals needing hourly support. Breathing is reactive when I hear of children in serious need. I accept that when you go into a trauma pit, you lose some fingernails crawling back out. I also accept that meditation repairs and improves every one of my cells. I know now that with focused intention, contemplation and meditation fingernails grow back stronger than they were before. I am free of doubt.

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It is the best strategy to combat the wear and tear for anyone playing on planet Earth. The smallest particles that physicists on Earth acknowledge are called Planck units.

Raising your frequency through meditative observation you change your waves to higher frequency particles.

I love meditation. Once you have the practice and skill, it takes very little time. I say "help" in my mind and it is self-hypnosis, I drop into a place of knowing. Whether you see energy or feel it as sensation, meditation is your own powerful energy tool.

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