



“I cannot pretend to speak of death as a misfortune . . .

Death is the arch of triumph under which the soul passes

to live again in a purer and freer atmosphere.”

- Florence Nightingale

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PEACEFUL PASSAGES - THE ORIGIN

Marilee Tolen RN, HNC, CHTP, CHTI

Founder, Peaceful Passages



Dad was in hospice care for nine months. His end stage emphysema had his life confined to an easy chair, oxygen, and struggling steps to the bathroom. The steroids, inhalers, and anti-anxiety meds were part of his daily routine. Complementary therapies were also used, offering him great comfort, care, and relief of his symptoms.

Healing Touch, therapeutic essential oils, massage, foot reflexology, and castor oil packs were those mostly used. Several times throughout the day he took his essential oil bottle containing a mixture of Peppermint, Rosemary, and Lemon and applied it onto his fingers and inhaled it. He would then lightly line his nostrils with it for a deeper breath and relaxation.

All of us in our family know Healing Touch; so many times he would get his energy field 'cleared', especially in his chest area. Although he didn't understand how it worked, he knew when those hands were waving over his body he felt much better. He often asked to be 'waved'.

Occasionally he and Mom would call in a massage therapist to the house to give them both a massage. He always commented on how the work on his upper back helped to relax his breathing muscles.

His feet were rubbed daily with essential oils. Most of the time he did it himself, but when he got lucky someone else would do it for him! On the days where the breathing was extremely difficult, we would apply compresses to his chest and upper back with therapeutic essential oils. Dad always had tremendous relief from these natural non-invasive measures.

Peaceful Passages™

The hospice philosophy and the opportunity that it created in our home was the greatest blessing of all to Dad and the family. It comfortably allowed the integration of medical care and complementary therapies in the context of our belief structures and choices. The most valued piece for all involved was the feeling of self-empowerment. Everyone was a full participant in this process of healing /dying, and no one felt like a victim to these circumstances. That, in and of itself, can be the greatest healing.

The night before Dad slipped into his comfortable coma to die, I walked him into the bathroom one last time. With a lucid mind and a weakening body, he made sure we stepped over the plastic oxygen tubing. As he returned to his hospital bed in the center of the family room, he purposely bounced on the mattress, much like a young child, and patted his hands on the bed saying to me "This is the way it should be Marilee! - This is wonderful!" "Mark this in my journal and tell the world about it!"

Little did he know, nor I, how serious I would take these words.
We both know now.

*Marilee Tolen RN, HNC, CHTP, CHTI - Founder, Peaceful Passages
Mt. Laurel, NJ*



A PRAYER ANSWERED

My friend, Joanne, stopped me on my walk to let me know of her husband's severe illness. She said it was pancreatic cancer and Clark was now in the hospital.

I had never met him but she knew I did a holistic healing method known as Therapeutic Touch. She asked me to come to the hospital to treat him.

Clark and I talked behind the curtain in his ward so I could get acquainted with him and then I asked if Joanne could be present to learn this method. He was eager to have her learn as he considered her a "healer." I called her to his bedside and she agreed to do so. Not all therapists do this, but I include the Laying on of Hands with this mind/body work. Often, one result is that the patient is willing to reveal their deepest desire. Clark already knew his case was terminal; his deepest request to God was that he die at home.

With Joanne standing by, I laid my hands on his head for the silent prayer. Then the energy treatment began 2" from his body with my energized hands. When I finished Joanne started her treatment and understood quickly what to do. I was hoping she could continue to treat him at home. As Clark slowly came back to us, he remarked how much more relaxed he felt and more hopeful besides.

A day or two later Clark was released to go home. He lived for another week or two under Joanne's care. She gave him Therapeutic Touch every day and Clark died peacefully in his sleep. Joanne seemed more at peace with his passing and had been an important part of his end-of-life care.

*Millie Anderson, Practitioner/Instructor, Therapeutic Touch
Manhattan Beach, CA*

A GOLDEN TEAR

My client's husband telephoned to inform me that she had died peacefully. I offered her scheduled appointment to him in honor of her. He accepted. Prior to his arrival I prayed for guidance as to how I might be of service to him. Tears welled up in my eyes. When I went to freshen up, I noticed a dry, crystallized golden tear in the corner of my left eye.

His wife had lymphoma and was seeing me to heal holistically through the complementary therapies of Healing Touch, Energetic Healing, and Reiki. At one of the sessions, I attuned her to Reiki, so that she might assist in her own healing. During another session, an energy technique with guided meditation was used to have her actively participate. Afterwards she commented that "the session was profound and empowering." Regaining personal power was important to her. At another session, we cleared emotional wounds from her childhood with a technique that re-parents the entire energy system. Afterwards she stated "I feel lifted and released." She had inner peace.

After her husband's session on 7/25/01, he told me his wife had come to him during the session. She had told him that "everything was okay," and they visited good memories of their past. It is my belief that she orchestrated this last session. It was a gift to her husband. She had guided his decision to call me and to keep her appointment. The GOLD TEAR was a gift from her to both of us.

*Wanda J. Barboza, CHTP, Reiki Master, Energetic Healing Practitioner
Cornish, Maine*



BRIAN

Brian was my first "long term" Reiki client. He was 36 and suffering from hepatitis C. The invitation to work on him took several surprising turns and was obviously heaven sent. The first time I put my hands on his lower back he raised his head and turned to see what I was doing to make him feel such heat. I was encouraged. I built a wonderful recovery scenario. Even when hospitalizations interrupted our routine I felt a complete healing was in process. It was. I worked on Brian for eight months. I grew to know him, his wife and the very special love they shared. After each session they asked me what I felt as I worked on Brian. I felt that there was an emotional healing necessary, one involving self-acceptance. They agreed. We prayed. We hugged. I did Reiki. Brian changed. His comment was, "I'm OK." His wife's explanation: Brian had believed he was such a bad person that God couldn't possibly love him and so when/if he died he would surely go to hell. "I'm OK" meant: It's OK to die ~ I'm loveable ~ God will take me. Brian's perfect healing was his acceptance of himself. He died believing that he was loveable, that he would be welcomed and loved on the next plane. There aren't adequate words to describe the privilege it was to be part of that healing.

*Judy Barnes
Cherry Hill, NJ*



TOUCHING A SPIRIT

I established a close bond with one of my ICU cancer patients, Mr. McA, when I treated him with Healing Touch after he had surgery for the removal of his right lung.

When Mr. McA was discharged from the hospital in January of 2002, I continued Healing Touch therapy at his home once a week for 3 months. Five months later, I received a call from his daughter, she said her Dad had asked for me. His CT scan showed that his cancer had spread.

I came as soon as I could. Mr. McA said, " Yvonne, I want you to do a treatment on me, and I want you to tell me what you see and feel". I said I would be honored to do so. I did a hand scan and treatment.

After the treatment, I told him what I saw: a reddish color at the right side of his body and a dark grey color at the left side. I felt a sharp piercing pain at his right shoulder and a fullness at his right upper abdomen even though there wasn't a protrusion. He then thanked me and said "That's all I need to know".

Shortly after that, I learned from his daughter that he had stopped eating and drinking. I was concerned about his transition, so I stopped by to check on him. He was in bed. I sat by his bed, took his hand, and said, "So I hear you've decided this is it". He mumbled a little, gave me a wink and then said clearly, "Yvonne, It's going to be OK", I said, "I know it is". He said "I love you for the work you've done". That was the last time I saw Mr. McA.

I thought the story would be over, but 3 days after Mr. McA passed on I had a vivid dream that he and I were talking. He was so vibrant, talkative and full of life. I was so excited I said, "everyone thinks you are dead. I have to tell them that you're alive". He said, "Yvonne I am dead, but I am incredibly happy. Please tell everyone I am happy". We talked some more and he ended our conversation by saying, "Please take care of my girls". I promised I would.

*Yvonne Black , RN
Pleasant Hill, Ca 94523*

FULL CIRCLE & FENG SHUI

The house was thick with the rich hominess of Christmas. Two weeks to go and I had stayed up the night before to finish preparing the packages that needed to be mailed. In a burst of seasonal spirit I also did all the decorating and cleaning, except for the tree. I was ahead of schedule. For once we were all home. It promised to be one of those rare nights, a school night, when everyone was home for dinner, things were calm and the house was 'home' in every sense of the word. Tonight, I said to myself as I dropped a few cloves of garlic in the hot sizzling oil, I even love cooking supper.

I stepped into the family room to remind my son that I had asked him to get some canned tomatoes from the garage. At the same moment we both realized smoke was forcing its way into the room. I knew in an instant; this was serious. Frozen between that instant and the one a few minutes later when I knew my children and my husband were out of the house and I stepped out the door with no shoes or coat, was a no-mans land of time. Part of my mind was pulling me back to everything that was before, part was methodically working through what was important in the moment, part was projecting forward in total disbelief of what was really happening and what possible consequences lie ahead. It would take three days of rummaging through those minutes in my mind, to figure out how I could step out without grabbing my car keys or checking the living room for Bozo, our dog. At last I found that moment in time. "If I go back inside one of my children will follow me to find the dog and then everything could really be out of control," I had reasoned. Everyone said I did the right thing. But Bozo didn't make it.

When the fire chief allowed us in the charred remains of the house a few hours later he led us to Bozo. He had died of smoke inhalation. He was lying near my desk and his crate. Destruction was everywhere but he lay there like he was asleep; not a hair on him was singed. We had a thousand angels everywhere that night but definitely Bozo had a flock of his own. My children grieved deeply. Truly each had lost their best friend. Not one person brushed off their loss as if it was "only a pet." We had him cremated and much to my surprise his remains were returned in a beautiful tapestry box. It matches the furniture in our temporary home and sits near his picture. For several years I have been working with an animal communicator. He is fine, she assures us, and he is with us all the time. For the time being we can hold onto the box. When we get back into our house there is a particular shade tree he would like to be buried under.

So one would think at this point the story is complete. Even though we are not back in our house our family has moved on. Every bit of this event is "OK." In my mind it was like the tuning of a page in a book called, My Life. Chapter X: "Life up till 6:00pm December 10th, 2001" Chapter Y: "Life after 6:00pm December 10th, 2001" Only about one thing would I rage. Why did we not save Bozo? We saved our cat. We saved ourselves. Why did he not live?

We had realized that the beautiful rental house that magically appeared the day after the fire, would not have been available with a dog. We think it was his gift to us. My children think Bozo knew for a several weeks ahead that he was going because he did some very uncharacteristic doggy things. Still, in my silence I cried, " It's not enough! This circle is not complete!"

We decided to make some changes in the house while rebuilding. For several years I have been studying and practicing Feng Shui (the Chinese art of placement and design for harmony). A few months after the fire I took the schematic of the new plan to get some feedback from some of my Feng Shui colleagues. An important element of Feng shui is the outside shape of a plot or building. One of these distinguished practitioners looked at the plan, without any of the personal background, and said rather nonchalantly, "It looks like a dog!" My jaw dropped. The plan is an exact picture, not of any dog, but Bozo!! This is not just our new house, it is Bozo's house!!! When I returned home, one by one I showed this discovery to my family members. One by one, hot tears of love and recognition burned down their cheeks and sealed the silhouette that completed the circle.

Maggie Burgisser
Feng Shui practitioner

