

My 'let them dance' AHA

by Connie Brisson

One Christmas Eve, a very long time ago, something happened that changed me forever. I was just six-years-old.

That night my Dad and one of my older brothers were arguing. That brother was 13 years older than me (which made him around 19 at the time) and I loved him dearly, as much as I loved my Dad.

When they started to verbally fight, we (my Mom, other brother and sister) were concerned, but we were also used to them arguing from time to time. So, it wasn't until they started to fight physically (which had never happened before) that it became scary. As they began pushing each other, back and forth, I can remember being terrified.

I can't say why I thought (at six-years-old) it was my responsibility to fix this, but I jumped in between them, literally, using my little, physical body as a buffer. I can remember pleading out loud to them: "We love you both. Please don't do this. We love you both." I thought that would make a difference.

But the fight was on. And my brother, in the heat of the moment, and obviously angry at me for interfering, hit me quite hard to get me out of his way.

But with a childish determination, I jumped in AGAIN to stop them and that was when my brother hit me a second time (on my face). And this time he hit me like a man would hit another man. He hit me so hard that the pain of it sometimes vibrates still, even today. The trauma of that event was energetically embedded into that spot on my face.

That moment changed me tremendously on a number of levels. And I've been trying to heal it forever. For the last 15 years I've been working with various therapeutic practitioners and I can't tell you how many times that place (where he hit my face) aches. It can ache like it just happened.

During a recent Reiki session I had with Ann Meyer-Anhorn, my face began to ache once again. As I told her the story she wondered (after all this time and all the work I've done to heal it), why I was still experiencing the pain.

Her questions awakened a renewed curiosity in me too, making me realize that there must be some root that I had not uncovered yet, that needed to be pulled out before I could heal this completely. There was something I

was obviously missing. There is always a deeper 'learning' to be discovered if we are stuck in a repetitive pattern.

As we talked more, I thought about Dr. John Upledger (creator of CranioSacral Therapy) in one of his books, writing about a patient that couldn't forgive someone else and heal until she realized that she was not owning up to her part of their dysfunctional relationship.

And so I wondered in that moment, what was my part in this? What was my lesson in this? And the answer came to me quickly. I realized I had a habit of trying to fix/help other people whose situations were none of my business, not my karma and therefore out of my control.



Dancing Shoes © Catherine Marchand

That was a big AHA for me. I realized that I have to let people 'dance' the dances that they purposely choreographed in this lifetime. Who am I to interfere with whatever karmic agreements people have agreed to participate in, especially when I realize that interfering with that dance could mean more lifetimes for both of them.

My Dad and my brother had a dance to dance (a karmic relationship to live through and learn from) and my interference, my wanting to fix it, ultimately caused my suffering because, well-intentioned or not, this was not my dance to dance.

Now I see that I have a pattern of striving to save people I care about from relationships or circumstances (often toxic) with other people or situations in their lives. I want to 'fix' these people whenever I can, however I can. And it's pretty much always led to heartache for me because it just is not my place/business/dance to fix these relationships or people. It's for *them* to fix themselves.

Yet it's a very hard lesson for me because I just want everyone to be happy, to learn their lessons quickly and then advance onto a better life. But now I see that sometimes people can ONLY learn from dancing the complicated (and sometimes very painful and repetitive) dances of their lives. It's how *they have chosen* to learn the lessons they need to learn this lifetime.

And I need to remember that. So now when my face begins to ache, it's like an alarm. In that moment, I've learned to stop and ask myself: "Am I in someone else's 'dance' right now?"

And I often am. Letting other people be responsible for themselves (and their choices) is one of the hardest things I've had to learn and I'm still learning it.

But it's also been so liberating too. I'm free in a way I haven't been before. It's a new dance for me...