

BENEDICTION: Healing Helper

by Sharon B. Sawatzky

Healing occurs in relationship. I can only be healed—saved from my sickness and sin—when you help me. When I am lonely, depressed, afraid, doubtful, aching, I need you. Without you I remain diseased.

Something in our relationship allows a beautiful release of power which alleviates my suffering. You are the promise of hope. You are my guide back to sanity.

A psychiatrist may have special knowledge, but he is only the enabler, not the origin of healing power. The source of healing is beyond us yet works through us. You and I can be healers of each other.

I'm often afraid to be close to you, you know. It's hard to really let you know me and my problems. Sometimes I am afraid of what you might think.

But when I'm really open, and when you sense my deep desire for wholeness, so much happens. My grief, my rage, my guilt, my anxiety are laid before your attention and acceptance.

There are three ways in which you heal me. The first is that you let me be. Because you love me—for a lifetime or for an hour—you let me be myself and accept me as I am. You are genuine in your regard for me, and I experience the freedom to be honest with you.

Most of all I appreciate you for not asking me to conform to your ideas and for not judging me. The whole world is shouting judgment of me and taunts, "Conform! Conform!" But you are secure; you take the risk of love. Even when you disapprove you do not cease to care. The possibilities of healing are great because you offer me yourself.

Our relationship sustains me. Whenever you—my friend, my husband, my therapist, my mother, my teacher, my minister, my child, my God—and I meet, we know love and its healing.

The second way you offer healing is in listening. What a precious art. Everyone wants to talk, yet everyone needs

someone to listen. So much unnecessary tragedy occurs because nobody listens.

When you listen to me you allow me not only to express myself, but also to find myself. As the words tumble out in my release, you hear what I am saying and somehow make it all known to me. And you make my loneliness, my pain endurable.

There is a third way you help me. You go to hell with me. Hell is such a lonely place.

It is easy for us to be on the mountaintops together—to chat and laugh through happy times.

But sometimes I am walking in the valley, and I am afraid. Healing happens when I bare my soul to you and you enter into my suffering. This is not easy. It would be easier to tell me of your suffering, to tell me to read the Gospel of John, to tell me I am wrong, to tell me it will be better soon. Then you would brand me with judgment and deny me my feelings. In the end I would still be alone.

But when you love me you go with me into despair. You show me safety and sanity while treading the dangerous waters with me.

Maybe you will be silent. Maybe you will embrace me. Maybe you will speak of your feelings. In some wonderful way you will reach out with yourself and say, "I am with you."

We each know loneliness, fear, depression, pain, doubt. Healing happens when two lives touch and deep calls to deep.

All this may happen between people who have love. It happens in those unique priceless moments when you are really with me. ➡◀

(gift: ref. unknown)