

# *Qi Heals!*

**NEWSLETTER OF THE SIKE HEALTH QI COMMUNITY  
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## **Qi For Pets (I)**

The qi you project mirrors your current emotional state. If you are agitated about finances or disappointed in love, your qi will have those qualities, and you are unlikely to produce soothing or healing effects when transmitting your qi. Your qi will be hesitant, tentative and perhaps even agitated.

On the other hand, should you feel on top of the world, relaxed, happy, and satisfied, your qi will produce highly effective results in a short amount of time. In other words, qi produced by worry, tension or agitation will likely produce similar effects in others, while qi produced through relaxation and benevolence will produce a soothing and tranquilizing effect that is the first step to healing.

The trouble is that, what with the hustle and bustle and tension in our daily lives, we are hardly aware of our current

emotional state. Certainly, we do not have a clear and focused awareness of the degree of tension we are carrying within us. A simple but trying forty-minute car ride from home to office can produce an emotional state that colors the rest of the day.

Added to this is the desensitization that comes from living in artificially controlled environments, and enjoying an unvarying diet that bears no relation to the change of the seasons. No wonder that we humans have but a meager awareness of the strength, texture, and feel of our qi at any given moment. Other animals, however, are extremely sensitive to the texture of qi, and will give us an immediate and unequivocal response to the qi we project. What follows is an interesting approach to gauging your qi, and to bringing out the St. Francis in you.

Let us assume you have a pet. If you do not, you probably know someone who has, and who would be happy to let you spend a few minutes with it. The following exercise can be done with either a dog or a cat. I have found cats respond more quickly and demonstrably than dogs, so for the purpose of my example, I will use a cat.

**Access your qi and, having done so, look for your cat.**

**Chances are it will be sleeping on that one piece of furniture you are forever shooing it off of. Do not be annoyed, or the experiment will be doomed to failure.**

**Remember: *cats were placed on Earth to test our patience and qualifications for sainthood.***

**Sit in a comfortable position on a couch or in an easy chair...anywhere that you and the cat can feel relaxed together. You may be listening to soothing music or watching TV. If possible, keep your back straight, but this is not absolutely necessary. It is more important to have both you and the cat resting comfortably.**

**Place the cat on your lap. Give it a minute to situate itself and fall into that twilight world of restful cat life. Place one hand (the right hand if possible) on the cat's spine. The palm may be either horizontal or vertical to the spine, whichever suits your posture. I have found the horizontal position more natural and more comfortable to maintain. Try and keep the hand resting lightly, and away from the cat's head.**

***Look at your hand on the cat's spine for a moment. Then, inhaling quietly through the nose, exhale through the palm of your hand and into the spine of the cat.***

**There is no need for any visualization. Simply feel your breath leave your hand and enter the spine of the cat. Your qi will be flowing out steadily into the creature's body. Maintain a steady, comfortable rhythm of breathing.**

**By your third breath, the cat will be aware of your qi. Most cats respond by the second breath, and indicate this by a large twitch. Now comes the test.**

**If your qi is agitated or tentative or abrupt, the cat will react at once, sometimes by bristling and even snarling. Fur standing on end is a sign of extreme displeasure. Most cats react to a disturbance in the qi with a small shriek, jump off your lap, and rush out of the room.**

**The cat's reaction to soothing and steady qi is the complete opposite. It will begin to purr and lapse into an apparent kitty coma. At this point, you will probably spend the next ten minutes considering how to extricate yourself without disturbing this picture of Perfect Bliss.**

**The cat's reaction to your qi is in no way an evaluation of the general properties of your qi. It is an indication of your present mood or state of mind. You may try the exercise six days in a row and get a different reaction each day.**

**My cat, Basil, and I do qi training almost every night before bed. He is now a veteran of the qi experience, and swings between being a qi junkie and a qi connoisseur: some nights he just needs a fix, and other nights he evaluates qi critically. Because he reacts with violent displeasure to any disturbance in my qi, I put myself into a relaxed and bonhomous state of mind before putting hands on him. I find that I cannot watch the late news and satisfy Basil. The news is usually too disturbing. So, listening to music, I put qi into Basil's spine, which soothes both of us, and we sleep the better for it.**

### **UNCLE ARNIE IV**

**My Uncle Arnie underwent no apparent personality change or character development during his fairly long life. One cannot imagine him jogging, joining an encounter group, spending a colorful weekend on LSD, or taking part in an anti-war demonstration, unless the protestors cooked up**

**hamburgers around the Pentagon. The Human Potential Movement --that brief, incandescent revelation that after five million years of evolution, human beings were endowed with the capacity for change-- burned, flickered, and guttered out as no more than a sequence of television images to Uncle Arnie. Even if he had been aware that he had potential that could be developed, his brother Paul would not have released the money to pay for that development. Met at age six or age sixty, Uncle Arnie would have seemed exactly the same.**

**What the seething social forces of the late 1960s did create was a change in people's perceptions of those like Uncle Arnie. Until the last eight or ten years of his life, Uncle Arnie was almost universally considered insensitive to the finer spiritual things of life, an assumption based on his gluttonous eating habits, his tendency to drip and run from his facial orifices, his lifetime love affair with the funny papers, and his sieve-like memory. Suddenly, popular opinion on Uncle Arnie and his ilk swung an embarrassing**

**one hundred eighty degrees; Uncle Arnie was now a simple sage with no wants or desires, attuned to the pulse of Nature, at one with the Cosmic Spirit. Uncle Arnie was cool.**

**No one exemplifies this attitudinal volte-face more than my father. Uncle Arnie had been Mort's greatest mortification. He had succeeded in dissociating himself from his twin early on. Mort, for all of his justifiable self-confidence and self-esteem, saw Uncle Arnie as an impediment to his rise in the world, as if a drooling idiot could somehow halt the juggernaut progress of an able, ambitious man. Even when he was married with a son, a ranch-style home and a flourishing dental practice, Mort feared that association with Uncle Arnie would taint him, ruining his chances to climb even higher.**

**Grandpa Eddie dropped dead of myocardial infarction in downtown Pittsburgh on June 11, 1955. Within minutes his corpse had been stripped clean of watch, wallet, shoes, trousers and shirt. Immediate identification could not be established. Grandma Edna's late night, wild, wailing phone**

**call to the Missing Persons Bureau led to a check of the mystery corpse's dental records, and then to a return phone call to Grandma Edna. Paul summoned the other three brothers to return to their father's funeral. Mort was grief-stricken, but not so much that he could overcome his repugnance for his twin. While most families seek a unity of comfort in the face of sorrow, Mort sought, physically and emotionally, to distance himself from Uncle Arnie. He declined on behalf of all the brothers Uncle Arnie's invitation to visit his room, and sent Uncle Arnie back to the home by taxi following the funeral. That night Paul, Ernest, Louis and Mort dined without Uncle Arnie. Mort told them that Uncle Arnie was unwell.**

**Grandma Edna was so traumatized by the desecration of her husband's corpse that she collapsed and lingered brokenly for three weeks before dying. Neither Mort nor Louis nor Ernest chose to make the return trip to Pittsburgh, and it was left to Paul and Arnie to bury their mother. Sudden death is a hard act to follow, and Edna, who, had she**



died the following year would have collected as large a crowd of mourners as Eddie had, found herself hard-pressed to assemble more than a handful. As the need for a memorial service was not indicated, Paul had Arnie sit shiva at Eddie and Edna's apartment, just in case there might be visitors to be received. Sitting in the dark from morning to night was nothing new to Uncle Arnie. He had difficulty recalling why the television screen was covered with black fabric. However, audio had not been proscribed, and Arnie listened to the shows while imagining what went on behind the black cloth. When he soon ran out of imagination, he began peeking at the screen, lifting the cloth ever so quickly and then dropping it just as quickly. It was not long before the visual had transfixed him, and he was enjoying watching television without the slightest twinge of remorse or guilt when Benny Balsom walked in carrying a floral tribute to his aunt.

Many men's fists had been as unkind to Benny as his fists had been to many men. His boxing career had,

unfortunately for him, been lengthy, and he had sustained many beatings for little money before Bruno D'Angelo let him graduate from the very narrow world of pugilism to the wider world of strong-arm extortion, bouncing, and bodyguarding. His face had been sculpted against his will to resemble his ugly first cousin's. Benny's nose seemed to need a new valve or washer; it was always running, and he had a nasty habit of taking swipes at the droplets with his thumb, sometimes connecting. He was blind in one eye from a detached retina, and squinted in a menacing way. His ears were identifiable by their location, not by their shape. He was such a changed man that Uncle Arnie did not recognize him. It was the brutal slap on the back and the old salutation, "Howya doin', Armpit?", that restored Benny to Arnie's memory, and scared him out of his wits. He stood stock still, waiting to be beaten.

Benny was not without feelings. One did not go as a visitor to a house of bereavement and massacre the bereaved, especially when they were family. He confined

himself to taunts and insults, which was such a relief to Uncle Arnie that he felt grateful to Benny for the rest of his life. He learned that Benny was now living and working in Las Vegas. He had never heard of that place, which meant it was nowhere around Pittsburgh, which meant that he was unlikely to see very much of Benny, which meant he could relax. And as he relaxed, he slowly perceived the new features of Benny's face, and grew irritated that Benny should have gone to such lengths to make fun of him.

"You do all that just to make fun of my looks?" Uncle Arnie asked with unusual belligerence.

"Did I do all what, ya dope?" Benny shot back.

"Get yer nose and eye and face to look like that?"

"What the hell you talkin' 'bout, ya moron?" Benny was confused, and stood clenching and unclenching his fists around the large bouquet.

"Ya look like me. D'jou do it on purpose just t'make fun of me, cause it ain't funny."

"Ya tellin' me I look like you?"

**"Yeah, an' it ain't funny. My mother's dead and this ain't the time to be makin' fun of me." So went Arnie's last word on funeral etiquette.**

**Benny heaved the flowers at Arnie and left the apartment in disgust. When they met again years later, the incident had been forgotten by Uncle Arnie. He remembered only his warm gratitude for having been spared a beating, and wondered how Benny, who had regular features in the old days, had become so ugly.**

**Mort phoned his parents' apartment hoping to catch Paul without Ruth, but it was Arnie who answered and explained that he was 'sitting shiver'. Then why was there music and television noises?, Mort wanted to know. Arnie kept his silence. Had there been any visitors? Yes, Cousin Benny. Jesus, Mort said, ordered Arnie to turn off the television, and hung up to search elsewhere for Paul. He was, as always, more impersonal than any friend or relative.**

**Mort's aversion to his brother continued until well after my parents' separation and divorce when I was fifteen. Mort**

emulated Louis's playboy style a couple of years, then leapt into a second marriage. He leapt out of that marriage within eighteen months and took up sculpting until he met his third wife in 1966, an art critic who suggested he raise orchids, bromeliads being far more beautiful than any of Mort's constructs. Mort's change of heart towards Uncle Arnie dates from shortly after his third marriage and, like his foray into horticulture, was due solely to the influence of his new wife.

I met my father after a four-year interval in 1969, at which time he explained his conversion from Uncle Arnie foe to Uncle Arnie fan.

Mort's third wife, Lilah, was from a wealthy northeastern family. Her oldest brother was a film producer, the second brother was a well-known television journalist, and the youngest brother was a widely syndicated sports columnist. Not a black sheep in the family; this flock all had fleece of gold. Mort's cherished *desideratum* arrived full-blown under a chuppa; when my father placed the gold band on Lilah's

**finger, he wedded himself to a Mt. Lebanon type of family. Better than a Mt. Lebanon family, for Lilah's family were unsoiled by business; they were creative people whose reputations exceeded their capacious bank accounts.**

**But it was one thing to bask in surrogate achievements, and another to meet the achievers in person. A year after their marriage, Mort and Lilah were invited to the family summer house in Martha's Vineyard to meet her family. Mort wilted before the casual elegance and commanding presence of Lilah's family members. He affected an extravagant interest in whatever her brothers had to say, and ventured as little of himself as was acceptable in a social situation. He knew they would ask about his family. He had prepared a vague, brief reply, but he realized that his preparation was not adequate to the occasion when they eventually asked him. He was now little Mortie Balsom from Heron Hill, Pittsburgh, wearing the patched trousers and worn jacket that his father had rescued from a church bazaar, and patiently altered to fit him.**

**Sitting before a well-laid brunch table on a spacious sun deck, helping himself to thin slices of smoked salmon with a poise that indicated a lengthy acquaintance with that food, Lilah's oldest brother, Harry, put the question to Mort so insouciantly that Mort realized Harry and the other brothers would pay careful attention to his reply. Doing a passable imitation of Arthur Pillars's hesitant oratory style, Mort summarized three of his brothers using less than two hundred tepid words. When he was done, Vance, the television journalist, a man known as 'The Inquisitor' for his incisive investigative technique, said, "But Lilah tells us you have four brothers."**

**Mort bowed his head penitentially. "My twin brother is brain damaged. He runs an elevator in a home for the aged in Pittsburgh."**

**Lilah's brothers, far from slapping my father's face and challenging him to a duel as he expected, looked at him as if he had just been named a Nobel laureate. They questioned him urgently and specifically about Uncle Arnie's lifestyle, his**

likes, dislikes, his habits, the extent of his social circle, none of which Mort could answer. He was perplexed that an ungainly slob should provoke more excitement than a prosperous dentist.

Harry explained. "All of us here are successful by material standards of success. I can form a conglomerate in no time at all to raise \$40 million to produce a film. Vance can make or break a political career with one broadcast, and Cliff can influence a pennant race. But are we really successful? I mean, are we happy, are we full of our own lives? I don't think so."

"I'm not," Mort agreed fulsomely.

"A man like your brother lives each moment happily, enjoys it for what it is, no more no less. He is a truly satisfied man. I envy people like him. What they lack in intellect they make up for in spiritual things such as inner harmony. You know, it took me all my life to arrive at that realization. I regard that as a satisfying proof of my own emotional and spiritual development. It's a kind of poetry,



being able to see into another person like that. Wordsworth had that spiritual X-ray vision. Are you familiar with his poem about the Idiot Boy?"

Mort vaguely remembered Wordsworth as the poet who wrote about a field of daffodils. Writing about an idiot boy seemed to Mort a logical progression from dancing flowers. He shook his head.

"A charming poem, well worth reading. Wordsworth captures the essence of the idiot mind which, in its simplicity and humanity, is quite superior to yours or mine."

By the time Vance and Cliff had added their voices to Harry's, Mort was convinced that brain damage was honorable, and that to come in contact with it, a privilege. To be able to spend time in the inner-harmonious presence of a congenital idiot was soul-building; one's own deficiencies --hidden by the flimsy lath of material success-- became apparent in the workings of one who was nothing but rich, moist soul. Not only did Uncle Arnie now have feelings, they were purer, finer feelings than those of the

movers and shakers of society. They were unsullied, unvarnished, untainted by a world in which "getting and spending, we lay waste our powers". Uncle Arnie had become respectable. Whereas the people inhabiting the Mt. Lebanons of this world were ruinations by success, Uncle Arnie and his kind were successes by ruination.

"I never thought about Arnie like that," my father confided ruefully, "but I know it's right. He is the most satisfied, easygoing, problem-free person I've ever met. He's happy. It makes me feel terribly guilty that I treated him so badly."

Mort and I phoned Silver Birches shortly after his return to Miami. It took Uncle Arnie a while to come to the phone from the time he was paged. He did not seem surprised to hear from us. Mort was slightly irritated by his brother's slowness of speech and long silences, but forbore saying anything that was not warm and encouraging. No, Uncle Arnie said, he didn't need anything, everything was just fine.

**There were no problems. The people at Silver Birches were looking after him very well. Everything was hunky-dory.**

**"You see," my father said when we had hung up, "his wants are so few. He's so easy to please."**

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**Paul retired in 1965, and he and Ruth moved to a retirement village in South Florida. He asked the Manager of Silver Birches to put Arnie's paychecks into the trust fund, keeping him on the allowance of old. The Manager was a kind man, and gave Uncle Arnie double his old allowance. If Paul ever knew, he did not care. For the last ten years of his life Uncle Arnie had more money than he had ever had before, and on his yearly visits to his brothers, would invite them out to dinner. The brothers always chose the classiest hamburger joint in town. Louis and Mort began to load Uncle Arnie with gifts now that Paul was no longer there to harangue him for receiving their generosity.**

**On his yearly vacations, Uncle Arnie was always taken to places of interest. It is safe to say that he saw almost every**

site worth sightseeing in the continental United States. They were all 'okay'. Above all he loved to sit out in the sun, a towel wrapped around his head, bermuda shorts hugging his knees, his flabby hairy chest resting on his rotund paunch. Sweat would pour out of him like water from an exhausted sponge. He would rub his sweaty body, stretch sensuously, and resume his Buddha-like posture. One of the last things he ever said to Mort was, "You're lucky to have sunshine. You don't remember what Pittsburgh's like in winter."

"Are you warm in winter, Arnie? Is your room well-heated," my father asked solicitously.

"Yeah, very well-heated," Uncle Arnie replied, and laughed and laughed.

"Why don't you come to California in winter?" Louis once asked.

"It's not my vacation time," Arnie said simply.

"But they'd let you go if you asked," Louis persisted.

"I don't wanna," Uncle Arnie said moodily. "It's Christmas time."

**"Do they do anything special at the home for Christmas?"**

**"I dunno," Uncle Arnie replied, closing the subject.**

**No one could persuade Uncle Arnie to vacation twice a year. Ernest's wife told me that she suspected Paul and Ruth of forbidding Uncle Arnie to go somewhere for Christmas. Uncle Arnie always carried \$400 in cash for an emergency when he went on vacation. He spent very little of it, though the brothers encouraged him to use it to buy what he liked. Paul always counted the money when he returned. Ernest's wife speculated that Paul imagined Uncle Arnie would grow more susceptible to spending money if his vacations were more frequent, and so effectively discouraged him from leaving town at Christmas. I asked her why Paul would care about Uncle Arnie spending his own \$800 a year, hardly a calamitous sum. She told me that not only was Paul niggardly, but that he was the beneficiary of Uncle Arnie's will. The three other brothers had signed over their rights of inheritance to Paul in return for his lifelong management of Uncle Arnie. And, in fact, Paul would have received Uncle**

**Arnie's entire estate had I not gone to see Uncle Arnie three months before his death.**

**Uncle Arnie is dead and buried. His estate was disposed of according to his will, which Mort had a lawyer draw up for him. The apartment, purchased with Mort's money, reverted to Mort. No one is any longer grateful to Paul either for looking after Uncle Arnie or for building up Uncle Arnie's estate at the expense of Uncle Arnie's standard of living. All of the brothers, save Paul, felt a keen sense of irresponsibility and guilt for letting the management of Uncle Arnie's affairs devolve on Paul. Paul was resolute that everything he did he did in Uncle Arnie's best interests. Uncle Arnie would probably have sympathized with all four brothers.**

**My father, Mort Balsom, was an uncomplicated man with a broad streak of genuine decency. Determined from childhood to belong to the privileged class, he devoted considerable energy to improving the lot of the**

**underprivileged. He did voluntary dental work in poor communities, lectured at elementary schools on dental hygiene, and appealed to the business community to fund dental programs for the needy. Dentistry was, for him, a cause as well as a profession.**

**In the mid-1950s, he joined the local Rotary Club in order to raise funds for his social projects, and to attract wealthy patients to his practice. After establishing himself as a steady, participating member of the club, he was allowed to give two luncheon speeches on the subject "Health Care: The Responsibility of the Business Community to the Underprivileged".**

**Realizing that it was futile to appeal to their altruism, Mort attempted to wring money from members by oblique threats. The ominous statements contained in his speech notes have the ring of prophecy.**

**"Substandard health care --including dental care-- in the Negro community may likely contribute to social unrest in the near future. If this nation has the responsibility of**

**maintaining political equality among men, it also has the responsibility of providing equality of access to health care. Failure to fulfill the latter responsibility is a clear indication of failure to fulfill the former."**

**Mort's speeches had a belligerent eloquence, like a fine violin used as a warning siren. He threatened and cajoled with, I imagine, a fluency that he never displayed at home. The rhythms and cadences of his speech reveal that he had a natural flair for oratory. Though a diffident man, rarely initiating or closing conversations, it is obvious from his notes that his tongue could be ignited into passion by a stirring theme. He warmed to it, set it alight with the heat of his indignation, and stoked the flames with his zeal for social reform.**

**Neither his subject nor his eloquence moved his listeners; quite the reverse. He was suspected of having radical left-wing leanings, and the fact that he was Jewish now became a dominant element in any conversation about him. He was the only Jewish club member, and the other members had**



**taken the passage of his nomination as a sign of their broadminded bonhomie. After his speeches, he was looked upon as a ravenous worm seeking to despoil their barrel of apples. Thank God, they thought, that it was only the Rotary Club and not the Country Club into which they had naively admitted him.**

**His ideas and proposals were never discussed, much less was a project funding committee established. Not a single Rotarian changed dentists. Rotarian children were warned to stay away from me. My mother was twice snubbed in the supermarket. Mort's telephone calls to club members stopped being returned.**

**He quit the Rotary Club without regret. He called the members 'Babbitts', and never sought their company again. Though there were many common points between Mort and the Babbitts, he was saved from Babbithood by his social conscience and his love of music.**

**My father hated ethnic jokes, especially jokes in which a nation or race was, for the sake of brevity, characterized by**

**two or three unflattering adjectives. His favorite jokes were Jewish jokes with bitter-sweet punchlines, using Jews as an exemplary vehicle for describing the absurdities and paradoxes of the human condition. He would not tolerate intolerance. As far as I know he never again attempted a consciousness conversion in others, but within the family he could be bitter, even wrathful, over stories of prejudice. Where social inequality was concerned, he was apt to be understanding and generous to the point of foolishness. He once donated a large sum of money to the Black Panthers in the 1960s to help their campaign to buy weapons for killing middle-class whites like himself.**

**Classical music was the great love of Mort's life. Left to himself, without the encumbrance of family or the financial necessity of work, he might have spent his life listening to his beloved Mozart to the exclusion of everything else. He rarely had the house to himself, which meant that he could not play his records at the volume he liked. He built himself a console with a stereo headphone attachment, and would**

**spend hours daily sitting in swaying rapture, the rest of us hearing nothing.**

**When I asked him why he preferred Mozart to Bach, he confessed that Mozart's genius was the limit of his appreciation, that Bach transcended his understanding. Mozart, he said, wrote music constructed on clear geometric principles that he could recognize. He did like Bach, but never felt really comfortable with his music, like someone reading poetry in a language he only half comprehends. It was his habit to hum Mozart arias while he drove alone. He frequently forgot himself and got ticketed for speeding. He complained that he never met a traffic cop who shared his enthusiasm for the fast-paced Austrian. One cop, in particular, --his nameplate read Leonard-- utterly dismayed Mort by saying, 'Mozart who?' in response to Mort's defense of driving 40 m.p.h. in a 25 m.p.h. zone. 'Leonard' became Mort's code word designating the invincibly ignorant of the world.**

**The only time I saw my father lose his decency was during the two weeks Uncle Arnie spent with us in the summer of 1956. He had been uneasy during the week prior to Uncle Arnie's arrival. His unease communicated itself to my mother and me, and created a tense anticipation over Uncle Arnie that the man did not merit.**

**We had not met Uncle Arnie, and so looked to Mort to provide suggestions for Uncle Arnie's entertainment. But Mort became not just uncommunicative, he actually bridled at the thought that he might have a clue to Uncle Arnie's character or his likes and dislikes. Our questions presumed a sibling familiarity that Mort was at pains to deny. He grew agitated, then sullen, refusing to speak at all on the subject of Uncle Arnie. His final words were, "Do what you like with him."**

**The trouble was, of course, that we did not know what we would like to do with him. My mother was a very energetic woman who approached the art of holiday-making with the same intellectual verve and physical vigor von Clausewitz**

**advocated for the art of war. But even she was at a loss how to deal with an unknown entity whose own brother sought to disown him. Her sister-in-law, Ruth, when questioned by phone, chose to be disdainful rather than helpful, "He's never confided his pleasures to me."**

**"Couldn't you give me a hint on what he likes to do?"**

**"He never complains, so why worry?"**

**My mother called a social worker friend who recommended massive doses of television. The very idea of watching television on vacation offended my mother, who had definite rules about how time should be spent under certain conditions. Watching television was contrary to all of her principles of holiday-making. My father's rebuffs and Ruth's perverseness stimulated her resourcefulness, and she conceived several novel diversions for Uncle Arnie.**

### **USEFUL HEALTH HINT**

#### **Relieving Eye Strain**

**Fill the bathroom sink with hot water (a few degrees above body temperature), bend your elbow (either) and immerse it**

in the water for 2-3 minutes. You will feel a release of tension in the eyeballs.

## **SIKE HEALTH**

### **QI ENERGY WORKSHOP**

**April 10, 2010**

Therese & Mallory Fromm will be giving a **beginner/intermediate workshop in the SIKE Technique** at our home on **Saturday, April 10, from 10:00-4:30**. The cost is **\$125**, and includes: learning to access and transmit your qi, fundamentals of healing and health maintenance, an individual treatment, a great lunch, and conversation with interesting people. Detailed information about the takeaway skills taught at the workshop can be found at [www.sikehealth.com](http://www.sikehealth.com). Click on Workshops.

We cannot over-emphasize the benefits of taking a workshop. The knowledge and skills learned at a workshop enable the individual to understand his/her own diagnosis and treatment; how to maintain health and accelerate the healing process at home; how to treat others for aches, pains, and minor ailments. **We plan to emphasize techniques for health maintenance at home, with particular attention to kiryu as a simple, elegant, and effective means of wellness and mental clarity.** And finally, each participant also receives a treatment, which is included in the cost of the workshop.

**TF adds:** We pride ourselves on offering each individual client the knowledge and means to pursue his/her own healing and health maintenance. If you want to know what is going on in your mind/body and how to direct yourself toward health, then our workshops should not be missed! And perhaps best of all, a facility with qi makes you nice.

For reservations and information, phone 818-992-0713 or email [info@sikehealth.com](mailto:info@sikehealth.com).