

Miracles Day

By Liz Gibbons

I was referred to a very spiritually oriented chiropractor, Dr. Suzan Rossi, in the summer of 2004 for adjustments. She had just become certified to teach a two week course titled Divine Intervention. She was offering it for the first time that fall. I decided to be one of her first students.

We stayed at Suzan's home. One of the purposes of the class was to break us from our mundane everyday modus operandi. If you want change you have to be unreasonable. So some evenings we took a nap from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. and then had class until 1:30 in the morning, or she taught us at unusual locations.

At the end of the first week we had Miracles Day. This was held at the home of Susan's patient, Donna, a native Hawaiian descended from a shaman lineage. She had built a sweat lodge on her property. Some of Suzan's patients also joined us. There were about fifteen of us total. That day we did many unconventional activities. The first one was to break archery arrows without using our hands. To do this we placed a folded Kleenex and the feathered end of the arrow at the base of our neck and its pointed head firmly against the trunk of a tree. I wondered if that Kleenex would protect or would I end up with the arrow sticking out of a gaping hole in my neck? With gentle pressure I leaned toward the tree and, voila, the arrow broke in the middle.

The next activity was to bend a five-foot long piece of steel rebar. How in blazes could we bend that? Again, placing a folded Kleenex at the base of our throat, and with a partner doing the same, we each placed our end of the rebar at our neck. My partner and I were the first ones to try it. Could we really bend it? Slowly we started walking toward each other. Miraculously, the rebar bent into the shape of an inverted rainbow. I still don't fully understand how. Following that we broke boards using a karate chop. I had difficulty doing this as I was afraid I would hurt my hand. With Suzan's guidance I finally whizzed my hand through the board. In the afternoon we had a sweat lodge, and then Donna began to prepare a fire walk.

After a tasty dinner we returned outside as dusk was descending. Donna had a pile of poles with torches on each end to be lit. Any of us who wanted to do so could try twirling them. I found it challenging at first to hold my awareness on the two ends as I twirled it so that I did not inadvertently set something on fire. Miraculously, none of us started a fire.

By this time the fire walk was ready with the temperature of the coals estimated at about 1,000 degrees. The hot coals were laid out on an area which I estimate was five feet wide and twenty feet long. When it was my turn I walked across the coals. I did not feel any pain, and when I finished I sat down and examined my feet. No blisters, no burns, not even any redness. It is said a fire walk tender is able to hold the containment field of the coals so that you don't get burned. Or is it just physics' laws operating?

Since then, whenever I feel something is impossible, I reflect back on Miracles Day.