

## Help a healer to heal over

Hi everyone,

My name is Tracy, I'm 27 years old, and when I was 20 I was diagnosed bipolar after a hospitalization of 3 months and a half long. Since then, I had two other crises, the last one earned me a second hospitalization, shorter, but this one was a very bad experience. Since my 20, I have been on medications the most of the time.

For those who don't know this difference, I explain :

One day, you begin to feel that something is changing within you, you become mindfull, ideas run into your head, ideas that you never thought of, like revelations. You have lots of new projects. Everything goes very fast inside you, you have the feeling that the world is idling, you become hyperactive. You have lots of energy, you start to sleep little, or definitely not at all. You become very eloquent, you talk quickly and a lot, because there's so much going on inside, that you MUST externalize it. You are uninhibited, you dare to do things you usually wouldn't do. You are very creative. You have a huge self-confidence, you feel invincible. You also make dreams extremely precise, clear, and rich. But above all, you are happy. Euphoric to be more precise. You want, you need to discover, the world, the others. The senses are increased tenfold, colors are brighter for example. Finally, you notice a lot of signs all around you, and you have the strange feeling that you must "save the world".

Then one day, everything switches and turn into depression. No more energy. You have pain, you're constantly suffering. Even when you're supposed to live a pleasant moment, you CAN'T enjoy it. It's a permanent malaise. An anxiety, even for the little things. You can't leave your bed. The rising day is the worst source of stress... And you deeply want to leave this world.

Also, without talking about crises, the bipolar person is a hypersensitive.

The medication I take daily allows me to avoid crisis, and to have some kind of peace. But it also makes me less sensitive (something that I like about me and which is part of me) that is, it reduces negative emotions like pain and anger, but also positive emotions like joy and love ! It also slows the neurons functioning and you are less responsive, you do not have access to all your psychic abilities and all your intelligence. It's quite expectable from a drug that acts every day on your brain... and moreover that you are supposed to take for life. Not to mention the short term effects (such as rashes) and long term effects (risk of diabetes ! As proven by scientists who have tried to withdraw this drug from the market without success...)

Now let's get to the point, let's talk about things more interesting : about hope and truth. I warn that this second part of my story will resonate more in people interested in spirituality. For others, I invite you to be curious and exercise open-mindedness.

Since the last few years, I have learned a lot about an entirely different vision of my difference. A more sincere and optimistic vision. I first read this book : The natural medicine guide to bipolar disorder, a wonderful book that gives natural methods respectful of your integrity to truly HEAL, unlike allopathic drugs that only mask the symptoms. That's when I knew healing is POSSIBLE. And I started having confirmations on a lot of things that my intuition already made me feel.

Do you know why "manic depression" was renamed by the new, more poetic name of "Bipolarity" ? To give a "glamorous" aspect to this difference so that people become more likely to claim themselves as bipolar, a bit like a new trend, and thus, in order to the pharmaceutical industry get new people dependent on their drugs. If these people knew they could really heal, the pharmaceutical industry would be weakened, because they need sick people to thrive. This one is too much closely linked to financial profit culture to be totally honest on this point.

Then I came to the last chapter of the book: "The shamanic view of mental illness", in which I discovered the work of Dr. Somé and the culture of the Dagara tribe.

According to the shamanic tradition, the person experiencing states like the ones I knew, is actually a healer. (This word is to be understood in the broadest sense possible. It's about all kinds of ailments, not only physical ones.) It's someone who is sufficiently sensitive to be the intermediary between the subtle world, of which he/she is listening, and the community. He/she turns out to be a great help for his/her people, transmitting messages for instance. I'm about to talk in a trivial way saying that people like me are also found in the bush in the heart of Africa. But only they, unlike Westerners, know how to handle this kind of episodes. Indeed, there are rites to be respected, a specific environment to provide, for that the process which is none other than the birth of a healer turns out complete and successful. It is more beautiful than to lock someone up, tie them up, and stun them by drugs isn't it ??

These people who remained close to nature, far from saying that people like me have an illness, say they are gifted. And that's what I felt from the very beginning...When there's so many synchronicities around you and so meaningful things happening into you...

Some time later I saw a documentary film called "CrazyWise", beautiful though sometimes hard to watch. It was in accordance with the chapter I told you about. What I learned more was the following things : We must honor this gift. It is a call, and if we ignore that call, THERE is a risk of getting sick or even dying. You see, that's why I say my difference is not an illness but at the same time it is. I explain : at the beginning, it is not, it is a spiritual awakening. And once we obstruct the process (= ignore the call) with drugs OR not being able to do the necessary to really answer the call (rites, environment...), that's when it becomes an illness. Because there is a conflict inherent in our being. And yes we risk death for example by committing suicide during a depression. I learned on the other hand that, until you become a healer yourself, you are not totally healed. Which joins the last chapter of my book saying that if one's sick, it's because he/she is not on the right path : we are not doing what we were born for.

During the same period, I read the book Am I Bipolar Or Waking Up ?, an autobiographical story of a "so-called bipolar". Reading this book has been a real relief to me. The author became a healer / shaman, and has been organizing healing retreats for years now for bipolar people, by offering them a safe environment to make everything come out and help them to heal thanks to different techniques.

He has a conscientious approach and does not banish radically the medication, but thanks to his work, afterwards the person progressively no longer needs meds.

That's why I'm calling you out for donations, this retreat happens in Brazil and is fully individual. The price which includes travel, accommodation, meals and staff is 5000 USDollars.

Know that I fought hard, despite my difference, I managed to complete my studies of literature in which I have been brilliant. Only hard to find a job in this area, and especially nowadays... I did formations; I looked for work; I went abroad; I worked for short periods; I went back to my mother's house at 2 times; I passed my drivers license to have a new key... In short, I tried a lot of things, but it's difficult to fit and sneak in the society when you have a difference like mine.

Finally, my family who is not rich has already helped me a lot financially...

I want to be myself, I want to become myself, I want to become myself again. It is indeed a struggle for my integrity that I lead. I dream of hatching from my cocoon and spreading my wings, even if it's painful at first. I dream of realizing myself, of having a child without living with the terrifying fear that one day they take him/her away from me, especially when I know how much I'll be able to be a wonderful mother. I refuse to leave this world with all the gifts and potentials that I have and without having made the most of them, without having shared them. I refuse to allow myself to be defeated by the scourge of the misunderstood person.

Know that each donation, even modest, will encourage me to keep going and will give me strength. I think that love from strangers is the purest, that's why I am particularly sensitive to it. If you have been touched by my story, I will be so grateful that you manifest it either by a donation, or by sharing this link with those you think they may be touched or who can afford to help me.

Thank you very much for your reading ! <3

Have a beautiful day