

Body, Mind and Heart

A publication that promotes total growth

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Art Therapy in Sedona - Donna Kitchen, LCSW	Upcoming Events and Updates
<p>Last month I had a fabulous experience while attending an Art Therapy workshop in Sedona, AZ, led by my friend, Arnell Etherington, Ph.D. If you have never been to Sedona, it is a very majestic and spiritual place with all the magnificent red rock formations with their different names and its rich Native American history. I spent almost 5 days with the freedom to put paint on paper – something that would have scared the daylights out of me a year ago. (My first experience in putting paint on paper was at a 1 ½-day workshop here last May with Arnell, and in that first experience I discovered that I loved painting (even though I had no art training.) I was with six women in a house high on a hill looking out at “Coffeepot”, (a red rock formation that looks like, ummmm, a coffeepot – the kind that you would put on a campfire while camping). What a peaceful and supportive environment for us all to relax and to be moved to create. The theme was “grandmothers”. We were invited to make a doll(s) if we so chose as part of our experience. The room was filled with paints, fabrics, papers, rubber stamps, glue guns and all things that someone might want to use to create. A plethora of supplies!</p> <p>I want to say for the record that both of my sisters have Master’s degrees in Fine Arts. In sixth grade I stopped drawing, and I remember the reason was that someone else’s horse (which <u>was</u> better than mine) was chosen for the class mural. So sad that I chose to give up something so satisfying due to comparative issues and at such a young age!</p> <p>Each morning in Sedona upon arising we would convene on the porch overlooking Coffeepot, say a prayer, smudge each other’s auras, and have “hugs all around”. It was an uplifting way to start the day. Then we had breakfast and Arnell would give us a “jump-off line” from which we would write in our journals. Then we would read what we had written aloud to each other – a very bonding experience. This was all an inspirational and grounding way to start each day.</p> <p>Then we went to our places and began to paint or create in other ways. My first morning there before we even began to create I remembered two dream fragments: first a Spirit Woman appeared to me, swooping right in front of my face, looking at me and then withdrawing once she had my attention. I can still see her face, but she was no one that I know. Second, a fragment in which I “knew” we were having an earthquake as my room and bed were being shaken to the very foundation. When I awoke, of course, all was well – “just a dream”. But those dreams seemed to set the tone for me for</p>	<p>NEW! Special Rate! Art Therapy Weekend: Arnell Etherington, Ph.D. Choose 1, 2 or 3 days. Fri & Sat 10–5, Sun 10-4 May 17, 18, 19. Cost: \$100 for 1 day, \$180 for 2 days, \$250 for 3 days.</p> <p>Dr. Jackie’s Classes: Alkaline On-going Support Classes for motivation to stay on the alkaline path: Wed, May 9 from 7-8 p.m. Cost is \$10.</p> <p>Energy Medicine Study Groups Mon, May 14 from 7–9 p.m. Cost is \$15.</p> <p>Alkaline Basics – A Way of Life Look for this class next fall!</p> <p>Stressed Out? Anxious? Unable to Relax? Melinda Fry is offering a 4 - week class on relaxation and stress reduction. Come learn and practice simple ways to soothe your active mind and tired body. Classes begin in June. Sign up soon as space is limited. Call the office for more details. Cost is \$120. *Advanced registration and/or deposits are necessary for all classes.</p> <p>Opening To Spring - Melinda Fry, LPC Spring’s urgency took me by surprise this year. I wasn’t prepared for the early daylight savings time change, the warm weather and the speedy growth of all the foliage. As I worry about global warming, my heart, body and mind are scrambling to catch up and</p>

the week to come. A spiritual shaking up?

Each day we took a side trip to someplace amazing. Tuzigoot was a Senecquot Indian pueblo town on a bend in the river. High on a hill it still had the ruins, much of which had been restored. We also went to Montezuma Castle and then Montezuma Well – a deep wide water reservoir from a spring where there had been an early hospice – people came seeking healing or final peace from the healing water. The fourth day we got to shop or do anything we pleased. In the end I hated knowing I had to leave. Packing up the supplies was so sad. I promised myself on the spot that, if at all possible, I would go every year from now on, since Arnell holds the workshop yearly in Sedona on her spring break.

Yes, I did several paintings and a doll. My doll history is greatly flawed as I had torn off my new Toni doll’s head shortly after receiving her one Christmas when I was little. I was never really a doll person. But I found myself compelled to choose a certain form that could be used to create a “blessing” doll and to pick certain rust and orange colors of ribbons and decorations, and before the end of the workshop she was done and had become important to me. I did not think at first that she was my “Spirit” woman from my dream, but in the end I do think my doll represented that spirit.

I came back from Sedona very rested and very inspired. I love my paintings even though I am well aware that they are not ART. But they moved me in very deep ways. Each day we would share what we had done with the group and talk about it and each day I became very aware that my feelings were being poured onto the page and that the act of putting the paint on the page was healing me from grief and pain and was claiming or reclaiming my spirit in a way that talking therapy wouldn’t necessarily do for me. I felt inspired to start sketching from some Animal Spirit cards I had found while in Sedona and I loved doing that. It was very satisfying and I hope to continue that practice.

Arnell is returning here in May this year to do a 2-3 day workshop. I will be there putting paint on the page again. I think I have turned into an addict – I can’t wait to block out the time for my inner self to jump onto the page!



This newsletter is a joint venture of Meramec Counseling, LLC, and Blueprint for Health, LLC.

We hope you enjoy reading it and pass it along to your family and friends.

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adjust to the rapid change.

Traditionally Spring is a time to clean the clutter that has accumulated over the winter (or even longer). It is a time to throw open the windows and air out the closed stuffy house. A time to clean the yard and prepare the soil for new growth. A time to dust off and breathe new life into old projects or begin new ones. It is full of hope, promise and renewal.

Spring can also be a time of overwhelming busyness with too much to do and not enough time. We find ourselves too tired and stressed out to enjoy the season’s beauty.

I invite you to stop, breathe and be still. Sit quietly, look around and notice what is happening in both your internal and external world. What area could use your attention? What in your life needs dusting off and some examination? What isn’t working? What is stale? What is incomplete? What is lagging because of procrastination?

Begin with one thing (not a dozen), one area and clean it up well. It could be anything: organize a closet, clean your car, or perhaps it is clutter around a relationship that needs tending to. Maybe it’s a closed heart that could soften and allow in fresh air and light to smooth its rough edges. How about that class you’ve wanted to take or the friend you’ve been meaning to call? Choose one thing and begin. Delight in your work and savor the results. Take the time and make room for yourself. Create a clearing. Open your self to the possibilities of Spring and all it has to offer.

THE MIRACLE TORNADO

-Donna Kitchen

On an ordinary evening we set out to meet friends for dinner and a movie. We dressed right for the nasty weather, jeans, good sturdy shoes, our 'macs' - those L. L. Bean raincoats with the Velcro wrist bands which we had tightened before we left because it was pouring and we wanted to stay dry! As we headed onto the highway, I didn't really think about the danger of the storm. I love storms. I didn't give it a second thought.

Thinking back I want to cry at the innocence of those moments. The safety. As we headed toward the city, the rain came down harder. Traffic had slowed to 40 MPH; visibility was poor. As we approached Jefferson Avenue we saw a black menacing wind-blown tunnel of rain like the breath of a dragon. It took up the entire sky blowing horizontally right to left, south to north, across the highway ahead of us. Malevolent - the word now occurs to me. "Uh Oh! This could be trouble." Immediately we could not see the front of the car, let alone the car in front of us. I, who have never pulled off the road in a storm, false pride I suppose, said, "I'm pulling over." Jackie agreed. The shoulder was narrow. Would the cars behind us be able to see us? Would we be hit? I put on the flashers hopefully. It was black as night. We were uneasy. A shadow. An instant later: KABLAM!!! "What was that? Oh my God. What was that? Are you okay? Are you okay?" A 40-foot Cardinals billboard slammed onto the highway next to us, covering all four lanes. Could that have hit us? Yes, it had. We were covered in glass from the shattered window on Jackie's passenger side and the shattered windshield. The torrential rain was pouring into the car. Our teeth were chattering. Somehow Jackie got in the backseat, and then I did too. Jackie figured out how to dial 911 and then, did she call our friends from our backseat or later?

A young woman and man from a car behind us had ventured out into the terrible storm: "Are you ok?" They had prepared themselves for the worst, it was clear. "Come into our car. You can't stay here. Part of the billboard is still up there and could come down on your car at any minute." So we did. Getting glass all over their car. Teeth chattering.

I loathe the expression "What makes him tick." It is the American mind, looking for a simple and singular solution,

Shock. A terrible headache – “My head, my head.” Jackie trying to hold my points. I thought my head was going to explode.

The ambulance came. Candy and Bernie wondering how we were able to walk away from the hit we took. We are alive; we are alive! We would tell the tale over and over.

Over the next week what was called at first a strong storm was acknowledged by the National Weather Bureau as a “weak” tornado – a “0” on the F scale – 70 MPH winds. We knew at the time it was trouble. We rejoiced when we walked away.

But it is hard to express the sort of shame one feels at being the one car of all those cars to be struck – to be singled out. Both Jackie and I have struggled with our culpability – our Karma. What is the message?

I hold onto my image of the brilliant rainbow arching over St. Louis as I made my way slowly toward the ambulance. A message of hope – a message of light and renewal as the darkness clears. We walked away with a few bruises and a few scratches. We are blessed.

that uses this foolish expression. A person not only ticks, he also chimes and strikes the hour, falls and breaks and has to be put together again, and sometimes stops like an electric clock in a thunderstorm. – James Thurber

