Multiple Sclerosis, My Healing Journey

BY DIANA M. AMADEO

Even a thought, even a possibility, can shatter us and transform us.
—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844–1900)

I began my journey into hands-on healing as a recipient. After attending an astounding faith-healing service that noticeably improved mobility and cognitive impairments brought about by multiple sclerosis (MS), my faith in the possibility of healing was quickened. Following that prayer service, I used Reiki sessions for several years as a “booster shot” towards healthy recovery. Several of the practitioners who worked on me knew of my dozen years of physical struggle with MS and the consistent turnabout. They cheered me on and delighted in my progress. I became their “demo girl” for those likewise afflicted.

After several years of prayer and Reiki therapy, the time finally felt right to pursue healing studies on my own. I took classes with two different Usui Masters at our local holistic clinic. Soon, family members and dear homebound friends became my clients. I was kept busy doing visits with my colorful chakra stool and angel bag complete with music, CD player, hand cleanser, tissues, and journal. In a short period of time, the clinic where I had studied asked me to join them to serve two religious communities in our area. I had found my niche as a Reiki RN.

Initially, I had no desire to progress beyond Level II practitioner. However, after working side-by-side with the Masters, an overwhelming vocation presented itself.

When you receive the calling to be a Master, there is absolutely no one or no circumstance that can keep you from that goal. And when others ask you to teach them the fundamentals of hands-on healing, the natural progression to Reiki Master Teacher evolves. I am now a devoted student, a humble master, and a teacher of healing peace.

For me, Reiki is a gentle, loving spiritual experience. It is a humble expression of gratitude to the Divine and creation for life, joy, and serenity. It is a “giving back” gesture that is of tremendous benefit to both giver and receiver. Reiki serves to restore the healthy tranquil balance of body, mind, and spirit that is our birthright. Hands-on healing restores or intensifies our connection with the Source.

God has always been an important part of my life. Spirit understood my suffering and pain during illness and consoled me with beautiful enriching meditations. When the time was right, the Divine supported my desire to be whole, again. But that recovery was to be in God’s time, when it was seen that I was truly ready. When the lessons were learned and the compassion to radiate love to mankind was kindled, I would be whole, again. And so it is.

The Divine showed me the conditions and circumstances that contributed to the onset of my disease. And the Author of Life also showed me the necessity of my impairment to accelerate this life’s spiritual progress. The Creator revealed to me how my journey has served as inspiration and hope to those with disease and long suffering. And it became apparent how necessary my hands are now to continue the work of the Divine in this world.

One of my greatest moments as a Reiki practitioner came not during a session but afterwards. I was leaving a convent after serving a good friend, when a resident approached me on a familiar green mobility chair. I had never seen this woman before, a person with ALS, but something pulled at me. I was mesmerized by her words, her struggle, her actions. But was it the woman, or something very simple that captivated me? And then I saw it—the familiar scuff, the ding. The light damage inflicted upon the scooter while I was at the soccer field watching my daughter’s game.

“Oh, my God,” I gushed suddenly. “That’s my scooter.”

I had donated the well-worn mobility device along with Lofstrand crutches to the religious rehab center several years before. The donation had come after much prayer and reflection. I had given the means of mobility away when the trust came within that such means of assistance would not be needed in the foreseeable future. With the donation came the ultimate acceptance of my ongoing healing.

In the years that followed the donation, I had become very busy. Being handicapped was a distant memory. The scoot-er’s existence was forgotten. Immobility, spastic pain, visual disturbances, hearing loss, frustration, and fatigue had been replaced with love, peace, joy, and serenity. I had forgotten how severely affected I had been by MS until that very moment, when I recognized my chair. I had taken for granted the tremendous, awesome recovery.

The lady on my old green scooter stared at me for a moment. She peered curiously into my grateful, tear-filled eyes. Then she listened to my story.

“Always stay open to the possibility of healing,” I said quietly.

She nodded and scooted away.

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