

The Soldier's Story



**By
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“The white blood count is up.” We had been hearing this for weeks, as we watched my father get progressively weaker. My sister and I were tag-teaming care for him 24/7, so sleep was minimal and brain power was waning. My father is resistant to any suggestions that I, as his daughter, might make. That resistance combined with my sleep deprivation contributed to my being on automatic pilot and going along foggily through my day, by rote. The fact that I trained people to use Imagery for healing was forgotten.

Finally, I “woke up” and decided that rather than concern myself as to whether he would have an open mind, I would approach him cheerfully and with my mind open. I asked him to experiment with a short Imagery exercise that was given to me by a colleague, Dr. Jennifer Lamonica of NY. To my surprise, he readily agreed.

Breathe out. “Go to the control center. Turn on the white blood cell station and see them emerging as soldiers. Send them to all parts of your body, through the bloodstream, the organs, etc. See, sense and feel them clobber the heck out of all the invaders, and intruders. (Breathe) Making sure all the invaders – the bacteria, the viruses, the fungi, are gone, see the soldiers take a well-earned rest. See, sense and feel them exiting your body, through your feet”. This Image incorporated my father’s history of having been a soldier and he took to it.

He was also struggling with bed-sore like problems. So we sent some soldiers to the area with soothing ointment. He also developed edema, so rather than give a new exercise, we added, “Send some guys with warm sandbags to your legs and ankles to

absorb any excess fluid.” After all the fluid was absorbed, these soldiers were first to exit the body, making sure to take all the sandbags. The entire expanded exercise took no more than 90 seconds. He would signal me with his hand when he was ready to take the next step of the exercise.

He seemed content to do these short exercises. Normally, I ask people to do these short exercises in a rhythmic way (three times a day for 21 days, for example). But I just had my father do them when I was there or when I called (which I tried to do in a rhythmic way), or when he thought about it.



After about a week, we got back yet more blood test results. After weeks of dealing with drug-resistant pathogens, the white blood count was way down. What a relief!

I would suggest that both my father and I remembered our ability to be our own authorities. We moved from automatic pilot to a place of light and choice. After a lifetime of following MD’s orders (or, truth be told - often times not following) my father’s inherent ability was tapped into and as Medard Boss, the Swiss

phenomenologist and psychiatrist would say, he “shined a light”, or Illuminated, that which had been waiting in the dark - his inherent healing potential.

A psychotherapist for over twenty years, Randy has recently established the West Coast branch of The American Institute for Mental Imagery, (www.aimiwest.net). She is frequently an expert for media outlets and is on faculty at Alliant and CalState Universities. She has maintained a private practice as a therapist and trainer while creating and directing several hospital-based programs. Randy is currently running an Employee Assistance Program and has been the director of three comprehensive programs for chemical dependency, eating disorders, and domestic violence.