

The Reality of Instantaneous Healing

by Joanne ("JP") Pizzino, MD., MPH

The story of my instantaneous healing really began in 1984 while on a scuba vacation on Grand Cayman Island with Lee, a man who would eventually become my husband. The synopsis is that while enjoying a beautiful, deserted beach in this paradise of blue water, white sand, and palm trees, one of the island natives attempted to kill Lee and me in hand to hand combat that involved knives and clubs. Although the Caymanian legal process eventually convicted the man and sentenced him to jail, the reason for the attack was never revealed. I had always hoped that the perpetrator, "P.R.", rotted in hell. The extreme physical and psychological trauma that resulted from this led to my difficult marriage and subsequent divorce in 1994, at which point I felt that I had been "reborn".

...

The physical level of the instantaneous healing had to do with neck pain that I had had intermittently for at least 13 years. To my best recollection, it began before the incident in Grand Cayman, but did coincide with Lee and I deciding to move in together. I thought it was just part of the "discomforts of life," a "crick in the neck," or due to sleeping wrong. Sometimes it was bad enough to need a physical therapy treatment or two. I began to have a bout of this pain around Christmas time (also my 40th birthday) in 1996.

As 1997 started, the pain became more and more intense, in fact, much worse than it had ever been. At the beginning of February, I awoke one day with complete absence of sensation in my right thumb and index finger. Over the course of one week, this spread up my arm in the distribution of the 6th cervical nerve. Although I thought it probably was a herniated disc, I am not easily daunted and continued to run and lift weights until I dropped a barbell on my chest, discovering that I also had profound weakness in the arm. This progressed to the point I could barely hold pencil.

The pain was much more severe when I sat, so I did not sit for three weeks. Travel by car was excruciating, so I had to stay out of work, alternately standing or lying on the floor. In addition to seeing a specialist in physical medicine/rehabilitation, and getting physical therapy, I tried many alternative medical techniques: acupuncture, craniosacral therapy, chiropractic. The pain was so bad at that point that I could not even lie down and stood up without sleeping for three days. I got an MRI which showed bone spurs at three levels in my neck, one of which was pressing on the spinal cord, distorting it. I went to see a neurosurgeon who told me I had damage to my spinal cord affecting nerves all the way to my feet. He advised me to have urgent surgery to avoid becoming quadriplegic. Although I scheduled the surgery, I was extremely frightened and very reluctant to risk this drastic alteration to my anatomy. I have had many patients undergo spinal surgery who were no better and sometimes worse, so I considered this a last resort.

Finally, nine hours before my surgery, on the advice of a friend from residency days, I canceled the surgery. I called a lady who had been recommended to me who does Reiki. I had no idea what this was or even how to spell it, but I was desperate. I went to see her instead of going to the hospital for surgery. I told her I needed a "miracle".

She and several other people did energy work, including Barbara Brennan's energy healing on me for two weeks. The energy healing practitioner told me that she saw a medieval ax in my back and a knife in my neck. That is exactly what it felt like. I didn't really know what to make of this. The Reiki practitioner also sensed a connection with a "past" life and told me that my condition would change for the better within five days.

On the fifth day, I was lying on the floor listening to a Carolyn Myss tape on “Why People Don’t Heal.” She said that sometimes healing is about the need to forgive, and that sometimes one individual can forgive for their whole “tribe”. Thinking myself basically a “good” person who doesn’t hold grudges, I asked myself: “Who do I have to forgive?” In that instant, I had a blinding flash of light and thought of P.R., the man on the beach in Grand Cayman. Although I had previously wished him dreadful tortures in prison, I was more than willing to forgive him and, in fact, thanked him for setting into motion all the events of my marriage and divorce that had led me to where I was that day. *In that instant, my pain disappeared and I was able to sit up and do all the things I want to do.* Although I had never been a particularly religious person, during the healing service at the end of the tape, I was overtaken by a joy more profound than any I have ever known. I felt that knives would no longer be a part of my life. I believed that the bone spurs had been “zapped.” While that may or may not be true, I knew that there was an important part of healing which had been left out of my medical school curriculum.

I feel I was very lucky that nothing “caused” my physical problem, so I was not distracted by focusing on a car wreck or workers’ comp. injury, for instance. I don’t even have arthritis in my family, so I couldn’t blame my genes. It is interesting that the root of the pain had nothing to do with current stress, a symbolic link to the incident in Cayman, or anything else to which the “mind” might have directed me. Instead, I was able to focus all my attention on the possibility of healing without surgery. Although my medical training did not support that, I was somehow willing to stake my health on it. While I was wondering how I would find time in my life for yoga, various treatments, or other modalities to “fix” this, the instantaneous healing occurred in the infinitesimal instant in which I made a choice to forgive. I am not sure why I also chose to thank P.R. for all the pain that he had caused, but it clearly illustrates to me the great circle of this “relative world,” that there is no blessing that cannot be a curse, and no curse that cannot be a blessing, the melding of the yin and yang.

I now believe that we are all spiritual beings having a human experience, and that illness is merely one of the few ways that the Spirit(that is your *authentic Self*) has to get in touch with us. I never did find out why P.R. tried to kill us that day in “paradise” but I now believe it was part of my Soul’s Purpose to bring this instantaneous healing to me. It is now my profoundest desire to facilitate this process for others who suffer, and to “hold the space” that will allow them to be healed, as I was.

Epilogue: I offer my deepest appreciation to Carolyn Myss for being the catalyst in this instantaneous healing. I offer this story to anyone in the hope that it can open a similar opportunity for healing.