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Parkinson's Disease

An Opportunity for Reiki Healing

BY PETER HUHTALA

DEBORAH AND I walked onto the sandy expanse of the Oregon beach. Sunset was at hand, perhaps the most dramatic I had ever known. The sky was enlightened for a horizon of 360 degrees, rising to the nadir. Piercing yellows, reds, oranges, greens and purples crafted mansions in the sky. We stood at the ocean's edge, turning and taking in the awe of each direction. A huge form traversed the sky near the shoreward dunes. A bird I guess, but so much larger than the bald eagle that graced us with a near pass that afternoon. The bird landed on a driftwood log, with an ease that belied her oversized visage. An American condor had chosen to share this near-deserted beach with us. "It isn't supposed to be here in Oregon," whispered my disbelieving mind, "let alone on a beach." Blessedly I kept that mind from controlling my voice, from clouding this unequaled communing with these miracles of nature. The condor spread its tremendous wingspan and moved on. We turned to the sun settling into the Pacific Ocean. Of course we saw the green flash.

"Chronic disease." "Degenerative." "Incurable."

The words of the neurologist echoed as I swiftly summoned emotional numbness to shield me from the surprise delivery of my 2003 diagnosis: Parkinson's disease.

"Where did it come from," I asked. "What caused it?"

"We really don't know. Sometimes it may be genetic. But you should understand," she clinically explained, "this is not a death sentence. You could live for many years with this condition. There are medications that help..."

I stopped her there. "I thought that you said it was incurable."

"It is. I mean it isn't. There is no cure, but there are medicines that help with the symptoms."

And what might those symptoms be? I had asked for a referral to the neurologist because my right thumb was shaking up a storm. My walk seemed stiff and awkward. And lately I had lost my strength—radically.

No, I didn't want medication right now. Thank you. I need to understand this. To be with this. Incurable.

My hands were filled with pamphlets and magazines as I left the neurologist's office. I started to dig up all that I could about Parkinson's disease: theories about the cause, what happens in the brain, the variety of possible symptoms, drugs used to treat it, the side effects of those drugs, deep brain stimulation, stem cells, on and on.

I didn't want to accept the diagnosis. I learned how my MRI results and observation of my gait, reflexes, range of motion and other clues would strongly suggest Parkinsonism. I didn't want to accept the diagnosis, but I understood it. I also understood that the treatment drugs had problems. They would eventually stop working. After even a few years, efficacious doses may come with debilitating side effects.

I researched. I experimented with many natural supplements and herbs, ever optimistic that I'd find the right mix to slow this down, to eliminate the symptoms, to function more effectively.

Try as I might with natural means, within three years I was back in the neurologist's office. It was difficult to type. I was slowing down. It was difficult to walk. The tremors were persistent and obvious. Previously I had enjoyed playing my guitar; now I couldn't. Okay, give me the drugs.

Medication eased my tremors to some extent. Now I could type a little better. I could play my guitar, somewhat. The first medicine I was prescribed had a dangerous side effect: I would fall asleep without warning, say while driving on the freeway. This was incrementally worse than the symptoms. I also began freezing in place, apparently a degeneration of the condition. I tried a different medication. The new prescription was effective in some ways, helping me bury more symptoms.

Then yet another symptom arrived. Periodically I would experience persistent pain throughout my skin and in many muscles in my body. It was something like fibromyalgia. It was very unpleasant. Soon I had three prescriptions.

In early 2015, about a dozen years into my diagnosis with Parkinson's disease, I was ingesting a total of 24 pills per day, using three different pharmaceuticals. They were masking a lot of symptoms, and causing many more. I was relying on chemical reactions to treat an affliction with no known chemical cure.

I had abdicated a personal relationship with the healing of my physical body (and my thoughts, emotions and soul) for so long that it would be difficult to re-engage. I was extremely frustrated. My future was unclear. I desperately wanted a solution. I pushed myself to moderate exercise. I made long walks in nature part of every day.

Then I fell off a cliff.

Yes, I fell off a cliff, hiking off-trail with a friend's dog, Finn. I tripped over a root and found myself airborne, and in a bubble-like expansion of time. I was able to accurately spin into a position that seemed the best for landing relatively safely about 15 feet below. I wasn't seriously hurt, although I was unconscious for a bit. Yes, when I came to, Finn the dog was sitting beside me.

I wrote about this experience on Facebook. Besides frightening and entertaining my readers, I also received a comment from a friend from way-back, Deborah O'Brien. Though we were acquainted for some four decades, I hadn't seen Deborah for years. She understood the state of consciousness that I had entered during the fall. The way that she knew that Spirit had saved me touched me profoundly.

Three months passed. I was celebrating a friend's birthday at an Astoria park when I saw Deborah approach. She walked straight across a play area, then stepped down into my arms. We instantly connected on multiple levels. It was as if we completed each other's missing pieces. The embrace was so comfortable, so natural.

Later that day the electrifying kiss almost caused my collapse. The passion, I am grateful to report, ensured that we would get together a few weeks hence to explore the possibilities for a relationship. We married the following year.

Deborah and I were drawn together with love, and also with a mission of healing. As we got to know each other, we dove deep into energy medicine.

Deborah is a Reiki Master versed in the ways of Usui and Karuna Reiki®, with over 20 years working with Reiki energy. I had heard of Reiki, but when Deborah gave me a session I felt like I had come home. Symptoms of Parkinson's disease melted away. I felt nurtured and deeply relaxed.

Once a week for several months, Deborah treated me on the Reiki table. At the time I wasn't aware of the techniques she employed. I now know that she used Usui hand positions and symbols, Gyoshi-ho (sending Reiki with her eyes), as well as Karuna symbols and toning. She later explained that she relied on intuition, drawing on her two decades of Reiki experience, in choosing techniques during each session. She had faith that Reiki knew, like a wise friend, what was needed.

Intuition also led Deborah to employ energy medicine modalities complementary to Reiki, including The Body Code, The Emotion Code, and The Way of the Heart™. Applied kinesiology through muscle testing and the use of a pendulum often guided her choice of healing tools.

The loving intelligence of Reiki energy directed the healing, as Deborah and I embarked on our Spirit-fueled adventure. The impact on my life was swift and substantial.

One of my most remarkable healing experiences during this period was triggered by Deborah's intuitive focus on a section of my brain. She used a variety of Reiki symbols directed through Gyoshi-ho, toning and coning (focusing energy through fingertips pressed together to form the hand into a cone-like shape). In the instant, and persisting over several days, I visualized millions of brain cells in a three-dimensional field extending beyond my body to the horizon. The cells were rearranging themselves and the patterns of energy that flowed through them. They were releasing restrictions and optimizing positive functions. It was evident to me, and is clear to this day, that I was observing the inner details of an effective energy healing.

For years I had been inserting pharmacological drugs into my physical body based on my doctors' educated guesses. I added natural substances chosen through my intellect-based logic. In hindsight I realize that this process was doomed because it failed to integrate holistically with my soul, and my mental and emotional bodies. It did not even acknowledge Spirit. Now I knew unequivocally that healing that emerges from Spirit is infinitely more powerful than the more primitive approach to which I had all but surrendered.

Attending to the body with nutrition, supplements and exercise is, of course, also important; it honors the Creator. I was learning to trust intuition as the key to spiritually harmonious choices. At Deborah's suggestion and with my own intuitive concurrence, I stopped eating hybridized American wheat—and lost 50 pounds in less than a year. I developed, with intuitive help, a superfood-based concoction that has proven very beneficial for my nervous system.

I was feeling better and better. Falling in love was a big part of this, and Reiki and the other energy modalities continued to refine both my health and my spiritual awareness.

Then came Holy Fire.

I was overjoyed to be trained in First and Second Degree Usui Holy Fire Reiki. Now I could do self-treatment every day, precipitating an ever-more-thorough healing. Deborah took Master Level training in Usui Holy Fire Reiki in November 2015 and received an upgrade to Usui Holy Fire II Reiki in March 2016. I was amazed at the changes she exhibited once she'd received her ignitions, as the gentle, loving, pure-intentioned energy of Holy Fire settled into her consciousness.

We were living a miracle. I could treat myself and others, including Deborah, with Reiki. Deborah could treat me hands on or employ the powerful new methods of Usui Holy Fire II Reiki, which facilitates direct access to the original energies of healing, love and infinite intelligence, without a sentient filter.

After practicing for six months I received Master Level training in Usui Holy Fire II Reiki.

Deborah and I regularly share the methods of Holy Fire including Healing Spirit Attachments, Holy Love Experiences and The Ocean

of Holy Love. We also practice Holy Fire Meditation. We have total confidence in Holy Fire Reiki to provide exactly what is needed to heal our lives—and propel us forward on our spiritual paths.

The unconditional love emanating from the Creator improves our lives every day. More and more we act from the point of view of Spirit. Together we are dedicated to share these wonderful gifts, and to teach Reiki to all who are ready to learn through us.

As for Parkinson's disease: the incurable was being cured; what was degenerative was regenerating; a chronic disease is becoming no disease at all. I haven't froze-in-place or had the fibromyalgia-like pain in over a year. Places where I would tentatively walk, I run. I type just fine. And I enjoy playing guitar more than I have for decades. Intuition sometimes guides me to use some gentle medicine or herbs for occasional tremors, but this is far from the 24 pills I took daily just two years ago.

I chose to allow my life to receive a loving healing. Now compassion graces me with opportunities to relieve suffering in others.

I'm filled with gratitude. I'm even grateful for Parkinson's disease, an affliction that has helped me to shift as I fulfill a new life's purpose through Reiki. And I have the tremendous pleasure of sharing this fabulous life with Deborah, in a relationship filled with love, joy, natural harmony, happiness and true understanding. 🌿



Peter is an Usui Holy Fire II Reiki Master. He provides Reiki services and teaches with his wife, Deborah O'Brien, at Holy Love Reiki in Portland, Oregon. He is a former county commissioner and is known as a fierce advocate for environmental causes. He was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2003, but has enjoyed a reversal of symptoms and healing through Reiki. Peter has worked as a carpenter, a musician, a real estate broker and a non-profit manager. Peter and Deborah are emergency response volunteers and are working to introduce Reiki to those who may be called upon to respond to disasters. Peter can be contacted by email at peterhuhtala@gmail.com or through his website at www.holylovereiki.com.