



*W*e wanted to try something different for this year's healing booklet. We have written about healing in terms of faith and affirmation, gratitude and joy, personal healing experiences, healing for loved ones, and of course prayer for ourselves, prayer for others, and prayer from others.

But one means of expression comprises them all: music.

So we called our friend Karen Drucker, who not only writes uplifting spiritual songs but also focuses especially on songs of healing.

Karen Drucker is one of several New Thought songwriters who share a positive message through their music, reminding us of our spiritual nature and our innate, divine power to create the lives we want.

Most of Drucker's healing songs are simple chants—the kinds of songs that stick in your mind and surface when you least expect them but need them most.

We picked 10 of our favorite songs from Drucker and have included the lyrics in this booklet. We asked her to tell us briefly how each song came about. We then asked

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some of your favorite writers to elaborate on the spiritual qualities music evokes and how each plays a role in the healing journey.

Drucker, who lives in California, has been music director at three Centers for Spiritual Living (CSL). She was honored with a Doctor of Music from CSL and a Grace Note Award from Unity. Along with her songwriting and speaking, she has been a professional comedian, was part of the first American women's relay team to swim the English Channel, and babysat for musician Carole King's children as a teenager.

Drucker shares the story here about how she abandoned writing sad love songs for positive, inspiring music. We firmly agree with her that music has the power to heal.

May this booklet help bring you into harmony with healing.

Your Friends in Unity





The Power of Music to Heal

Karen Drucker

When I was first starting out as a musician, I would sing at weddings, piano bars, and hot dog stand openings—you name it, I would be there. Music seemed to be the perfect vehicle for me to express my heart and soul.

I was writing songs at this time and trying to get published with the “you done me wrong” themes publishers wanted. But it wasn’t until I got a job singing at a New Thought church and had reason to write positive songs that something clicked. I could feel how the songs were changing the way I thought and were bringing more love, light, and happiness into my life. When I took the huge risk of putting out my first CD of these songs, praise and gratitude validated that I had found my right path.

It wasn’t until my mother was diagnosed with cancer that my musical direction became crystal clear. My mother was the most positive person

I've ever known. When she went in for her chemo treatments, she would recite a positive affirmation over and over: *I am healed, whole, and healthy!*

When I heard that affirmation, I immediately put music to it so she could sing along as she was getting her infusions. I could literally see the effects that combining the affirmative words with soothing music had on her. The chemo may have been infusing her body, but at the same time the music was infusing her mind with a message of hope and healing. That one decision to write a chant for someone's healing changed the focus of what I wanted to do with my music.

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what I wanted to do with my music.

People have asked what motivates me to write healing music. I feel truly humbled when I receive emails from people who say these songs have been a friend to them, have kept them out of fear and worry, and put them in a positive state as they healed.

My vision is that healing music is available to anyone who is going through a health challenge. I would love to see this kind of music in hospitals, cancer centers, and anywhere people could benefit from listening.

This is what I know: Music can heal. Music can inspire. Music is essential to our well-being. I invite you to listen to and sing positive songs every day and see how your life changes.

Song in My Soul

Music by Karen Drucker and John Hoy

Lyrics by Karen Drucker and Jo Ann Buckner-Rhyne

There is a song in my soul. It sings, "I am whole."
Everywhere I go, it sings, "I am whole."
I am whole, I am whole.

There is a song in my soul. It sings, "I am healed."
I take a breath and know that I am healed.
I am healed, I am healed.

There is a song in my heart. It sings, "I am loved."
It whispers in my ear that I am loved.
I am loved, I am loved.

There is a song in my soul. It sings of my joy.
It bubbles up from deep within, pure sweet joy.
I am joy, I am joy.

There is a song in my soul that sings "I am love."
A beaming ray of Spirit's light. I am love.
I am love, I am love.

I am whole, I am healed, I am loved, I am joy,
I am peace, I am well. All is well. I am well.

POSITIVE MUSIC: "SONG IN MY SOUL"

There are many articles and data to support the idea that music can be a healing force of good. I believe that when we start our day with a positive thought, it will influence the direction of our day. Just pick a quality you would like to see manifest—peace, joy, love, presence—and notice how it will “magically” appear.

That is the foundation of this song—the idea that you can plant the seed in your mind that no matter where you are on your health or healing journey, you are whole. You are loved. You are joy.

There is a presence singing to you through these songs, connecting with the truth of your being. It is the song of your soul, simply reminding you. Just listen and you will hear it, then sing along!

—Karen Drucker



Singing the World Into Creation

Rev. Kelly Isola

For thousands of years, the aboriginal people of Australia have navigated their way across the lands and seas using paths called *songlines*, which trace the journeys of ancestral spirits as they created the land, animals, and lore.

A simple way to explain a songline is to say every landmark—rocks, rivers, sky, plants, seas, animals, trees—has a melody or lyric. When you connect those lyrics, you are creating paths known as songlines.

A person navigates across the land by repeating the words of the song, which describe the location of all these landmarks. By singing the songs in the appropriate sequence, indigenous people navigated vast distances, often traveling through the deserts of Australia's interior. These paths have been orally transferred from one generation to the next. The path is reenacted through singing the lyrics—literally singing the world into creation.

Though deeply tied to the aboriginal landscape, songlines are musical memory codes, and we can adapt the idea to use for our own healing. Many of us have specific songs we listen to when we are tired, angry, depressed, or grieving in order to find our way through the experience to a place of relief, peace, and healing.

I have several playlists for specific situations. I believe we intuitively know which music will bring us peace in body and mind.

When I want to navigate my way through hurt, I listen to the playlist that affirms my wholeness and lifts my heart. Sometimes it's country and western, other times New Thought or even hip-hop may be what I need. It is the combination of melody and lyrics that awakens my cells and engages my thoughts. From the thoughts comes action to create my world anew—not to deny my hurt, but to heal it. I, too, am singing my world of peace into creation.

The most important part for me is singing along—and singing loudly—whether I can carry a tune or not. I need to put power—as well as my whole being—behind the words.

Some days, when I feel overwhelmed by the craziness of our world, I listen to my playlist that includes lyrics about always being welcome or lyrics such as “sometimes I fly like an eagle and sometimes I’m deep in despair.” The lyrics of each song remind me to pause and be with whatever is alive. By doing so, I am honoring my experience, releasing the overwhelm, and navigating my way to a place of compassionate action.

In *Dynamics for Living* (Unity Books, 2008), Charles Fillmore says, “All things rest on ideas. The idea back of the flower is beauty. The idea back of music is harmony.” From that place of harmony, I navigate the landscape of whatever I am experiencing by repeating the words of the song. When I sing these songs—just like a songline—I am singing my world into creation; I am singing in to form the *idea* of my fundamental nature, which is divine.

The Gift of Music

Rev. Mark Fuss

Years ago while I was in seminary at Unity Village, my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. While no one is ever prepared for such a diagnosis, Mom was quickly enveloped in love and prayer. We have a close-knit and loving family, so there was lots of support available to her.

My first call upon hearing the news was to Silent Unity, the Unity Telephone Prayer Ministry. It was comforting to know Mom would be part of the prayer vigil. My second call was to my classmates for their support.

I made arrangements to travel home for the surgery and still felt there was something more for me to do.

In the Unity Village bookstore, I came across a favorite CD called *The Heart of Healing* by my friend Karen Drucker. It is filled with messages of faith, healing, and wholeness, and I sent it to Mom with a note.

The surgery came and went, and the chemo began. Mom shared how much the music helped and that she played it each day in the car as she drove to chemo treatments and doctors' visits. She had me send the CD to her doctor's office and to another family member who had a health challenge.

Shortly after her chemo ended, I came for a visit and we hit the road to visit my sister at her home on the beach. We talked and

caught up as I drove the sunny highway until Mom closed her eyes and began to doze.

In that moment of quiet I realized the CD I had given her was playing softly in the background. The healing messages were a constant blanket wrapping her in faith, affirmation, and wholeness.

Glancing over at my mother, I saw her lips moving and realized she was singing along, eyes closed, almost silently mouthing the words:

Joy fills every cell in my body.

Every cell is alive with love.

I relax into the healing process.

I allow Spirit to do what it does.

My eyes brimming with tears, my heart full of love, in that moment I witnessed again the power of music and affirmation in the healing process. The loving, positive messages of the song lyrics fed Mom's faith during that challenging time in her life.

Today Mom is cancer-free and she still listens to those healing words. We know our thoughts and our words make a difference as we heal. As St. Augustine of Canterbury is credited with saying, "He who sings, prays twice." There is something about music that can crack us open and lift us up, every cell alive with love!

There Is Only Love

Music and lyrics

by Michael Gott

Additional verse by Karen Drucker

In this moment, in this place,
I remember who I am.
Letting fear and worry fall away from me,
I open my eyes and see.

(Chorus)

There is only love.
There is only love.
Love that heals,
Love that sets us free.
There is only love.

When I lose myself,
When it seems I've lost my way,
When I go inside and quiet my mind,
I can hear Spirit gently say ...

(Repeat chorus)

LOVE: "THERE IS ONLY LOVE"

There are times when you hear a song and it goes straight to your heart. You need to hear it over and over—sing it, feel it, become it.

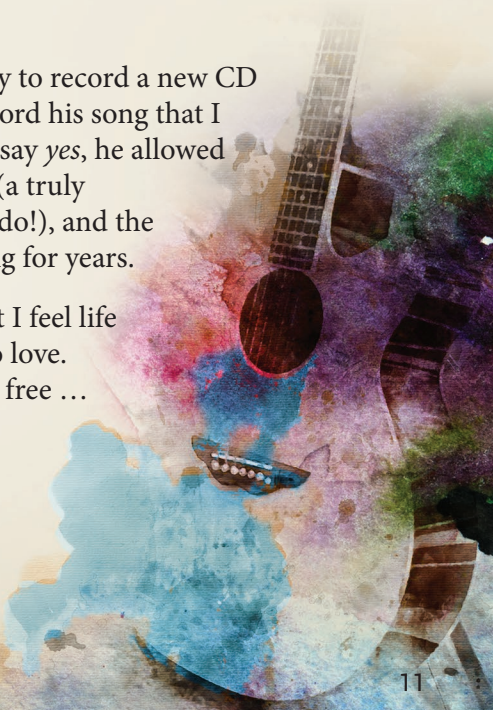
That is what happened when I heard "There Is Only Love." I was brand-new to being a New Thought musician and songwriter, and I went to a conference for Centers for Spiritual Living.

At a breakout session for musicians, I met a wonderful writer named Michael Gott. Michael sang his song "There Is Only Love" to all of us and, after the conference, I couldn't get the song out of my mind.

The next year I was getting ready to record a new CD and asked Michael if I could record his song that I loved so much. Not only did he say yes, he allowed me to write an additional verse (a truly gracious act for a songwriter to do!), and the song has been my favorite to sing for years.

The message of this song is what I feel life is all about: It all comes down to love.
Love that heals, love that sets us free ...
There is only love.

—Karen Drucker



Healing the Heart

Rev. DeeAnn Weir Morency

The relationship was over, and I was devastated. Alone and brokenhearted, I felt I would never recover, never trust, never feel whole again.

Yet in the midst of that bleakest, darkest time, there was a light. A friend of a friend—someone who had been in the periphery of my world—gathered me into her arms. She made time and listened to my endless story of heartbreak. She opened her home and coaxed me to eat, to bathe, to still be in the world. She gathered others around me. Together they held a space for me to fully be in my pain while never once believing in my helplessness.

That unexpected outpouring of unconditional love remains one of the most powerfully healing moments of my life. I was drowning in how alone, discarded, and unworthy I felt. I was filled with shame as an unhealthy and codependent relationship was revealed for what it truly was. Those simple but profound acts of love were a lifeline that guided me home—back to myself.

That heartbreak offered me a profound opportunity. It was precisely because I was in the midst of such utter bleakness that I was receptive to understanding and experiencing love in a new way. Not love as an emotion but as a way of seeing and experiencing the world. Not as something transitory but as a constant, if I would only allow myself to see it.

Those women were a living example that love was constant and present in my life—that I was supported even if I didn't feel like it. I was held even if I felt utterly alone. They had an unwavering faith in my capacity to heal. They willingly walked with me through the depths of darkness because they knew—even if I didn't—that I would once again ascend to the light.

While I was sure I was broken, they knew I had been broken open. They saw my wholeness regardless of the narrative I was caught up in. They held a mirror up to me again and again: *This is who you truly are; this is what we see.* My understanding of who I was began to shift. My own capacity to see wholeness—to see the love that was all around me, the love that was me—was reawakened.

Slowly but steadily I began a powerful process of healing rooted in unconditional love. I was inspired to see myself and the world differently—to be the love they saw so clearly. As I embraced this new understanding that love supported me—whether it expressed as acts of kindness, as stillness within myself, as connection with others, or even as my tears—I was deeply and profoundly healed.

Love shared freely is the greatest imaginable catalyst for healing. Nothing is more healing than love seeing and recognizing itself. This is the healing power of love.

We Are Beings of Love

Rev. Paul John Roach

The ancient Hindu text the Rigveda speaks of the supremacy of love in noble and inspiring words. It states:

"In the beginning Love arose,

Which was the primal germ cell of the mind."

The Divine, resting in eternal stillness, creates the universe through the impulse of love. Love arises from the One's desire to contemplate itself. When Spirit, whole and complete, looks, it looks with the eyes of love.

Far from being some beautiful but abstruse piece of philosophy, this is a description, a template, of the creative process within our own consciousness.

As children of the One, of God, we are called to remember that we are indeed beings of love. It is love that creates and sustains us. Love, as the Rigveda explains, is the primal germ cell of the mind, the seed idea that germinates in the fruitful soil of our willingness. This willingness produces fruit after its kind.

This process of manifestation from the inside out is the key to healing. Unity cofounder Myrtle Fillmore discovered it when she was struggling with tuberculosis. She shifted her mind from fear to love as she returned to the truth of her being. She remembered that in the beginning love arose as the true reality, so she was able to affirm with faith: *I am a child of God and*

therefore I do not inherit sickness. She began to love herself, her cells, her body, and even her fears, and after a period of time she was healed of her condition and went on to live for several productive decades.

I invite you to activate the healing formula for yourself whether you need healing or have a desire for more wholeness and peace.

Know that love, in fullness and in beauty, is at the core of you and arises to bring life, energy, order, and all the other qualities you desire.

This love is the primal germ cell of your mind. Whatever you give your attention and focus to becomes manifest in your life experience. Therefore, choose wisely. Plant seeds of possibility in consciousness using affirmation, quiet assurance, open-mindedness, and gentle strength. Be patient; seeds need time to germinate and grow.

As the process unfolds, people and circumstances will show up to bless you and remind you that you are on your right path. Play music and listen to songs that anchor you in the knowledge that there is only love.

Yes, we live in a universe that unfolds through love. That love is deep within you as your most precious resource. Discover and celebrate that glorious realization today and every day.

I Have Faith

Music by Karen Drucker and John Hoy

Lyrics by Karen Drucker and Rev. Karyl Huntley-Sadler

I have faith. I pray faith.
I choose faith. I am faith.

I have hope. I pray hope.
I choose hope. I am hope.

When I trust and I let go, I know all is well.

I have love. I pray love.
I choose love. I am love.

You are love. We are love.
All God's children are love.

When I trust and I let go, I know all is well.

FAITH: "I HAVE FAITH"

When my mother was going through her cancer journey, there were times when I lost my faith. I questioned whether she would be all right, whether I could do what was required for her care, and where all of this was leading.

I had to dig deep at times and connect with all my years of spiritual practice to maintain a positive attitude from day to day.

But then I remembered the spiritual truth: With every thought I think, it's up to me to choose which direction that thought will go. I can choose love, peace, and joy. I can pray. I can align with that presence and power and *be* that which I am focusing on. I can be love, I can be hope, and I can be faith.

There were times when I was resisting, struggling, and trying to control what was happening. Day by day I had to learn and practice the main statement of this song: "When I trust and I let go, I know all is well."

When I experienced the freedom of letting go and surrendering, faith, hope, and joy were ready to greet me.

—Karen Drucker

The Faith That Heals

Rev. Sherri James

"The first step in all spiritual healing is to believe, and the next step is openness and receptivity to the stream of healing life. Through the exercise of faith and our words ... the work is marvelously accomplished."

—Charles Fillmore, *The Revealing Word*

The faith that heals begins with belief—your belief. Do you believe that you can be healed? Your faith can help you see your present circumstances differently. Even though things seem dire, you accept that a way out is possible for you.

Always remember that wholeness is the *rule* of the Universe. You are a self-healing organism. The same principle that heals a paper cut holds true for every condition that appears. Just as the paper cut instantly begins to heal, any condition begins its healing process the moment it appears. No matter what it looks like, your body, your life, your world continually reaches for wholeness. Even in the midst of seeming crisis, healing has begun.

Whenever I feel frustrated with the healing process, I remind myself that what seems to be a puzzle for me is not a puzzle for God. Spirit knows exactly what must happen and when.

Declare: I have the faith that heals. An awareness of wholeness now saturates my consciousness. Outer conditions have no bearing

on my ability to see life without this condition. I speak with confidence because my healing is assured. The deepest part of me knows, with clarity, that Spirit is working for me to have the health I require. I. Am. Healed.

Every manifestation goes through a secret process to become a physical reality. My faith enables me to trust the hidden process that healing requires. I can remain calm even when the process seems too slow. If I feel anxious or tempted to believe that nothing is happening, I simply remind myself that I do not need to *see* the process in order to *trust* the process. The same universal law that turns an acorn into an oak tree is the law that will turn my mustard seed of faith into health.

Faith allows me to relax in the face of seeming insurmountable circumstances because I know that healing is my birthright. My wholeness unfolds according to divine law. Faith purges my mind of thoughts and feelings of lack, limitation, and fear. It makes room for harmony in my body.

Let me have the faith to boldly make a plan for my life beyond this moment. Undaunted, I look through this season of limitation to the next horizon of plenty. I take whatever positive actions must be taken right now, holding firmly to a vision of the future without this condition.

Why Healing Can Be Elusive

Rev. Ric Schumacher

For many people, physical healing can be and has been elusive. All too often the cry for relief seems to go unheard. In fact, the Universe responds to every thought vibration that proceeds from the mind. According to spiritual law, a like response is generated that in time will crystallize in the physical realm. It's as if the Universe were echoing our thoughts.

The first step in the healing process is to understand this echo effect is always at work. It is an unchanging, universal, spiritual principle. In cartoons sometimes a character shouts into a chasm, "Is anyone out there?" only to hear the response "No!" Even children laugh because they know better. The elusiveness of healing is nothing more than the Universe echoing back to us exactly what we have cried out. "I'm sick!" "It hurts!" "I've always had that." "It's in the family." "There's no hope." In pain and ignorance, we cry out and unwittingly perpetuate our pain and ignorance. But we know better.

The second step can only be taken after the first. Understanding spiritual law, we can cooperate with it. We can use the law to our benefit. Let us stand at the chasm of our healing need and,

rejoicing, shout, “I am healed! I am whole!” The Universe can only respond with healing and wholeness; it’s the law. In this act we become conscious of the fact that we are cocreators with God. Now Jesus’ statement, “Your faith has made you well,” truly makes sense.

The third step is so simple it’s easy to overlook. It is this: Take the second step again and again. Patience and persistence are required. The healing need that developed as a result of our ignorance did not crystallize overnight. Patience and persistence in declaring the truth despite appearances move our consciousness out of pain, sickness, and sorrow and into the radiant light of God that is our only true healing balm. In this movement in consciousness we are healed. Do not misunderstand! The healing takes place in consciousness first, and then the crystallized form that we have called *disease* melts away.

We may never stand on the mountains and test the echo effect, but each day we have the opportunity to stand and declare healing and wholeness for ourselves or our loved ones. We are all spiritual explorers and are all destined to declare, “I did it, I made it, I am healed, I am whole.”

Gentle with Myself

Music and lyrics by Karen Drucker

Chorus lyrics by Robyn Posin

(Each section is sung twice, the second time with a chorus.)

I will be gentle with myself. I will be gentle with myself
and I will hold myself like a newborn baby child ...

I will be tender with my heart. I will be tender with my heart
and I will hold my heart like a newborn baby child ...

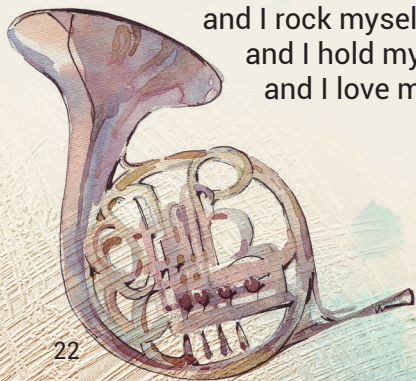
And I will only go as fast
as the slowest part of me feels safe to go.

I will be easy on myself. I will be easy on myself
and I love myself like a newborn baby child ...

And I will only go as fast
as the slowest part of me feels safe to go.

I am gentle with myself. I am gentle with myself
and I hold myself like a newborn baby child ...

and I rock myself like a newborn baby child
and I hold myself like a newborn baby child
and I love myself like a newborn baby child ...



SELF-CARE: "GENTLE WITH MYSELF"

I had just done something really dumb. Something I was angry and ashamed about and felt terrible.

My inner critic decided this was her time to jump in and use all the tried-and-true expressions to make me feel really awful about myself. *Who do you think you are? How could you do that—you're such a loser! You are so stupid.* And on and on.

In a moment of clarity, I decided to call a good friend hoping she could help my wounded heart. When I told her what I was saying to myself, she said, "Stop! I won't have you talking to my friend that way! Would you ever imagine speaking to a child the way you are speaking to yourself right now? Imagine yourself as a child and connect to your compassion and give yourself a break!"

As I hung up the phone, I put my hand on my heart and started rocking myself. I heard the words: *Be gentle with yourself, little one—you are doing the best you can.* I sat at the piano and wrote this song in five minutes.

My friend Robyn Posin wrote the line, "I will only go as fast as the slowest part of me feels safe to go." That line gives us the ultimate permission to take our time and be truly gentle with ourselves. It's something I believe we all need.

—Karen Drucker

Healing Myself

Noreen Kelty

I have always loved music. Combining it with affirmations has soothed my soul, lifted my spirits, and healed my heart.

In December 2016 I was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. I wasn't driving, so I spent a lot of time at home. Already a fan of Karen Drucker's music about healing, I set my iPod to play all of Karen Drucker's songs randomly.

Sometimes a song came on that I had used in my yoga dance classes, and I would jump up and dance around my living room. Just for a few moments, I felt like my old self.

Then I would hear "Gentle with Myself" and think, *Yes, Noreen, you need to be gentle with yourself.* Then I would hear "Let It Be Easy" and I would think, *Yes, let it be easy.* Then I would hear "I Am Healed" and call the healing power up from my feet, drawing it to my heart, knowing it was already there and I only needed to claim it.

When I heard "What Would Love Do?" I thought, *Yes, what a great question.* Love, not fear. What would love do? Compassion, tender loving-kindness—love always is the answer.

Perhaps best of all was “The Healing Song.” It inspired me to affirm along with the lyrics:

Joy fills every cell in my body.

Every cell is alive with love.

I relax into the healing process.

I allow Spirit to do what it does.

Joy was always my compass—the name of my business is Joyfilled Lifestyle—so I felt as if this song were written for me.

I put together a special bedtime playlist with soothing music and words of affirmation that resonated with me. I listened every night as I went to sleep, sometimes only hearing the first couple of songs, but I knew I was giving my subconscious time to play with these messages of affirmation. Again, I let the songs play randomly, knowing Spirit would offer what I needed.

I have been using my compassionate music ritual daily. I am feeling stronger each day, and I am well on my way to perfect health.

Not-Enough-Ness

Rev. Kurt Condra

One of the most important realms for healing is recognizing and reclaiming our innate wholeness and divinity—especially in times when self-blame, self-condemnation, or self-criticism run rampant in the perilous jungles of the monkey mind. These are the times we're called to be most loving and gentle with ourselves.

No matter how consistent our prayer life or how strong our spiritual practice, we all occasionally succumb to the lie that we are separate and apart from the Infinite. We forget our divine heritage and labor under the insidious mistaken belief in what's been called *not-enough-ness*.

Not-enough-ness typically flares in times of stress or difficulty. Moses suffers it repeatedly. God calls him to lead the Israelites out of bondage, and he's convinced that past transgressions, animosity toward the pharaoh, and even stage fright disqualify him. In his own mind, Moses is not worthy enough, not understanding enough, and not articulate enough to fulfill the purpose to which he's called.

Our symptoms are similarly self-recriminating: "I'm not good enough to attract greater good." "I'm not smart enough to overcome this obstacle." "I'm not faithful enough to manifest this vision." "I'm not 'woke' enough to be a peaceful presence."

None of these are true. And because we know they're not true, our tendency is often to pile blame on top of shame, which only

exacerbates the suffering. Want a better strategy? Be tender with your heart. Hold it like a newborn baby child.

In his book, *Anger* (Riverhead Books, 2002), Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh describes it this way (Note: I've substituted *not-enough-ness* where the author uses the word *anger*): "*Not-enough-ness* is like a howling baby, suffering and crying ... Just embracing your *not-enough-ness*, just breathing in and breathing out, that is good enough. The baby will feel relief right away."

I first tried Karen Drucker's "Gentle with Myself" approach to self-care years ago, when home, job, and emotional support systems were all in flux. For me, in addition to mindful breathing, holding not-enough-ness tenderly in my heart also involved a trampoline and an affirmation. With each bounce, I repeated the mantra, "All is provided," until I felt as calm and content as a baby rocked in Mama's arms. These days I don't have access to a trampoline, but park swings and rocking chairs seem to work just as well.

Your method for tenderly holding not-enough-ness may vary. Some find a hot bath and scented candle can restore and relieve. Others are more soothed by a gym workout or nature hike. Whatever your preferred method for becoming centered in divine presence, trust it to lead you back from the chaotic wilds of not-enough-ness to the one great love that enfolds us all.

The Healing Song

Music by Karen Drucker and John Joy

Lyrics by Rev. Karyl Huntley-Sadler, Daniel Barwick, Michael Sakir,
and Doris Jones

Joy fills every cell in my body.

Every cell is alive with love.

I relax into the healing process.

I allow Spirit to do what it does.

(Substitute *joy* with *peace, God, and love.*)

AFFIRMATION: "THE HEALING SONG"

When my friend Rev. Karyl Huntley-Sadler was in the hospital recovering from cancer surgery, my husband John and I went to visit her. John brought along his guitar, and we decided to give her a little bedside concert to cheer her up.

After we had performed a few songs, I noticed some writing on the nurses' bulletin board. There were four lines written, each with a different colored marker, in different handwriting, all affirmations from Karyl's family for her health and well-being. The idea was that whenever she woke up, she would see these sweet affirmations from her loved ones and these healing thoughts would be with her throughout the day.

Her son wrote: *Joy fills every cell in my body.*

Her daughter wrote: *Every cell is alive with love.*

Her boyfriend wrote: *I relax into the healing process.*

Her mother wrote: *I allow Spirit to do what it does.*

I took one look at these powerful affirmations, worked out a melody with John, and created a chant for her to use.

I recorded it for her, and she played it later when she went for chemo visits. This simple chant—serendipitously written by a family—has been used by so many people to help them on their healing path. It affirms you can relax into the healing process and trust that Spirit is always with you.

—Karen Drucker

Affirming Health

Rev. Bronte Colbert

Recently something came into my life that I hadn't experienced in years: a cold, the flu, "the crud." I had to reel in my desire to tell friends or mention it on social media because I know healing isn't bolstered by focusing on sickness or its specifics. As tempting as it was to share my "not healthy" details, I reminded myself to turn within, not outward, for healing.

That's how affirmations work. They are a tool to align us with the truth of our being and remind us that our divine nature is already creating our perfect health.

Affirmations aren't always words. They can be actions, thoughts, pictures: the smiley face you doodle on your temperature chart; the pause taken to bless your vitamins and medicines; the "You Glow!" declaration you paint on a mirror.

Create your own affirmations. Base them in the present tense. Positively state what you want to see as if it's already happened. Nothing you envision is too big or too small for God.

Your power of imagination is a dynamic resource to use while affirming. No matter how you are feeling in the moment, picture or imagine yourself feeling happy, whole, strong, and healthy. Take some moments to relax into the scenario. What's it like? How does it feel? Affirm that such health is still inside you. Envision it spreading like a web, a sparkling net that is constantly blessing you. Affirm: *I have a web of divine well-being that blesses me now!*

Affirmations can be fun. Laugh when you see the ones you've placed around your home. Chant and speak the lyrics of Karen Drucker's or others' healing music. Do a little dance (or imagine yourself doing one) as you sing, "Joy fills every cell in my body."

That troublesome cold finally left my body. Did my affirmations make it happen? I don't know, but they did help me remember that I could complain—or I could turn within. My issue might seem trivial compared to what you or a dear one are going through: a seeming incurable illness, unexpected diagnosis, grief, trauma, pain. Some physical and emotional issues appear to be so huge, but God is bigger. If you are using medical support and/or prayer support, God is with you then too.

Florence Scovel Shinn wrote: "Divine love floods my consciousness with health, and every cell in my body is filled with light."

Consider becoming still, relaxing, and meditating before you affirm. Remember you are not attempting to get God's attention to heal you. Affirmations align you with the magnificent well-being of who you already are. Affirm: *I now am healed and protected as I sleep cradled in divine love.*

Sending you blessings of divine energy and love, whatever the journey of excellent health you are on.

Thoughts Held in Mind

Thom Lich

In 2003 my wife, two daughters, and I decided to move to Vermont to be closer to our kids' cousins. We bought an old Victorian house in a rural town in the middle of nowhere.

One cold night I woke up feeling quite sick—what I now refer to as “abandon ship.” You know, when everything inside your body finds the nearest exit? The last thing I remember is reaching for the bathroom sink.

Then I heard the sound of my wife's voice saying my name and felt cool air pouring through the bathroom door as I lay on the tile floor.

I tried to speak, but what came out was gibberish. Words wouldn't form on my lips. I was, however, very aware of the fear in my wife's voice as she tried to help me. I couldn't move at all, I couldn't speak, and all I wanted was to assure my wife I was going to be okay. It was a completely helpless moment, and I was powerless to do anything to improve my situation.

Even in the middle of all the challenges and emotions, I had one clear thought: *I can still think! I can't speak or move, but inside my head I'm still me.* I needed to use my mind to start the healing process, as I've done so many times in my life. I stopped

trying to communicate and instead went inside my mind and started singing:

I am healed, whole, and healthy.

I relax and visualize.

I am healed, whole, and healthy.

I am well. I am well.

It's a beautiful song by Karen Drucker, whose music I had long admired and used in my church music ministry. I sang it over and over as my wife continued to help me.

My memory of that night is fuzzy, but according to my wife I must have become dizzy and fallen. I hit my forehead on the cast-iron bathtub and gave myself quite a concussion. It wasn't long, however, before I was sitting up, answering orientation questions, and joking with my wife to lighten the mood.

I believe music was the catalyst that calmed my mind and facilitated my speedy recovery. I believe music speaks directly to our hearts, and Karen has created healing gems that have touched many lives.

Thom Lich is now the music ministry director at Mile Hi Church in Lakewood, Colorado.

Blessing to the World

Music by Karen Drucker

Lyrics by Dr. David Bruner and Karen Drucker

You are the heart.

You are the hands.

You are the voice of Spirit on earth.

And who you are, and all you do,

is a blessing to the world.

(Repeat with We and I.)



SUPPORTIVE COMMUNITY: "BLESSING TO THE WORLD"

Whenever I write a chant, I sit at the piano and try out various words to go along with the melody. When I saw the talk title by Dr. David Bruner for the church where I would be singing the upcoming Sunday, I immediately knew it could be a sing-along chant.

I started singing the words, "You are the heart ... you are the hands," ending with "You are a blessing to the world."

I tried singing it with *we*—"We are the heart"—then tried it using *I*. But when I got to "I am the heart," I burst into tears. That line felt so powerful and I felt so vulnerable saying it. How could I stand in front of people and say, "I'm a blessing to the world?" In the next moment I heard a voice inside of me say, *That's exactly why you need to say it.*

I realized in that moment when I claim "I'm a blessing to the world," I am giving permission to myself (and I hope to others) to allow my light, my gifts, and my love to shine forth. When each of us does that, we create a community and a world that is truly blessed.

—Karen Drucker



Weaving a New Life

Rev. Teresa Burton

On June 14, David held Steve's hand, wiped his brow, and spoke words of love and comfort for the last time. Cancer had come into their lives six years earlier and was now ready to leave, taking Steve with it. As David watched his husband, partner, and great love of 24 years and six months breathe his last breath, a new life began—his life as a widower.

Hospice had been summoned days before, and there had been a steady stream of visitors bringing inspirational gifts and food, offering words of encouragement, and sharing hugs and tears. Now it was time to finalize the funeral arrangements, attend to pressing financial matters, and maintain the machinery of daily life.

"I felt so bereft," David remembers. "I wasn't sure I could get through it."

The friends who loved and helped Steve to the end now helped David at the threshold of his new beginning. "I had to call, but people readily helped me when asked," David said. "They brought food for the shiva, helped with clearing out stuff, and checked on me. Someone even found a company to remove a tree that had partially collapsed onto the house right before my husband died."

As the days turned to weeks, David sought more support as he adjusted to life without Steve. A grief group helped



him process his loss. “Even though I had no personal connection to the other group members, being in that community allowed me to tell my story to a group of like-minded people,” he said. “It helped to share the rawness of my experience and have that witnessed by people who were also on grief journeys.”

Having a caring, listening community helped David grow. “The way I tell my story has changed. I used to start with the details: what Steve’s diagnosis was, how he died. That evolved into sharing how I feel about him, and now how I have integrated him into who I am becoming.”

David kept reaching out to friends and even acquaintances, seeking one-on-one connections in person and on social media where he could share what he was going through and ask for what he was needing, even if it was just to talk about nothing in particular.

Broadening and deepening David’s connections has done more than assuage his grief, he said. “Losing Steve meant that I lost my witness. By opening myself to more people, I have more witnesses to my life.”

He no longer relies on one person to be everything to him. “When Steve died, I felt like the fabric of my life tore apart and unraveled. Even if I tried, I could never reweave the fabric exactly the way it was. Having a supportive community has helped me weave a new fabric.”



The Healing Touch

Rev. Kelly Isola

Sometimes there are no words to adequately define the noun or verb we call “healing.”

It can seem to be an intangible, shape-shifting thing in life, like love or peace, yet it molds us intensely. It’s not necessarily something I can hold in my hand or perhaps physically give to you.

We continually seek healing in its many forms—physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual—because at some level we recognize that whatever healing we yearn for is a nudge to live life more fully.

We tend to think cultivating a consciousness and an experience of healing happens largely through our individual work. That doesn’t mean we don’t enlist the help of others from time to time, but many of us are reluctant to invite others into the darkest corners of our lives, the places inside that need the most attention and healing.

We engage in affirmations and denials, meditation, self-reflection, journaling, and many other solitary activities, which are all important practices. However, I believe healing must include recognizing that *my* healing is dependent on *you*. If I believe in the interconnectedness of life, my healing doesn’t happen alone; it happens through our belonging, through opening ourselves to each other. This requires me

to be vulnerable, allowing you in to those dark places that scare me yet needing your “touch” for my healing.

We know we are “touch deprived” when we yearn to be embraced, to be listened to, to hear we aren’t broken when shame says we are unworthy. For many, allowing ourselves to be touched by another for more than a few seconds is scary because it means being vulnerable. Sadly, many of us were raised to view vulnerability as unsafe, dangerous, and certainly to be avoided. Yet it is what we fear most that often brings the greatest healing.

I have made great progress throughout the years in allowing others to be a part of my healing, especially when my head says, “Don’t let anyone in!” However, there are still times when I’m like the little inchworm all curled up inside itself for protection—playing dead so no one can hurt me anymore or to convince myself, *I can do it on my own.*

To be vulnerable, to engage with others, means my heart has caught the aroma of something it knows it needs for life. It’s as if I’ve walked into a garden and caught the scent of roses, and I have followed the fragrance until my nose is immersed in soft petals, inhaling the perfume of life. We instinctively move closer in order to be immersed in it—to be touched. Because somewhere inside we know that touch is really a symbol for our closeness to each other and to the Divine.



I Am So Blessed

Music and lyrics by Karen Drucker

Inspired by Rev. Dr. Mark Vierra

I am so blessed.

I am so blessed.

I am so grateful for all that I have.

I am so blessed.

I am so blessed.

I am so grateful.

I am so blessed.



GRATITUDE: "I AM SO BLESSED"

I was at a Centers for Spiritual Living regional conference watching my friend Rev. Dr. Mark Vierra speak at the morning session. He was giving a talk about gratitude and mentioned how you could still be in gratitude while something painful is happening in your life.

He spoke about the impending death of his partner and how his spiritual practice during this extremely difficult time was to affirm *I am so blessed* throughout the day.

I was so moved by this concept that I wanted to write a chant for myself to use whenever I needed to remember to live in gratitude. Sure enough, I got to put this into practice when I went through a particularly hard time.

At first it was challenging to sing this to myself when I was not feeling blessed. But I noticed as I sang it a little light would appear that could start the slight shift from darkness into light.

I use this song now as a reminder to stay grateful and to bring me back to center when I forget this truth.

—Karen Drucker

Grateful in All Things

Rev. Sandra Campbell

"Give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you."—1 Thessalonians 5:18

It is easy to be grateful when things are going our way. The true test in life is when we can find reason to be thankful even in the most difficult and challenging of circumstances.

In such times when I feel tested, I often find solace in the stories of others who have overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles. A common theme in most of the stories has been that the individuals found ways to appreciate their situations no matter how dark and grim they seemed.

My introduction to Unity more than four decades ago led me to inspiring stories about the power of gratitude to heal mind, body, and spirit. By expressing gratitude to every cell in her body, Unity cofounder Myrtle Fillmore experienced a remarkable healing that launched a spiritual movement. I have found gratitude to be a powerful healer for me too.

One of the stories I read many years ago continues to inspire me. It is the story of a young man who had been ill much of his life. The disease caused him to lose one leg below the knee, and the other might have to be removed to save his life. He lay in a hospital bed for three years, weary from illness, poverty, pain, endless treatments, and operations that tested his courage to the limits.

Through all of this, William Ernest Henley managed to appreciate the strength to persevere that he drew from within.

One of the poems he wrote while hospitalized, “Invictus,” expresses the deeply held gratitude that only a soul who knows suffering can truly comprehend.

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.*

*It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.*

Without denying the reality of his condition, Henley’s poem in 1875 captured healing principles that have resonated through the ages and that appear in this booklet: looking past appearances, gratitude, awareness of one’s divine nature, mastery of thought, affirming the good, and strength of will. I believe it is one of the most emotionally powerful and uplifting poems ever written.

The Most Versatile Tool in the Box

Rev. Richard Mekdeci

When my Aunt Julia suffered a heart attack, my father rode in the ambulance with her. He said later she was breathing heavily and kept saying, "Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Jesus," over and over until they arrived at the hospital.

I didn't know what to make of that as a child, but now I can see that, whether she knew it or not, Aunt Julia was comforting herself. She survived the attack, although she died later that year.

There is a very good reason why the apostle Paul suggested we give thanks in *all* things and why Meister Eckhart wrote that "Thank you" alone can be your one and only prayer.

Gratitude is a magic wand of sorts—the most versatile tool in my spiritual toolbox. The spell of gratitude elevates almost every situation and helps fill almost every need I have.

When I am grieving, giving thanks for the thing or person I have lost helps me move through the grief.

If I'm having difficulty letting go of something that no longer serves me, giving thanks for that person or thing helps me release them.

If I am finding it difficult to forgive someone, I bless them and give thanks for them in my life. Then forgiveness comes more easily.

If I need more money, I bless the money I have by giving thanks, and in so doing, I change my thoughts from lack to unlimited possibility.

By giving thanks in advance for that which I desire, I strengthen my faith and increase my expectation of grace coming to me.

When I am ill, I give thanks for the life and health that energize each cell in my body, and the dis-ease is transformed.

When I am fearful, giving thanks activates my inner strength and wisdom, allowing me to choose to act from my highest state of mind.

There is no need to thank anyone or anything. Just give thanks. Whatever your trouble, try waving the magic wand of gratitude over your situation and experience the spiritual power that stands under *all* spiritual power.

Healed, Whole, and Healthy

Music by Karen Drucker and John Hoy

Lyrics by Karen Drucker

Healed, whole, healed, whole,
Healed, whole, well.

I am healed, whole, and healthy.
I relax and visualize.
I am healed, whole, and healthy.
I am well. I am well.

(Substitute)

I accept and I receive ...
Angels are watching over me ...
I've got love surrounding me ...

(Repeat)

Healed, whole.
All is well. All is well.
I am well, I am well, all is well.

VISUALIZATION: "HEALED, WHOLE, AND HEALTHY"

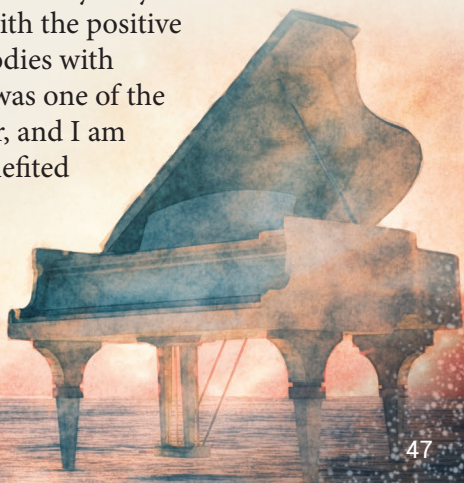
My mother had breast cancer when I was in high school. She took all the treatments and was healthy and in remission for years. But when she was in her seventies the cancer returned and she underwent chemo and radiation treatments.

Without ever being affiliated with a church, my mother was the most spiritual person I've known. She lived the philosophy of New Thought—that our thoughts create our reality—and always had the most positive attitude, regardless of what life presented to her. She would not identify with being a cancer “victim” and believed her positive attitude would heal her. Her daily mantra was: “I am healed, whole, and healthy.”

I wanted to give her a gift by putting her mantra to music, so I recorded “Healed, Whole, and Healthy” so she could play it over and over while getting her chemo treatments.

So many people have written me to say they feel they are infusing their minds with the positive message while infusing their bodies with lifesaving medicine. This song was one of the best gifts I ever gave my mother, and I am so happy other people have benefited from it as well.

—Karen Drucker



Playing with Visualization

Rev. Ken Daigle

Children visualize naturally, for fun. I watch my children pretend to be frogs, superheroes, princesses, genies, and infants in the span of a few minutes. They seem to know intuitively that their imagination is a special gift.

Unfortunately, as we grow up, well-meaning adults teach us to stop daydreaming, to stop playing and pretending. Today science and industry tell us that play and imagination are crucial to health and success. To experience a whole and vibrant life, we should all play more.

Have you noticed that great spiritual teachings about visualization are in children's books, movies, and fairy tales? *The Little Engine That Could*: "I think I can, I think I can." *The Sound of Music*: "I simply remember my favorite things, and then I don't feel so bad." *Cinderella*: "It's possible for a plain yellow pumpkin to become a golden carriage. It's possible."

Too often as adults we forget the depth of these teachings and discard them as childish. However, there is a huge difference between behaving childishly and being childlike. *Childish* behavior is self-involved and egocentric. When we are *childlike*, we possess a purity of heart and mind, generosity of affection, and consciousness of the truth that anything is possible. It is in this consciousness that we can visualize and then experience wholeness, happiness, and health in our lives.

When we play with the spiritual tool of visualization, we can imagine and experience situations we have never encountered before and learn from them. We can create possibilities that have never existed but might in the future. With positive visualization, we can create the positive outcomes we are seeking.

We are using visualization all the time, whether we are conscious of it or not. For example, you hear of a great job opening in your field. What is your first thought? Is it, *I would be perfect for that job*? Do you then see yourself getting the job, showing up for work, and loving what you do? Or do you list all the reasons you won't get the job? Or imagine how it will be too much for you to handle and how difficult it will be to adjust to the new schedule? What a great visualization *that* is!

One of my favorite quotes says, "We do not see things as they are; we see them as *we* are." Today you can start harnessing your amazing power of visualization, not by trying to make things right, but by seeing them rightly. When you see things differently and behave differently, you change everything.

The secret to manifesting the life that your heart desires lies in vividly keeping yourself centered in the childlike consciousness of infinite possibility and fun. For as you synchronize your whole being with possibility, you become the attractive force that brings those very desires into reality. Start today by playing with positive visualization.

Imagining My Healing

Rev. Lesley Miller

I did not expect recovering from open-heart surgery to be easy, but you can know a thing and still grimace and moan when you're in it.

A week out of the hospital was still rough, especially at night when no one else could really help, even though they cared. Distracting myself with television only made me more anxious. I repeated affirmations until they sounded silly. There comes a point when you're simply alone with your own body and pain.

If only I could get comfortable and relax. In a fresh, new nest I made in the bed, I strategically placed a small, hard pillow under my shoulder, finding welcome, if temporary, release from what had been unrelenting hurt. I noticed I could finally breathe quietly, calmly. But I still couldn't rest.

Anxiety began to rise again. *No, no*, I told it. *Stay comfortable. You need to relax.*

In normal times, I remembered, meditative music or nature sounds—rain, birds, or waves—would help me sleep. Reaching for my phone without changing position, I opened the Insight Timer app and accidentally began playing a track I did not know. Whatever—it would have to do. There was no fight left in me.

I was ready to cry before sounds of bubbling water and harmonic chords got my attention. I closed my eyes, letting them envelop me like a blanket. I felt my chest rise and fall gently with the rhythm. Following the breath with my mind's eye, I could virtually see inside me, visualizing oxygen entering my blood, then moving perfectly, smoothly through my newly repaired heart, certain I was witnessing a miracle!

I still had to heal from the surgery, but the more I thought about it, the more I knew my body was doing its perfect work to heal. Every cell knew exactly what to do. It was as if I could *see* God-life at work inside me. The more I allowed myself to expand into that awareness, the more I visualized myself fully recovered.

Just then I remembered the affirmation: *Divine love is flowing through me. I am healed, whole, and healthy.*

The same words that had sounded hollow half an hour before were suddenly truer than anything I ever knew. Divine love was indeed flowing through me. I lingered there, gratefully blessing my body with my thoughts, knowing the activity inside my cells, like an army of little worker bees, was doing exactly what it was created to do—knitting together and repairing each other without my having to do a thing besides eat and rest.

Rest. *Rest* was the last word I heard as I fell asleep, safe, whole, and well, aware that I am truly one with divine love and life.

The Face of God

Music by Karen Drucker

Lyrics by Rev. Karyl Huntley-Sadler and Karen Drucker

You are the face of God.

I hold you in my heart.

You are a part of me.

You are the face of God.

You are the face of love.

I hold you in my heart.

You are my family.

You are the face of love.



COMPASSION: "THE FACE OF GOD"

It was 2 a.m. when I got home from singing at a wedding where the couple wanted my band to play loud rock and roll for five hours! I was about to go to bed when I saw the little red light blinking on my answering machine.

I wanted to ignore it, but something made me listen. "Hi, Hon. It's Karyl here. Sorry for the late notice, but I just had this great idea. For our service tomorrow morning, I'm going to be speaking about how we can see the face of God in everyone we meet. So, if you could just write a little ditty about that, it would be great! Bye!"

To say I was not a happy camper is a mild understatement. Every week I tried to write a chant for whatever Rev. Karyl would be speaking about, but it was 2 a.m. and I was exhausted.

The next morning I sat at the piano and said, "Okay, God. We have five minutes to do this!" Karyl had given me a few ideas and when I started singing, it came together within minutes. I had no idea if it was any good, but I sang it that morning at church. When I looked up, everyone had tears in their eyes.

I think this simple chant is a reminder that everywhere we look, whoever comes across our path, they reflect the love in our hearts, they are our family, and we all are the face of God.

—Karen Drucker

The Risk of Paying Attention

Rev. Kathy Beasley

Earlier this year, I found myself strolling along the crowded streets of New York's East Village in search of my conference location. I pay close attention to the landmarks, the architecture, and the landscape when I travel to a new destination. This day was different. I was excited about the events of the coming days, as I would get to connect the dots among my faith, religion, politics, economics, and race, all in the name of love.

The weather that April morning was perhaps normal for the everyday New Yorker at 36 degrees. But for my tropical soul, it was like trudging along a frozen, nameless tundra with no sun in sight. As I walked, I began to notice the mothers bundling their children up for the journey to school, the business professionals of many nationalities who hurried to-and-fro, the street vendors preparing their booths for business, and the faces of life happening around me. All of this caused me to forget for a moment my woes and worries and revel in the joy of the people I encountered on the street that day.

As I joined others in the line outside the church waiting for the doors to open, I found myself looking directly into the eyes of people as they joined us and wondering about their journeys and the stories that brought them to this event. To distract myself

from the dropping temperature with a side of rain, I chose to reflect on the blessings that have come my way in human form. From there, I began to wonder about the origin of the blessings in my life. Are they born? Are they delivered and left alone outside my doorways? Do they spring up from the earth like a tree planted by the still water? Do they appear out of everything and nothing? Perhaps they are destined, ordered, and guided to me as a birthright, and my conscious awareness is a spiritual rite of passage. Who knows?

As I recall the events of the day, the faces return to me like a collage of love. The memory of their expressions is impressed upon the surface of my soul. It reminds me that we come from many places, speak myriad languages, and represent many views and perspectives, and our daily tasks allow us to momentarily brush up against the strength, compassion, courage, faith, hope, and grace at work in one another.

I will always notice and pay attention to the genuine humanity that surrounds me. The lesson I hold in my heart is to be willing to risk the sanctity of any moment to notice the landmarks that are imbued with our shared narrative, to stand in awe of the architecture of the vibrant soul of humanity, and to add my voice to the chorus of dreamers of a new ecclesia for a time such as this.

Compassion Is Love

Rev. Margaret Flick

Compassion is love in action. Compassion cannot exist without recognizing our connection to all living things, and connection in turn allows us to see with a compassionate eye.

We develop compassion by being authentic and honest about who we are, then recognize similar qualities in others. When we are brave enough to face our own pain, suffering, and insecurities, we can be brave enough to accompany others on their journey through pain.

When I was studying to be a hospital chaplain, there was a patient who had a lot of bravado. I knew he was nervous and afraid, but I didn't know what to say or do with him. In prayer I received a simple idea—be quiet, be present, and listen. In those moments I felt a palpable connection with God and with the patient. There was no separation. He felt it, too, and suddenly became vulnerable and open. We both were healed.

Compassion is divine love expressed through connection. The love we call God connects us and allows us to respond beyond ego in the realm of divine compassion. In our connection, no one is a stranger. In our compassion, there is only love.

The compassionate person is best described as a listening, loving, unanxious presence, which is the greatest gift we can give another. We are presented with opportunities to practice this kind of compassion every day—to smile or say hello, maybe give someone a compliment, or stop to admire the artistry of a spider's web and the spider who created it. Compassion is taking the spider outside rather than killing it. It is recognizing the oneness of all beings.

Connection also brings forth compassion in 12-step groups, where members share their personal stories of recovery in an authentic and openhearted way. Connection keeps members alive; compassion spurs transformation.

Compassion is love, pure and simple. It is loving our neighbors as ourselves.

“In the Buddhist tradition, compassion and love are seen as two aspects of the same thing: Compassion is the wish for another being to be free from suffering; love is wanting them to have happiness,” says the Dalai Lama.

Compassion is an active prayer that connects us heart to heart. It is love in action.

You Are Healed

Music and lyrics by Karen Drucker

I see you walkin' in the desert—it's the dark night of your soul.
I feel the pain inside you as you let go of all you've known.
But I know you'll find the answers to what you're looking for.
Through the ashes you will be reborn so much wiser than before.

(Chorus)

All I can pray for you, all I can pray ...
All I can say to you, all I can say ...
All I can know for you, all I can know ...
Is that you are healed. You are healed.

I feel so lost and helpless—I don't know what to do.
I want to take away your pain though I know I can't rescue you.
So I'll listen, love, and laugh with you and be there to hold
your hand.
And gently remind you that you're doing the best you can.

(Repeat chorus)

(Bridge)

You've got courage to walk through the darkness.
Trust in faith to help calm your fears.
Feel your angels; they're always around you.
They're just whispering in your ear.

PRAYER SUPPORT: "YOU ARE HEALED"

What do you do when someone you love is in physical or emotional pain? In my case, I want to rescue them, or fix it, or do whatever I can to make it better.

A dear friend of mine was going through a health challenge and I was in turmoil about what to do. I found myself worrying and wanting to control the situation. When I learned the phrase, "Worrying is negative prayer," it made a huge shift in how I was holding this person in my mind. Then a wise friend advised me that the best way I could support my friend was to see them as healthy and vibrant, and not get stuck in whatever conditions were being presented.

I wrote the chorus of this song as a reminder to myself to just listen, love, and laugh with my friend, and eventually healing took place—without any rescuing from me!

—Karen Drucker



Receiving Prayers

Rev. Linda Martella-Whitsett

Prayer works. I have heard it and may have spoken it—believed it without question for many years. But what does it mean? What happens when we pray with or for another person?

My own experience has proven to me that prayer works. When I say prayer works, I do not mean that prayer is magical or simplistic, as if I ask and God answers. I squirm at the implication that God could be a humanlike figure sometimes saying *yes* and sometimes saying *no*. Or that God could be swayed by an army of prayer warriors.

I had not been hospitalized for any reason since giving birth to my second child in 1982. Therefore, 37 years later when I needed major surgery, I felt particularly anxious about it. Family, friends, and my Facebook community sent me messages of prayer support. I was reminded that I am whole and that I can rely upon innate divine life, love, wisdom, and strength throughout surgery and recovery. One of my favorite prayers I received was this: *I am holding you in the highest thought of perfect health. Let's Myrtle Fillmore this challenge!*

“Let's Myrtle Fillmore this challenge!” My friend was reminding me that I have the capacity to do what Unity cofounder Myrtle Fillmore did: transform my habits of thinking and doing through prayer and meditation. I borrowed from my friend, and from Myrtle Fillmore, the knowledge of my inner spiritual resources.

It seems to me this is what “prayer works” means: lending your realized consciousness, your awareness of the truth of divine life, love, wisdom, and strength, to the one with whom you are praying.

It is difficult to describe the lived experience of prayer support. For me, it is more than receiving reassurance or an affirmation that I can adopt. It is a visceral experience of calm confidence that washes over me. Thoughts contributing to worry and distress are interrupted and supplanted. It's not as though I am aware in that moment that someone is praying for me; I simply find that I am suddenly capable of an otherwise elusive steadiness. I am filled with grace. In this spaciousness, I can heal.

You can heal. You heal as you realize the principle of health, which is the state of wholeness and well-being. You get a dose of that realization when someone is affirming the truth of your wholeness and well-being in any situation. You get it when Silent Unity is praying with you. You give it to others when you uphold their highest intentions in prayer.

Next time you recognize an uncommon and calm confidence—a suspension of typical troublesome thoughts—maybe someone is praying for you.

Practicing What I Preach

Rev. Kathy Beasley

On the morning of May 2, 2019, I awoke to the love of my life in pain that I could not heal and in a physical state I could neither calm nor relieve. That reality took us to the closest hospital emergency room. In that space I encountered blessings upon blessings in the human form of extraordinary doctors and nurses who, through their compassion and kindness, lightened a load for me beyond words.

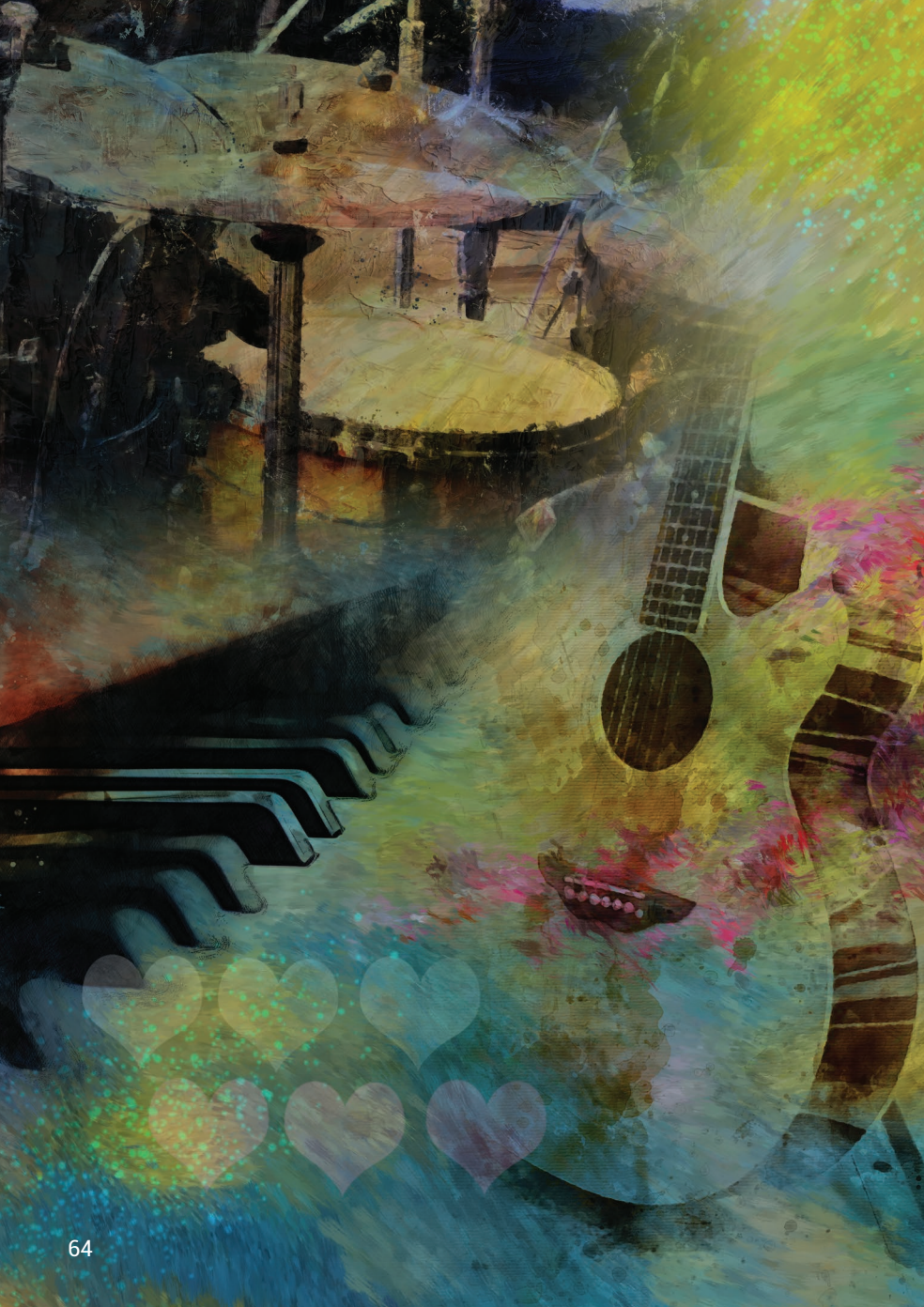
I have always had what I term a nuanced and esoteric prayer life, and that day, I came to know every moment, every breath, and every conversation as prayer with a descant of blessing. In those moments, prayer for me became the ability to trust and know, breathe, and believe. May 2 will always be for me the point when the proverbial rubber made unexpected contact with the real road, and I had to practice what I preach.

I had to be the adoring spouse, the health care advocate, communicator extraordinaire, and keeper of the peace. After making more phone calls than you can imagine, managing text messages among family, colleagues, and friends as though I were juggling lightning bolts, I found myself in desperate need of some good news, some light, some form of goodness to find me.

Five hours after our arrival, I sat in the waiting room, numb from all the information, the decisions, and my own internal emotional avalanche. I noticed a gentleman sitting quietly across from me praying what looked like the rosary. I went over and sat beside him to see if I could offer a prayer for his loved one. He then shared with me that he was praying in Aramaic, the language of Jesus, and he joyfully invited me to join him. He prayed in Aramaic and I prayed in English.

For the first time in hours, I breathed a little easier because I was offering support to him, yet his presence was more of a blessing to me. I knew the members of our family gathered on the other side of the room were stunned that amid our reality, I would approach and pray with a stranger who was very different from me.

The truth is, I do it all the time. What life has taught me is that pain hurts in every language, shared silence heals every ethnicity, and love is the universal glue that calls us together in times of distress. In that room, our prayers bridged the gap of differences between us. We later shared a laugh or two and a parting acclamation of blessing. Today, my beloved's healing journey continues, and she is doing amazingly well. We are so blessed!



How May We Serve You?

Through prayer, publishing, and events, Unity is always here to support you in expressing your divine potential for a healthy, prosperous, and meaningful life:

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—Your Friends in Unity



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