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Cellular Conversations

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I've been called a lot of things in my career, from visionary to, well, almost everything else. Fortunately, I prefer to listen to my Inner Wisdom, which inspires me to focus on the possibilities - no matter how unusual they might sound.

For instance, in 2003, I published a book called *Cell Talk*.

Essentially, it outlines my voyage into the cellular memory of the body - and how manual therapists can tap into this body intelligence to facilitate healing.

I recently received a letter from Ziporah Hildebrandt, a writer and flower-essence therapist in Massachusetts. She's a client of Charles Gilliam, LMT, CST-D, and has been using CranioSacral Therapy to help achieve better health and well-being.

Here's what Ziporah had to say about her experiences using cell-talk techniques:

"I was a runny-nosed kid. I caught every sniffle going around. As I got older, the bugs got tougher and longer to get over. I battled painful sinus infections with overdoses of prescription nose drops. Each flu hit me harder. The first of many bouts of pneumonia struck in my last month of college.

Out of school, with a ton of food allergies identified, I still got colds and the flu a few times each year, but I bounced back better - until my daughter was born. Dozens of new food allergies had me in agony. Monster sinus infections followed even minor colds, and pneumonia grabbed the tail of the flu every winter.

I tried homeopathy, Ayurveda, herbal immune boosters, vitamins, essential oils, reflexology, everything. If I caught the problem soon enough, I could often prevent full-scale collapse. But I still got the flu at least once a year, followed by the dreaded heavies - sinus infections.

Enter *Cell Talk*. I read enough of the book in September 2004 to give it a try. I contacted my Inner Physician. I asked to be introduced to my thymus.

My agenda for this first conversation was naive. I felt I had so many food allergies because my thymus had misconceptions about what was Self and Non-Self. I figured a little chat would straighten things out and I could start to have a life with vegetables again.

My Inner Physician introduced us. I explained my problem with foods and asked if thymus was willing to talk about the situation. Wow, was thymus eager!

My first question: 'What's your definition of Self?' Thymus: 'Huh?'

Terminology glitch. Turns out thymus only cares about Me. Everything else is Not-me, and thus the Enemy.

Whoa. I got an image of reams and reams of lists, like a computer printout of everything in the world, with new items added faster than the printer could keep up. Items at the beginning of the list were checked off, meaning thymus knows they're Not-me, so I'm allergic/sensitive/reactive to them. If I wasn't reacting to something, it's because thymus hasn't gotten to it on the list.

Appalled, I noticed that thymus now wore a red and blue suit with an ornate 'T' on its muscular chest. A red cape swirled from broad shoulders. 'Super Thymus?' My whispered question was answered with a big grin. I thought quickly. 'Umm ... can we redefine ... food? I mean, it's not Me yet, but it's going to be, right?'

Thymus could accept that. The next day, I was in the garden and those sun-warmed cherry tomatoes smelled yummy. I popped a couple in my mouth, testing for the first time in at least 20 years.

My stomach did not approve, but Super T was silent about involvement there. Wherever it is that reacts to tomatoes wasn't under Super T's control. This stuff was obviously more complicated than I'd thought. I'd need to go a step at a time.

Before I had a chance, my daughter brought home the first bug of the school year. I got the warning signs: sore throat, weird tiredness, that 'fluey' feeling. I was getting sick!

I rushed to Super T. Surely, this germ was an example of Not-me. What was going on?

Gone was the superb figure in superhero duds. This wilting gland was like Superman on kryptonite. 'What's wrong?' I gasped. 'Why aren't you fighting?'

It's hopeless,' thymus groaned. 'There's no point.'

Why? How can that be? You're it; you're the only one who can do it!'

Futility swept over me. A sense of many memories flashed by, plagues and epidemics, the inexorable scythe of germs across families, communities and nations. Thymus' despair seemed to originate in some inherited ancestral experience carried in cellular memory, or something like a past life, or both.

It didn't seem to matter. The important thing was to snap out of it and get Super T back on the job. I explained that all that death happened a long time ago. I - we - we're different now, alive in an era where those germs don't exist like that anymore. We have new defenses now, I told thymus. Not only cleaner lifestyles and technology to save lives, but even the ability to have conversations like this one.

I felt a surge of faith - faith in the abilities of Super Thymus. I knew how powerful this gland is from the quantity and severity of my reactions to the Enemies on that colossal list. There's no way those germs could survive once Super T mobilized against them.

I communicated my certainty. I also formulated a TAT [Tapas Acupressure Technique] sequence, addressing the memories and associated despair.

The result? I didn't come down with that bug, or any other since then, even when my husband and daughter have both succumbed. The change is simply amazing. Now, at the first warning signs, I get in touch with Super T. What a team!"

So, call me crazy if you want. What can I say? Set your positive intentions and believe in the endless potential of the human body. Things just might work out.

Click [here](#) for more information about John Upledger, DO, OMM.



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