

turned inward. Her mouth drooped downward in a curve of despair. She began to sob.

“Sorry, Lori, I'm not able to help you with that. I'm not Doctor Kevorkian. I can't let you go home to die.” He tried focusing on his commitment to extending hope and possibility for people who were suffering, like her. But she was in so much agony. Would she be better off not suffering any longer?

“It's too hard being here,” Lori moaned. Her eyes were half-slits staring far away, swollen with tears. “I have to leave!” she gurgled, wiping her nose with a soggy tissue and gasping for air.

Instead of frustration, Henry felt a wave of inspiration, got out a blank prescription from his pocket and took several minutes to compose a message. When he finished writing, he extended his hand to her, presenting the scrip.

She inched forward two or three feet, creeping like a paraplegic toward Dr. H's outstretched arm and beckoning eyes. Stopping at his feet, she reached up, grasped the prescription, and brought it to her eyes.

“What is this?” She sighed suspiciously, conserving her deathly low energy reserves. She brought her knees up to her chest, hugging her origami-like body with her arms and studying the small square-shaped piece of paper. She struggled to focus on the printed handwriting, straining to make sense out of the strange new words and sentences that appeared at the edge of her mental fog.

Henry watched hopefully as Lori read to herself slowly, mentally fingering the letters as if they were Braille:

1. ALL YOUR FEELINGS ARE IMPORTANT.
2. THERE IS NO “BAD” OR “WRONG” EMOTION.
3. YOU CAN HAVE ANGER AND NOT ASK FOR ANY FORGIVENESS.
4. THERE IS NO UNSAFE FEELING.
5. THERE IS NO UNSAFE FOOD.
6. ALL FOOD IS GUILT-FREE AND SHAME-FREE!

Lori shuffled her feet. *But I'm not supposed to have feelings, especially bad ones*, she thought. She couldn't even imagine what a good feeling was. People talked about being happy. But she wasn't sure what that really meant. She remembered laughing at Dr. H now and then, with his ridiculous grape-tossing show, but she couldn't imagine what she'd been thinking to act so inappropriately. And anyway, it was better to not risk letting

Dear Reader,

Thank you for purchasing *The Healing Field*. In paperback books purchased before October 20, there is a printer error on page 190 that we didn't notice before the book hit the streets. Please trim this replacement page at the line to the left and slip the page in place.

Warmest regards,

Howard E. Richmond, MD

The Healing Field

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,
there is a field.
I'll meet you there.

When the soul lies down in that grass,
the world is too full to talk about
language, ideas, even the phrase *each other*
doesn't make any sense.

~ Rumi