

Cellular memory release – Chapter 1

The search

It is possible for you to connect with well-being, freedom and inner pleasure. It is possible for you to feel in each pore of your skin, fully harmonized with everything around you and with the joy of being alive. Paradoxically, you can also achieve it through pain, touching the bottom of it in order to rise and reach peace, a peace born of acceptance, of reconciling yourself to your own being in communion with the universe.

If you're suffering, you're already on the road. If some part of you somehow knows or feels that there's something else beyond what your senses may perceive, you're already on the road. If you believe that this much suffering in the world must give rise to some kind of awakening, you're already on the road.

If you are reading this book, you may start rebuilding the meaning of your life. Perhaps you won't be able to change what is happening to you, but you'll surely be able to change what it causes and means to you. Remember: There is an incredibly vast intelligence within you, the same that operates in the entire universe.

My Background/Life

When I was young, I used to observe adults. Life appeared before my eyes like a motion picture, and it seemed to me that adults were actors and actresses playing out a script and each had a role. When I was five, I had already experienced what I later knew to be called depression. I felt "heavy," unconnected with the world, and had suicidal thoughts. I was overcome by a feeling of weakness and helplessness. I was almost always tired. My body became overweight and I constantly avoided the unpleasant feelings it caused by bingeing or watching too much TV. Even at that early age I deeply felt the certitude that, beyond what I saw, there must be another way of living. Beneath a facade of tenderness, efficiency and adjustment, an enduring emotional pain was germinating within me. Later, when I had been "civilized" and "tamed" by the culture

in which I happened to be, that feeling withdrew to the background and it was more or less forgotten. At that point in my life, as it usually happens, I had already learned how to conceal and deny my feelings.

During the long and painful process of my growing up to become an adolescent, I was gradually led to firmly believe that there was some fault, some insurmountable defect in me. This gave rise, however, to confusing and contradictory feelings being I was able to see things differently than the rest of those around me. I could perceive beyond the patterns established by the adults which made me feel shameful and guilty, but also "special". "Who do you think you are?" an increasingly resonant voice within me kept asking. That inner tension expressed itself in my body through pain in my neck and back, digestive problems and heart burn. My permanent and intense anxiety and worrying became a chronic silent behavior.

When I was only 17, I felt so desperate that I looked for help in psychoanalysis. Together with María Lidia, a gentle professional with a spiritual background, who was neither religious nor dogmatic, I began to acknowledge that I had been lying to myself. I realized that my family's socially accepted values and priorities, such as "being somebody in the world" or being worried about "what other people might think," had not ever been truly important to me. I also didn't seem to care about creating my own family, having a good reputation, or getting much money as a way to getting a passport to a fruitful life. Thus, at age 21, against the advice of everybody, I gave up studying architecture and I engaged in the practice of yoga, meditation and vegetarianism in the company of a group of Hindu monks. They taught me many things that were to be useful in my career. At the same time, I began studying holistic healing and oriental medicine. It was a complete radical change that gave birth to a new life of creativity, purpose and joy, the same life I have today, many years later.

At 21, I was learning one of the most relevant things a human being may learn, namely, to make my own choices based on what made me feel good, instead of making them based on what I should do or on what was

expected of me. I also learned that to look permanently for the acceptance and approval of others is a perfect formula for suffering, in which one always says "yes" to others and "no" to oneself.

From then on, I began a search for the individual liberation all Eastern doctrines promise. I studied and practiced several approaches to healing and to conscious awareness. I took part in innumerable workshops and training courses. I wanted to expand my knowledge, to learn how to improve my life, and how to help others do the same. Thus, I was trained in shiatsu and many other Eastern approaches to health: Chi kung, Tui-na, nutrition, macrobiotics, acupressure, acupuncture, ear-therapy, herbal medicine, homeopathy, and reflexology.

Driven by the passion to learn more and to be ever more efficient in my work, I also studied scientific astrology, iridology, hypnotherapy, Neuro-linguistic programming (NLP), Touch for Health, specialized kinesiology, Neural Organization Technique (NOT), Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT), and few other disciplines.

An unexpected transformation

With the best aims in mind, I submerged myself for years in the study of several academic and spiritual fields of knowledge linked with my career, and studied several cosmogonies and healing methods. In spite of all that, I still wasn't at peace with myself, and didn't feel free, much less happy. I felt as if I was "incomplete": there was always "something" lacking in my life.

Some years later, in the most unexpected way, an experience of deep, intense pain, as I had never suffered before, triggered a transformation which I hadn't deemed possible. This seemingly unbearable pain led me to discover something that was to be my guide, though I was hardly aware of it: a presence emanating from my own self and impregnating my whole body. Suddenly, the transformation of my pain permitted me to draw back the veil and I no longer felt the urge to search. I somehow knew that none of my former worries was essentially real to me, and that

the kind of life I had so diligently led wasn't either.

At that moment, the original certitude I had had in my childhood was rescued from oblivion and I understood with all my being that the world I had thought real wasn't real at all. I experienced a sense of fullness for the first time, and with that realization I achieved a sense of liberation and a profound feeling of peace that still is my guide in the present.

The creation of CMR

My interest in studying cellular memory began when I was about thirty years old, and deepened eight years later, when Adriana, my wife and companion, and mother of my three children, suddenly died.

When Adriana and I had lunch in Sausalito one sunny day before I left for a trip to South America, I had no way to know I would never see her conscious again. While I was gone, she fainted and then went into a deep coma from which she was never to awaken. In the hospital, doctors discovered a brain aneurysm. Sitting next to her in the hospital bed after my frantic return from South America, I was shocked, drowning, as if anesthetized by the blow. An inner voice asked over and over again: "Why? Why? Why?" I felt the pressure of a heavy, unbearable iron crown around my head. I couldn't cry. I was frozen, although I managed to stay calm and under control.

I was in the intensive care unit with Kelly, a dear friend (and student). She approached me and said: "Well, now were going to do what you've taught us." I knew at once what she meant. She was referring to the work I was beginning to slowly develop with my students and clients in which we allow ourselves to deeply and fully recognize whatever we are feeling as it arises in our bodies rather than blocking any upset or negative emotions, or getting lost in any thoughts or stories about the experience.

I gave in. I stopped thinking and analyzing, I tried to stop controlling my feelings, and began to accept that I knew absolutely nothing. The permission I gave myself to feel the full extent of the pain raging through my body triggered an "out-of-time" experience that was only a few

minutes long, but seemed to last a lifetime. The experience led me to feel an assortment of very intense inner states; denial of what was happening, profound rage, the feeling of having been abandoned, terror of the future and, paradoxically, also guilt, a lot of guilt.

Adriana eventually was gone, yet somehow her leaving planted the seed of an incredible gift, the gift of an awakening to a new life. The shock produced by her loss was the first step in an inner process that completely changed my perception of myself and of my life.

I stopped my practice and all my activities for more than six months after Adriana's departure. For that period, my entire world contained only our three children and myself. All during this time I kept journals. I needed to share what was going on within me, yet I couldn't do it. Something in me was telling me to keep it to myself. It was too intimate and very difficult to explain. I didn't know or understand what was going on.

For several months I plunged deeper and deeper into physical feelings and sensations, and I began to discover new inner dimensions. Physically, it was as if some parts of myself began to open and gave me access to places whose existence I had ignored. My body was talking in very unusual ways. Childhood memories that I thought I had forgotten, especially the emotional wounds that were the building blocks of my belief system and my self-image, emerged clearly. Beyond that, I even relived some experiences from intrauterine life, such as the feelings my mother had when she was pregnant. I thought her thoughts and felt how her feelings permeated my being. I also came to know, with absolute certainty, that my training to be the conditioned adult I was had begun in her womb.

But it did not end there. Two years had passed and I was getting more and more used to being present to whatever was arising in me. I was feeling strong in my body and more connected to myself. My friends told me later that they were wondering what was going on with me since I looked younger and healthier and had lost lot of weight. I was surprised by a strong need to move and exercise, considering that I had never

been fond of any sport or exercise before in my life!

I joined a gym and started moving and dancing regularly. This led to an experience that was the most transforming one for me and that marked the beginning of a new life.

On a Saturday morning during the Fall, I was enjoying my running and sweating on a tread mill when I started having a change in my perception of the moment. I felt as if a veil was unzipped and gradually I was able to see just energy, the energy of things. Meanwhile I was heavily breathing and running.

The matrix that is behind everything I thought was reality, was clean and clear in front of my eyes. Meditating in my youth, I was used to have spiritual experiences of sorts. But this time was somehow very different, it was clean and clear seeing, no mystic interpretations, not even emotions. An awareness was there that knew everything about everything.

It was just that: being-ness, deep, profound, peaceful being-ness...

Slowly and after a few moments, my thinking mind that had remained deactivated during that entire time, started slowly to come back. I even became aware of its physical location. I could locate it on my right side, six feet or so behind and above my head. It was as though a drop of black ink fell into a glass of pristine clear water.

I could hear it with a very weak voice, judging the experience that was taking place: This is not right!, This is dangerous!, You cant do this!.

These three phrases kept coming out from that place and slowly and gradually growing in strength and volume. I began to feel a rush of intense feelings. I felt the grief for myself and for all humanity, for not being able to be in touch with what I had just come to KNOW was our most genuine nature. And as the voice from the far right got closer and louder, I started experiencing fear and then the fear became terror. A deep cramp in my gut made me jump off of the machine and bend myself in two. This is very dangerous!; You are going to loose everything!; You are going to loose your health, your reputation, your mind!

I ran immediately into the men's room and locked myself in the toilet stall. I sat on the toilet contracting in terror and I knew that I was experiencing what is called a panic attack. A command inside me said:

Get out of this, you know how to stop this, do it now!

At the same time and from another place in myself, I heard: Feel it deeply and fully. To hear that didn't surprise me. In the last two years I had been gradually becoming used to this "diving" into the uncomfortable feelings. The terror was increasing as the loud demanding voice was saying: If you feel this, you will die!!!

At that moment the decision was made: All right, then I will die, I heard myself saying and then I let myself sink into that big contraction and the feelings of despair and terror.

This fantastic inner journey was warped with fire and smoke; the memories of the emotions were absorbed by intense whirls of energy where they burned. As in a time travel experience, memories of the time I had spent before being in my mother's womb came to me, and I simply felt what I called "human pain," layer upon layer of energy crushed into my being at an enormous pressure, very old memories of generations after generations of my ancestors.

I recognized parts of myself which I found repulsive; I discovered places where I didn't want to go at all, and at the same time I knew with utmost clarity that they were precisely the places where I had to enter if I wanted to find the way out. I let myself go into and through those places until unexpectedly I had access to a place of complete well-being where I finally felt profoundly at peace, free, and filled with immeasurable love. I was able to recognize myself, to know who or more precisely what I was. I realized that before reaching that inner place of acceptance I had been numb and drowsy, as if I had been dead.

I came out of the men's room after an immeasurable amount of time, yet perhaps it was 15 minutes of clock time, like from outer space, feeling internally very light and very confused at the same time. A newspaper's front page resting on a backpack in the men's locker room said in capital letters IT IS ABOUT TIME. Although the headline was supposedly about daylight savings time, I took it as a message for me, gently letting me know that I was not alone. Somehow I felt relieved.

To go through that experience for me, was like opening inner doors and

learning a deeply transforming lesson. I came to know that the process I was experiencing was possible for all human beings and that sooner or later everyone will open those mysterious doors. For the first time since I could remember, I was experiencing deep and profound peace all day long.

I hadn't realized how tense and anxious I had been until then. I didn't know that I had so much fear lodged in my body. I also realized that when we feel anxiety we are gradually releasing fear in a civilized, proper way.

This process deepened with time, as did my own peace and self-acceptance. I realized that in spite of having studied and practiced for almost two decades, I didn't know the role pain and negative emotions play in human life. In fact, I knew nothing about pain. It was tragic and comic all at once. I had been struggling all my life against something I didn't understand, and actually this unknown thing was giving me new life!

Trained to relieve or eradicate what was painful and uncomfortable, I had fought, resisted, rejected, avoided, and denied pain in myself and in others. I had only learnt that pain must be gotten rid of at all costs; Where there is pain, an error has been made. When there is pain, someone is to blame for it. And if the guilty person isn't outside, it must be inside myself.

To let pain be, to allow myself to make friends with it, was something that hadn't ever crossed my mind. I hadn't yet found that miraculous door. And the miracle is possible only through a state of presence that penetrates that thin border where something within us stops to contemplate what happens in the world we call "reality."

Adriana's death revealed the map of my inner being and I was taught how to travel through that territory. Almost without realizing it, I gradually got used to being present to whatever happens, and accepting it. I knew I had everything I need, and that everything is potentially within me, waiting to be recognized. I knew that the body is my best ally and that an incredibly vast intelligence permeates it and is activated each time I am

present to it.

Some years later, I read a book by the Indian spiritual teacher Kabir [1] and I felt his words were the reflection of my own experience. He said: "I felt it for 15 seconds, and after that I devoted my whole life to serve it." I didn't realize yet that those experiences were what were giving life to the CMR process.

[1] Kabir, also called Kabir Sahib or Saint Kabir, is worshipped by the Muslims, the Hindu and the Sikhs. He was born in the Indian city of Varanasi (formerly Benares) around 1440. After his death, his poems, collected by his disciples during his life, became a sacred book for his worshippers and one of the masterpieces in spiritual world literature.

Working with the pain body

Months later, when I began to use this same technique with my clients, I noticed that it worked wonderfully. I noticed in my daily consultations unexpected healings and transformations the likes of which I had never achieved before. I observed that the layers of stored and accumulated negative emotional charge may generate many imbalances in body, mind, and soul. But I also found that human beings are designed to be able to transform pain, and that to accumulate it as we usually do is a sort of "energy aberration" condemning us to live in a very limited and conditioned way.

I was able to see that, under the overlapped layers of compacted, contracted energy there was in each of us an extraordinary source of vital force, which my logic and reason could not conceive of. There seems to be a state of well-being which was difficult to describe. One could only say that it was an inexplicable mix of a very deep self-love, a sense of freedom, inner peace, and the joy of living. How could it be that everyone had this in their inner being and could not access it? How it could be that we were trying to find it outside ourselves when we had it at the core of our being?

I suddenly remembered a tale about a beggar in India who sat daily in

the street outstretching his hand to passers-by for alms, without knowing that the box on which he was sitting was full of gold coins!

All of us, the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the spiritual and the agnostic, have within ourselves this powerful place I call the center of well-being. It is the power source which makes us what we are, and keeps our bodies alive and vibrant. It is in charge of all of our vital functions, of movement, of the mind, of the emotions, of growth, of self-healing, and reproduction. As long as we are alive, we have within us this center of well-being. Every living creature is supported by this power source. In human beings, it is unfortunately drowned under layer upon layer of pain, created by energy contractions that separate us from this state of well-being. Jesus Christ speaks of it in this way: "it's a peace that surpasses all understanding," while the separation from it is the result of an inner split which gives rise to a dreaming state that prevents us from clearly seeing what we really are. This state some spiritual teachings call the dreaming state or illusion, and the Hindu call it maya. Immersed in it, we believe the unreal and cannot see the untrue.

In some people, the state created by this source of well-being is more available because they have fewer layers of compacted energy, are more aware of the reality of their situation, and can find ways to voluntarily connect themselves with this inner source.

Gates leading to this place are opened when one lets sensations and emotions be at every moment without censoring, observing that "what is, is such as it is." To permit and accept what happens to us does not mean that we like it or we agree with everything that is happening to us. On the other hand, to make an alliance with "what is" stimulates being present to our own life. That state of being goes beyond the present moment and connects us with the matrix supporting all that exists. When we react and resist what is happening, we are not present, we filter everything through the artificial image we have been told about life and how things should be. Instead, when we are present, we make an alliance with life and then the whole of Creation makes sense and befriends us.