

The Medical Intuitive

Winter 1998

Holding my right wrist lightly with both of her hands, the medical intuitive began our session, saying:

"I need to feel what you experience."

*"Good grief. What now! What in the world am I doing here?"
My inner voice was in full bloom with skepticism. I was feeling like a fool.*

Suddenly, she begins yawning. Over and over, her mouth stretches wide open with her head tilting back and her eyes scrunched, almost closed. Not once, not twice, but many times her lips part and her yawning can't be suppressed.

"Are you tired?" She asked, as she continued to yawn.

"No, I'm generally not tired." My quick response was rather curt.

I did not want to divulge what I knew, much less my shock and surprise at what she was exhibiting. I was all too aware that what she was doing was not yawning because of fatigue.

Yawning stretches the back of the throat. This simple action is one of the few ways in which I can interact with this sharpness that resides in my throat. A needlelike sensation constantly dominates my day and even dares to wake me from deep sleep only to challenge my tolerance and sanity. This 'thorn in my throat' is like a piercing needle, or sharp bone, a toothpick that has lodged in my throat. It pinches and it bites as I turn my head. It irritates the back of my tongue. I am like a dog licking a wound all the time; my tongue cannot stay away from this irritation that at times seems to ooze and seep and leak. Sometimes, it squirts a pungent, acid taste. A burning vapor swirls in the back of my throat, rising into the back of my nose and even into the corners of my eyes. An irritating tickle starts deep in my ears from this noxious fume. The tickle swirls and my ears feel like they have a wind inside them blowing from the inside to the outside. An occasional ache and throb are more familiar earmarks of pain than this sharpness that I can feel with my tongue. I try to suck hard enough to dislodge this 'thing' to no avail...an assault in my mouth.

Her head kept tilting back and her mouth was wide open. She touched the left side of her face and grimaced, her head bending down as she doubled over.

"What happened to you?" she cried, as she rubbed the area in front of her ear.

"I'm getting bits and pieces. Your subconscious mind's blocking me," she stared at me, daring me to let her in.

I'm stunned. I know my subconscious mind blocks 'this'. Reverberating through my head while she's talking is the overwhelming realization - *how could she possibly know this?*

She blinked her eyes and again looked at me. Suddenly with fresh insight, she exclaimed:

"It's black. I see so much black. You don't remember, do you? Were you knocked out? Yes, it's black. There is some sort of violation. Someone hurt you. You don't remember. You can't remember. You were unconscious."

"It was surgery.... the anesthesia," I cried, as tears began rolling down my cheeks.

Her head hyperextended backwards, and she rubbed behind her left ear on the mastoid bone. Her mouth opened again, and she grabbed her throat.

"They had your mouth open too far!" she cried. *"The other side, the other side hurts too!"* And she touched her right cheek. *"I feel metal. What's metal?"*

"The laryngoscope ...they used a laryngoscope for intubation. It's metal." I replied, in utter disbelief.

"What's that?" she questioned. *"They opened your mouth too far."* I could tell she did not know anything about intubation equipment and anesthesia, giving more credence to this incredible experience I was having.

She raised her right hand in midair in front of her face at diagonal angle, like 5:55 on a clockface. She moved her hand back and forth at this angle.

"They hurt you. You watched all of this," her voice broke. She gasped, choking on her own words. *"You knew you were being hurt. Two people left you. Something went wrong. There was a cover-up. And you were aware."*

The angle of her hand mesmerized me. This gesture was me! I was watching myself describe this sheet of pressure that had tortured my existence for half of my fifty-two years. In disbelief, I watched this woman, who I did not know at all, reproducing this angle with her hand.

"How could she possibly know this?"

How many times had I gestured this angle in vain trying to explain the indescribable?
My inner voice was in total chaos, questioning the reality that was unfolding.

Memories flooded my mind, cascading into my head like giant waves rolling onto a beach. The turbulence and undulations arose from a superficial sea of calm...a tsunami in the brain. Only months before, my memory of an anesthetic trauma was triggered in an oral surgeon's office. My mind went racing back to August and the events, no less remarkable, that happened in a dental office before my scheduled surgery, 1800 miles away from my home in Phoenix.
