

truth heals

# truth heals

WHAT YOU HIDE CAN HURT YOU

DEBORAH KING



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*Truth is like the sun.  
You can shut it out for a time,  
but it ain't goin' away.*

— Elvis Presley

## INTRODUCTION

A bumper sticker on a car in front of me reads:

*In a world of deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.*

*Truth heals.* But how? And why? And what good does it do anyway?

Plenty.

Telling the truth is about freedom. It is about joy and peace and health and living a life that is meaningful, powerful, connected, and loving. Ultimately, telling the truth is about feeling good in your own skin, unencumbered, free, and having the life that you want to live.

So why do lies so often seem nicer, tidier, easier?

The truth is often uncomfortable—because so much shame and guilt are attached to it, because it has been suppressed and left unspoken for years.

The truth is a force of such magnitude that it demands to be known, one way or another. If buried, the truth will push its way

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to the surface. Denial or suppression of the truth will manifest as ill health, dysfunctional relationships, or financial problems. The truth does not remain silenced or suppressed comfortably. It may take a lifetime, but the truth *will* win out. As any good detective will tell you, even dead men tell tales.

I receive at least 15 frantic messages an hour from people desperately requesting help with their problems. By the time they contact me, they have sought out countless doctors, medical procedures, prescription drugs, you name it. They are often at a point of collapse—writhing in physical or emotional pain. The truth of their past is burning inside them like a house on fire. But they do not know that. They think they have “caught” some dreaded disease or virus; they think they are doomed to a life of misery and suffering.

We cannot live a lie and have peace. We cannot live a lie and have joy. True peace and joy are manifestations of living our personal truth.

As my story and the stories of thousands whom I have treated make clear, everything that happens to us is stored in our bodies and the energy fields surrounding them. Ultimately, health and healing happen only when a body/mind/soul wants, needs, and is ready to face the truth. Even after a lifetime of suppression, a body/mind/soul that is willing to release painful secrets can heal itself, a family, even a nation. What ultimately saves us is what we were certain would kill us—the truth.

I once heard a story about an aboriginal tribe that conducts a healing ceremony whenever anyone in the village is sick. The

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person with the high fever or the stomach ailment or the depression or the congested lungs sits in the center of a circle of all the villagers. The sick person is invited to speak the things *that have been left unsaid* by directly addressing those he felt harmed by or whom he had harmed with words or actions. What has been weighing on his heart that has never been shared? What dreams have been suppressed? The person speaks his truth. The villagers listen and acknowledge what has been said; they sit in the circle with the person who has been sick until that person is well.

The tribe knows what we as a culture have forgotten: *truth heals.*

## MY LIFE OF LIES

*I had no relationship with the truth as a child.* I was raised—by both my parents—to lie and to live the lie. My father was warm, affectionate, and loving. Every night he would comfort me and talk to me and connect with me. I remember his smell: fresh shirts and whiskey and cigarettes. Daddy's hands loved me and cuddled me and fondled me but not always in a healthy, nurturing way. Our relationship had a dark side—a side that fostered his constant admonition, “Don't tell! Don't tell! Don't tell!” I was taught to keep secrets, a terrible burden, especially for a child. Children know that secrets are dangerous. They know secrets can hurt them and the family they love.

There were times when Bad Daddy marched down the hall toward my room. This was our secret that would remain

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unspoken, suppressed, hidden. I was learning what I would later master—the art of bottling up and never expressing the truth. By the time I was three or four years old, the habit of lying was entrenched in the cells of my body, mind, and being.

My mother also taught me, by example, the skill of denial, further shaping me into an adept liar. She looked away, ignoring what was happening between my father and me. Because I was so terrified of her, I learned to lie in order not to displease her. I also learned to disappear into my lies.

As a teenager, I put out the message that I came from a loving family, that my mother loved and cared about me. The truth was that she hated me. She did not have the same disposition toward my brother; he wasn't female. Mother hated her own womanhood and projected that hatred onto me. Of course, I could not recognize that as a child. All I knew was that comfort, love, and understanding were not to be found in her arms. I do not remember a single instance when she held me, kissed me, or spoke loving words to me.

When we lie long enough, *the lie becomes who we are*. I became so practiced at lying that I was no longer aware I was doing it. I could not distinguish between the truth and a lie. I had learned that telling the truth was not safe; in fact, the truth was not to be seen or felt or heard.

By the time I was in my twenties, I wore the lie like a beautiful suit of clothes. I was an attorney like my father: married, accomplished, successful. I was picture-perfect or so I led everyone to believe. What I did not show others, and what

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I barely admitted to myself, was that I was out of control—on a roller coaster of depression and manic acting out, drinking, and promiscuous affairs. My body became a minefield full of hidden problems I chose to ignore. Only when I was diagnosed with cancer did I decide to address the truth.

All my life I knew that I had been sexually abused—or I should say that “Cindy,” my internal collector of these experiences, knew. Cindy was the part of my personality that housed all the memories of those events. I was not split off from Cindy as occurs in someone with multiple personalities; I had a strong mind, and Cindy and I stayed connected. She was a safe haven of sorts, a way I could disassociate a little from what was happening. Cindy will show up regularly on the pages of this book.

I “invented” Cindy when my father started abusing me. When I was very young, Cindy would tell me about the warm, fuzzy times with my father. As I grew older, the stories grew more frightening. I knew that certain stories, the very worst ones, she did not tell me at all. I did not want to recognize the truth of these memories, but eventually I didn’t have a choice. My health depended on my knowing them.

My illnesses woke me up—as illnesses often do. All those battles and all that suppression of my feelings took their toll. As much as I was willing to lie, my body was not. You cannot argue with illness. You need your body to move about in the world, and, if it’s not working, you are really stuck. I started off with throat ailments as a child and proceeded to develop sicknesses of all kinds: hypoglycemia, stomach problems, and

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allergies galore. Along the way, I added manic depression, promiscuity, and alcohol and Valium addictions to the mix—all before I finally woke up with a diagnosis of cancer at 25.

The truth took a long time to face. I had fabricated and invested myself in a life that was far removed from it. There were secrets I was never going to tell. I was absolutely certain those secrets would go with me to the grave, but I was wrong. My personal truth—my secret pain—finally manifested as cancer to grab my attention. Had it not been for cancer, the truth of my past might have remained buried and I along with it.

I wanted to live, and I was willing to do whatever it took to heal.

One day, at my wit's end, I stumbled into a massage therapist's office. As she began to work on me, she asked if I was open to "energy healing." I didn't know what that meant, but it sounded good, so I said yes. That began my awakening.

## ENERGY

We live in a culture that is dying for the truth—literally. When we keep painful secrets or tell lies, we distort our energy fields, weaken our immune systems, pickle our organs, constrict our hearts, rattle our brains, and confuse our nervous systems. Lies turn the body into a toxic waste dump.

The principles of physics tell us that *energy* is the driving force of the universe and everything contained within it. In fact, our bodies and their surrounding systems are kaleidoscopes of energy.

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From bottom to top—from the first energy center (root chakra) located at the base of the spine up through the seventh energy center (crown chakra) located at the top of the head—we consist of a complex system that receives energy from the world and sends out energy in what is intended to be a healthy in-and-out cycle. When balanced, the energy centers in the body are spinning vortices that keep us healthy.

We want our energy systems to function normally. We want them to be able to pull energy in to nourish and support us. We want free-flowing energy throughout every cell, tissue, and organ in our bodies.

Life experiences, emotional upsets, surgeries, accidents, and trauma of any kind can shock and impair our energy systems. If these experiences are not processed and released over time, a lack of energy flow in some area of the body may manifest as illness or other problems. Memories of painful events may be “forgotten”—denied or suppressed by the conscious mind as a means of coping with fear, sorrow, or rage. But the body never forgets because it stores those memories. The scream that wasn’t screamed, the anger that was never expressed, the sadness that was stifled—all leave their mark.

Having experienced the painful episodes of my childhood and young adulthood, I am hyper-aware of the pain of others. For many who enter the field of healing, life credentials are as important, even more important, than theory or clinical training. Ironically, experiencing the problems of my early years gave me the perfect education in becoming a healer,

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though I did not know that at the time. If I had enjoyed a frolicking happy childhood without incident, I do not think I would have embarked upon this path.

### HEALING THROUGH THE TRUTH

In my practice, people regularly come to me with a laundry list of health complaints. One man told me, “At 20 years of age, I started to have trouble with my cervical spine. I went to an orthopedic surgeon, then a chiropractor, then a dentist for jaw pain, and finally to a pain specialist.” As I scanned his energy field, I found that the disturbances in his body, manifesting as chronic ailments, were *unexpressed screams*. He had stifled his feelings, which caused havoc in his body. His jaw was frozen in fear, just as mine had been for many years. Children need to scream when they are scared or hurt. But children who can't cry out or who are punished for expressing their pain must articulate it somehow, and their bodies bear the brunt of that pain until they do.

In my own quest for recovery, I spent years working with different sages, shamans, and healers. As my awakening began, the horrors that I experienced came to light. The unexpressed energy inside me screeched to get out. Over and over again, as various people worked on me, I heard these words inwardly shouting through my body, *Please don't hurt me, Daddy! Please don't hurt me!*

The truth could no longer stay down. It demanded a voice. The truth I had always known, but buried, burst out to

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the surface. The lie that almost killed me—the seemingly convenient and malleable lie—was no longer my salvation.

I wanted to live. The truth saved my life.

The lies we use to hide our truth sit inside us like time bombs; the sooner we are willing to dismantle the lies, the sooner we can heal. Telling the truth is an act of love—love for ourselves, for our lives, and for all those we love.

To heal, however, *it isn't necessary to remember all the horrific details that you may have suppressed*. When I urge people to get in touch with *their truth*, it might be, for example, just the fact that their childhood was pretty grim. A person doesn't need to remember that his father beat him black and blue and burned his hands with cigarettes. But if he wants to be healthy, he should stop kidding himself that he had the best dad ever. He must acknowledge the truth, at least to himself.

Knowing our own truth is crucial, but it may not be smart or even safe to confront others with it. Getting in touch with our memories is very freeing, but always use good judgment as to sharing the details of that truth with others. Laying it on others who “can't handle the truth” may only create more hurt and pain.

Forgiveness takes time—sometimes a lifetime. In many ways, I believe I have forgiven my parents for their failings. Still, as I worked on the early drafts of this book, I became aware that my mother was noticeably missing from the pages. My father was everywhere; my mother was a non-story, chillingly present by her absence. In the pages of my

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manuscript, I had recreated the same dynamic with my parents that had persisted throughout my childhood. I had to write about my mother as well as my father in order to heal. My hope is that telling the truth will help heal my lineage as well.

While the truth may mend our wounds, a disease process may have already started. The physical body may in fact need attention. I am a firm believer in integrated therapies and encourage those who have medical problems to seek immediate help for their physical condition from all sources.

*Truth Heals* reveals, explores, and illuminates how illness is a function of distortions in one's energy system caused by suppressed, denied, or forgotten truth; by emotional experiences that have never been addressed; and by painful traumas that have never been recognized or resolved.

Each chapter begins with a short excerpt (shown in italics) from a memoir I wrote many years ago while engaged in my own recovery. The book is set out in seven chapters, one for each of the seven major centers (*chakras*) in the human energy system. In each chapter, I discuss the specific emotional habits and resulting physical problems related to that area of the body, illuminating the characteristics of each center with stories drawn from my practice and examples from celebrities. Simple checklists are included to help you identify any problems in that area of your own life and body. These stories all illustrate, time and time again, how *truth heals*.

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You will notice that I sometimes use the word *God* to reference my connection with the nonphysical world. I was raised as a Catholic, and so my childhood frame of reference was a Christian one. Today I don't identify with any particular faith but rather with elements of all of them. I frequently attend services at various churches and temples. I go wherever I feel a connection to Source, and I have found it in the most disparate settings: Evangelicals speaking in tongues, Benedictine monks chanting, Hindus meditating, Sufis dancing. I believe strongly that many paths lead to spirit and to wellness. I use the term *God* because it is the one I am most comfortable with, but for you it may be something different. Truth transcends belief systems; it is universal and accessible to everyone no matter what you call your Source.

It is my hope that you will meet and embrace your truth or the truth of someone you love in these pages and that you will be encouraged by what you read to do the work involved in healing.

May the truth set *you* free.