

Calling in the Divine Masculine.

Elsa has been a client of mine for about seven years. She brings her autistic teenaged son, Aaron, once a week to the ranch. Elsa and I walk alongside Aaron who rides Ruby on a trail surrounded by beautiful canyon mountains. Ruby is a robust and flashy quarter horse mare who keeps Aaron alert with her lively nature. Our weekly routine is to go together for a hike while Aaron rides, then Elsa has her session afterwards at the ranch.

One day while walking, Elsa commented on how men intimidate her.

"Especially older men," she said. "My body trembles when I face them."

"Would you like to work on that in today's session?" I asked

"Yes," replied Elsa with a curious look in her eye.

Returning from the walk with Aaron, we realized that we had less time than usual for Elsa and I to do our session, only fifteen minutes as opposed to thirty minutes.

I halted Pretty Boy, a white quarter horse gelding. I had adopted Pretty Boy recently from a neighbor who was moving out of state and wanted to get rid of Pretty Boy. The owner told me he was ready to shoot Pretty Boy in the head, load him in his truck and take him to the landfill.

"You can't even give away a horse in this recession." he said.

I was familiar with Pretty Boy, I knew him to be a healthy horse. Another thing that I discovered about him was that he was not a fan of men. He ran away from them!

We began our session with Elsa sitting bareback on Pretty Boy in the square pen, the area where I do the work with clients and horses. Pretty Boy was fidgeting and Elsa seemed disconnected.

"O.K., Elsa, I want you to imagine a man in your lineage who is kind and compassionate. He loves you without any hidden agenda."

"But I don't know of a man like that in my family, " she replied.

"You don't have to know him. Go as far back in your ancestry, as far as you need. We'll have him stand behind you".

I watched Pretty Boy drop his head and let out a sigh. His whole body relaxed and he became stoic. Elsa, with her eyes closed started to smile. Both she and Pretty Boy began to glow. I was aware of a sweet loving energy gently enfolding me.

"I'm feeling Jesus," I said.

"Yes! That is the man behind me, is it OK? You said it was to be someone from my ancestry."

"It's OK! If he is the man that showed up, take him."

Elsa sat back into Pretty Boy, becoming one with the experience.

"Imagine the men who intimidate you standing in front of you. You still have support from Jesus behind you. How is that for you?"

"My body isn't trembling, I can face them. I feel love coming from behind me."

"Remember this feeling Elsa, be conscious of this picture."

After this session, I noticed Pretty Boy behave differently around men. On a ride we passed some construction men working on the road.

"Can I kiss your horse?" asked one of the muscular men.

"You can try," I said.

The man approached Pretty Boy face on.

"Animals love me," he told his coworkers.

Not knowing how Pretty Boy would react, I was surprised when he reciprocated by rubbing his head against the man's hand. This exchange lasted for a few minutes and then we moved on. This was a definite change of behavior for Pretty Boy.

A few weeks after we did this session, Elsa told me she was able to set boundaries with her male therapist. He was one of the men that she had found intimidating.

"I said what I needed in order for me to continue therapy sessions with him, it felt great, and he agreed!" she said proudly.