

Holy Sound: A Human Tune Up

by Elizabeth Alberda

There is a memory recorded all over the world from each mother language to the heart of the other -- memory transmitted in dance, in weaving, in song, in stone, in sacred book. It is a divine river inside our own body, a light that circulates encouragement by its touch to open our heart. It is the highest known element in the human body. Science calls it cerebral spinal fluid. A poet calls it a golden river. There are many ways to spark this energy vitality that allows us to live each day more gracefully from our inner Divine Source. I am happy to share with Crazy Wisdom readers a little something about the healing art of tuning forks aligned with the ancient Solfeggio scale.

It is believed that 97% of our DNA, the genetic blue print of life, is untapped; and genetic biochemists repair broken DNA by using the exact frequency of the third note in the Solfeggio Scale (528Hz) that balances the solar plexus and is known as the miracle note. (Noted In *Healing Sounds* by Jonathan Goldman and Carl Sagan's *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*.) This ancient scale, lost centuries ago and rediscovered by Dr. Joseph Puleo, was believed to impart spiritual blessings of awakening and health. It is a vibrational musical medicine of six electro-magnetic sound frequencies, from 396 to 852 Hz aligned in the tuning forks with the Solfeggio scale.

After creating sacred space with the intent for oneness with spirit, health, peace, and harmonious social relationships, the practitioner scans the vortexes of energy in the chakra system that may indicate specific energy blockages. The energy vitality work is non-invasive with the client laying face down. To begin opening the energy channels, the practitioner strikes the tuning fork to its particular note, placing it near the client's ears, and then moves the tuning fork from the sacrum to the cranium with each ascending note to the individual spiritual center. The holy sound reaches not only the emotional (etheric) body, but the endocrine glands that help maintain an equilibrium throughout the whole body. The ancient



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sound, a communion between my soul-body and the sparking of my spirit?

It was unexpected! For 21 years, I've been practicing, studying, and teaching bioenergetics to individuals and groups. Bioenergetics is another modality that helps move energy in the body by movements that improve breathing and grounding, and that release childhood trauma and everyday stress. When I found out that the wounding due to rape and violence left many individuals with a sense of not even being in their body, I began studying shamanism for the tool of soul retrieval.

On my own spiritual path, I realized the power of our dreams at night, that mysterious place that reveals our shadow of difficulty and gifts, and for some, a window into the spiritual archetypal realm. I began working bioenergetically with dreams. I assumed at 63 that my knapsack, swaying in the east, was full. Not true. The unexpected happened, sunlight in Michigan, when my friend walked in with tuning forks jutting out of her blue apron as if a rainbow wrapped itself around her belly. Each color was a musical note, a sacred number, a holy sound, a coded matrix of re-creation. I love the first scientist who uttered, "We were sung into existence."

Yes, I lay my body down with my willing will to listen, to color and sound into my cells. I give my backbone to the quantum leap. My friend begins her work,

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calling in the presence of unconditional love. She holds the space for my intention to move towards my own awakening. The ancient sound begins at my foundation to activate the energy. Our ancestors felt it in their hands and knew

it as the root of existing. The existing is the root in the beloved earth, somersaulting and sweetly cradled in the dark infinite space. My body, from sacrum to cranium, becomes a loom with the red note, a red threading of the root weaving a rainbow bridge to the orange, gold, green, blue, purple, and luminosity of the crown where each holy sound harmonizes into a pattern of divine consciousness. An invisible pattern of sound and light braids the masculine and

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feminine energy current -- the Shakti and Shiva, the King and Queen, the marriage of opposites merging. My backbone began to feel a winged staff of healing, a cradle, a suspension of inner golden light. Now the turning over from the will centers to the terrible beauty of our living, the facing of our emotional centers. The work now moves the energy from the top of the head with the purple tuning fork, 852 Hz, where the sound connected to the chakra of insight becomes threaded downward to the journey of our speech learning to express solutions, to our heart learning to open into relationship, to our transformative power of consciousness learning to change, moment by moment, our fear into love.

When speaking with my dad about my work, he asks, "What do people leave your home with? When they left my hardware store during the Depression, they had a bag of nails or fertilizer for the garden." He's known as the "lupine man" at the residential home where he lives in Dover, New Hampshire, where he planted over a thousand blooming beauties in the spring on the curve of a hill. He asks me to plant the sweet peas and I answer, "Okay, Papa, let the good earth be proof of the awakening." I tear the corner off the package and pour the hard seeds into a bowl of water. I then play each of the tuning forks near the bowl. The next morning, armed with trowel and music and seeds, I enter the garden. With the soil turned, I poke my finger down about an inch and place one seed in with music. Two rows, one on each side of the trellis. Like Kokepelli, I hunker down, everything dark, quiet, and invisible. I make music over this holy land. Weeks later, the call comes, an excited, familiar, ancient voice filled with laughter. "Oh, my dear daughter. In my lifetime of planting sweet peas, that would be 87 years, your beloved mother and I have never had such a large quantity of blooming and fragrance and color."

What changed in my life with the Solfeggio scale? Something behind my heart. Something subtle and compassionate. Some defense dissolved. Some fear turned into trusting the river to guide me. A week after my first tune up, I dreamed about tuning forks. And then, the next night, the same dream, only this time I managed to scribble in the middle of the night. In the morning, I found two words. "Color and sound." This powerful, luminous color and harmonic, lovely sound can help the greening of our planet and our hearts.

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sound of these high pitches also stimulate the brain. Each note works with a particular chakra to release emotional difficulty and old patterns that lock in our developing potential. These primordial sounds reach the deeper levels of our bio-conscious evolution. The striking sound ignites the inside light. Over time, this natural and infinite coding releases the contracted and distorted patterns in our daily life that no longer serve our inherent divine consciousness. Holy sound opens re-creation. The leaf unfurls. The flower blooms. The fruit sustains our wholeness.

The tuning fork, invented in 1711, is a simple metal two-pronged fork with the tines formed from a u-shaped bar which resonates at a particular pitch. At 99 years old, my father, a graduate of MIT, likes to joke. "My dear Lizzie, will the holy sound grow hair on my head?" It is his way of wanting to know more information and to make sure I have not been misled by falsehood. Even at his age, he is aware of the precarious situation on the planet and knows in his heart that we need many ways for awakening a compassionate consciousness for all sentient beings. He waits ready to enjoy what will burst out of my intuitive brain. How can I translate a musical note, a holy