

## CHAPTER 6

# THE ENERGETICS OF TRUST

I HAD BEEN PRACTICING YOGA for about eight months, and there was only one place where I could fully trust life. It was the last 20 minutes of a 90-minute Hatha yoga class, where we practiced the relaxation pose lying on our backs. In Savasana, I didn't have to be anything to anyone. I just was.

At the same time, I was both everything and nothing at all. I expanded outside of myself while simultaneously disappearing altogether. I was free.

As I lie in Savasana each week, I felt like I was going through intense pre-soak, a washing machine cycle, and then a commercial dryer. My mind and body were the badly stained garments. My whole foods plant-based diet was a powerful eco-friendly detergent. My active Hatha yoga poses were a state-of-the-art washer, and Savasana was the dryer. Each of these worked in partnership to lift the past, which had left long-lasting stains on my soul.

The garments felt too valuable to throw away, yet, too damaged to be worn in public. But perhaps with the right care and effort these articles of clothing could be fully functional again.

In the same way, eating wholesome foods during the week felt like a pre-soak to my internal organs. For instance, using whole grains daily to naturally cleanse my colon, the fibers helped to dislodge old meat products stuck in my large intestines. I was literally getting rid of old shit. Then on Sundays yoga started the washing machine cycle, lifting a few encrusted stains, physically and emotionally.

The beginning physical movement of the class scrubbed a little deeper into the fabrics of my life experience. The nutrient-enriched diet lathered up my internal organs and muscles. Within the first 15 minutes of class, I could feel the cleaning agents working. My clenched jaws would relax and my eyebrows would unfurrow.

Savasana centered my mind. The single-leg raises lengthened my muscles and perspective. The knee-to-chest poses and gentle spinal twists stretched my hamstrings and back, opened my hips and massaged my small and large intestines, stomach, pancreas, liver, and spleen.

All of this is important because I was being stretched, pulled, twisted, and compressed from the inside out. These movements were mining into crevices that were otherwise hard to reach.

For about 53 minutes, I did postures that looked easy and static, but in fact were challenging and dynamic. Internally, I experienced the equivalent of a final rinse with an extra spin cycle. I was wet and wrung out.

Last, I had to hold onto my center for fear of spinning out of control. For the remaining 20 minutes, I had to lock myself in. The guided relaxation began the dryer cycle. While I lay there in Savasana, also called Corpse Pose, I was holistically tossed around. My daily troubles evaporated, and life's wrinkles straightened themselves out.

This happened every week. I entered class drenched from life, past and present. Then I left class feeling less stained, less damaged.

With each washing, my clothing was becoming more and more functional. I had a feeling it would never be a Cinderella Ball gown, but it could

become a sturdy pair of jeans, classic fit, worn any day of the week at home and in public.

Savasana was a space I could trust — a place where the truth of who I was could live without the shame of having been stained.