

WHY I BECAME A HEALER



When Georgia Coleridge's husband went to a healer to cure his chronic back pain, he was sceptical. But the results were truly extraordinary and changed her life for ever

When I tell people I'm a healer, I really don't mind if they scoff. My own husband was entirely sceptical about healers, until one of them cured his chronic back pain in less than 10 minutes.

Nick had a bad fall in his final year at Cambridge, which crushed the discs in his lower vertebrae. Despite a moderately successful operation, he remained in too much pain to sit his Finals, and by the time I met him he was still suffering. Hot, dry summers were fine, but every year as soon as the weather got cold and damp, his back would go into painful spasms.

Every winter I got used to being the suitcase-carrier, dishwasher-loader and furniture-mover until the inflammation calmed down, but this could take weeks and he never knew when the agony was going to strike again. If I nagged, he'd drag himself to the osteopath, but the cracking and clicking didn't seem to make it any better.

Fast-forward five years to a wet and misty winter weekend, with Nick lying on the sofa, groaning and calling for extra-strength Nurofen. My father mentioned a marvellous young healer called Jeff who'd helped a friend of a friend. Maybe he could do something? In his weakened state, Nick agreed to try him, but insisted that it was going to be a complete waste of time. How could faith healing possibly work on him, when he didn't believe in it?

In the event, Jeff turned out to be an

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unprepossessing, limp young man in a cagoule. He was an hour late, because he'd got completely lost wandering around London, and seemed amazed to have found our house at all. I watched him hold up his hands about six inches away from the operation scar, and it seemed pretty obvious that nothing was going to happen.

But almost immediately Nick yelled 'What is that? What are you using?' It feels like a three-bar electric fire.' He also found it nearly impossible to believe that Jeff wasn't touching him at all.

After 10 minutes Jeff said the treatment was finished. And, amazingly, that was the end of Nick's back pain, too. Twenty-two years later, he still doesn't have any trouble with it.

As I discovered, healing isn't always so dramatic, nor does it always work. Greedy to try this lovely heat for myself, I asked Jeff to sort out my slightly sore throat, but this time his healing energy wouldn't flow. But this didn't put me off. In fact, I was impressed by his honesty, and absolutely intrigued to find out what he was doing and how.

Over the years I booked appointments with all sorts of other healers, and when they put their magic hands on me, or near to my body, I could often feel a warmth or a sort of tingling through their palms, which unlocked the tension in my shoulders and calmed down my overactive brain. Sometimes I booked a session because I had a specific problem – like the time I sprained my ankle, and bruised my entire bottom, tumbling down the stairs in a pair of slippery socks. But sometimes I just wanted to boost my energy and/or treat myself to the energy equivalent of a spring clean.

I imagined for years that these therapists must have been born with some kind of special gift, but they explained that we are all healers in different ways. Anyone who has rocked a crying baby, kissed a child's bruise better, or supported a friend knows that their own kindness and good intentions can make someone feel better. Animals can be healers too, as anyone who has owned a dog or a cat is probably aware already.

The therapists also told me that becoming a healer was a bit like cooking. Some people start with natural flair, but anyone can learn. If you are interested in the



Georgia and Nick Coleridge on their wedding day in 1989

subject and keep practising, it really is possible to develop your abilities.

I realised that I wasn't just interested in the subject of healing, I was absolutely fascinated. I read everything I could lay my hands on, and then started attending lectures and workshops, at a place in South Kensington called The College of Psychic Studies. When I took the plunge and signed up for the two-year professional healing course, I was worried that the other people in my group might be rather odd and alternative, but they turned out to be lovely. There were people from all walks of life, including a couple of grandmothers (and even Jeffrey Archer's butler), who all wanted to help people and make the world a better place.

We learned that if healers rely solely on their own energy and kindness, they soon get exhausted. So in simple terms, we were all taught to be sort of human hose pipes, channelling positive energy from the universe to wherever our clients needed it. It seemed strange at first trusting that

light was flowing in through the top of my head then out through my hands, but it seemed to work. After a while I could definitely feel heat and energy coming out through my palms.

Better still, I discovered that I was extremely sensitive. We had to do a lot of hands-on practice, and working on my family, friends and case studies, I found I could detect all sorts of things going on in the aura or energy field, around their body. If someone said they had a sore leg for example, I could usually sense which leg needed help, and exactly where to put my hands. The sore place just felt totally different from the rest.

I also found that often, when I held my hands over the right spot, the healing energy would start flowing on its own, and the blocked heavy energy seemed to shift and dissolve. Sometimes the results were instantaneous. My neighbour, Cressida Connolly, keeps insisting that I have cured her toothache and her shoulder, and my father-in-law's nagging wrist pain never came back after a session we did one Boxing Day, but I am realistic enough to know that most changes are more subtle, and take much longer to implement.

Now that I am a fully qualified healer with a practice of my own in Chelsea, I am amazed by the range of problems that healing can tackle. People come to me before operations or after skiing accidents, some want an extra boost during their cancer treatment, or simply because they feel tired.

People bring their children, too, if they are ill or hyperactive at school, while my oldest client is a 77-year-old Chelsea Pensioner at the Royal Hospital where I work as a healing volunteer. Tough old soldier that he is, he is far more sceptical than my husband ever was. He tells me every week that he doesn't believe in healing 'and don't you start asking me to think lovely thoughts either, because I won't,' but admits at the end that he finds the session very nice and soothing.

If you've never tried healing, you might be surprised at how effective it can be. Even if you don't believe in it, book an appointment with an accredited healer, and you never know what might happen.

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