

Prologue: Mending The Sacred Hoop

"To exist is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is to go on creating oneself endlessly." – Henri Bergson

July 1997

Three days and three nights of the Sundance Ceremony pass. All of the dancing and fasting from food and water in New Mexico during the hottest, driest three days in mid-July I can remember takes its toll upon my body. I surrender to the heat and release my consciousness to fly with the winds of eternity.

A vision gifts me. I'm sitting with a council of Native American elders, who are passing a talking stick around the circle and speaking in their native tongue. As they speak, an image forms in the smoke from the fire that burns in the center of the circle: A woman sits at a desk, working with a pencil and paper, and a computer. The talking stick continues to pass clockwise among the elders in the circle. A cube like a child's block hovers in suspension above the woman seated at the desk. I realize the woman is me!

The elders pass the talking stick around for the fourth revolution. Symbols begin to appear on the block as the talking stick reaches each of the four cardinal directions. When the stick is passed to the east, an eagle in flight appears on one face of the block; the golden sun blazes in the background. To the south, a wolf manifests on another face of the block, standing by a large clear blue body of water. In the west, a black bear arises from a lush green forest with the sun setting behind the mountains. When the stick is passed to the north, a white buffalo appears on a grassy plain beneath large blue skies dotted with white puffy clouds. The block then begins to spin and becomes round like the medicine wheel. It changes into the blue-green sphere of our Mother Earth slowly rotating in space. The sphere then reforms into a block and drops into my hands, where it transforms into a book with the same sacred symbols on the cover. A man stands next to me and flips back and forth through the book. Although not Indian, I know he's here to help me in some way.

The process of understanding this vision took me completely outside of myself. While imbuing me with discipline and scientific knowledge, my entire post-doctorate training also inundated me with the message to look within. First, I became an Intern, then I went into Internal Medicine. From Internal Medicine I went into the subspecialty of Gastroenterology, which is medicine concerned with the inside of people's digestive tracts. The word "enter" means "inside". I developed a special interest in endoscopic technology, which looks inside people's bodies through long camera-mounted instruments to diagnose and treat disease. Since my senior year in medical school, I also studied Native American theology and philosophy and acknowledged the metaphysical approach along with my scientific bent.

Like my teachers before me, I integrate the ancient wisdom with modern thinking. In my case, the "modern" is Western Medicine and science. All aspects of the individual are important in treating "dis-ease" and maintaining wellness. Caring, individualized health care is as important as choosing the right drug or the correct instrument to use in surgery. I also consider the whole person when making a diagnosis or choosing a treatment. Patterned after my native elders my analysis includes the eastern or mental plane, the southern or emotional plane, the western or physical plane and the northern or spiritual plane. I don't just talk about it: I walk it, talk it, live it, breathe it, and teach it. That's what this book is about—integrating ancient wisdom with modern medicine to create medicine for the future generations of this planet and a way to heal ourselves.

The Sundance vision guided me to teach people to honor spirit, signified by the smoke in the center of the circle, and about the importance of integrating ancient knowledge such as the Medicine Wheel into modern health care. These are concepts I use in my daily practice. These notions are such an integral part of me that I could not see them clearly at first. The image of the earth in the vision depicted the global change in consciousness needed at this time on our planet. If you shift the consciousness of even one individual, it creates the potential for many to change. The image of the woman writing the book arose from spirit. The elders in the vision were telling me, "Go forth my grand-daughter. Integrate and teach what you have learned to your people. It is time for uniting ancient wisdom with modern knowledge. Tell about the sacred hoop as it applies to your modern medicine. Communicate from your heart and mind. Honor the Good Red

Read. Speak about the value of honoring spirit in treating the body and restoring wholeness. Do this my grand-daughter for all the planet!”

In my evolution as a physician, I've had the great fortune to witness the burgeoning power of technological science at the prestigious University of California at Los Angeles Medical Center. I've also experienced the magic of “mind-body” medicine through many studies outside the University. My colleagues have frequently asked me, “Why did you leave the UCLA faculty?” “Why holistic medicine?” and “What is Integrative Medicine?”

The urgent desire to help relieve people’s suffering inspired me to enter medical school. Unlike many of my colleagues I did not lose my fresh idealistic outlook. Eight arduous years of premedical and medical school basic sciences had separated many of my colleagues from their once humanitarian reasons for joining the medical profession. The lack of sleep, overwork and poor food wore away their once smiling compassionate expressions. I watched them become focused upon the diseases their patients suffered, as though disease were independent from the patient’s actual distress. Disease became the patient and science the altar from which we invoked our therapeutic actions.

In the last few years of medical school, we began to see patients under the tutelage of our supervising (attending) physicians and the residents on the hospital wards. We were assigned to patients at the University hospital. I was elated at the prospect of learning to work with people after all these years of test tubes and laboratory experiments. This is what I had been waiting for! I remember one of my first attending physicians. Medical research and NIH funding was in its heyday and many of the attending physicians were physician-researchers who had been assigned to the hospital wards for a month or two. These attending physicians often preferred to stay in their labs rather than wasting time doing clinical medicine from which they felt distanced. The resident introduced me to the attending physician as the new student. He perfunctorily shook my hand and called his lab assistant to check on his experiments.

I prepared myself for rounds by reading everything I could find on each patient. I outlined each patient’s pertinent medical history carefully on note cards, as well as their lab results and my own questions about their management. I was definitely pumped up for the occasion. My presentation began with my most critical patient. This was a man in

his forties who had acute liver failure with no known cause. I didn't even get to finish my presentation before the attending began to speak. He went to the board and made notes as he delivered a two-hour lecture on the multiple functions of glutathione in the cellular detoxification of liver cells. He then excused himself and hurried to his lab to finish his experiments. My mouth was agape as I watched him duck out the door.

After this first session in patient rounds, I felt totally deflated. That was interesting but... What about my patient with liver failure? Is glutathione going to help him? I had so many questions, and there was no time to learn what I needed to know in order to help this patient. That night, my comatose patient died from liver failure, alone, in the Intensive Care Unit. An autopsy showed he unknowingly ingested some toxin from a tea made for him by a "helpful" neighbor when he was ill with the flu. He had a fatal reaction to Jamaican "Bush Tea" which causes rapidly progressive occlusive disease of small hepatic venules due to endothelial-cell injury. Clinically this reaction is manifested by a very large painful liver, jaundice and ascites. When I told my supervising resident about him, he said, "He was a great case!" and asked me to present the case at the noon conference so everyone in the medical chain could benefit from discussing this rare case. I recoiled at the paradox of calling someone a "great case" when that person was dead. I held too much respect for the human condition to condone the human indifference and narrowness of this type of thinking.

From that moment, I vowed to always remember that it is the patients and their suffering that needs our closest attention and not the pathology of their suffering to the exclusion of the person.

My training featured many excellent learning experiences. However, this early episode was the harbinger of what I perceived as a general lack of concern for the patient as a whole. I felt very alone at times, but gratified by the appreciation my patients showed me when I helped them with their personal needs, such as allowing food from home or a visit to the garden. I witnessed many miracles of modern medicine and what a wonderful tool it can be for diagnosis and treatment of disease. Yet, something was lacking.

Things began to change in 1982, when I was given a highly sought-after position in the Internal Medicine residency program at UCLA. It was here, with the focus on the patient, that I mastered the art of medicine and became an accomplished physician. I

took full advantage of all of the medical technology available, and at the same time began a journey of my own. As I became more involved with holistic medicine, I visualized patients as a whole people, body, mind, spirit and community even planet. I saw how time and well-spent attention meant all the difference in the outcome. Something so simple as listening and caring, when added to our conventional medicine, so often made the difference between a lasting cure and a band-aid. Many times, I sat by patients' bedsides, comforting them through long, painful nights and encouraging them to take a fresh look at their lives.

One of my first patients at UCLA was a Hispanic gentleman in his mid-seventies named Carlos Martin. He had sideroblastic anemia, a severe blood disease in which the bone marrow does not make enough white or red cells to fight infections or deliver oxygen to the body. Carlos had been admitted to the hospital several times for life-threatening pneumonia. On his second admission in two months, he became my patient. I treated him with antibiotics and respiratory therapy. I also gave him intravenous infusions of folic acid since some cases of sideroblastic anemia are responsive to this vitamin, although this response was usually seen in children. Still, I felt there was more to explain Mr. Martin's condition.

After rounds, I would often visit a patient's room and learn more about their lives. This night I went to see Carlos. I found out that Carlos drank beer and smoked cigarettes every day. He had been a devout Catholic and attended church every week with his wife Rosa but had not been to worship since her funeral.

"I haven't been to church for almost a year." I watched his face harden and his jaw set. "I'm mad at God. He took her away."

I reached out and gently touched his shoulder. "What happened, Carlos?"

"She was so full of love – for everybody and everything. One night she went out to cut some roses for our dinner table. I heard her sweet voice speaking to her roses. Can you imagine someone so sweet that she would talk and sing to her flowers?"

His eyes clouded over and turned pitch black. "Shot! For no reason! Why would God let that happen? She was my reason for living—I loved her so."

Welling up in his eyes, tears spilled over like tiny waterfalls releasing rushes into the deep crevasses of his weathered brown face. "Rosa loved me too. We didn't have

much but we were wealthier than most people. We had real happiness together—you can't buy that.”

The twinkle in his eyes returned and I felt his heart opening.

“If your wife loved you half as much you loved her, do you think she would want to see you suffering this way?” I asked.

A little surprised by my openness and willingness to talk about such subjects Carlos softened further. “No, Doc, I guess not. She always said that if she went first I needed to remember that God and his angels were always with me and she would be watching to make sure I took care of myself.”

I asked, “Carlos, will you pray with me?”

He nodded. Mindful of his theology we gave thanks to Jesus and Mary, Mother of God, and asked that Carlos be healed in his body but also his heart. He cried, “No doctor has ever treated me like you do. You are not a doctor; you are a good witch the angels sent to help me.”

“No I just work here. If other doctors behaved as I did then we'd all be doing our sacred work but we'd still be doctors. Or else we'd all be witches. Wouldn't that shock the hell out of the Dean!”

We cried together and then laughed until sweet tears ran down both our cheeks. It was a cleansing. We'd built a healing bridge between us.

“Carlos,” I asked, “Did anyone ever tell you that drinking alcohol and smoking can depress your bone marrow and lungs and make you more susceptible to pneumonia?”

“No, no one ever told me that.” He agreed to stop smoking and drinking his beer if I would be his clinic doctor.

It thrilled Carlos that a doctor cared enough about him to take the time to listen to what was really bothering him and explain what he could do to stay healthy. One week later, Mr. Martin's white cell count rose from a dangerously low level of 500 to a reassuring 3,500. He was discharged from the hospital and scheduled for follow-up care in my clinic.

I will always remember the joke he played on me when I was still in training at UCLA. He never got tired of playing this joke on me every time he came to clinic. He would check in with the nurses. They would put him in my examining room. We would

have our session and after seeing him, I would leave the room to check out with the supervising attending physician, as was customary. The attending physicians would often come to the room so they could view with their own eyes someone who had overcome sideroblastic anemia. The attending physician said, “Mr. Martin, you’ve made quite a remarkable recovery.”

“Yes,” he would reply with that twinkle in his eye. Meanwhile, I was thinking, No, no, Carlos don’t say it! You’ll ruin my reputation!

Standing behind the attending, I looked at him with pleading eyes. That only spurred him on. Then with a familiar lilt in his voice he said, “I am totally healthy and happy again too. You know…” he leaned close to the attending physician’s ear, “it is because…she is a witch. You need to have more witches like her around this place. You should tell the Dean of the medical school.”

Carlos never stopped getting a kick out of playing that joke on me. He even wrote a letter to the Dean once and brought it to clinic so I could read it. It explained that all doctors should take the example of Dr. Randall and really listen to their patients and pray with them too if that’s what it takes to make them better. Carlos was my teacher as well as my patient; he was trying to tell me something valuable about healing. I remained his doctor until he passed away of a heart attack in his sleep. He was 88.

My fascination for science and technology continued to grow, as did my intrigue with the mysterious nature of healing. Upon finishing my subspecialty training as a gastroenterologist, I was asked to join the department of medicine staff at the UCLA Medical Center. I conducted research, made innovations in imaging technology and endoscopic surgery, and taught medical students. However, my true passion was always patient care. I never lost my close association with my patients or my studies in the mystical sciences.

In 1988, I reconnected and delved more deeply into the healing ways of Native American medicine and found a true perspective of “wholism”. Embracing these ancient teachings, I integrated them with my western medical training. Still, I longed for a greater connection with spirit. I would take weekend and day trips into the nearby canyon-lands or the pristine forests of the Angeles Crest National Forest and ran like a wild woman. The earth and all of her creatures taught me about developing a close

relationship with the land, animals and elements. Devotion to the environment led to my involvement in keeping the wildlife corridor open in the Santa Monica Mountains. I met my friend, Judy, and found a sister willing to fight the same environmental battles and run wild in the woods with me. Judy introduced me to Richard, a Powhatan man with a passion for nature and the sacred nature of hunting. My first experience with “hunting” came when Richard showed me to a vast remote area of Red Box Canyon where humans do not tread. We went to hunt deer but not to kill them. We almost canceled the trip that day because of the possibility of rain. However, when we spoke on the telephone at 4 a.m., we decided it wasn’t going to rain.

The sun was just beginning to scatter its first rays of light over the crest of the eastern ridge as we parked our truck near the top of the mountain. Richard pointed toward a nearly overgrown path, invisible to most passers-by. In our camouflaged clothes, we ambled down the side of the mountain, making little crunching noises as we walked. It was a clear, crisp fall morning and I was watching for the wooden cross made of sticks that Richard had left to mark the steep descent into the canyon.

After some time of walking and enjoying the sweetness of the early morning air, Richard spoke in a low voice. “The deer are the king of the animals in these parts. When the deer go, the people will go, too.” A deep sadness dropped like a veil over his face. “When we come upon a group of deer, watch them. The oldest, most feeble doe that will not make it through the winter will stay behind as the rest of the herd scatters. She gives herself away so the others may escape and live. Most gun hunters shoot the biggest, most virile buck. Taking him out hurts the survival of the deer tribe. It doesn’t make sense in the natural order of things. Watch carefully for the old doe. She will only give you a moment. She has a bit of gray just under her belly where the front legs meet her body, and she won’t be as sleek and fast as the others. There is no more compassionate or noble creature than the deer.” A deeper understanding penetrated my heart. I recalled the stories of my Lakota teachers who told me about the agreement that the four-leggeds had made with man to lay down their lives so that we could have life.

Even though I never took a deer, Richard taught me how to shoot a longbow, track deer and embrace the ceremonial aspects of hunting. With talks like this, I came to see the sacred agreement between animal and man as the ancients must have experienced

it. Richard affirmed my observations and said, “It is an agreement between man and the animals that was made a long time ago. In return, the humans are to be guardians of the earth and keep order and balance for all species.”

We came to the crossed sticks and left the path to make our steep descent into the canyon. A snort and the rustle of brush came from the tree line.

“They know we’re here,” Richard said. “That sounded like the territorial snort of a buck. When you walk into a forest like this it creates a wave of reaction in the wildlife for miles. They sense your presence and communicate to each other.”

This led me to reflect on how everything we do to the planet creates waves in existence and affects the balance of the earth.

When we got to the base of the canyon, we found a California Bay Laurel tree. We took its sweet pungent leaves and rubbed them all over us to cover our scent. Richard showed me the deer trails and piles of scat, along with tracks and scat of bear, raccoon, bobcat, coyote and other animals. I learned to tell how many deer are in a band and to distinguish does from bucks by their prints. We saw many deer and played countless hours of “I see you before you see me.”

The deer became used to our presence and some were even playful. I felt like I had found home.

We headed downstream to explore more of this sacred place. There were clear ice-cold waterfalls; the pictures within the matrices of stones told stories of times gone by. It didn’t seem possible but these sacred giant silvery stones that populated the river had white markings within them that depicted the ancient history of the canyon. One stone had a perfectly outlined moccasined foot. I always used it for a landmark and prayer spot when I returned to Red Box alone. In another stone, a tall brave was holding a spear above his head. The stones spoke of the richness of spirit in a place still untouched by mankind since the beginning of time, and brought home the gravity and importance of preserving such places to keep our Mother Earth in balance.

Mid-day passed; we realized it was time to trek back. On our return upstream, we saw something that wasn’t there before. There were a few coyotes nibbling on the remains of one of the old does. The internal organs had been removed, carefully wrapped inside the tissue sac of the deer’s gut and placed in the stream. All that was left of her was

a right front leg, chest, neck and the head. There was a long tooth mark in the flesh above her right eye. You could still feel warmth in the parts remaining. I was astounded that this dramatic act of nature could occur so quickly and there was no blood anywhere!

“Those coyotes didn’t do this,” Richard whispered as his eyes widened.

I saw the flash of two amber gleams from the nearby brush at the same time he did. A low growling sound came from the same area. We looked down and saw the tracks of a large cat and two sets of small ones. “Don’t run, just walk and keep looking behind you.” Richard spoke in a calm but urgent tone.

After we were well away from the scene, he added, “It’s a good thing that mountain lion and her cubs had just eaten, but don’t ever feel or act like prey or you will be.” The natural laws of survival and respect were never more apparent to me.

It turned cloudy as we made our way back up the stream in silence. Little pieces of round ice began to fall, making pinging noises as they hit the trees and bounced off our camo-outfits and faces. “I told you it wouldn’t rain,” Richard joked.

We both laughed. We were so happy to be alive, really alive! When we reached the branch point to make our ascent up the mountain, the ice turned to snow. As we walked higher and higher, more and more snow dropped covering everything with a blissful quiet blanket of white. A crack of lightning shattered the silence and was followed by a glorious roll of thunder roaring up through the canyon below us. Behind me, I could hear Richard making happy hooting noises muffled by the snow. I thanked the canyon for sharing her magic and respecting me as I so deeply respected her. It was a good day to be alive and nature was sharing with us all of her glory!

“That is your place now,” Richard said when we arrived at the top. “It knows you now. We were shown that it is time for you to be the guardian of that place. Always maintain the balance and never leave a trace of you – not even a foot print.”

I revisited Red Box Canyon many times and always with the deepest sense of responsibility, awe and respect. It was my responsibility to watch over that place and it was where I took my spiritual communion. One day, I was happily rock-hopping my way downstream as I had done many times before. Unexpectedly, my right foot landed on a loose rock and I slipped. I crashed down hard on my right knee. There was an audible ripping sound inside. Although I'd taken my share of dramatic falls, I had never felt

anything like this. My heart sank when I was awakened at 3 a.m. by excruciating pain and a knee that looked like an over-ripe cantaloupe. I knew that my years of running wild with the mountain lions, coyotes and bears in the forest had come to a close. The angst I felt over losing “my church” was even worse than the physical pain. I needed to figure out how to bring the mountain to me but I had no idea how to do that.

I prayed for a teacher to help me learn a new way of accessing spirit. In September 1990, I felt guided to go to Joshua Tree National Forest on the second full moon of the month (blue moon) and do a vision quest ceremony. I took my medicine bags, some ceremonial items, and a sleeping bag. I arrived at Joshua Tree after dark. The moon was just starting to peek over the horizon. A cluster of large rounded stones attracted my attention because they looked like ancient giants with expressions of timeless wisdom on their faces. I said, “OK here,” and pulled my car over to park. As I collected my things from the car, I heard two owls hooting back and forth in the distance as if to say, “Whoooo is this one?”

“Whoooo?”

I walked up to the giant stones and found a flat place that formed a perfect altar. As the moon rose over the Joshua trees, I prayed and cleansed myself with sage, gave thanks and asked to be shown the way to my teacher.

After my prayers, I collected my stuff and began walking into the desert. I walked and walked until I arrived on a mound in the middle of a desert expanse that was surrounded by red rocky peaks. I worried about finding my way back to the car, but I let it go because I was committed to completing my ceremony. So I settled in for the night by making a circle of tobacco in the sand large enough to contain myself and the few things I brought. In the moonlight, the craggy mountainous peaks appeared full of ancient images with symbol-filled walls and ancestors from other times and places. Bright silvery shafts of light illuminated grains of desert sand; it looked like a shimmering dream. Cactus, Joshua trees and sagebrush inhaled the moonlight and became alive with energy all their own. As I sat in my circle for hours and watched this waking nighttime dream, I realized the desert was vibrant and full of life.

When the moon reached its apex in the starry sky, I was still wide awake and began to wonder if the night would ever end. Occasionally, the song of a desert wren or owl could be heard in the distance. Time seemed to stop. I became more and more agitated. Why couldn't I just relax and enjoy the beauty that was surrounding me? Even the Joshua trees seemed to be playing tricks on me by shifting a few feet to the right or left, or closer whenever I looked away.

The soft padding sound of moccasined footsteps approached me. I looked up and saw a thin, dark Native American man with kind, deep brown-black eyes that seemed to hold the depths of the cosmos within them. He gently extended his hand to me. I stood. He led me out of my circle through the desert to a place where the people were dancing. We danced effortlessly all night long.

When dawn came, he led me to a spring-fed pool on the other side of the desert valley. He took red mud from the side of the pool and patted it all over me. I saw that I was a small skinny little Indian girl with nappy hair. He told me telepathically, "Now, you are initiated into the people of this tribe. You will be a dancer for all the people."

Without warning, a piercing howl came from about ten feet away. Lurching up from a lying to sitting position, I was astounded to find myself still inside my circle on the mound as coyote after coyote began to run circles around my spot in the desert. When I awakened the next morning, hundreds of coyote tracks around my circle blurred my perception of reality. So I had received my vision and I was grateful. But what did it mean? Was that guy my teacher? If so, who was he and how could I find him?

I wondered how I would ever meet such a teacher. Over a year later, a friend of a friend called and said there would be a special meeting at Connie Kaplan's (later to be my dreaming teacher); Joseph Rael was coming to speak. So the saying is true, I thought. When the student is ready, the teacher will come.

Our first meeting was magical. I began to work with Joseph as soon as I could, and became one of his apprentices. Joseph asked me to become a Sundancer; since then, I have been in four Sun-Moon Dance Ceremonies. I assisted Joseph in taking the first Sundance Ceremony to Germany in 1995. My work with Joseph gave me the impetus for creating an integrative model that combined western medicine with the spiritual perspective of the ancients.

Shortly after my work began with Joseph, I met Heather Valencia, a Medicine Woman and author of *Queen of Dreams, Story of a Yaqui Dreaming Woman*. She took me under her wing and taught me many of the mysteries of a Medicine Woman. Both Heather and Connie Kaplan indoctrinated me into the realm of sacred dreaming. Through my connection with these profoundly evolved women, I learned the true “art of dreaming.” I continue to make dreaming an integral part of my life and healing work.

The Native American healing arts seemed to open my eyes to the world's other great ancient healing traditions. These include Chinese Medicine, Indian Ayurveda, and ancient European traditions. I learned eastern meditation from my karate teacher, Grand Master Takayuki Kubota, founder of International Karate Association. He taught me how to quiet the mind (“mind like water”) and to enter the silence that opens the path to healing energy.

When I incorporated many tools from these traditions into my own practice at the UCLA Digestive Diseases Center, a long line of patients sought alternative care. Many came for problems that were not related to the digestive system, but because standard medicine had failed them. In 1993, I publicly came “out of the closet” when I organized a program at UCLA to study a combination of Western Medicine with Native American, Ayurvedic and Oriental Medicine called *The Healing Connection*. Through this work, I met Dr. Purnanand Awasthi, an Ayurvedic healer and medical surgeon from India. I also developed close working relationships with George Amiotte, a Lakota Sundance Chief who studied under Frank Fool’s Crow (a widely loved and respected Sioux Medicine Man), and Tatsuo Hirano, an exceptional healer and Doctor of Oriental Medicine. All of these extraordinary people came into my life at the most appropriate time.

The design for *The Healing Connection* called for a healer from the Ayurvedic tradition, preferably also a medical doctor. I had trouble coming up with anybody. So I placed my intent in prayer and asked for help. About two weeks later, I was attending my patients in clinic at the UCLA Digestive Diseases Center when a secretary called me out of the exam room. “Dr. Randall, there is someone here to see you.”

I looked into the waiting room and saw a dark man in a white tunic top, pants and sandals. The contrast between his clothes and his skin, and the whiteness of his hair, was striking. He was accompanied by a younger man. “I am Vivek Dixet. This is my father-

in-law, Dr. Purnanand Awasthi from India. He is an accomplished surgeon and the founder of the Integrative Medical Association for India and would like to know if he can be of service while he is here.”

I pinched myself to see if I was awake. “I am so pleased to meet you both. I have been praying for you to come.”

Dr. Awasthi put his hands together and bowed. “Prayer is the time when we consciously reach The Universal Mind and there is a connection. We pray nothing separate or different since we are not separate or different. That is why I am here.”

I was greatly influenced by the teachings of this incredible man. We continue our relationship long-distance.

Since that time, I have moved into practice and teaching outside of the University so I can clearly focus my energies on the cutting edge of integrative holistic healing. In accordance with the teachings of Joseph Rael, my work has truly become my worship. The resounding success of my patients is what has brought me into the public eye. It is time to share with many what I have learned in the evolution of a new collaborative vision for health and wholism.

The basis for Soul Doctoring was written in a lightning-like flash of inspiration. Even though I had received the vision for the book in the New Mexico Sundance Ceremony in 1997, it took me years to fully understand that vision. There is still more to unfold from that vision, and the writing of this book bears it out; I’ve made several passes through these pages, inserting new information every time as it comes into being and integrates into my life and my practice. Consequently, I have released any preconceived notions of what I thought the book might be. Though satisfied with my work as a physician-healer, I had to completely step outside of myself to look at where I’d been, where I was and what made me so different from other practitioners. I had to see what the vision was telling me, and how to communicate those findings on a larger scale.

This is the result of that process, part of my never-ending journey and quest for truth in healing.

—Dr. Gayle Madeleine Randall, March 2004