

**The McKay Method  
School of Energy Healing**

**Energy Work and Hospice Care  
Graduate Thesis**

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## Introduction

I can't believe how many lifetimes I've passed through in the last five years. There seems to be a repeating pattern of Death and Rebirth again and again. It's all around me and it's everywhere in Nature. Repeating over and over the cycles of the Seasons. That, my friend, is the *Miracle of Life*.

I had been working for a national non-profit organization, booking concerts for professional classical musicians, making really good money, meeting very interesting people, working to support young musicians; I was passionate about my job and defined myself through my work. My husband Cody had his own successful construction business. We bought our first house (together) in 2005. We finally felt like we had some roots.

I started my training in The McKay Method School of Energy Healing in 2007. Little did I realize what I was in for! Nothing is the same! I would **NEVER** have gotten into Hospice work if I hadn't been at a lecture of Bear's where she said to a large group, "I hope that somebody hears their calling to go into Hospice work."

In 2008, my Mom was dying. I believe that this was the driving factor which ultimately made me quit my job and start doing Hospice/Home Health. If I couldn't be there for my Mom, I could be there for someone else's Loved One.

Also, being 'Empty Nesters' was very challenging at the time. I still had SO MUCH Love – and Food to share! I had to find people to share it with, people who *wanted* what I have to share, or my heart was going to burst. Then Spirit told me that "someone needed me for the holidays". *I heard my calling*.

These are the stories of the lives that I had the honor to get to know and the privilege to be with during their time of transition back to the Absolute.

\* Note: Names have been changed to protect my clients' privacy.

**.A.K.**

One of the first clients that the agency placed me with was A.K. She and her husband grew up 30 miles from where I grew up in Ohio. Funny that we have so much in common but would never meet until I began working with her. She was just a couple of years older than I. Their two boys were the same age as our two boys. A.K. was diagnosed with MS at the age of 40 years old. She lived with the disease for 12 years; the last 3 ½ years as a Quadriplegic; completely bed-bound before she passed on May 16, 2009.

The first day that I worked with A.K., I realized that I did not have adequate training. i.e. A.K. had a feeding tube and a super-pubic catheter. I had never even seen one of these in my entire life, let alone know what to do with them! How unfair to put me in a position that I CLEARLY was under-trained for! But the thing that qualified me was that “*I WAS WILLING*”. I told her, “If you just tell me exactly what to do, I will do it but I’m not going to lie to you, I’ve never even seen one of these before.” She told me that she appreciated my honesty.

One morning when I arrived, A.K. was sobbing. She was embarrassed and felt sorry for me that I had to clean her up from a messy bowel movement. I explained to her that I CHOOSE TO BE HERE. A.K. never, ever, ever complained about anything! (She was very Gardner.) But I knew that there were things that bothered her and I was available to talk. I lit some candles, put on Joni Mitchell and we had “*Spa Day*” which became our ritual on the days that I worked with her. I would give her a sponge bath, wash and blow dry her hair, shave her underarms and legs, manicures/pedicures, of course!, *massages/physical therapy/range of motion*, a little makeup, a little perfume, and she would, almost, feel good.

I gained A.K.’s trust and over time, incorporated my energy work into my regular duties.

Full **Chelations** also became part of our “*Spa Day*”. I worked on her Nervous System; running **Myelin Sheath** down from the crown of her head to her hands, to her feet. (This felt like she was thirsty and kept ‘drinking it in’.) I also worked with the **Coherent Energy Field** *bringing her relief from her acute muscle spasms*. After doing this **Chelation** and energy work, I found that I could *actually get her arms to loosen up and move and her legs to bend*. (She lost all mobility while in the hospital the last time as they did not do any physical therapy with her).

One time A.K. was constipated and had not had a bowel movement for 5, going on 6 days. The Hospice nurse said that if she didn’t have a bowel movement that day, she would have to have a suppository and enemas (which are very difficult/uncomfortable for her as she cannot get up to go to the bathroom) and she was distressed and beginning to panic. In our classes, we learned that *movement is essential*, literally! I started under the diaphragm, working in clockwise rotation in small circles, out and around, moving energy in a spiraling motion in towards her core/belly button, little by little. When I was done, I would start again. I did this for about 15-20 minutes and in 30 minutes *she had a bowel movement that was the size of a stillborn baby!* Wow...I’ve never seen anything like it. She was crying she was so happy. \* The hospice nurses were in disbelief! They actually called me a few days later and asked if they could come and train with me. Both of them had been nurses for 35-37 years each and had never seen anything like that! ☺

About the last 6 months that she was alive, A.K. had a very deep bedsore on her backside. She was literally splitting down her buttocks all the way to the bone. I could see her tailbone when I helped the Wound Nurse change her dressings each day. We had to rotate her every 30 minutes during the day. I’ve never seen a wound so deep. I would pack her wound with **Blue Goo**. I worked on the levels of **Structure**, bringing down the different templates as I could feel there were “holes” or “inconsistencies” in her field and she needed to be filled. Again, *her spirit felt thirsty and she soaked it up*. *There appeared to be a “separating out” from her body, and certain energetic structures were falling away..* She was not afraid of dying but she was *really* going to miss her husband, kids and family. We talked about this often.

One cold and snowy day I asked her, “What do you miss the most?” and she replied, “Taste”. Since she had been on a feeding tube for the last few years, she had quit eating because she was “too embarrassed to ask anyone to feed me”. But she COULD eat, just very small portions as her stomach had shrunk. I went to the kitchen and made some homemade mash potatoes and gravy and fed her about ¼ cup with a baby spoon. She thought she was in heaven. ☺ Another time, a strawberry cut into 8 small pieces was, “The best strawberry I ever tasted.” Her favorite was one cup of good strong coffee (she drank thru a straw) and Snickerdoodle cookies which I fed to her in little bites while I read the morning newspaper to her and we discussed current events. The lesson that I learned from A.K. was *Gratitude*. I have never seen anyone so grateful for so little. *Truly, truly grateful...despite her circumstances*. She was, and continues to be, my Inspiration; my Hero.

One of the things from class that I introduced A.K. to was **Continuum**. Because she couldn't move on the outside didn't mean that she couldn't move on the inside. I explained the exercise to her and she loved it! She told me that whenever she would practice **Continuum** she would think of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's song 'Ripplin' Waters'. We listened to a lot of *Music*. Her favorite was the Grateful Dead.

A.K. really wanted to see her son graduate from MSU Billings in May so we decided that we would need to practice getting her out of bed. There was a Hoyer lift in her room (that nobody used). I've never used a Hoyer lift before but my second husband was a mechanic and I understood how an engine hoist works so I put her in a sling and hoisted her up and into her wheelchair! I wrapped her in a blanket to stay warm and we took a tour of her house. She had told me that before she dies, she would like to see the inside of her beautiful house again. We spent most of the time just looking around and talking in the kitchen. About the time that her husband came home, we “hid” in the living room. It kind of freaked her husband out when he walked in and we weren't in the bedroom! We all got a good giggle out of this. *It is possible to laugh despite your circumstances*.

A.K. kept telling me that we would take a walk and go down the end of their road (Happy Acres) before the end of May. But the hospice nurse denied her request to go to Billings as she was much too fragile and the trip might kill her. All of their family was here from out of state. She was incredibly disappointed and heartbroken. I stayed with her that day and night while everyone attended the Graduation in Billings. After that, she seemed to “let go of the rope” and within a week, she had deteriorated significantly. *We never did make it to the end of the road.*

The night before A.K. passed, I was doing **Soul Dialogue** with her and saw her Spirit leave this Earth as a shooting star. I was so incredibly moved, I felt obsessed to paint a picture of it as quickly as I could to capture it on canvas.

A.K. died on a beautiful spring morning, Saturday, May 16, 2009.

*I remember because the lilacs were in bloom.*

Oh, by the way...I did make it down to the end of the road by the end of May. The next clients that the agency placed me with live at the end of Happy Acres.

*You can't make this stuff up.*

## **M.K.**

I came to work with M.K. in May of 2010. M.K. was diagnosed with Creutzfeldt Jakob (Mad Cow) disease for approximately one and a half years. She contracted this disease by eating some contaminated dried goat meat while on a trip with her husband and son to Nepal/Tibet. This three month trip was a celebratory graduation gift for their son upon his high school graduation.

When I first arrived at their home and I met M.K., she appeared emaciated, disheveled, agitated, restless and pacing. She couldn't hold still and was in an apparent state of hyperactivity; her nervous system was fried! She was very angry and silent, looking at me out of the corner of her eyes. She appeared volatile. So I dropped into **The State of Being**. I sat on the inside of her bedroom door, in Meditation, Prayer and **Soul Dialogue**. She recognized my energy and slowly but surely settled down and became less guarded.

She was packing her bags, literally. She could feel something happening and she was trying to prepare by packing her suitcase with her favorite things. Her thinking was fragmented and she bounced around continuously, frantically pacing. She kept moving things from one drawer to another, putting things into her suitcase and taking them out. Then putting them back in again. I told her, "That's a good idea M.K.. *Remember, pack light. Only take your most favorite things. You will have everything you need when you get there.*"

Her husband was concerned because her condition had deteriorated so rapidly in the previous 2 weeks and they had finally come to the point where they were totally exhausted and that's when they called our agency in to assist. He told me that she had not slept in 3 days and was no longer changing clothes or taking care of personal hygiene. She had become obsessive compulsive, moving things around in the house so that they were unable to find anything.

M.K.'s husband and son left to go get a bite of dinner and left me alone with M.K. for awhile. I put on her favorite Tibetan chants cd which lured her out to the living room. I sat on the couch and practiced *The Art of Being*. After about an hour and a half, she came over and sat down next to me, *laid her head down on my lap and promptly fell asleep for 2 ½ hours*. This was how they found us when they returned from dinner. They were shocked and asked me what was wrong. I said, "Nothing, she's just sleeping." They couldn't believe their eyes.

I overheard her husband tell his son one night, "Watch Nyda. She works different from the other aides. The other ladies are professional but would rather talk to us (than M.K.). Nyda is right there with your Mom." That's when I turned around and talked to them about my energy work. They were very open to this and encouraged me to work in this capacity.

After that, they requested me for the evening shifts because I could get her to rest/sleep *without* Morphine or Adivan. I would run **Myelin Sheath** down and thru her entire nervous system, soothing her, calming her. *Much like a Spirit I.V.* Then I would just sit with her, sometimes touching her arm or leg, sometimes not. I tuned in to **The Coherent Energy Field** and held that as long as Spirit told me to. I did **Soul Expansion** to include her in my field. And I just "*held that Space for her*". And I did this for five hours every night for the entire time that I was with her.

For the first few days I was working, M.K. could speak and respond to questions (if she wanted to) but in less than one week of working with her, she could no longer speak as the disease attacked her Mind, Body and Soul. Dementia was quickly setting in. Pacing, pacing, pacing; always pacing. At this point, M.K. no longer had control over her body functions. She was breaking down very quickly.



One stormy night, there was a knock at the door. Her husband had invited their Buddhist monk, Konchog, over. I asked if they would like for me to move and Konchog said, “You just keep right on doing what you’re doing and I’m going to be right behind you.” He did the entire reading/ceremony ‘*Showers of Blessings*’ while lightening, thunder and rain pounded the house outside. Another day, a group of us took turns reading the Tibetan Buddhist book ‘The Precious Treasury of the Basic Space of Phenomena’ in an entire setting. *These were very profound experiences.*

We lit altar candles and set them in the window to burn for her last week with us. It was so sweet, her husband and son would bring in these giant floral arrangements of beautiful lavender and white lilacs which would fill the house with their intoxicating scent. I have never seen nor experienced such love and devotion before. It was amazing to watch them interact with each other in such love.

Three nights before she passed, I was sitting at her bedside, doing energy work on her **Nervous System** and **Soul Dialogue**. I saw that she was in deep conversation with her Father, but I could not hear their words. When I mentioned this to her husband, he said, “M.K. had been sexually abused by her father starting at 5 years of age.” Apparently he had done some jail time out of it and had been estranged until he died. It is so amazing to be able to access and communicate at the **Soul Level** with a client and get information about what is happening for them in the deepest sense.

One night, about midnight, M.K. was in so much pain; the hospice nurse was not available, and M.K.’s best friend S. called and wanted to know if I could give M.K. a morphine suppository to help ease her pain. She was moaning and very uncomfortable, writhing in excruciating pain.

As I was driving over to her house I prayed, “Dear God, I have never done this to another person before but PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE help us!” *I was willing.* We were able to ease her suffering so that she could get some much needed rest. On M.K.’s last night, I lit the last altar candle, which was the Virgin Mary.

M.K. passed on Friday, June 11, 2010 at 11 a.m. in the morning. I went over as soon as I heard the news. I asked her husband if there was anything that I could do to help and he replied, “Yes, will you help us wash her body?” Gulp! (I kind of meant clean the house, make a casserole, etc.) I replied, “Sure.” *I was willing.* When we entered the room, her best friend S. was already in there, along with a woman from their church. They had prepared a tea to wash the body with. There were pieces of paper medical tape over her eyelids and her mouth. They were brushing her hair. The woman from the church said, “Look at the top of her head. Buddhists believe that when the Spirit leaves the body, there is a small round indentation at the Crown Chakra. It’s a good sign.” *And indeed, there it was.*

## S.M.

I only worked with S.M. for about a week. The first day that I arrived, the caregiver that I was relieving did not feel well and as soon as I got to the door, she went running out saying, "Gotta go! You know about the breathing machine and morphine, right?" NO, I didn't! She was supposed to train me but she had the stomach flu and had to leave immediately. Again, one of those situations where I was flying by the seat of my pants.

S.M. was a delightful 92 year old woman whose heart, well, it was just plumb wore out and operating at about 10-20% capacity. I read through the notes in the book to bring myself up to speed about her needs and my duties. The rest of the information I was able to gather from the hospice aide who came in to give S.M. her bath.

S.M.'s breathing was distressed and when she got to where she couldn't breath anymore, we were to give her morphine (in a syringe but no needle) under her tongue. Thank Goodness I didn't have to give her any shots! Out of my comfort zone! We had to do nebulizer treatments every few hours. Luckily, because of my own respiratory issues, I was familiar with how to operate the machine.

In talking with S.M., she told me that she used to be a Girl Scout Leader and told me of fond memories up at Hyalite with the girls hiking, backpacking, and camping. She told me that they had actually helped build the trails up there too. She said that they used to listen to Native American flute music when they were sitting around the campfires at night. I told her that I had some cds that she might enjoy.

During the afternoons, I would open her bedroom window to let in a cool breeze and put on some beautiful flute music to help her relax. Ah...the *Power of Music/Sound!*

I would also sit at her bed and do **Chelations** on her. After learning about the **Respiratory** System in class, **I made oxygen for her lungs** and it seemed like *she didn't have to have the morphine quite as often and was more relaxed.*

I asked her what was on her Bucket List and she told me that her most favorite thing that she loved to do was watch a good baseball game and eat a hot dog.

I did a lot of **Soul Dialogue** with S.M. as she mostly slept during my shifts. She was content, had lived a good life and seemed “ready” for her transition.

The last day that I worked with S.M., I gave her a manicure and she thanked me for helping her to “get ready to go”. I never saw her again as she passed in her sleep the next day.

Funny how some people struggle with passing (a lot of Blood, Sweat and Tears) and for the few lucky ones, like S.M., you just go to sleep and transition quietly/peacefully.

Every time I go hiking up at Hyalite (or painting) I think of her and her Girl Scouts out hiking on the trails and *I can hear the sound of Native American flute music drifting on the Wind.*

## **R.W.**

It was 2 days before Christmas, 2009. The agency told me that we had a 84 year old Parkinson client coming home for Christmas from Evergreen Nursing Home. R.W. was only expected to live for about 2 weeks and wanted to be in his home for the holidays with his 89 year old wife, M. They had no children.

It was freezing cold when they arrived in the van. It took five of us to pick him up in his wheelchair and bring him into the house. (There were steep steps going into the house.) It was snowing and blowing sideways.

When we got him in the house, I was concerned because he seemed so incredibly frail. And he couldn't speak to tell us his needs. We had a team meeting to discuss objectives.

As I worked with him those two weeks, and did energy work, he rapidly improved! Physically, emotionally and spiritually. I was able to get him up in his wheelchair and into the kitchen table for breakfast. (M. was REALLY surprised because they had been feeding him in his chair in the living room. They didn't even realize that the chair would fit at the table; that he might WANT to sit at his kitchen table and have his meals, looking out at his yard and birdfeeder, enjoying the beautiful sunshine coming in the kitchen windows.) He loved it! He smiled alot now. He had more of an appetite. And...within one week I had him up walking from the kitchen into the living room with his walker. The family and my co-workers were amazed. He even started talking again!

As a matter of fact, he was doing SO WELL that we decided not to return him to the Nursing Home. He had graduated from Hospice! And he lived at home for another year and a half.

I really worked on R.W.'s **Circulatory** System, using healing techniques and incorporating massage and physical therapy into our work daily. Every day he would walk for me with the assistance of his walker.

I was also able to get him (with the assistance of his walker) into their small bathroom to shower him and wash his hair. I also was the one who would shave him and give him haircuts. *One always feels better after a shower, washing the hair, and wearing clean clothes.*

One beautiful, Sunday Autumn evening in September, after dinner, M., R.W. and I went out for a nice long walk around Cooper Park to see the incredible color of the leaves changing, leisurely *walking, talking, laughing*. Just enjoying the evening, the flowers, the people. *For one brief moment, all was well in the World. Soak it in...Time is short.*

Sometimes, when I arrived for my evening shift with R.W., his feet would be freezing cold so I would run a little wash tub with warm water and Epsom salts and soak his feet before putting on his nightclothes and clean socks. He exhibited **Priest characterology**, I worked worked and worked using **The Wrap** and **Structure** to bring him back into his body. In class we had learned about the **Circulatory** System so I put that to good use. *No one likes cold feet!*

R.W. seemed to have a series of mini-strokes that affected him. He got to where he couldn't speak anymore. It also required two of us to shower him as we had to literally pick him up and place him in the tub/on the shower chair.

At this point, we called Hospice in again so that the nurses could monitor him. They were really pushing to readmit him to the Nursing Home but M. was VERY insistent that he remain in the home. He wanted to die at home, surrounded by people who loved him not in a nursing home. I agreed to work extra hours to make this happen because at this point I was having "the Grandfather experience" and was emotionally attached to him. I had been doing some energy work on him over the last year and a half but now it was intensifying. He was having digestive issues and since we studied that in class I started working his **Digestive** System. But a weird thing kept happening: for two weeks, every day, I would start at his mouth, down the esophagus, in to the stomach but then it

ALWAYS went black. I wasn't getting any further information. So I would do it again. And again, at the bottom of the stomach, it would give me an 'Access Denied'.

I will never forget, it was a Thursday, my day off to paint. I had my car running and was just loading up the last of my painting gear when I received a panicked call from the caregivers working with R.W. that day; R.W. was throwing up "black coffee grounds" which I knew in my heart that it was blood. I ran right over.

M. and the two caregivers were freaking out, crying hysterically. I entered the room and saw R.W. in bed, I will never forget the look of terror on his face. In class we had done an exercise where we just looked into someone's eyes, not trying to fix their problem, not speaking, just staring into their eyes. This was so incredibly profound for me!!! I told the girls to get M. out of the room, go call hospice then start making whatever phone calls that needed to be done. We were nearing the end. The caregivers were begging me not to leave them there by themselves. I ordered everyone out of the room. It was just R.W. and me. He looked at me with fear in his big blue eyes as he started projectile vomiting blood (4-5 feet straight out at me!). It was like something out of a horror movie! He was REALLY freaking out. But this incredible calm took over me and I said with my eyes, "It's alright. I am right here with you. It's going to be alright." I grabbed the garbage can...and filled it up. I grabbed another bucket...and filled it up. Then I grabbed some towels...and filled them up too! It just kept coming and coming and coming. I felt 'shell-shocked', to say the least.

When the hospice nurse arrived, she examined him and said that there was a tear in his upper GI, right under the stomach. He went into a coma that day and died three days later on Sunday, February 13, 2010. *Rest in Peace, R.W.*

## **F.B.**

F.B. told me that she was diagnosed as ‘Schizophrenic’ and ‘Suicidal’. All I saw was a totally blocked Creative Genius. F.B. had the most AMAZING skills in drawing, painting, printmaking, and calligraphy. She made the most beautiful, intricate mosaic pieces/tabletops that I have ever seen in my life!

F.B. told me that she had had 4 children but one of them was deceased. (He had some kind of mental problems and had committed suicide several years ago.) The three remaining children were all estranged for different reasons.

She told me that she kept all of her art stuff in her back bedroom because she wasn’t allowed to have it in her kitchen, it was “too messy”. “Who told you that?”, I asked. She said that her kids told her that when they helped her move into her apartment. I said, “Well, your kids aren’t here now, are they? You live here, and if you want your drafting board/art supplies in the kitchen, then let’s put them there so you can work.” And we promptly moved her beloved work back into the kitchen where she had good light and could listen to her NPR station while she worked.

One day, much to my surprise, as I was vacuuming her bedroom, I noticed the book ‘Hands of Light’ on her shelf. F.B. was a nurse by trade, and told me that she had attended a 3 week retreat/workshop on Therapeutic Touch. I tried to engage her in conversation about it but she said that it was a long time ago. (Interestingly she had the book on her shelf right next to her bed.) This woman was fascinating!

She always told me, “Don’t Hover.” She was very independent and I tried to give her space, but I had to continually work with my **Gardener characterology** to practice not getting in her way. She could be incredibly vicious and cruel (verbally) but for some reason, she still wanted me there. I told her, “Then you will have to speak more respectfully to me.” We were the Odd Couple.



I asked F.B., what do you have on your Bucket List? She told me, “Nothing.” Come on, I said. There has to be something that you haven’t done yet that you would like to do before you die? She angrily pulled herself up to full height and said, “Well...I would like to see Broad Comedy, a local female comedy improve group.” So I got us a couple of tickets to the show.

The night of the performance, it was dark, cold, and blizzarding outside but I was bound and determined to make this happen! I warmed up my 4 wheel drive Explorer, put George Winston ‘December’ in the cd player and had the heater turned up. I was not going to let her back out of this!

When I picked her up she was waiting by the door; ready. Everything went without a hitch. We found easy parking. We had great seats. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed till our sides hurt. ☺ Afterwards, when I dropped her off at her house for the night, she gave me a hug and said, “Thank You.”.

F.B. ate better than anyone I ever met but *It’s not the body that keeps the Spirit alive, it’s the Spirit that keeps the body alive.* Even though the doctors could not find anything wrong with her, she was fading away fast. F.B. told me that if she “couldn’t have a relationship with her children, then life was not worth living.” She told me that she thought since she had wished herself dead for so long that it was finally happening. I think she was right.

I had to take F.B. to the hospital several times in the last month that she was alive. Sometimes ER admitted her, sometimes they would just send her home. One night in the ER at the hospital, the doctor on call was watching me as I was in her room, rubbing her legs and feet.. I believe he knew I was “doing something” and just smiled. I can do my work just sitting there quietly as in **Distance Work.**

The night before her exploratory surgery, (she died the next day) F.B. called me and asked if I was going to take care of my other clients’ horse today. (Odd, she usually

never cared.) I said, yes, I was. Then she thanked me for all of the Angels, prayers and things that I had done for her. I remember hanging up the phone, looking at my husband and say, “Weird. That is the nicest that she has ever been to me.”

F.B. had told me that she NEVER wanted me to have any contact with her children, no matter how sick she got, until the day that she died. Only then could I call to tell them that she was dead. And unfortunately, after receiving the news from the nurse that she had passed, I had to go home and write an e-mail to her children, whom I had never met that their Mother was dead. They did come immediately and made her funeral arrangements. They had not been together for a very long time. How sad they all were.

F.B.’s funeral was the day before her birthday so we turned it into a Funeral/Birthday party! The preacher at the Episcopal Church that F.B. attended officiated the funeral services and she knew about the estrangement of the family. Therefore, she had asked if anyone would like to stand up and share a story with the children about their mother. Many people stood up, including myself (I shared the Broad Comedy story with them). The kids got to see a completely different side of their Mom that day. They got to take home good memories of who their Mother was. Then they played the Beatles ‘Here Comes the Sun’ and *it WAS alright*.

Doing Hospice work has changed my life so much that I cannot imagine where I would be right now, had I not decided to listen to Spirit's calling and take that giant leap of Faith. My life is now incredibly different; exceptionally rich.

*My heart is overflowing with Gratitude for the opportunities and support that the McKay Method School of Energy Healing has provided me; for healing that has taken place in my own personal life as well as those that I have been blessed to work with.*

*Namaste.*