

The day I initiated my father into Reiki



The day I initiated my father into Reiki for the first time, was a great and grateful moment. The teacher allowing his son to teach him. It was March 1992.

For nearly 3 years I had been giving him treatments, two or three times a week. I would drive to my parent's house, and as soon as he saw me, he would go up and lay on his (and my mother's) bed, if he wasn't there already...



The very first time I treated him was very touching... It was the day after I had come back from Poona, India, where I had learned Reiki in August 1988. We both felt filled with so much light and love that we started to cry of gratitude. I had never cried together with my dad, and had rarely seen him crying. Until then.

We talked about his fear of death, and how this had dominated his whole life. During this first session, he clearly felt the connection with his upbringing in a very Christian family (zwarte kousen kerk, or black stockings church in English), where the vicar would preach

that basically anything nice could get you a one-way ticket to hell. Like biking on Sunday for example. God, who created you, and who loves you, of course doesn't want you to ride your bicycle on Sunday, while He is having his day-off... there has to be some limits... You can imagine that with an upbringing like this, people don't grow up and old the most joyous and happy.



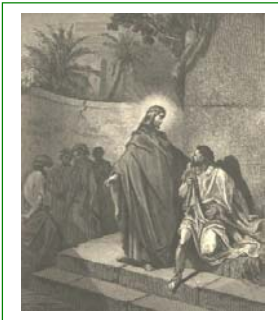
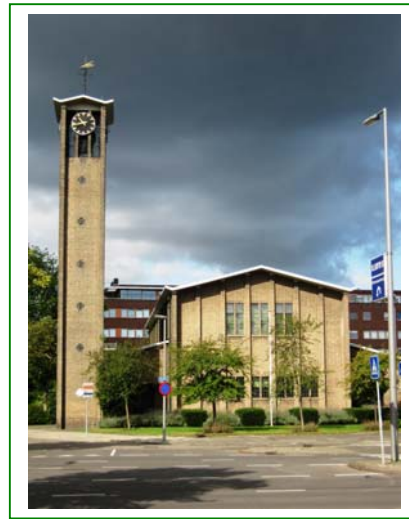
Black stockings

Most of my aunts and uncles (mainly nice people) would wear black or dark clothes on Sunday, sometimes always, because they believed it said somewhere in the Bible, that God was fond of black (hence the name black stockings). My father, the only one from his big family of 13 brothers and sisters, who had studied, was also the only one who

had slowly gotten away of the tight grip of his childhood church, and stopped wearing the black clothes or going to church twice on Sunday. From a religious point of view, he was the black sheep so to speak. Very courageous... But the impact of being a sinner remained with him, the psychological scars remained.

I remember at my parent's 25 years wedding anniversary, I was going around, taking some pictures. Some of my aunt's/uncle's would turn their head, since they believed that a camera is from the devil. So was television of course. They were quite shocked to see we had bought a television early 60's, "het Duivels kastje", the Devils cabinet.

Also, when my oldest brother was going to get married to a catholic girl, my father received a letter from one of his siblings, stating and warning that this marriage was doomed on beforehand, since the girl was catholic and you should not mix different religions, "Two faiths on one pillow, and the devil sleeps in between" ("Twee geloven op een kussen, daar slaapt de duivel tussen"). He replied with other texts from the Bible (yes, he knew his Bible, and could play quite a few Christian hymns on the organ, seminotes(!), that made people sing very slow, shouldn't sound too happy of course), where it states that God is love. My brother is still happily married.



This to picture the background, the milieu, my dad grew up in. Healing in those circles of course is the work of the Devil, although Jesus himself was quite a capable healer, and had said that after He died, others would be able to give a helping hand to those in need...

Alternative doctors

Funny enough it was my father that initiated me into the world of "alternative" treatments. He had an interest in it to find the ultimate remedy for his fear of dying or, "nerves", as he called it. Quite modern for those days. As a kid, he would regularly take me with him to visit different "doctors" that would look into his iris, prescribe him herbs, magnetize him, or wave their pendulum around his body. One of them could see I was interested, and said that maybe one day I would be "magnetizing" also.

To most of those alternative doctors, we would go on his moped (one of those heavy black suckers, I believe a Locomotief, maybe a Berini), me sitting behind his back, holding him. The funny thing was that those waiting rooms often were filled with people that had a similar cultural background as my father. Yes, this particular branch of reformed religion (thank you Calvin, Holland is for ever grateful) didn't consist of the most joyous and celebrating people.

Most of them living in constant fear.
Of making a mistake (= hell).
Of loving. Of living. Of dying.



Seeing the Light

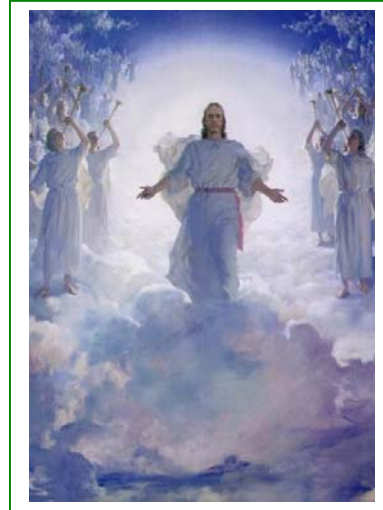
After the first few sessions, sessions during which I started talking with my father in a very personal and loving way, and where he sometimes would start talking in his childhood dialect (which he normally never did, being a teacher living in the Big City he had to speak "proper" Dutch), he told me he had had a very strong experience after the last treatment.



That night he lay in his bed, and suddenly he felt he went out of his body, straight up. He could see himself, and my mother, lying on the bed. But, most important, he felt himself to be a Being of Light. Then he looked

over his shoulder, and saw a Being with an even greater Light. He felt that that Being was Jesus. He felt so much love and acceptance from that Light, totally unlike the God he knew from his upbringing, where basically everything was wrong, and God was this revengeful Angry Old Man in the sky, keeping an eye on everyone who might be doing something "wrong". No, he was totally okay the way he was, innocent like a child. This spiritual experience really helped him a lot to start dropping his fear of death.

And death was coming closer... My father was getting more and more fragile.



Slowly deteriorating

It's not that he was really sick, he was just slowly fading away, having done what he had come for. Teaching, raising a big family (7 kids, considered a moderate number where he came from), working, always working, always providing. Even teaching in the evenings, individually, people who, for different reasons, were not so good at Dutch. He had developed his own, very successful method for that. He was just finished. In the 15 month's I was in Poona, my mother had written to me, that my father started to show sign of dementia, saying things they didn't understand, seeing things they didn't see. My experience with all the healing he received was that this definitely slowed down the deterioration. I remember sitting with him in the living room, when he asked me: "can you see those people?" pointing at the curtains. I said no, I cannot see them, but that doesn't mean they are not there. I just can't see them. He was quite happy with that answer, smiling softly. I guess he had heard too many times that he was fantasising or talking rubbish. Also during treatments he regularly pointed at beings that for me were invisible.



Another time, when he had been operated for grey stare (cataract?), I went to pick him up in the hospital. In those days he went in and out of the hospital for several reasons, sometimes for his eyes, sometimes for his nerves, sometimes for his prostate, every time another doctor, which really gave me this image of a hospital as being a factory where every "specialist" is doing his own little thing,

not having a clue what the other one's are doing. Anyways... after he had come out of narcosis he had started talking very incoherent, or just nonsense according to the nurses. When I entered the room, he was standing in the middle, having his raincoat on, looking very confused and agitated, a worried nurse beside him trying to calm him down. In a loud voice I said "pa" (dad)! He immediately turned to me

and said: "is that you Christo?" I said "yes, we're going home". In one go he had been shocked out of his confusion by hearing my familiar voice. So beautiful. Yet another time, after another operation for I don't remember what, he told me he was proud of me, because I also was a kind of a teacher, a spiritual one. He had always hoped one of his children would become a teacher like he had been for more than 40 years. I cannot deny I felt touched by this late recognition.

From a distance

When I had moved to Denmark definitively, in 1994, I continued healing him, but now from a distance. We had an agreement that I could send him healing whenever suited me best. He usually could feel when I was sending it, being the sensitive person he was, particularly after his retirement. In the course of 1995 he became weaker and weaker. My mother and my older sister started taking care of him, since he could hardly do anything anymore, other than laying down most of the time. His bed now was downstairs, next to the living room, so he didn't need to go up the stairs. One day when I was visiting from Denmark, he looked very fragile and soft. He said how grateful he was that my mother and my older sister Trudy were taking care of him now that he was almost helpless. He called them "moordvrouwen" (fantastic women)

I'm not dying yet



In the fall of that same year he could no longer be taken care of at home, his situation started needing medical attention. At a certain point I got word from my family, that the doctors had said, that he just might die soon.

I decided to drive to Holland to be with him in the hospital. For two weeks I visited him every day, giving him some healing, but basically just to be with him. He was looking very fragile, tubes in nose and arm. Sometimes he would speak, other times he couldn't.

But even then it looked like he was aware of everything that was happening around him. Like this one time where it looked like he was unconscious and people around him were talking about him dying and about practical arrangements to be made. All of a sudden, in a loud voice, he said: "I'm not dying yet" (Ik ga nog niet dood).

Saying goodbye

I asked the doctors if they had any idea how much longer he had to live in. They didn't really know. Could be days. Could be weeks, maybe even months.

I decided to go back to my new homeland, Denmark. Driving from my parent's home, I passed by the Ikazia hospital to say goodbye to him.



I knew it would be that last time. I just sat there in his room, my hand on his arm. It was one of those days where he was unable to speak.

Then I started talking to him, saying how grateful I was that he was my father and what a gentle person he was. I said: "I wanna thank you for everything you have given to me and done for me", and started mentioning a lot of small incidents I remembered.

Life disappearing

Like the one time he gave me some money when I needed it, or when he came home from work, late in the evening, and my mother told him I had a problem with writing a Dutch essay which had to be done before the next day.

He would only take a deep breath, and in no time dictate a wonderful beginning, that inspired me to finish the rest. No complaining about needing his own space. He

rarely needed his own space, always working for the family, and enjoying being around the children, and later grandchildren, who really loved him too. I also remembered a period in my life when I was 14, and suddenly had become afraid of dying, so much so, that at night, he would sit besides my bed to comfort me, until I would fall asleep. My dad started to cry. I could see he tried to say something, moving his lips like a fish in the water. I said: "I know you understand what I am saying", as tears continued slowly from his eyes, and mine.

Sad but grateful I said: "dag pa, het ga je goed" (bye dad, take care), and left. That evening, when I talked to my mother in the telephone, she said that they had just come from the hospital. The first thing my father had said when he saw my mother was: "Christo was here" (Christo is geweest). I knew he had understood what I had said.

The end



About two weeks later, something mystical happened. In the garden where I lived, a tree had broken into two. Although it was November, there had been no storm that night.

When my wife Anjee saw it, she immediately thought it could have to do with my father. Not much later I got a phone call from Holland. My father had quietly passed away that night. We drove to Holland, and passed by the place where his body was laying. There he was, in a coffin, a shadow of yesterday, but still my father, my dear father. I remember one of my uncles (older than him) saying: there's nothing left of him.

My family asked me to give a speech at the funeral, since I was used to talking in public. It was also my wish to be able to do this, so of course I said yes, that would be a beautiful last gift.

I would be the only one speaking, and maybe one of my nieces that spent a lot of her childhood with my parent's. He had decided that there shouldn't be a vicar he hardly knew, speaking something half-personal in a church. One last time he would shock the religious feelings of his surviving brothers and sisters.

To prepare for the speech, I went to my childhood room, and just lay down for a while. Then I started tuning into his soul, wherever he might be now, asking for inspiration. Within no time the words came up what to say, and I just wrote them down. Just like the time he was dictating this essay to me. The days up to the funeral, I once a day rehearsed the speech by taking a walk and remembering the words.



When the day itself came I got a bit nervous anyway: what if I forgot half, or got a black out, I felt this responsibility of being the only one speaking. This worry was totally blown away, the moment I started lifting his coffin, something we did with the family. I entered into another world, another realm. It was the world I recognized from the experience I had as a 14 year old, while playing football. Everything inside of me relaxed became quiet, silent.

My childhood home, on the left, late 50's

All nervousness was just taken away, totally gone. When I started speaking, it was as if I was directly speaking to him, as if he was just there.

I remember starting with: "if you, there where you are now, are being taken care of just as well as you were here in the last part of your life, I know you are doing just fine." I saw my mother standing opposite me, quite collected, wanting to be strong, and one of my brothers crying deeply.



Entrance cemetery

And the words just kept on coming, no effort at all. I felt ridiculously relaxed.



Walking back to the chapel, my friend Jaap, a very sensitive person, smiled and said that while I was speaking, he could see my father flying around, very happily, accompanied by two angels, one on each side. Apparently he was getting flying instructions.

Thanks to the gift of having spent so much time with him in the last part of his life, the sadness of missing his physical presence never was dominating later in my life. Just

gratefulness, a smile on my face whenever I think of him, a feeling of having had a caring and loving dad.

So there I was, standing opposite my father, about to initiate him into Reiki, honouring the light in each other. The teacher allowing his son to teach him. Such a gift! It's 21 years ago now, feels like yesterday. In 21 years from now (that must be tomorrow) I will be as old as he was when he passed away. All things must pass. Rest in peace father, rest in peace.



As I remember him

Denmark, January 2013
Padam Christo Blaak