

LEARNING TO “WALK”

My Struggle with ADD

BY LINDA SCHILLER-HANNA

Imagine that you have no bones in your legs. Your body grows to adulthood, but you simply cannot stand up with any strength. Your legs appear to be there, but they don't support you. In fact, you “look normal”...except that you keep falling down.

As folks notice you falling down, they begin to label you: lazy, clumsy, awkward, uncaring, even accusing you of falling on purpose! You try to get up, to hold steady, and support yourself like others do, but alas, you can't do it. When doctors take x-rays of your legs, it appears that the bones are there. It appears that you have “what it takes” to use your legs like other people. So the argument against you increases: “If you'd really try, you could do it. You're just not trying!”

It gets worse when those around you are inconvenienced by your ineffective, wobbly legs. They may tire of carrying you or pushing your wheelchair, and become resentful. Ultimately they may just leave you in a heap in the corner and go off to have fun without you. After years of struggling to keep up, you

finally lie down exhausted and silently cry yourself to sleep. “What's wrong with me? Why can't I do it?”

You feel unloved, scorned and shamed – convinced you are completely inadequate. After all, it seems you just don't care, aren't trying and are pulling a giant scam to get away with something no one should get away with: outright malingering for attention. How utterly selfish!

Since you yourself aren't savvy as to why your legs seem boneless you join in the belief that you are no good and unworthy. Self-loathing accelerates and you feel hopeless of ever standing on your feet without help. Because your problem is invisible and misunderstood...you feel entirely alone.

Then, you are told there is a wonderful new drug designed



for people with Invisible Boneless Leg disease. You take it. It makes you sleepy. Sometimes you might even full suicidal. The doctors congratulate themselves. They brag they have helped you, that they have made a great difference. You feel slightly better. You feel like you now have tiny toothpicks holding up your legs...better than no bones at all, but deep down you know: I am not really fixed. You wonder why you still can't walk. Why you still don't belong. Why it seems so easy for everyone else.

Finally, you are blessed with a Miracle Magical Healer. This fairy-godmother being lays you on a table and gently touches your head, your neck, your back, and your legs with the lightest of touches. Five grams of weight, slowly and gently applied to the "right spot," fixes you. You are able to get up and walk like normal folks.

This healer nods with a smile. She has

figured out what to do. She has found the right trigger to "turn on the legs" and at last you can walk like everyone else. Just like everyone else! Your invisible bones are now in place – strong and capable and normal. You don't know how or why it works, but you are deeply and profoundly grateful.

For the first time in your life, you can do things like others...run, play, ride a bicycle, swim. Your legs are functioning. With no learning curve at all, you suddenly are "rebooted" into action. You are 61. You can finally walk like others. You sob with relief.

THIS STORY IS TRUE. But it's not about my legs. It's about my brain. I had ADD, a developmental disorder with symptoms that include being easily distracted or confused, difficulty focusing, and struggling to follow instructions (also called ADHD). I had it all my life. A forceps "dry birth" delivery in 1948, childhood abuse, and lots of pounding about the head and shoulders by a violent brother for a dozen years, turned off the normal functioning of my cranial sacral fluid. I couldn't focus, study, clean house, organize, or function very well. I struggled with basics of life: using a hair dryer, learning to drive a stick shift, keeping the kitchen clean and just about everything else. Despite a high IQ, strong work ethic and a deep desire to succeed, I just couldn't make my life work. I tried six college majors and attended six colleges. I wanted to get a degree but I couldn't learn statistics. I couldn't focus on my studies. I finally just gave up the dream of a college education. It was obvious I couldn't manage that. I could barely keep my life working including the basics of self-grooming, or setting up useful habits for daily living.

For my entire life, before I leaned the "on/off switch" to be psychic, my brain was exhausted from fumbling and stumbling with the left-brain analytical process. I couldn't conceptualize an abstract concept like math, and the exhaustion from trying caused me to cry easily and become chronically depressed.

When I was almost 30, I learned the

"7 Steps" to enter the psychic, intuitive flow (which I now teach in my workshops). When I did a reading, my brain got a rest from its left-side struggles. Learning to move into my right brain on demand was a heady and joyful experience. I literally became addicted to giving readings, doing them seven days a week for about 25 years. I was addicted to the "high" I got from resting from the struggle to think. I just knew stuff and didn't have to process it through the "thinking" side of my brain, which was already over-taxed from struggling to meet the demands of everyday life.

I got the diagnosis at age 46, after an intuition program on a cruise. I was lost on the ship for almost two hours every day; I couldn't find my stateroom, the dining room, or anything else. It was an extremely frustrating experience, but some of the A.R.E. members on board helped me to understand my problem. I read the book *You Mean I'm Not Lazy, Stupid, or Crazy*, recommended by an A.R.E. member who works with ADD children as a therapist, and immediately searched for relief. I tried all kinds of treatments. I took Wellbutrin for 15 years. I tried 5-HTP. I undertook a year of Neurolinguistic Biofeedback. I did hypnosis during sleep for many nights. I took homeopathy. I had Reiki treatments, RoHun Therapy, Polarity Therapy, studied yoga, did Brain Gym, and much more. I also had sessions of EMDR, and underwent some kind of therapy every year of my life between the ages of 16 and 61. I had 45 years of regular and holistic therapy. But I still couldn't "walk like others."

Finally, I was introduced to Craniosacral Therapy. I always felt better after a session, and had it at irregular intervals over the span of a couple of years. After about 10 treatments, I decided to enroll in a two-day course: "Introduction to CranioSacral Therapy" offered by the Upledger Institute (Upledger.com) in November, 2009. We were all complete beginners, and I was the only non-medically trained person in the class of 10. We learned simple, gentle techniques and practiced them on each other through the two-day program. It seemed I experi-

Edgar Cayce reading describes my condition perfectly

Anyone who has known me well would say that this reading often described my demeanor, especially in my youth. I think this is a “spot on” assessment of my situation. Apparently my dry birth and forceps delivery may have caused damage to the nervous system as described in this case.

“We find that the conditions arise from things that existed at or during the time of birth of the body; and a pressure exists in the lumbar and the lower dorsal areas which has hindered some of the function of the organs of assimilation...These come from pressures existing in the lumbar and the lower dorsal areas...”

Naturally this has caused forms of lesions in the area from which the vagus center received its impulses from cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous system...or in the 3rd and 4th cervical centers. These produce a great nervous strain on the body, and it produces in the sympathetic nervous system the effects of high tension, high imagination and highly emotional nature, and those conditions in which the body becomes almost hysterical in its nature at times...

First we would begin with a series of gentle but firm osteopathic adjustments. Have them twice a week until about 16 have been taken in the first series. Do not attempt to make the full adjustments in the lumbar and lower dorsals at the first time, to be sure, but gradually relax the body.” (2587-1)

—LS-H

enced *more* during my sessions than the other students and had more dramatic reactions: jerking leg spasms, arching of my back, jaw stretching, and energy release. It felt like an invisible rope between my neck and spinal cord had been twisted all my life, and that at last my therapist was un-kinking it so it could unwind itself. It felt wonderful to finally feel this tightness being released! Students stared as I got up from the table, and even the teacher looked surprised.

Within hours of leaving the class, I felt clearer. Nearly immediately, I was able to clean up my kitchen without any effort. I found I could focus and learn much more easily than ever before.

Within a few days, I developed new habits that allowed me to function, organize, group things, and order my life and my activities. I feel like I had been swinging a 10,000-pound bat for years, and now I was using a flyswatter instead. It was so easy to do the things everyone else had done around me. I felt like I had functioning bones in my legs; I could suddenly walk like other people. Only it wasn't invisible bones in my legs that grew: but invisible connections in my brain that occurred due to a balancing of the cranial sacral fluid. I was finally in the normal zone.

One of the symptoms of ADD is not being able to organize and keep a home clean. Three months after I got a fully functioning brain, I was cleaning my entire house from top to bottom, getting up at 5 am, with sheer joy, to tackle that big pile in the basement. Oh boy! As I go through the clutter of endless years of mental chaos, I am astounded. “Who was that person who had five boxes of candles in various rooms?” It is like I am doing an archival dig on a woman I don't even recognize: ME! I suspect Rip Van Winkle must have felt the same way when he awakened from that long nap. What have I missed?

I feel like I've missed just about everything from a “normal” life. I missed having kids. I reasoned: “if I couldn't



manage my own self-care, how could I manage a child?” I missed feeling socially confident. I felt deeply inadequate in settings with normal people, because I wasn't catching the “get along” cues that others were sending. I missed having the profession I dreamed of: being a psychotherapist. I couldn't pass statistics so I couldn't get a degree.

Though my life has been a struggle, it hasn't been all bad. What have I gained? I was blessed to learn how to tap into my intuitive gifts and become a professional clairvoyant and intuition trainer. I have been able to spend my life helping people, which has helped compensate for not becoming a psychotherapist. And now I believe I am ready to help folks realize what it's like to have ADD and what is like to have *had* ADD. I am committed to sharing with anyone willing to hear it the miracle opportunity that gentle Craniosacral Therapy can provide and to encourage others who suffer like I have to give it a try and possibly end their frustration as I have done. 📌

Craniosacral Therapy is one of many holistic therapies available at the A.R.E. Health Center and Spa. Visit EdgarCayce.org/spa for more information, to book an appointment, or to purchase a gift certificate. 🖱️

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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Linda Schiller-Hanna will present her program *Psychic Intelligence: An Advanced Psychic Training Intensive* on September 24-25 at A.R.E. Headquarters in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Visit EdgarCayce.org/conferences or call 888-273-0020 for details.

