

thing powerful waking up.

I was still fearful, however, and I wanted to rid the word, "maybe," from my vocabulary, but I was afraid to commit to doing it. I knew that I must *commit*, but I needed some time. It meant I had to *change things*, which I wanted to do, but I didn't want to be disappointed. I felt like a *victim*, a victim of a deep dark secret that had a cold, icy grip on my body and my consciousness.

After working with a few more images, I had become *bonded* to them in a positive way, since they made me do things that made me feel good. I not only saw the Tree, I became active toward it. I *felt muscles* that I had not felt in a long time, and I was able to breathe strongly, which produced heat in my body that, believe it or not, did not "exaggerate" anything except pleasure and energy. I could experience the heat all the way down my body into my legs and feet. I enjoyed it!

Now what was this all about, anyway? It took a little while to sink in, but I finally understood. With only one image I had surpassed a host of conventional physical therapy exercises that I had previously performed on a daily basis. In this one exercise, I felt complete bodily control, something I had not experienced before, and I wanted to be educated further in this methodology for I craved more and bigger successes. And so I was by my nature, and so I got them as I proceeded further.

Not only did I find I could successfully use muscles that I was led to believe, by popular MS science, were destined for oblivion, but I could coordinate my body as a whole to work in harmony in any physical activity. Body movements and strength exercises that I could not perform with conventional physical therapy happened naturally and spontaneously using images whose signals obviously