

Comprehensive Cancer Care: Integrating Complementary & Alternative Therapies
The Art of Healing: An Experiential Workshop
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Presenter: Bernie S. Siegel, MD
Session 303: June 13, 1998

Dr. Siegel: I will try to enlighten you in two hours. First, let me ask you some questions. You'll think about them, and don't let me go without answering them.

This last Thanksgiving, a lot of families came to our house. During dinner, to make a long story short, a 16-year-old boy got totally undressed, sat underneath the table, said, "I am a turkey," and ate what had fallen on the floor. My question to you is, how would you help him? The many therapists in the room accomplished nothing. I didn't stop eating, because we have five children, and why should I get bothered? The father said, "You seem very at ease with this." I said, "I am." He said, "Can you help my son?" I said, "There's no question I can help your son." What do you think I did? What would you do? We'll get back to them later.

A child comes up to you, let's say it's your child, and says to you, "My friend was killed in an accident. Another one of my friends is dying of AIDS. Why did God make the world like this? Why did God do this?" What would you answer to that?

A young doctor I know is very troubled by his life. He came to me and said, "I don't know what to do, who to help, when to help, what to do." What would you answer him, or anybody for that matter, who says, "Who do you help? When do you help? And what do you do?"

When we're done with this workshop, you're each going to get a chicken, a living chicken. You are to slaughter it tonight where no one is aware. Tomorrow I want you to tell me where you slaughtered the chicken so that no one is aware that you have slaughtered that chicken.

A young man, a friend of mine, was coming home from his wedding. He's a camper, so he was outside camping. On the way home he cut up a tree and built a shelter for his new wife. He said, "In the morning I was awakened by a horrible sound. When I opened my eyes there was a demon standing there. The demon said, 'You've cut up my sacred tree, so I'm going to cut your heart out and eat it.' I said, 'Hey, I just got married. Couldn't I give you something else?' 'I'll tell you what,' the demon said. 'If you'll show up in a week with a seven-year-old boy who is willing to take your place, I will have the boy's heart instead of yours. But he's got to come with his parents who agree that he takes your place.' "

The friend went home. I said, "Look, you never know. We'll put a big sign up in the center of town. It will say that if any child is willing to take your place we'll give his parents a lot of money and a big house that they can have for the rest of their life.

Sure enough, we got a call. The parents of the child said, "The child came to us and said he wants to take your friend's place. We said, 'You've got to be crazy.' But he explained to us why he wants to do it and we think our son is right. We agree with him, so we're coming."

What do you think the boy said to his parents? When they were about to slay him with his parents holding him down, and the sword drawn to kill him, he burst into joyful laughter. What I'd like to know is, what is he laughing about? Why did he laugh, which of course stopped everybody from killing him?

The last question is something I discussed with somebody. I don't know whether she's here or not. You're a knight. The lord of the castle calls you in and says, "I want you to kill the neighbor's daughter. The guy is driving me out of my mind. He's encroaching on our property, hunting in our woods, so I want you to kill his daughter. We have to teach him a lesson once and for all."

You see this lovely young lady, and you think, “Who wants to kill her?” So you go back, and you say, “I don’t want to kill her. Let me kill him.” “No, you kill her, and if you say no, then I will kill you.” What choice would you make at that moment?

Last but not least, two guys are having a terrible argument, because one bought a farm from the other one. As he is plowing the field, he hits something in the ground. He digs it up, and it’s a box full of diamonds, gold, and incredible treasure. He picks it up – and he’s an honest guy – and he takes it to the other guy. He says, “Hey, this is yours. It was in the ground.” The other guy says, “No, it’s not mine. You bought the farm. It’s yours.” He says, “No, it’s yours.” The two of them are arguing.

How would you help them resolve the problem? What would you do? Would you take it away, and say, “Okay now you’re all fine?” How would you solve their problem? Think about that for the next couple of hours while we’re doing other things, and don’t let me not tell you the answer.

I’d like to share one more story with you. When you talk about the metaphor for illness, how could somebody say it was a gift, a wake-up call, or a blessing? I grew up with parents who taught me that. I didn’t know the benefit of it, but I can tell you this. If you have a problem and call my mother, she has one answer. The answer is, “Do what will make you happy.” When my father years ago lost his job, he would call and say, “This is secure, that’s insecure. What should I do?” My mother’s answer was, “Do what will make you happy.” What does that do, and why was that important? Because you cannot answer, “I *think* what will make me happy...” I *feel*.

Here’s a wonderful statement from a lawyer. Actually it’s not wonderful in terms of the pain. Whenever I introduce a lawyer I usually say, “I have to introduce you to somebody now who has a significant illness. He’s an attorney, and that’s the diagnosis.” He said that all the

years of law school and law practice didn't prepare him when a tragedy hit a friend of his. He said, "While learning to think, I almost forgot how to feel. I came to a logical, intellectual conclusion that was completely wrong." That's what my mother wouldn't let us do. What will make you happy? What feels right for you?

No matter what went wrong, which used to drive me out of my mind as a kid, you'd come to my mother and say, "Mom, this happened." She'd say, "It was meant to be. God is redirecting you. Something good will come of this." I spent more time in my bedroom talking to God because my mother didn't seem to be very helpful. I also learned that many of the things that really hurt me ended up being good because of where I ended up because they happened.

When I was running groups and a friend of mine came in, a surgeon, I said, "What are you doing here? You don't have cancer. You don't have AIDS. What are you sitting here for?" He said, "Look at this hand." He had blown off two fingers in a hunting accident. He said, "I can't operate. My marriage is a mess. My finances are a mess. You've got to help me." I said, "You will find that this is a good thing, probably one of the best things that ever happened to you." He said, "What?" I said, "I'm just telling you what my mother told me. It's a good thing." He said, "I don't think much of your mother, and I think less of you." He didn't say it that nicely, and he left.

He went around town telling everybody what a jerk I was. He left the community. I didn't know what happened to him. A year and a half later, I come back, and he's sitting in the waiting room. I said, "What are you doing here?" He said, "Well, I learned you were right." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "I learned that what happened to my hand was a good thing and you were absolutely right." I said, "How did you learn this?"

He said, “After a couple of years I got a job with an HMO as an executive. I was earning a living again and everything was okay. I took a two-month vacation. You know how you and I love studying aboriginal cultures? I traveled around the world – you would have loved it – visiting all these cultures. But our guide got lost, and we were captured by cannibals. They started a ceremony to eat us, and the two of us were tied to this tree. Then the chief came out to sit down to observe the ceremony. He jumped up and stopped everything, and they untied us and released us. Later, my guide learned through the translator that I’m imperfect. They don’t eat imperfect people because it affects future generations, so my life was saved because I lost these fingers. It was good, and I’m sorry I caused you all this trouble.”

I said, “No, that was good, too.” He said, “How could it be good that I told people what a terrible jerk you were?” I said, “Well, you know how friendly we are, and how our interests are in common. I probably would have gone with you on the trip and been eaten if we hadn’t had an argument.” So just keep an open mind.

When you get to survival behavior – I’ll just run through a few questions and then get to getting you to do some art work. George Solomon, a good number of years ago, said that as a psychiatrist he found that giving people ten pages of personality profiles didn’t teach him as much as these simple nine questions. I always add three of my own. I’ll just go over them quickly with you.

Do I have a sense of meaning in my work, daily activity, family and relationships?
Human beings have a problem. If you just canceled Monday, think of all the money we’d save on health. Why do we have more heart attacks, suicides on Monday? Because we don’t like what we’re doing. Look at your life and your work. If you see your work as your way of

meeting people, then it has meaning. If you don't like your life, you either alter your life or you change your attitude toward your life.

Happiness is not their choice. It's my choice. I don't know when I'm going to die, but I can tell you I don't spend a lot of time being unhappy. If my hotel room is robbed, which it was, or our son's garage is robbed, how do I deal with that? I can wake up every morning mad at that son of a bitch who stole all our precious things, and wish I had him in my hands. Or I can realize that he has pawned all those things and bought his children gifts that he couldn't get for them otherwise. Then he brings a smile to my face, not rage and anger. I'm in charge of my thoughts, and I just refuse to be unhappy. I resolve things, one way or another.

A medical secretary hated her job after they gave it to her, because as she said, "You're surrounded by miserable people, doctors and nurses." She said, "I went to the office and quit the same day I got the job." I met her because I wanted to give her a gift for the wonderful effect she had on people in the hospital. She radiated love and happiness. She said, "I'll tell you a story. I told them I quit, and they said I had to give two weeks' notice. I got up every day miserable until the last day. The last day I got up happy, went to work happy, and noticed something. All the other people around me became happy. So I didn't quit. I decided to come in happy." That's a choice. Happiness is a choice.

Am I able to express anger appropriately in defense of myself? It's healthy to express appropriate anger. If you're dealing with a hospital, that means, "I'm not a room number, and I'm not a disease. I'm a human being, and if you don't treat me that way I will make noise." I always tell people to go to the hospital with a Siegel Kit. It has a noisemaker, so you don't have an hour of uninterrupted silence when you push the call button. You make noise and get attention. You take a magic marker so that if you ever go to the operating room you leave notes

for the doctor so that they don't remove the wrong organ. That's how you become a human being. I mean it. When you undrape somebody in the operating room and it says, "Not this one, stupid," or, "Don't mow the lawn," over the pubic hair, or whatever, the staff smiles. You are a human being now, because we like to smile, too.

The water gun was a boy's way, when he was dying in the hospital, of showing how absurd hospitals are. If you're dying, and you shut the door so you can rest, who cares what your temperature is at 4 o'clock? What if you got it at 4:30? But they would barge in, and he'd shoot them. They never took the gun away, because they realized it let him express his rage, without hurting anybody. We would have fewer killings if every five-year-old got a water gun and was told, "If you're not treated with respect, let your teacher, your parents and anybody else know it." That would be a way of saying, "I'm angry, but I'm not hurting anybody with my anger." Rage and resentment and murder are not anger.

The other side is the serenity prayer. If you sit in a doctor's office for two hours, how do you know whether God is trying to get you on the universe's schedule? How do you know your life hasn't been saved by sitting there? You make a decision. Do I get up and say, "I'm angry and I'm leaving?" Or do you say, "God, whatever your schedule is, let me know?" A gentleman met his father, whom he hadn't seen in 22 years, in a doctor's waiting room. They called his name after he waited two hours and the other guy got up. They had the same name, and they met there. So you say, "Thanks, God. What if I had left an hour ago?" I don't make the stories up.

Am I able to ask friends and family for favors? Am I able to ask friends and family for support? Survival behavior is not about doing it all yourself. You need help. Ask. That includes health professionals. Give them a letter.

I was thinking again about what came up in one of the meetings yesterday. “I don’t like my doctor. How do I find a new doctor?” Write a letter that says “I.” Nobody likes to get a letter saying, “You are a lousy doctor.” “You’re a lousy husband.” “You’re a lousy father.” You immediately react in a way to start defending yourself. But what if it said, “Let me tell you how I feel as your son?” “Let me tell you how I felt in your office yesterday?” Then it’s not criticism. This is how I felt. The physician who responds, “I’m sorry” – if somebody said “I’m sorry,” I’d hang on to them, because they’re willing to listen and change. Write to your family. Write to all the people you need.

The other side is, can I say no to someone who asks for a favor if I can’t or don’t feel like doing it? You have limited time on the planet, so if you don’t want to do something, say, “No.” Not “I’m too sick,” or a million excuses. “No.” Your family may be bothered by it in the beginning. As soon as they have a tragedy, they’ll realize you’re the one who is doing what they should all be doing. I’ve seen that in my family. I’m the bad one who won’t come to happy events. I mean that. It’s no different than my judgment here.

When Jim called me I said, “No, I’m not coming.” Why? Because it’s how much time you spend, and what you do, and sitting in airports. I think about my life and my minutes in my life, and where I spend them. I love being here, and if they could beam me around, I’d go anywhere. But I stop and say, “Do I want to do this?” If not, it’s “No.” Well, he calls, and we talk some more. If he convinces me, then I say, “Okay, I’m coming.” Then it’s not a problem.

Do I engage in health-related behaviors based on my needs instead of someone else’s prescriptions or ideas? That is my statement about life is a labor pain. Don’t do things because someone else tells you to do them, or tells you they don’t want you to die. Let them go through the treatment, and then see if they still feel the same way. Okay? But if you say, as one lady

did, “This is my choice. I watch my body change. The nine months pass. I give birth to my child. All the discomfort is justified. Twelve months pass. Radiation and chemotherapy. All the discomfort is justified. I give birth to myself.”

You will have fewer Cesarean sections if you say, “I want a kid.” You will have 1/10th the need for anesthesia if you’re surrounded by love and you want the child. The same thing is true in the operating room, or chemotherapy, or radiation. I know group members of ours who have had radiation therapy with no external effect at all, sarcoma of the heart. The radiation therapist called me and said, “I thought our machine was broken until I saw your name in the chart. I know it’s a crazy patient.” He went in and said to her, “We thought the machine was broken. We can’t understand how you have no effect.” She said simply, “I get out of the way, and I let it go to my tumor.” Okay? A quantum physicist would have no trouble with that, because we know atoms are 99% space. You move out of the way and it goes right through you. Practice, when you’re out in the sun, not getting sunburned. Okay?

Do I have enough play in my life? My definition of play is what makes you lose track of time. If you never knew what time it was, you would not age. You know what Dr. Fair was talking about this morning? I felt the same way. I have had times when I’ve been in incredible pain, and operated for six hours and felt no pain at all. As soon as the operation is over, I’m on the floor because I can’t take the pain. But I’m intent on the person and loving them. I can paint a picture for hours, and people are screaming at me. “Where the hell are you?” I say, “What are you yelling for? I told you.” They say, “Because it’s been three hours, and you think 15 minutes have gone by.” How much have I aged if I think only 15 minutes have gone by?

The physiology within the human being when you have no sense of time is probably the healthiest state you can ever be in. This is part of why I think people say things like, “Oh, I

learned I had six months to live. The doctor said I had six months to live. I felt so lousy I thought he's right this time. So I bought a dog, took some vitamins, and laughed more. I put in a backyard wildlife habitat, gave away my treasures, and made out a will. I didn't die. Now I'm so busy, I'm killing myself." She did everything she loved, and what does that do to her physiology? What does that tell her DNA? It says, "I love every moment." "Okay, we'll try to help you."

Do I find myself depressed for long periods, during which time I feel hopeless about changing the conditions that cause me to be depressed? I won't go search for it, but I'm always holding up a piece of paper in front of people. It has a black dot on it, and it's a white piece of paper. I say, "What do you see?" If you're into illness you spend ten minutes telling me what the black dot looks like. If you're not, you notice there's a big piece of white paper around it. That is everyone's life, so you can live in the darkness. You can learn that depression is no good for the immune system. The next time you get depressed, remember that, and get depressed about being depressed because it's no good to be depressed. Or you could say, "What can I learn from my pain? How can I turn charcoal into a diamond?"

If you don't have pain – does anyone here want to be totally free of pain? I can grant a lot of things. I work with God. Do you want to be free of pain, never have another pain in your life? Does anybody here want that? Okay, put your name down and I'll take care of it. Make sure you get my number, because you'll want to cancel it within a week. Why would you want to have pain again? As soon as you burn your finger off, you'll know why. As soon as you step on a nail, you'll say, "Whoops." When emotional events happen, how are you going to make a judgment? We need the pain. Ask yourself what it feels like and learn what you need to do to

help with the pain. My wife's line is, "Never consider yourself a failure. You can always serve as a bad example."

Am I filling a role in my life to the detriment of my own needs? Here I change it to this. I say that because we discussed how mama says, "I won't die until you're all married and out of the house," and the man says, "It can't work. What's the point of living?" I always go through cemeteries and read headstones. A headstone tells you when the guy graduated from Yale, when he graduated from Harvard, that he was a lawyer and a manufacturer for over 40 years. It goes on and on, but if you add the 40 years to when he graduated from Harvard, you find out that's when he died. He retires, and dies. My number one statement to people is, "Don't live a role, live a life."

Second, how would you introduce yourself to God? When you get to heaven, which everybody who takes my workshop does, they will ask you if you want to meet God on the way in the big outdoor amphitheater the next day. If you say, "Yes," on the way in, when you get to the head of the line and they say, "You're next. How do you want to be introduced?" What would you say? What would you answer? If you said, "It's me," you're told to come back when you know who you are. If you say, "Lawyer, manufacturer, Harvard student," it's "Come back when you know who you are." "Mother of nine." "Come back when you know who you are." But if you say, "It's you," or "Your child," or as one high school student said, "Tell God his replacement is here," you get right in.

Another question is, what would you hold up in the front of the room to show everybody the beauty and meaning of life? Put it in the hotel lobby, so when people walked in it said, "Look at the beauty and meaning of life." What would you put up there? What object, picture, or thing? What would you put up?

Participants: A sunrise. A picture of a baby. Spring flowers. Me.

Mr. Siegel: You. Now I know about her. Why? Because she said to hold herself up. People who give that answer have had a major loss, life-threatening illness, or very unusual parents. The latter is a minority. When you walk into a room full of strangers, if you want to know who in that room has had some loss or illness, ask them these three questions. One is, depending on the time of day, say, "I'm taking you to dinner. What do you want?" When we're done here, I'll do it. I'll treat everybody here to a meal. Tell me what you want to eat, so we can order ahead.

Participant: Sushi.

Mr. Siegel: Do you see the problem with people thinking? I asked you a question. Tell me how you feel. Tell me what you want. Don't sit there saying, "Is he kidding? Does it have to be low-fat? Is there a financial limit to what he's willing?" I asked you what you wanted.

Walk into a room full of strangers and say, "I'm taking you to lunch. What do you want?" If somebody yells "Lobster steak," within three seconds, ask what major loss or illness they have had. They will say, "How did you know?" Say, "Because you're in touch with your feelings."

One day I had a room full of therapists, and we finished at noon, so they thought I meant it. I said, "Where do you want me to take you for lunch?" Nobody answered for ten minutes. I

finally said, “Why don’t you say anything?” They said, “We were thinking about the diet, how much money, what you like. We don’t know.” Stop thinking.

When you say, “What would you hold up?” – if they say “Mirror,” or “Me,” ask again, “What have you been through to learn how beautiful you are?” Everybody in this room was a baby. Yet you’d have a lot of trouble putting your picture or a mirror up there and introducing yourself to God, “Yes, I’m your child.” Learn those things, and don’t wait for a major illness to make you feel that way.

I was recently at a reunion at college. I went into the career counseling center. I told them what my father had said to my mother. Here are all these counselors. I said, “My father lost his job. Her parents didn’t like him in the first place, so to deceive them he would get dressed and sit in the unemployment office all day. They thought he was working. He called my mother and said, ‘Civil service or Paramount Theater? One’s secure, but you don’t go anywhere. The other is insecure, but who knows? You could go somewhere. What should I do, Rose?’ She said, ‘Do what will make you happy.’ ”

I asked the career counselors, “What should he do?” They started in with, “How many children do they have? What are their debts? What financial obligations?” I said, “Wait a minute. Doesn’t it ever interest you what would make a student happy?” “Ooooh, that sounds interesting.”

Let me take you through an imagery to loosen up your brain, and then we’ll get you to draw some pictures. (Music begins.) Put away your pads, papers, pencils, make yourself comfortable. Just take a deep breath. Let it out. Just breathe in life, energy and love. When you feel ready, if you haven’t, look up and let your eyes close gently. Just let a wave of peace move down through your body. You might give it a color if you like. Each time you breathe in, you

obviously have to breathe out. I'd like you to see whatever problem exists in your life as somewhere within your body, your mind, as a dark place. When you breathe out, breathe out the darkness. Empty that space, so that we can turn a tomb into a womb.

When that space is empty, place yourself as a child within it, so you will be the parent and the child. Then become the child, and feel what it's like to be surrounded by love and warmth, to be nourished and protected and fed. Just take a moment to be that child. Then feel what it's like to be the parent, to have life inside of you, to protect it, care for it, nurture it. When you're ready, give birth to yourself. Hand in hand, you'll take a journey. Let's begin the journey in the middle of nowhere, your corner of the universe, a very special place that you create for yourself, with your favorite colors, textures and feelings, sights and sounds. Take yourself to this special place. Take time to restore yourself and recharge your battery cells. When you're ready, we'll begin our journey.

Come to the river that separates your corner of the universe from ours. This is your bloodstream. I'd like you to explore that river, your bloodstream. Find the drops that started it, what has entered it, flowed with it, filled it, deepened it, caused it turbulence, blocked its flow. What will it join? What will join it? Where will it end? Does it ever? What will it become part of? You may even want to enter your river to see the warmth and the life within it. Take time to explore your bloodstream. When you're done, I'm going to ask you to cross the river. Build a raft, and together with your child, cross the river. Where you cross should be where the other side is darkest, where the trees come right down to the edge of the river.

When you cross, enter the darkness, and let nature surround you. Remember that east and west and north and south get you nowhere. They are not helpful directions. The place to go is inside yourself, the most important direction – into the darkness. If there's a question or

problem that you would like resolved, present it to nature. Ask a tree. Talk to an animal, a stream, a rock, a flower. Observe and you will receive an answer. Nature has all the answers. When you're ready, follow my voice again and continue on your journey.

You see a schoolhouse ahead of you that I'd like you to enter. Open the door to each class. There is a sign that tells you what they're teaching in each room. Find the room where they're teaching what you would like to learn, and enter. Take a seat. Other students will join you. Eventually the teacher will appear. Who is your teacher? The teacher will write on the blackboard what today's lesson is about, what you need to learn. Then you'll be asked to come up and erase the blackboard, clean the slate, and write what our homework should be about. What do we need to work on at home? After you've done that erase the blackboard of your mind. Clean your slate for a new beginning. When we graduate it's never called a termination. It's called a commencement. So leave your school and commence your life.

Start on your path, and you will come to a house. Explore it, from attic to basement. Be aware of what's stored there, what it looks like, what's in the closets, what's cooking in the kitchen, how the living room feels. As you explore the house, be aware that you'll find a treasure somewhere. A treasure chest is hidden. It's there for you to find, and you'll know how to open it. You'll have the key. When you find it, open your chest, and be aware of what your heart would like you to know.

If you haven't come upon the nursery, you will hear a child crying. Go to the nursery, and you'll see a baby crying. Think of that baby as representing what you most fear in your life. Then go and pick up the baby and embrace your fear. Watch what happens when you embrace it. Then put the baby down and come out, and look off into the future, at your path.

There's a beautiful light, way off in the distance. As you watch the light, you'll notice someone coming out of the light, walking towards you. Walk forward to meet and greet this guide, someone who has been this way before and can help you. When you meet your guide, learn who it is, his or her name. If you have a question that you need answered on your path, ask your guide. Sit down and talk and listen and learn. When you're ready, find a quiet place to rest. You've done a great deal.

Take a moment to go back inside yourself and plant a garden in that empty space, with a small pond in the center. You're the gardener, you're the creator. While you work in the garden, a voice will ask you, "Who are you, and where are you?" What will you answer? When you're done, walk over to the pond. Reflect upon yourself and who you have created, and who I am. When you're aware who the new "I am" is, take a deep breath of life. Let each breath bring you back to the room awake, alert and at peace. When you feel ready, after my voice and the music stop, allow yourself to return to the room, awake, alert and at peace, by opening and becoming a new "I." Take your time. The music is a slow version of Pachelbel's Canon, called *Timeless Motion*, by Daniel Kobialka.

One of the things that I realize also with people under anesthesia – if you're asleep, and an imagery tape is playing, you're still hearing it. With people in the operating room, you can do an image or give people instructions to change their body. If you were here this morning with Jeanne, you saw her slides of how bleeding stops and so forth. I can talk to anesthetized people in the operating room and say, "Don't bleed," and they don't. I tell them to send the blood to other organs and they do. I tell them I want their pulse to be 84 and it goes to 84 and stays there on the monitor. Tell somebody with an arrhythmia they're on a swing, nice and steady, up and

back, gentle rhythm, and their arrhythmia is corrected with no drugs. Yes, your body and your mind communicate. I say, let it know.

The issue that always comes up is, “What if it doesn’t go away?” or “What if I don’t get better?” or “What if I forget to do meditation four times a day?” It’s about participating in your life, being what I call a respart, a responsible participant. That’s what it’s about. We’re all going to die. We all have afflictions. How you deal with them? I also know people who said, “I’ve left my troubles to God,” and had cancer disappear. As a physician sitting in the office, I have had people come in and say, “I’m going to have God cure me, and you will write this all down so we can publish it.” I say, “That’s hard. I should remove it and then let God keep you healthy.” “Well, if you’re going to act like that, goodbye.” I’ve met these people six and eight years later, and they’re perfectly healthy. They have been able to leave their troubles to God. I find that a hard thing to do. You know the story of “our way” versus, “Thy will be done.” How about “Our will be done?” You get into debates with God.

If you could have that peace, and say, “Okay, I’ll try it for a day.” We’re not talking about acting and actresses. Have a role model. I always use Lassie and Don Quixote personally. Spend a day saying, “If I were Lassie, what would I do now?” Number one, you will end up, as seeing eye dogs teach you, going to the bathroom much less. They spend a whole day loving and don’t ever leave the workshop. They just sit in the front row. Spend one day. Try this tomorrow. Judge nothing. Judge no one. Everyone you meet, meet with love. You will turn Aldonza into Dulcinea. Especially as a physician, if you love self-destructive people, they realize they’re worth something, and then they say, “I’m not going to kill myself. Somebody cared about me.”

When your kids are driving you crazy, what do you think they're asking for? "Do you love me?" I will forewarn you, the kids that are easy to love – remind them they're loved. When you have a child who is an absolute angel, you put him in the bedroom at the end of the hall, because you don't have to worry about this kid. You take the one who is driving you nuts and put him next to your bedroom so you can keep track of him, get him out of the house so he'll go to school in the morning. Guess who feels like you don't love him? The kid at the end of the hall. So tell him, "I love you. That's why you're at the end of the hall. You can be trusted and are in a special place. You're not getting 20% of my time; your brother's getting 40% because he's driving me crazy." They need to know that.

Patients are no different, nor is anybody else. It's no coincidence that we say love is blind. Love thine enemies. Stupid advice. Why don't you eliminate, kill the enemies? But that's what love does. It eliminates enemies. They can't be, if you love them. I mean this sincerely. If someone is ever driving you nuts, tell them you love them. You develop cancer after being brought up in an abusive, alcoholic family. Because you're in our group and he keeps saying love, fine, you go home and tell your mother, "I love you." She doesn't even answer you. Every morning for three months you say to your mother, "I love you," and she doesn't say a word.

One morning, this lady appears in our group with a big smile. What has happened? "I was late to work today, so I ran out of the house, and my mother was screaming in the street. 'You forgot something.' I said, 'What are you talking about? I've got my umbrella. I've got my lunch. I've got my raincoat. I've got everything.' 'No, you didn't say I love you.' " And they had a good cry. Do you want to get even with someone in your family? Call them up every

day for three months and say, “I love you,” and then don’t call. You’ll get a call. “How come you didn’t call today?” It works.

I learned after falling off the roof. I just have to tell you one personal story and then we’ll get you doing art work. I’ve had an interesting life. I’ve had a near death experience as a four-year-old, out of my body. A few years ago I was teaching a class, and when I teach college, I’m not normal. Everybody came in, and the first thing they had to fill out was their own death certificate. Nobody in that class is going to live past 50.

If you want to help people, go to high schools. They’re into death. Ask them to write suicide notes and you get eight pages on why they ought to be dead. Tell them to write a note on why they’re lovable, and I have never had more than a page. And these are not “sick” kids. Let them know they’re worth something. But I wrote on mine, “Falls off the roof, age 98, with family yelling, ‘You shouldn’t be up there at your age doing that.’ ”

This is why the future is in the drawings, too. About a year and a half later, on July 4th, I wanted to clean the gutters and cut a branch so we could go away for a weekend. I climb up on the roof, cut the branch, come off with this big pole saw, step on the ladder and it breaks. I fall about 16 feet. There’s no question I have an angel watching me, which is why I didn’t choke to death as a kid or kill myself falling off the roof. I landed on my feet, for which there is no physical explanation. You’ve got a ladder tilted this way. How do I get from there over there standing. But I did fall over backwards, because I was a little tense, and I hit my head on the pavement. I woke up with a lovely lady bending over me saying, “Honey, are you all right?” I said to her, “Why do you keep calling me honey?” And she said, “I’m your wife.” I said, “Gee, that’s nice.” Then she introduced me to five wonderful children.

I was pleased with everybody because I had amnesia from the blow on my head, and that was the happiest two years of my life. I couldn't remember anything from the day before. It's wonderful. You get up, and you don't remember if your wife left the water running or the lights on. You don't remember if the kids drove you crazy. You get up, and you love everybody. Then my memory came back and I had to go into therapy and counseling.

The counselor taught me something, and I'm grateful for that. She said, "Here's something that is as good as amnesia. Even better." She read from a book called the Bible, Corinthians, and it's about love. It holds no grudges, and on and on. I could read you the quote, but pick it up and read it. Love provides everything amnesia does and more. If you want to live a healthy life, decide to love in your way, and what that will do for you as well as the people you meet.

Do we have some volunteers or assistants? I want to give out the crayons, and I'm attached to wires. The chairs are loose. Every six or eight people take a box of crayons. Everybody take at least two pieces of white paper. Make believe you're about six or eight years old for a minute, so that you can turn your chairs around and work in little groups and share the crayons. Don't start doing anything. Keep the boxes closed until I tell you what I'd like you to do. If you want to come up and sit on the floor in the front and work that's fine, too. You don't have to stay on a chair. If you brought a pad with white paper, that's fine, too. It doesn't have to be our paper.

I want you to draw yourself, your illness, your treatment – and that includes anything, God, vitamins, chemotherapy, whatever you consider treatment – and your immune system eliminating the illness. If you were here this morning, you heard Jeanne Achterberg saying the same thing. It's not about killing your cancer, or what if you have multiple sclerosis, you see?

The word is eliminate your illness, and your immune system, your white cells, portrays that. Yes, you could be killing a cancer cell or an AIDS virus, but you could also, your white cells could be the seven dwarfs repairing your nervous system, too. So draw yourself, your disease, your treatment, and your immune system. Four things on the page.

On this piece of paper held this way, you draw something that you would like knowledge about. If you don't know what to draw, draw an outdoor scene, that's all. If you know what you'd like knowledge about, you could say, "I'll draw myself at work." "I'll draw myself in Washington." You could say, "I don't know whether to move to Baltimore, so I'll draw myself in Baltimore and Washington." It can be on two pieces of paper or one piece of paper. "I don't know who to marry." "I don't know what job to take." "Should I have a bone marrow transplant?" "Should I have an operation?" Draw yourself in that situation. If it's something that's coming up as a choice for you, draw that. You could draw your home and family, and say, "I wonder how they're dealing with my problem." Anything you would like knowledge about can be put on that. If you don't know, or have done this before, and are thinking too much, then just draw a nice outdoor scene, and we'll look at that.

You have boxes of crayons. You do not need to use every color, but you should use the color that feels appropriate to you. The colors have meaning. If you use the right colors you will learn more than if you use only a blue crayon and don't want to ask somebody for the orange one because they're using it. Use the color that feels appropriate. Go ahead, and we'll check back in ten minutes when you're done.

All right, lights down again for slides. The lady who drew this had the same instructions. So first look at how much of the page you give yourself. If you have low self-esteem, you may be a one-inch figure on an eight-inch page. How much of the page do you give yourself? Are

you centered? Have you added anything? “Oh, I added my son.” “Why?” “He’s a part of me.” And then, your sense of the picture. “Why is his arm out of the picture?” “Why is your right arm longer than your left arm?” “Oh, we’re reaching for my husband. He’s never there. We need him.” But then look at her smile. “Why are you walking around with a big smile if you need surgery tomorrow and that kind of husband?” Do you have eyes? Hers don’t seem to see. Do you have ears to hear with? If your ears are hidden by your hair, then they’re hidden. If I left my ears off, you ought to ask me, “Are you deaf, or don’t want to hear what the doctor is saying? Or listen to your family?” Do you have a nose to breathe life with? Do you have a mouth to talk with? Do you have a chin? Is your head and body separated so your mind and body don’t communicate? You may put a thick collar on – there are a lot of ways of doing that. Do you have a narrow neck? Fragile? A bull? What are your shoulders like? Do you have arms to reach out?

Dr. Fair this morning mentioned the study done at Johns Hopkins. In that study, you know the low closeness to parent profile by Caroline Thomas, what was more interesting to me was that she had all the students draw themselves 40, 50 years ago. She said “You can tell what part of the body they would get cancer in from their drawings.” If you left your arms off, you are more likely to have emotional problems later in life, because you can’t grip, can’t reach out. If you have your arms in an ambivalent position, there was a relationship to cancer. If your arms were like this, you were more likely to have heart disease. Think about that. Dean Ornish will tell you people close up, and that’s even worse, because then they don’t have the intimacy and the relationships, but if you walk around giving everybody hugs it can wear you out, too. So what’s healthy? Put your arms down, and just stand there in a neutral position.

Participant: What if your arms are on your hips?

Mr. Siegel: I have to ask you. What does this mean? You could be standing around – ask yourself what that posture means to you. You’re the expert. When she folded the page, it’s because she’s afraid to show you the headless, handless person, and so she puts on this performance. A performance of that sort isn’t her rehearsing to become a new person. When I talk about actors and actresses, yes, and role models, I want you to rehearse and practice until you become the person you want to be. Some people need their backache. If I take her backache away, who is she? Nobody. What does she show us? My backache. You have to be ready to be free of pain, too.

A child comes in and says, “Operate on me. They’re teasing me in the locker room at school.” Look at the low self-esteem in this kid. He’s an insect on the operating table, because I said, “Please draw yourself in the operating room.” Even his name he writes in black. This is grief. This is despair. I didn’t mention this, but let me quickly go back to the first one. Here you have a lady who is a white woman who has drawn herself in black because of her grief. She’s trying to hide it with her blue gown and a smile, but it’s there. If you came in a black dress and put yourself in black, fine, that’s what you’re wearing today, or a red dress. But if you alter colors, then there’s meaning in it. We’ll get into it.

Why we have trouble with men. It’s sad, look at the attendance here. I don’t know what percent are men, but it’s small. It’s sad, in terms of survival behavior, feminine qualities, relationships, that men cannot open to this. More and more they are, but it almost has to be scientific to go join a therapy group. The guy who drew this said, “There’s no point in living. I can’t work any more.” His wife and children were in the room listening to him say that. He’s

looking to the west. He's a white man who has drawn himself black. He looks worried. When you ask a male engineer to please draw me a picture, you get a page of instructions. Then you wonder why men don't do as well.

The guilt issue. I asked a lady to draw the picture so she brought this back. "I had my ten-year-old son do this because I'm not good at drawing." Please remember this. Guilt isn't caused by somebody else. You can't make me feel guilty. I feel guilty, because of what my parents said, or what my religion has done to me, or some schoolteacher. Guilt – if you know that you're a child of God – it's not a matter of getting an F in art, it's participating, trying to help yourself. I was talking to somebody earlier about the children at home. He or she said, "Will the real me stand up?" The professional me, the mommy me. Who is smiling, and who is carrying the black burden? You have to say, "Which feels right?" and not wait until you get cancer to say, "I think I'll go home now and be with the kids."

Remember you're living one life. This is something I keep repeating. I'm not a doctor, a father, a husband and a Cub Scout master and six other things. I'm me, Bernie Siegel, and Bernie Siegel decides what he does any hour. So if the kids say, "Why are you in the office?" I say, "Because that's where I want to be, with my patients." And when the patient says, "How come you're saying you need to go home now?" I say, "Because I want to be with my kids." I have never found either group gets really mad at me, because they knew I was living my life. It gave them permission, when I walk in the door and say, "I'm home, everybody," to say, "I know Dad, but we're going roller-skating." "How could you go roller-skating? I'm home." "Well, we want to go roller-skating." "Okay, then I want to be in the office sometimes."

I live my life, and I learned, due to some schizophrenic breaks. One night the phone rang in the middle of the night, and a voice said, "Where are you going?" I said, "The emergency

room,” and the voice said, “Well, we’re not going.” Another voice said, “You have to go. You’re in his body,” and they argued. I sat on the bed thinking, “How am I going to explain to the family that I’ve had a schizophrenic break?” The argument ended with, “Okay, here’s what we’re going to do. We don’t have to be Dr. Siegel any more, so we won’t have to get up at two in the morning.” That resolved it. I had permission to not be Dr. Siegel. So if you don’t like being a doctor, you can quit. You say, “Yes, I’m not trapped.” Then your life changes.

The self-image. A lady was admitted to the hospital to be force fed, with anorexia. Tell her to draw herself, and she sees herself as this big, fat person. You try to convince her to eat. You’ve got to deal with her image. Or, again, when I mentioned no hands. See, a nice teenager who draws herself with no hands. She’s going to have trouble taking care of her needs. And look at that little frail neck, too.

This was drawn by the lady who said, “Cancer is a failure.” I said, “How does that fit your life?” She said, “Well, my body failed.” I said, “I’m talking about your life.” She said, “Oh, my parents committed suicide when I was a kid. I must have been a failure.” Now what’s interesting about this drawing – it was lying on my desk. The intuitive one of our kids walked by and said, “God, if you hug her you’ll puncture yourself.” He could feel it. Look at how masculine this lady is. Her rule was, “You never know anybody, because if my parents would do that to me, God knows what other people will do to me. I will have no relationships with anyone, ever.” She had a job, and could tell you the name of the person at the next desk, but that’s it. “We limit our relationship to our names. We don’t get involved.” The cancer changed her. She learned that other people had cancer of one sort or another too, and she became a different person.

The thing also that I liked about this is that all her parts are there. Her feet are there, too. You can't see them because the slide's down a little. They're pointed straight ahead. She knows where she's going. The first lady's feet were pointed to both sides. She doesn't know which direction to go.

Here's a guy with colitis who says, "This is me at work." The tile floor becomes a prison symbol, so I'm sure his colitis is not helped by his job.

When you get into families, you see. The lady in the middle has cancer. That's her daughter and her husband, but he's transparent. He's obviously not much of a help to her. The symbolism also – notice the seat she's on. The lines go through their hands, so that they're not communicating, it's disrupted. Everybody is busy smiling. "It's wonderful. My wife has cancer."

The lady sits in the waiting room and draws this picture. You wonder why. If you knew her mother you'd know why. Her mother put her in a box. What do you do when you have trouble with your marriage? You live with the trouble. You don't want the neighbors to know you have troubles. You don't go to a therapist. That's her mother's answer to everything. You don't, you don't, you don't. You could write her mother's instructions in every one of those boxes. When she realized the trap her mother put her in, she got out of there.

The box could be you in a window, you lying on a blanket or a bed, in a doorway, so look at the symbolism of that. You could be a flower growing and blooming, but how about getting some roots? How about supporting yourself, and not stopping at being a flower, going on and becoming a whole person? How faint this is. Again, she's worried. She has low self-esteem, so you don't even see her, plus she has to explain everything. But give her some help and you'll notice she becomes a woman who you can't put problems on because they fall off her shoulders.

Look how nice and round they are. She's not embarrassed by her body. She has six fingers on each hand so she can get a grip on things. Those are the unconscious things that happen, but are real messages.

Somebody's a tree. This lady's very proud of herself. "I'm this strong tree." I said, "I think you've got a little bit of a problem. What about the bird pooping on you? What about seeing what's happening behind you? What if you want to turn around? How do you do that?"

People don't know it, but they're drawing myths. Daphne and Apollo. Daphne becomes a tree because she doesn't want to go out with Apollo. Dating a tree is not very productive. You can hug trees, people do, but have you ever been hugged back? So relationships end.

If you said to me, "You gave me paper that's too short. Don't tell me I don't have legs." The person next to you may say, "I didn't think the page was too short." This boy turned the page over, because he doesn't even fit on one page. People will grab other paper and go on. Everybody's response to the same instructions varies because it means something different to everybody in the room.

When your child is sick, look at the shoulders on this couple. They're carrying this burden. They're not taking care of their needs. They've hidden their hands. They're not communicating very well. All they're doing is rubbing elbows. Notice Dad's wearing a skirt and Mom is wearing pants. My wife has another line. "What do you call a guy who dresses in a nun's outfit? A transister."

Here's a family portrait. The lady on the left says, "I need affection. I need help. I need touch." I said, "Let's see your family. You've got a problem." There's a congenital problem here, because look at those arms. They're locked in. Look at the lady in the blue dress, how they're tied down. Other things that creep in are interesting. Notice over to the right the guy

stepping on his brother's toes. She began to realize if she was going to get help it was going to have to be from people other than her family.

A home. At the bottom it says, "My dream house." I feel this is Minnesota in February. You don't feel warm looking at this picture. There's no warmth in the sun. Numbers are always important. Why three trees? The lady said, "Well, it's my husband and me and our daughter." Each of those trees looks like its growth has been disrupted – yes, by her cancer. Why a red house and a black car? Why a hammock that's red and black? "Well, my husband's an alcoholic smoker. I can't breathe at home, and it's dangerous to be in the car with him." Literally. He hit a toll booth on the way to a therapy session with her. She said, "When we 'hit' the toll booth – people thought it meant when you reach a toll booth." She said, "No folks, we *hit* the toll both." Her husband is drunk half the time. That's why their relationship is black and red. We'll get into what those colors mean in terms of the passion. I know the tree with the black branch is her with her cancer.

When you get into school kids, you say, "Draw your family." This is just a little class at a school I go into. Everybody's in a bubble. How do you get a touch from that group? Or how about this group of sticks? What kind of a home is that to feel and to grow up in? Versus, you look at something like this, and you say, "Ahhhh." Look at all the touching. Mama is touching everybody in the family. The oldest daughter is touching everybody else in the family. They've got lots of ways to communicate.

When a child says, "I have cancer, and my family doesn't spend enough time with me," if you're a physician, you can take six people and get their schedule, and spend the rest of the day talking to them. My comment is, "Honey, draw a picture." You hold it up in front of the parents

and they say, “Okay, we see what you mean. She’s not on the sofa, doesn’t feel like a member of the family. Our arms are not available to her. We will change. Thank you.”

I showed this earlier, the psychological genetics. How alike a mother and a daughter are when they both get cancer eight years apart. They don’t know what the other one drew. I was amazed when the daughter came in, because I had the mother’s drawing in my records. If you don’t teach your family about survival behavior, this is what you end up with.

When you get into things like chemotherapy, there is an intellect and intuition. The man who drew this said, “Chemotherapy is poison. I do not want it.” I said, “You ought to go get it. It’s a wonderful picture.” He said, “What are you talking about?” I said, “You’ve got yellow energy flowing into your body going to your cancer. It’s a beautiful statement. I really suggest you go get it.” He did, and had no trouble. But his intellect scares him because of what he hears.

This lady says, “I’m getting chemotherapy.” She’s got this black syringe. The picture looks like hell, and she wonders why she’s having trouble. It’s because of what her mother went through. She’s expecting to go through exactly what her mother went through. Someone else says, “Yeah, I’m a whole human being, even though I’m getting chemotherapy.” I said to her, “Why are you sending it to your toes?” She said, “Well, cancer could go there.” Okay, fine. But also like that man, see he sent it to his chest. If you don’t want to have as many side effects you can say, “Go to my tumor and don’t go to my scalp. I don’t want to lose my hair.” Or, “Don’t go to my toes, but go to the disease.” Benson did a lot of work testing monks sitting on mountain tops in wet sheets. Why don’t they freeze to death? They shunt the blood from the skin to the internal organs, and they stay warm. You and monks are the same species.

If you draw anesthesia in red, the kid is saying, "Watch out!" I look at the last page, because "Watch out!" means I could die in the operating room. The surgery was going to be on his leg, and he wasn't wearing red pants. I knew this symbolized him going home with his leg hurting, not happy, like the gray shirt. His mother has muscular dystrophy and that was a problem, why this was real significant in the sense of reaction to muscle relaxants. The orange is symbolic of change, and that color he put on her. When you look at a kid who is loved, this is what the operating room looks like. Green, blue and brown – natural healthy colors. He's saying, "I know my parents love me. I'm not sent here to be abused and cut up." The last page is the same thing. A spiritual mother, and a kid who doesn't say, "This hurts," or "I'm in pain." There's no black or red in the area of surgery.

The anatomy. This is drawn by a lady who has a pelvis filled with cancer. The red house is her pelvic bones, and vagina, rectum and all the other orifices. When you operate, you can see the peace that comes to this house. The tumor is removed. There's no chimney, which has to do with her husband and the hot air, the pressure that's in that house. It's empty but it's healthier.

This is drawn by a lady with breast cancer. How do you help people make decisions? She says, "I know you like pictures, so here's my picture." I said, "This is a very unusual tree. If you look at the ends of the branches, what's peculiar about it? They're cut off." She said, "Ah, then I shouldn't have a lumpectomy. I should have a mastectomy. The inner voice is telling me that. It feels right." And off she goes.

A boy with a brain tumor says, "Chocolate syrup on a strawberry cone," but it's his tumor. Another man with a brain tumor. That tree is a brain. In it are black lines which told me he had recurrent cancer before his CAT scan ever showed it.

When you get ready to die, this I have learned – if you have lived fully, dying is not a hard thing to do. If it's not your life, then your family can say, "Don't die," doctors can interfere. Believe me, if you want to die, just turn off all the mechanisms that you're using to keep you alive. Remember this. If you don't eat for a couple of weeks, you will die. You don't have to suffer for six months and three years. You just go home and drink some water to keep you from feeling dry, and your life will end in a short time. If it doesn't, then there's something else going on. What could be something else?

See the purple kite going up in the sky? This is a spiritual symbol. It says, "Death is my next treatment." But guess what? "My husband's hanging onto my kite." We brought him in, and he said, "If you die, I don't know how to cook. You pay all the bills." She said, "Okay, I won't die. I'll train you." Then it's her choice. She went on six months, which I'm sure were those trees, and he said on a Sunday, "I've cut the string. You can go." She said, "I'll die Thursday when the kids arrive from California." And she did. I may add, a wonderful lady. She was a nurse and a dog trainer. Her motto was, "If there are ten good minutes in a day, I will live another day." That's something to teach your kids.

All you need are ten minutes to make life worthwhile. One day she came to our group all smiles. I said, "What happened?" She said, "I had the best ten minutes. My neighbor came over and I said, 'My dogs are a mess.' I said, 'I'm too weak to groom them.' The neighbor said, 'Well, then I'll go out and take care of them.' My neighbor went out and the dogs attacked her. It was the best ten minutes I have ever had."

A child of four named Amber draws a purple balloon going out of the picture draped in black. I say to her mother, "Take her home and love her. She's ready to go." Patty takes her home. I said, "I don't know about all the dots and the colorful decorations." A few weeks later,

I get a phone call. Patty said, “It’s my birthday. Amber woke up and said, ‘Mom, I am dying today as a gift to you to free you from all the trouble.’ ” Those were the days in her life, the dots, and those are her four years, I’m sure, in that star.

There are time sequences in the picture too. The upper right is the present. The lower right, and I’ll repeat this, is the near future. The lower left is the past, and the upper left is the far future or death concept. A neighbor comes into my house, and it’s dangerous to be a neighbor of mine, because then I say, “Draw a picture.” I said, “What’s going on? You’re heading downhill.” She said, “Well, I’m being divorced and it’s a mess.” I said, “But you’ve got four rays of sunshine.” She said, “Yes, those are the children.” I said, “In the near future you’ve got eight people who seem emotionally involved with something in red.” She said, “I don’t know what that means.” “There are black clouds ahead.” “Well I guess that’s my divorce.”

A few weeks after the picture she attempted suicide, and this is again intuition. She sent her four kids off to get the school bus, took a whole bottle of sleeping pills and lay down to die. One of the kids refused to get on the bus when it came, went home and saved her life. I don’t think that’s an accident at all. She said, “I woke up in the intensive care unit with the eight members of my family standing around the bed furious at me for what I had done.”

A doctor gets cancer. Notice how he’s busy taking care of everything, directing the boat. Symbolically his wife is tied down, you know the line to the sail in the boat. He has three kids, those birds I’m sure, with their wings drooping. His fish spiritual symbol doesn’t look too great, looking to the west. Give the guy a little therapy and watch what happens. Look at the fish. Look at the sun. Look at the kids. Look at his wife, in this with him now. Yes, you can change.

Looking at professions, I just thought this might interest you – one of the medical students I was working with. “What should I be, a surgeon?” I said, “Yes, this looks wonderful,

warm and loving.” (Laughter) What are the two worst years in his life? Twelve and six. That’s not an accident. Again, a family doctor, but look at all he has to know. One other thing was fascinating with this boy and his wife. She’s having a terrible time becoming pregnant.

I couldn’t help but give you another one of my wife’s lines. I don’t know how many of you were here with Jeanne Achterberg this morning, but she was showing a sperm trying to find an egg. Bobbie goes through a routine of, “We put a married couple in space, and now when he gets lost she’ll ask directions. And the tribes in Israel wandered in the desert 40 years because even then, men couldn’t ask directions. Now you know why it takes millions of sperm to find one egg.” She does stand-up comedy, obviously.

In the future, he showed his house. He’s walking the dog, and his wife is there with three kids. Again, in this picture, he is today an oncologist, because there he is with the patient, with his wife. It’s the healthiest looking picture, but again, there are five people in the family. So when they say, “We’re having trouble conceiving,” I said, “I got the picture. You will have children. I don’t know if your wife’s going to have triplets, but you’ll have kids.” And they just had one. I don’t know whether my saying it took the pressure off. If you put women who are having infertility problems in group therapy, the fertility rate goes up, because they’re dealing with the stress. Put habitual aborters in group therapy, and they carry through pregnancies. Group therapy is good for everybody. Get the natives together.

Again, family stored in you. Numbers. One, two, three, four. You’ve got four windows. Number one is her under the bed. Number three is the cloud, her disease. In every window there are three beautiful symbols with the two over them, and then four above. When you look at her family portrait, see how she carries the pain in these numbers? She’s little old number four, and mama only has two drinks on the tray. It’s obviously nothing for her.

Somebody came up after the talk this morning and asked, "When you say your low closeness to parent profile, what do I do?" You have to reparent yourself or find somebody to do it with you and for you. Again, this reporter whose life at twelve was a problem. A medical student, nine, with the nine points, were tough years. The young woman who asked me for Kevorkian's number. You see again, if you drew a tree with a knothole, and you know your age, measure the height of the tree. She was physically and sexually abused between the ages of nine and thirteen, and that's what that knothole is. Each time she said the spots on her face were the number of times she was raped, beaten and abused by her father. She's alive today.

This is my therapy group. We were talking about pet therapy. I started ASPCH, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humans. Due to the fact that people don't like being neutered before we find them a home, that went by the wayside. I just thought we ought to have it, because laws were written in this country to protect animals before they ever were written to protect people and children. If you have group pet therapy, you meet once a week for two hours with the pet of your choice to enhance your personality and your qualities. Since cats nap a lot, I get a chance to talk. Our therapist is Miracle. She's black, white and Jewish. Here she's doing an imagery session. Then we get into aerobics for a while, and then we sit and talk. Now. Miracle, as I said, is black, white, Jewish and runs the show. Next to her is Dickens. He's a Buddhist, and they don't say much and meditate a lot. My little Muslim friend, Gabriel, just stares off at Mecca. But if you want to have an active group, you always have a Catholic. This is Penny, from Our Lady of Perpetual Responsibility. If it weren't for her guilt, we wouldn't have much to do. One of these days we're all going to come early and get her off the bottom shelf.

My other comment is, what picture would you hang up in front of the world, and say, “Anybody who tells me the race, religion, nationality and sex of the person portrayed in this photograph wins ten million dollars.” I can’t lose, but I’m showing a picture of a person. What’s in the picture? What’s the only thing we all have in common? One of our children said to me when I said, “We have a hundred animals in the house,” – I mean that, we did – “and they all get along. How come five children can’t?” He said, “Well, the animals are all the same color inside.” So you put a picture of somebody’s chest and upper abdomen, and nobody can tell you what race, religion, sex or nationality is portrayed. Remember, we’re all the same color inside.

Get your baby pictures out. Put them where you work and live. You will get much less criticism from your coworkers. If you work in a hospital put it on your ID. As I mentioned, you haven’t met my wife. She’s the upper one. The other one’s a butterfly. Bobbie rescued this butterfly and it spent 14 hours sitting on her shoulder or hand. It was an eerie feeling. I show it to you to accept that there are no endings, just a series of beginnings. If you think of your life as you would the butterfly, you understand what I mean, and the cocoon.

I love you just the way you are. I found this cup out jogging after my wife told me to throw out six cups whose handles I had broken because I put them in the dishwasher. I was jogging down the street and found this cup, picked it up, turned it over. It said, “I love you just the way you are.” I brought it home, and of course all the cups still live with us. I don’t think it’s a coincidence. You jog for 20 years on the same street and never find a broken cup until that morning, and what it says on it. As I said, the symbolism of the leaves, and to really carry this with you in your life – that you don’t end your life without showing your uniqueness and differences.

Now let me put up the information again on that overhead projector just in case you want to make some notes. There are two books that are quite good and valuable with this information. Red is a color of emotion, which can range from love and passion to pain and conflict. More often than not I see the pain and conflict in people with an illness. Black is related to grief and despair. This is not good or bad. This is simply a statement.

I don't judge the colors, because I'm saying grief and despair. It's what it leads you to. The passion colors lead to change. White is a cover-up, meaning that if you used white on your piece of white paper, you'd say, "I didn't need white. It was white." I spent a lot of time putting snow on paper, because I was hiding all my feelings. You saw me as a surgeon covered up. I did the same thing when I did drawings. If you made gray or pink, you could be hiding those colors. If you use yellow it's energy, but you have to ask yourself, "Where is the energy, in my disease or my treatment?"

Orange is symbolic of change. Many of us will draw ourselves in orange when we come here. Change is a good thing, even if your treatment is orange. If it's changing you, that's probably a positive statement. I wrote accident in so that you don't change too many things at the same time. There are life crisis units. If you move to a new house, get a new job, have another child, you're more likely to fall off the roof if you're painting the house, so be careful. Purple is the spiritual color. As I said, it's no coincidence the way they made up our tags. Purple is for the speakers. Red for the volunteers. Green for the press. Orange for the sponsors. They're willing to donate and to help change things. That is not a coincidence.

You can go anywhere on this planet with a box of crayons and know people by their drawings. You need to know the culture, because if somebody drew themselves in a certain color, maybe that's what they wear there, and it's not about an emotional issue. Purple is

spiritual. Why did I write “help?” If you draw your disease in purple, it worries me that it’s holding you because it wants you to become spiritual. I want you to become spiritual, not a spirit. I want you to be held in God’s hand, not the disease’s hand. Blue, green and brown are naturally occurring colors, healthy colors. Hopefully they’re in your picture, not in the disease.

The two books I mentioned are Gregg Furth, *The Secret World of Drawings*, and Susan Bach, *Life Paints Its Own Span*. The first book is by a Jungian therapist. There’s not much about disease in it, which is not a bad thing. It helps you learn about therapy and colors. Susan’s book is about two or three children with cancer and what you learn about them from the pictures. Then, if you look at the scene itself, I put “ethereal” at the top. If everything in your picture is floating around, maybe you need to get some support or your feet on the ground. If everything in your picture is at the bottom, maybe you need to lighten up a little. I wrote “dark” and “light” because of east and west. If you’re looking to the west, you are not feeling good about where you’re headed, into the darkness. If you’re looking to the east, or something is coming out of the east, I’d say you feel good about it. It’s enlightening your life. Most drawings just say this is what’s going on now. Some have segments in them, the present, the near future or recent past, distant past, far future, death concept. An empty space does not mean you’re dead. When I mention death concept, it’s more the purple kite or balloon or butterfly going up in the air, which is saying, “I am becoming a spirit and leaving now.”

I was going to close by answering those questions so you won’t get mad at me. I’ll stay around if some of you have other questions. The first question was what would you do to help the boy? You get undressed and sit under the table with him. You don’t just sit down, but you take your clothes off, and you’re a turkey too. Each day, because my wife knows the routine,

you get underwear, socks, shirts, pants, and you're a turkey, but you get dressed. Then you eat at the table but you're a turkey and gradually you will get him back to being a normal boy.

What's the answer to why God made this world? So we could be co-creators. What is evil, the young man who died of AIDS, is not the disease, but to fail to show compassion for the person with the disease. We are here to do creative work and to be compassionate towards those who are diseased, who are suffering.

The doctor who wanted enlightenment – who do you help, when, where? You help the person in front of you. When? Now. What do you do? What they need.

Where do you kill a chicken where nobody can find you?

Participant: The chicken is always aware. You can't do it.

Mr. Siegel: Right. Nowhere. There is an awareness wherever you go. I was the only one who brought back a living chicken to the class. Everybody thought I'm the jerk who is going to get an F. I said there was nowhere I could go where I didn't feel an awareness.

What does the boy tell his parents? He said, "Consider this. Sooner or later my body will perish at any rate, but if it perishes without love, which the wise declare is the only thing of permanence, of what use will it have been? What greater gift can my body reap than the love of this act?" When they were about to kill him, he said, "Let me be born again and again on the wheel of rebirth, so again and again I may offer this body for the benefit of others." When you learn that the son of man comes not to be served but to serve, and to ransom his life for the good of the many, life gets easier. The Talmud I think is even tougher. He who rejoices in the afflictions which are brought upon the self brings salvation to the world. If you're ready for it.

Last, you're asked to kill your neighbor's daughter by your lord. You say, "No," and he says, "I'll kill you." It's back to old Abraham and Isaac. What a father. "Want me to kill my son? Sure." Most high school students agree that that's what would happen. But it's very different if you have faith in your lord. You know it won't happen. As Abraham said to his assistants, "We will return." He didn't say, "I'm going to kill the kid and be back," he said, "We will be back."

So figure out your lord. Is it money? Is it power? Is it simply your body? Or is it the Lord? Then when the Lord says, "Kill the neighbor," say, "Yes, I'll do it." You'll feel a hand on your shoulder saying, "I was just testing you. Don't bother. Get the young lady up here." And the same thing happens. You end up getting married, and making one family, and there's no border to argue over any more. Just make sure, when you're following orders, it's the right lord you're listening to.

Two parables and I promise I'll stop. You are satellite dishes, remote controls, and television screens, so decide what voice to listen to. Use your mind. Pick the right channel, and then demonstrate it, and live your life in that way.

The other is you are a vehicle, battery cables, connected to a battery. God keeps talking like this. I don't understand either, so I got it explained. The point is, you are the vehicle. You're connected to the source of power. Keep the connection. Don't let the battery cables come loose. You'll be amazed what you're able to accomplish and where you can go.

Thank you.