

Emotional Healing Through Breathwork

February 19, 2017 by [Tom Stump](#)



An old man once told me that I was enclosed by an emotional armor that prevents me from moving into new realms of wonder. *“The armor shields you from vulnerability,”* he said *It’s comprised of old emotions, and it blocks you from dancing the dance your soul longs for.”*

He said the armor is a conglomerate of energies, of my own making, that do not resonate high enough on the vibrational spectrum to keep a fluid flow. He said the old emotions are like icy metal, needing to be transformed through heat...or intent.

In the past, when I would meditate, I often had direct experiences of an *emotional body* within me. As I would sit, focused on my breath, pain would rise up from out of nowhere. This pain was accompanied by negative emotions I had been holding in me. During those days, it had always been in my thighs.

It was as if I would travel to a level of consciousness where I was able to manipulate this armor and set motion to parts that were stagnate. This motion came about when I gave my attention to the old

residue. It would then dissipate and the energy would flow once again. It was as if the clearing of these kinks would open the valve for energy to flow more freely.

I know a guy named Dean. He's an eternity suited geometrician, under the guise of LCDC at a drug treatment facility in town. He's a connoisseur of emotional intelligence, and there was a time when he had helped me to rekindle my own contact with such.

On Sundays, he would bring humongous PA speakers to the group room at the rehab and facilitate something he called *Access Breathwork*—an intense use of the breath that can send one into the well-spring to reclaim *being*. This is how he described the practice...

“This type of breath work facilitates “access” to the spiritual and emotional realms (for processing and releasing). It can provide an out of body experience and help one reach higher planes of consciousness. Ultimately it’s about connection with your Self and the universe and is a healing experience.

It uses a stacked breathing technique, which is a deep inhale and exhale, followed by a double inhale and then an exhale.

Your breath should be full and deep, filling your lungs completely. When done properly, your belly should move outward a bit on the in breath. When your lungs are almost full, you want to turn the breath around and start exhaling... when your lungs are empty, you want to immediately turn the breath around and start inhaling. This creates a circular breath pattern whereby you are always breathing in or breathing out.

You want to breathe faster than normal, but remain relaxed and without strain. Follow the music and let it support your breathing. The answer to anything you encounter is in your breath, so keep breathing.

Start out slow and gentle with the first song. You may want to set an intention. You may also want to ask for assistance from your higher guidance.

As the music speeds up, keep breathing. Give yourself permission to stay with the process. You may want to scream, hum, laugh or cry. You may want to chant. It's okay to do these things.

The music will slow down towards the end as the journey unwinds to a peaceful place. This type of breathwork offers a non-drug alternative for the induction of psychedelic, therapeutic experiences.

Remember to keep breathing.”

I had decided that I wanted to dive into this breath work on one of the given Sundays, so I gathered my self-contained breathing apparatus and got ready to plunge.

Light turns heavy. The lead blanket returns....

My friend, The Old Man said Welcome to your Emotional Body. It will be our focus of transformation for the day.

Old Man where did you come from?

You should know by now, I've never left your side. It is when you take the next step towards something beneficial to you that we communicate best.

Okay Old Man. I guess I'm learning how to perpetuate this Good Orderly Direction.

It's about time.

Huh?

It's about moment. Movement in the moment. My friend, where we see the color grey today, we'll gravitate to. Let it happen. Where we see the clog, we'll shine. Allow it to move.

Laying on my back, still, I fall deeper. Images begin to enter my mind. My past creeps up like an unsuccessful thief in the night.

The music is speeding up. It acts as a canoe.

Curassow with Pipe on Canoe

Down a hole and through and through.

Stalwart Knight Jake. Stalwart Knight, I hear a voice.

A rampage of destruction bombards me like dirt being hurled from a shovel. Self-inflicted torture grows a face. It screams at its approaching demise.

Or transformation. (A horse drinks from the water regardless of the color bowl it's in.)

The fiend rises from the cracks of nowhere like so many times before. This time it's burning.

On fire.

Squirming.

Churning like butter dripping from a knife down into the whirlpool.

Smoke rises from the sound of the vanquish.

Breathe my friend. Breathe.

A steam cleaner awaits.

My body is in pain from the movement. It remembers the pathways.

Inside, I feel how much damage I've done to myself. The memory of this damage moves beneath the surface.

My attention to it causes a positive resistance.

I feel a hint of wholeness of some type, from somewhere.

A life of its own is crawling under my skin. It makes it way to my face. It's slow. Lead like.

I keep still.

It finds a way.

Images from the mental to the physical to the sensational to the audible begin to rise from the cracks of motion. They're images of myself in a fading past.

A damned past.

A baleful memory of how life once was.

The music and my breath are inseparable.

My breath is music.

Tears start running down my face, and I cry out loud. The flood is enough to drown ants and roaches.

I want the sun to shine in perfect harmony to balance the water, air and earth. To feed the roots.

I don't want anything or anyone to drown.

My soul wants me to proceed in becoming.

I breathe in circles.

InOutInInOut...

My breath carries me further.

Wells and swells make mice look even smaller.

Inhale Exhale Inhale Inhale Exhale....

The heat of the star begins to pull the water up from the base.

The leaves blow in the wind.

The armor crumbles a little more from the movement within.

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I say to myself, conceding to the harm done. Never again! I cry in realization to it. My body had known about it all along.

I see the hurt that had been in my soul.

I reach out. It reaches in.

My form loosens up a notch.

I-move-it-around.

Along with the tears, I'm sweating profusely. The heat generated by the light of awareness has extended from the higher realms on down.

My tears have taken form of a healthy remorse. Where I had once abandoned myself, acknowledgment had brought it back.

The movement of my emotions allows for flow. The flow allows for communication with my soul once more as the mold cake thins.

Forgive yourself, my soul says to me.

I weep in waves.

I surf them. I can see the shore.

The tears from the pain and torture transform into something forthcoming. The transformation is directly proportional to the degree that my body becomes less stiff and encapsulated from the old and heavy weight.

I let go.

Cold dead numbness is being filled with life. I see it happening.

There is no more ice, rigid and steel.

Where I was once in that hellish place, I had found an exit.

The music is still playing. My mind-fold is soaked. I'm still breathing.

I feel gratitude for being alive. I feel like I've shed a mountain of skin. My body feels new. I feel lighter.

I roll in laughter at the absurd. I roll in laughter because it feels good to laugh. It's okay to let out sounds in rejoice of being alive.

I revel in my new body. Corks are popping on the cellular level.

The music is winding down.

There are no crocodiles swimming in the Nile any longer.

There's some type of cohesiveness in the new state I find myself in.

There's assurance in the vulnerable.

Compassion has a voice and it speaks with impeccable direction of the heart.

My smile is genuine again.

Thanks to a powerful force flowing through the universe, I'm still breathing.

When I returned to my physical body from the ocean, I realized that I had not moved one inch the entire time. I had literally traveled to a more subtle body to mine, and make it move.

I marveled at how incredibly light I was. I felt the energy flowing within me. Forgiveness had set it free.

My friend, The Old Man had then said...now that is what I call participating. Do not stop here though. You must continue to dance to the music of life. There will be more maintenance sessions in the future. Until then, consider every moment one for such. Some will allow you to clear deeper the layers hidden by grime...some will also allow you to see better where you need to place your feet. All will encompass the two at some junction, so long as you open to the sound. Thank you Old Man. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. It is my pleasure. Remember my friend, life is an ongoing process of refining. Thank you. Thank you. The pleasure's mine.Thank you.