

# Roman, Reiki and Remembering

BY JODIE BRENNER

I WAS LIVING IN Boulder, Colorado, practicing my Reiki daily and volunteering my services by offering Reiki to the horses at rescues and sanctuaries. One of these horses captured my heart, and although I didn't know it at the time, would create a path for me to find my soul's journey as a healer and a teacher.

I adopted Roman from a horse rescue that buys horses from the feedlot where they are held en route to the slaughterhouse. I traveled 250 miles roundtrip for five weekends to spend time with him; I knew we belonged together. He often appeared in my Reiki practice or in my meditations. I moved to the ranch where I boarded him and began to develop our relationship. I wanted to help him release his fear of people and any memories of abuse; I knew Reiki would help this process.

He received Reiki daily, many days I would sit on his water trough and do my own Reiki practice and he would join me. When he was accepting the Reiki he licked and chewed his lips, lowered his head, yawned and then the involuntary head bobs began. He snorted when he breathed in and then let out deep sighs. Eventually, he would allow himself to be one with the Reiki space I created and would often go to sleep standing next to me. I was careful not to break this trust by touching him; I allowed him to come in to me. His life before me was a mystery, other than he was born a wild mustang; someone owned him; he was in the feedlot and was sold to the horse rescue. We had a special bond, and people often commented on this; it was a soul connection. I did not know if he was trained for riding, so we were



taking things slowly. My intentions were to build our relationship and allow him to heal with the help of Reiki.

Then eleven months ago I moved from Boulder to follow my dream of living on a ranch in Montana. In a remote part of Western Montana, sixty-five miles from the nearest town, Roman had hundreds of acres to roam and a new herd to integrate with. Many days I had Roman, a mare and a colt in the pasture closest to my house, so I could have contact with him every day. My own Reiki practice had diminished since I left Colorado. My life in Montana was about surviving the elements, working my job and the many ranch chores needed to maintain hundreds of acres. In the summer I helped with haying and in the fall I gathered and chopped wood for my fireplace, my main source of heat

during the long winter months. My spiritual practices were put aside. The only Reiki I practiced was on Roman each night for his safety and protection.

It was Sunday afternoon of Labor Day Weekend one year ago and the only remnant of the previous night's violent thunder and lightning storm was a slow, steady rain. I walked down to the pastures before going for a run and to my horror saw Roman standing at the edge of one of the pastures with a gapping, ten-inch gash in his leg that was four inches deep. The muscle on his top left front leg was severed along with nerves and tendons. He was in shock, and I could see he went deep within himself to deal with the pain. The sights and smells were overwhelming. I immediately began to give him Reiki.

I did not want to leave Roman alone in the pasture, but I had to run a quarter mile to the house to call for help. Cell phone service was not available where I lived and my home telephone signal would not reach the pasture. Crying out for my angels to watch over Roman, I continued to send him distant Reiki as I ran. I called five veterinarians and none of them was willing to travel the distance to the ranch. I finally connected with a veterinarian sixty miles north in the mountains. My only option was to take Roman to her place.

I contacted a couple friends to help me find a trailer and to come over to support me. Most everyone in the small town was at the local rodeo, without cell phones. An hour later I was back with Roman. As I approached him, he looked at me and nickered; he had not moved. My tears continued to flow and now the guilt of the “what-ifs” and “should-haves” came creeping in. I realized the lightning hit directly in the pasture with the three horses, and Roman tore down thirty feet of a three-stranded barbed wire fence. I could see four fence posts on the ground and the mangled barbed wire. He had smaller cuts across his chest and on his right leg.

After three hours of standing in the pasture, the rain became a light drizzle, and it was getting dark. I prayed that a trailer was on the way and continued to give him Reiki. I created a Reiki bubble around him for healing and pain relief. Much of this time became very surreal as if we would both leave for moments at a time. I could feel my hands burning and pulsating so strongly; I had never experienced Reiki so profoundly. I knew he was soaking in as much of the Reiki as I could offer him. He began to shiver from the shock; he would go in and out of the place he went within himself to be with the trauma and pain. I prayed and asked my angels and horse council to surround him with healing and light. I asked that I be grounded, focused and guided to make clear decisions.

Another hour passed and I saw a truck and horse trailer making its way across the pasture. Now crying in relief, I carefully loaded Roman into the trailer. As I followed my friend Steve through the dark winding forest I began to send the Reiki Power and Distant Healing symbols to him and Roman. It began to pour rain, and we were traveling through an area with many elk and

deer. I asked to keep the road clear of any animals or obstacles. I also sent Reiki to the veterinarian’s barn and to her hands for the surgery. It was 10:30 PM when we pulled into the veterinarian’s. I led Roman through the barn and into the surgery room. I walked him into a stockade that would assist him to stand while he was under the anesthesia and pain medicine. I began to send the Reiki Power symbol to the veterinarian, the surgical tools and Steve, who was now assisting her.

As the anesthesia began to relax Roman, he leaned his head against my chest. I gently held his head and continued to hold Reiki space for him as I rested my head on him. She operated until



1:30 AM and said we could only hope for the best. The infection was very bad and the stitches might not hold the night. It was imperative he did not lay down to prevent the stitches from pulling out. I slept standing up with my head laid on his back, both of us covered in fleece blankets I pulled from my truck. He dosed on and off throughout the night; at times he jumped back when the pain and strange surroundings woke him up. He relaxed once he became awake and realized I was at his side. I gave him Reiki all night long. The energetic field around his wound was very powerful, absorbing the Reiki; at times I saw my hands moving in and out with the ebb and flow of the Reiki. My hands felt like they were on fire as the Reiki flowed out of them. It was 8:00 AM when the veterinarian walked into the barn. She was amazed all the stitches were intact

and that I had spent the night in the stall with him.

Three days later I brought him home, most of the stitches were still intact and the infection continued to drain out. I created a healing shed from a room next to the hay barn and moved his friend Sienna in the paddock next to the healing shed. He would remain in the healing shed for the next six weeks. The healing of the leg tissue was not the only concern. It was quite possible he may colic, the infection may not drain properly and could go to his lower leg, he could become lame and other things I chose not to think about. I hung prayer flags, angel pictures, horse oracle cards and other spiritual pictures in the healing shed. I also drew the four Reiki symbols on pieces of paper, folded them and placed them between the old wooden boards. I imbued the healing shed with Reiki everyday.

Roman was on various antibiotics, probiotics and homeopathic remedies; I drew the Power symbol over each of these and sent Reiki to them before I gave them to him. I drew the Power symbol over his water, hay and feed. Roman received Reiki many times throughout the day and night. I drew the symbols onto his body with my fingers. The healing shed became so full of love and light at times it felt very surreal and magical, as if we were in another dimension. I could feel the presence of angels and spiritual beings among us and was grateful to have their company. Every night close to midnight I sat in the healing shed with Roman and watched the rays of moonlight peek through the cracks in the old barn. The primal call of the coyotes from the nearby meadow sent shivers up my spine. Wisdom, a Great Gray Owl fledgling that came to me the night I brought Roman home, would perch on a corral post and call to his parents for food. In this Reiki space I created for Roman's healing I found a sense of peace and felt I was in unison with nature and the animals. Wisdom remained with us every day and night during Roman's healing.

While being the caregiver for Roman I realized I was also healing some of my own traumas, even though at the time I did not realize this. I cried deep soulful sobs everyday for twenty-seven days; I could not remember crying so much in my life. I was also very angry, and the pain I felt in my core was unbearable. I didn't understand why my life felt so harsh if I was following my dreams and passion. I wanted to understand the meaning of Roman's accident and the series of other events that made me consider this the most difficult year of my life. I knew I was growing spiritually, but in the midst of all of this I could not see an answer. I realized it was time for me to leave Montana, but winter was setting in, I would have to wait until spring.

Roman was healing wonderfully. The veterinarian was amazed at how well he was doing each time she saw him. When I knelt in front of Roman to clean his wound, he would reach down to nuzzle my back or take the bandages out of my back jean pocket and throw them in the air. He always played little tricks to make me laugh, and then I would cry, as my heart felt so full, and he nuzzled the tears from my face. I felt like he was caring for me in a sweet gentle way. The daily Reiki created a connection between us unlike any love I have ever felt from human or animal. It was a bond and trust that was so profound it went deep into my soul, and I knew in the midst of this tragic event there was good to come from it. I also knew I was to share this experience with others, even though I did not know how, I felt Roman and Reiki were guiding me.

While researching remedies and muscle tissue repair one evening I got a wave of knowingness. As tears filled my eyes I realized this really was not an "accident" and that Roman took part in this event to lead me back on my true path as a healer and

a teacher. I went to the healing shed and hugged him, thanking him for opening my eyes and my heart to my soul's calling. He nuzzled my cheek, leaned his head into my chest and let out a long breath; most likely relieved that I finally "got it."

It had been six long weeks of continuous care with Roman, and I was sure he had had more Reiki than any other horse in the world. I was able to relax a bit feeling he was going to make a full recovery. However, during this time I neglected my own health; I barely ate, slept, or exercised, and I did not practice self-Reiki. I was feeling depleted, exhausted, beat up and emotional.

One night I knew it was time to begin my self-care. I was in the living room by the fireplace doing my yoga routine when I toppled over while coming up from a pose. I could not get up, and the room was spinning out of control, like I was on an amusement park ride. I lay flat on my back until I was able to crawl to the kitchen, and I became violently sick. I began to feel a bit afraid, and I prayed that it was nothing serious as a myriad of thoughts ran through my mind. I could not walk, let alone drive, and as it was late, I thought I could wait until morning.

In the morning my neighbor, Angela drove me to a Medical Center. They immediately gave me an IV for dehydration and motion sickness pills. They concluded it was an inner ear infection. I realized I was not listening to my inner self, I was not hearing the messages that were being sent to me. Two weeks later when I could walk straight and swing an ax I was chopping wood and pulled my hamstring. The acupuncturist inserted fifty needles in my leg and hip. When I asked her what the spiritual meaning of these specific meridians meant she replied, "Fear of making a decision and moving forward on your path." I could not believe what was happening, the messages were loud and clear, but I was not "getting" them. I realized then, maybe I was "getting" them, but I was afraid of all of our human issues, failure, rejection, stepping too far from my comfort zone; these made me feel stuck.

I missed my spiritual practices, but I felt disconnected from my Reiki teachers and friends in Colorado. I attended a Healing Touch Level II class in Washington four hours away. I was excited to find a copy of the *Reiki News Magazine* in one of the stores there. I totally immersed myself in my Reiki practice; I felt like I had come home. I attended the Karuna Reiki® Master Teacher class in Sedona and began to study Animal Reiki with Kathleen Prasad. My life was making dramatic shifts and things began to flow easily. Many injured wild animals began to show up on the ranch. I was able to offer them Reiki and learn so much from them.

One winter day while walking through the forest behind my house I saw a Great Gray Owl; I knew it was Wisdom checking in. I felt a surreal sense of peacefulness come over me, an inner

knowing that I came to this special place in Montana for my own healing. In this isolated environment I was able to go deep into the core of my soul. In this quiet space I could receive the messages. I was able focus on “healing the healer.” My experiences would help me to become a better facilitator to offer healing to others. Looking back I realized many horses from my past tried to share this with me, but the time was not right, as I still had much to experience and learn.

In early spring we relocated to central Oregon, and with the help of Reiki I was able to manifest an incredible place to live. I feel blessed for the many opportunities that are opening up for me. Once I made the shift and accepted what I was meant to do, it all began to flow. I am very grateful to have Reiki in my daily

life. When I feel fear or worry creeping in about not going back to the corporate world and creating my own business I sit with the Five Reiki Ideals. I allow myself to stop and just “be” in the wonderful Reiki space I create. I ask Reiki to guide me to people, resources and opportunities that are for my highest good. I sit in the pasture with Roman and his new herd, offering them Reiki and appreciate my new beautiful surroundings. Roman is and always will be my soul connection, my teacher. I am grateful that I trusted my intuition two years ago when he came into my life as one of my greatest teachers. All the animals have much to share with us, if we will take the time to listen.



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