



A Continuum Experience: Trusting the Field [Cherionna Menzam-Sills](#)

Where are the words for this experience? Can I even assume there are any? There are tears. There are feelings. There is awe and amazement, gratitude. There is the Field.

At the essence of this experience, well really of all experience, is the Field. I am its student. We are all its students.

Today, as it moved my body again in that now familiar but never familiar deliciousness of flow and impossibility, I watch as it suspends me, my body, what used to be my body, over what used to be air, the air between the body and the floor. This is not supposed to be possible. This is supposed to require muscle strength this body doesn't have and double jointedness no one could function with. Yet, here I am, hovering over the floor, suspended, held by the immensely impersonal kindness of the Invisible, taking the place of what used to be the air.

I watch with fascination. Then, my body begins to shake. The shaking moves from a place so deep within my core it has remained hidden in the shadows there despite years of looking, years of reaching in with therapeutic skill and knowledge, years of sending in the emissaries of love. Still, it has remained hidden. The distrust is that profound.

I watch as it shakes itself loose. I expect to start crying, but nothing happens. Instead, the message comes so loudly I cannot question

it. *Nothing needs to happen. There is nothing to do.* I begin to understand. I thought I did but it seems there is always another layer, another level of this understanding. I don't need to do anything. I can't anyways. It's just an illusion that I can. The Field is doing what needs to be done. My job is to trust.

I allow myself to open further, surrender further to this mysterious partner. I allow it in. I allow me out. It moves me. More shaking. The old structures must go, must be released. I am moved.

And then, there are the faces in the circle. Eyes belonging to real people in this circle. Surrendering to the Invisible is nothing compared to this!

Where is the trust when the Field presents itself in *this* form? Can it be that, even in this circle, with these real people with real personalities, there can be trust that deep? Let me say it in first person. Can I trust? Can I trust on this level? Isn't this the level where it counts?

These faces also represent the Field, are part of the field. We are all on this journey together, all one organism, flowing, writhing, suspended in the silence. Then, the speaking.

Why is this so difficult? I hear other parts of the organism answering my as yet unformed question. Newly found compassion for parents who have tried their best. Those parents also represent the Field. I begin to understand. As I learn to trust the Field, those places held in fear begin to melt. The feelings and perceptions they have safely guarded are released. The hurt and betrayal of the past merge into present perception, looking to be integrated. My habit is to withdraw, go back into hiding. And that is the greatest hurt, the biggest betrayal possible.

So, I see that my Continuum experience has arrived at a new threshold. It is not enough to see how differently I see. It is time to *be* differently. It's not just about playing with breath and sounds and enjoying the

effects in my body. It's not even enough to be with the deep old wounds that surface as the body surrenders. There is something new here. There is something about remembering and trusting the Field in every moment in every interaction – beyond the movement, beyond the class. Bringing the awareness of the Field to even those habits. I will not tolerate anything less now. If this body is going to change, the psyche needs to come along, too. Otherwise, it's just another show to watch, just another act to perform. Another ego trip.

The planet will not tolerate this anymore. It's not just about me. The Field is tugging at us. It wants us to get the message. *There is nothing to do. There is so much to trust.*