

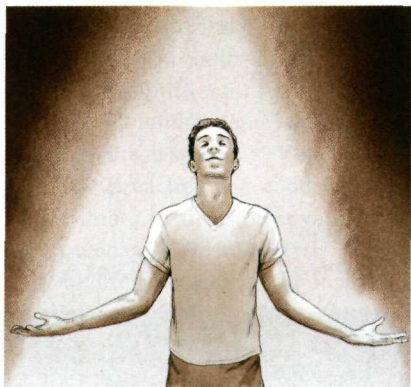
Seek and You Shall Find

Life lessons from O creative director **Adam Glassman**, a levitating, rebirthed, reincarnated, psychic yogi.

IN THE EARLY '90s, I went to Canyon Ranch, the famous spa in Arizona. It was very clean and five-star, so I felt comfortable trying the more woo-woo treatments, like past-life-regression therapy. I'd always sensed there was more than this current life we're living—and I learned that the reason I'd always had a hard time wearing turtlenecks (they make me feel choked) was that I had actually been strangled to death in a past life. In another incarnation, I was the madam at a brothel in France. Pardon the pun, but I was *hooked*! You could say this was the start of my spiritual wellness journey.

Over the next few years, I experimented with Reiki and meditation—which I still do. I became a devout yogi and, through a class I took with Deepak Chopra, a yogic flier. I'm not supposed to talk about this, but in a state of deep meditation, you can literally levitate off the ground in a lotus position and hop, hop, hop across the floor. Another guru had me try urine therapy, which involves drinking your first urine of the day. I don't remember the purpose of that, but I did it for several weeks, and, of course, it was terrible. I had to pretend it was a warm tequila shot. I even tried rebirthing, which involved being squeezed through a rolled-up futon in a doctor's office in Santa Fe—there was a lot of crying and screaming—to release the supposed trauma of being expelled from the womb. That was hysterical.

In general, I'm willing to try anything. I figure, *Maybe I'll laugh about this...or maybe it will change my life*. When you're a seeker, you eventually realize that all your searching leads you to the same place—that the answers you need are, quite frankly, within. The point, for me, is to purify my body and mind. Because when you're physically and spiritually clear—and not held hostage by cravings and old hurts—you're a little bit psychic. You can intuit what's right for you in any given moment. I believe that our souls are on a journey, and that our bodies are just vessels. I like to treat mine as a golden vessel.



FROM DARKNESS TO LIFE

Emily Rapp's young son died last year. Now she's pregnant again—and anxious about all that could go wrong. Can she soothe her mind by healing her body?

WHEN I LEARNED that I was pregnant last year, I felt joy, and then panic that mounted daily. I struggled to sleep. I was distracted at work. Even when I wasn't nauseated, food had no appeal. Although an inevitable part of parenting is to be liquefied with terror that some calamity might befall your child, for me, the stress was unrelenting. My pregnancy was closely monitored at a fertility clinic, which somehow made the panic more acute. Was this ache or that twinge normal? I called the nurse multiple times a day. My therapist encouraged me to relax and live in the moment, but this was proving impossible.

For an hour, I didn't feel much apart from the soothing warmth of her hands, but then I was calm and strangely vibrant.

I already knew what it was like to lose a child. My son, Ronan, was born with Tay-Sachs disease, a rare neurological disorder with no cure. For two agonizing years after his diagnosis, he slowly regressed into a vegetative state; at age 3, when he could no longer swallow, he died. I'd tried everything to cope with the heartache: meditation, running, yoga, slamming heavy ropes onto the floor. My grief was a full-body experience that I had to work through both psychologically and physically. While some of the techniques had helped for a bit, they were no longer giving me relief. How could I parent a new child if I was in a constant state of dread?

In the final weeks of his life, I'd booked Ronan a massage-like treatment called Core Synchronism. The idea is that every

bone, muscle, and organ "opens" and "closes" as a core current of cerebrospinal fluid runs clockwise through our bodies. When the current runs freely, these movements are synchronized, reducing emotional and physical pain and distress, says Eva Lipton-Ormand, Ronan's therapist, who considers herself a "body mechanic." By manipulating the fluid that moves our bodily structures, she says, Core Synchronism gets all our parts moving together in harmony. Even I, who was willing to try anything, had been skeptical, but after Lipton-Ormand's visit to our home, Ronan perked up and felt less tense in my arms. Now I wondered if Lipton-Ormand could help me, too.

I remained fully clothed on a fold-up massage table while she placed her palms on my head, back, neck, legs, feet, and face, holding them for a few seconds or several long minutes until she felt each part "synchronize." For an hour, I didn't feel much

apart from the soothing warmth of Lipton-Ormand's hands, but when she was finished, I was calm and strangely vibrant. I became newly aware of my body: the feel of a chair against my back, the hair on my neck. It was as if my internal warning mechanism, after two and a half years of grinding fear, had finally relaxed. I felt warm all over, as if I'd been sleeping in the sun.

I worked up the nerve to ask Lipton-Ormand a question: "What did you feel with Ronan?" Months before, I'd been afraid to know. Now she told me she'd felt his body at peace but shutting down, his spirit winding counterclockwise toward the end, unraveling. "And what do you feel now?" I asked. Her answer: two forces spinning strongly clockwise, mine and my daughter's, circling toward life.