



The Story in Our Bones was not born in a classroom or a studio. It was born in the long, dark night of a life that nearly broke me.

I grew up in a big, dysfunctional family, where love and pain were tangled together. For many years, I lived in the shadows of addiction — a world of chaos, destruction and survival. Active addiction brought abuse in all forms, physical, mental, emotional and spiritual. I have been sexually assaulted, held up at gunpoint, in abusive relationships, divorced, lost my beloved to AIDS, and the story goes on. I carried more shame than body weight, and I carried plenty of both. I learned early on how to disappear into what hurt, and how to pretend I was fine.

But underneath all of that noise, a small voice never stopped whispering: *You are not what happened to you.*

That voice is the same one I listen for in others — the quiet, steady truth that never gives up on us, no matter how far we fall or how long we run.

Getting clean in 1989, was not the end of my story; it was the beginning of remembering who I was before I forgot. Recovery opened the door to a new kind of healing — not through willpower or performance, but through the body itself. The same body I once rejected became the doorway to freedom.

Through years of study and practice I learned that the body doesn't lie, but it does wait. It waits for us to come home. It waits for us to stop running, stop fixing, stop pretending, and listen.

The Story in Our Bones grew out of that listening.

This work is not theoretical for me. It's not a method I read about or borrowed. It's what saved me — again and again — and continues to save me every day. I don't teach anything I haven't lived through, cried through, and prayed my way back from. I don't ask anyone to go where I haven't already gone.

Healing is not the erasing of pain — it's the art of transforming it into wisdom. The body holds that wisdom in every scar, every tremor, every heartbeat. And when we listen deeply enough, the story inside our bones begins to sing again.

This is what I offer.

A place to land.

A way home.

A reminder that you already carry everything you need.