

I



BRAIN STORMS!

*A bayonet wound in a past life
cuts to the heart of a present day nightmare*

Suddenly it was 1917. The only light was from the constant flashes of cannon and gun fire. The ear-splitting sounds of war were all around me - explosions, rifle shots, the whine of artillery shells soaring overhead. I was standing in a long trench, ankle deep in mud, shivering almost uncontrollably, as much from the piercing cold rain as from the fear of sudden death. To either side of me were my fellow British infantrymen, firing a steady spray at the barely visible enemy. I kept my head down as low as I could as I tried unsuccessfully to free my jammed rifle. I turned to my right, hoping to get one of the lads to help me, when the silhouette figure of a German soldier suddenly loomed up before me. I saw the outline of his spiked helmet and the gleam of his fixed bayonet an instant before he leaped into the trench and stabbed me in the chest. I cried out in agony. I was sure I'd been killed.

I continued to writhe and scream as Dr. Field worked to bring me out of the hypnotic trance she'd induced. She had quite a time of it – this had never happened in any of our previous sessions. Indeed, I learned later that it had never happened at all in

the many years she had been in practice. Finally she got me back to the here and now. I was conscious, but still shaken at the terrifying, vivid experience I'd had. I still had a sharp pain in the upper right part of my chest where I'd been "stabbed". And I was totally baffled. "What the hell was that all about?" I wondered, as Dr. Field continued to soothe me with relaxation suggestions.

Finally, after several minutes, I was able to tell her in detail what I'd experienced. It had all been triggered by a hypnotic technique the doctor had never used on me before. As she gave me a verbal induction, she'd made several passes over my head and shoulders with her hand, only slightly touching my upper right chest, just below my collar bone. That was when all hell broke loose.

I was now wide awake, but my chest still hurt. Together we tried to figure out what this profoundly shattering experience had to do with the problem for which I'd consulted her. And also, we both speculated on whether indeed this had been a genuine past life experience.

Up to that time, there had been no suggestion whatever during my many visits with Dr. Field of taking me back to another life. We had explored, under hypnosis, my childhood experiences that might relate to the reason why I'd sought her help in the first place – a phobia I had developed about the weather – especially wind and rain.

This crippling fear seemed to come out of nowhere during the rainy California winter of 1992-93. Like every normal person, I've never been a fan of bad climate. But I'd never been terrified by it either. For some utterly confounding reason, I'd somehow gotten to the point where I'd scream out loud, stomp my feet and punch my fists into walls at the approach of a light shower. The pitter-patter of rain on the roof, which I was sure would leak in and drown me, and the sound of wind, which I felt might blow me away, scared the living crap out of me. I'd become completely fixated, unable to think about or do anything else except try to block out the sights and sounds of Mother Nature until the sun came out. Then I'd start worrying about the next storm. The only thing that would relieve my debilitating fear was a heavy dose of tranquilizers. But, of course, that did nothing to get at

the cause of this puzzling ailment. And as soon as the numbness wore off, there I'd be again – a complete mess.

Clearly I couldn't go on like this. So I pulled out the Yellow Pages and looked under "Hypnotherapists". I chose to consult a doctor who specialized in hypnosis because I'd had some luck several years earlier with Arthur Ellen, a lay hypnotist who worked a lot with sports figures. At that time I'd developed a chronic backache from swinging a baseball bat. No doctor or chiropractor had been able to help me. But Arthur Ellen did – and in an astonishing way. He put me in a light trance and had me stand up and sit down several times. Then he declared that my back pain was gone. And it was! And not just for that moment, but for good. Remembering that experience gave me hope that hypnosis might be the right approach for me this time as well. I was in no mood for a protracted regimen of analysis. I needed relief fast or I feared I'd do something really crazy.

So I sought out Dr. Eleanor Field. I knew nothing about her except that her office was reasonably close by. On entering her waiting room, I was immediately impressed by all the certificates on the wall. Dr. Field was not just another shrink – she was a bona fide expert in hypnotherapy. She was a clinical psychologist, and a marriage, family therapist. She was a published author and taught other doctors how to use the techniques of hypnosis in surgery and pain management. Just what I needed, because I had a lot of pain to be managed.

Tuesday, November 10, 1992

As I sat waiting for Dr. Field to finish with the patient ahead of me, I tried to figure out how and why I'd gotten my head stuck in this bizarre emotional meat grinder. Why was I, Shawn Regan, a mature, middle-aged man, suddenly terror stricken by every turn in the weather? I felt like some tortured character in a Stephen King novel, not a professional animated cartoon writer. How could someone who'd spent his entire adult life trying to make people laugh suddenly find himself so totally miserable? I tried to think of any traumatic experience I might have had in my past that was associated with rain, wind, etc.. No typhoons, no hurricanes, no monsoons. I'd grown up in Chicago,

the “windy city”, where the climate can be as awful as any place on earth. But I couldn’t recall ever having been afraid of the weather when I was a kid. Years later, during some heavy rains, one room of my home in Sherman Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles, became flooded. That was very unpleasant and highly upsetting, but that had happened more than a decade earlier, and I no longer lived in that house. Then I thought, maybe it wasn’t rain itself – maybe it was some other bad experience with water. I flashed on the time I fell into a lake at age six and nearly drowned. Because of that I’d had an extreme fear of getting in over my head until I was eighteen when a lifeguard friend finally taught me how to swim. But since then, I swim regularly and consider myself better than average in the pool, so that couldn’t be it, either. No – whatever the reason for this recent state of weather/rain/wind panic, it was hidden deeply beneath my awareness.

I was actually glad that there was no window in Dr. Field’s waiting room. As I entered the building on that grey afternoon in November, 1992, the sky had started to cloud up. It was comforting to know that if it began to rain again I wouldn’t be able to see it – at least not until after my appointment. I started to breathe a sigh of relief at that thought, but it stuck in my throat as the door to Dr. Field’s office suddenly opened. I don’t know what I expected her to look like – perhaps a tweedy, matronly, bookish version of your basic stereotypical psychiatrist or maybe a new-age lady guru with rings on every finger, a pierced nose, a flowing robe with half-moons on it and a conical hat. But she was neither. Dr. Field was an extremely attractive, tastefully dressed woman with a lovely smile and a confident but comforting manner. As she invited me in, I couldn’t help thinking, “What a fox!”

I’d hoped that we’d be able to just get going with the hypnotherapy, instantly attacking the problem and resolving it. Arthur Ellen had wasted no time with me – he cut to the chase fast. But Dr. Field was much more thorough. Most of that first appointment was taken up with background stuff – Dr. Field asking me many questions about myself and my past, writing my responses down in great detail.

Born in Chicago, raised in Venice, California. One brother, one sister. My sister and my father had died within the past couple of years and I was taking care of my aged mother. Raised Roman Catholic, but no longer active. I'd worked for many years as a commercial artist and as a writer of animated cartoons. When I listed a few of my scores of credits for Dr. Field, she seemed very impressed, which frankly surprised me. It always blew me away when people reacted that way. Years earlier a former writing partner had summed up the lack of respect given animation writers in Hollywood. "Being a good cartoon writer," he said, "was like being the best dressed man in Bulgaria." Perhaps I should talk to more people outside the industry.

Toward the end of the hour I was getting pretty impatient. After all, I could've written out all this dossier stuff on a resume. We had only minutes left and Dr. Field hadn't yet gotten around to addressing what I'd come in for, and her time was not cheap. And, since I'd had some success in the past with hypnosis, I was very hopeful and anxious to get down to business. But Dr. Field suddenly switched gears on me. Putting down her clipboard, she asked me bluntly, "How's your love life?"

The fact was it was suffering, and in no small measure because of the stranglehold this weather fear had on me. But I was embarrassed to talk about it, so I blurted out something like, "What do you want to know that for?" – but as soon as the words were out of my mouth, I realized it was hopeless and stupid to sidestep the issue. So I started telling Dr. Field about my lovely lady friend Susan. We seemed compatible in many ways. Susan was also a writer, working for a large advertising agency. And, like me, she'd never been married. There were some differences – Susan was a gorgeous, petite brunette with green eyes. I'm tall, grey and bloodshot. She was also several years younger. We'd been going together for many months. I liked her friends and she liked mine. We'd even talked of getting married. Everything seemed to be going beautifully – until the rains came and I started getting freaky.

I told the doctor how difficult it had become for me to sleep at Susan's place because she had a noisy gutter outside her window that exaggerated the sound of the falling rain. I'd started

bringing earplugs over and sleeping with the pillow over my head. And, of course, when your fear antenna goes up, everything else comes down. I was periodically impotent. And I couldn't talk to her about it because I didn't understand it myself. How do you tell a grown woman you get terrified when rain starts to fall? Add to that the fact that Susan was a very strong-minded person who would rather have hot coals put under her nails than ever consult a psychotherapist. I feared that my admission of this nutty phobia would really hurt if not destroy our relationship.

Dr. Field's big grandfather clock struck six and my time was up. I must admit that I was quite frustrated. I felt we hadn't really gotten anywhere. As she ushered me out of her office, she read my long face and reassured me. "I know you want to get going on this problem, Shawn. I suggest you see me twice a week for a while."

"Twice a week?" I responded, mentally trying to calculate what the cost of all this would be.

"I don't have any doubt that we'll find our way out of your problem, but we'll have to give it everything we've got."

"You mean everything I've got!" I thought to myself as I walked down the corridor toward the exit. I didn't look forward to a protracted series of visits, not just because I was hurting, but because my insurance only paid for a small part of Dr. Field's fee. I seriously considered doubling back to her office and canceling the appointment I'd just made, but when I opened the building's outer door, my mind was quickly changed. It was raining again. Fear once more washed over me like a monsoon. I couldn't wait to return for my next session.

Two days later I was back. More talk and more background. We even got into some of my dreams. Like the one I'd just had the night before.

There had been a rainstorm but it was clearing up. I was trying to return to my house, but I had to get over an enormously high cliff to get there. It was very scary, with mud slides and waterfalls everywhere. But the cliff wasn't just a natural formation. There were treacherous stairs and ladders that I had to climb and leap from one to the other. I was also aware that I was, in effect, tak-

ing a shortcut by going up the side of the cliff, instead of taking the long way around it. But it was too late to turn back.

The symbolism was pretty obvious – I was reflecting my desire to get going with solving this problem. But was examining this kind of thing in therapy going to cure my morbid fear of bad weather? I had strong doubts.

It wasn't until our third appointment that Dr. Field finally decided to use hypnotism. Her technique was to take several minutes going from the top of my head to the tips of my toes, relaxing muscle groups as she took me deeper and deeper into trance. She guided me back to a painful childhood experience – I must've been only a toddler. I was supposed to be taking a nap, but I'd gotten out of my bed, gone into the kitchen and spilled a bottle of ammonia. My mother was furious and whacked me hard on the butt. She put me back to bed and gave me a "Wait till your father gets home – he's really going to give it to you" message. This was a frequent theme in my childhood – being threatened by the return home of my dad. I don't remember his ever physically hurting me. But just a disappointed expression on his face was enough to make me feel about as awful as a kid could feel.

One thing I must say here about what I encounter under hypnosis. Some people describe a sense of detachment while in trance – as if they were watching a movie. For me it's a total experience. In this hypnotic incident, I WAS a child. I felt as a child. I could smell the ammonia fumes. I felt the sting of my mother's hand on my bottom. Even my point of view was a child's, seeing everything from a lower angle and much larger than an adult would.

Dr. Field brought me back to consciousness. "Shawn, you're an outstanding hypnotic subject," she enthused.

I didn't respond right away. Coming out of trance for me is like pulling myself out of a tub full of taffy. It took me several minutes to reply. "That's fine," I mumbled with a thick tongue. "But what does this mean? What does spilling a bottle of ammonia have to do with my weather hangup?" Since the hour was up, Dr. Field suggested we get into that next time.

The following couple of appointments we speculated about "the ammonia thing" as well as groping around in my head for

what was behind my fear. Dr. Field had me free associate – trying to get a hook on something, anything that would get us to the cause. Nothing led anywhere. I was once more hypnotically regressed to early childhood and re-experienced being tied to a tree by my mother, so I wouldn't wander off. Again, pretty unpleasant. But, I thought, also pretty irrelevant. By early December I'd had three more hypnotic sessions, all having to do with childhood experiences, none of which seemed to have even a remote connection to why I'd entered therapy. And since the weather continued rainy my anxiety was getting worse. I seriously started thinking about looking elsewhere for help.

But a couple of weeks before Christmas we hit a raw nerve. Dr. Field led me back a few years to re-experience the flood conditions of 1979-80 mentioned earlier. I relived my house being flooded, my roof leaking and my swimming pool overflowing. Pretty awful. When I became quite agitated, racing around in my head filling sandbags to keep the water out, Dr. Field brought me out of that scene and took me back to still another childhood experience – I was two years old and hiding under some steps. It was getting dark and my sister was calling me. Leaves were blowing outside and the wind was howling. I was scared of being punished (for what I don't know) but also frightened at being in this confined, dark place. As the wind picked up and its howling sound got louder, I grew more and more terrified. I started to scream and cry uncontrollably.

I was so shaken when Dr. Field brought me out of trance that after I left her office, I couldn't drive my car. I had to come back to her waiting room and stay for nearly an hour before I got hold of myself.

Now I wanted to quit more than ever. But by the time I arrived home I had to admit to myself that we'd made some kind of a connection. We hadn't just dredged up some unpleasant old memories here. The rain, the wind, a frightened child – this seemed like a definite link between the fears of today and the events of other times.

All through the rest of December on through early March, I was close to going over the edge. As the rain and wind continued relentlessly, day after day, I had the most anxious moments

and the darkest thoughts of my entire life. But I continued to see Dr. Field because I felt, hoped and prayed that sooner or later this process was going to lead to relief. My attitude was like the drunk in the old joke, on his hands and knees under a street light. A cop asks him what he's doing there and the drunk replies, "Looking for my keys. I lost 'em across the street." The cop asks, "Then what're you looking here for?" The drunk replies, "Because the light's better."

Through hypnosis, Dr. Field was throwing a lot of light on my forgotten childhood, but I had no idea if we were looking in the right place. In session after session Dr. Field would take me hypnotically to my buried past, and I would relive things like being on a Chicago elevated train station in mid-winter and feeling the bitter cold wind whip up through the platform, then being punished for coming home late. Or being left in a baby buggy by my mother, and when it started to rain, trying to crawl out, only to tip it over and spill groceries all over the street. These and other such hypnotic happenings seemed important because they touched on frightening childhood experiences relating to the weather. But bringing them to the surface did little if anything to lessen the severity of my panic attacks. And as the rain continued to fall in record amounts over the following weeks, the only relief I was getting was from the relaxation suggestions Dr. Field gave me on each visit. But the effect of these would wear off rather quickly, and the suggestions I was taught to give myself didn't really work well.

But then in early March, the weather turned mild, and so did my fears of the wind and rain. As spring approached and the sun shown more and more, I began to think I'd turned the corner on terror. My moods brightened at this prospect, and the fact that I wouldn't have to mention seeing a shrink to Susan buoyed my spirits even more.

In mid March, Susan and I flew to Florida to take a Caribbean cruise. Tremendous turbulence followed us all the way to the east coast. This was not a white knuckle flight, it was a red, white and blue knuckle flight – the roughest, scariest one I've ever been on. When we landed in Miami, there were hurricane warnings. Fortunately, we were booked to stay in a hotel that

night instead of boarding the ship right away, because during the early morning hours the lower tip of the storm hit shore. We watched its devastating power from our double-pane bedroom window. Even though we were quite safe, I felt the old whammy starting to grab me again. I had to dip into the tranquilizers to get just a little sleep. Early the next day, when the weather cleared, we took a walk outside. There were several overturned mobile homes nearby and debris everywhere. The damage was in the millions.

It took me two or three days on that cruise ship under sunny Caribbean skies to really settle down. At first I felt defeated, as if I'd really slipped backward. But when we hooked up with friends I'd met on a previous cruise and began to share with them and others the terrible fears that we all felt during the hurricane, I stopped beating on myself for having what was, after all, a normal reaction to real danger. The rest of our vacation was wonderful. Susan and I had a marvelous time, and when we got back home, I felt we'd gotten closer than we'd been for a long while.

I had the last of this series of appointments with Dr. Field on April 13. Refreshed from our trip, I was very optimistic that my weather angst was behind me. Of course I was in denial big time. After all, the rainy season in Southern California was over and I wouldn't have to test myself for at least six months. Dr. Field tried to persuade me to continue my therapy, but I stubbornly refused. As far as I was concerned, I was all better. Sure I was.

In June my mother passed away of a stroke. She was eighty-four years old. I'd been taking care of her for almost three years since my father's death. She'd been in poor health for some time. Losing her was extremely sad and a big loss to me, but not unexpected. Even so, I grieved for quite a long time.

As spring turned to summer the pain of her passing began to subside. I was working on a new cartoon series that was a lot of fun, and Susan and I were getting along well. In September, we flew to Wisconsin to visit my friends Ted and Sue, the couple we'd seen on our cruise. We spent several days at their lake home and had a delightful time. When we got back Susan and I again spoke about getting married. I felt very positive – work was going well for both of us and my weather fears seemed a distant

memory. But then in late October, my hibernating terror awoke and struck me with a vengeance. Santana winds came up, fanning brush fires all over Southern California. I was not in a fire area and was not in any imminent danger. But something deep inside me sensed things quite differently. Just the sound of the hot “devil wind” rekindled a feeling of being severely threatened. I was once again in a state of constant panic, right back where I’d been months earlier. All I wanted to do was close the blinds, plug my ears and put a pillow over my head. I started making excuses to stay home and avoid people, including Susan – especially Susan. Needless to say, our relationship quickly began to fall apart. I tried to fake my way through it, but trying to conceal these feelings was like trying to hide an elephant in a shoe box. She was in no mood to put up with my bizarre behavior anymore and started to avoid me. I couldn’t blame her. I didn’t even want to be around me.

So I went back to Dr. Field. I saw her seven times between November 20 and December 14. Sad to say, things went from bad to worse. On November 23 she took me back to a childhood incident in which I was playing with matches and set a grass fire. On the 30th, I went so deep into trance that I had great difficulty coming out. Quoting my diary, on December 2, “I once more descended into the muddy depths of helplessness.” Dr. Field suggested I buy a red sweater and anchor the power of the color red to my dreadful feelings until more good feelings emerged. On Dec. 7, I cried tears of futility because we were again raking over old coals but going nowhere. On Dec. 9, she told me it was okay that I felt bad when I left her office. “Feelings are significant and need to be experienced as they are felt,” she declared. “Like a kitchen sink, if we shove the debris down, eventually the drain gets clogged,” she told me. “That leads to anxiety and even panic attacks.” On December 14, Dr. Field and I had a very testy exchange. I complained loudly that we weren’t getting anyplace. I told her it just pissed me off for her to tell me to wear red sweaters and accept bad feelings. On the 21st, we once again had what I felt was a very unproductive session.

Meantime, a few days before Christmas, Susan and I had a terrible row. I tried to tell her about going to therapy and got an

even harsher response than I'd always feared. She had no tolerance for the process and thought my problem was trivial. There were other very personal and very unkind remarks. I was crushed. A couple of days later she apologized, saying she'd been worried about having cancer which she now knew she didn't have. I don't know if that was just an excuse or not, but as far as I was concerned it was another hole in our fast sinking rowboat of love.

It didn't rain on December 23, 1993, but it was to be a watershed. It had been very breezy all day, and I hadn't been able to concentrate on the script I was writing. I was anxious about the wind and depressed about my troubles with Susan. And I was angry – at myself and at Dr. Field for our mutual inability to free me from the clutches of my weather mania. As I entered the doctor's office, I was aching for a breakthrough. But I had no idea of the dramatic form it would take.

from...Dr. Field
The Therapist's Perspective

*“The soul should always stand ajar,
 ready to welcome the ecstatic experience.”*

—Emily Dickinson

*“In the twilight of memory we should meet once more,
 we shall speak again together,
 and you shall sing to me a deeper song.
 Know therefore, that from the greater silence I shall return.”*
 —Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Twisting and turning in the deep leather of the patient's chair, his face turned into a terrified grimace. Shattering the still quiet of the office, he jolted my concentration with a loud piercing scream which could only emanate from someone's experiencing severe pain. Shawn was in a hypnotic trance. I did not need to ascertain that he was into some traumatic episode – he was definitely there! But where?

“Really get with that feeling,” I urged. “Put aside whatever is going on in your head for the moment and focus upon the physical sensations you are experiencing, the physical feelings.” He did not speak, and, as if still feeling the pain, he contorted his face and continued to writhe in the chair. He was totally within himself and I could not tell whether he was concentrating upon the feelings or simply had not heard me. Or, what in heaven's name was going on?

“Are you more than five years old?” I questioned. “Let a ‘Yes’ finger lift.” We joke about giving someone the finger, but here's where the patient gives the therapist the finger. Utilized in regression therapy, the patient responds directly from the subconscious by lifting a finger designated as, “Yes”, “No”, or “I don't want to tell you”. Any bodily movements come from the subconscious mind. In contrast, when a subject needs to provide a verbal response, he needs to *think*. The response is then more apt to come from the conscious mind. Working with the

fingers is like working with the Ouija Board. One might say, “Let the fingers do the talking.”

Shawn and I had reviewed many past events in his life and he was an old hand at providing worthwhile responses. In fact, his fingers probably danced in his dreams. Yet, there were absolutely no finger responses now. This was not typical of my psychotherapy sessions with him.

As we began this session, little did either of us suspect that it would be the one to produce the key we had been looking for — and to bring it about in such a surprising manner. Indeed, we had not set out to do any regression therapy at all. Shawn came into the session complaining about an intense pain in his chest. Prior to coming to my office, Shawn had consulted with his physician who determined there was no serious physical condition. With this assurance, we agreed to spend the time of his hour doing pain management to provide him with some relief. With a hypnotic induction, powerful mind-over-body control can be invoked within which the patient “removes” the pain. Actually, the relay system to the brain is “cut off”, so that even if profound tissue damage is present, the pain is not felt.

So, with Shawn’s permission to be touched, and after providing Mesmeric passes with my hands gliding about six inches over his body, I moved my fingers lightly over his chest where the pain was most intense. As I did, I again requested that he really “pay attention” to the pain and focus upon the physical sensations of which the pain was comprised. And then it happened!

This handsome guy — tall, dark, and stately — had returned to me for therapy one month earlier. When he had begun treatment one year prior, my initial impression was that of a man with a very quiet demeanor and impeccable manners, such as never taking his seat until I placed my derriere on mine. His presenting symptoms, a fear of wind, rain, or actually any gloomy weather, resulted in a level of panic which was overwhelming to him. This produced a depressive mood which I believe was reflected in his attire, mostly black, with some grey. Boris, my office manager, observed that after his session, Shawn would sometimes go to the parking lot exit, look out through the glass doors, and if it were at all gloomy, come back to the waiting

room and sit shivering until he could desperately create enough courage to deal with the elements and venture out to his car.

In therapy, Shawn turned out to be a “tough nut to crack”. I pride myself on “getting rid of my patients fast”. These actually have been the words of some of my patients. Medical hypnosis is a powerful tool of psychotherapy, greatly accelerating the process. Not with Shawn. Every form of psychotherapy and hypnotherapy in which I was skilled was put to the test with only minimal returns. Exploring the past, we worked through every rainy, windy, or watery episode he could come up with, looking to find the key to the door, behind which resided the causative factors to his symptoms. Once there, with some unique hypnotic interventions and a “working through”, with the release of the feelings which were a part of these events, the causative factors could be defused or sometimes re-framed into a positive situation.

Yes, I could not have been more surprised and amazed. No response came from Shawn as to where, when, or what he was about. Having been in private practice for twenty years, I had never had such a reaction from a motivated patient. No response! Yet there were the sighs of anguish and pain and the twisting and turning in the chair. “Are you at home? School? Is your mother there? Sister?” I kept questioning. Still no response.

Barely audible, Shawn finally muttered, “It’s 1917.” What? I was totally taken aback. 1917? Wait a minute. He’s not nearly that old. He must mean “1970”. Then he blurted out, “I’m in the trenches... France... Or Belgium.” He said nothing more until much time passed. I waited and listened for additional information. Then, maybe he was out of trance, or maybe we were both in a lingering light trance. We talked. “It was *The World War*,” he declared in all innocence. His aspect was still a bit fuzzy. “Oh! World War I,” he corrected, as he became further aware and began to view his experience from another perspective, that of the Self sitting in the chair before me. He was now ready to talk about whatever he could get out of his mouth.

“War... the sounds... the sights... the piercing cold... the terrible, never-ceasing rain... and then, the bayonet... the German soldier... the bloody Kraut... pierced by his damn steel bayonet... He leaped into the trench and he got me... in the chest. He

stabbed me in the chest! The son of a bitch! Right in the chest! Oh, the pain! Pain in my chest!” He continued to cry out. Thus began the unraveling of an unforeseen saga, and with it, the beginning of an even more amazing recovery! As the drunk in Shawn’s little tale had to say, the light was on this side of the room, but the key had indeed been “across the street”.