

# Becoming Complete and Completed with Coronavirus

by Wendy Masterson

Since January 2020 and during my recovery of the past ten months, I have come to know the coronavirus well. At first, I did not know what was happening in my body. There was confusion between body-mind and cognitive understanding and the needs of both. In the end, time became my friend. Time as a transitional space for pausing, questioning, moving, embodying, and coming into relationship with the coronavirus. My body became my guide, with the support and trust of my immunity collective that had generational knowledge of this virus. Meeting as two, becoming one, then separating again into two identities. One virus. One me.

When the coronavirus struck me, it was quick, voracious—essentially a full-body pandemic. My immune system responded as quickly, and my cellular tone was amplified both within the virus and my immunity response. Cellular vibration for many months after the initial illness was highly amplified. My instinctual understanding was of having my connective tissue shriveling like the petals of a summer flower on a very hot, dry day.

Shortly after the New Year, I remember something entering through my nasal passages which lit my entire head on fire. Very hot ... blazing, as if I had been sunbaked. What had I done? During the previous weeks I had been working on releasing scar tissue at my low brain level and in the optic orbit. Had I gone too far? Why was my head radiating heat? Did I need to go to the hospital? I decided to give it time. I waited. I placed my feet and hands in cold water, which helped a bit. After an hour, I did not feel worse nor did I feel better. I stayed within my question, "What is this?"—keenly aware of the heat and that my brain called for protection through fat and fluid in order to cool down.

I felt as if I had army ants invading my body. Their tiny feet were scrambling everywhere. I recognize now that this was cellular division in real time. The virus cells were exploding and the immune cells were multiplying. Everything was migrating at a rapid rate—highly vibrational and building energy, creating a swarm of cellular energy. What a phenomenal sensation! In one sense, my earliest experience of a fertilized egg was repeating itself, re-member-ing itself, as the sensation spread throughout my body.

This illness, with no name, kept morphing. What I thought would be a 24-hour bug turned into days of wondering when the illness would subside. That was 10 months ago. I am still exploring and clearing the impact of the coronavirus on my body.

I became physically aware of the virus as it migrated through my nervous system. Quick, very sharp pain in the full lace fabric of nerve. I felt like my whole body had sciatica. From the nerves the virus moved into my fascia. All of my joints simulta-

neously became arthritic. Throughout this illness I have felt that the virus was moving through or invading my connective tissue. The image in my mind has been of an egg being slurped up by a predator. Egg whites dripping from the predator's mouth. I could hear this sound in my tissue during the illness and can still recall this sensation easily today.

The next stage of the virus woke me up from a restless sleep on an early wintry morning, two days after the initial hit through my sinuses. I was struggling for breath. Prolonged dry coughing caused my diaphragm to seize, thus my entire thoracic cavity was not moving dynamically. I felt as if my chest was wrapped tightly in gauze. My lungs had no room to move and wanted oxygen, receiving very little, and sending my respiratory tract into a panic state. I grasped for every small moment of relief. Air was not coming in. My inner voice was resonating, "Uh-oh, this not good." I tried to subdue the panic, but my body needed oxygen.

After a few minutes of struggling, I realized that I was using the vertebrate patterns, yield/push/reach/pull, while trying to literally catch my breath. I pushed for breath, I reached for breath, I tried to pull breath in. With the high cellular vibration reverberating throughout my body, even yielding created panic. In this moment, the vertebrate patterns caused more distress than relief.

I paused and tried omental breathing. Because my diaphragm and connective tissue were constricted, this avenue did not work. I tried cellular breathing. Again, the cells were highly amplified, so this route was not productive. I came back to myself and paused.

A familiar path emerged, one that I have explored many times before in my personal practice and with my students, pre-professional artists and dancers, and adult clients. I paused again and listened. My body led me to other pathways for breathing. Through the cacophony of vibrations and panic, the pre-vertebrate pattern of sponging arose. Specifically, sponging through my skin. I began to balance the tone of internal and external space, inviting the largest organ of my body to receive. My whole body became a cellular membrane. Relief came. Panic subsided. Oxygen was easing in and my breathing improved.

Asking through *invitation* was key—inviting the skin to receive oxygen, balancing internal and external environments. That morning and for several more days following, when I forgot and tried breathing with the support of the vertebrate patterns, my body responded with warning signals and impending panic. I remembered and consciously returned to breathing through invitation of sponging with skin and easeful breathing was restored.



The coronavirus presented many pathways for discovery. Some were new experiences, others involved physiological systems that I had explored somatically years ago. The illness, recovery, and integrated experiences were an interweaving of the past and the present.

The constriction of my lungs, diaphragm, ribcage, and connective tissue within my heart's helix caused my heartbeat to become irregular. I immediately called on my venous capillaries, my friendly little fingers, to balance the pump from my periphery to the core. My heart rhythms restored easily.

One of the other interesting moments occurred when I lost the feeling in both of my legs. This I traced to an epidural I had received almost two decades ago. I remember the sensation of the epidural and followed the familiar nerve and tissue pathway. This is one of the times during my encounter with the coronavirus that I used a clear "no" and activated vertebrate and muscle-mind intentions. My brain-body was literally not going to stand for this, and I brought my legs back into connection with my spine. The coronavirus led me to the place of initial contact of the epidural needle, drug, and my tissue. Over a period of three months I continued to play with that space. It took me time to go through the layers—in the end the point of epidural contact cleared, and my body responded with a spinal reflex: the same spinal reflex that occurred during the injection twenty years ago. I would not have gone there without the stimulus of the coronavirus.

The coronavirus has given me opportunities for taking pauses, for trusting my body as a guide, and for exploring my relationship with this virus, my immune system, and myself.

A phenomenal and unexpected experience has been emerging during my illness and recovery. In January when I asked, "Am I ok?" my immune system responded, "We know this. We've got this." This response told me that this was not a new virus. My body was actively engaging with a virus that my immune collective knew from generations ago. I think this is one of the reasons my immune response was so aggressive.

Later, during my recovery, another question formed. "Can I trace the connection of the virus to previous generations?" Once again, I paused and stayed with this question. Gradually I was taken back to pre-human form. The place of an egg being eaten by a predator. This is the sensation that I had felt many months before in the initial stage of the virus and my immune response. Was this imagination? Was this a collective memory?

Another remarkable gift from this virus is one of conscious identity. When the virus entered my healthy cells, a new relationship was created with my cell/self. Then when the cells of my immune system responded, they created their unique relationship with the virus. All interwoven. All with their own needs and programming. Generations of memory in action. With months of questioning, taking pauses, using embodied awareness and movement, I was able to recognize these relationships. I had developed a new consciousness with the virus. What started as two beings, then joined into one, later emerged as two separate identities.

I had been asking since the beginning, "Can I enter the virus cell? Is it safe? What happens if ...?" In the beginning the cellular vibration was too high and my immune system was protecting me from contact. Over time I felt that I was getting closer. Cellular tone was softening, and my immune system was quietening and coming back to itself.

Then one day, five months after becoming ill, I had a profound and illuminating moment while working with a client. We were exploring transitional space—the transitional space of memory, of sensory, and of action. I was once again in my question, "Can I come into contact with the virus?"

Through the space of the pause, the space of my questions, the space of not-knowing yet knowing: my body guided me to my blood. At that moment I discovered very clearly two independent identities. One, the virus cell. One, my cell. There was not a sense of competition nor desire to multiply. Simply one of being. Each to its own. Each now a part of me. Generations of memory, in that moment at peace. This experience was a beautiful gift. In that moment I understood time without time. Being complete and completed.

I continue to explore the coronavirus through many lenses. One has been facilitating organ, glandular, skeletal, fluid, and nervous systems with the underlying support of the pre-vertebrate patterns. Another avenue for integration has been by sharing my experiences and somatic explorations with my clients and through a series of webinars. For these webinars I invited Annie Brook and Toni Smith to collaborate and share their knowledge of the immune system and cell receptor sites. Recordings of these webinars are available through my website, [themotionspace.com](http://themotionspace.com).

I also have been working with clients who are in recovery from the coronavirus. Many have not been able to breathe fully, they feel sluggish, or their lower digestive tracts are affected. When I use touch to facilitate these clients, I notice my cellular tone and theirs. I can easily identify the progress of their immune system and relationship to the virus. The vibration of the virus is very clear to me. This has helped to support my clients' well-being and recovery.

I also understand the global response to the coronavirus as a reflection of the human immune response. This helps me to balance my singular life with the collective global view. This has helped me to address my own anxiety and reassure my clients as well.

In closing, although this virus was a challenge, it was also a phenomenal gift. I do not fear this virus. Perhaps more importantly, I respect the virus. I have trust in my immune system and its generational knowledge, and I practice self-care. Self-care includes my personal life and explorations; my family, friends, and colleagues; and my community. My relationship towards the coronavirus continues to unfold—each of us becoming complete and completed—for this moment in time. ♪