Park (lities Pec

COMMENTARY

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 2013

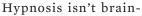
First Sign of Hypnosis' Success: I Wrote This Quickly

hen Oak Lawn hypnotherapist Valerie Grimes told us about her services, I jumped around in front of my boss: "Hypnosis!"

It could make for a wacky column, I thought, and either be amusingly self-help-ish or - for all I know - a magic fix to washing, she said, and whatever's ailing me. I'd it'll never make you do take it. Valerie's appointment calendar is often you're doing. booked, so when we finally had a minute on the to protect us from what we phone, I started rattling.

tion ... whew."

Valerie spent 20 years be painful." in the advertising world before switching careers, I learned, and she's espehelping "almost-alcoholwith doctors' referrals.





GEORGIA FISHER georgia.fisher@ peoplenewspapers.com

something you don't know

feel is painful, but there's "I've always been anx- no conscious awareness of know it's gonna make me ious," I told the mellow, it. It happens in sales all flawlessly smooth voice the time; people don't get on the other end of the the deal or don't make the collection plate for you," line. "And my procrastina- call because of their perception that it's going to

that Coors Light brings self is petite and stylish no right or wrong way. fulfillment, or planes are and wholly unfrighten- And when you have a concially passionate about scary, or public speaking ing. Her office feels mod- scious thought, you can selves to believe as much. close view of Lee Park. I cloud and it floats away, my writing apart. I hated

weaken and eventually proves immensely com- hypnotic trance." break old neural path- fortable, ambient music, ways," Valerie explained, and a smell like unburned ing away on a little magic "by creating stronger ones incense. of what we really want."

readier I was to slay my his only goal is to drop biggest demon as a writer: three pant sizes but forgo procrastination. Most health, Valerie says curbpeople need at least three ing procrastination could what we could do in one.

When a coworker and good friend heard my the words fly because I'm plans, he laughed so hard "The mind starts trying that he started yipping and shaking.

> "Shut up, Rick! You do the story faster."

> "We should take up a appointment.

The therapy "helps to notice an odd recliner that you're drifting deeper into her.

fun of writing. Shedding old hang-ups will make already dying to let them.

ries. and concerns about from Fantasia." I recall whether you're doing it an editor from my high right or not just flooooaat school paper. And if you with my breath as I nes- bad, try this kind. I'm nervous when I get tle under a blanket in the

I imagine Rick slidcarpet as Valerie slowly Much like she wouldn't repeats certain words and The more she spoke, the tell a weight-loss client counts backwards. I forget the girl in spirit, to tell her about my voice recorder, I'm moving on. I give a few my dinner plans, my fear of drooling. It's beautiful.

I'm skeptical, however, sessions, but we'd see mean rediscovering the until she suggests I try to open my eyes. The lids feel glued together. Strange.

Eventually, after a guided visit to my "garden After some background of creativity," wherein I discussion, she tells me to tear up and mutter about how long I think the ses-"let those thoughts, wor- "cartoony flowers, like sion lasted. away on a cloud." Her think listening to a reguhe zinged as I left for my voice seems to rise and fall lar recording of yourself is

I barely knew Brittany, In other words, the idea there, but Valerie her- darkened room. "There's and thought I'd forgotten her years ago – her and her professional glamor shots that she left around is worse – well, we've ern, with organic art and just let it float away, and the newsroom. I got A's in ics" get well. Many arrive already "hypnotized" our- a green wall that offsets a as your mind follows the English class, but she tore

Looking back, I realize Brittany was as miserable as me. I just can't believe she's still in my head.

Valerie asks me to thank other people the what-for while I'm at it.

But that's not all.

Whenever I hear my phone ring – or get text or email alerts – I'll be overcome with the urge to write, Valerie says.

Before I leave, she asks

"Oh. 10 minutes?" Trv 30.

And whether it's the offbeat content or some change in me, I'm dving to get this all transcribed.

My phone dings.

"You are getting ver-ry gullible," my boyfriend texts.

I don't know if I'm a faster writer. Mavbe. But for now, I'm a happier one.

Email georgia.fisher@ *peoplenewspapers.com*