

Editor's Note: In the Sept. 2008 issue of the Journal an article "Number Two Rolfer" by Linly Washer was not printed in its entirety on Page 7 & 8. Here is it again.

[SS1] Comentário: I made some trademark edits only.

Number Two Rolfer

By Linly Washer, Certified Advanced Rolfer™

Anne Hoff has just emailed me to ask if I would like to write a piece for the journal. We met years ago, she reminded me, at a workshop in Virginia with Vivian Jaye. I remember. I'm thinking I won't write, it's not my thing, but I'll ask Maryanne [Gabriel] – New Zealand's other Rolfer – if she'll do it. But then I remember that time and I think, "Can I possibly convey how it is for the foreign Rolfers – especially those of us who have to travel across the world to study?"

Kiwis travel a lot. We all talk about our OE, (overseas experience). I spent eighteen months traveling the world, so to travel for training is not so new. Because it's a long way to the east coast of America for a kiwi, and because there were two workshops within a short space in both time and location, I organized to do both on that particular trip. The first workshop was in August in Washington DC. It was about twenty hours of travel to get there, and I was on the last plane allowed to land before Hurricane Floyd hit. I stayed with a fellow Rolfering® practitioner who I had met during training, and we had a wonderful catch-up before she generously gave me use of her house while she went north for a wedding. The next day I took the subway to class, about an hour's travel and several changes. I loved it: the convenience, no need for a car and learning to drive on the wrong side of the road, new scenery to take in, and accents to enjoy. Then I arrived at the school and found a notice on the door that class was cancelled due to Hurricane Floyd. Jetlag and emotions intermingled as I sat against the locked door, placed my head on my knees in a not-so-perfect C curve, and cried.

With a few unexpected days up my sleeve I traveled north (as soon as the floods had subsided and the trains were able to run again) for my first and only visit to the Big Apple. The day I arrived there is a parade on (immigrants' day); everyone was dressed in their national

costumes as they danced down the streets to their national music. The joy was contagious. The police had scooter-type vehicles, so cute I was almost tempted to request a ride. I had a wonderful time seeing all the famous sites, and those familiar from movie scenes. I actually found New Yorkers friendly, contrary to what I had been told. And of course there were more Rolfing practitioners to catch up with. So New York was a good distraction from the sense of wastefulness and futility that the locked door in Washington DC had evoked in me, and thankfully the second workshop went ahead as planned.

But let's go back even further. Many years earlier I was teaching yoga in Whangarei on the north island. Some of my students looked like they had had a grease and oil change, they were moving so smoothly through the poses. I asked them what had happened, and they told me they had received Rolfing. Because of the changes I saw in my students, I decided to try Rolfing too. At the time, Maryanne was the only Rolfer in New Zealand, and she traveled around the country offering sessions. The Rolfing sessions I received from her had such a profound effect on me that, part way through the Ten Series, I decided I wanted to train as a Certified Rolfer. I bounced into her motel room for my next session and told her that I wanted to be a Rolfer. She was cautiously supportive; I was puzzled over the caution. When she considered my checkered career background – which included working in a mine as a truckie and loader operator – she said she thought I'd make it as a Rolfer. I wasn't sure why that was relevant.

I began my training in Boulder in 1996 and as it happens Maryanne was also there doing her advance training, with our time overlapping for a few days. It was a rare opportunity to talk to someone from my own culture. The pre-training impressed me and I was definitely full track on my new career. It took eighteen months and some large bank withdrawals and long plane flights before I received my certificate. I was now New Zealand's second resident Rolfer.

Eventually I proudly placed my sign on the office space I rented in town. Starting a practice was terrifying and satisfying and mystifying, and I wondered if I'd ever feel confident. Maryanne was a wonderful support, handing over her Whangarei clients to me. We did four-

handed work to settle both myself and the clients. It worked a treat for the clients but at first I felt I was faking it.

I've been Rolfing ten years now. I completed my advanced training (after seven years in practice) in Hawaii, a fantastic place to train as it is only an eight-hour, forty-minute plane ride from New Zealand with awesome scenery, beaches and weather at the end of the flight. After my advanced training I settled into Rolfing. I didn't know it would take that long. I now understand Maryanne's cautious attitude and the relevance of the mining years. It's not for wimps this Rolfing, you need courage to stick at it as it molds, changes and grows you. No other job has taught me so much about myself. No other job has enticed me to stay so long. No other job has felt so worthwhile and purposeful. No other job has remained so interesting. All other jobs felt like work.

I still live and practice in Whangarei, a city about a two-hour drive north of Auckland with a population of approximately 45,000. It is a lower socioeconomic area, but stunningly beautiful with varied areas from beach to bush, and very lush as it is subtropical. The Rolfing practice has always been a part-time business, which is all the clientele I have. I use to sweat over the lack of clients until I realized that it gave me a most wonderful lifestyle. I work at something I love with clients who are delightful for three to four days a week, and spend the other days at home in my garden with the chooks (hens), or out on the harbor kayaking, sailing or fishing, or bush-walking.

My clients are generally people in pain. They have most likely tried everything else before they get to me. I have a small percentage of people who know about Rolfing and come for the benefits before any serious trouble strikes them. I have clients from all walks of life and all age groups. I'm particularly interested in the head work, from a desire to cure my migraines. Slowly over the years I am discovering the subtle tensions in the jaw and neck that help drive these events. I no longer advertise and allow word of mouth to generate the work. This may not have been sensible, since I am experiencing the slowest period I have ever had – perhaps a reaction to petrol and food prices, which have been relentlessly on the rise. But since I get to spend more time in the veggie garden instead, I make up some of the financial loss by eating home-grown food. On the fine, still days a

kayak trip around the corner to the marine reserve reminds me to put any worry aside and give thanks for this most extraordinary life.