

*'One Moment In Time' .....1992*

*The invitation from the non-denominational hospice construction company was put to me... I hadn't really been interested in going...I even had to pay my own travel expenses...however, I found myself attending rehearsals and packing my bags, helplessly wondering why I was doing this... I didn't know then that the many pieces of my life's creation were weaving themselves towards a perfect synchronicity.*

*'Sixteen years ago, in Romania, as a professional, world travelled singer/song-writer, having performed the previous evening at the opening of a new hospice, I sang in a cold, comfortless hospital ward to a traumatised, terminally ill, abandoned child. Her vacant, fathomless stare which was fixed on my face almost broke my heart. She was so small, silent and...alone. She'd retreated so far into herself that the dedicated nurses, employed from many countries, had all but given up with her. For an hour, or was it an eternity that I held her little fist in the palm of my hand and sang, talked and sang again, but nothing about her moved. It was almost time to leave. The last song began. It was different to all the others which had been well known children's songs. The choir sound was now made up of long sustained notes in perfect harmony. There was a lump in my throat as I gently voiced 'give me one moment in time'...and then the miracle happened. Her little hand began to beat perfect time in mine. For a moment there was a distant focus in her eyes and I knew the music had reached and touched a deep, locked away part inside of her stirring her own song to expression in the only way it could.*

*Then my heart broke. I walked down the cheerless, stone corridor barely noticing the curious looks from mobile patients. For the next four hours I cried. I felt as though the tears would never stop. I had another concert to perform in. We travelled to the Cathedral in Bucharest where I sang in front of a congregation of hundreds gathered especially to hear us. Again, the choir sang melodiously behind me. On the walls were life sized statues of the Christ and his disciples. I could have sworn that one of them walked off the wall towards me as my voice poured out pure emotion and the tears still flowed. I then felt a deep sense of communion and calm. A not yet understood sense of purpose. Out of an evil beyond belief I had received a message; a message from one who had suffered so terribly, but had lived long enough to show me a way to heal. She changed my life.*

*In Romania I began to recognise the power of music, voice and sound as a transformational healing tool and knew that my journey into this very special work had started. On my return to England I went into deep self analysis and self development processes and five years of counselling training. I achieved a Diploma in Counselling, accreditation with the BACP and later, after developing a busy practice, a Diploma in Counselling/Psychotherapy Supervision. Alongside this I studied the healing voice and developed healing sound work, facilitating workshops which have often been a complementary support in the counselling process.*

*I will never forget that tiny, beautiful child. She may well not be in this world now but before every workshop begins, I light a candle to her memory. I share her story with the participants, play the song I was inspired to write called 'Child' and thank her for being a guiding light to the work I was born to do.'*

Lynn Holland



