

Healing Stones

by Wendy Brown-Báez



a short story about unexpected encounters and healing

© 2020 Wendy Brown-Baez and Writing Circles for Healing

The largest stone jutted so far into the sky that her hat fell off when she lifted her eyes to the top. This stone intimidated her. She hesitated after touching all the others, running her fingertips lightly over their rough surfaces. They were more variegated than she had imagined from the photos. She knew the stones held magic but whether it was the energy left from those who had danced in this circle before her or the stones themselves, she didn't know. This is what she had come for—to be infused with power, to shake off her insecurity, her exhaustion, her depression, and take on strength. It required weeks of planning, saving, and dreaming to arrive here. She knew in a split second that no matter what happened, this moment would define the rest of her life.

She flexed her hand, placed her palm carefully on the surface of the stone in front of her. It felt cool but not cold, despite a breeze that swept across the countryside. She knew the stone was a living thing. Her palm warmed. Something shifted inside of her. As though she was part of something ancient and holy and eternal. Her shoes were soaked from morning dew and her legs ached from the walk but all of that fell away. She heard an almost imperceptible inner cry, "You will receive all you need."

Adjust your dreams, she thought to herself. This was just one dream, a trip to the standing stones at Stonehenge. Her bucket list seemed to grow every day, each day one step closer to the medical miracle she needed. At thirty-five, she had so much living yet to do. Her heart was beating too fast and she felt faint. The stone seemed to respond, a feeling like a current passed through her palm. Just enough to jolt her sinking spirits upright again. What message was she getting?