

# **The Healer's Path**

Transforming illness, broken families  
and abusive relationships into wisdom.

*Jodi DeGroat Harris*

*Pasque & Prayrie*



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*Dedicated to  
my grandmother*

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“Jesus, You are the wounded healer, heal me through  
your wounds. You are the God, the Ultimate, Who alone  
can heal me. You are my divine medicine. Oh, Lord!”

*- A Prayer of the Wounded Warrior*

The Art of Letting Go  
Pushing too hard from the ego  
    is the engine  
The universe pushes back  
Reflection always mirrors back in lessons,  
    guidance or boons  
Allow the Flow as the threads of life unravel  
    and unfold its story  
Perfect, beautiful spirit provides us with what we need.  
Balance.

- Jodi DeGroat Harris

## *Foreword*

**A**s a healer, numerous stories of how people regained their health are shared with me on a daily basis. Having access to this vital information, I have to thank the thousands of customers who shop at my store, Back to Nature.

Being a witness to these living miracles actually began five years prior to opening my own business, when I was working at various health food stores. This dates my career in the natural health industry for over 30 years. My collection of testimonies need to be told. I would consider it a “sin” not to share them with the world.

This was my intention when beginning this book after much encouragement from my clientele. However, My Path of the Wounded Healer began to take over and write itself, taking on a whole life on its own.

Releasing the pain from the stories of my past from my first memories on my grandparents farm to fifty some odd years later was truly a healing experience. These stories are my interpretation of the events.

What really happened can be observed from several angles since here are always two sides to every story.

This book is meant to be an inspiration to wellness and wholeness in mind, body, soul and spirit as I take you on a journey along my healing path. One of the transformations that occurred in this half century included the gift of health, which I had not known since the day I was born.

Coming from a broken family, there was a great amount of stress before I was born. Thankfully, my grandparents were there to give me a place to live and thrive. Never knowing what it would be like to be “normal” in a typical American family, I knew I was destined to do something extraordinary. Not that I thought I was smart or special but so “different” than anyone else, something had to “be up with that.”

Moving from city to city due the corporation that employed my stepfather took a toll on our whole family. Just about the time I would begin to make friends, it was time to move again.

Looking back, these experiences made me the person I am today, open and friendly. There was no time to be shy after moving nine times by the time I was 14-years-old. Home was only a place to find shelter and sleep, which was learned from being a nomad starting at the age of four.

Suffering from a chronic respiratory ailment kept me bedridden over 25 percent of the first ten years of my life. My immune system improved, but it was still compromised for the next fifteen years.

The pharmaceutical world has its place, but there are so many traditional methods of healing that can be effective without the side effects. Experiencing illness from the day I was born was a hidden gift that I used - not only to discover my own health, but to help

others as well. Most individuals do not experience ailments until they age or abuse their bodies. My life was just the opposite.

My relationships with men were rocky, to put it mildly. My family life, which included my stepfather, half brother and mother, were unconventional. Everybody “did their own thing.” Looking for someone to mend that unhealed part of me seemed to attract physical abuse, beginning at the age of eighteen. This repetitive pattern continued for twenty years until I bravely took a new, yet simple, action.

Moving to California with my husband when I was twenty-five was a lifetime game-changer for me. I literally found my healing path in Paradise. That is Paradise, California.

My poor immune system flared up with a nasty infection that sent me to the doctor. However, this was no ordinary medical doctor. He was from India and did not like antibiotics. That is what he told me as I sat there dazed and confused. For a minute there, I thought I was in the wrong place, but I was in a medical clinic. The good doctor turned me into a “coal biter,” which inspired my path as a healer.

Being a grain farmer his entire life, my husband was lost in California. He fell in with a crowd that “partied hearty” all the time, which led to a separation of our marriage.

My degree in Commercial and Graphic Art led me to southern California where career opportunities were a “dime a dozen.” Landing a job as a receptionist was my foot in the door to the executive world.

High stress and an abusive boyfriend caused me to wander back to North Dakota to live with my parents. Little did I know, my career in healing was waiting for me there in the frozen tundra.

Even with a 75 percent income decrease, my new job made me the happiest person in the world. I was finally working at a health food store.

Spending hours in southern California's many herb shops mesmerized me. If charcoal could perform such a miraculous recovery, what about the other thousands of herbs on those shelves?

I was hooked! I needed to know it all. Then, when I thought life couldn't get better, it did! Much thanks to a nun, my homeopathic instructor, who prayed for my deepest desire. Within a week, all my dreams and desires came true. My next stage in my healing career unfolded before my eyes.

North Dakota started to wear on me with the unbearable winters. After many years, I remarried to the brother of a colleague from college. My friend and his wife resided in the Black Hills of South Dakota, providing us the opportunity to visit them and this beautiful country.

The Black Hills was much milder than the neighboring northern Dakota. Much warmer! It could be 70 degrees in December while North Dakota would be in the single digits. Feeling much more than an urge to make this place my home, I pursued a job working for an iridologist. Again, I took a cut in my paycheck, but I was happy.

Physical abuse continued as I decided to jump out on a limb and open my own store. After all, I had been practicing with other people's money for years. I call it "the little herb store that saved my life."

My new husband was extremely abusive, physically and mentally. Looking back I wonder if there was some type of curse that followed me from my father's side. "The curse of the father lasts seven generations" or so it is said in the Bible.

My mother had left my biological father when I was a baby and my father's mother left his father. They left to avoid abuse. They left to save their lives. I was fortunate that my mother took me with her even if I did not live with her for several years.

Opening a store in a town of 5,000 people with larger stores a few minutes away was a big gamble. I borrowed \$2,000 and used my husband's credit card to open the tiny store since my credit was

ruined after my first marriage. After spending thousands of dollars in newspaper and radio advertising, the money started to trickle in.

Radio shows hosted by a well-known herbalist promoted business at the other store where I was employed. I invited Sweet Annie to talk on our local AM station and my store paid for the air time.

Annie later invited me to join her “live” on the syndicated radio show, “Herb Talk.” We were a “hit” within a 300-mile radius!

Being a small business woman in a town that holds the biggest motorcycle rally in the world was a rare occasion, especially being in the natural healing business with organic foods. The Black Hills are a very spiritual place to live, even when over a half a million bikers come to your town to visit for two weeks every year.

Finding support from a few strong friends, it was their advice that convinced me to leave my abusive husband before it was too late.

The love of my life, or so I believed, popped out of nowhere after fifteen years. However, after having my “now or never baby,” I realized the mental abuse was sucking the life out of me.

After a vicious four-year divorce, my battles were not over. However, the lessons I learned from this relationship would set me on a higher spiritual path. After all, one can not be physically healthy without being mentally and spiritually healthy. That is what holistic healing is all about!

The struggles from the physical and mental abuse was small in comparison when my building began to break down in astronomical ways. Waking up in a cold sweat, I wondered where I would find the unimaginable amount of needed funds. How would my son and I survive and keep the store going without a building? Renting was not an option in Sturgis due to the rally. These battles continued for another twenty years.

There are two more books burning in my soul, sharing the stories of how herbs and other healing modalities change one’s life. These remedies have been such a godsend to so many people.

The Roots of the Herb Lady was the original book I intended to write before the Wounded Healer decided to release her pain on the pages. These stories about how to heal oneself will be tied up in a bow as a gift to humanity. They are meant to guide and support others in their times of need, hopefully giving them strength and inspiration to be the heroes of their own stories.

The Path of the Wounded Healer was a step of bravery on my own behalf, leaving the stoic business woman behind. It took great courage to be human with flaws and faults. Still with reservations of being judged and criticized, I realize that my experiences in the past were different from others' experiences and need not apologize for that.

My pain and suffering was transformed into a treasure of health and happiness. Claiming my right to be a healer, I have come out of hiding from my shame and ridicule of the past. The inspiration from witnessing others come back to a healed version of themselves has created a passion within my heart. There are miracles the world wishes us to discover every day. There is nothing more precious than the gift of health.

The legacy I envision through my books will hopefully inspire people from the examples of my beaten paths. I feel like the maverick who needs to explore the world to make for a better tomorrow not only for the people, but for the whole planet and its living creatures.

The examples of my life stories are my interpretation of what happened to me and perhaps why it happened for many reasons. There is more to "her story" or "his story" than meets the eye. Putting myself in the other person's shoes is not always easy, but it can be liberating to one's soul.

This liberation created an awareness that pushing too hard in life is like the farmer who tries to force his crops to grow. Controlling circumstances and others is comparable to trying to have authority over the ocean.

We need to learn how to “go with the flow,” respect others and obtain boundaries for ourselves. The courage to confront our deepest fears brings forth the greatest treasures, reaching our full potential as a person. Discovering that humility, integrity, perseverance and gratitude are the greatest gifts took many years.

Dredging up the past of being judged, shunned, criticized and abused could possibly be the most healing modality of all. Do not keep that pain inside. Let it out by writing, painting or with music. There are many ways to release these hard lessons that mold us into the person we were meant to be, our highest self.

*Blessings to all my readers!*



To continue reading,  
please purchase a copy of this book.

*Thank you for your interest.*

