

## **When the Body Stops Cooperating**

There's a moment that doesn't always arrive all at once, and often not in a way that can be easily named. It begins as a subtle shift—something in the body no longer responding the way it once did. Energy becomes inconsistent, sleep less restorative, digestion less reliable. There is a quiet but persistent discomfort that doesn't fully resolve, even when you do the things that have always worked.

At first, I met this in the way I had been taught to meet most things: by trying to fix it. I adjusted routines, looked for the right combination of support, searched for explanations that would allow me to restore what had been lost. I approached my body as something that had gone off track and needed to be guided back.

But what I began to see, slowly and not without resistance, is that my body was not simply failing me. It was refusing a way of relating that I had lived inside of for a long time. There came a point where pushing through no longer worked—not because I lacked discipline, but because the effort itself began to cost more than what it produced. The body, in its own way, began to insist on something else—not in language, but through sensation, limitation, and a growing sensitivity to how I was living inside myself.

I started to notice that every time I overrode what I felt—every time I dismissed fatigue, moved past discomfort, or tried to return to a previous level of functioning—my body responded more strongly. Not as punishment, but as a kind of amplification. As if what had once been a whisper was now being spoken more clearly. It wasn't asking me to find a better strategy. It was asking me to change my relationship to what I was experiencing.

Listening, in this way, wasn't intuitive for me. It required a stillness I hadn't practiced, a willingness to remain with sensation without immediately turning it into something to solve. There were stretches where all I could do was sit with what was present—the heaviness, the agitation, the unfamiliar rhythms of a body that no longer followed my expectations. And in that staying, something began to shift. Not always in relief, but in contact. A sense that I was no longer managing my body from a distance, but beginning to inhabit it.

What I had called healing for much of my life had often been a way of restoring function, of bringing the system back into alignment with what I thought it should be. This was something else. It was a process of recognizing that the body was not an obstacle to be overcome, but a place of intelligence I hadn't fully learned how to be with. The changes that followed didn't come from force. They came from attention—one that allowed the body to lead.

There is a tendency to interpret what is happening in the body as something that has gone wrong. And sometimes that's true. But there are also moments where what appears as dysfunction is actually a threshold—a point at which the ways we have been relating to ourselves can no longer be sustained.

If you find yourself there, it may not mean that something is broken. It may mean something deeper is asking to be felt.

*Remembering Myself – A Journey Through the Threads of Time* was written from within that listening—a way of staying with what was unfolding rather than stepping outside of it.

You can explore the book and the work at [dkhillard.com](http://dkhillard.com).