

Skeptical but sporting, The Banker follows Jane into the New Age.

# The Hip Way To Health

BY JANE WILKENS MICHAEL



KEVIN LEIN

*“Every part of the body corresponds to a specific spot on the foot,” explains Laura Norman, reflexologist. “Massaging that spot triggers a reflex that produces relaxation, decreases pain and unblocks energy.” To demonstrate, she takes on the aching shoulder of The Banker.*

**M**ONDAY, FEBRUARY 3. MY HUSBAND THE Banker arrives home from his office to find me massaging my feet.

“Jane, what a surprise! Usually when I come home, you’re on the telephone consoling your single friends who complain that there are no good men left. But today you truly have a good reason for not greeting me at the door: your feet hurt.”

“Actually, dear, it’s not my feet that are bothering me—I have a headache!”

“A headache? I hate to sound obvious, but aren’t you working on the wrong end? Oh, wait, don’t tell me! This is another theory from those gurus-of-the-month you swear by. Like the one who told you to cure my cough with grape juice laced with cayenne pepper because that would break up any congestion.”

“Well, who knew you had double pneumonia at the time? And I really didn’t appreciate your telling your mother I was trying to kill you. But to answer your question—no, I’m not working on the wrong end. In fact,

pressing the base of my toes helps my neck, stimulating the ball of my foot opens up my lungs, and guess what I’m affecting by massaging the arch?”

“The mind boggles!”

“My liver. This, darling, is a healing art called reflexology, which dates as far back as 2500 B.C. But it is becoming accepted in the medical world today; it’s commonly used to relieve, among other things, back pain during childbirth. My friend Laura Norman, the country’s leading reflexologist, told me how reflexology works. The meridians—the pathways by which energy travels through the body—end in the feet, and every organ, gland and body part corresponds to a place on them. Massaging these points breaks down any blockages so that the energy current flows freely again. Now, if you’ll excuse me, my pituitary is in need of a boost.”

“Let me know when you get to the part that’s responsible for making dinner. By the way, Jane, have you seen the heating pad? My shoulder is killing me. I knew I shouldn’t have let the kids talk me into that free-throw contest last weekend.”

“You know, Bob, you always pooh-poo these New Age sorts of things, but I’d like to send you to Laura Norman for your shoulder; she has a clinic right here in New York. Just let her give you a treatment and you’ll see how great you’ll feel.”

THE NEXT DAY THE BANKER RETURNS FROM HIS LATE appointment with Laura. He seems to be a new man, uncomplaining, cooperative, calm, even when he steps on an errant piece of the baby’s puzzle that sends him flying into the kitchen, where dinner has yet to be started.

“I must admit, Jane, Laura *was* great. For moral support I took along Tony, my conservative Yale colleague, from whom I fully intended to get a second skeptical opinion. But all he could do was rave about how the warmth diffused up through his body to relax his shoulders. Hey, whether I believe all this or not, you sure can’t beat a fifty-minute foot massage. I even bought you a copy of Laura’s book *Feet First: A Guide to Foot Reflexology*, so you can do this for me every night before I go to sleep.”

“In your dreams, dear. Actually, I’ve been going to Laura for years. She helps me deal with the tension that comes from taking care of a demanding Banker and three little children. Thanks to her, I’m still sane.”

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