

Treating Anxiety, Panic and Phobia in teaching a hypnotic self-treatment technique

1. Gathering Information/History of the symptom
2. The client defines the goal
3. Building hope - Diminish Helplessness
4. Explaining the Approach:
Everyday examples for "anchors"
Stories about successful treatment
Homework assignment with audio cassette
5. Self-Hypnosis Training
6. Pattern disruption techniques
7. Working with old vulnerabilities
8.
 - Function of the symptom
 - Reframing of the symptom
 - Symptom as starting point for pattern disruption
 - Additional family or couples therapy
9. Stabilizing

Selbstwertgefühl und Hoffnung aufbauen und verstärken – Hilflosigkeit abbauen
Building self esteem, hope and expectation – reducing helplessness

- 1) Learning of the alphabet
Reminding clients of their strengths
Stock taking list

- 2) Review your day and acknowledge positive actions, intentions and thoughts

- 3) Telling successful case examples
Exhibit your professional certificates
This approach will work, if you wish or not
In your case we have different treatment options – I will give a brief overview of possibilities
Demonstrate your expertise

- 4) Open Therapy – Explaining the possibilities
Normalize and giving information

- 5) Reframing

- 6) Reducing time pressure – Driving slow is sometimes faster at the end

- 7) Humor

- 8) Empathy – Pacing – Acknowledgement – Respecting

Bernhard Trenkle, Dipl.Psych.
www.meg-rottweil.de
email: Mail@bernhard-trenkle.de
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Stories, which demonstrate „it is working if you want or not“

Somebody broke into my house and was standing behind a door in the middle of my flat and attacking me with a knife. Even many years later I sometimes have the tendency to look behind doors if somebody is there. And that is normal. Nature has installed that mechanism to give us greater chances of surviving in the long run.

A couple, married for 40 years, is walking down the street and from a open window they are hearing the sound of the waltz on which they danced at their wedding. Both were smiling and suddenly their mood changed..

The telephone is ringing and somebody is breathing on the other side of the line in a characteristic way.

Either you think, o wonderful , that is nice that this person is calling , or you say to yourself: No, not again and you become angry immediately. That is happening even before the other even said one word. A little stimulus can trigger a mighty response.

You are in a very good mood and trying to find something on your desk and unexpectedly you find the photo a good friend who recently died – suddenly you are in sad mood.

The smell of grandmother's clothes or a perfume can activate intense memories.

A song on the radio is reminding you of a dance, your first kiss or a very special experience.

That is even working subliminally without conscious awareness.

Example: My daughters are singing in a choir and I enjoyed this great concert of the choir. During the concert I started to have tears in my eyes and sad feelings. I had just no idea what's going on with me. My daughters later asked me: Have you recognized this song; it was the song which the choir sang at grandpa's funeral. I just had no conscious memory of my father's funeral, but unconsciously it was stored and could be activated again.

We will work therapeutically with this mechanism, and therefore it will work even if you not want.

Client who had a fight with mother in the age of 14 and partner was not allowed to touch her at her wrists.

Bernhard Trenkle, Dipl.Psych.

www.meg-rottweil.de

email: Mail@bernhard-trenkle.de

Krakau 2014

Stabilization

Correcting unrealistic expectations

- Being realistic in future/some vulnerability will remain
- getting away from all-or-nothing/black or white reasoning

“Open therapy”: Explaining what and why we are doing things in therapy

Teaching self-treatment approaches

Using metaphors

- Story of Till Eulenspiegel
- If you want a linear development then best you measure only at two times
- In a storm a bamboo is more stable than an oak tree

Prescribe a relapse

How we could elicit a relapse? What could result in a relapse?

Homework assignments

- The Art to have a relapse or fall back into previous behaviors.
- What can I do, not to transfer the insight into practice and positive intentions to practice

What function does the symptom have?

What you are winning by maintaining and retaining the symptom?

Giving a summary of the treatment experienced in hypnosis, recorded on audio-tape and given to the patient to listen to.

Having a party and celebrating the changes and advances one has achieved with specific rituals, symbols, etc.

Speaking as an expert: A irreversible positive change has happened.
(Gunthard Weber)

Posthypnotic Suggestions

- even with letters, mails, business cards

Scheduling several stabilization sessions ahead of time – one year later or 4 times a year
There is no waiting list for previous patients

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Brief Self Hypnosis Training

Outlining the method

Using hypnotic speech patterns to orient the client to a hypnotic state

Demonstrating the technique

1) Concentrating with open eyes to an object/point in the room

4 times Visual	4 times Auditorial	4 times Kinesthetic
3 times Visual	3 times Auditorial	3 times Kinesthetic
2 times Visual	2 times Auditorial	2 times Kinesthetic
1 times Visual	1 times Auditorial	1 times Kinesthetic

2) Closing the eyes. Remembering a situation in the past when you have been very relaxed and safe in the past.

4 times Visual	4 times Auditorial	4 times Kinesthetic
3 times Visual	3 times Auditorial	3 times Kinesthetic
2 times Visual	2 times Auditorial	2 times Kinesthetic
1 times Visual	1 times Auditorial	1 times Kinesthetic

The Lion Story

Reorientation

Counting from 1-20 and coming back again

Bernhard Trenkle, Dipl.Psych.

www.meg-rottweil.de

email: Mail@bernhard-trenkle.de

Krakau 2014

Idries Shah

THE LION WHO SAW HIS FACE IN THE WATER

There was once a lion who lived in a desert which was very windy; and because of this, the water in the holes from which he usually drank was never still, for the wind riffled the surface and never reflected anything.

One day this lion wandered into a forest, where he hunted and played, until he felt rather tired and thirsty. Looking for water, he came across a pool of the coolest, most tempting, and most placid water that you could possibly imagine. Lions, like other wild animals, can smell water, and the scent of this water was like ambrosia to him.

So the lion approached the pool, and extended his neck to have a good drink. Suddenly, though, he saw his reflection – and imagined that it must be another lion.

‘Oh dear’, he thought to himself, ‘this must be water belonging to another lion – I had better be careful.’

He retreated, but then thirst drove him back again, and again he saw the head of a fearsome lion looking back at him from the surface of the pool.

This time our lion hoped that he might be able to frighten the ‘other lion’ away; and so he opened his mouth and gave a terrible roar. But no sooner he had bared his teeth than, of course, the mouth of the ‘other’ lion opened as well, and this seemed to our lion to be an awful and dangerous sight.

Again and again the lion retreated and then returned to the pool. Again and again he had the same experience.

After a long time, however, he was so thirsty and desperate that he decided to himself: ‘Lion or no lion, I am going to drink from that pool!’

And, lo and behold, no sooner had he plunged his face into the water than the ‘other lion’ disappeared!

Bernhard Trenkle, Dipl.Psych.

www.meg-rottweil.de

email: Mail@bernhard-trenkle.de

Krakau 2014

LION Story Long Version

...and this story... about the lion, the one in which the conscious mind can think of how the story was told in the introduction workshop, while the unconscious mind may show a very personal interest in it... the conscious mind can have a professional interest in it, analyse the story, while the unconscious can... very private goals... the conscious mind can realise some incorrect grammar, while the other hears only the content... and back then, when this story was told... in the BBC... many many years ago... at the end of the sixties... in the BBC's radio programme... there was a big surprise at the BBC... it really was a surprise at the BBC... and you can take on an even more relaxed posture anytime... anytime you can concentrate more and more on your own goals... anytime on the goals that have been mentioned here and let yourself be surprised... just like back then... those letters to the editor... or rather letters from the listeners at BBC... mothers that phoned the BBC because of the children, and it was a big surprise at the BBC, it really was a surprise, back then... in the evening... maybe half past nine when I called... I still had to make an important phone call and I needed an important information... and I had to call a colleague, before I could make this important phone call... but her five year old son answered the phone and I was surprised... half past nine at night... and I asked where is your Mummy, and he said I don't know... and I was even more surprised... I asked him when will your Mummy be back?... he said I don't know, and then he started to talk and talk and talk... and after some time I asked him, are you afraid?... then he said yes, I don't know when Mummy will be back... and right after that he said you won't hang up, will you... and I promised him to not hang up... I talked to him, but I would also have to make my important phone call at some point, so I felt a bit under pressure... and then I had the idea of telling him this story... and I said to him, you know, I am going to tell you a beautiful bedtime story now... and when the story is over, this bedtime story, then I will make my phone call, that will take about twenty minutes... and I promise to call you again after that... and I will only let it ring three times... and when you don't pick up after the third time, I will know you are asleep... and then I began with the story... the story of the lion... and this lion lives in the forest... and of course the conscious mind knows, lions do not live in forests... it is a fairy tale... in this fairy tale the lion lives in the forest... and this beautiful oriental story... and maybe the conscious interest enjoys analysing how these oriental stories are different from European fairy tales... this positive, solution oriented content... maybe someone also feels the need to find out...how does this story take effect on children... and how does it take effect on adults... and how does it take effect on the child within the adult... and yet maybe just listening to a nice story... with lots and lots of layers... ant the lion in this forest, in which it is windy all the time... there is this permanent sound in this forest... and the lion hears the sound and does not hear it... in the background this

permanent rushing... so familiar to the lion already... he hears the rushing and does not hear it... it is like music.. It is always windy in this forest... on of the reasons it stays in the forest is this water hole... containing this amazingly refreshing water... but because of the permanent wind in the forest, the water's surface is always rippled... the water never reflects anything... and one day the lion goes hunting... and here also, everyone knows... male lions never go hunting... only female lions do... but in this fairy tale the lion goes hunting... and from minute to minute he more and more gets into hunting... he becomes more and more concentrated, absorbed, focussed... and only his aim... he sees his aim before his eyes... he smells his aim, he feels his aim, he hears his aim... more and more... and more and more... he hears the wind and does not hear it... he smells the wood and does not smell it... more and more concentrated, absorbed... with dreamlike certainty, more and more concentrated... he sees the trees and does not see them... with dreamlike confidence he runs between the trees... totally concentrated... on his aim... at first he still feels his body... and more and more... only the aim... and eventually he runs out of the forest... into the desert... and there is the sun, and it is warm, but he feels the heat and does not feel it... he hears the different sounds in the desert and does not hear them... he sees the animals and does not see them... he concentrates on his aim... he smells the desert and does not smell it... he feels his body and does not feel it... but eventually... eventually they will come back... they're coming back... they're coming back, his needs... he is thirsty... he is really thirsty... terribly thirsty... the long hunt, the heat in the desert... the dry air... thirst... and he is far away from his water hole... of course he can walk back to his water hole... he has got enough resources... but it is now that he is thirsty... lions are able to smell... smell water... and there is water, very close to where he is now... fresh water... and thirsty and smelling this water and going there... and there is this little lake... a deep blue, calm, no wind, as smooth as glass... and walking down to it... but as soon as he lowers his head towards the surface, there is this other lion, and he draws back, startled... he backs out and lies down in the shadow beneath this tree and waits... eventually the other one will leave, I only have to wait... but few minutes later, lowering the head towards the water, the other one is there again... and he starts being annoyed at himself... because he got into this situation so recklessly... of course... he can walk back, he has got enough strength... he can go back anytime... but he is thirsty right now, he wants to drink right now... it is now that he feels his needs... and he is getting so angry at the other one because he will not clear the way... and he runs down and roars and thunders and rumbles... and he rips open his mouth as far as a lion possibly can rip his mouth open... but the other lion rips his mouth open just as far... obviously just as far... obviously... as he tries it the fourth time... a helpless, frightened lion is looking at him... and that makes himself feel desperate and helpless... and he lies down in the

shadow again and does not know what to do.. somehow the situation feel strangely familiar... it feels as if he can go neither back nor forth... although he actually knows he could go back to his own water... and actually he could also go to this fresh water here... to this lake as smooth as glass... and still he feels as if he was paralysed... strangely familiar... and he closes his eyes and does not know what to do... he is helpless... and then he is surprised, very unexpectedly he sees beautiful images.... And his head says, actually those pictures do not fit this situation... somewhere... deep inside... beautiful images... from way back... he is hunting butterflies... he never caught any of the butterflies... but that doesn't matter... he is totally at ease... he can wait... he takes his time... he observes... he sees the butterflies... and sneaks up... millimetre after millimetre... hour after hour... same and same again... he sneaks up, and every time again he is sure, this time it will work... and he jumps and the butterfly flies away... hour after hour... ten times... twenty times... forty times... day after day... that is like a time, in which there aren't any mistakes... he does not know exactly yet, how much he knows... he doesn't even know how much he is learning in this situation... hour after hour he is sneaking up... only sees his aim... his whole body is concentrated... his eyes... millimetre after millimetre... a relaxed tension... a concentrated relaxing tension... even though his body trembles with excitement a little... he is absolutely relaxed... it is a time, when there are no mistakes... only curiosity... and experimenting... and he jumps... the butterfly flies away... hour after hour... and as he opens his eyes and moves, he sees the lake... a lake like the sea... seeing the sea... smooth as glass, a deep blue, calm air... and he gets up and slowly strolls towards the lake... it is this special way of powerful strolling... he moves sinuously, he has the full strength of a grown-up lion, the right posture... in the shoulders, the hips, in his neck... he has got the full strength and experience of a big, grown-up lion... and at the same time it is like an idea... as if an idea of the small lion was inside of him... he walks just a little bit differently... strolls just a little bit differently... and shortly before he reaches the lake... he hears a voice, as if it came from the outside... lion or not... his own voice, he is startled... by his own voice... lion or not... and he lowers his face into the water, the water ripples... he slurps this cool water and breathes... relieved... and the water is so refreshing... enjoying... and he drinks in his own pace... delightedly... and everything around him does not matter... he feels calmer and calmer... and the calmer he feels the smoother the water gets... sometimes he can see the other lion... sometimes he twists his face to a grimace, the other one does... sometimes he smiles, in a quick change... and all he hears is lion or not... and he lies down in the shade again... and the cool water refreshes the body... the long hunt... it is pleasant... a mixture between tiredness and being refreshed... a well-earned tiredness... and he wants to call those memories with the butterflies again... and again he sees

those colourful butterflies... and he is hunting those butterflies... and it becomes clearer and clearer... what he can learn from that time... he can learn making mistakes in a perfect way... making mistakes in a perfect way for him means that mistakes do not matter at all... he learns avoiding them... he is curious, he can wait... he just takes his time, he has patience, just like back then, when he was a little lion... it does not matter at all that he does not catch anything... back then it was not important to him to train his eyes... train his bounce... train how to sneak up... all of it came incidentally, naturally... from week to week he became better at sneaking up... and it became clear to him, that he is able to learn exactly this, from those early times... to learn in a perfect way and to make mistakes in a perfect way... just doing it... without pressure... his awareness wide and open... his whole field of vision before him... making mistakes in a perfect way... and then he remembers another situation from back then... retrospectively it is a rather mundane memory... retrospectively... there was this stone, this big stone... he always wanted to turn it over... but it was too heavy for the little lion... from week to week the little lion became stronger... and one day the stone rolled over... and he was horrified... a long time ago... today he is able to smile about it, because from an objective point of view it was banal... but for the little one it was too much... back then... all those bugs and worms beneath the stone... as a grown-up lion he feels ashamed, how could one be so frightened, being a lion... somehow he can understand, for the little lion it was too much... for the big lion it seems absolutely ridiculous... and still, when he feels inside of himself and is honest with himself... he still feels this fear and he gets curious... this strange need occurs to him... on his way home... to look for a similar stone... he is actually feeling quite agitated by the thought... to look for a stone and turn it upside down on purpose... and let the worms and the bugs crawl about... and he feels almost ashamed... because he feels he will still be frightened, even as an adult lion... although from an objective point of view there is absolutely no reason... he will feel this fear and this horror inside again... and he has the need to do this once, maybe twice, maybe five times... and to endure this feeling on purpose... this feeling he is ashamed of, to be honest... and still, for the small lion it was too much, back then... and he is getting curious about his way home... and this need to turn over the stone... he would love to be like the little lion again, but with the full experience of the adult lion... curious and light-hearted... but then again, there were those cactuses back then... and whenever he got too close to those cactuses, they spurted something... and it stuck to his fur... disgusting, thorny, itchy and sticky... and it took him days to get his fur clean again... and even today those wounds seem to itch every now and again... and he feels that since that time he is just a little more wary... and he decides it is not important to him whether the cactuses react to his smell, his weight or his body temperature... he will be curious and will be strolling with all his

strength, like a grown-up little lion... and he will give those certain cactuses a wide berth... and so he starts walking home... and he turns over two or three stones... and he gives the cactuses a wide berth... and he sees that every blade of grass has a just tiny little bit different green than the next... he watches everything a lot more thoroughly... taking his time... with all his equanimity... and eventually... he reaches his home, his water hole, his forest... and he hears the wind and the permanent rushing... and he lies down at his usual spot... and he has the feeling that there have been a lot of interesting events on this day... and he feels he now deserves to just BE, here, now... and he hears the wind and the permanent rushing, like music... and he hears the birds in a different way than before... and he smells the forest in a different way than before... and more and more he just IS, here, now... he doesn't know if he should call it Meditation... he just IS, here, now... maybe without any wishes right now... without any interests and without needs... and he even feels that since he made the decision to stay far away from the cactuses... he is more and more able to just BE, here and now... he has got control... anytime... he can just BE... in his own special way... more and more at peace with himself... every thought is alright... every movement is alright... he can just BE, here, now... and from this place of calmness he imagines how he smoothly, lithely becomes active again, in his own special way... to become active again, smoothly, lithely... and he has a dream... at first it is as if the door was closed... physically palpable... and he feels the temperature in his feet... like a conscious sensation... and still the feeling of being active, in a lithe way... and he has this dream, about this word... and he cannot figure out, whether it came from the world of the humans... or from the animals' world... he is gliding into this dream, the same way he feels he is gliding into activity... and there is this one word... and this word is 'Lionman's Friend' and he cannot figure it out... it is as if he was gliding into this word... and he enjoys this gentle sensation... and at the same time the head is refreshed and awake, while the body stays relaxed and calm... and he moves lithely, flexibly... as if his posture had changed just a fraction... he moves, this powerful strolling... enjoyable... and he forgets all about time... and he does not know how long he has been lying there... without any wishes, without interests or needs... he was awake and yet he was somehow asleep... he must have fallen asleep at some point... some time later... time does not matter... and towards the morning he has this dream... he can still remember it clearly, as he awakes... he has this dream... he is able to look far ahead into the future... into the time in which he is looking back... what a strange feeling this is... looking far ahead to the time one is looking back... and he feels so calm and content at that point... he has reached his goal... and what surprises and amazes him... he cannot remember the any of the dream's content... all he remembers is that he dreamt of it in clear detail, of the point in time far in the future, at which he is looking back... and then he

also remembers that shortly before that dream he heard two voices... and he didn't know whether the voices were on the outside or inside of him... and one of the voices had been so critical... and blamed him... and said he was lying... and the other voice had been wonderfully gentle, appreciating... the first voice had been reproachful... and the voices were talking in turns... and suddenly he was able to look far ahead to the point from where he was looking back... pleasant... he sees himself at the point where he really wants to be... and after waking up he is surprised to realise... that deep inside it is much more important to him... to know, that deep inside of him there is this dream... it is much more important to know, THAT he knows... deep inside... instead of knowing that he knows what he knows on the level of content... and this is a surprise to him, usually he wants to know exactly what he knows... and now just knowing he knows suddenly it is much more important to him... and he is sure, he will remember... at the right moment... just like magic... just like in all those times when he was hunting somewhere... going back to a place where he once had lived before he went into the forest... and he hadn't been there for years... and he wouldn't be able to describe what this place looks like... and yet he knows exactly that he will remember everything, once he is there... he will remember where to turn... he will remember how to decide... he will remember even though right now he couldn't describe it to anyone... and this makes him feel so secure... so relaxed... deep inside he knows that he knows... and so, when he wakes up in the morning... he easily will be able to do what has to be done first... very relaxed... he is amazed of himself... he just does what has to be done first... everything is alright the way it is... and it is a surprise to him... a big surprise... when I called... and I let it ring once... and let it ring twice... I had promised to call again... after twenty minutes... but I actually did not expect the little boy to be asleep... because at one point of the story... the one where the lion cannot get to the water... he started breathing heavily... stronger and stronger... and I asked him, are you crying?... but he couldn't answer... his breathing became even heavier... and the butterflies... and lion or not... and the lion slurps the water and he breathed a sigh of relief... you could hear it on the phone... his breathing became calmer and calmer... and I promised him I would call in twenty minutes... and I let it ring four times and five times... and then I quickly hung up, I didn't want to wake him up... and his mother called... the next morning... and thanked me... she had only been away for a very short while... she had thought he was asleep... these phone calls from mothers, back then at the end of the sixties... a big surprise to the BBC... and if the conscious mind has any ideas... about what effects this story has on children... and what effects it has on adults... and what effects it has on the child within the adult... and what problems did those children have... back then, in England... and the mothers who wrote letters to the editor... or better letters from the listeners... full of wonder... because the

children's problems were suddenly gone... the effect of stories... and who has rather reflected on the difference between oriental and European fairy tales... and who heard that permanent rushing outside and counted the cars... and who has concentrated on these goals... on personal goals... and with your own pace... more and more into reality... and those of you who have opened your eyes already... can register, how everyone has their own way of coming back... with some people it's the eyes that reorient first... and the body stays in deep relaxation for another while... and with some people it is the body that stirs first, stretches... and the eyes open with greater effort... before with two or three refreshing breaths the eyes and the body return, refreshed and awake... and all those things that are safe to be remembered consciously, you can remember consciously... and all those things that should stay in the unconscious, can stay in the unconscious for now... ..

... .. and those of you who have not looked at their watch yet, you may guess, how long the story took this time... .. and watch, what your personal sense of time tells you... ..

Bernhard Trenkle, Dipl.Psych.

www.meg-rottweil.de

email: Mail@bernhard-trenkle.de

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