

2 Tsunamis, EFT and Aloha

I live in Hawaii. Yes indeed I am blessed to have perpetual summers, daily sunshine, magnificent plants, an array of interesting and rather colorful attire and, most of all *Aloha*. A downside to living on the islands though is the threat of tsunamis. I've been here for 18 months now and have seen 2 tsunami threats in the past 12 months. The last tsunami was less than 2 weeks ago following the earthquake in Japan. And whilst we watched the terrible unfolding live from Japan on our PC, my husband and I were listening to loud sirens blaring around our valley. These heralded the imminent threat of a tsunami.

Now as you will likely be aware, Hawaii sits in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and is pretty much the remotest place on earth. There is little to buffer the islands from such threats and, let's face it, there's only so far we can run. So when the sirens go we know to load up with food and water, pack a small bag each, get torches, a blanket and load the car in case we need to move higher up the valley. We can only go about half a mile further up which equates to about 4 stories; but that may just be enough. We live in an idyllic part of the world. Our little apartment is surrounded by lush green hills and we can walk to the ocean. When the sirens go, the only way is up. We understand that the roads will be blocked off as many try to get home if they are at work and others leave the inundation zones for higher ground. So there's not much point in trying to leave the valley. As already stated we can go higher by using a couple of local side streets. The end of our road is about six houses way. After that there are dense wooded hills. There is little time for us to head further inland due to the road network. It's not archaic but the small size of our island is made larger by the limited routes. We're one and a half miles away from the ocean and a few stories up.

Last year's tsunami was scary indeed. We had never experienced such a state of emergency. We lived further down the valley, about one mile to the ocean and on ground much closer to sea level. Add to that we had no car and did not know our way around very well and it was just terrifying. I even called relatives on the other side of the world to say our goodbyes, just in case. Last year we watched and waited. We had food and water, blankets and torches. And nowhere to run. As we know, the President stated 'Hawaii dodged a bullet' in response to the tsunami's near miss of the islands. We watched as televised images showed the tsunami swirling around the island, sucking the tides back and then rushing in only inches higher. It took me two days before my heart settled back into my chest.

And now, one year later and I am a lot more used to the island. I even think of myself as *Kama aina*, someone who lives here. This time we understand what the sirens mean; we turn on the PC and radio to find out why they've started howling at ten o'clock at night (more sociable than the 5am wake-up call last year).

When we're all set, I check on what the neighbors are doing. They are stocking up water and food and settling in for the night. They tell us we're safe. The water won't reach us. Stay safe, have enough water, fill the bathtub, bowls, pans. I check on my elderly neighbor and invite him to spend the night with us. Other neighbors are stating they have food, others have a generator, others have extra room in their house if anyone needs a place to stay, someone states they have beer.

The inundation zones are being evacuated. The local school at the bottom of the street, ocean side, is opened as a shelter for those living close to the water. People offer food, water, blankets. I check on a friend who is in Waikiki on late night shift providing smoking cessation to sex workers. He is on his way home. Everyone in Waikiki has been advised to find shelter high up. Tourists are informed to get above the 5th storey; local workers find their own shelter or go to one of the ones being opened up. The beach is cleared and the homeless people are taken to shelters. The local bus service has shut down except to offer itself as a service to ferry people to safety. As a nurse I have makeshift bandages, tourniquet, torch, stethoscope, blood pressure monitor and watch at the ready. I am on standby for any locals who may need help. I know that other health care workers will be doing something similar.

And we watch and wait.

And as we watch and wait, I begin to tap:

Even though I'm scared we might die as a result of the tsunami....

This fear of tsunami death....

I tap full rounds of the above and then begin to address other thoughts and fears which are arising from the disruption of my energy. I tap on the fears, breaking them down into the fear of drowning, the fear of being crushed, the thought of my husband drowning, the image of my dog getting exhausted as she swims for her life. I also tap on the disruption caused by the global shift in energy. This is huge. I can really feel my SUDS hitting the roof when I think about the force of the tectonic plates and the feeling of electricity in the air. I tap on the forewarnings I received for the past two days; the disruption in my energy was tangible. I felt 'off' but had no idea why, there was just nothing, absolutely nothing to attribute it to. I tap on the annoyance I feel in myself for not recognizing these pre-emptive energetic shifts. I tap on the various aspects of the drama of it all which a part of me is enjoying. I tap on the various aspects of feeling inconvenienced which another part of me is feeling.

Finally, I begin to tap as a surrogate for the people of Japan, for the island itself, the culture, the economy, everything that will be affected. I carry on tapping as I watch and wait. As I hear the sirens sounding every hour. I tap as we begin to count down the hours and minutes until 'impact'. I tap for the tourists. I tap for the emergency services. I tap for the patients at hospital who are unable to move and for the staff who are not going to leave their side. I start to tap for the marine life and everything that could be, is, affected.

As the night passes and we get into early morning I begin to really see the value of Aloha. The custom that greets tourists to the islands, bidding their welcome or farewell; the practice that tells us to be nice to one another. Even more than that, it's a tradition that treats everyone as equally valued, to be cared about. As the countdown gets closer I really start to appreciate how the homeless have been bussed up to shelters, how neighborhoods are pulling together, checking on each other, offering one another shelter, company, food and water. I appreciate how the roads are now empty, the towns silent, everyone tucked out of the way. I appreciate how the news bulletins have said the same thing over and over throughout the past five hours: evacuate, get to high ground, get out of the inundation zones, get food and water, *and remember to treat everyone with aloha.*

The minutes are creeping up to 3.07 a.m. the proposed time of impact. The news crews have given information in such a way that we don't know if we're going to be okay or if we're done for. By the sound of the newscasters it's the former; by the images coming from Japan it's the latter. But the aloha is around us. It's in our faces. It's in the way we're speaking to one another and it's in the gestures we're giving one another. I feel gratitude welling up and carry on tapping. As we count down the last few minutes I am now tapping:

I choose to invite aloha fully into my heart

I choose to meet the tsunami with aloha and not be scared

I choose to release the fear of impact

Minutes later and the first impact of the tsunami hit our island; the waters come in around 1/3rd of a mile and three feet high in some places. There's damage to homes, boats, belongings. No lives are lost. I'm grateful that the tapping helped me to remain calm and with perspective. I'm grateful that it helped me to really see the value of aloha.

The experience grounded me to Hawaii where before there had been some resistance to being here. The experience also taught me the value of using EFT immediately. It really took the edge off my fears. It allowed me to feel I could do something for others by surrogate tapping. It made me realize I needn't have experienced the terrible fear that I did last year had I used EFT. I would likely not had to wait 2 days before I could feel my heart back in my chest.

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EFT with OCD

Perhaps this article is more of a story than an article which details the various applications and successes of EFT. Yet EFT's use was so valuable in this situation [albeit for me – I cannot give evidence that anyone or anything was aided by my surrogate tapping], that I thought it was a story worth sharing.

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