

## A Sacred Lomi® Healing

Throughout the ages and still today, most of humanity has attempted to heal at the level of effect rather than cause. The basic cause of ALL dis-ease, be it physical, emotional, mental or spiritual, is our belief that we are separate from God. This belief creates our experience and spawns a few other basic beliefs that together comprise humanity's core soul-level issues in need of healing: separate, afraid, guilty, unworthy, unlovable and empty.

These core soul-level issues fuel all the negative emotions and events in our lives, and each event offers another opportunity to heal. Our Higher Self uses these negatives to attempt to focus our attention on healing the core issues once and for all. Such healing is what is meant when *A Course in Miracles* talks about “*removing the blocks to the awareness of love's presence. . .*” to reclaim our inherent true nature.

This healing work is sacred. It is no less than the process of restoring us to the awareness and acceptance of our real identity as God's creation. We are innocent. We are Love. We are Peace. We are eternal. We are one with the omnipotent All That Is that conceived us and holds us safely in Its Heart forever.

The Hawaiian bodywork style Sacred Lomi® is among the most effective tools for accessing the level of cause, our core soul-level issues, in order to shine upon them the healing Light of Love. What follows is one of my experiences receiving healing through Sacred Lomi®.

I knew I was ripe for more healing. I felt tired. The past year had been full—of work, challenges, healing and joy, but the last few months had felt more like work and challenge than healing and joy. This particular healing started with messages as I journeyed to Harbin Hot Springs, the lomi lomi workshop site: a message from a “random” verse plucked from my hotel Bible (*Ask and it will be given you. . . . For everyone who asks receives.* Luke 11:9-10) and a message from an embodied angel in Safeway. “You are SO beautiful,” the young angel-man shared respectfully, smiling wide at me from his open heart. I thanked him and smiled back with my open heart and 53-year-old face, then tearfully thanked God in the privacy of the cake decorating aisle.

My eyelids swelled up the first 24 hours at Harbin, before I shed many tears, an apparent allergic reaction to some pollen and harbinger of my healing. They remained swollen until after my last Sacred Lomi® session, about which I will now share.

I laid my naked self (body, personality and scars) on the table feeling vulnerable, emotionally off center from being triggered a few minutes before the session started. The story of how I was triggered is not important. Part of healing is being *willing* to be triggered and then working with the emotions that surface. I embraced being there to heal, so it was extremely likely that I would be triggered and thus reintroduced to my unhealed stuff, my emotional frailties. As my healers flew and prayed around me I breathed deeply, asked for healing and opened myself, with gratitude, to whatever the session would bring. To my great relief, when the two shaman touched me it was with an extremely patient and listening gentleness. I could feel that they wanted *nothing* from me; they were simply offering Aloha (love and acceptance—to love is to be happy with). I began to cry softly, relaxing further and reveling in the sensation of their slow, gentle movements, inhaling and exhaling even more deeply. Soon my whole body began to buzz as my etheric and emotional energetic fields were activated. Every cell of my being came alive. The touch of my Kahunas flowed into me and became part of me. I surrendered complete trust to them.

The pace and pressure of their strokes picked up and I oscillated between sweet pleasure and the sweet release of tears. I felt loved, and it is said that love brings up everything unlike itself. Ancient feelings of being unlovable bubbled up from my second chakra, an emotion all too familiar in this lifetime. I began to sob loudly.

In a flash of my mind's eye I saw a soft white curtain billowing in the breeze as though the Hawaiian trade winds were pushing it through a window like a flag of freshness. That's odd, I thought. There are no open windows here. And just as quickly my attention was back on my body and my emotions. It felt like the surf was crashing over me again and again, wearing me smooth with a kind essence of my self—body temperature salt water. My whole body was still buzzing, I was still crying and all the movement of energy knocked the crust off my ancient volcano of rage. Now I was in the throes of psychic pain and I was pissed. I took a few very deep breaths as I prepared to bellow. My goddesses of healing read me and, as I filled my lungs down to my diaphragm, they used my arms to lift me up and back off the table into an angry little cobra pose. I howled and cried with all the volume my infrastructure could produce. It wasn't enough. They gently let me down and I sucked in another big bag of air. They raised me up again, these women who wanted nothing but to love me, and helped me spill out another belly full of rage. I still wasn't done. We repeated the spitting cobra dance one more time and with that final blast my anger subsided. I fell back into the table spent and in wonderment of the powerful work we were accomplishing. My tears were spilling out more softly now. In a microsecond I both hoped and knew my lomi o'hana (family) would forgive the intrusion of my sacred outburst. Releasing is part of healing, and it usually isn't pretty.

I began to focus more on the bodywork I was receiving, enjoying the gentle relentlessness and smooth continuity of the strokes. For a time I noticed extra forearms and hands—beyond the four my priestesses were using. I believed it to be the loving touch of my kumus (teachers). I drank in deliciously deep work to my chronically tight upper back and shoulders. Then the extra hands went away, and my two healers moved to my lower body. I was sure of it, and while they swept their healing magic over my legs I felt the work on my upper back continue. Now I *knew* there was no embodied person standing at my head. It was my angels, and this was their way of giving me the *experience of knowing* that they were present and assisting my healing. I was filled with gratitude and awe.

And then I was given another revelation. Light beings and angels had constructed a temple—a safe container—around my healing table so I would feel safe to access my deepest emotional wounds. That is when and why I saw the white curtain; it was a flag of safety and surrender.

Lying supine on the massage table after such deep release, I thought the emotional work was mostly behind me. But the brilliant light of Aloha continued to chase the dark from my corners. My blessed healers cradled me, holding me and every tear-stained belief in my own darkness in their great, spacious, motherly arms, breathing Love and Light back into me, soothing me, catching each tear and transforming it into a jewel of strength with the alchemy of Aloha until I sparkled again. I sealed my healing by refilling—breathing Love and self-worth into every cell of my body and affirming that it was so.

Through Sacred Lomi® I have been re-mothered by The Great Mother. I stand in the Light and give thanks.