

My story of healing with VAHT

by Stephan Geras

I have been a professional dancer and movement artist for 40 years. As an artist, I have disciplined myself to listen to and to respond to the rhythms and the music that arise from silence and stillness. As a citizen, I put into practice principles of self-governance and responsibility for others which philosophy applies to my physical body and my soul.

I am more confident of intuitive, phenomenological methods as approaches to healing than I am of modern mechanistic rational diagnostic medicine. Throughout my career as an actor/dancer I have been the willing subject of some amazing intuitive healing performed by practitioners who have honed different specific skills that work. I recently experienced one I can add to that list, my vibroacoustic harp therapy session (VAHT) with Sarajane. Who would have guessed that specific ranges of vibrations from music played on a harp whose pickup is connected into an amplifier which has been plugged into a soft leather adjustable vibrotactile chair would physically touch and release trauma from an old injury?

My story begins with a job I had been invited to complete by a friend who was working there as a carpenter. My task was to finish plastering all the sheetrock on both sides of a ten-foot high, 30-foot long, eight-inch thick wall assembled with wood studs, plywood panels and sheetrock. The wall weighed more than a half ton. I was on the ladder working near the top when the wall just started to fall towards me. I had no time to jump off, nor anywhere to go if I did, so I simply accepted my fate — that I was going to die. I don't remember hitting the floor but I saw a little light and scrambled on all fours through a tiny tunnel and out from under the collapsed, twisted wall. The ladder I was on probably saved my life because it kept the wall off me. It was mangled. The fall broke a bone in my pelvic girdle. The pain was 15 out of 10. I won't go into details of the interminably long emergency room visit and my relief when they told me the bone broken didn't need surgery and that it would heal. At home I made sure it would heal by resting and icing my purpled hips and as soon as I could, by walking as much as I could with two crutches, then one, then none. But apparently the pain that was hardest to heal was emotional. I got absolutely no support from the person, the contractor, who was responsible for the gross incompetence in not supporting this wall and in leading me to think it was safe. I often wonder what he would have done if I had been killed. I actually believe he would have removed my body and fabricated some story to protect himself. That event happened eight or nine years ago, and after I had healed enough that I was able to ride my bicycle confidently again, I forgot about the whole affair. However, recently I started to feel pain around the tops of my legs and around my pelvic girdle. The pain was getting somewhat debilitating while climbing stairs, and walking at all was becoming regularly painful on a level of about six out of 10.

I was curious, though reluctant, to try Sarajane's therapy when she invited a few friends to try a demo. I didn't know what to expect. I sat in the chair and she tilted it back down so I was reclining. She started by softly plucking some strings in a lower register whose vibrations I felt at first a little in my calves, and within less than a minute the vibrations which I felt mostly in my buttocks and legs had become so intense I thrust up my hands and cried "stop." I covered my face with my hands, almost as a protection but also to try to see something; but that gesture made me suddenly convulse uncontrollably with sobs. I had just experienced myself being caught in a storm in a large body of water which was tossing me around against my will; I was able to control neither those feelings nor the sobbing. The storm was rushing from my feet to my head. It was dark. I

felt like I was going to die.

Fortunately, Sarajane took my hand and spoke to me. She reassured me it was okay. She spoke quietly, bringing my awareness back into the room with her. I slowly emerged and felt safer, though still feeling somewhat traumatized. It took me a little while to calm my breathing, to pass through and out of the intense emotional pain and physical reaction. I couldn't talk much. For the rest of the evening I was silent and when anyone addressed me, I couldn't quite understand what they were saying, and couldn't remember the thoughts or words they expressed. Sarajane's husband Ted played his guitar, and that was soothing to me.

The next day, as I was puttering about, I suddenly noticed something was different. I felt absolutely no pain anymore. No pain climbing stairs, no pain walking. Pain was gone! I am not making this up. This is not a placebo effect. I had no expectation of anything and as I said, I was reluctant at first. Several days later as I write this I feel a little pain occasionally and it's still associated with sadness. I breathe deeply and it passes. Now I am really curious if those emotions will ever go away completely (possibly with more sessions) and how they are connected to the pain I have been feeling lately. I am also surprised that I haven't forgotten this accident, or better stated that the memory of this accident has been carried by my physical body a long time after I assumed I had moved on and forgotten it; and how the experience of the resurrected memory of this accident seems to be far more powerful than the feelings I experienced as it unfolded; and lastly how my physical body responded to this musical treatment which apparently uncovered unresolved emotional trauma. How incredible is that! How incredible is the journey Sarajane is on! May she unlock and make public many more secrets as she continues her practice! ♥