

Light in water- the Spiritual in Watsu®

What is common in near death experiences sheds a light on what we experience in Watsu, Tantsu and Tantsuyoga. When I read Dr. Jeffrey Long's Evidence of the Afterlife: The Science of Near-Death Experiences, I recognize the light that thousands record being led into as what sometimes surrounds us in a Watsu, the light we are drawn together up into in our circles on land when we are no longer touching but still connected. Our oneness with whoever we float at our heart, is our oneness in that light, is the union we celebrate in Tantsuyoga.

The light is the light a child runs out onto the wet sand to chase the seagulls up into, is the light that writes the poems that appear out of nowhere, is the light in water, in the collected poems, *Finding Ways to Water*, that appears again and again in *On the Sources of Watsu*:

Stinson Beach

All year round, I go into the waves and bodysurf (without a board), without a wetsuit, though Northern California waters are cold. But there is such ecstasy riding on these waves. I focus on the brightness in each wave and my body does not feel the cold. And one day, sitting out on a log over the ocean, the brightness of each wave's breaking becomes words breaking out of my mouth in languages I had never heard before, over and over, until all my questions are answered in one clear statement: 'Your voice is everybody's voice.'

Skaggs Springs

Another morning before dawn I wake and go down to the pool. A woman is in it. I give her a Shiatsu while she sits in the water. When I finish she turns her head from side to side and says she hasn't been able to move like that since she had been in an accident. She says she felt healing in my hands. I thank her. My joy at hearing that stays with me as I stride up the side of a mountain, in awe that something like this could happen through me. At the top the circle of trees are filled with light. God is here. I drop to my knees. He bends down and lifts me. Holding my arm, He walks at my side along the ridge. He guides me down a stream. The streambed below is tangled in brush. There is an easier path along the gully's side. "Which way do I go?" "Whichever way you go I am with you." -words that never leave me. I sit out on the bank over the pool - such brightness- the pool, the children splashing in the water, the trees, the

birds singing in the branches, are all sitting in God's hand. We are all sitting in God's hand. I look down at my own, open to hold others.

Harbin Hot Springs

One night I float somebody in its warm pool and she floats me. My body starts to vibrate. I stand up and the vibrations are waves that rise up my back, all the way up into a world of light. I want to float others. I want to take others to that place. I float others and gradually incorporate stretches and moves from Zen Shiatsu, I call it Watsu.

Light in Water

Every Watsu begins by being drawn up out the emptiness at the bottom of the breath as the one floating on our arms breathes, the same emptiness we are drawn up out of in Tantsuyoga as the breathing of the one we hold pushes our arms apart. Every Watsu ends by feeling how we are still connected though no longer touching. Reading the accounts of those who return, realizing how real that connection is, inspired me to add a new hold, a seventh celebration, at the end of each turn in the Tantsuyoga Round. When someone has moved away from our hands, we still hold them, eyes closed, celebrating the union in absence.

A new water flower follows the round. After we are drawn up to the surface and the petals open in the light, we sit in a circle, no longer touching, and drop back into the emptiness where, whatever drew us up out of it when we first held someone, draws us together up into the light that pours back down into the emptiness.

Reading the accounts, realizing just how real the union we celebrate in Tantsuyoga is, seeing that union manifest in our latest Flower Rounds, convinces me even further of the need to get Tantsuyoga's celebration of union out to as many as possible, to realize the potential that was there when we first picked up someone to float at our heart. Our path is a spiritual path. Join us on it and help fulfill the need for it in our world.

www.tantsuyoga.com

Harold Dull