

## **“SCENES FROM BEHIND THE BUTTERFLY HUG WINGS”**

By Lucina (Lucy) Artigas.

This writing is a promise to honor, with reverential love, those stories that are interwoven with mine. As a respectful homage to all those hearts that have honored my mission; always at the service of *That Which Is Greater*.

I invite he who discerns me sharing with him this piece of writing. My joy in capitalizing the first letter of certain words doesn't necessarily correspond to the dogmatic aspects of my studies and my grammar classes. Only in the emphasis that the experienced moments give my heart and in the possibility of making it noteworthy within these very strokes.

Every story apparently has a beginning and an end; in seemingly linear fashion. And what if we were the protagonists of complex and intricate interwoven experience? We are all part of those synchronistic events; defined as creative acts happening harmoniously within our "*community by fate*".

Any period of time, no matter its *shape*, possesses a certain "*spirit*." For those that I am responsible of leaving testimony, it has been an honor to be in a position to help to alleviate suffering. It has transcended my vocation and become *devotion*. And that is how I wish to convey this.

The use of the word devotion belongs more to my sensibility than to my intellect. That which, in an act of responsibility to the whole, drove me then to discover what was meant by devotion. I found it means "God's Love." And, what does God have to do with this? we shall see.

God could also be called *Synchronicity*; which means "*Connective Acausal Principle*". And in the perennial attempt to define the indefinable; I find myself resonating with this in so many ways. So that a large part of what was learned—in my infallible catechism classes—gets transposed with this certainty.

Then, how does it become that God is named. I know that the experiences in my life are interwoven with a *Greater Truth*. In a singular pattern of coherence, continuity, and determination.

And, in accordance with this statement. This is a true story and it probably started like this... "Many years ago, a pair of human beings conceived a baby-girl at the beginning of a journey...ion their honeymoon" ...Surrounded by an unfathomable sea, vehement sun, and a very beautiful moon; in a paradise called Acapulco.

And possibly since then, this singularly unique *pattern of delicate threads*, continued weaving themselves in playful complicity... as this child was taken each year to this beautiful place, ever since she was just one month old,

“The Sea symbolizes a place of birth, of *Transformations*, and of rebirth. In this way, it is also an image of life and death”.

In the annals of Greek mythology, the sea possesses the divine ability to give life and to take life away...

A summer day on a beach in Acapulco, at 4 years of age, the girl is taken by the sea, rocked between the impetuous waves ...Seizing her from her loved ones and any possibility of claiming her back ...

And the dear Master Jaime Sabines in his *Poetics Anthology*, describes with infinite and mysterious clarity the experience...

*“I opened my eyes in the sea,  
in the deep sea, swollen from blue salt,  
and my eyes tattooed the luminous seaweed  
and in the crystal bite of the goldfish.  
An old sunken sun  
Was out looking for me  
There was a blond harp, strung with the hair of drowned girls,  
that the water touched with strange fingers.  
A snail dressed in white  
Blew from within  
winding up a spool of long wind...  
The pearls grew slowly  
and they were the silence that froze in the heart of the shipwrecked.  
I felt my breast full of doves and tadpoles.”*

And then the sea in its enormous Will... still happy to have the girl so close, so curious, so amazed, so in her own self ...

It decides to give her up and guides her gently back to the beach, embracing her as her golden hair floats among the seafoam.

According to the poets, "*the sea is situated between God and us*" ...

And this sea made a pact with God for my return ... For what? ...

*For what* is a good question; if we try to understand the parts of *That Which Is Greater* ... even if the *response* in its *delicate threads* of self-indulgent fabric, appears to be dancing in its own time and in its own rhythm ...

Thirty-three years later the *BUTTERFLY HUG* was born...In that very same land to where I was generously returned by the sea.

February 1998... almost 200 human beings reunited with their unbroken will at La Casa de la Cultura de Acapulco, Guerrero. The hopeful survivors of Hurricane Paulina; that violently hit the coasts of the states of Guerrero and Oaxaca. These people of immeasurable spirit respectfully and gratefully witnessed the birth of the Butterfly Hug.

After leading them in an exercise called the Light Stream Technique...Ignacio, with his ever-present loving certainty of my answers, and with the enormous privilege of *dancing* with him in instances of provocation -Asked me to bring closure to the exercise.

"Vas chaparrita"..., he said. Your turn, shorty...

Have you ever heard of inhaling deeply? ... especially when asked to speak and caught off guard! ...

I was happily playing with a small 4-year-old boy who, between laughs and spontaneous hugs, asked me, *and when you return home ... who will hug me?* ... I put myself in the center of the circle of people... And I answered...

A synonym of inhale is inspiring. And *inspire* means "*illuminate God in understanding*" ... And my sense of the appropriate response was to listen with great care.

Ever since then, the *Butterfly Hug*; as an important part of the EMDR Psychotherapy approach, has accompanied hundreds of children and adults around the world in grief and pain. Helping them in a special way; to reprocess experiences that have the potential to cause significant human suffering.

To the Aztec Culture, the *Butterfly* symbolizes the *Soul* or the *Vital Breath* of the *Warriors*... And serves as a small reference to that which is limitless...I deeply appreciate the honor of sharing with you the immeasurable *Soul* of those *Warriors*.

The following scenes from my fieldwork which took place after both natural or man-made disasters; are *numinous*.

*Numinous*, according to Carl Gustav Jung, is a term that expresses the experience of "*God within us*" ... And you will say ...

"YOUR ARMS ARE ALSO MY WINGS ..."

In a town in Guerrero ...

A cloudy morning sky blended with the grief of many people gathered in the atrium of the Church to do a group exercise. Two young brothers, 18 and 16 years of age, survivors of Hurricane Paulina; choose not to participate in the group dynamic, they only observe from afar.

When the exercise CONCLUDES, the younger SIBLING comes closer to talk to me and asks, *how is it then that my brother could do the Butterfly Hug if he has no arms?* ...

A night of intense and incessant rain. The family: father, mother, and four brothers (18, 16, 7, and 5 years of age) are jolted awake. The river is overflowing and water rushes with great fury, overwhelming everything in its path. First it takes the parents, along with a large part of the house they all shared. The eldest son does everything he possibly can to save his three brothers. He only succeeds in keeping the 16-year-old at his side. The other two are swept away by water and mud ... Leaving the boy aching with enormous emotional and physical suffering.

The rescue for the two brothers takes two days and when they finally arrive at the hospital; the arms of the older brother are already gangrenous and have to be amputated...

After listening to him narrate this story, I ask if they could both join me in showing the brother with no arms how to do the Butterfly Hug.

First, I ask the younger brother if he realizes that his brother was motivated by a great love when he rescued him from the flood...and without hesitation he answers, *yes of course!* ... Then I assure him that he will respond in kind...

I gesture for him to place himself behind his brother who was sitting in a chair, wrapping his arms around his shoulders, in such a way that his left cheek remained in contact with the right cheek of his brother...

WITH SLOW AND DEEP SYNCHRONIZED BREATHS ... He crosses his arms over his brother's chest and lovingly begins to do the Butterfly Hug for him...

"TONES AND RHYTHMS TO REMEMBER...WITH THE HEART"

Casa de la Cultura, Acapulco...

A 17-year-old teenager, at the start of her training at the National School of Educators, in the state capital of Chilpancingo Guerrero ...

Staying Monday through Friday in this city, returning home only on the weekend...

A school night that forecast an incoming storm. A prophecy that her life was to be affected in the same way Hurricane Paulina had affected her hometown. A small place by the river, the home that she shared with her parents and two younger brothers...

Not one of the four beings she loved the most had a chance of surviving ...

Visibly devastated, I asked her, what causes you the most distress right now? ... And she answered, "*The most painful thing is that my mind is forgetting the voices of my brothers and my parents*"...

I suggest doing an exercise with the Butterfly Hug, with varying tones and rhythm, speed and intensity ...

...Until we find four different *sounds*... that symbolize her four loved ones ... resonating in perfect harmony within her body, WITHIN HER heart...

"I CAN SEE NOW...SO MANY COLORS!"

In a hospital in Tapachula, Chiapas...

Some days after Hurricane Mitch, Ignacio and I were watching TV, and there were devastating scenes of what had happened in the state of Chiapas.

Even while experiencing so much frustration, we could experience the happiness of some very special news ... The rescue of an eight-year-old girl that, for three days and nights, had been clinging tightly to the trunk of a tree.

Her tree trunk was stuck in a perpendicular manner against the current of the raging river ... water, mud, objects, floating remains of houses and unfortunately of people too...

It is indescribable what that small girl witnessed day and night during this time... in which she didn't, for one moment, allow herself to let go, for fear of losing the only thing that was keeping her alive.

And as my mission is blessed with what is Providential ...the Synchronicity brings me shortly after, right to the hospital where she was recovering from her physical wounds...

It was then that I was given the privilege to help her heal the wounds of her heart...

She drew with the effort of her plentiful soul, everything that represented what was terrifying about her experience... And only using for it, a fiery red crayon...

Exhausted at the end of each drawing... she did the Butterfly Hug closing her eyes... and each time her face softened more, in the total belief that she was healing...

When the process of transformation is over, she expressed to me, smiling with amazement...*I can see now...so many colors!*

“HOW IS IT THAT GOD IS MY FATHER AND LOVES ME?...  
IF MY DAD DOESN'T LOVE ME!”

Guatemala City.

Guatemala like many other countries in the world, lives in a huge scourge regarding the issue of domestic violence.

It has also been observed that natural disasters exacerbate the everyday problems of those who are affected. And the consequences are exponential. If we consider that the most vulnerable in these situations tend to be children.

This is a scene arising from the story of a little boy... In one of the two remaining places where he could feel safe; his school and the parochial church, one to which he consistently assisted to learn Catechism.

The teacher, always enthusiastic, shared with the children the good news that “God is our Father and as such loves us very much”...

The disappointment on the child's face couldn't conceal a chronic abuse against him and his brothers by their biological father...

For his *Warrior* soul, the doubts over what was heard would not hinder his way to finding God's holiness. Therefore, he had no shame whatsoever in asking, *how can it be that God is my Father and he loves me?...*

Followed by a silence that he needed to catch his breath...*If my dad doesn't love me!*

The teacher in a second of inspiration... turns to the child, looks into his eyes and says lovingly and strongly...

*God is your Father and loves you very much... He is with you in your heart... And every time you practice the Butterfly Hug you'll feel what I say!*

“COUNTING BUTTERFLIES...TO NOT MOURN”

In *Temenos*...

“Sacred place where Therapy happens”  
...that *inspires* deep respect...

And that is where I find a small 7-year-old girl... who goes to therapy *for feeling terror when night arrives!*...

She was so afraid at night as a result of watching a series of films in the school classroom... The Holocaust... Remember to not Relapse...

That was the first time in her life, far from feeling proud from what she had learned... sensory information so relevant that it caused her deep pain...

One night her mother in an attempt to comfort her, read an account of Elizabeth Kübler Ross in which she describes her visit to a concentration camp and her journey through the barracks, where they locked up the Jews before taking them to the gas chambers.

And the end of the story goes like this... “*In the walls of the barracks where the children had been, small hands had painted butterflies... anticipating their own liberation.*”

After listening attentively to this last bit, the little girl takes it upon herself to count butterflies instead of counting sheep... with the hope to reconcile a dream that never came.

And if Elizabeth spoke of *liberation*, why not believe as well that counting butterflies would take away the sadness of her heavy heart...

Her loving heart then decided to imagine, that she was hugging every one of those children while she did the Butterfly Hug, and it was enough to free them all of their pain, including her own...

...Only to be able to *Remember*...

“...BECAUSE SHE MAKES US FLY WITH HER 5 THOUSAND KM TO HAPPINESS!”

In a school in Armenia, Colombia...

This is a scene that probably, and unfortunately, happens regularly in schools around the world. Attended by children who express themselves in “inappropriate” ways for many adults, expressing feelings related with problems and difficult situations in their respective homes.

The protagonist is an 11-year-old boy who, during school hours, is taken practically by force to the school psychologist’s office—who is -and I’ll allow myself to tell you this—an extraordinary human being.

The sparse reason given by the person who leads the child to the psychologist, is only that he suddenly became “mad with rage”...

The response from the psychologist, who just had no answers to such questions regarding the conduct of the child. Simple as it seemed, but it wasn’t...

Breathed Deeply and *accompanied* him in Silence...giving to the child the sacred *Ministry of Presence*...

Gradually the child began to pace his breathing to that of the man’s, who, finding the opportune moment, asks him to join in doing the Butterfly Hug...  
And just notice how it feels...

His posture begins to change, color comes back to his cheeks, his breathing follows the rhythm of his increasingly evident well-being ...

He then stands up, asks permission to go back to his classroom. And seconds later, out of curiosity he asks, *what is the name of the Butterfly in this exercise?*... The psychologist replies, without knowing the precise answer, that it is the Monarch Butterfly...

Several days go by...



And after some time, the boy knocks on the door of that room where he experienced such a unique moment...And when the man who had been so respectful of his pain opens the door, he says to him...*I know now why it is the Monarch Butterfly...Because she makes us fly with her 5 thousand km to happiness!*

“...ÁLVARO...”

Shelter “México” in Armenia, Colombia...

Year of 1999... shortly after the Earthquake.

Working for *the youngest ones*... inside a Hostel where unexpected conditions gave us the energy of a *chrysalis*.

A group of boys in sharp and constant concern, due to their qualities and of having survived the experience, was led and held by a boy scarcely 10 years old called Álvaro...

And in the privileged communion I had with him that only my soul will know... He determined it was safe for all of them... to share with me the darkness to light he *returned to his home*...

After the indeterminable time that it takes to heal... In a job always concentrated in *the here and the now*...

And being in deep contact their gentle and courageous *warrior souls*... Little by little we came to the time of farewell...

Farewells are spaces to say goodbye...And it was then that a promise began to form... the possibility of finding ourselves again in each other's hearts.

Whenever the rhythm of deep breathing made us partake in the Butterfly's Hug... we connected...

And Álvaro decided to *stay* with me forever...

He runs to the bus I was in and standing on tiptoes to reach the windowsill that was next to my seat... he drops gently, into my hand, the only toy that survived the earthquake with him.

...a beautiful and brilliant marble of a bright blue-green color...

Each time I look at it, I remember with my heart... *for what purpose the sea made a pact with God for my return*...

And so please, let us continue to weave this pattern of delicate threads into more of these stories...

Thank you.