



TRIBUTE TO GARY CRAIG

When I first learned EFT I thought it would be too mechanical for me, that it wouldn't allow enough room for adventure and creativity. But when I saw Gary demonstrate his art fearlessly, sometimes riskily, onstage with volunteers, I realized that EFT could be a wonderful tool for co-creativity, imagination, curiosity, joy, laughter and blessing. All the elements of spirit.

As a practice, EFT offered me structure that was simple and easy to teach. I could bring to it everything I have learned and learned about, and synthesize it all into an elegant, graceful, generative energy field for inviting a person to return to the wholeness and goodness at their center.

As an organization, an institution, a community (none of these concepts fits, really) EFT provided me with (threw me upon!) a much larger stage than I had had before. That led to many experiences which have been enlarging and deepening for me. Repeatedly, as a result, I have found myself with opportunities to center, reframe, revise, rescript, and transform my capacity for holding an experience or a challenge with love and wisdom.

As a teacher, Gary has long presented an inspiring and revolutionary model for offering workshops and products that overflowed with value for a low cost. I so appreciate his generosity of spirit.

In many ways he has literally given his heart and life to bring this profound healing tool to the world. The essence of EFT is a gift that will continue to enlarge and expand and recreate itself forever.

Here is a favorite poem of mine. It describes the heart and soul of EFT, and our own healing hearts and souls. Dedicated to Gary's heart:

Invisible Work

Because no one could ever praise me enough,
because I don't mean these poems only
but the unseen
unbelievable effort it takes to live
the life that goes on between them,
I think all the time about invisible work.
About the young mother on Welfare
I interviewed years ago,
who said, "It's hard.

EFT Founding Masters

Multiplying the Power of EFT



You bring him to the park,
run rings around yourself keeping him safe,
cut hot dogs into bite-sized pieces for dinner,
and there's no one
to say what a good job you're doing,
how you were patient and loving
for the thousandth time even though you had a headache."
And I, who am used to feeling sorry for myself
because I am lonely,
when all the while,
as the Chippewa poem says, I am being carried
by great winds across the sky,
thought of the invisible work that stitches up the world day and night,
the slow, unglamorous work of healing,
the way worms in the garden
tunnel ceaselessly so the earth can breathe
and bees ransack this world into being,
while owls and poets stalk shadows,
our loneliest labors under the moon.

There are mothers
for everything, and the sea
is a mother too,
whispering and whispering to us
long after we have stopped listening.
I stopped and let myself lean
a moment, against the blue
shoulder of the air. The work
of my heart
is the work of the world's heart.
There is no other art.

~ Alison Luterman ~

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