

## Ghost Points

It is more than 7 years ago, August and very hot. The Ghost Point course was running for the first time with all the currently famous people present, like Raanan, Dror, Ilan, Amir, Aram, Yuval Samson, Gadi Marcus, Anat Arad, Efrat Abrahamson, Ifat Kastiel and many more. The teaching was in the ecological centre in park Yarkon. Amir did a wonderful job in the organisation and hiring of a room in this centre. The Yarkon river had some water and was not so smelly, as it could be, even though it was end of August.

The teaching was hard and sometimes boring, no power point presentations, no over-head sheaths, only oral teaching. A teacher reading from notes, one page after another, for hours, day after day, in a classroom with an ecological air-conditioning. The highlight of the day was the lunch break. In this ecological centre there was also a restaurant, owned by a bold grumpy man, walking around in a blue blocked shirt, a bit bent forward, not so much serving ecological food. Anyway, it was the highlight of the teaching day. Those who did not bring their own ecological food, were forced to order from the menu. Those who brought their food from home, were eating it in the shadows of big trees, where there was a cold breeze. Very comfortable and enjoyable, as being next to a flowing river.

The menu was limited to some options of salads, spread with a fatty dressing on raw mushrooms, which was cut into small pieces; some toast of bagels with all kind of different cheeses, imported from Bulgaria, Holland (Gouda), or other suspicious places. The organic ones, joining the course, were sitting in the shadow, enjoying their home made food, and the lazy ones, ordered from the menu. It is a public place, and many people from the neighbourhood came to enjoy an excellent coffee.

We were sitting at a round table, having place for at the most, four people. The table next to us was occupied by a retired old couple which spoke German. Myself, as a virtuous person in my youth, had to learn German at high school, which I did. Up to that day I do not know why we had to study German, but probably we had to do this, because they, the Germans, are our neighbours. So, in the meantime, waiting for my order, I could not ignore listening to the German language. There was a talkative old, small and slim, but very vibrant lady, talking all the time to Heinrich. Heinrich seemed to be over 100 years old. He is very large and overweighed man, but happy to be in his home land as a survivor of the war, drinking his coffee and eating his bagel, as ordered by his wife.

Suddenly Heinrich started to shake with his body and began to tremble with his left hand; his food was dribbling from his mouth, with his head bent forward. His vibrant over ninety years old wife started to shake him on the arm and shoulder, while calling his name: Heinrich was machts du? - Heinrich what are you doing? But Heinrich did not respond. Heinrich started to make a snoring sound, as if he was asleep, sitting like a bag of potatoes on his chair, with his head leaning forward. This snoring sound is a symptom which is called *cheyne stokes breathing*, indicating a cva, which I recalled from my teaching many years ago and recognised.

I noticed Heinrich was not doing well, as did many others and I looked around, as many others did, waiting for somebody to react, as many others did. Nobody reacted, so I went to sit next to Heinrich, checking his left pulse, and talking to his wife, in German. His xin pulse was completely empty, and I diagnosed it initially as a heart infarct. I took a needle from my wallet and punctured Ht-9. I waited a minute or two, checking the pulse of Heinrich, but no reaction, no change in the pulse. The xin pulse stead completely empty. My mind went into overdraft, checking all the possibilities. Could it be a cva, as his cheyne stokes breathing was indicating? But what to do for first aid? Could it be a TIA? Is he going to die here on the spot? What do I have to do? I was desperate, yet stayed calm.

I removed the needle from Ht-9 and took another needle from my wallet. I punctured him Gv-16 in dispersion, and kept feeling his pulse. The xin activity came back, I felt some qi. After 5 minutes Heinrich woke up, made three times a tremendous sneeze and asked his wife: warum schuts du meiner arm? - Why do you shake my arm? Heinrich wanted to continue his lunch.

In a far distance I could hear the sound of an ambulance nearing the premises. The bold grumpy guy phoned for them. They came with a bed on wheels, a heart defibrillator and some other tools. After some checks they wanted to take Heinrich to the hospital, just in case. Heinrich refused, he felt fine and wanted to finish his meal, as he ordered for. I just could remove the needle from his head, before they took him into the ambulance.

I am happy that I did learn German, and feel honoured to teach Ghost points.

Peter C. van Kervel

PS:

I do not know what happened to Heinrich, but probably he is alive up to today.