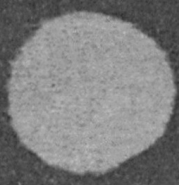




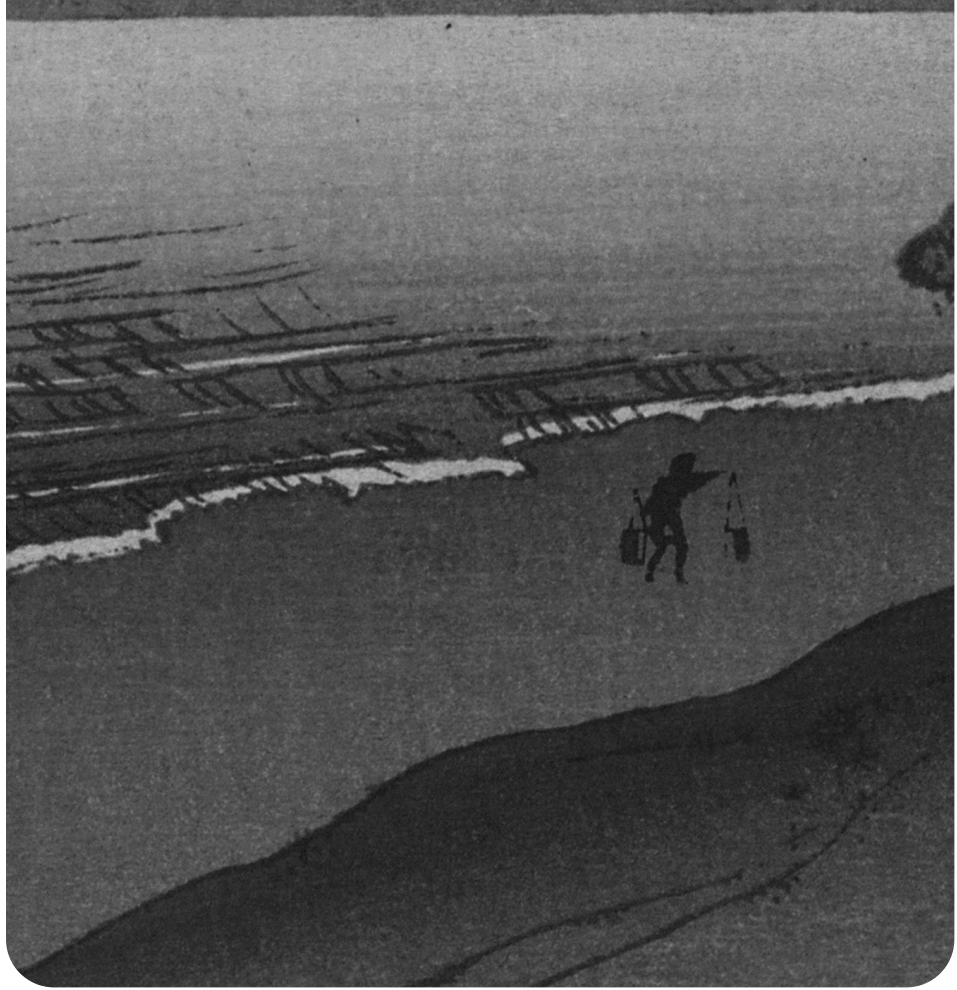
仁神術



茶屋



THE SQUARE LIGHT OF THE MOON



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# THE SQUARE LIGHT of THE MOON

A JOURNEY OF HEALING WITH JIN SHIN JYUTSU

∞

AN ANCESTRAL JAPANESE MEDICINE

Véronique Le Normand

*Translated from the French  
by Christiane Guillois*

Upper West Side Philosophers, Inc.



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Summary: "Véronique Le Normand is a journalist and writer residing in Paris. In 2002, in the wake of a traumatic experience of loss, a doctor introduced her to Jin Shin Jyutsu, a Japanese art of healing that teaches us how to help ourselves simply through the use of our hands. In 2017, after fifteen years of study and practice, she set off for Japan to learn about the healer and samurai Jiro Murai, who had revived this physio-philosophy at the beginning of the twentieth century. Accompanied by her friend Kyoko Watanabe, Véronique retraced the steps of the elusive master, accompanied in spirit by the presence of seventeenth-century Japanese poet Basho. "The Square Light of the Moon" is the journal of a journey from one shore to another, and a marvelous initiation into Japanese culture"-- Provided by publisher.

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*For my dearest Kyoko  
in memory of her beloved mother,  
the writer Yoko Mochizuki,  
whose name means  
“full moon”*

*For all my loved ones*

*On his return from the land of Yomi, the land of death and defilement, the deity Izanagi threw off his clothes, giving birth to Yaso magatsuhi no kami and Oho magatsuhi no kami, deities of misfortune and calamity, who were immediately countered by Kamu nahobi no kami and Oho nahobi no kami, deities of remedy and healing.*

– Records of Ancient Matters<sup>1</sup>



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Should the wind be mighty  
And carry you off  
With the clouds  
As far away as the Great Harmony  
Your memory will remain with me still.

– *Kojiki*<sup>2</sup>

I

HOW

JIN SHIN JYUTSU

CAME INTO MY LIFE

OUT OF THE BLUE  
A BIG CAIRN  
A GIFT

In the beginning was a tragedy.

September 2002.

I was outside my house in the Vercors region of France when the call came. It was to upend my life completely. I was gardening when the phone rang.

My brother had collapsed.

My younger brother lay on the floor, lifeless.

Felled by a ruptured aneurysm.

Thierry was a master glassblower. He had been working in his workshop, in Brittany. One minute he was standing at his workbench, the next he had fallen to the floor in a crash of shattered glass. They found him a few hours later. The radio was still on. Only a week before we had been together in this very garden in the mountains. With the help of his two boys, Victor and Rémi, he had built a limestone cairn, a big one taller than all of us and crowned with a rusted piece of iron twisted into the shape of a cross, and which birds perched on.

The period of mourning began.

My brother and I were only two years apart. My childhood memories washed away with my tears, my adolescent dreams lay crushed beneath surges of anger. I had lost a part of myself.

I no longer knew who I was in my own family.

I found myself drifting in a formless world.

Between the visible and the invisible.

It was as if I were in some Japanese film, like Kiyoshi Kurosawa's *Journey to the Shore* or Kenji Mizoguchi's *Tales of Ugetsu*.

In October, my friend Danielle, who the year before had lost her only child, Mathilde, took me to Avignon to see the doctor who had helped her. During his hour-long sessions, he would put his hands on various places of a patient's body. Twice I underwent this treatment without asking questions. Twice I left his office feeling at peace, or at least more at peace. The third time I confided to him my fears about a mammogram I was to have in two weeks. The radiologist had noticed a troubling spot. What the doctor prescribed was most peculiar: "We are going to determine together a moment of the day when you can be alone. During that time you will hold your index finger for fifteen minutes and focus on your breathing. You will do that every day until your appointment."

Hold my index finger!

I laughed, but I did it.

I had not laughed in weeks. Every day, I held my index finger. Every day I laughed to myself. I laughed thinking of the doctor who had prescribed this exercise. I pictured myself doing this and I laughed at this woman alleviating the sufferings of life by holding her index finger. I laughed imagining the look on the faces of people to whom it would be better not to mention this. I laughed when I thought of my brother, imagining him, too, howling with laughter. Two weeks later, it was the radiologist who was laughing as she informed me that my breast was fine. Was it then that I realized that the Buddha is always represented smiling?

It was April 2003.

I was unaware of it, but I had just engaged in my first self-help exercise in Jin Shin Jyutsu.

At the end of May, the good doctor came up to Paris. He was in need of office space. I let him use my study in exchange for which he treated my niece.

Mélanie was depressed. After just one session with him she began to climb out of the hole she was in.



Holding one's index finger to fight fear.

The journalist in me also resurfaced: "Doesn't this tire you out? Where did you learn this practice? Is it a gift? If so, how did you come to know you had it?"

Patrick Nasica very calmly replied, "What I do, you can do, too."

Me? Do what? I can heal myself?

I had a substantial medical history that dated back to my childhood. I had seen many doctors, swallowed a multitude of pills, had numerous operations...

Be my own caregiver?

My younger brother had died unexpectedly. It seemed logical that I was next in line.

Help others?