

HUNA™



WORK

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The Huna Work is the official publication of Huna Research, Inc., the international organization which coordinates the research, teaching, and practice of the ancient psychological/religious system recovered during over fifty years of investigation by Max Freedom Long (1890-1971) from the ancient traditions of Hawaii. The Huna Way of Life offers practical, easy-to-learn methods of personal goal attainment and spiritual growth. **This not-for-profit organization is entirely supported by annual dues (US\$25) and other donations, all of which are tax-exempt under Section 501(c)(3) of the IRS Code. Your financial support is earnestly solicited and greatly appreciated. Huna Research, Inc. is a volunteer organization with only one paid employee to carry out general office duties because HUNA IS A GIFT. Membership is open to any interested person. Aloha nui loa.**

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Table of Contents

Applying Critical Thinking to Your Huna Work

by Marsha Sims p. 2

The Aka Cord center

You Too Can Make a Difference

by James Venable Alexander p. 13

In this Issue

There is a point where the two worlds of Science and Spirituality. We like to call it The Secret Science Behind Miracles.

In this issue we have two articles which deal with this balancing point... one directly, and one indirectly.

In our lead article, Marsha states, "I have learned that one should never politely believe something just to be nice. Use the scientific method to find out for yourself if a theory or idea that you come across seems credible."

James, always dramatic, relates an amazing story of Huna at Work.

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Huna does not demand that you give up any belief or religious affiliation that is consistent with your own personal experience. All members are encouraged to familiarize themselves with the books of Max Freedom Long and the Huna Course, *Letters on Huna: A Course in the Fundamentals of Huna Psychology*.

You Too Can Make A Difference!

by James Venable Alexander

Recently, I was working in my other occupation, Private Investigator. To be truthful I was not even working on one of my investigations. I was working a case for my friend, J. Harrison, who owns Harrison Investigations in Columbia, SC. By working for Mr. Harrison, I get to take vacations when I need to.

Now before I go into what I was doing and why, it should be stated that one of the mainstays of PI's case work in South Carolina is Domestic or Adultery Investigations. You have to understand that South Carolina is the only state in the union which bars an adulterous spouse from alimony.

Regardless of the reasons this is a part of what I do. Strangely, however, it should be noted that Domestic Case work is also a big percentage of PI's case work around the world, more or less, South Carolina. It seems that it is a universal need to know that kind of thing.

Having said the above, my assignment was to follow a separated wife from her softball game. They were playing in a rural area of Orangeburg County and this was a prime opportunity to document any activity, if any there would be. The client was also playing there after the women played. I was informed that, we'll call her Mrs. Jones, may be riding with a girlfriend and not be in her vehicle. I needed to be on site by 20:00 Hrs.

I arrived at 20:00 Hrs. and did not find Mrs. Jones' vehicle present. I located the client and he pointed out his wife and the girlfriend's pickup truck. Surveillance commenced. Mrs. Jones was not playing tonight but the girlfriend was.

I found myself transported back to a time when things and people were more simple. The first thing that I noticed was that I was the only man there with a ponytail. Yep, I was definitely in the country. The next thing I noticed was that

they did not notice and if they did, they did not care and that was nice. I found these people to be of a caring and respectful nature. I also found them to have a profound love of softball, 'cause it was 95 degrees with a heat index of 105. Sports fans that goes way beyond most devoted followers of neighborhood sports. Not to mentioned plum crazy, but hey, here we all were standing out here in sweltering heat watching women, not girls, but women play softball and the men's team warming up. All you had to do to warm up was get out of your car but there they were warming up more, just the same. Welcome to small town America.

The women finished playing around 21:00 Hrs. Mrs. Jones and girlfriend did not depart as thought but stayed to watch the men play.

This ballpark was truly in the country. It did not have an electronic score board or a PA system but they did have clean rest-rooms, concession stand and lighted field. As to the score, did not matter, everyone there was involved and knew exactly what the score was. Further, some of the team members were handicapped. The pitcher on one team sported a prosthetic leg. When he went to bat another team member ran for him. This was a community of caring people, out doing what they wanted to do by their rules and they did not care about the rest of the world.

The concession stand was by today's standards down right cheap for the price versus the quality you got for your money.

Things were moving right along, the men were up to about the fifth inning. Everything was going great until a guy we will call Dave was walking around getting ready to bat. He from my view had that different walk. It was like he was slightly out of balance. I moved a little closer and then I saw him stop and say something to the coach. I knew right then that something was wrong. The coach came over to him and then

they walked directly to what apparently was Dave's car. They opened the door, put Dave in the driver's seat and cranked up the car and turned the air conditioning up full blast. I heard the coach yell for someone to get him some water. At that moment, I was the only one who heard that and I responded by asking a woman that I had seen Dave speak to earlier to assist me. After explaining the situation quickly to her, I learned that she was Dave's wife and she bolted to ice chest with a towel, soaked it and then proceeded to their car. I followed along at a safe distance.

One must remember that I am trying to stay inconspicuous here. It is bad enough that I am in small town America and that here, everyone and I mean for real, everyone knows everyone else. Mrs. Dave stood by the coach and watched him attempt to cool off Dave. The Coach was extremely nervous.

I could tell that he had taken first aid and was attempting to remember what to do while being under fire, so to speak, with his friend and teammate, Dave. The Coach asked for and continued to receive a constant supply of wet towels which he was applying to Dave in an attempt to cool him off. Dave on the other hand said that he could not feel his hands or feet. Dave then began to turn his eyes up into his head and the Coach was lightly slapping his face while frantically talking to him in an attempt to revive him. Dave was passing out.

While I stood there watching the situation and seeing the crowd begin to gather around the open car door I said to myself that this young man was getting worse and these well meaning people were doing everything by the numbers to revive and cure the situation, yet Dave was passing right out and his breathing was getting labored. I watched the Coach doing exactly what he was supposed to do. I watched and could feel the crowd watching as their team mate and friend or neighbor was going down right in front of their eyes. I thought to myself, how sad this was, clearly this was going from a mere case of heat stroke to cardiac arrest and then ...

I watched the Coach say out loud that he was not breathing and I found myself beginning to count, one thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand, I stopped and turned inside myself. I centered myself, I contacted my higher self and asked permission to intervene, and to make it known to me what exactly I needed to do differently than what was already being done that would help. To release me to do so now.

I felt a calm come over me and then I was "ON" and I was ONE. I had been standing nearby suggesting small things to Coach which he knew but under the stress had not remembered timely. He would say things like, "Yeah, that's right" and would immediately respond with the right actions. He knew what to do but under the circumstances and it was clearly obvious it was his first time at ever having to use his first aid training in a for real crisis. The Coach was just about in shock himself at watching his friend not respond to anything that he was doing. Dave was fading away before everyone's eyes.

One thousand six, one thousand seven, Dave's wife had notice that I had been suggesting to the Coach step by step as to what to do and she looked up at me said frantically, "He's stopped breathing, is there anything you can do"! She had tears in her eyes and Dave's lips were beginning to turn and the Coach was attempting to do CPR. My auric vision was now ON. The crowd around us was stunned and in what seemed like slow motion, they all were seeing Dave fade.

I took a deep breath and I was one with the universe and my high self had heard my prayers and mana was for lack of a better word flowing red HOT! In what seemed like an eternity and in extremely slow motion, I remember saying out loud, "Not on my watch! Not today!" I put my right hand under the Coach's left arm and lifted him effortless out of the way. While I was doing that with my right arm I laid the palm of left arm on Dave's chest, over his heart. I was charged to the max and we (meaning all of my selves working with each other) delivered a massive mana loa shock to Dave. He literally jerked when we did this. I then began to do CPR on Dave with

my left hand and with my right I touched his third eye and commanded his basic self to follow my voice and to center itself using the energy just delivered. Time was back to normal speed again and I turned to the Coach and said "He is breathing again lets move him to the ground." We did I loosened his pants so he could breath better. I asked a woman standing caringly by me to get the water hose over here and then to get me some Coke or Mountain Dew, but it had to be HOT not Cold. The woman returned with the water hose running and with a hot can of Mountain Dew.

The Coach was holding Dave's head and we sat him up and I literally poured about half the can of Mountain Dew down Dave's throat. I hit my stop watch function on my wrist watch. I looked at the Coach and told him that I thought that this guy was having something more that heat stroke. I then gave my pen to the nice woman who had been aiding me during all of this and I asked her to get some paper and get some basic info from Mrs. Dave.

I told the Coach that I thought that Dave was in Diabetic shock along with the other obvious problems and that either way the Mountain Dew could help both situations, fluids and sugar! Dave was starting to come around but he was going to have to be transported to hospital. Now we were so far out in the country that no body's cell phone worked. I asked out loud if anyone here had Bell Atlantic Service. One young lady said she did and came over.

I told her to go and stand on the top bleacher and face east, extend her antenna completely out and dial 911 and let me know if she got someone to answer. She did as I requested. Dave was very slowly starting to respond to verbal commands. The Lady yelled that it was ringing and I told her not to move but stand exactly where she was, for one inch either way could kill what was going to be at best a poor connection. Dave was slowly starting to hold his own. I got up and climbed the bleacher and informed 911 that we needed an ambulance and our location. I made them read back to me cause this was a one time call and we were damn lucky to get the signal as it was. They did that was that. I made way back through the crowd to Dave. He seemed to still be holding his on, weak, but holding his own.

The ambulance arrived 12 minutes later. I got the information from the woman that I had been assisting me and gave it to the paramedics. They transported Mr. & Mrs. Dave to hospital.

Feeling for the first time that it was going to be OK, I learned that Dave was 22 years old. He was married and had one child. He had just been diagnosed with high blood pressure and was taking his medication. I looked at young Dave in my mind and thought to myself that he was only about 10 pounds over weight and already had high blood pressure, go figure.

While I was gathering myself up and getting myself centered to the original task at hand, some

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New Member. I am interested in receiving *The Huna Work* and want to become a Member of **Huna Research, Inc.** Enclosed herewith is a contribution of US\$25 as a donation for my first year's dues, which I understand is tax deductible to U.S. taxpayers. As a member, I will receive *The Huna Work* (research bulletin) and the newsletter, *The Aka Cord*. Visa and MasterCard accepted.

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first response paramedics who came in separate vehicles along with the ambulance were talking to the Coach. He came over later and thanked me for everything. He said that he had never had to really respond to anything since taking first aid. I told him that I thought that he did great under the circumstances. He thanked me again for being so supporting and then said he had never seen CPR done like that before. I told him that was a HUNA form of pre-cardia thump. He said he had never heard of that but whatever it was it worked and he for one was thankful, and that is all that mattered. I agreed. We both just stood there looking back at the situation, the people and even though we did not say it we both were thinking how glad we were that it worked out. We were both just thankful. At the same time the woman who had been assisting me gave me my pen back.

BAM! My stomach just fell to floor. I had that Oh S@#@##, feeling.

It was not... yes, it was! The woman who had been so helpful was none other than Mrs. JONES. Yeah, blew inconspicuous out the window, to hell and back. I was sitting there thinking how I was going to follow this woman without her first recognizing me and then, well I don't

know what I was thinking. I decided that I was going to pull it off and that she was not going to recognize me. I made that my instant prayer action at the moment.

Fortunately Mrs. Jones departed and they went straight to Mrs. Jones's house. She did not recognize me or know that she had been watched. On this night, she was honorable and I am really thankful for small miracles.

Saturday afternoon I called Orangeburg County Hospital and spoke with the head nurse on Dave's floor. She told me that Dave was doing fine and that I had called it right when I said that he not only had heat stroke but also had gone into diabetic shock. Thank YOU High Self! I commented that I did not believe that he knew that he was diabetic. The nurse said "He absolutely does now."

I remain amazed at what occurred. It makes me ever dedicated to HUNA Way! I feel grateful to have been able to be a part of the healing to the solution.

—James



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