

Healing With KI

Aikido and Healing:

Does this stuff really work?

By Richard Moon

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**When someone you love almost dies the experience can effect you in ways you might not expect.*

**What does an ancient martial art have to do with healing?*

**What are the possibilities of the power within us that emergencies sometimes release?*

I am a student of and instructor in the art of Aikido. Originating in Japan, Aikido is a martial art based on the power of love and harmony. When you teach martial arts, people always ask if it really works. This is my story.

**I live in S.F. When my brother in Minneapolis was hit by a car, I was in San Diego visiting my mother. The ensuing drama took me back to my hometown of Minneapolis and on a healing journey that included more than my brother.*

It was almost light out. I heard voices. Awakening in a strange room, slowly I remembered I was visiting my mother. It took me a minute to assemble myself. She and my father had divorced many years before and she now lived in San Diego. "That's right, I thought, I was at my mother's apartment in San Diego. I had brought my eldest son down to visit her.

She always woke up early, but it didn't make sense that she'd have visitors at quarter to six in the morning. I dressed quickly and went towards her room. Her door was ajar and she was talking with my Auntie Anne. They were discussing something important. I backed away to leave them alone when my mother noticed me.

"Richard," she said, her voice sounding strained, "come in."

There was an eerie silence that I couldn't place on entering the room.

"I've got bad news," she quivered. She lowered her voice; there was a pause. "Gene called. Bill was in an accident."

Gene is my younger brother and a doctor. Bill is my older brother and a wild card.

"Gene didn't want me to be alone and I didn't want to wake you. So I called Auntie Anne."

Anne had a hard look on her face. That worried me. There weren't too many things she took that seriously. My mother confirmed my suspicions.

It's serious," she said. "Gene's afraid he's going to die."

Bill had been stopped at a stoplight on his scooter. A drunk hit him from behind. The guy said he never saw Bill, who wasn't wearing a helmet. Much later I found out he had flown about 30 feet through the air, and his scooter had been completely demolished. He was unconscious. They had to drill holes through the cranium to relieve the pressure caused by the bleeding which threatened his brain. I looked at my mother through the heavy silence that filled the room. There was an internal stillness from the rush of emotional energy and numbness that accompanies shock.

One aspect of the study of Aikido is the development of trusting the inner sense or intuition. Out of this vast ocean of inner quiet words formed and I found myself saying, "He'll be alright." I said it assuredly almost as if someone else were speaking. They looked at me as if to say I seemed naive.

Bill had been taken to Hennepin County General. This was where my younger brother had done his residency. Since he knew many of the staff there Gene had spoken to the doctor in charge.

The head trauma was severe. The next twenty-four hours would be critical. No one knew if Bill would live. He was in the ICU on life support systems. If he held on 24 hours there was a good chance his vital signs would stabilize, but there was still no telling **when, or if**, he would wake up. And if he did, who would he be.

Maybe the reports were exaggerated. At any rate, they didn't match my inner feelings. They still said Bill would be all right. Of course there was also a part of me thinking although maybe this was just denial, an inability to face the truth. I was planning to fly home to the Bay Area that morning. My son was staying and Auntie Anne would be there. There was little more to do for my Mother.

I went home and waited, every moment expecting good news. Days passed. Nothing. It became a week. Still nothing. Once Bill survived the first critical period it was much less likely he would die in a coma. But whether he'd wake up and the nature of damage to the brain was still unknown.

All my mother's friends expected her to take the first plane to Minneapolis, but Gene really discouraged her. At least at home

she'd be comfortable and have her work. If she went to Minneapolis there'd be nothing for her to do but sit by the hospital bed and worry. After a week and a half she called and said she was going. She couldn't wait any longer. She flew in on Friday to be there for Bill's birthday. He turned forty in a coma.

A couple of days later she called and said that on Sunday, when they were all at the hospital, Bill seemed to have fluttered his eyes. Gene said, "If you can hear me, blink." They all imagined he had responded, so they asked him again. When they felt he repeated the response the first ray of hope streamed into our lives.

Excited I left on a trip looking forward to better news when I got back. Maybe Bill would be fully awake.

But the message on my return was that there'd been no further response. Maybe there'd never been one. If anything, Bill was sinking deeper. Something sank inside of me. Fear started to overcome me for the first time about how serious the situation really was. I'd been so sure that Bill was going to be all right. The sureness was waning now. A fog of depression settled around me.

Visibly upset I stopped by to see a friend and told him my story. He couldn't believe I hadn't gone back to Minneapolis. Being so sure that Bill would be all right I hadn't even considered it. Even though there was nothing I could do for Bill, he thought I should go

back just to take some of the pressure off my family, to make it easier on them in some way. Maybe someone else would have handled it that way, but it didn't feel right for me. It did however, start me thinking again about going back to Minneapolis. This thought stayed with me through the night and it woke me up the next morning. My sense of concern was growing.

At one point, in the depths of depression, I imagined trying to make contact with my brother, and again some very rational part of me wondered if it was only an indication of the toll the stress was taking on me.

In my imaginary construct of the universe I liked to think it was Bill's choice about whether or not he came back. "Bill," I thought, "it's up to you. It really is your life. Sure you feel us all pulling on you, but it is your decision. Come back if you want to come back. But don't come back to make it easy on me or mom or anyone else. It will be hard enough if you come back wanting to be here. If you do it any other way, I'm afraid it will be torture for all of us. It's your choice, Bill. Be full in it."

Suddenly I imagined him not to coming back. The time previous to the accident had been very hard for him, and this might affect his spirit. I learned much later from my brother Gene that the present medical theory regarding coma was that people woke up when they were ready. There was nothing that could be done about it. His

opinion, however, differed slightly from this view. He felt that attention, familiar voices, stimulation, and pain were of value in bringing the awareness to a state of consciousness.

All at once the image of having to tell people, "I had two brothers. But one went into a coma and never came out," began to work its effect on me. Imagining saying this as if it had happened I suddenly felt the responsibility to go and be with him, to tell him I wanted him back, and to lend my energy to his recovery. I didn't know where this impulse came from. It didn't really feel like me. My friends in 12-step programs like AA might call it my higher power. Anyway the feeling persisted: I felt something was being asked of me.

I teach Aikido and in my class that night, as often happens, the details of my personal life fade. Still, since I don't get into fights and there is no competition in Aikido, the real power of the training is its application in daily life. As I drove home after class, thoughts of my brother grew stronger and stronger. The impulse calling me to be with him intensified. Enumerating all the reasons not to go I found myself calling the airline about ten that night. There was a midnight flight that arrived in Minneapolis at six a.m.

My mother planned to leave Minneapolis and fly home in the morning, so I called her thinking she might change her plans if she knew I was coming. She told me she was exhausted. She would

return to Minneapolis when Bill woke up but she was going home in the morning.

Apparently she called Gene because she called me later after talking to him. They both felt it made no sense for me to come now. She said they thought I probably could do more for Bill when he woke up. Perhaps she was talking more to herself while she tried to dissuade me from coming.

I felt myself in an emotional spin. I had felt so strongly moved to go. But my mother and Gene so emphatically tried to dissuade me. I looked inside but was losing the clarity to act. I felt lost.

The thought of flying in like some idiot on a big white horse, and charging into the hospital for no reason, made me feel foolish about wanting to go. Still the impulse driving me to go seemed to overcome my fear. What I would like to emphasize here is that the feeling that was the hardest to deal with was the sense that there was something within my power that could be done, and that it was imperative that I go. I asked Carol, the woman in my life, for guidance. She returned me to my own source.

"It doesn't matter what they think. You're the one you have to live with. Follow the course that you'll like yourself best for."

I called the airlines, booked a flight. Then I called my mother to tell her I was coming. She seemed frustrated but I told her she could go home or stay according to her needs but I would be there at 7am. She hung up but called back ten minutes later to say she would stay and be there to pick me up at the airport.

I got on the airplane and fell asleep.

I dreamed about Minneapolis and my past. The dreams were vague but echoed feelings of the pressures of youth, the communication or lack thereof with my father and of a wild childhood and running away at 16 to 'find myself'. Ever since I had chosen an unorthodox path for my life there had been an unspoken strain between my father and I. My younger brother had taken up an intelligent profession as a doctor. I had been out on the coast, goofing off, studying this weird martial art, which my father regarded as worthless.

I woke up as we touched down. It had been a long time but the airport looked the same and the air felt familiar. As I walked through the airport my awareness was flooded with memories. Somewhere between the tiredness and the power that had brought me to Minneapolis, was a sense of a greater knowledge guiding me. As I stood outside the airport in a daze, my mother drove up.

Even though it was still early morning the sultry heat of summer's end was already flooding the city. We talked about Bill, Minneapolis, the family, and the issues surrounding the accident. All the time we talked, internally anxiety and pressure were building.

We finally pulled up in front of the hospital. As we moved through the lobby the reality of what we were facing pressed in on me. Bill had been lying there unconscious for almost a month, surrounded by people bustling about in their activity and Bill oblivious to all of it. The energy within me pulsated and the pressure of some unknown force increased. My heart was pounding. It began beating faster and louder. It is hard to explain the tension I felt between feeling lost and being there, to use the words of the founder of Aikido, on a 'bestowed mission'.

We took the elevator upstairs and walked past rooms filled with machines, past nurses and orderlies with their carts. Someone was wheeled past us on the way to surgery. It was trance like, almost a dream. With each step it got more real and unreal at the same time. The intensity, the energy and the anxiety continued to grow stronger.

Somehow I expected the process to be more gradual when my mother turned me toward one of the doorways. We stepped into the room and there lay the unconscious body of my brother Bill. I

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mean he was alive but he wasn't there. I noticed small movements on the right side; his left side was paralyzed. His head moved very slightly as if he were dreaming. There were low, unintelligible growling sounds coming from him. I stood there with no conscious idea why I was there or what I had come to do.

This may sound a bit Californian but indulge me. I soaked up the energy in the room as it merged with the energy in my own system. This is a combination of sensing, feeling, an almost meditative or mystical (meaning I can't explain it) receiving of sensory impressions and intuitive guidance. The mystery of what I will call the guidance of the spirit was the reason I had been drawn to the study of consciousness arts, of Aikido, Zen and yoga.

I watched the nurses move him like a big doll. They put a tube through his nose down into his stomach. No response. There was a needle in his arm and an oxygen mask on his face. They cleaned him; they dressed him; and all the time they moved around him they talked to him with no response. The pulsation of energy within me intensified, pounding louder . . . stronger . . . faster.

There was a resident in the room making his rounds. After being introduced to me he yelled into Bill's ear, "Bill, your brother Richard is here." What did he have to lose? Nothing.

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All but one nurse left the room. My mother was still there and my brother's friend Christine came into the room. As they both stood by the foot of the bed, I gradually moved closer. I put my hands on him, one hand by his neck and one hand on his face. I talked to him and called to him but got no response.

The word "Ki" in Ai Ki Do means life energy or vital force. In my study of Aikido, because of my nature or interests, I've given extensive attention to the process of Ki healing. I've done so by taking extra seminars and seeking out information and teachers focused on it.

Ki healing is the practice of consciously flowing Ki, or life energy to an injury to stimulate the healing process. A mother kissing a child who is hurt is an example of the transference of Ki. I had used Ki healing a number of times but never in a situation like this. Though skeptical of my own impressions at first, I experienced the flow of Ki akin to a golden, honey-like substance. Even with all my years of training I was impressed with how tangible the experience felt.

From the same mysterious realm of awareness that had brought me there in the first place, I was moved to take Bill's hand and apply the form of an Aikido technique called nikkyo, a wrist joint lock. Nikkyo has the potential of creating pressure to the point of intense pain. If you are unfamiliar and would like a sense of the

technique place the right hand on the back of your left. Then press your left palms toward the inside of your left forearm gradually increasing the pressure.) This is one of many Aikido techniques and has potential application for self-defense. The way I applied the technique now, however, was different.

I was sending the energy flowing through the technique as a way of contact with the center of his being. In this approach to the art, my attention was attuned to the sense of Ki or energy flow, I continued. After a moment it seemed like his eyelids were beginning to flutter and his eyes seemed to move as if looking for something.

I asked, "Bill, Bill, can you hear me?"

Though the sound came from deep in his throat and was very garbled, not at all clear, I could have sworn he said, "Yea." Admittedly wanting to hear him say something so bad I couldn't be sure. Afraid I was making it up, I put the nikkyo on stronger; and flowed more energy through him. His eyes were definitely responding. I was sure of it now. I said, "Bill, who am I?"

Almost unintelligible in garbled tones, from very deep in his throat, he said, ". . . ichard." I looked around the room. The nurse's eyes were wide open. My mother and Christine still stood

at the end of the bed. They were holding each other: and had a look of wonderment in their eyes. They both nodded.

Christine said, "I'm sure he said Richard. I'm sure he said your name." You would have to have been there and heard how unintelligible his speech was to understand the twilight zone we were in at that moment.

I turned back to Bill and applied the nikkyo again. I asked, "Bill, can you feel this?"

He said, "Yea." Each time he spoke the words seemed to get just a little clearer. I said, "Bill, say my name."

When he said Richard this time we all looked at each other. We were afraid to believe it, yet we all seemed sure we had heard him speak. I brought the pressure up more. I said, "Bill, if this hurts, say uncle." In a voice that was garbled yet distinctly a word, he said 'uncle.' It was loud and clear. That time none of us in the room questioned it. We looked at each other through tears, laughter and smiles.

The nurse stopped what she was doing in shock. She looked at me with very large eyes, "What are you doing?"

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I explained my interest in the art of Aikido as the study of life energy. I told her that it was used for healing as well as self-defense. I told her that I was in the process of transferring Ki or healing life energy into my brother and was using this process to make contact with his awareness.

She looked at me politely but I could almost hear her thinking. That one of the two of us must be crazy and since I was from California, there was little question who she thought it was. At the same time she'd been there and seen him respond. She left the room suddenly.

My mother was in tears. She ran to the phone to call Gene who was finishing up a residency at the Mayo clinic in Rochester. When she came back she said he'd gotten someone to cover his rotation there and that he was leaving immediately. He and his wife would be in the Twin Cities in a couple of hours.

It was probably less than five minutes before a battery of doctors walked into the room. The nurse possibly said something that brought them so quickly. They'd been with Bill for over four weeks and had seen no conscious response. They walked around Bill. They poked him; they prodded him. They talked to him, no response.

Bill had meanwhile drifted back into his unconscious state and made no clear response. They saw nothing. I felt they were watching me out of the corners of their eyes but said nothing so I said nothing. Looking at me again, they left the room.

Just as they were leaving my father unexpectedly walked into the room. He hadn't known I was coming and was quite surprised to find me there. He'd been to the hospital every day since the accident. The strain showed on his face. He said that yesterday he had hit rock bottom. After all this time of nothing he had lost hope. He said he spent the night on the verge of tears afraid Bill would never come back. My mother interrupted him.

"Jay," she said, "Bill just said Richard's name."

I walked over to the bed and took my brother's hand again and applied the nikkyo. His eyes started to roll. His eyelids started to flutter and then open. He seemed to be looking around the room.

"Bill, do you know who is in the room now?" He didn't respond immediately so I asked him again, "Bill, who's in the room now?"

In his deep, garbled almost unintelligible voice, he said, "Dad." It wasn't clear, but it was clear enough.

Joy streamed from my father. "I can't believe it," he said. "It's incredible, just incredible." He kept repeating his response. As we say in California, his mind was blown. For a moment at least, the study of Aikido seemed to have tangible value.

No one really knew what had happened. It didn't really matter. The fact that Bill had responded was enough for us at the moment.

I asked him one more time to say my name and he did. The thrill and excitement in the room were so intense I can still feel it. Bill drifted back to sleep. As my father sat by the bed, my mother and I went out to breakfast.

By the time we got back Gene was there. He had gotten no response from Bill to his attempts to reach him. He asked me what had happened. I went to Bill's side and took his hand and started the process to awaken his consciousness using the power of Aikido. When Bill began to show signs of surfacing I said, "Bill, Bill, tell me who's in the room now?"

He said in that deep very garbled tone, "Brother Gene." It was a beautiful experience to be with Gene at that moment.

Now my younger brother is a bit of an enigma. He has had experience with meditation and other realms of consciousness. Initially some of his interest in medicine included some of the

more ancient healing techniques, including acupuncture, herbal medicine, and pressure point therapy. He intended in his study to research how they fit into the body of modern Western medicine. In the years he had been training as a doctor the training caused his views to become more conservative. I did not know how he would see what had happened.

Medical science and modern technology would have to look on it as coincidence that Bill woke up in my presence. It is a dilemma. We don't want our doctors to be closed minded but we don't want them living in 'fantasy land' either.

I guess his curiosity got the best of him. At any rate, he asked me to show him what I was doing and explain the process to him, as I understood it.

After I did he stood on one side of Bill and I stood on the other. We each took one of his hands. We began the process, gradually increasing the Ki flow and stimulation. I encouraged Gene to feel the energy flowing through him into Bill, even if he thought he were only imagining it. As we continued the process, gradually Bill began to wake up more and more.

"Bill, can you see us?"

His voice was deep and garbled but he said, "Yea."

I said, "Bill, do you know that we're here?"

He said, "know you're here." Or did he say "know we're here?" Was he responding or was he simply repeating the words that he had heard? Was he thinking or was he just parroting? Rephrasing the question. I asked,

"Bill, do you know who I am?"

He said, "Know who you are." Gene and I looked at each other and at that moment we knew that Bill was with us, that he was hearing us, that he was understanding us and that he could make an intelligent response. He was not just mimicking the words, but he could conjugate the verb from 'who I am' to 'who you are.' My father was concerned that we were hurting Bill. He wanted us to stop. We let Bill go back to sleep. My mother, my father, Gene and I went out to lunch.

It was a pretty exciting gathering for all of us after the tension of the last month. For Gene especially, who because of his medical training had the greatest knowledge and therefore the greatest fear that Bill would be a vegetable, the excitement was overwhelming. Gene kept saying, "He is going to be alright. Rutabaga's don't talk."

What a difference it was, not to be wondering if Bill would wake up or be able to think. Now we were thinking in terms of how much would he recover. How much would his mind come back? Would he recover the use of his arm and leg? How long it would take? We started dreaming of total recovery. We had all come a million miles from where we had been a few hours earlier.

After lunch Gene and I drove my mother to where she was staying so she could take a nap. Then we headed back to the hospital. Word must have spread like wildfire because when we walked back into Bill's room there were six of his friends there. They had been trying to talk to him with no response. It was obvious they were wondering whether or not anything had really happened.

Gene and I looked at each other. We moved to opposite sides of the bed. He took one hand and I took the other. We started the Aiki process of stimulation. We began flowing energy into Bill through the technique. Everyone in the room squirmed. They were afraid we were hurting him, some of them even made comments to that effect. Ignoring them, I concentrated my attention on the sense of energy flow into Bill's body, into his mind, and into his being. His eyes began to move and gradually to open. They seemed to roll about the room and his sounds were louder.

I said, "Bill, can you see who's in the room?"

He said, "Yea." A ripple of excitement went through the room. At the time two of Bill's closest friends were in the room, Larry Marcus and Stevie Kaplan. Stevie Kaplan's mother had died the week before Bill had been hit. In overwhelm, he had been unable to visit while Bill was in a coma because the emotional strain had been too heavy for him. The weight of the sadness he felt was evident.

I asked again, "Bill, who is in the room with us?"

His eyes rolled around the room once more. There were some gurgling noises again and then he said fairly clearly, "Kaplan." The excitement in the room was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Stevie started to cry. No one could believe it. We all shared in the joy.

The feeling was overwhelming, because it seemed there was power in the Aikido, and through that power we had been able to establish communication with Bill. Shortly he began saying my name and Gene's name, Mom and Dad, and even short sentences. Every time he made a statement that people could understand it seemed a glowing energy was released into the room.

What struck me funny was in the midst of all this, people kept telling us to stop what we were doing, that it was hurting him.

Every time he'd respond people would say things like, "See, he wants you to stop; he doesn't like it. It's hurting him." It was hard to believe their response in view of the results the process produced. But, that's the way it goes.

The hospital, having had no progress, let me have my way with Bill. When Gene arrived due to his credential the space opened even more. But the doctors were clearly skeptical and so were the nurses. I sensed that their reaction to my believing that Aikido had any effect on Bill's state of coma was like believing in Santa Claus. Though, 'yes Virginia', they were too polite or considerate to say anything.

By the afternoon of the third day when we came to the hospital, Larry Marcus was there. He smiled and said that Bill had responded to him. He smiled when he said that he'd been able to get Bill to talk without having to torture him. Gene and I knew we were on our way home. There was a sense of relief from both of us. It was a very positive sign that Bill was starting to come up into a conscious state on his own. We both began to let ourselves believe things would be O.K.

For all of us there was a strong question about what had happened. I don't know if Aikido had really produced results where modern medical technology had no jurisdiction. It might have been easier for Gene to write it off as coincidence, which it may well have

been. I may have a similar problem in reverse, because I wanted it to be true. In retrospect he describes it as pain and stimulus affecting the reticular activating system causing him to wake up. So we look at a similar process through different windows.

What it was that really happened there we'll never know. Would he have woken up if I hadn't come? Was my timing just coincidental? Or is there really some magic in this Aiki, energy flow stuff? It was hard enough for me to believe so I can appreciate how hard it must have been for the members of the medical profession. But he had responded. That was clear. And he had responded repeatedly which did call into question the coincidence theory.

My feeling was that enough internal healing had taken place so that he was ready to be woken up. I believe that the Aikido, the pain, the pressure or the Ki flow itself, had been able to ground his consciousness into contact with the moment, with my voice, and with the rest of us in the room. After repeating that process several times, gradually he was able to trace his way back into consciousness without help.

I flew home in a dream. This had been the most intensely positive experience I could have possibly hoped for. I had gone on an intuitive impulse without any knowledge of the origin of that guidance. I had gone though some had tried to dissuade me. Because of my willingness to give my life to something I cannot

explain, I had possibly touched Bill in a way that brought him back to us. I shudder to think I almost hadn't gone because of my fears of the unknown, of failing or looking like an idiot. Without knowing what I was going to do there, I had acted purely and spontaneously out of the Self.

What happened had been a gift as much to myself as to my brother, or family. I felt I had been moved by some knowledge that I did not possess but which possessed me. Now it seems as if there'd never been a choice about going.

Our friend Dickey Ostrin came to see me before I left for the airport. He came up. His eyes were moist. He hugged me as he said Goodbye. Then as I was turning to board the plane he said something that hadn't occurred to me.

He said, "This is the best martial arts story I've ever heard."

Three years later, Bill was alert, active and had recovered enough of the use of his left side to walk. His voice was almost back to normal. He became involved in computer study, both as therapy and to continue his writing. A previous winner of three National Public Radio documentary awards, he has begun to assemble a new documentary on brain damage.

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Now fifteen years later, Bill completed his masters degree in communication. His video project was submitted for a grant, which he won. He completed a documentary that aired on PBS called, When Billy Broke His Head and Other Tales of Wonder. It received wide acclaim and won The Freedom of Expression Award at Sundance Film Festival and The Columbia Award for excellence in Broadcasting among many others. Bill also was nominated for an Emmy for writing it. He is working on his next film.

R . Moon, a 5th Dan Aikido, instructor in San Francisco and Marin is a lifetime student of Music, Yoga, and Aikido. As a consultant to business he coaches executives in personal mastery through Aikido principles and has worked with individuals and major corporations. His newest pursuit is The Listening Institute which grew out of the international peace building work he has done in Cypress and Bosnia. He has written a number of books on Aikido, Dialogue and the Creation of Wealth.

(For more information on this work and other books by R, Moon see www.aikidoofmarin.com & www.listeninginstitute.com)

Appendix

Aikido is a modern martial art developed by Morihei Ueshiba, also called O' Sensei (great teacher) who died in 1969. Though based on ancient martial arts dating back to the 15th century, Aikido is a new and unique form.

The word Aikido is made up of three Kanji or symbols. **Ai** meaning harmony, love, coming together; **Ki** meaning steam, universal energy, vital force, mind, spirit; and **Do** meaning way or life path; and translates as the way of Harmony with the spirit of the universe.

It differs from other martial arts in the emphasis on neutralizing the attack and not the attacker to whom the essential attitude of loving protection is also extended. A couple of quotes from O'Sensei exemplify this...

Aikido is not a technique to fight with or defeat the enemy. It is the way to reconcile the world and make human beings one family.

The secret of Aikido is to harmonize ourselves with the movement of the universe and bring ourselves into accord with the universe itself.

Winning means winning over the mind of discord in yourself.

Aikido is the realization of love.

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The art emphasizes the concept of blending with rather than opposing the Ki (energy or force) of an attacker or situation.

Also, the study of Ki leads to greater knowledge of self, which has applications in all aspects of daily life as well as self-defense.

With some humor, I might describe Aikido as a Venusial rather than a Martial art. Mars being the god of war, Venus being the goddess of love.

