

Following the Emergency Room protocol developed by Dr. Judi Guedalia and Frances Yoeli (see the April edition of e-journal) we bring you a short case history written by Dr. Guedalia. It demonstrates the wonder of healing abilities when the suitable constituents are there - in this case, Judi's preparedness "to be there" with the injured person at the height of his traumatic shock.

### **The would be policeman – an EMDR Emergency-Room Narrative**

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He arrived in ER shaking, no physical wounds. Doctor and Nurse called me to the bedside with the wordless look I have come to know - "Dr. Guedalia, you are the psychologist here, this is one for you!"

I spoke to him and helped him develop his narrative, give words to the speechless fear and surge of wordless emotions, over a period of six hours. Starting with the bare bones, a scaffold, which fleshed out into his whole story, evolved and with it an understanding to his particular cathexic reaction to what had happened. He had been shopping with his girlfriend when a terrorist began shooting with automatic weapons at bystanders on a busy street.

I ask questions that he knows the answers to, to begin the process, his name, his girlfriends name, what kind of work he did. He told me he wanted to be a policeman. All the while his eyes are closed, his entire body is shaking; his teeth are clattering as if he is gripped by bone chilling cold (he is wrapped with many blankets on this a warm and sunny spring day).

At first I use bi-lateral touch on his shoulders, but then as time goes on, he is on a high ER bed so that his body is almost my shoulder height, so I switch to tapping on the back of his two hands.

Without a lot of 'instruction' I tell him that we have found going over the 'event' in any way he can, will help it be 'outside' of him. Over the next six

hours, returning to him again and again as I 'finish' rounds with other injured he tells his story.

I was at the bus stop.

Suddenly 5-10 meters, there were shots

As if, there was a wall and something moved

Something moved, near the wall, the Terrorist

Was shooting

We were exactly opposite "Ronit Carpets"

I put her (girlfriend) inside the store,

with other people

I put them all inside the store.

I went outside and looked

(To see) where the bullets were coming from.

On roofs I asked (there were people standing on roofs and he asked where the shooter was hiding.)

They didn't know.

In the meantime, soldiers came, and they started to shoot in his direction.

There started a war-(volley) of shots between them.

I decided that this was the time to go from behind him

Because he was busy with the fight with them

And I will go behind him (he said to himself(

Then I walked behind the street (into the alley)

30-40 people (were there).

There was this woman

she jumped on me

and said

"Save me, I want to live"

(he starts to cry),

I said to them to stay put.

In the meantime, I tried to go forward towards the Terrorist

And as I did, I lifted some stones/bricks that (were) lying in the ground.

A few of them

As I approached I already saw the terrorist

Laying on the floor

Without thinking I threw my cell-phone at his head (he looks at me the first time, and smiles an embarrassed smile).

(Closes his eyes again and continues):

Then the bricks.

Then I started to kick him without stopping  
Then people said he was already dead  
They pulled me away from him  
I screamed that they should kill him  
They had pulled me away already  
They shot him twice in the head  
When I saw that he was dead  
I ran to the store (where he had placed his girlfriend to get her out of  
danger).  
I took her out of there.  
And I ran from there to get away from the place.  
Immediately I told her what happened.  
I told her there is nothing to worry about  
And walked towards Sbarro  
There I felt that I couldn't anymore  
With difficulty I breathed  
I was nauseous  
I felt I was going to faint  
I found a wall  
I leaned on the wall  
I wanted to sit but I couldn't hold my self  
And I fell, sitting.  
The ambulance came and they took me and we drove.

("What was the hardest part?")  
When I did what I did I didn't think  
But it is hard to see that  
(See that ?)  
A person's brain spilling out  
so that when I kicked him, I felt bad  
even though he was a terrorist

(? A terrorist?)  
When he was lying down on the ground  
He looked at me  
For a second we looked at one another,  
He knew what was going to happen,  
Two seconds I stood there with the stone/brick in my hand  
Then I threw it on his head.

(As the hours progressed and his symptoms (the shaking) did not abate, even as his voice became stronger and teeth stopped clattering, I felt that his reaction to this event, awful as it was, was more extreme than ‘the norm’—than other similar ER traumatized patients I had seen. I asked: Were you ever in another traumatic experience?)

When I served in Lebanon.

A Tzadalnik – (southern Lebanese soldier who supported Israel)

I didn’t know him

The same thing with his brain falling out

2 kilometers (from the front) (He served in a field base near the front)

(It was) a collection point for Tzadalnik wounded soldiers.

They put the wounded in the kitchen

On the counter

It was the cleanest place

and (there was) all the blood (on the counter),

all the time I have this picture of him (in my mind)

he didn’t have legs, he tried to get up

he looked me in the eye, at everyone,

and fell,

his brain spilled out.

The would be policeman, was released smiling and chatting with everyone, six hours after he had come in to the ER.