

# A Great Reiki Adventure

BY MIKE KAMMERMEYER

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MIKE KAMMERMEYER

**Editor's note:** In the Spring 2016 issue, we featured an article entitled "What Was I Thinking?" by Chellie Kammermeyer. It was a lively and humorous story about Chellie's Reiki-bolstered trip to the Alaskan wilds with her husband, Mike, as co-leader of a first-time Alaskan Reiki adventure/retreat. Sharing his childhood home of Alaska with others had been her husband's lifelong dream and despite her trepidation (described in hindsight with great humor), Chellie explained, "I have heard this dream for years. So what was the harm in encouraging him? What was I thinking?" Now, in this article written by Mike, we get to learn about his experience.



My sister, dad and myself when we first came to Alaska in 1952.

SOMEWHERE IN THE YEARS after leaving my childhood home of Alaska, I began to imagine bringing people there to share with them the beautiful Alaska that I knew as a boy. This was the Alaska of the 1950s, where I grew up on a 150-acre homestead about 100 miles northeast of Anchorage, in an area called Chickaloon. For a boy, it was a real life adventure filled with all the fun and challenges that nature can offer, and as an adult, I wanted to share as many of my wonderful experiences there as I could. Reiki helped me accomplish my dream in ways that went beyond my years of imagining.

My family moved up to Alaska in 1950 as homesteaders.<sup>1</sup> Although as I said, for me it was an adventure every day, looking back, it must have been less adventure and more work for my parents. My folks chose an eligible homestead property, a 150 acre parcel, that was five miles from the main road that went into "town." That meant that we needed to get to the highway to even begin our way into "civilization." To homestead in Alaska (this was before Alaska was even a state) you had to "prove up" the property, which entailed building a home and growing crops on it for four consecutive years. In order to make enough money to live, my dad worked driving a truck for a coal mine and my mom drove into town 60 miles to work in a bank. My sister and I took the school bus into town. It picked us up at the highway, so we

first had to go the five miles from our place to the bus stop. During the winter, we took a sled dog team, tethered them and left them with water and then took the sled dog team back home at the end of the day. Since it was winter, our route in the morning and the late afternoon was dark. It was beautiful on the moonlit trail.

My dad was also a hunting guide. To do this, my dad and his partner had about 65 head of horses. During the winter, we kept the horses in a grazing area about 60 miles from our homestead. In the spring, we would round them up and lead them through the town where Mom worked and up the highway to the homestead. My mom was mortified that the horses were blocking traffic, but it seemed to be the only way to get them up to the summer pasture where we had a grazing lease. Once we got them to the homestead, we would take them up and leave them

at the pasture in the mountains. From the time I was about nine, I would go with a couple of the kids from the next homestead over (neighbor was an interesting term since we were so far apart), and we would hike in 20 or so miles to check on the horses. Each time we went, there would be three or four kids ranging from 8–11 out in the wilderness, hiking, fishing for food, and occasionally using a 22-gauge rifle trying to get a spruce hen. We often caught the fish with our hands. In a pinch, we would eat berries. We had a sleeping bag, a poncho and some Visqueen plastic for a tent. I wouldn't begin to think of letting any son of mine do that at that age, but we grew up in a different era. When my mother would start to worry about us and ask my dad when he thought we'd be home, his response was always, "They'll be back when he gets hungry." When we did get home, my mom, although happy to see us, would make me strip down and have a bath in a galvanized tub before coming into our cabin. No way after two or more weeks was she letting that filth into her house!

Growing up out at the homestead was quite an adventure. Because the neighbor family had 10 children and my parents had

**Top:** Snow over our house – Valdez, 1955.

**Center:** Going to the mountains with my dad, 1958.

**Bottom:** Dog team, my sister and myself.

to work, we didn't have a lot of adult supervision. I think they hoped and prayed that at least one or two of us would keep the others out of trouble. And while we didn't always "keep out of trouble," we did watch out for each other. One day we decided to go swimming in our lake. There were about six of us, and we were trying to see who could wade out the furthest. I felt I should be able to go out the furthest because I was a boy. It was all going just fine, until I stepped off a drop-off and went in over my head. I totally panicked. I can remember vividly going up to the surface and back down, three times. Suddenly I could see my body arching backwards in the crystal blue water with a bright light shining in the background. I heard a choir singing what sounded like what I thought was heavenly music. The next thing I knew I was on the surface of the water, wading towards the shore. One of the neighbor girls, Fay, had saved my life. I always felt we had a special connection after that. And even at that young age, I knew that my life had a purpose; I just didn't know what it was at that time.

We had several experiences running into wild animals: bears, moose and caribou. We learned self-preservation and how to handle emergencies at an early age. It was a very different way of growing up. My wife Chellie couldn't believe that I hadn't seen any of the Disney movies as a kid, but I always felt like I had lived like the Swiss Family Robinson, just without the tropical breezes. The Alaska I grew up in became part of my soul.

Chellie and I were married 22 years before this trip. We had a typical life—work, raise kids, enjoy our time together. Then about 13 years ago, Chellie learned Reiki. It was so helpful for my health and bad back condition that I learned Reiki too. I finally knew why I had not drowned all those years before. Sharing and teaching Reiki with the world has become our mission.

Just a month before being accepted into the ICRT teaching program, we went to an Advanced Soul Coaching® course taught by Denise Linn.<sup>2</sup> One of the exercises we did was called the "Future Coffee Shop." We acted "as if" it was a year into the future and we were getting together with friends to tell them about the past year. My story was that I had taken some people on a journey to Alaska and camped in the area of the mountains I had hiked to check on the horses. My plan was for Chellie and I to teach a Reiki class there. This time we got to fly instead of hike. People seemed excited about the idea, so I immediately started sending Reiki to the plan. I used HSZSN to send to the future, CKR for strength and SHK for wisdom to plan and coordinate the trip and by April, we had four brave folks.



<sup>1</sup> <http://www.alaskacenters.gov/homestead.cfm>

<sup>2</sup> [www.deniselinn.com/What-Is-Soul-Coaching.htm](http://www.deniselinn.com/What-Is-Soul-Coaching.htm)

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Now to assemble the crew. I asked one of my lifelong friends, my lifesaving friend, Fay, to cook for us. Fay still loved to be in “up country” and had always lived in Alaska. She agreed, and not only was she a great cook, she also had wonderful stories to share with our group. My son Pat took time off from work to help us at the camp. We had a great group. The only person I was worried about was Chellie. She had never been camping with me or, apparently, ever.

For six months I sent Reiki daily to the “Adventure.” I went to Alaska a week ahead of Chellie to get the camp set up. Even with all the work, I was able to be at the camp with Pat, his wife Carmelita and their three beautiful children. The kids loved being outside almost as much as I had at their age. Everything I needed to do for the trip went smoothly. I continued using Reiki on the airplane and for the experience we were all to share. I had the sense that even Chellie was going to be okay. And in that department, the only glitch turned out to be at the very beginning, when she arrived in Anchorage and I was still flying supplies into the camp and couldn’t meet her at the airport. She was not happy. But, fortunately, that turned out to be the only challenging part of the entire trip.

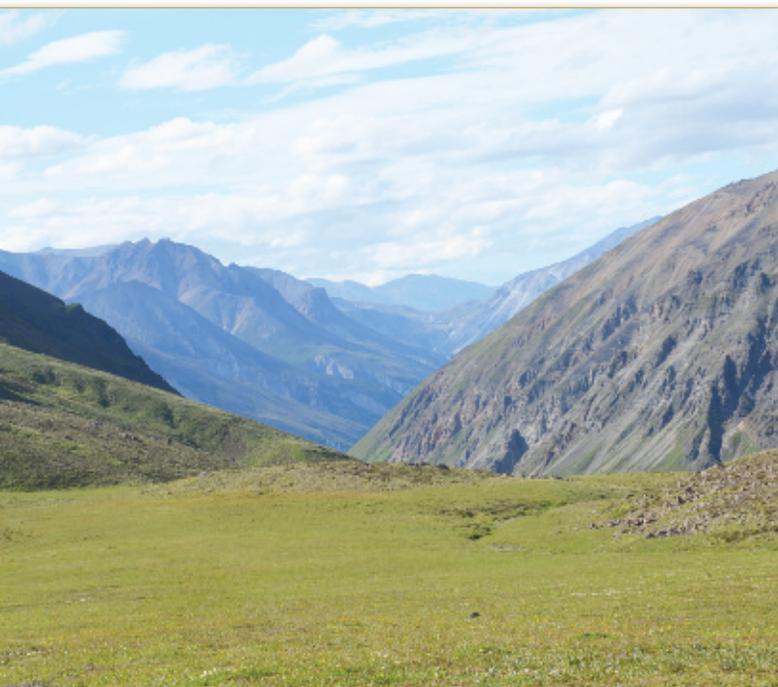
The day we were to start the Adventure everything worked like clockwork. The clients arrived without a hitch. I flew them all into camp, Chellie being the last one I flew in. Of course, I was still sending Reiki to the Adventure. That night as we were all sitting around the campfire, getting to know each other, Chellie asked me what time it was. I checked my watch and said that it was 2 AM. It was still daylight and she had this funny look on her face, which she later explained was relief.

I have a secret place in the mountains on the Chickaloon River in a basin at 5000'. It's full of thunder eggs (rocks with crystals inside) and geodes that a glacier had ground down as it receded, so the whole basin is full of crystals and agates. The area is at least 200 acres and slowly climbs up on what is remaining of the glacier. I had flown in to this area with my super cub in the mid-1970s. It was one of the places I wanted to have a Reiki class. One beautiful, sunny day, I flew one of our students, Robin, up to the area. After I circled about 10 minutes, doing HSZSN the entire time, I was able to determine where I had landed all those years before. Using Karuna symbols (Kriya and Rama), I remembered that I had to fly over a little knoll to land on this flat grassy spot. My memory was correct and the landing was without incident. I flew back in to the same spot ten more times within the course of a couple of days. I left Robin and went back to get another student. When we arrived back there, Robin was sitting near the landing area with a huge grin on her face. She had taken about 10 steps from the “airstrip” and found a huge

**Top:** Chicaloon Glacier.

**Center:** Crystal found in crystal bed.

**Bottom:** Crystal Valley.



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**Top:** Robin and our trusty transportation.

**Center:** Nancy collecting horns.

**Bottom:** Reiki students Zac, Nancy and Sally.

crystal. For several hours the Crystal Hunt was on as each of the students and then Chellie arrived at the basin. We spent several hours hiking all over the basin, picking up crystals and rocks. After a few hours, we had completed a portion of the Level I class. We couldn't have chosen a better spot to have it. The sun was shining and it was warm (Really. It was almost 80°! with no wind.) We had such a good time that we decided to do it again the next day. So on the following day, we flew back and completed the class. We also spent more time gathering several pounds of crystals. As I was completing the attunements, Chellie pointed behind us at a caribou. It came right up near us, less than 20 yards away. It stood and watched for awhile and then circled us. What an incredible day! What an incredible day for Reiki!

Every morning that we were flying, I spent about an hour pre-flighting my airplane. I had built the airplane in 1974 from two previously wrecked airplanes. I know that airplane better than I know the back of my hand. A pre-flight includes spending 20–30 minutes doing Reiki on the airplane—Holy Fire, HSZSN, CKR, SHK and ALL the Karuna Symbols—and of course all the things that you learn when learning to fly—checking fluids, a walk around the plane, etc. Each take off and landing was better than in all the years I had been flying the same airplane.

One morning the air was perfect, not even a breeze. Even the mountaintops were quiet. I took one of the group, Sally, for a ride over the glaciers. We felt like we could reach out and touch the mountains. We saw beautiful waterfalls off the glaciers and the ribbons of ice that were treading their way through the mountains. As we descended back into the valley by the camp, we could see white Dall sheep, the moose, caribou and bears. All was perfect. As I was landing, I saw Pat carrying a log to camp for more firewood. In a land like this, it takes everyone doing his or her part to make an adventure, or life for that matter, work. By the end of the time, we were all tired, but it was everything I had asked for and more. I know that Reiki was the reason that it went so smoothly. And I know that Reiki was the reason I was able to fulfill a lifelong dream. 🌿



*Mike is an Usui/Holy Fire II Karuna Reiki® Master and a teacher in the ICRT Licensed Reiki Master Teacher program. He has practiced Reiki for 10 years and is the owner along with his wife, Chellie, of Innercompass Reiki. They teach classes together in California and Alaska. Mike can be contacted by email at [mkammermeyer@aol.com](mailto:mkammermeyer@aol.com).*

