



Photo courtesy of Chellie Kammermeyer

Getting Clear

The Importance of Reiki in My Life

BY CHELLIE KAMMERMEYER

“**W**AIT. YOU WHAT?” That’s a question that I often get when people ask me what I did before becoming a licensed Reiki master teacher. I was a service manager at several auto dealerships, usually VWs. Their next question is obvious: “So how did you end up doing this?” The response to that one is fairly easy to answer now. I learned Reiki and felt called to use it more in my life than to do anything else. The real question should be “How did you end up here?” Well, how did we get here? I don’t normally share this entire story, but I feel as if many people have been in the same situation and are still having trouble coming to grips with it several years after. Maybe knowing others have made it through to the other side will be helpful.

In 2008, 2009 and into 2010, my husband Mike and I had a difficult decision to make. Do we stay or do we go? Like so many people throughout the country, our house was not worth what we owed (by a great deal). In fact, our home dropped in value by more than what we had paid for our first three homes combined. And our payments were scheduled to go up annually, stratospherically, while our commission salaries were dropping. So, what would we do? Do we stay and try to ride out this crazy decline in home value or do we move on, release what we can and then move forward without this albatross around our necks? Day after day, week after week, we agonized. And mired in the collective consciousness, especially in the Bay Area, it eventually seemed clear that there was only one choice. Let go, walk away from our home and move on. But even with this seeming clarity, I felt stuck.

Yes, it seemed logical to move. But the guilt of “how did we let this happen?” was right up there with all the other feelings of responsibility and worthiness. And all of it was straining our otherwise strong relationship. My sense of humor was gone. Nothing was fun.

We knew many people who were in this same boat. Honestly, I have no opinions about what other’s choices were. Their path wasn’t our path. I actually admired people who made a choice and moved forward, either way. But I felt stuck in what I imagined quicksand felt like.

Twelve years previously, when Mike and I got married, he joked that he was marrying the “Martha Stewart of moving!” I had a system in place for moving that rivaled anyone else he had

ever met. I had moved 32 times in my life, since graduating from high school. My method seemed so simple. I kept a sheet of paper by the packing box and kept a list of the items going into the box. Then I would number the end of the box and the sheet of paper. The papers went into a notebook that was always with me. When we moved, if I had used a storage facility or a garage, I always knew where to find what I wanted. If I was looking for coffee and the coffee pot, I always knew that it was in Box #1. And I always made certain to write on both ends of the box, because if you stack the boxes on top of each other you can’t read what is written when they are stacked up in storage. Simple, right? So simple then why not just move again? This was not the biggest or nicest home we had lived in. So why did I feel so stuck? At first, I thought, well, this is the house we lived in when our boys got married. And where we lived when our grandchildren were born. There were wonderful memories here. But couldn’t those memories just go with us? Neither of us was that excited about our jobs at the time. It wouldn’t really be that big of a deal to pick somewhere and move—somewhere, anywhere. Yet, I still couldn’t say, “It’s time to go,” and Mike was feeling the exact same way.

I often wondered if moving all those times was my way of escaping a situation or life in general. Sometimes leaving was totally necessary; early in my “moving career” my son’s dad was in the military so transfers were part of life. Sometimes I realized after the fact that I hadn’t made the best choice. Was this because I’m a Sagittarius? Or maybe I just was unable to put down roots anywhere because I had something wrong with me. My self-worth plummeted.

Then one morning on my way to the dealership, I heard a voice say, “Reiki.” What? “Reiki.” Ah, of course. I didn’t want to leave because this is where I lived when I first learned Reiki. That made so much sense. But by this time, the voice was *yelling* REIKI. So I replied, “Yes, I get it.” “NO! REIKI.” (I’m occasionally slow when I get these signals but eventually it clicked.) Do Reiki on the situation and the house and the decision.

I came home that night and talked to Mike, who hadn’t learned Reiki yet. I was still in the mindset that Reiki was for me *to do to other people* and hadn’t yet learned the many benefits of self-Reiki or of quietening my mind and listening for answers.

Soon afterwards, I taught Mike Reiki Level I & II, and he developed a personal practice too. We started a daily morning self-Reiki practice. I became calmer and more centered. And I slowly let go of any attachment to the outcome—Stay, ok. Go, ok.

Looking back, I can see the chaos that was everywhere and feel empathy for the bank employees. At the very moment one bank employee was telling me there was no way to work out a compromise with our interest rate and payment, another employee was telling Mike that they had come up with a plan for us. I remember sitting in the car during my lunch hour, feeling it settle in that we were going to have to move, when Mike called and said, “You were right. This is going to be worked out!” Wait, what? I was right about what?


The bank came up with a plan that felt nothing short of miraculous. We signed new loan papers, wondering the entire time if they would call at the last minute and say, “We were just kidding.” They came up with a payment plan that felt like it was able to help us live in integrity and still be affordable. It took a while to settle into the fact that we were here to stay—and then wonder why.

I don’t really know why this happened to us. I do have some thoughts and hindsight perspective, and the most obvious was this was a big opportunity to learn to trust Reiki. The second is that we were meant to be here in California for a while longer. How long, I don’t know. It feels to me that one of the main reasons we stayed in the Bay Area is that we finally felt comfortable taking the leap to become full-time Reiki practitioners and teachers. I suspect we would have stayed in the automotive business for several more years, with Reiki in the background. Here, we have a wonderful, supportive community that has developed over the past 12 years.

Since 2010, our Reiki teaching and practice have grown steadily. Our daily Reiki practice and faith have become the foundation of our lives.

Shortly after the refinance went through, we were on a long drive and we started to talk about what we would be doing if

we hadn’t learned Reiki. Where would we be? Where would we live? What would we do with any free time? How would we plan vacations? Okay, the truth is, I was asking those questions; Mike was doing his best to drive and ignore me. Trapped in a vehicle and ever practical, he said, “We would have eventually learned Reiki...” But I still kept asking questions. Then an old, dirty station wagon pulled out on an interstate on ramp in front of us. It had a bumper sticker that said, “Ask me about my Nigerian Pygmy Goats.” Mike said, “Look at that choice! Aren’t you glad we did learn Reiki?” Suddenly, we both had our sense of humor back, and I realized that yes indeed, Reiki is what I’m meant to be doing.

One of my life mentors once said, “You don’t know the whole story, until it’s the end of the story... and it isn’t the end of your story yet.” I’m not sharing this story to say how lucky we are or felt (which we do feel). I’m sharing it because we learned a huge lesson in trusting. The economy can always have wild ups and downs, and if you allow it to have an impact on your life, it can take away the joy of daily life. If you can learn to trust in the Reiki and to remember “Just for today, do not worry,” you will feel supported in times of turmoil. And believe me, that has become a whole lot easier way for me to live. However, I have been looking at motor homes because my wanderlust has been kicking into overdrive lately. Maybe we will travel and teach? 



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