

The Secret

Sexual Molestation and the Healing Light of Reiki

BY CHELLIE KAMMERMEYER

I HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED there would come a time that I couldn't avoid the past. There was a part of me that hoped it would hurry up and get here. The other bigger part of me wanted that day to never ever come. After 30+ years of pretending that I was totally fine, the past came flying into the present with a loud ring of the telephone.

One rare sunny afternoon, at our home in the Seattle area, I got a phone call from my dear friend. She worked for the Seattle Police Department in the 911 Call Center. Of course, the names were not what she shared, but the details were. She called to vent and say that she received so many calls like this; she wondered how could adults do this to children. Adults were supposed to protect not take advantage of children. I knew that it happened, because it happened to me, and yet I sat there listening to her, agreeing without sharing. I wondered how I could be so phony. What was wrong with me? Why was I unwilling to share this deep part of how I developed into who I am? Intellectually, I knew it wasn't my fault, but still, I accepted the responsibility to keep the secret. To not share what had happened to me as a 12-year-old girl.

I had never told one person about this. I was over 40 years old and I had told no one. I couldn't. My stepdad was one of the most interesting, kind, generous men you would ever meet. My son idolized him. My husband was impressed with his broad knowledge on so many topics. Even more importantly there was my mom. My mom thought he walked on water. He had come into our lives at a time that my mom needed him. Living in the Midwest, being a single mom was not done in the '60s and '70s. Then, along came this handsome, tall (6'7") man who made her feel like she was a queen. They met and married in two months. I was thrilled. I was especially happy because I knew how often my mom sat and looked at her wedding photos of when she had married my dad and cried her eyes out. Pop, as we called him, broadened our world. We ate different food (who knew tacos were so awesome!). He rented a small airplane and took me up to see what Morton, Illinois looked like when you weren't right

in it (the same as many other farm communities in Central Illinois!). We even went on a vacation to Disneyland!

It was amazing, until it wasn't. How could I tell my mom? How could I expect her to choose? What if she didn't believe me? So as a 12-year-old, I made the decision to not ask her to choose. If no one knew, she was okay. As a teenager, I was rebellious. But it was the '70s—if others suspected something wasn't quite right, no one asked me directly. I remember once having the option to tell my paternal grandmother, but I stuck with my story. By the time I graduated from high school, my parents had moved to Oregon and it all felt like a bad nightmare. I just wanted to get away. Life went on. I made a series of not so smart choices. Yet I always felt as if I had landed on my feet.

I hung up the telephone, knowing that the time had come. I would burst if I didn't share this. In fact, I felt like I might explode anyway. I started to shake and feel this enormous burden weighing down on me. I felt sick, and at the same time as if I had started to understand a purpose.

Sitting in my family room, hearing loud music playing in my son's bedroom, I looked around because it felt like someone had walked into the room. Was Mike home early? Was Adam coming out of his room for food? No, no one was there, but I felt a sense of calm start to move over me—a peace like I had never experienced before. Now, I know that feeling as Reiki. I began to formulate a plan. It may not have been the one a psychiatrist or therapist would have chosen, but it was what felt right to me in the moment.

To accomplish my plan meant I needed to start to talk about it. Where was the expected panic? It still wasn't there. After Mike came home from work, I remember where we sat while I told him. His response was multilayered. He was sad for me as a 12-year-old girl; he was angry at this man he had always respected and trusted; he was confused because I hadn't shared this earlier. Mostly, though, he was loving and accepting that I had done what I felt I needed to do to survive the situation. It was uncomfortable, but he didn't look at me like I was to blame. That went a long way towards helping me feel whole.

I got a little braver; I talked to some girlfriends individually when the opportunity arose. Each time, I was able to be calm and focused. My reason for sharing with each of them was they had daughters. I wanted them to have their eyes wide open to see how pervasive and prevalent sexual molestation could be. I warned them to not be afraid but to be mindful and watchful. I started to feel better, as if my situation could prevent other situations.

I continued with my decision to not share this with my mom. I was brave but not that secure and confident. I felt there was no way to change the past, so why upset the applecart. What could possibly be accomplished? I was strangely at peace with that decision too, at least most days.

A few years later, Pop was ill and dying, and I was somehow able to be there in a compassionate way. Again, that sense of peace filled me. I recognized it as the feeling from the past but did not understand the source. I was able to actually be present with my mom as she grieved. Honestly, I felt I was past the anger and I grieved too. Pop was the reason I was able to see a bigger world. As an adult, I had an unspoken agreement with him, and he seemed to apologize in several different ways.


Less than a year after he died, I had a reading with an intuitive. We were talking on the phone and she said, "This man keeps insisting I give you this message. 'I'm sorry. So so sorry! It was part of how you get on your path, but I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt you.'" That feeling of peace came again as my mind scrambled, looking for what "my path" might be. I knew who was talking, but I was so confused about what it meant, and at the same time, I understood that my path would reveal itself eventually. I wasn't too excited about waiting to see it, but given the way my life path ricocheted I realized I'd just have to be patient.

Time passed. I had the opportunity to learn Reiki. As I sat in the Level I class, I recognized the past feeling of peace as Reiki. After learning Level II and that I could send Reiki to the past and myself with HSZSN, I began to understand what had happened to me during those periods of earlier calm. I spent hours in meditation, sending Reiki to those time periods that I had felt the Reiki calmness wash over me. I would send Reiki via HSZSN to specific times that I knew something was happening, even though in the previous time, I hadn't actually known what it was. I love the idea that HSZSN eliminates time and you have access to the past and future. I'm no expert on how that all works, I just know that it does and feel enormous gratitude for the gift of Reiki.

I used all the symbols every day in my personal meditations. As time went by, I felt stronger and braver. One evening I was at a women's group meeting and was able to share that I had been

molested. I wasn't uncomfortable about it. I had done nothing wrong. I wanted other women to know that about themselves too. And even more importantly, I wanted other women to know they could get to the point where it wasn't a factor in how they lived their lives. The way I could say that was the fact that I could openly talk about it. I could sit in front of 40 women talking about what had happened and my later reactions to it all—how I dealt with my family, how it impacted my relationships and my trust levels, how I had made fear-based decisions, how I would fly off the handle at people occasionally with irrational amounts of anger. I talked about how I had learned to compartmentalize my feelings and situations and then how I felt like I was the one who needed to keep the secret.

With Reiki all that has changed and so I continue to send Reiki to the past. I talked to these women and to many people since to tell them that I made several choices in my life that individually seemed not to be for my highest good. Now I saw that they had all led me to Reiki and the life I was meant to be living. I was fortunate enough to eventually marry someone who could accept all of that and love me as I went through all the different stages of processing—and even some days still. I was even able to talk with my son about it all. I'll never forget the time when I told him I was sorry to ruin his opinion of his favorite person. His response was, "I just think you are braver than ever now, Mom. You are my role model, not him."

This was my personal journey. I would recommend counseling in addition to Reiki if it feels appropriate for others. I know that Reiki was what helped me even when at that time I didn't know Reiki. Occasionally, I wonder if I should have told my mom. She died a few years ago, after developing Alzheimer's disease. We all felt like she didn't want to remember a world without my stepdad. Of course, there were other contributing factors, but it seemed to boil down to that. Most of the time, I'm completely content with my decision. The days I'm not, I do more Reiki. 



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