



Reiki and Money

BY CHELLIE KAMMERMEYER

MY HUSBAND, MIKE, AND I are both Licensed Reiki Master Teachers with the International Center for Reiki Training. We take our positions seriously and do our best to be an excellent example of Reiki in real life. We do Reiki self-treatments daily, meditate and pray, and we recite the Reiki Ideals daily as part of our practice. We are both working on triggers that remind us we still have a way to go.

One such trigger happened to me in late July. We were out of town, attending a seminar, and at the end of the day, I checked my emails. I was happy to see another person had signed up for our class, starting in a couple of weeks. It filled the space we had for teaching to the maximum. I took the few minutes to go into the back end of our website to turn off the sign-up form and to put a note requesting people email me to reserve a place on a waiting list. Life happens, and occasionally students request a transfer to another class. If there is a waiting list, someone can slip into the vacated place.

I'm a firm believer in the "Circle is Always Divinely Ordered" philosophy. The people who are supposed to be together will be together. It always works out better than I could design. The very next day, six people emailed asking me to place them on the waiting list. I was thrilled and surprised at the number. I responded to all the requests and told them we would let them know if anything changed. As I was falling asleep that evening, it occurred to me, even if Mike wasn't there, I could teach by myself. I got out of bed to look at a calendar and planned for two days when I could teach. In September, Mike would be in Alaska, but I wouldn't.

Before our seminar the next morning, I sent everyone an email explaining I could add a class; with the caveat, I would teach alone. This information gave the potential students the option to come to the September class with just me as a teacher, or October when Mike would be available to join us. I explained we were out of town, and I would add the class to our website when we returned home in a few days. Also, I told the six of them they had priority over other people signing up.

So, here was the trigger; five people sent me an email saying they would love to come to the class. All were grateful I added an earlier class, and they understood Mike would not be present. Then I got an email from a sixth person. He was shocked and horrified that I was charging the exorbitant fee of \$410 for a class. He continued, saying he did a self-attunement, and it seemed as if I was just trying to get money from the public. If I was caring about sharing Reiki with the world, I should inform people they can do YouTube classes and other internet sites for free. Also, in a follow-up email, he said that I should get a "real job" and teach in my spare time. There was more, but this is the gist of it.

We were driving as I read this, and I just kept looking at my phone. I had many feelings all at once. I was hurt, shocked, disappointed, frustrated, and sad, mostly sad. It took me several days to respond to the email. My first thought was writing, "This IS my real job, and I'm doing this to get the word out to as many people as possible." Part of me wanted to say something like, "I paid for several classes and training, and as our student, you get the benefit of all of those classes." And part wanted to say, "Did you look online at other in-person class tuition costs?" But, instinctively, I knew that would do nothing except to upset him further, so I waited and listened.

The interesting part I've been reflecting on is, why did this upset me so much? We have taught many students over the years. Anyone who knows me knows how much teaching means to me and how serious I am about sharing Reiki. I realize I'm not everyone's cup of tea, but I doubt if anyone questions my dedication to Reiki. When I say I'm thrilled that people sign up for our classes, I am. I'm excited because it means another person will access this incredible energy. So, with all those students, why would one occasional comment upset me so? Truthfully, it was because he struck a nerve.

Earning money for doing work that I love—a gift from God—has been a challenge for me. I grew up in a conservative area, where I learned a work ethic that stated that if you work hard, you will be successful, and if you don't work hard, don't expect to go anywhere. And while my parents didn't

talk about money, there was prevalent thinking in our community comprising these concepts:

- Money is the root of all evil.
- Rich people are greedy.
- Money doesn't buy happiness.
- You need to work hard, or you won't have anything.
- You get what you deserve.

Some of these are actually opposing views, but it all came down to, *money is a necessary evil*.

I never felt as if we lacked things. I don't remember hearing from my mom that something was too expensive or that we couldn't have something. On the other hand, we didn't take fancy vacations or live in a luxurious home or drive sports cars. Because we were just like everyone else, it seemed "normal." Also, this was a very long time before social media, so my world was geographically smaller than it would be for a current teenager.

I don't remember consciously thinking about money until, as a teenager, I started to work. My first job was to de-tassel corn, walking down rows of corn to pull the top part of the plant off and drop it to the ground. It was hot, miserable work. I came home the first day and said I wasn't going back. My mom "explained" that since I had committed to something, I would see it through, and it would get easier. It turned out that I got physically stronger. Nothing felt so satisfying as buying school clothes with my one month of earnings. I vaguely remember making about \$200.

From then on, I believed that work and life satisfaction are mutually exclusive. Earning money allowed you to live a life that you wanted, but loving what you did seemed to be far-fetched since most of the adults in my life never talked about work as if they loved it. Every adult seemed to have the attitude that work was a means to an end.

Eventually, I sensed myself shifting regarding money. I read several books and tried many philosophies, and I moved out of the Midwest. By the time I married Mike, I had some "interesting" (his word) ideas about it. The basics were, "Money is like the ocean. It's always there. Sometimes the tide comes in, and you have extra. Sometimes the tide goes out, and you have less. Hold on a bit, and the tide will shift again." And that's how I lived my life while working hard, long hours. I called it dedication. Many people would describe it as being a workaholic. I wanted my family to have the tide in more than out. It made it more acceptable since Mike had the same feeling.

Our lives revolved around work, and when we could, we would make space for the family. It allowed little time for hobbies or relaxation.

Then Reiki found me. Now what? Do I charge for Reiki? It seemed like bad karma since this was something the Universe gave me. I struggled with the right decision. Initially, I offered Reiki to people for no charge, and as Usui Sensei discovered and discussed with students, those were the ones who didn't appreciate it. For me, in the beginning, the energy exchange was the ability to practice. Over time, I gradually increased my session costs. And yet, I had a difficult time saying out loud what I was charging. I would automatically give someone a discount.

I don't remember precisely when Reiki led me into a different thought process, but I remember the first time I told someone my session rate and then stopped talking. If she had asked for a discount, I probably would have said, "Oh, of course," but she wrote out a check for the full amount. I slowly started to realize it was a good thing for me to charge for sessions.

I don't remember where I read or heard this idea, but this struck me and has stayed with me—everyone's successful careers are due to them using a gift from the Universe. Everyone gets different gifts. Those people who are brilliant at math or analyzing numbers will often become accountants or CPAs, and they charge for their time. Those who can see life from either side of a coin and can argue both sides often grow up to become lawyers. They charge for their time. The same with engineers, servers, pilots, hairstylists, and the list goes on. Successful people are using their specific gifts in a way that brings them financial abundance. And equally important is they recognize and tap into those individual gifts.

The extension of this thought is that if you aren't making enough money to live comfortably, then eventually, you might be forced to take another job. This possibility then divides your focus and limits the time you have available to see clients or teach. When I leaped into seeing clients and teaching full-time, there were some leaner months. I looked at ways to not spend as much money rather than worrying about making more money. Interestingly, I found we didn't notice a lack. We discontinued cable, which was a huge bonus in time not wasted on television. We started a dinner group at our home, rather than going out. It was such a beautiful experience to spend more time with people, getting to know them on a deeper level. We even went for about a year with only one car (not recommended if there's a choice), but we learned to have more patience with each other. Reiki seemed to guide us to open doors.

As time went by, some cost-cutting measures seemed to be natural. We did buy another car, and the Universe has continued to support us. We are busy with clients and have amazing students. We took to heart William's daily prayer of, "Guide me and heal me so that I might be of greater service to others." And we set up crystal grids to send Reiki to any situation that arose. We also asked Reiki to guide us to where we needed to be at any given time, and it's become a game for us to realize we are once again at the right place at the right time.

I have found it fascinating how different thoughts have worked their way out of my system replaced with new ideas. Money is not the root of all evil, and rich people are not greedy. I have come to understand that everyone has different choices and how they live their life isn't my decision or responsibility. I still have the "money doesn't buy happiness idea," but with Reiki, it's become more of an idea that money isn't the *only* answer to happiness. If you aren't happy to begin with, having money will not change this.

The email from the potential student reminded me how far I have come in my inner journey. I reflected on my beliefs and my triggers. I realized I didn't need to worry about his path. It wasn't mine. And Reiki would lead him in the direction he needed to go.

Our lives are very different these days than they were before Reiki became a central guiding force in my life. We have a career where we make money doing what we love. Some days, I feel as if it couldn't possibly be real. It doesn't feel like work. Some days, I'm tired at the end of the day, but not that bone-tired emotional feeling I used to have. Now, I feel blessed and as if every day I get to teach or see clients is such a gift. I get to work with my husband, and I get paid for doing it.

Getting back to that email I received, after doing some self-Reiki and asking for answers, I finally heard what to say. I told the person I knew he would find the teacher right for him, that I knew he would find his path on his journey, and I hoped he found many blessings on his way. Confident that Reiki would guide him, I trusted he would find the support and benefits of the healing powers of Reiki that were right for him. ✨



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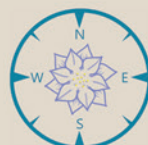
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