

Waiting for Reiki to Step In

BY MIKE KAMMERMEYER



WHEN LIFE IS GOING WELL, it's easy to be "in the moment," trusting that all will work out exactly like it's supposed to. When you have something come up, whether it's an illness, an injury, a death of a loved one, it's a lot harder for most of us to look at things from a philosophical point of view. What I recently learned is that when you are in the middle of a crisis, large or small, sometimes the best thing is to allow others to help.

I grew up in Alaska in the 50s and 60s. We lived on 160 acres of land, which we homesteaded back in 1960. Most people in Alaska seem to have an independent can-do attitude. This approach could have been the reason why I ended up needing my first surgery.

I had worked in the banking industry for many years when I received an opportunity to make a great deal more money, working on an oil rig on the North Slope of Alaska; yes, above the Arctic Circle. I was working on the oil rigs when an accident occurred.

In January 1981, my job title was a roughneck on a drilling rig, which meant I worked on the drilling floor. I worked long and physically demanding hours outside in 60 degrees below zero weather with the wind blowing, making the wind chill factor off the charts. The visibility was poor, and it was icy. I slipped and fell 20 feet down, landing on my back. And then I got up and kept working. I felt like I needed to keep going because if I went home, I could lose my job. Because of the

remoteness of the location, my job schedule included working seven days a week, 15 hours a day for four weeks straight. Then I had a month off. So, I stayed at work.

By the time I got back to "civilization," they had rushed me in for emergency surgery on my back. Over the next ten years, I had five more back surgeries. Each repair of the specific area was successful. However, vertebrae above or below and each side of the original injury became compromised. It seemed every two years I would need another surgery. By the time I had these surgeries, Chellie and I had gotten married and moved from Seattle to California. My new doctor suggested we do a spinal fusion to eliminate the stress to each of the vertebrae and to eliminate future issues. I thought it seemed like an extreme plan; however, the doctor felt sure I would continue to have problems. He suggested we think about it, and then if we decided to move forward, we should plan the surgery when I could be off work for a month.

During that waiting time, Chellie took a Level I Reiki course. She came home from the class, thrilled that she "found the answer." She had me lay down on our bed, and she put her hands on my back. I thought she had a heating pad. When she said it was just her hands, I became shocked. My back felt slight relief almost immediately. Over the next few weeks, she did Reiki on my back daily. Within two weeks, I no longer felt pain in my back and leg. I called my doctor, who suggested it might be a placebo effect, but if I wasn't in pain, I could wait until I again felt pain for any further procedures. That was 17 years ago. It felt like a miracle.

Since then, Reiki has been our go-to for any illness or injury. When I learned Reiki, I used it all the time. We had so many occasions where Reiki seemed like a miracle. We talked about Reiki being for the best and highest good, and I often believed I knew what that meant. With my back recovery, I shared the idea of Reiki with anyone who would listen.

February 2018 started the change in my thinking. Getting out of the passenger side of Chellie's car with my hands full, my feet tangled, and I fell flat, hitting my knee, my shoulder, and my head. My forehead looked the worst. The next day, we taught a children's Reiki class, and all of our young students took turns doing Reiki on my forehead. My head healed within a few days without even a small scar. But still, my knee felt sore, and my shoulder ached.

After a week or so, I visited the doctor to have my shoulder checked. They did an x-ray, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary. They figured I had just bruised my muscle, and it would be fine. I felt I'd be fine too since I had my secret weapon—Reiki. I did Reiki self-treatment daily, and Chellie would also give me sessions.

Throughout the next year, I had one more x-ray, two cortisone shots, physical therapy, but my shoulder continued to get worse. Finally, when I had the option of changing insurance companies and physicians, I called my doctor's office and explained my leaving. I told them that, to me, they weren't listening, and seemed more concerned about keeping costs down than my care. At that point, they offered to do an MRI to check for tendon or ligament damage. The first doctor read the results and said he saw nothing wrong, but at my request, he forwarded them to an orthopedic doctor. That doctor recommended surgery as soon as possible.

I became frustrated and upset with the doctors, the insurance company, my shoulder, and most importantly, Reiki. Why didn't Reiki heal me? It's one thing to say Reiki doesn't do the curing; instead, it heals. But it's a different thing to experience the waiting and not knowing the outcome. By the time of my 2019 surgery, I had no use of my arm at all. My range of motion remained almost nonexistent, and the only way I handled the pain was to sit in a chair, lean forward, and let my arm hang.

Approximately two years ago, Chellie thought of creating a Reiki text group. People who have a request text her. Within a day or so after receiving a request, using GroupTexting.com, she sends out a text message to those who have signed up to receive text requests for Reiki. They get only the first name and city, which affords confidentiality, and we ask the group to send Reiki to those requesters. It creates a Reiki wave for a day or so for those receiving. There has been nothing but positive feedback on this.

While I was injured, Chellie would often ask me if I could think of anyone else for whom we should send out a request. I would say my dad, or a friend or client. I never considered asking for myself. Chellie wasn't as autonomous. On the day of the surgery, she sent out a specific request. She told the group of over 80 people about my surgery and requested they send me Reiki.

My surgery lasted two hours longer than scheduled. When they started the operation, the doctor decided to do three types of procedures at the same time. Post-surgery, I felt as if Reiki had led me to the right doctor. It may have taken a while, but at last, I was under the care of the right person.

During my recovery, I had to sleep in a chair for two months. The doctor recommended that I start physical therapy after six weeks. The pain of healing never seemed as intense as the pain of the injury. When I started physical therapy, the therapist became shocked at my recovery rate. Another pa-

tient, only 20 years old, who had surgery almost the same time I did, but not as extensive, became a benchmark for my recovery. The therapist was astonished at my pace of improvement by comparison to a much younger patient. He asked me what I was doing differently, and I explained that 80+ people were sending me Reiki, and as I recovered, I was adding Reiki self-treatments. The therapist had not heard of Reiki, so during each of my appointments, we would talk about it.

My shoulder is performing well now. I have been able to return to doing everything I had done before my injury. And more importantly, I ask for Reiki when a situation comes up that I believe needs it. Through this journey, I came to realize that I don't have to do everything on my own. Most significantly, I know Reiki will show up and guide me, and that when the time is right, Reiki will step in. I guess that's our current Reiki miracle. 🌿



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