



A special kind of ordinary

By Ruth Gilmore



Welcome to
'A special kind of ordinary'

After 39 years of life-shattering experiences my world much resembled a country defeated by war. Most physical constructs were destroyed, providing little comfort to the survivors. Bewildered at the devastation and unable to cope with the silence of such an empty world. To rid oneself of this lingering misery through suicide became tempting for one who remained and I could understand

the appeal. Other options were offered – drugs, alcohol, lovers – none felt right. Something within me felt strong – even dare I admit it – happy. Why only God knew then and now, some years on, I have found out too.

After an amazing journey of self discovery, emotional recovery and life learning, I would like to welcome you to come and share the 'special kind of ordinary' I have discovered.

Because of You

It was an honour to know you
A pleasure to love you
An angel in disguise
Before my very eyes

You showed me how to listen
To the silence in the air
You showed me how to appreciate
Life's beauty everywhere

Though in death we seem apart
Forever you'll flow through my heart
Now I can be true
Because of you

You're in every breath I take
You're in every step I make
Now I can be true
Because of you

Now I can be true
Because of you



Chapter 1 – Death of the ‘Handy Man’

I knew he was dead. How did I know? He was ten minutes late from work. So what? I felt it? How did I feel it? I just knew. Curled up in the window box of our cosy bedroom I just knew and the tears flowed as if there would be no end. To be drowned in one’s own tears – has anyone died that way?

Reality check No.1 – fit 47 year old – only last month pronounced the fittest 47 year old our doctor had ever seen (yes he was handsome too, but I don’t think that was all that she was referring to) As a microlite pilot he had to be checked over annually and each year it had always been a 100% clean bill of health. So why was this feeling still lingering? The feeling that my soul mate, husband and best friend had been wrenched from me less than 18 months after we had committed ourselves to each other for life? Well I suppose that was still true – just no-one expected the life bit to be so short.

Reality check No.2 – he is only ten minutes late. If everyone who was ten minutes late home from work was dead then the cemeteries would be bursting and there would not be many of us left

at all – especially in the South East of England. Yet Steve was one of the precious few not dictated to by the demands of modern living – and although he would drive me crazy forgetting most everything else – he never forgot to pick up Laura from band practice – a 30 minute drive from our home and with a pick up time of 6.30pm, he was always home by 6pm. And now it was 6.15.

Reality check No.3 – There is always a first time for everything – something/someone had held him up. After all he had promised to speak to his ex that day on a matter which would have been very difficult for him. Even though she had left him years previously, he had never stopped loving her and could not say no to her ongoing demands, regardless of the implications to others. The latest episode had been the last straw and this was the day that he was going to take control and no longer be a slave. Death was one way of doing just that, I suppose, though not the way we had discussed.

Even with 3 reality checks the feelings did not waver. He was dead.

Reality check No.4 – two hungry children will be wanting their dinner at 7pm and Laura still needs picking up from band practice. Solution – hide tears and feelings - wade through torrents of trauma back to normality – the landing – downstairs – into kitchen – pie in oven – message for Laurence, my son, due back from school anytime now, to tell Steve not to bother going for Laura – I had it covered – and to prepare some veg for supper. Amazing how normal life can continue in the midst of any crisis – though to be honest I was still doubting the possibility that there was indeed a crisis at all. No that's not true – I never doubted it for a moment – I just didn't want it to be true. Steve would be there when I returned home with Laura – loads of veg ready to be consumed, tales to be told, jokes to be enjoyed. The crazy life of 2 kids, 3 step kids, dog, business, husband – stressful – yet one that I would not have swopped for anything. Yesterday had been the first time in our 3 years of being together that he had ever walked out on me – it lasted less than five minutes and made him realise his desire to take control of his life and not be at the mercy of an 'ex' anymore.

On the way back from picking Laura up, masking the terror and tears from her as best I could, there was a huge rainbow filling the sky. Then I really knew – he was no longer of this earth – now he could be anywhere for anyone – a dream come true for him – his earthly nightmare was that of only being able to live with his children for half of every week – not being able to be there for them each and every day. Not being allowed to share their each and every moment – now this would all be possible – just not in the way that we had been used to. We would have to find a different way of enjoying his love – he would continue to touch our lives – though for a long time this was so difficult to come to terms with.

No-one prepares us for this different type of relationship. At least with marriage we can look around and witness what others do and then copy or do the opposite depending on what we think would work for us. Spiritual relationships are rarely shared, let alone witnessed. If we are talking to someone who isn't 'there' we get locked up or labelled as a lunatic and sedated. That was the answer provided to me – prozac – take this and you won't feel sad anymore – you won't feel anything any more – that's the bit

they don't tell you, but fortunately I trusted my feelings enough not to lose them, whatever 'grief' they were causing me right now.

The 3 day nightmare which resulted in Steve finally being pronounced dead on my mother's 70th Birthday I will not share in any detail – suffice it to say that it was the most painful experience of my life. Every twitch a hope for life – only to be squashed by the scientific reason for that momentary movement of his body. I must add that these were the hopes of others that I was clinging on to just as desperately – I knew he was dead. That feeling had never left me. All the other feelings floating around on top, superficially creating links with those around me.

Once Steve's body parts had been removed to support the lives of others – a kidney for a local Grandad, heart valves for a little girl in Egypt...etc...etc...many lives now being enjoyed thanks to Steve's healthy body – I finally went home to prepare for my own personal funeral. I knew that after that day I would have to share Steve with everyone who ever knew him – that the 'proper' funeral would involve the reminiscing of 44 years that I was

not a part of. So back I came, dressed in Steve's favourite outfit, the music from our recent wedding (a compilation of our friends and families' favourites and our special tunes) jewellery, make-up – the works – a celebration of all we loved in the short yet abundant time we had together on earth. Life lived to the full – journeys to every continent of the world, magical moments most others would take a 'normal' lifespan to achieve. Every moment relived as I lay with his now 'peaceful' body – no tubes, no interference, just me, the music and the man I loved, love, but now how – What next?

Chapter 2 – Birth of the ‘Aerial Man’

For some, the following could be explained away as unfortunate behaviour of someone who has taken leave of their senses, yet for me was pivotal in terms of my spiritual development.

The weekend after Steve’s death I was woken by the sound of what seemed to be WW2 bombers flying over the house. It was in fact the wind vibrating through the wobbly aerial on the roof which had for some time been on Steve’s ‘list of things to do’. I don’t actually think such a list ever existed. If Steve wanted to do something he would do it then and there with such speed and skill that it would appear to be done in a blink – no need for a list – well only for those things that he didn’t want to do and you knew they would never get done anyway!

Concerned, very concerned that with my handy/fix it man no longer alive I would need to seek out services for all manner of things and this was one of those things.

When the Aerial Man arrived, first thing Monday morning, I announced that I wanted a TV and radio socket in every room in the house.

This request was questioned several times since I confirmed that I rarely watched television or listened to the radio and I had 10 rooms in this house. Despite his best efforts and letting me know how much it would cost (a small fortune) I would not back down and so the work began.

When he had finished he went around the house with me, showing me what he had done. When we reached the main lounge I looked at the video machine with all its buttons and switches and cried out “I wish I had paid attention to how to work that thing – now Steve isn’t here to ask” I had told the Aerial Man that I had been bereaved recently but did not tell him any of the details. The Aerial Man then asked me if I knew any mediums – because I could always talk to one of them. I knew so little about what mediums were that I genuinely replied “Do they work with video equipment then?” The Aerial Man was very kind and did not mock my ignorance, he simply explained that he was a medium and what mediums were able to do. He often found himself being summoned to the house of a recently departed soul and although he rarely offered his spiritual services before being asked, in this case he made an exception

due to a) my naivety and b) Steve's spirit being so insistent.

Now comes the bit that will either convince you of their abilities or keep you as a sceptic. Whichever is equally ok, but for me was one of the most significant moments of my life.

The main concern I had after Steve's death, above and beyond any regarding the house, garden, business etc was that of looking after the children. We had promised each other that we would do this, always, yet with no legal rights over his children, I could not honour this promise since their mother had decided that it was best for them not to have any more contact with me or my children.

After giving me some details about Steve and other family members that could have equally applied to half the nation, the Aerial Man proceeded to describe where Steve had died, the exact chair he had died in, and some other details so personal that they could not apply to anyone else other than me. Then he started to laugh and explained that Steve had told him of our trip to Japan, what we had done on the aeroplane and what club we had joined. Anyone

who knows me would not believe that would have been possible – no way would Ruth have done that – and I wouldn't believe it either except I was there – and I did!

So there it was – an Aerial Man, on a very warm May day, with goosebumps from head to toe – passing on messages from Steve. Explaining the nature of his death, his ability to look after his children 24/7 now, releasing me from any worry of not being able to and asking me to accept this so he could move on properly in his Spiritual journey.

Apparently he knew he would be passing on, he had had a 'visit' 3 days before his death and that was why he had been so edgy and had briefly walked out on me. The day before he died he sang some of the words from the No.1 song that week which was 'If tomorrow never comes' and that song was to feature hugely over the coming weeks and months.

The Aerial Man left his number and about six months later I called him again – purely for his Spiritual rather than his Aerial Services. I can't remember much about that visit and have 'lost' contact since – now I have my own direct

connection and do not need to use him as an intermediary.

Developing that connection has been challenging yet immensely rewarding. It is only now whilst writing these words that I can really appreciate how much I benefit from this connection. It is so easy to take things for granted whilst they are with you every day and that equally applies to when Steve was around in the physical and now being around in the Spiritual. I don't have the pleasure of his physical touch anymore but he is certainly giving me the continual benefit of his Spiritual touch .

It can be difficult at first to embrace the Spiritual connection and the shift in relationship with your loved one – it was made easier for me by a string of events that I now understand was the work of angels, some in Spirit and some in earthly form. These events began during a holiday in Spain, some nine months after Steve's death. My rebirth.

Chapter 3 – Reiki to Ruthi

Desperate to overcome my emotional traumas with natural methods, my alternative healing journey had led me to visiting southern Spain, accompanied by a fellow Reiki Practitioner. We were staying at his holiday apartment and whilst I did not know him well, my Reiki Master thought highly of him so I felt I was safe.

Unfortunately the trip was a disaster and ended up with me packing my bags very quickly half way through the trip and leaving as fast as my little legs could carry me (and way, way too much baggage). From out of ‘nowhere’ a taxi pulled up – I had never seen a taxi driving inside the complex before and presumed it had been called specifically for someone else staying at the resort, but no it was there with no other fare so I gladly jumped in. “Where to?” was the question. I had no answer. “To the airport I suppose.” With a puzzled expression on his face the taxi driver duly drove off in the direction of the airport, some 40 minutes away.

The sun was shining and all was well with the world. With everyone else’s world that is. For me I was in a strange land, all alone and not a

clue what or where to go. Back home with my tail between my legs? To an empty house and questions from well meaning friends and family as to why I had curtailed my trip? And in England it was cold and wet right now and would be for several weeks to come, so why on earth would I want to return? Because I had never been on my own abroad before and did not feel I could cope, let alone enjoy myself. Then from somewhere inside me a little voice started to speak. “Why not give it a go. What have you got to lose? Yes it may be difficult but what is the worst that could happen? That has already happened hasn’t it and you have coped with that?” The voice was right, my fear of death had been eliminated whilst lying by the side of my dying husband – witnessing that peace and feeling so strongly that this was not the end of our connection, but a transformation of our relationship. This had not been a conscious realisation at that point but I now understood why I needed to have my own personal funeral (celebration) with him before facing the traditional mourning process.

Recognising that the fear of being on my own was now No. 1, I realised that this would not be overcome by going home because this fear

would just accompany me wherever I was, so I replied to the little voice inside “Well, if I am to stay then it has to be easy – when I get to the airport there must be someone there who will find me somewhere to stay and make all the necessary arrangements.” I admit it had also dawned on me that I would have to pay for the flight back to the UK if I tried to go home before the following Saturday, when my return, non-transferable flight was booked.

When I arrived at the airport I went inside and had a look around. It seemed very quiet, unusually so for an international airport. I saw a glass fronted room which was empty except for a lady behind a counter, so thinking she may be able to help I went in. I tried to explain what I wanted but she spoke no English and I spoke no Spanish so I turned to leave, having decided that I had tried, it had not been easy so I would get the next flight home. But as I turned there was a gentle touch on my shoulder. But from whom? The lady was still behind the counter and there had been no-one else in the room. Yet suddenly I was aware that there beside me was a very kindly looking couple, speaking to me in a glorious soft Irish accent. They told me of a hotel they had stayed at for the past 12 years, by

the beach, with everything on site so I could have some rest and relaxation in complete safety on my own. But how did they know what I needed? They couldn't have heard the conversation since there was no-one else in the room when I was speaking. Yet there they were, answering my prayers and they even found another taxi for me and directed it to the hotel in question.

The hotel they recommended was perfect. And they had just one room available but only until the following Saturday – the day of my return flight!

Whilst I hadn't abandoned Reiki completely, these next few days helped me to learn about becoming Ruthi.

Chapter 4 Wise souls

After a day of going no further than the pool, restaurant (armed with a book each time – well everyone will stare won't they – being on your own?) and my balcony – I felt a mixture of curiosity and boredom so decided I had the courage to go exploring – on my own. I had noticed a cable car going up into the mountains on the journey to the hotel, so having asked what to say to the bus driver and getting directions from the very helpful hotel receptionist, I trotted off to the main road with, dare I say, even a spring in my step and a smile on my face. The weather was gorgeous, the scenery stunning and I was alive. Plenty to smile about that morning, so the fear of being on my own had not broken through just yet.

However, after 3 buses had turned me away, all with the “We no go there” reply, I was sinking fast and wondered how to lift my spirits in a way that did not rely on others getting me there. Cable cars had been a must when Steve and I had been together, but he was not with me (in the physical) anymore so time for me to come up with a different way of enjoying myself.

I found myself walking towards the sea, I am always happiest by the sea, and discovered a beautiful marina, full of interesting little shops, cafes and a wide variety of sea faring vessels. There were many trips available – I decided to go out on the first one which was due to set sail – I paid my fare and stepped aboard. Not wanting to make my singledom obvious and in response to a friendly hello from a group which I presumed to be a safe ‘family’ unit – a husband, wife, toddler in buggy and a brother of the couple, I happily took refuge with them. For the rest of my holiday in fact! We never actually went out on the boat – the weather suddenly turned as we were leaving the marina and we had to abort the journey – but the ‘mission’ had been completed – I had connected with some ‘wise souls’ who would guide me to and through the next part of the ‘Ruthi’ journey.

Chapter 5 Journeys

Back in the UK much change on the physical level was taking place. Steve's sudden death had left a variety of complications – different family and ex family members having their own view on what each was entitled to.

So I continued to seek refuge with the safe 'family' unit who had so kindly befriended me in Spain. In fact they were not a 'family' unit at all – the two lads were best mates rather than brothers, had got drunk the night before and chatted up the girl with the toddler (she was a widow with an even sadder tale – who vanished without a trace after Spain) The lads came from South Wales – had families of their own and I was invited to stay whenever I wanted. On my first visit I was taken to a local childhood haunt of theirs – a caravan park by the beach and before long I had purchased my little holiday haven – a mobile home with a sea view. I was in heaven. Well on the weekends I was in Wales. I was only known as Ruth – not as widow Ruth – no-one in Wales knew of my past and for a couple of days I could join in the local laughter and fun of ordinary life without feeling guilty or being reminded that I should still be mourning.

The weeks in England were very difficult, but with my two children in important years of their schooling I could not see any other way than to stay living in the same area after the forced sale of our home had taken place - the home Steve and I had vowed to be carried from in a coffin – we loved it so much – well at least it was true for him – and in a way true for me also – for the Ruth that left Apple Hill is also dead and buried – not easy for the people who knew me and who wanted me to stay as I was – in fact most friends have severed contact – they needed me to stay the way I was – this new Spiritual Ruth was not a comfortable identity for most in my life – everyone in fact.

To celebrate Father's Day I invited Mum, Dad and the children to visit my Welsh holiday haven – the first visit for them all. It turns out it was not the first visit for my Mum – she had come to the same part of the world for many years as a child – her father had been born in a town 20 minutes along the coast and although he had moved to London as a young adult, he had brought Mum to visit the Welsh branch of the family every Summer holiday when she was little.

Leaving the rest to have a lazy morning in the caravan, my Dad and I took our dog for a walk along the clifftops. I was aware that they were building a new development on the site of an old quarry but had not bothered to look. No point – I was having to stay in England! Yet my Dad was a Builders Merchant all his life and always enjoyed looking at piles of bricks and buildings in various stages of construction – so an ideal place to take him to on his ‘special’ day. It’s funny – Father’s Day. The one day of the year we take the time to recognise how special our fathers are. I wonder if this stops us from appreciating them the rest of the year so much – knowing we can make up for it with a card and present on a particular Sunday in June. And what if we don’t - is that a sin sure to cast us into hell? Just an aside – now back to the story in hand.

The first phase, the prime cliff top positions, were nearing completion and unsurprisingly they all had ‘sold’ signs plastered all over them. Except one – Plot 9 – uninterrupted sea views – not too pretentious – was for sale! Why? What was wrong with it? Eager to find out why and with NO intention to buy (ha ha) we went to the Sales Office which was just opening. There was

nothing wrong with Plot 9 – in fact quite a few extras had been added by the previous prospective buyer – but they had not been able to complete on the purchase so had pulled out the day before. There were several others on a waiting list – in fact one couple were just driving to see it now. Without hesitation and without any reference to each other, we asked if we could have the keys and just have a little look before she handed them out to anyone else. She gave us 10 minutes – that was all that we needed. Dad claimed the sea view bedroom to the left – I chose the one on the right. We were living our dream – at least for 10 minutes we were. Yet why not? Why not buy this house – the price difference between Surrey and South Wales meant that I could afford it with my share of the proceeds from the Estate – we could rent it out and rent a house in Surrey until the children had finished school and once they were at University I could move here properly and live out my days, peacefully on the clifftop. For the first time since Steve died I had a bit of a plan – a future even. There was the added prospect of a potential love interest in South Wales – but this and any since have proved impossible - the connection with Steve too strong to allow anyone else to take his place.

Even though I was aware of Steve's energy in every breath I took and every step I took, I still had my own form of Steve firmly embedded in my heart.

And so it happened – the physical letting go of all that had gone before and a fresh start for my family in Wales.

The children were so supportive and in fact we never rented in Surrey – we moved to South Wales as soon as the house was ready for occupation. They swapped their structurally sound schools and lives for the unknown and I am immensely grateful to them.

Having few physical reminders of the past to cloud our days, life became, on the surface, fairly normal again. Underneath, however, the emotional wounds were still needing to be healed and these needs led to a series of inner and outer journeys for me. My inner world was a strange and foreign land – even after a year of giving myself a Reiki treatment every day, I still did not feel connected with who I was inside. Meditation had not featured in our upbringing, our family prided itself on how well we could think things through, come up with solutions and

be recognised for being excellent problem solvers. All this required conscious focus, so together with a background of a Church of England religious doctrine, meditation, or anything similar was not even discussed, let alone practised by anyone I knew – family or friends.

At least my journeys into the inner world were now ‘allowed’. Being a widow at a relatively young age does give you a licence to act ‘weird’ for a while. “Don’t worry – she’ll be ok – just give it time” – I could hear the thoughts going through the minds of my loved ones – my daughter even vocalised them periodically – “I want my normal Mum back” But the ‘normal’ Mum who had nursed her through her childhood was gone, or at least grown in to so much more – not relying on the outer world for all the answers anymore, discovering ways to release fears from within to allow the joys which stem from that emotional freedom to surface – not needing the outside to be in a certain way – yes that does change the problem solver Mum in quite a dramatic way.

Chapter 6 Uniting the worlds

The next major breakthrough for me came whilst attending a lecture being given by a healer, Jack Temple. The room was full of people, of whom I only knew one, Ann, the lady who had recommended the lecture to me. Ann was the first person I had met who did that ‘meditation’ thing who hadn’t also adopted dreadlocks or wore sandals. She dressed in a similar way to me, lived a life similar to the one I had lived in Surrey – her son even went to the same school Laurence had gone to before the move – though our paths had not crossed whilst Steve had been alive. We had met at a therapy weekend, a few weeks earlier - she was there to develop her therapeutic skills for the benefit of her clients, I was there to develop my own personal understanding for the benefit of myself – both reasons equally valid – two sides of the same coin in fact.

During the lecture, Jack, who had never met either of us before, came over to us and said that we both had great brains which were not being allowed to function properly. Without any previous knowing, he diagnosed that my brain had become disconnected at age 15 during a

cycling accident. I couldn't believe it – yes I had an accident on my racing bike, aged 15, on the way to Church one Sunday – I had crashed into a car, paying attention to my newly fitted pedometer, rather than on the parked car. My humiliation, and the fact that there had been no eye-witnesses, led me to play down the 'accident' and not mention any injuries other than those immediately apparent. So my mouth and knees were patched up and no other thought was given to the 'blow' to my head.

The cessation of all my creative activities (song-writing, painting etc) which occurred within weeks of the accident were attributed to the departure of my brother to University and the pressure of being in my O Level year at school. In fact I don't remember anyone actually discussing the switch in focus from right brain to left brain activity – even leaving school the following summer to embark on a career in banking did not raise any discussions about the disappearance of my creativity – everyone was too busy trying to come to terms with the disappointment of the 'scholarship' girl not fulfilling her academic potential in the 'right' way. Including me – I was also disappointed, but I now realise that I was disappointed for very

different reasons – losing half of who I was without understanding that to be the case led to a number of, shall we say, interesting life choices.

So here I was 23 years after the accident, not one song having been written or one picture painted in the meantime (even when the children were taking part in creative play all I could do was observe from a distance, unable rather than unwilling to take part in any sort of meaningful way). And then suddenly from nowhere was a simple explanation for it all and also an offer of a healing to unite these two worlds. Another angel at work in my life – of that I have no doubt. Jack not only got my brain fully functioning again but enabled my kidneys to function for the first time ever. I had never been able to drink more than a few mouthfuls of any type of liquid and was permanently dehydrated. Apparently my nephron count was so low Jack did not know how I had even managed to stay alive this far, but I had and with his help (one treatment which took less than 30 mins) my kidneys were restored and I have been able to drink quite happily ever since.

Ann also introduced me to Brain Respiration – a weekly class she was taking part in locally to her

home in Surrey – and although it meant a 7 hour round trip for me from Wales, I gained so much from these classes that I attended for 6 months. I also had some extra personal sessions after the general class and whilst they were gruelling physically and emotionally, the clarity of thought and feeling which emerged was wonderful. I was now feeling that my inner world was coming alive, waking from its slumber and found myself literally crying with joy at the prospect of living life fully, utilising both sides of me, all of me, feeling the energy of me and the energy of everything around me merging into one unified world. Except for the Spiritual world – at this stage this world was still separate – one that I could observe but never truly be a part of – one that would come to me in times of need – but one that was above me and could direct me rather than ever be an equal part of me.

Chapter 7 Channels of love

One week in late September it suddenly felt right to leave the Brain Respiration Centre, to stop progressing with my EFT and Emotrance certification and tread my own untrodden path. Each of the tools and techniques I had discovered to release emotional freedom had its own path, its own name and its own creator. I had a ‘knowing’ that I was here to create a new path, a simple, clear path to match my now simple, clear view of life. Unending, unbroken, undivided. The beginnings of my ‘enjoy life’ programme were emerging – the appreciation of who I was and the development of my creative gift from within me – hidden away for so many years now breaking free.

I cannot truly describe the feelings which accompanied the realisation that these channels of love were not just another temporary phase of my life. It has taken me many years of this flow taking place to accept that they are not just a gift from God above to give away, but a part of who I am. That wherever I travel, this flow travels within and through me – and the connections I now make have this flow running through them

automatically, indivisible from who I am or what I say and do.

I also cannot exactly remember how ‘chikiness’ came about. My made up word to describe the energetic relationship of everything – the use of two different words already being used to describe energy – ‘chi’ and ‘ki’ but acknowledging that there is always a relationship of your energy and the energy of ‘it’ – whatever the ‘it’ may be - and you will always be in relationship with ‘it’. Therefore the quality of your chikiness will determine the quality of your relationships. How did I come up with that word? Well it was an obvious word to use in one way – I was always being referred to as a ‘cheeky’ girl, long before the sisters with the cute behinds. The use of the word ‘cheeky’ has long since held a fascination for me. The dictionary definition of ‘disrespectful, inappropriate or mischevious’ is interesting, for the word is so often used in relation to children who would not necessarily have gained the more limited, adult perspective on what is respectful or appropriate. How much of what is considered respectful or appropriate is actually an artificial code of conduct, created to ensure we don’t delve within, that we don’t ‘hurt’ anyone’s

feelings or ‘rock’ the boat of society. So the boat limps on, ever heavier, laden with an increasing cargo of fears and regulation. Anyway, however the term came about, the link between the word cheekiness and ‘chikiness’ came to pass one day and the logo of the pig arrived in an equally ‘random’ fashion. Since I am so used to allowing the Spirit to work through me now, I do not see the need to mark each occasion on the calendar and remember it as a particular moment in time – this does not mean I no longer appreciate these events – I appreciate them even more – noticing on a daily basis the work of Spirit flowing through everything around me as well as through me, not as something separate, but to nourish who we are and what we do.

Allowing these channels of love to continually flow through me I am able to consciously acknowledge the access I now have to my Soul and can focus on developing my spiritual connection, to unify my physical and non-physical energy and to share these channels in whatever form is required to enable others to discover their own ‘special kind of ordinary’ without having to wait for such life traumas to force these learnings upon them.

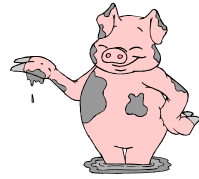
The sooner we can all embrace death as a part of life, the sooner it can be celebrated as much as any other special day. For the one who is passing on, this 'death' day is also their next significant 'birth' day. What they are being born into we may never truly comprehend but that doesn't mean we should ignore its existence. When we celebrate someone being born, we do not know exactly what sort of life they will lead. In the Physical we can support their needs and pass on what we have learnt. In the Spiritual we can connect with them energetically – holding a loving flow between us and them at all times, regardless of what they are physically doing with their lives and the impact this may have on our physical senses. Our 'seventh sense' or unconditional love can always flow, from one to another through the Energy of Life, not conditioned by any individual or collective thinking. The difference between the Spiritual and the Physical is that of flow. The Spirit has no form and is therefore always in flow. This means that to hold on to Spirit, in your heart, in your head or anywhere within you is not helpful for Spirit or for you. In order for Spirit to flow we must release any feelings of Spirit – having firstly allowed the full and energising flow in and through every part of us. Unless we allow

the Spirit or Life force to flow through rather than linger in our hearts or anywhere else within us, we will not be able to nourish all of us and we will not be able to enjoy the full and free flow of life that is waiting for us. Yes we have the physical form, that which separates us from another and that which is our vehicle to make a difference in this physical world. Yet with the energy of life coursing through our veins we are connected with that full flow of life – Love In Flowing Energy which helps us to see things more clearly and love things more dearly, helping us to bring a ‘special kind of ordinary’ to our lives and to the lives of others.

My journeys to far flung places in the physical and non-physical dimensions have resulted in me returning to the land of my dreams and the production of my ‘special kind of ordinary’ – my **chikiness**. May you find yours and may you enjoy life from the inside out – always.

Chikiness

Is ignorance really bliss?



www.thechikibistro.com is my online m 'eating' place for chikí thinkers.

It is a fun website full of chikí 'food' for thought - songs, poems and reflections - lots of soul stirring energy.

You can also learn how to have an amazing whole body workout with minimal physical exertion - using your index finger and the special chikí symbols.

A chíkí workout is a great way to energise your Spírit. It is an excellent stress reliever and suitable for all ages and physical capabilities.

Although I make reference in my writings to my own personal faith in the form of God and Jesus, these names reflect my way of expressing my understanding of the original creator, the highest energy reaching out – my hero – which for many, I appreciate, is named differently.

It has been such fun creating this book and I owe much thanks and appreciation to everyone I know and many whom I don't, for their many contributions to my life so far and to the creation of this work.

Ruth xx