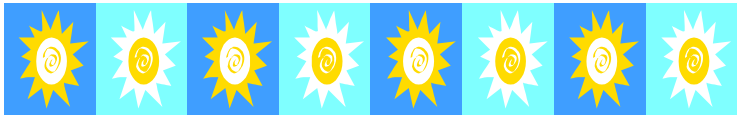


Daring to be different

By Ruth Gilmore



“Go to Sydney and wait for my call – that is all”

I sat bolt upright in bed. It was 4am and it was still dark outside, silent and dark, the incessant chatter of the local bird population had not yet begun.

Who was that speaking to me? I was alone in the apartment, at least I was when I went to bed. I lay back down, figuring it was nothing, but the moment I shut my eyes there it was again, this time the voice was even clearer, gentle yet firm. “Go to Sydney and wait for my call – that is all.”
“O.K.” I replied and with that promptly fell back asleep until morning.

My morning routine was sacred – to me at least. Having been widowed in 2002, I had finally found a way of life which not only helped me to cope with the eternal challenge of living a life without my soul mate, but a way of life which kept his spirit alive within me and in so doing enabled me to truly enjoy life every day.

I had travelled the world searching for answers, trying every therapy I could find, every technique, anything which claimed to relieve the perennial pain of emotional trauma, and some which didn't, but it wasn't until I was back in my home town that I had literally stumbled over something which worked for me.

I had been walking in the rain from my car to a restaurant, when my unsuitable, but totally gorgeous pixie boots slipped on the boardwalk, one foot then the other and just like the cartoon where the guy slips on a banana skin, I knew that I was about to make a complete fool of myself, falling backwards, as if someone had literally pulled the rug from beneath my feet, there was nowhere to go but backwards.

It happened so fast that Stuart, the friend who was walking with me, holding his golf umbrella with both hands, in a desperate attempt to shield us both from the buffeting wind and driving rain, could do nothing except watch the tragedy unfold; as tragedy it would be. The back of my head would be hitting the slate pathway adjacent to the boardwalk in 3,2,1 – but wait, hang on, how on earth??

I was lying face downwards, arms neatly folded under my chin and by my side stood a man, well the shape of a man, there had been no-one else in sight only moments ago, no-one else crazy enough to walk around in that weather, but there this ‘man’ was, gently speaking my name and asking if I was OK.

I pondered over the question for what seemed to me an eternity, but according to Stuart was only seconds – was I OK? I shouldn’t be OK – the laws of physics, as I understood them, determined that I ought to be very not OK.

Lying in a pool of my own blood, face upwards is how I should be – but here I am looking down at the slate, the potential cause of my early demise, gradually becoming aware that yes – I was actually OK.

As soon as I replied that yes I was OK, the ‘man’ disappeared.

Stuart was too concerned about the wind trying to relieve him of his prize golf umbrella, (and momentarily too scared to look at the inevitable consequences of my fall) to notice the man had gone – or was he even there?

The head waiter at the restaurant took one look at my dishevelled appearance and quickly ushered us to the rear of the restaurant, out of sight of the majority of the diners, with a look of total disapproval on his face. Yes it was raining cats and dogs outside but what was society coming to, turning up at a restaurant with an outfit streaked with dirty water marks from head to foot?

I was too hungry to care – the events of the evening had done nothing to curb my appetite. I had convinced Stuart that we still go to the restaurant, that food was a necessity and so to the relief of all concerned, the restaurant provided their fastest delivery of a three course meal since records began.

I reluctantly agreed to stay at Stuart's apartment that night. An early night was needed to soothe the traumas of the night away – but that was the weird thing – I felt nothing more than a mild annoyance that my favourite jeans and new cream, pink and brown stripe jacket had been ruined - those muddy stains may wash out but it seemed unlikely.

It was Stuart, I couldn't help notice, that was still in shock. He looked as white as a sheet, as if he had seen a ghost (had he?), so to make him feel better I stayed, even though I had nothing to change into the following morning. But the following morning brought yet another miracle into my life.

The muddied clothes of the previous evening were hanging on the back of the chair, without a blemish. Upon questioning Stuart it became clear that 'no-one' had been into my room and 'no-one' had cleaned my clothes.

I spent most of the day re-enacting the moments leading up to the 'miracle fall'. Whilst divine intervention was something I had come to believe in, it never happened to ordinary girls like me, there must be a logical explanation, but to this day I have not been able to come up with one.

Symbols, Shower, Sunshine, but not necessarily in that order.

That is my 'sacred' morning routine.

Showers and sunshine had always been necessities for me. Nothing had pleased me more than when, as a child, my parents did up the family bathroom and put in a proper shower cubicle. A jug in the bath is a good alternative, but nothing quite beats the exhilaration and waking up of the senses that comes from water cascading continually over you. Truly a heaven on earth experience, cleansing and creative.

Sunshine had also been a daily must. Gloomy weather meant a gloomy Ruth. It was as if I was a reflection of the sun itself and if clouds got in the way I could never seem to lift my spirits. Not that I was a sun worshipper. Far from it. My fair skin and sensitivity to bright lights kept me in the shade during most of the Summer – it was the natural sunlight that was important – my favourite days being ones that weren't particularly hot but full of sunlight, preferably dancing on some water, be it the sea or a puddle, it did not matter as long as there was enough water for the sunlight to bring the stars down to earth.

The symbols have been a recent addition. Having spent the years since my husband's death unleashing my creativity on to the written page, I was noticing that more and more of my songs and poems, or 'Channels of Love' as I call them, were referring to the need to establish a freely flowing energy system within your body, so the connection between you, your soul and the divine could be maintained.

But how do you establish such a thing? I had tried Yoga – the only thing I knew that referred to energy centres and an energy meridian system – but since I couldn't even sit cross-legged for more than 30 seconds without it hurting, Yoga had never appealed.

I did overcome this aversion once, to attend a delightful retreat in the Italian mountains, in a wonderful little medieval town with cobbled streets where no cars are allowed. But that was because the only compulsory Yoga class was the first one of the day – on a veranda from which we could watch the sun rise from behind the mountains – the Sun Salutation was the one part of a Yoga routine that I could manage and it was followed by a hearty breakfast in a local tavern – much more my cup of tea!

I had also come across, and was using quite regularly, something called **E.F.T.** (Emotional Freedom Techniques) It had been described as 'acupuncture' without the use of needles.

After attending some conferences and witnessing some amazing results on others, I found that this 'tapping' thing was great for releasing unwanted fears, phobias and I even had success on getting rid of some physical ailments as well.

But it didn't work 100% of the time. And it involved making long lists of possible causes, delving back into one's past and lots of talking. Brilliant to use in some circumstances but why didn't it always work? Could it be that some of us needed to hold on to some seemingly 'unwanted' ailments, feelings, fears etc. And if so how would we know which ones were which?

It seemed a total waste of time and energy to try and rid yourself of something which needed to stay – at least it did to me.

The symbols came to me as unexpectedly as my 'angel' when facing 'death' on the boardwalk.

I was sitting on a red leather sofa in a friend Mike's house in Cardiff. I wasn't meditating in the mountains of Kyoto (the place where the symbols for the Reiki healing system had been channelled, although I had been there with my husband during our first holiday together and the earth had also moved for me, but for a very different reason!!)

So here I was, minding my own business, on my own, apart from Mike's dog, waiting for a meal which was being lovingly prepared for me.

Suddenly I felt the need to grab a piece of paper and a pen and I found myself drawing some everyday shapes. A circle and a triangle, then another circle and a square, then a circle and a hash sign, then two circles as a pair, together with the sign of infinity.

Upon first glance it seemed no more than some childish doodling – yet I had a strong sense of something more – when I looked at the shapes I felt a sense of power and peace at the same time, that is the only way I can describe it – as if something was talking to me through the page – that I had received a 'gift'.

Of what I was not quite sure – the words came later, early one morning, during one of my long walks along the clifftops. I sang the words into my phone as I had done with any other song which 'popped' into my head, still not really knowing the full significance of what I had been 'given'.

That did not come until the trip to Sydney. Yes I kept my word – the agreement I made with 'the voice' at 4am. This was some 6 months after receiving the symbols and the 'song'.

I had started to discover 'randomly' that using the symbols on each of my 7 main energy centres, or chakras as they are sometimes called, every day for 21 days had transformed my energy into a freely flowing state.

So rather than having to tap continually on a condition or situation that was disturbing me, I could use the symbols as a 'chiki' workout, becoming aware that any condition or situation which didn't need to stay would seem to slip away and those that did need to stay would do so but without 'bothering' me in the same way.

This meant I had more energy to deal with these conditions and situations and a sense of peace and clarity that I had never experienced before.

To be able to 'know' myself had been my deepest desire. As a human being I knew I looked similar to other human beings, but I was also aware that how I acted and reacted could be similar on some occasions and very, very different on other occasions. What was the reason for this? I had studied the functions of the brain and not come up with a satisfactory answer.

I had studied Neuro Linguistic Programming and that had helped but it still had not answered the question totally. I wanted to 'know' who I was.

I had felt that I had 'known' who I was earlier in my life, but had been ridiculed for knowing things so much as a child that I had lost my connection with that 'knowing' and had since been relying on the knowledge of others, which had hitherto been less than adequate.

Drawing the symbols with one hand whilst holding each energy centre in turn with the other and then being still for 5 minutes enabled me to re-establish that connection again, this time on a conscious level.

For the first time I was beginning to appreciate who I was, my purpose and my reason for being alive and to enjoy the good feelings that this appreciation would lead to – without needing anyone or anything else to be able to feel this way.

This empowered me like nothing on earth. To feel divine at the beginning of every day was something special which I realised that anyone could do, that everyone was meant to do, that this gift had been given to me so that I could share it with everyone.

The beauty of this ever stronger connection meant that I could make agreements with that 'voice' at 4am more and more often. In fact it didn't always speak to me at 4am. The 'voice' would speak after a 'chiki' workout, which I started to do twice and even three times a day.

I found that it was an excellent way to end the day since this workout could even be done in bed. Just the wiggle of a finger was all that was needed, so even if I had company I could do it without disturbing them.

Although I had started to share this 'gift', I had added the information about a 'chiki' workout to my website www.thechikibistro.com and I had told all my family and friends, it was not until that real leap of faith, travelling to the other side of the world for no other reason than a 'voice' said "Go", that I gained the final validation I needed to go 'public' with my findings.

After a week of enjoying all the benefits of being 'chiki' in Sydney, it was not until I was in the departure lounge at the airport (2hrs early for no earthly explanation) that the real reason for being there came to light.

A Computer Scientist who had been in Sydney giving a lecture on the impact of nano technology on the human spirit 'randomly' sat opposite me. After an initial cordial greeting, the subject of soul and spirit came into the conversation and the gentleman proceeded to explain various aspects of his work to me.

I felt drawn to mention my symbol work and was graced with a fuller understanding of what the symbols meant.

My own understanding of the circles representing the 'non physical' (life force) part of ourselves was correct.

The triangle representing the soul, past, present and future was correct and it also represented the 3 aspects of the soul, Thought, Feeling and Will.

The square representing the four chambers of the heart was correct, also representing Emotions, Wants, Actions and Feelings.

The circle with a hash sign was linked to the I Ching and the Celtic Cross. The two circles as a pair represented the physical You and the non-physical You, together but separate, the stage where most spiritual/religious programmes leave you at.

My work was to take those that were ready to break free and become independently spiritual, to unite their non-physical with their physical energy using the infinity sign so they could become **IDEAL** (Inner **D**esires **E**nergising **A**ctual **L**ife)

And so, having dared to be different, I had received the acknowledgement I had been looking for. I felt ready to really start sharing my work with the world.

The first opportunity came that very weekend. The Computer Scientist just happened to be giving a 'soul and spirit' lecture in London and invited me to attend.

Whilst at the conference two strangers came to me and both readily agreed to embark on a 'chiki' journey, both daring to be different.

And now I invite you, if you are ready, to do the same.

Being connected to your passion and your purpose
Is the greatest way to be
Being connected to your passion and your purpose
Is how to solve your life's mystery

For without that connection
You'll never be fulfilled
Without that connection
Your soul can never be distilled

And that unique blend
Is what you're here to impart
Your gift to creation
The loving from your heart

Which only you can do
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