

Reiki Savings Accounts: What to do
By Mike Radice

At a recent spiritual retreat I attended in Crestone, Colorado, I was asked to do something that a Reiki Master couldn't do. The retreat was organized by Shumei America, a Japanese spiritual fellowship based in Misono, Japan, and I am a member of the organization. Shumei focuses on creating beauty and world peace through natural agriculture, encouraging art, and offering Jyorei, an energy healing. Shumei's philosophies and practices are based on the teachings of Mokichi Okada, a Japanese philosopher and farming pioneer who lived in the early years of the 20th century.

During lunch on the second day, a small group of us were discussing family matters when Sophia (not her real name), a retreat participant, expressed concern about her adult son in New York City whom I will call "Anthony." She'd sent him a text the day before, but he hadn't responded. He'd been having emotional difficulties, and she was worried about his safety.

Another woman at the table, who I will name Maria, mentioned that an angel had just told her that Sophia needed to go to him no later than Monday (it was Thursday) and that when she arrived, she might find him in a Catholic hospital named St. Thomas in Queens.

I scratched my head on the name. I was from New York City, and I hadn't heard of a hospital named St. Thomas. I Googled it on my droid but couldn't find it. Catholic hospitals in the boroughs had been closing for years. There weren't many left.

Sophia turned pale. "I'll leave for New York right way," she said.

"Would you like for me to try and send him Reiki in the mean time?" I asked.

"Yes, please," she begged.

She gave me his name and location.

"But if he says 'No,'" I warned, "there's not much I can do. He has to want to receive it."

She tossed her head back. "Why?"

I took a deep breath. "Because he has free will on the spirit level, well, actually on all levels, so I can't force it on him."

She sighed and shook her head. "Neither can I on the human level. He seldom listens to me. Well, thanks for trying, at least."

"Okay. I'll let you know what happens, or at least as much as he'll allow me to."

Sophia got up and left, heading to Denver's airport to leave for New York.

After lunch, I found a quiet place, prepped to send Reiki, and tried to make contact with Anthony. I introduced myself, explained why I was contacting him, and offered him Reiki.

"No," he snapped.

I explained how it worked and how it might help him.

"I don't need your help," he said.

And then I lost contact.

Not knowing what else to do at that point, I turned off the energy and opened my eyes. Had I given up too easily? I'd exhausted the possibilities given by my training, and I wasn't sure what else I could do.

I discussed the situation with another Reiki Master at the retreat, Patricia, who gave me an idea. She'd once tried to send Reiki long distance to her father who was dying, and he'd refused it only to accept it later after he transitioned.

Later? What did the energy do? Hang in the air? I hadn't sent the energy to Anthony because he'd said "No." But was there another way to make it available to him in case he had second thoughts? An idea came to me from the spirit world: "Create a Reiki Savings Account in the ethos and offer it to Sophia's son."

Reiki Savings Account? I'd never heard of such a thing. I didn't know everything about Reiki, of course. How could I? I'd only been a Reiki Master for eight months. I'd read a great deal and had been a part of a Reiki Circle lead by someone with considerably more experience, but putting Reiki away in an accessible place for later use had never come up. And how do you create a Reiki Savings Account?

I decided not to over-think it and to simply try. I had nothing to lose, but Anthony did if I didn't make an attempt. I found a quiet space and contacted him again, trusting that spirit would lead me as I went along. I did the mantra, invited the energy, gave my thanks, prepped, and called up the symbols.

"Anthony. I'm back," I said. "I want to try again to offer you this energy."

"No, I don't want it," he snapped.

Well, at least he responded, I figured. "The energy will be a great help to you," I said. "I know you're in pain, and it will soothe you."

"No, I don't want it."

"Well, how about this? I'll put the energy into an energy savings account so that if you change your mind, you can access it. Is that okay?"

Silence followed. I waited with hope.

"How would I access it?" Anthony said in a softer voice.

Good question, I thought. I hadn't considered access procedures. Patricia's father had simply found it. I asked spirit for the answer, and then I got it.

"The energy has an intelligence of its own," I said. "And it knows who you are. If you want it, just invite it, and it will come."

Silence again from Anthony, and then I lost contact.

I sensed it was okay to open the account and sent the energy to an image I saw of a large yellow silk ball covered with jewels. It looked Hinduish. A door opened on the side, and I was told to put the energy in there.

I raised my hands, sent the energy, and kept sending until the ball was full. I then closed and latched the door, did my gratitude prayer, opened my eyes, and hoped for the best. I also wondered how I'd know if he accessed it.

Later in the day, I learned that Sophia had had contact with Anthony and that he was okay. I then got a message from spirit that he'd accessed the energy and was grateful. A flood of relief went through me.

Had the Reiki saved him? It's hard to say. Sending Reiki wasn't the only thing that had been tried. Two prayer groups had been formed by retreat members to send messages of love, and his mother had prayed for him. It could have been any one of those things or all of them. All that mattered was that he was okay.

What had come out of this for me was that I now had a way to help someone who was initially reluctant, a way to give him or her help while honoring their free will. Without the savings account option, it could become too late for many souls to have second thoughts. Many of us resist at first only to say "Yes" later. What if later delayed access saves a life? What if it helps someone to work out their karma? What if it stops someone from hurting someone else?

In the end, we are all better off.