

## Article From The Reiki Dojo Newsletter October 2007

Reiki Classes and Treatments with Kate Jones, Reiki Master

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### Dreams

Last month the great mime artist Marcel Marceau died. I was fortunate enough to see him perform several times and he was a great inspiration in my life. After seeing him mime when I was 14 years old I decided that I wanted to become a mime artist myself. I wrote him a letter, expressing my enthusiasm and he wrote back saying he was about to open a mime school in Paris and that maybe one day I would go there.



that in essence I did achieve what I wanted in being a mime artist - through Reiki. What enchanted me about mime was the simplicity and magic of a single person creating objects, people and events out of thin air, touching the soul. What I also loved was that this was a

To go to Marceau's school became my dream and I studied hard in my French lessons! I went on to university, but becoming a mime was still my aim. At last the time came to audition for Marceau's school so off I went to Paris with great excitement - and a lot of nerves! There I saw the great man again and did my best to impress him. But I was not offered a place. I was devastated.

However I didn't give up and applied again the following year. Another trip to Paris, another audition - and another rejection. This time it felt even worse, because I knew I could not try again. My dream was shattered after so many years.

And yet... I had heard of another good school for aspiring mime artists in Paris and applied for that one too. This school accepted me and so began a 2 year training in physical theatre.

And yet I did not become a mime artist. I became (ultimately) a Reiki Master. I have been thinking recently about what happened to all that passion to become a mime, how come this dearly held dream was never realised - or was it?

Sometimes when we have a great desire to achieve something and feel a failure because we have not achieved it we are missing the point. I now see

language that can be understood no matter what the nationality or language spoken: words simply are not needed.

And now I see that Reiki is the same: from nothing more concrete than our hands comes this magic that transforms and touches the soul. It is simple and elegant, like mime. It goes beyond language; words are not needed.

And the essence of my dream to be a mime was to perform for an international audience without words and bring them joy. As it happens, Reiki also brought me to the fulfilment of this dream. I have continued to develop my clown persona and at the Reiki Alliance conference last year I performed at the conference cabaret. The audience was international (and the interpreters were taking a night off). I performed without words and people were rolling in the aisles. The next day people kept coming up to me, thanking me for the performance. Even if I never perform in that way again I achieved my ambition that day. Thank you Reiki! Thank you Marcel Marceau.

**Photo of Marcel Marceau by Seth Eastman Moebs, Paris (sent to me by Marceau)**

Please contact me if you have any questions or comments.

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