



Signs & Symbols: Following the Energy on a Journey Home

By Ryan West, HTCP, CMI, CQP

The time had finally come for us to move. We were tired of waiting. Our house in Port Townsend, Washington had been for sale for over two years and during that time our vision of what we wanted next had been evolving. First, we had wanted just to move closer to town where we could walk and bike to daily conveniences. Two years later, we were ready to relocate somewhere entirely new.

At a certain point, my partner and I realized that we could not just keep putting our lives on hold and it was time to do something different. We had a whole list of everything we were seeking in a new community, but primarily the reason we were moving was to find “our people” and we were open to honoring wherever that journey led.

So we did what most would consider impractical - we trusted that the Universe would provide for us on our souls’ paths and we took a leap of faith. We left our jobs, put all our bills on autopay, trusted our house to the care of our real estate agent,

and began a road trip in search of what was next.

As part of this journey, we invited the Universe (and our guides, angels, and other helpers) to bring together coincidences that we could not miss, to show us the signs for where we would find our people and live happily ever after during the next stage of our lives. We agreed that we would follow the energy.

Our first big stop on our forty-day road trip was Bend, Oregon where we arrived after dinner on a crisp evening in mid-January. We had made arrangements through couchsurfing.org

to stay with a woman named, Kristy, for a few nights as we got acquainted with the city. When we reached Kristy’s house, we noticed that her neighbor had a sign for her business that read “Bodhi Tree Yoga and Healing Arts.” I turned to Jen, “Bodhi Tree – that’s where we had our first date!”

Indeed, the two of us had met in Los Angeles over 13 years ago and our first date had been at a coffee place right next to the Bodhi Tree, a metaphysical bookstore where we wandered together after a few hours of chatting over hot drinks. The Bodhi Tree was the first of many signs to come.

Kristy was not home, but she had left a key so we could let ourselves into her home. We dropped off our things and headed out for a walk toward downtown. A few days earlier Jennifer had been doing some research about groups in Bend where we might connect with other like-minded people. She had found an organization called the Spiritual Awareness Community, a group that gathers on Sunday mornings to focus on their spiritual discovery and evolution. About a block into our walk we passed by a church. I thought how funny it would be if the group Jennifer had read about actually met at that church. Turned out they did. One block from where we were staying.

We joined their group the following morning and connected with some very welcoming, loving souls. As someone who has consistently had challenges with energy blockages in my right leg, I had a rather profound experience at this gathering. Energy that typically clears only down my left leg was suddenly clearing down my right. Maybe my body knew something I did not?

Later, we went out to dinner with Kristy. When Jennifer got into Kristy's car, she noticed a little known twelve-year-old Christmas book by NPR's David Sedaris that Kristy had on CD, "Holidays on Ice." Coincidentally, Jennifer had just purchased this same book on tape from Goodwill and we had it in our car to listen to on our drive. By this point, we were paying attention.

We had a nice dinner with Kristy where she told us a bit about her neighbor, Trisha, the owner of the Bodhi Tree who was an acupuncturist and also did some other modality that Kristy did not understand. She suggested we talk to her neighbor directly and was kind enough to text Trisha to ask if she would be open to meeting with us. Trisha invited us to stop by anytime the following day.

We were kind of shy about just knocking on Trisha's door, so we never had the courage to go and introduce ourselves. Apparently the Universe had other ideas. As we were in the driveway packing our car to leave Bend, out came Trisha in her pajamas, hair all askew, on her way to deliver a bag of trash to the garbage. She certainly was not expecting to see anyone. Fortunately, Jennifer was brave enough to say hello. Trisha invited us inside to chat.

Over the course of that conversation we realized that seven years earlier we had all been training in the same obscure healing modality while Jennifer and I had been living in Portland, Oregon and Trisha had been living in Santa Cruz, California. We had all attended the same "Masters" level training with Possibilities DNA in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho with a group of about fifty people. We did not meet during that workshop but we remembered Trisha because during that weekend she had a miraculous healing. She had arrived unable to walk and laid on pillows during the entire class. However, through the work, a few days

later she was able to run. Jennifer and I both remembered her experience because it was such a huge transformation.

By the time we returned to our car, over two hours had passed. Yet the conversation felt like it lasted all of 15 minutes. Trisha had extended herself to us and offered to introduce us to her friends, another item on our wishlist.

As we left Bend, we acknowledged all that had transpired in such a short period of time. But there were certain things about Bend that just did not quite make sense on paper and we wanted to be open to allowing something even better to manifest. Besides, it was only the first stop on our journey – were we really done already?

We continued our adventure through Southern Oregon, Northern California, Southern California, to a conference in Las Vegas, then to Sedona and onto Colorado. The signs for Bend continued to come.

One such sign was at a hotel in Trinidad, Colorado where Jennifer was telling a fellow traveler about what we were doing and where we had been on our trip so far. The woman started telling her about family friends of theirs who were moving to Bend – the Ryans. Without knowing it, within a minute this woman had mentioned my name, love, and Bend, no less than six times. Wow, whoever was behind this script was really good!

By the time we made it to Boulder, it seemed a move to Bend was inevitable. At the Healing Touch (HT) Advanced Practice class there, I even sat next to a woman whose whole family lived in Bend.

Despite the lingering big questions in our minds, we knew we needed to honor the trail of signs and coincidences we had been gifted and trust that everything else would unfold as we had envisioned or as something even better appeared. So, we decided to follow the energy and make Bend our home.

About the author:



Ryan West became interested in energy medicine ten years ago as a way to overcome asthma. After doing energy work on herself for 8 years, she is now off all the prescriptions and 95% symptom free. Since moving to Bend with her partner, Jennifer, Ryan has opened her healing practice - Becoming Joy.

www.BecomingJoy.com. In just a few months she filled a calendar with paying energy work clients in a community where she started without any contacts whatsoever. She also owns a graphic design and marketing company and loves helping small businesses and other wellness professionals realize their goals. www.RyanWest.com. Ryan is a Healing Touch Certified Practitioner, a Certified Medical Intuitive, Certified Quantum Practitioner, PossibilitiesDNA Energetic Practitioner, a Matrix Energetics Practitioner, a PSYCH-K® Practitioner, and has a BFA in Graphic Design.