



JUNK MAIL FROM GOD

by Michelle Pelletier



For many years now, All-that-is has spoken to me through junk mail.

Unsolicited *Teacher Resource* magazines, *Field and Stream* and *Essence* have thudded their way into my mail box with my name etched onto a glued piece of paper. As each arrived, I had the same response, "Huh?"

Initially I was dumbfounded. I'd ask, "What do I need *Field and Stream* for? I don't hunt."

When I received the first magazine, I knew it was a sign. But the future it suggested had no ties to my present. So I noted the future poking its head into my present and let it rest.

As each new magazine presented itself, I was intrigued. These random, slightly absurd calling cards from She-who-cannot-be-named had my current address printed on the front page in tidy letters. How did she know I moved from Maryland to California to Cape Cod?

The Absolute Truth had sent me a *Teacher's Resource Magazine* as the first informal glossy.

Three years later, I was a teacher, struggling to teach 8-year-olds the finer points of theatre at a summer program in Alaska.

One fresh morning the children were hiding in the science cabinets and trash cans when I came in from the staff meeting. We had a good laugh until I could not talk one particular stubborn child out of the trash can.

I pulled the can up to the circle and the oh-so-stubborn-one did her morning warm-ups in there, until she fell over as she stretched.

Her tumbling set me off on a 17-year series of teaching jobs. I taught all ages, but it was the youngest of my students that I learned the most from.

I had been gently led back into my childhood, as a teacher. I had to reclaim my inner and abandoned girl child who had forgotten how to play and hide from others. I needed to learn it was okay to make a mistake.

And God sent me the sign through junk mail.

I never did question the Cosmic Controller, or ask "Why not O, *The Oprah Magazine* or *The Sun*?" I assumed she was decisive in her choices.

As the supplements wound up in my post, if I was feeling stuck, I accepted my junk mail with a sense of curious dread, "Now what? Which direction am I supposed to head in, that I am obviously missing?"

If I was feeling the internal movement of my life, I would intuit, "another directional love note."

The installments I received were spiritual hellos about my path. Hello Michelle, this is coming. Michelle, you might enjoy this, Hello. And Hello, you have some answers in this direction.

I knew I would decipher her messages and enjoy my future as it landed in my lap.



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She has 18 years experience as an Intuitive Bodyworker and Healing Teacher in California and the Cape. She is a regular guest speaker at New Thought Churches. When you find yourself transforming from the inside out, her work can become an essential part of your growth process. She dedicates her work to the you you are becoming.

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