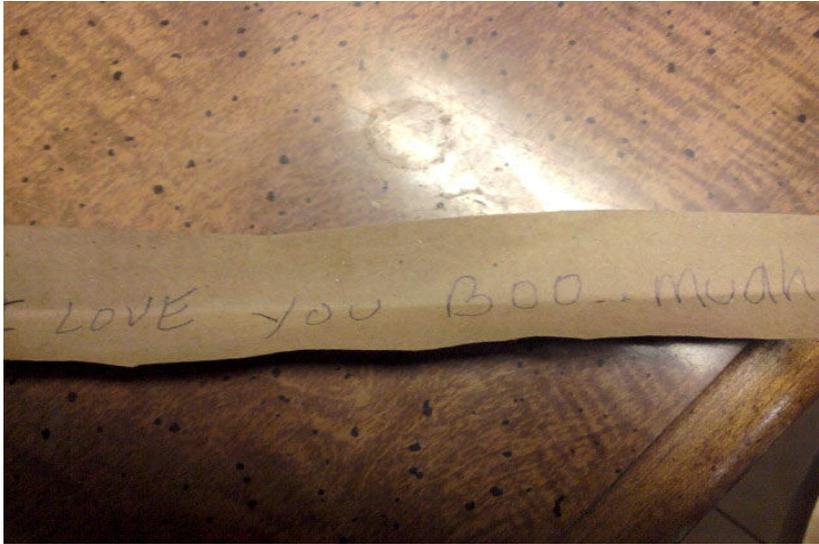




# I Love You, Boo

- Posted by [KJ Hamilton](#) on April 8, 2014 at 2:08pm
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Almost five years ago, a friend of mine and I went to see Paul McCartney in concert in New York City. While there, we decided to visit the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame Annex. It contained an exhibit about John Lennon designed by Yoko Ono. The exhibit itself really moved me. It was altering.

The exhibit contained a collection of personal items and photographs. It was pretty amazing to experience them up close. My experience came to a grinding halt towards the end of the exhibit. Behind glass was a bag full of the bloody clothes Lennon had on the night he was murdered. I cried. To stand there, in that space and energy, and see something that horrific just changed me, humbled me, altered me. I cannot even begin to explain everything I experienced, especially energetically.

Suddenly, this was more than a nice journey through some musician's life. A man was murdered, and that bag contained not only evidence of that crime, but the energy of last moments he spent on earth. The lesson for me was very clear: it doesn't matter who you are in life: a king, a queen, a secretary, a janitor or even a Beatle, the bottom line is that we're all one. In the end, no one is above anyone else. It affected me profoundly on deep levels.

Not long ago, I was in process of cleaning and I found a bag full of posters. Most of them were Beatles posters that once hung on one of my walls in some place where I resided; some were University of Kentucky posters left over from my collegiate days. But, there was one poster all wrapped up in brown paper and I didn't know what it was. I opened it and I immediately realized where it was from. I'd forgotten that I bought a poster at the Annex. It wasn't so much because it was a poster that had John Lennon on it, but it was a reminder of the lessons I learned on that trip to NYC. I unrolled it completely and just sat there for a few minutes, in remembrance.

I pulled the brown paper off completely and something fell out onto the floor. I started to cry just as soon as I picked it up and looked at it. I had no idea it was there, I'd never unwrapped the poster before. But, there was a small note inside: "I love you Boo... muah"

Now, I realize that this was probably some kid that worked at the Annex who wrote this little note before wrapping up the poster. But, there is no such thing as coincidence. I think it's more like the Universe saying, "Hey Boo, I love you. Just thought I'd remind you in a really awesome way. Oh, and by the way, remember those lessons you learned about a few years ago? Keep them in mind; they'll be around again. Kisses! Peace out!"

If the major lesson that I learned from my RRHOF Annex experience was that we're all human, we all come from One, and it doesn't matter who we are as long as we learn and grow and walk our paths--then I got that one. It's also really nice to receive a reminder of Divine Love every now and then; even if it is wrapped in a John Lennon poster

# Seagulls

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I stood at the bus stop for less than five minutes when I felt something hit the top of my head. A seagull flew above me and decided to grace me with his presence. It was disgusting. This wasn't the first time I'd encountered a seagull.

Seven years ago, I came up out of the T station at Government Center. The moment I got out of the door, a gull flew up, slammed into the right side of my face and took a piece of food right out of my mouth. The whole side of my face was black and blue; it looked like I'd been in a fight. Since then, I've avoided being around seagulls.

Since I don't believe in things happening randomly" or "accidentally," I began to wonder what the point was in all of that. Someone said to me, "Well you know, that's a sign of good luck." Is it really? True or not, I had a feeling that there was an even deeper reason. I thought that this was probably a gigantically messy and disgusting sign from my Folks on the Higher Plane and my friends in the Animal world, too. What does a seagull represent?

Through research, I learned that this bird represents a carefree attitude, freedom and standing in integrity while taking advantage of opportunities that are presented to you. Seagulls carry messages between planes and between our guides and us. He shows how to change your perspective and see situations with clarity. They are also a totem animal for emotional healing, and encourage us to go with the flow and trust we are safe.

One thing is abundantly clear: spirit was definitely trying to get my attention. Let's piece the information together:

Ok, let's see here, what are my Folks trying to tell me by having Mr. Seagull pay me a visit?

1. Yeah, we sent this seagull to get you to pay attention.
2. Take advantage of all of the opportunities that they give me, but do so with the utmost integrity.
3. Approach my current situation with a carefree mindset, by doing so it gives you freedom.
4. Change my perspective, there's more than one way to look at things. Don't fight so hard over things that aren't worth it; cooperate, be more open.
5. Let go, you are safe. All things will happen with respect and fairness.

Sometimes spirit has to get right in my face (or have bird poop land on my head, that works too) to get me to pay attention to what they need me to hear.

"Are you open to your Guides?" Well, I thought I was, but maybe I haven't really been listening as closely as I usually do lately.

Then again, maybe they just got a big laugh out of watching the gull this morning. It had to have been funny, you know. I probably would have laughed too...if I watched it happen to someone else. Perhaps that's the message. Yes, it was a "pay attention to us" message, but maybe also it was designed to inject a little humor into my morning.

It did make me stop and think: how interesting is it that this morning spirit chose to send that seagull my way? At the end of an incredibly stressful week, when nothing at all went right, when I've been desperately trying to release leftover hurts and heartbreak, when I've been struggling with stress of my own, when I've felt like retreating into my own little world and hiding, when I've been depleted of most of my energy, when all I've really wanted to do is cry. It seems like being pooped on would be the perfect end to a really crappy week (pun intended). But, perhaps, my friend the Seagull just wanted to wake me up out of my emotional exile to help me get back on track. I prefer the latter, but it's still gross.

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