

Women Money and Intimacy
How To Create Real Wealth In Your Life
By Kirsty Greenshields

Women Money and Intimacy

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The creation of Women, Money and Intimacy began in 1996. It is one woman's story, warts and all, of how I discovered the way to prosperity and abundance in my life. As you read you will discover a story of inspiration, pain and love, which will teach you about the one most important thing in creating your heart's desire. You may even think you're reading about yourself at times. As you follow my story of love and wealth, and the lessons I have learned about money and intimacy, compare it to your own life, and decide to make small changes, which will assist you create greater wealth, love and abundance in your life.

Chapter One. Money, Intimacy And Your Mind

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Money and intimacy are a means for you to connect with your earthly desires, and to experience earthly pleasures in their complete richness. They are never a measure of your power, or of your energy. To change your beliefs about money and intimacy, you can start by asking yourself two important questions. Every time you ask these questions, you are accessing your own power of intention, and you affect your destiny.

Chapter Two. Once Upon A Time

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Have you ever felt angry, resentful and wondering why you never feel like you can have what you want, or why you always seem to struggle? Do you need to be perfect? Do you find yourself wanting to please everyone all the time? Have you lost your voice? Are you aware of the decisions you made as a little girl, and how they impact on you as a woman? What are the beliefs you developed as a child, which have influenced your actions around money and intimacy?

Chapter Three. You, Your Heart And Your Suit Of Armour

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As you go through life you suffer wounding and, as a result you make decisions about your vulnerability. As you construct your suit of armour to protect your wounds you also shut down pathways of communication with your heart. As more and more wounds appear, and your protection becomes harder and 'stronger', more communication routes are closed, and you start

to feel lost. You can end up in a place where you have constructed so many controls around money and how you interact with others that you feel out of control.

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You feel out of control, but you want to feel good about yourself, so you continue to give, because that is your nature. But you can't feel because your suit is too thick, which means you are unable to 'receive' in return for what you have given. Your need to be 'tough' means you refuse to heed the wake-up calls, so they get louder and louder. Your suit of armour gets so 'strong' there is no flexibility left. The only thing that will penetrate the suit is a catastrophic blow, unless you take steps now to remove it.

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Who are you? What do you want? What is your purpose? Do you ask yourself these questions? In the silence you may hear these questions from your Deepest Self. She is the part of you who recognizes your connectedness with all things, situations, decisions, choices and people. When you listen to your Deepest Self you nurture your most intimate relationship. If you have not communicated with your Deepest Self for some time, re-establishing this relationship may be confusing, even confronting.

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Maintaining a relationship with your Deepest Self, like any other relationship worth nurturing, takes effort. But when you have been good friends, you find that, even if you lose contact for a little while, She will embrace you like you spoke yesterday. Your Deepest Self only wants one thing for you – peace. Even when you are not directly communicating, She will continue to work in the background, gently guiding you towards your purpose, and your deepest desire. Your Deepest Self constantly works to help you achieve balance in your life. So you can create peace.

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Nurturing your relationship with your Deepest Self creates a greater ability to trust in your life. Learning to trust more and more deeply leads to a greater level of responsibility for your actions, and for the results in your world. It is challenging, and confronting, but your connection with your heart and soul deepens and you learn to feel again. As you allow yourself to fully feel, you are

provided with a deeper ability to express yourself, your needs, your wants, and your truth. When will you choose to release the limiting decisions and beliefs you have made, so you can begin to feel the beauty of what you are able to create in this world?

Chapter Eight. How To Create Real Intimacy

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What's your pleasure? What decisions have you made that prohibit you from feeling the full array of pleasures available to you in your life? Do you believe it is safe to feel – fully and deeply? What do you believe you must do to allow yourself to be vulnerable, accept and feel the full abundance available to you?

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When you feel safe enough to decide to change your emotional patterns – those repeating patterns, which resulted from decisions you made as a little girl – you enter new territory. And new territory can be scary. New territory doesn't always feel so safe, does it? New territory is vulnerable, and the old you – the 'tough' you – didn't appreciate vulnerability, did she? Whoah, we're getting out of our depth now. It's okay. FEEL it, to your core. As you feel your experience, you honour your Soul's choice, you honour your Deepest Self. Each time you feel your experience you allow yourself to evolve beyond old ways of being and create the newness of life. And that is powerful.

Chapter Ten. Receiving Miracles

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As the power of your Soul melds once again with your human body, through the nurturance of your Deepest Self, the incidence of coincidence in your life increases. Some may call them miracles. When you change your decision, based upon what you want in the future, rather than upon the wounds you have experienced in the past, you create a whole new story. And you begin to attune to what you really want. As you attune to what you really want, and set out to create it, you feel yourself receiving more of it! And the more you receive, the more you have to give. And so it goes on.

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As you evolve through the healing process, your old beliefs will continue to confront you. They will not just 'go away'. You may lose parts of your old life you once believed were important to you, but no longer have the same hold over you. When you feel this loss you may feel sad, or angry, or

scared. It's okay. Allow yourself to feel those things and know these beliefs and decisions served a purpose for you. Then keep moving, at whatever pace suits you. When you do, you will start to notice not only your increased flow of abundance, but also your ability to help others increase their own. As you forgive and accept you, you give permission for others to do the same, if they choose.

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Your lesson now is to trust and receive. It is just the beginning. Intention is energy – money and intimacy are energy – when you place your intention upon trust, you notice changes in the flows of money and love in your life – the beginning of a new story each day. You are creating new energy in your life. At the moment you realize this energy is different, you can panic, block the feeling and adopt an old emotional pattern. Or you can feel the emotion, and ask yourself what you WANT to do with it. And then go ahead and create another intention that is aligned with what you want. Decide to create a new story – one that recognizes you CAN have what you want. Release limitation. I dare you!

Epilogue

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“We’re not in Kansas anymore Toto”

- Dorothy, The Wizard of Oz

Acknowledgements

Over the last ten years, my searching has led me to beautiful locations, I have attended amazing gatherings, met brilliant teachers – all of whom helped me discover I had the answers all along. As this book becomes a reality for me, there are people I want to thank, from the depths of my heart, for making it possible.

Mum, for providing me with a solid demonstration of the challenge to balance our male and female, and for the love and sacrifice with which you dedicated to assisting me create my own balance. I love You. Dad, for joining with mum to make my existence in this lifetime a reality. I love You. To the many women I have spoken to, facilitated the healing of, and loved. You have all enriched my life endlessly. And you have provided me with the mirrors I have needed at times to look deeply within myself.

Caroline Myss, for writing '*Anatomy of the Spirit*', and for teaching me what it is to 'call back my spirit', and for being one of the most powerful teachers I have ever known. Paul and Mary, Jules, Jason and Tony. Thank you for helping to resurrect the man I love. You all know how special you are to me. To Lisa Tener, thank you for constantly telling me to 'go deeper'. This book is so much richer for my coaching experience with you.

My two beautiful daughters, for providing me with the honour of teaching you valuable lessons, so you may learn to always recognize your inherent value. Thank you for teaching me valuable lessons in growth and compassion. You help me recognize my inherent value every day of my life. I love You.

To James. Having you in my life is one of the greatest gifts my soul has received. You offer me such a clear mirror into my soul every day of my life. Thank you for finding me in this lifetime. I love You.

Preface

I wanted to write this book for several reasons. The first was to release the stories from my psyche. Because I know when you close a door, and let go of what was behind it, you can open so many other doors of opportunity.

Another reason I wrote this book was to talk about, openly and honestly, the powerlessness we as a culture – and from the perspective of this book, me personally – created around money and sexuality. Somewhere along the way our culture linked power to money and sexuality.

Money is used as a measure of external power and, therefore the more you have the more you can influence your external world. Naturally then, if you don't have a lot, you may believe your ability to yield power in the external world is poor (excuse the pun). Added to this, in many occupations, women continue to struggle for equality in remuneration.

In a similar vein, culturally, we as women have experienced huge cycles of sexual oppression (yes, this is not just a problem in the third world). It could be argued that sexual oppression is a cultural imprint. You may agree or disagree with me on this matter – it is simply my opinion according to my own experience, and of my historical understanding.

It has been a 'natural' state for women to feel 'less than'. As a result, you often don't even realize you don't BELIEVE YOU DESERVE TO BE WEALTHY, or in a loving, mutually unconditional relationship.

It has been historical practice to knock a woman for exercising too much creativity or power (and not just by men, but women do it to each other – you only have to watch the television, or look at the myriad of women's magazines to understand what I am talking about). Have you ever criticized, or felt jealous of, another woman?

I know I have, and because of that it was scary for me to write this book. The fear that rears its ugly head is “What will others think of me if my life appears too rich in love or money?” In the process of writing this book I experienced the fear of sharing myself wholeheartedly, and giving everything I have, for fear of being criticized or judged.

I will be left with a feeling of powerlessness, which means I will feel like I can be attacked by others who don't think the same way I do.

Part of me was afraid to speak the whole truth, from the depths of my open heart, because of others' perceptions, which would cause me, in my belief, to lose my power.

The truth is, every time you show unconditional, pure love, it inspires others. Because, when it comes down to it, love is all there is.

As a culture, we have lived this way for too long, and it is time to stop. The old systems of money and power aren't working, and it is time to find new ones. These ways include creating a new power base – both individually and collectively.

No longer is it okay to rely on money as our source of energy to have what we want in this world. It is time to TRUST YOU WILL RECEIVE the resources and support you need to express your desires, when you need them.

I ask you to consider your thoughts at this point. You're probably thinking, “That's all good and well to say, Kirsty, but don't you think you're being a little idealistic? I have to pay the rent, pay the mortgage, pay bills, feed myself and live! I can't just go around fulfilling my desires. It won't work.”

Why won't it work? Imagine if everyone began to operate this way? Imagine if everyone began living according to what makes her heart sing. Because I want to suggest to you right now that

if you are living to pay rent/ a mortgage and pay bills, you are NOT LIVING! You are surviving in this world. And nobody was born to do that.

This book will take you on a journey into your Deepest Self. It will take courage to continue reading this book but I promise you that when you do your life will be enriched in a way you never believed possible.

Not feeling so courageous right now? That's okay. Stick with me, just a little longer. You will be grateful you did.

What are you struggling with in your life? How does that thing affect your life?

Maybe you're in a loveless marriage, or maybe you're a single mum. You feel unappreciated, like your time doesn't matter, you do everything for everyone else and you never have anything left over for you. At the end of the day all you want to do is collapse in a heap.

Maybe you hate your soulless job, but you have to stay there because you have bills to pay. So you wake up each morning, put your best foot forward, trudge to the office and go through the motions, to come home and collapse in a heap with a bottle of wine, which you drink mainly because it helps you sleep.

Maybe you're searching for love that is continually elusive. You have been on the dating scene for a while now, but you can't seem to attract Mr Right. There may have been several prospects, but after the initial euphoria of the relationship wears off you feel unfulfilled, and begin to find cracks in the relationship. Ultimately you decide to part ways because it just isn't working.

Or maybe you are in a decent relationship, or you're single, and money is okay, but you feel there is something MORE for you. You're not sure why, but you have a constant desire to seek it

out. You look around at the life you have created and, although it is comfortable and happy, you still feel hollow. Why is that? Maybe you feel guilty about it because others see you as fortunate, and you know you are so much more fortunate than many others. You shouldn't feel this way, should you?

Do any of those resonate with you?

If they do it is because I *know* them. All of them. And I'm not afraid to say it. I have suffered depression, a loveless marriage, the constant search for more money, for more love. When you're in it the cycle feels never-ending.

Life feels like a music box. I'm spinnin' round slowly and I can't get off

- Newton Faulkner,

IT'S TIME FOR IT TO STOP!

Isn't it?

This is a 'self-help' book. But it is one with a bit of a difference. It's a self-help book, written using the story of one woman who decided to help herself. That's me. And now it is you too, because you will remember some of my stories as your own as you read along.

One of my favourite books of all time was 'Eat Pray Love' by Elizabeth Gilbert. I read it three times. Why? Because Liz speaks with such honesty, and her writing comes from a space of deep inner reflection. As I wrote this book I always remembered Liz and the beauty of reading her book. I want my book to resonate with you, as much as hers did with me.

This book is about finding your power. Like every other woman to whom I have told the title of this book, you probably picked it because you thought,

“Oh wow! This book will help me have more money / help me discover how to have more intimacy. It will help me understand why I don’t / can’t have it all”.

Your deepest psyche knows it is time for you to regain your power. That is why you picked up *Women, Money and Intimacy*. If you weren’t ready to regain your power you would not have picked up this book. But you are. Aren’t you?

As you read through the pages of *Women, Money and Intimacy*, and commit yourself to its challenges, the old struggles you used to have with love and money will begin to fade. You will discover you have the ability to create whatever you want in your life.

It has taken me over two years to write this book from the time it popped up as a concept in my head as I vacuumed my house, to writing the outline for the first time on a plane trip to Sydney, to changing the outline a zillion times, to glorious 4am writing sessions, to the decision to finish and share it with the world!

“The risk of love is loss, and the price of loss is grief - But the pain of grief is only a shadow when compared with the pain of never risking love.”

– Hilary Stanton Zunin

Introduction

"If you lose something you never valued it in the first place.

You cannot lose something you value."

– A Course In Miracles

"Hello?". There was silence on the other end of the phone.

"Hello?" It could be just a telemarketer.

After a few seconds he spoke. "Kirst, it's me. I've been in an accident" He was crying. "I'm okay. I'm alright. Everything's okay ... Don't worry ... It's all okay. It's all gonna be fine"

"What? What happened? You don't sound okay. Are you hurt?" Deep breaths. "Are you injured? Is everything okay?"

"It's okay. My vehicle was hit by a bomb. We're all okay. I think my arm is broken, but I'm okay ... I just wanted to let you know. Are you okay? ... Is Abby alright? ... I'll call you when I can. I have to go. I love you so much."

Silence. Shock. I have to sit down. He's okay. I look down. My hands are shaking. It's scorching hot outside and I'm cold. There is an arm around me.

I didn't even realize I was crying. "Kirsty, are you okay?" It was Michelle, my work colleague. I couldn't speak. Not yet.

Then another phone call. "Hello." My voice sounded distant to my ears. It was my daughter's carer.

“Kirsty, Abby is unwell. She has a high temperature, and she has just vomited. Please come and get her.”

“Okay. I’ll be there in about 20 minutes.” Still sounding distant. Why did my voice sound like it wasn’t connected to me right now?

Have you ever had one of those moments where something happens and, all of a sudden, you see everything with renewed clarity? A moment when, despite every emotion your body throws at you to the contrary, you become aware of an underlying state of peace.

It’s almost like you knew it all before, but you weren’t prepared to see it and, in that moment of clarity everything changes. Where there was confusion and lack before, now you know what needs to be done.

In April 2007 I had one of those moments. As I answered the phone, I had no idea what was about to transpire, and the cascade of events it would create in my life up to now. What I know is in that moment I learned the peace of surrendering to my life.

When James, my husband, rang me, broken and in tears, hardly able to speak his words, I felt out of my depth. This situation was foreign to me. He was vulnerable, and thousands of kilometres away. There was nothing I could do to help him, or change it for him, or make him better. I felt powerless to help my mate. I had no control over him, or the situation in which he found himself. He was over 12,000 kilometres – several time zones – away in Iraq. I was unable to speak with him unless he called me. All I could do was trust that everything was okay, right now.

On the phone, as he told me he was okay and I felt the supportive arm of my friend around me I believed him. At that moment I knew my life, with him in it, had changed for the better.

He was alive. Miraculously. Somehow we were receiving a second chance. Peace.

It was only afterwards, while receiving the cascade of apologetic, distressed, emotional phone calls, when I began to feel an overwhelming churning in my stomach. I faced questions from well-meaning friends and family like:

“How could this happen? I thought it was benign.”

“What if this happens again? “

“They will have to send him home. “

All incredibly helpful questions and comments, I’m sure you’ll agree! Each of them enticed me back in to the drama, and encouraged me to doubt what I knew to be true.

This was the wake-up call we both needed to change our life together.

When I removed myself from the drama of the situation, and no longer answered the phone, stopped watching the news (where the story was “grim”), I understood my reality was much less harsh. The drama of my life had been placed into stark perspective in a single moment in time.

There was nothing I could do for *his situation*. It is in the past now. My physical life, here in Darwin, has not changed. I live in the same house. It is hot outside. Kids are playing on the street on their bikes and Abby is toddling around outside, dancing to her favourite Wiggles music, consciously oblivious to events unfolding 12,000 kilometres away, less than 24 hours ago.

What had changed was a decision on my part about what I wanted in my life. I wanted to experience love and wellbeing. I could affect that.

I could make the decision to follow my path and trust that James would walk that path with me, because that was what I wanted.

As I surrendered to 'what is', I experienced clarity. My only choice was to relinquish the illusion of control over things I could not affect.

*He was almost killed. But he wasn't. It affected his life, and it affected my life. Together we had a second chance. Maybe we **CAN** have what we want.*

My whole life, upon reflection, I have believed at some level I couldn't have what I want. I didn't deserve it. Therefore my life delivered exactly what I had expected.

I believed if life presented difficulty I must be on the wrong path. As a consequence I would run away, or change direction.

I now know, in taking those actions I simply delayed the inevitable, in an attempt to avoid pain.

In 2002 I was diagnosed with depression, which had been persistent for several years before that. The psychiatrist told me she would not work with me unless I coupled her sessions with anti-depressants. At the time, I knew nothing else. I wanted to get better, so I did it.

Dr M. Scott Peck, in his timeless book 'The Road Less Travelled' says

“the tendency to avoid problems, and the emotional suffering inherent in them is the primary basis of all human mental illness”.

After the failure of my first marriage in 1999, I took all actions possible to ever experience such hurt again. So, while I courageously removed myself from a self-destructive situation, I was determined to take all possible control measures possible to ensure it never happened again. What I discovered in that moment of clarity in 2007 however was, despite my best efforts to avoid the pain I experienced in 1999, I had created an even greater degree of pain in my life.

In my moment of clarity, the pain I had tried so hard to avoid all these years had descended upon me in one foul swoop, and no longer was I able to sweep it under the carpet.

***My life had changed in an instant,
and it was time I stood up and took notice.***

As I pondered the events of the preceding 24 hours in my mind that evening, I remembered last night.

I had just finished reading the book ‘My Sister’s Keeper’, by Jodi Picoult. Tears were streaming down my face, for the pain I felt of a mother’s love, and a need to sometimes make hard decisions. It was late and I was drifting off to sleep. The house was quiet, all but for the buzz of the air-conditioning units that kept us cool as we slept.

I was not asleep for very long when all of a sudden the silence was pierced by loud screams. At first I was confused but, as I sat bolt upright in bed, I knew it was my little girl, Abby, just 15 months old. I jumped out of bed, ran to her room, to find her standing in her cot, and crying inconsolably.

She was sweating and evidently distressed. My heart pounded. She was a sound sleeper and had rarely woken in the night from the time she was a small baby.

I picked her up and she grabbed me. She held me tight, not wanting to let go. I took her to my bed, held her for as long as she needed me, and watched as her breathing started to relax, and she drifted off to sleep, knowing she was safe.

It felt eerie. My mind twisted and turned to think of reasons why she was so distressed. For the next couple of hours I watched her sleep soundly, like nothing had ever happened.

On the other side of the world, at the exact time James struggled to bring himself back into his body after an immense trauma, his daughter was unconsciously feeling his pain.

As I lay there with Abby, all I could do was be with her. Right now. In the present moment. Surrendered. My energy and love in this moment was all she wanted and needed to help her feel better.

I didn't know the magnitude of my healing capacity as I cuddled and comforted Abby that night, but as I reflected on it 24 hours later it was clear.

She had felt her father's trauma through her connection with him – through her blood, the same blood that ran through his veins – and she was able to communicate that with me through her voice. As a result, we could all be together with James to help him return to his body so we could help him to heal. I was helping him to heal through his daughter who slept soundly next to me in my bed.

Most of us are probably aware of the healing effects of a mother's love for a child, as explained in the paragraph below:

"Scientists have documented the biological effects of a mother's love by charting the chemical reactions in her child's body. It was found that when mothers soothe their children by hug or kiss, the child's hormone levels correlated with love and trust surge while hormone levels correlated with stress plummet. A recent study shows that even the sound of a mother's voice can trigger the same cascade of healing chemicals in a child's body."¹

It was not until some time afterward, when I understood the enormity of the connection between Abby and James that night and, consequently between James and I:

"in the first few days after birth, changes occur in the brains of both the dad and the baby, depending on whether the father is around or not ... the same hormone responsible for milk production in the breasts of new mothers also seems to be involved in fostering the postnatal connection between a father and his offspring ... studies show that a father's brain is significantly and beautifully intertwined with his offspring's ... the evidence is showing that a father has direct influence on his child's neurodevelopment – and indeed, his brain can benefit as well"²

For James, the bomb was a huge wake up call. It was his moment of clarity. At that moment in time his life flashed before his eyes, and he saw what was important to him.

And the bomb also woke *me* up. Literally. The moment Abby woke the previous night was the moment James was hit. It was no coincidence.

¹ Joseph Alexander, A Mother's Loving Touch, http://www.dahnyoga.com/community/news_and_articles/details/1642/A-Mothers-Loving-Touch, 5 May 2011

² Brian Mossop, *The Brains of Our Fathers: Does Parenting Rewire Dads?*, Scientific American, <http://www.scientificamerican.com/article.cfm?id=the-brains-of-our-fathers>, 17 August 2010

As he returned home and we continued our healing journey together, the question I wanted to answer was:

"How did I participate in the creation of this enormous event in my life?

I know I create what I get in my life so

why did I create this event for me?

What do I have to learn from it?"

Those questions deepened my search, and the answers are woven through the pages of *Women, Money and Intimacy*.

In asking those specific questions, rather than blaming events and people in the external world for intruding on my 'happy' little space, I discovered the true richness of living.

Women, Money and Intimacy fits together pieces of the puzzle that are the little pieces of reflection – those surrounding, or related events in *your life* which, when linked together, provide you with the enormous message of purpose.

Because everything in your life, right now, is a result of the thoughts, decisions and actions you have taken to get you to where you are. Right now.

If your relationship isn't working, what can *you* change? About you.

If you think you don't have enough money, or if you don't have what you want, what can *you* change? About you.

Women, Money and Intimacy does not give you another system or strategy to get you what you want. You and I both know you have tried those – perhaps many of them – and after a period of time you find yourself re-living the old story about love or money.

Women, Money and Intimacy will teach you one thing. As a woman with the ability to create what you want (YES, YOU!), it is THE most important thing. You will learn it gradually as you read the pages – you may even know it already – but it is the key to creating and maintaining what you truly desire.

The creation of *Women, Money and Intimacy* began in 1996, when I made a decision that would set me on a path to discover the truth about my own ability to create my heart's desire.

It is one woman's story, warts and all, of how I discovered the way to prosperity and abundance in my life.

You don't have to read this entire book to discover the way either. Here it is. In every moment, ask yourself these two questions:

"What do I want?"

"What does my deepest self truly desire?"

When you choose to delve into the pages of this book, you will discover a story of inspiration, pain and love, which will teach you about the one thing that is most important in creating your heart's desire.

You may even think you're reading about yourself at times.

As you follow my story of love and wealth, and the lessons I have learned about money and intimacy, compare it to your own life, and decide to make small changes, which will assist you create greater wealth, love and abundance in your life.

I encourage you to ask yourself potentially difficult questions about yourself and the decisions you have made about your own worthiness. Consider your limiting beliefs around money, around intimacy.

Place the energy of intention on overcoming your fears around 'having it all',

And coming to an understanding that

Access to unlimited energy will not encroach on your little life.

You are a limitless being. You were created for a purpose – to be as powerful as you can be, and to inspire others to do the same. When you begin to accept the natural ebb and flow of your unlimited energy you can only create your heart's desire. And you too will discover the secret to unlimited love, wealth and abundance.

You will understand that you do know, and you can have, what you want.

You are worthy.

You are enough.

You are safe.

You are loved, respected and appreciated.

You are connected.

You are perfect.

And you do have access to an unlimited supply, all the time.

You probably already give an awful lot of you – your time, your love, your support. But as you read *Women, Money and Intimacy* you will understand the immense value of You, your decisions and choices, and because of that you will understand how important it is for you to *receive* in accordance with that value. Whether it is payment for a service, or a compliment from a stranger, the love of your children/ partner/ friends ...

the more you allow yourself to receive, the more you will receive.

How will your life look when you allow yourself to accept your absolute beauty, vulnerability and abundance without question? Imagine how that feels.

Now you're ready to imagine my friend, let's continue this extraordinary journey together.

Chapter One

Money, Intimacy And Your Mind

2000

It's cold outside, but not for us, snuggled up here in our hot tub, drinking champagne. As we laze together in the deep spa bath, gazing out over the beautiful Tasmanian forest of Lemonthyme Lodge, we create our own rainforest home. Our own sanctuary. In our visions we spared no expense, we were unlimited by our collective imagination. We described the detail of the spa bath and its hardwood surrounds, and the view of our own rainforest as we sat in that bath.

If I were to tell you I believed in every word I would be lying. My life up until that point had not provided with me with a great deal to prove I could actually have what I want.

The thoughts immediately pop up, as fast as my imagination can create:

How will we ever afford it?

What happens if we actually get what we want, but decide we no longer want to be together?

What if we start to work towards creating it and it gets too difficult? Could we pull out?

These were the questions swimming around in my head. They were the questions I used to limit myself from creating what I want.

2013

I sit here now, in the Sunshine Coast hinterland of Australia, in my creative space. Although it doesn't look exactly as we created in our minds 12 years ago, it feels perfect for me.

In the process of the creation of this I didn't always understand how best to navigate the twists, turns and bumps in the road. Sometimes, as I approached a sharp turn, I may have slowed down just a little too early out of caution, and missed the opportunity around the bend. Maybe there was a bump in the road and I didn't realize how big it was until I was over it, so it sent me careering out of control in another direction for a while. Perhaps I came to an intersection and I turned left instead of right, and didn't notice I was going in the wrong direction until I was way down the road.

Likely I encountered a few potholes along the way that damaged me, and I sat around for a little while cursing the damage and wishing it had not happened to me, rather than doing what needs to be done to fix it and move on. Usually, when I hit an obstacle, I used it as an excuse to decide it was all too hard, and we were never going to create what we want. The circumstances of my life, for too long provided me the opportunity to confirm this belief of "I cannot have what I want."

What I know now is there are no wrong turns when it comes to what you really want.

What matters is YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.

And it's important you get clear on what matters to you and why.

And then ask yourself the question "What does my Deepest Self truly desire?"

When you stay true to what you **and** your Deepest Self want you will create the abundance you are craving, because in your heart you have already created it. You can FEEL it. And that's what matters.

Yes, you read right. I said "You" AND "Your Deepest Self". You *are* two people.

The person you know as 'You' wants 'things' that help you feel worthy, safe, comfortable, peaceful and happy. Your 'other' *Deepest Self* wants peace in every moment. And 'your other' wants an intimate relationship with you because She knows how, together, you can create peace with ease and grace. You may know 'the other' as your Spirit, God, the Universe, Gaia, your Inner Child. Call her what you will, She is 'your other' and it wants only one thing.

Peace.

The 'Things' You Want

"Money doesn't grow on trees, you know."

"No, you can't have that. It's too expensive."

"Money is the root of all evil."

"You have to work hard and earn it."

"Explain to me why I should give you a payrise."

"\$80 an hour? That's expensive."

"Why did you buy that? You should be saving for a rainy day / family home, etc."

"You need a financial advisor to look after your money. You don't know enough about how to manage it."

I'm sure you can think of more sayings about money. Our society has created a perpetual myth in money, to which most of us have subscribed at some point. In many lives, money is still the reason for 'doing'. You think you want all this 'stuff', but what your Deepest Self wants is for you to fulfill your heart's desire.

To create peace in every moment.

Maybe you were taught to focus on the money, rather than focusing on your heart's desire. You may have been told:

You *have to* go to school. You *have to* learn what they teach you at school so you can graduate with merit, go to University, work for a reputable company and have a well-paying job, which will allow you to have the things you want. So you can be successful as a career woman.

Then you *should* stay on the look out for a good man who will support you, get married, settle down, and take out a huge mortgage. Then you *should* have kids, find a good child care centre, juggle the kids, your job, your mortgage, and your home life, all the while you *should* make time to be present with your children, cook nutritious meals for your family, ensure your home is spic and span, and maintain a healthy sex life with your husband.

If you weren't told all of those things, I'm sure you remember hearing some of them, or believing them to be the norm. Our grandmothers, and some of our mothers, had the housewife role mastered, but they didn't try to load a career on top of that.

As society conditioned women to live our purpose through a 'career', we took on more and more responsibility. Rather than sensibly surrendering some of your responsibility – or ask for help (Gasp!) – you listen to the media, who constantly provide proof of the women who can juggle all the things you *should* be able to do. Therefore you *should* too.

So you remain in your little world, wondering why all those other women can manage it, but you can't. You're afraid to admit you can't do it and you're exhausted, because other women might judge you as a loser, a failure, less than a woman.

You continue to do the things you think you *should* do, so one day things will be better. It is much easier to focus on the immediate, tangible outcome of 'things', rather than a step in the

direction of your heart's creation. In fact, it is likely you have forgotten what is your heart's desire, because you haven't connected to it for so long. You got caught up in doing and having the 'things' that will *make you happy*, rather than asking your deepest self how it knows you can *be happy*. Meanwhile, the little voice in your head nags at you:

Why don't I feel like having sex, or even talking to my husband anymore? Why are we constantly struggling to pay the bills? Why can't we just take off on a family holiday and spare no expense? Why don't I enjoy spending time with my kids anymore? Why am I constantly trying to get away from them all? Why am I so tired all the time?

Are you in a job you don't really like because it pays the bills, the mortgage, so you can have a lovely house, buy good clothes, have modern conveniences? So you can send the kids to a 'good school'? And if you have those things now, what do they give you? Stress? Pain? Pleasure? Happiness? No free time?

How much time do you have to enjoy those things with people you love?

When was the last time you experienced peace?

Money

You have most likely been raised in a social support system, which has been designed to strengthen the cultural limiting beliefs of money. If you earn decent money, you pay a percentage to government to support those who don't earn decent money. They receive money from the government. It is called a 'support' system, but do you see a high level of support? In our reality, taxpayers attempt to avoid paying tax, wherever possible. People who receive money from the government often complain of the lack of support they receive. Everyone complains about the government and their right to be where they are. Imagine you were an

extra-terrestrial, viewing our world through fresh eyes. What would you see? It would almost be like watching a comedy!

You would ask “Why do these people see the absurdity of their creation in the physical world, yet continue to do little about it? Why do they continue to endorse this debilitating system, despite its proven ineffectiveness, time after time?”

I talk about this in a humorous way because I believe it is the only way. The more you ask “Why?”, the more you begin to unravel the absurdities of the ‘support’ system we have created in our societies.

Imagine if *everyone* just stopped paying tax, began living according to what they love to do, and developed a system of mutual support through the mutual exchange of resources. Imagine if *everyone* decided to create a system where everyone has everything they need, all of the time. What could we create?

Imagine ...

Intimacy

Our culture has taught women it is not our right to have power in love. It is not okay to speak up if something doesn't feel right. As women, we must fulfill our duty and draw energy from our man. If you choose not to do that, or if you can't find a good man, it is a necessity to harden yourself to the world, because it is tough out there, and no place for a woman's soft heart. No place for a woman's energy of love and creation. There is only control and 'heartache'.

In medieval times, if a woman demonstrated powerful energy in public she would be ridiculed and probably beheaded. Therefore it has always been risky for women to stand up as individuals, as women, and display their energy as courageous, powerful human beings.

When Mother Nature releases her energy we ridicule her for taking so many human lives, for ruining so many human families. At these times we think little of the rape and pillage that occurs to our mother every day on a grand scale, through mining activities across the world. We believe it is the key to our energy as a collective body – drawing oil, coal, gas, and other natural resources from our mother. Continually ‘taking’ her energy without consideration for her wellbeing. Yet with one wind, or one wave, she can create energy so fierce it is felt thousands of miles away. Such is the natural power of a woman.

Draw a line now to the similarity between Mother Earth demonstrating her fury, and a woman who offers a public display of outrage. What is the general consensus about that woman?

Bitch.

Money and Intimacy – A Measure Of Power

Money is an invented commodity – invented by man – assimilated into our culture to become a symbol of power.

Sex – known in our culture as a synonym for intimacy – can be used as a tool of power, to manipulate, to dominate and to punish.

Money and Intimacy both play a hugely significant role in our lives. A sexually attractive woman – some covet her, some fear her, others ridicule her. A woman with money – some

covet her, some fear her, others ridicule her. In each instance, she is the same woman. It is not until the woman overcomes her own self-contempt can she appreciate these two aspects of life for what they truly are.

Money and Intimacy are not a measure of her power, or of her energy.

They are *simply a means for her to connect with her earthly desires*, and to experience earthly pleasures in their complete richness.

When a woman can stay grounded in that knowledge, and she can begin to recognize her power is purely exercised through mastery of her energy field, the struggles with money and intimacy begin to dissolve.

It takes a commitment. It takes a decision. For you to decide what you want, and then to commit to actually having it / being it / doing it. Nobody else can do that for you. It is a decision for you, and by you.

From now on you can decide to cease using the phrases “I can’t afford it” and/or “I don’t know who to share it with”.

Because it is not the truth. Ever.

These two phrases are just excuses. Instead, start to ask yourself, “How can I afford it?” or “With whom can I share this?” And leave the answers up to your Deepest Self to find the answer.

Money and Intimacy – Perpetuating Beliefs

How often does the media attempt to scour a celebrity relationship to prove the societal belief that you can't 'have it all'. We constantly hear stories of wealthy couples whose relationship is questionable, on the rocks, or a façade. Such stories perpetuate the myth that you can have an abundance of *either* money *or* intimacy. There is not enough for everyone to have it all.

In Hollywood movies, many wealthy couples are portrayed as miserable or distant from one another, while a poor couple has great sex and a lasting relationship. The myth would have us believe too much money is dangerous to a lasting relationship, and a healthy, intimate relationship means you will forever be poor.

It is possible that this underlying belief has perpetuated the creation of the 'middle class' in developed countries. A class of people who are afraid of being too intimate, or too poor, so it is much easier to have a limited supply of both.

With divorce rates as high as one in two, is this an adequate solution?

Energy and 'Real' Power

"I want more energy!"

In my work I hear this phrase all the time. Many women come to see me after having tried different therapies, claiming to 'give' them more energy. They come to me at their wit's end. Some are depressed, some are tired, some have even considered taking their own life so they no longer have to deal with it. Then they feel overwhelmed with guilt for thinking that way, which makes them even more exhausted.

For these women, nothing has worked. Or something has worked for a little while, but it didn't last. They were unable to *receive* lasting energy from the therapies / treatment that was given to them.

As we begin to work together, a woman soon becomes aware she was not just led to me because she is having trouble sleeping, or because she can't lose weight, or because she can't get past her sugar cravings at 3pm every day. She realizes her issues have their roots in much deeper soil, and we begin to talk about her ability to *receive* all forms of energy.

Understanding Energy

The science of quantum physics has proven that energy is indeed the 'stuff' of the universe. Everything is made of it. The force that creates the tidal flows of the oceans is the same force that influences your natural monthly cycle. Every object you see, every sound you hear, every emotion you feel – they are all energy.

Energy is valuable and it never runs out. It moves in natural cycles of ebb and flow.

The tide comes in and it goes out. The trees lose their leaves in winter to conserve energy and keep their structure alive, and they re-grow their leaves in summer to keep cool and conserve energy.

Your body is designed to contract and conserve energy under stress – functions that are not vital to your survival are suspended or slowed down, and it naturally produces hormones designed to provide you with a constant 'rush' of energy. If the natural ebb and flow of energy in your body is not supported, 'dis-ease' results.

It is not the nature of energy to constantly run at 'full throttle'.

The human body, like the natural world surrounding us, is constantly balancing energy. It is constantly flowing, according to where the energy is required.

Intention is energy. When you place an intention on an object or situation you are starting an energetic flow. If you intend to create prosperity in your life, you will be provided with the resources that support its creation. To *receive* those resources it is important to be open to them, however they appear.

Money is energy. There is always an intention behind money, because it is never about the money. It is always about what the money will give you. Therefore it is never enough to want to earn money.

If you don't know what you want the money for, it will continue to elude you, or it will disappear as fast as it appears.

Money is a means of exchange – a means to give and receive items of value. As you find yourself deeply entrenched in the belief of working hard to earn money to buy 'things' you want, do you find less and less time to receive the enjoyment of the fruits of your labour?

If you are stuck in a dead-end job you hate because it pays the bills, the energy is not flowing. You are attempting to control a flow of energy that is much larger than what you *have* in the material world. And because it is a flow, you can expect it to act as the tides and seasons do – in and out, shedding and new growth.

If you constantly struggle with money, remember these two questions:

"What do I want?"

"What does my deeper self truly desire?"

Intimacy is energy because it is always created with an intention. In mainstream society however, the word 'intimacy' generally conjures up images of sex. Our perspective of intimacy has been warped so you question the intention behind it.

Like money, our society has distorted our perspective of intimacy so, rather than recognize its creation will help you create the life your heart desires, you use it as a means to an end, because it is easier to focus on short term, tangible results, like the momentary euphoria of an orgasm, or the immediate sensation of a passionate kiss. These are the 'things' that intimacy can give you. They are not your heart's desire.

*If you are not clear about what intimacy will give you, it will continue to elude you,
or you will never be satisfied in relationship.*

As you read *Women, Money and Intimacy* you will free yourself from limited expectations of intimacy (and money), so you can enjoy what it can be for you.

You can understand *your intention* behind the creation of intimacy and money.

If you are in a relationship that is not fulfilling energy is not flowing naturally.

You may find yourself hoping that 'one day' things will be better. At times you may resign yourself to your relationship. You may tell yourself "We've been together for a long time, of course the romance dies off", or "We're both too busy, or too tired to spend quality time with each other". You may believe it is necessary to keep a separate bank account from your partner.

You may decide to leave the relationship, without addressing your role in stagnation in the flow of intimacy. When you find yourself in another relationship, and the initial tide of euphoria begins to recede, the same issues re-appear.

Defining Moment

To make the most of a book like this one, it is important to integrate your thoughts, learning and experience. As you read this book, I will prompt you to reconnect with your Deepest Self by asking questions designed to be answered in the moment. I call them 'Defining Moments'. When you arrive at a defining moment, pick up your pen, put in some earphones if you are not in a quiet space, and listen to your heart speaking to you. You can use the space I provide in the book, or create a journal especially for your thoughts.

Now, consider your ability to receive money and love as a link to your source of energy. What do you notice? Is it free-flowing, with a natural ebb and flow? Is it stagnant, or is it controlled? Write your answer below.

My ability to receive money and intimacy is _____

_____.

What if you could align yourself with your unlimited supply of money and intimacy energy, so its natural flow supports the creation of your heart's desire?

What would you create?

Well, what would you create? Go on. Be brave. Write something down. It's time to stop being afraid of it. It's time to commit to you.

I want to create _____

_____.

Imagine if you knew, in every moment, you have all the energy you need to create what you want. Do you believe you have what it takes to do that?

Do you?

Would you like less stress in your life? Are you willing to create more space in your life for what you really want?

Are you prepared to look at your fears, and ask them whether they are still serving you? Do you want to continue to hold your limiting beliefs? Are you ready to feel peace?

Do you deserve these things?

If you have unlimited wealth and love in your life, will you feel guilty because you think someone else will go without?

Are you ready to find out? Read on dear friend.

Chapter Two

Once Upon A Time

"What are you doing?!" I looked around. It sounded like my voice, but I didn't say it. I looked straight ahead.

There he was. Staring straight at me. Waiting for me to walk 20 metres and commit. All I wanted, at that moment, was to turn around and run away from here!

"You don't really want this. Just turn around and walk out". It was my voice again.

"But what will people think?"

"Ha ha! Here you are, about to make the biggest commitment of your life and when I say turn around and walk away you don't say 'Just shut-up. You're wrong. I want this', you say 'What will people think of me?!'"

The truth was, that voice, which hounded me on the day of my first wedding, at 22 years of age, was 100% right. I was so preoccupied with what people thought of me, and I didn't know the difference between what was right for me and what was not anymore

"Kirsty Lee Squires, will you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband? ..."

"I will." Did I just say that?

On that day I married a man I never agreed to marry. No, it was not an arranged marriage. I married a man to whom, when he asked me the question "Will you marry me?" I never actually said the word 'Yes'.

Yes, I did love that man. I enjoyed spending time with him and we had some good times, but I wasn't ready to get married. I didn't want to get married yet. There were things I wanted to do. Places I wanted to go. I wasn't ready to settle down. I wanted to hang out with my girlfriends. Get drunk every Friday and Saturday night. Dance until dawn.

But I didn't know how to say the word 'No'. I was afraid I would hurt his feelings if I said that word so instead I said nothing at all and then proceeded to get caught up in wedding preparations – the colours, the invitations, dress shopping, event planning, choosing the most expensive photographer I could find!

All the while I felt heaviness in the pit of my stomach because I was sure there was something I had not done. But whenever I had this fleeting thought, and the accompanying pain in my gut, I would distract myself by making some other plans, which I thought would please everyone else around me and maintain the illusion of my wonderful life.

Have you ever done that? Maybe your desire to please wasn't as drastic as mine, but maybe you have done something, which went totally against your every instinct just because you wanted to please other people, or pretend that everything is 'fine' or 'perfect'?

How does it get to this point? To the point where your decisions have *nothing* to do with what you want and everything to do with impressing people around you? So, eventually you find yourself angry, resentful and wondering why you never feel like you can have what you want, or you're always struggling to keep your head above water?

What Do You Want?

Maybe you would like a million dollars. Why? Because of the image of who you think you will be, what you will be able to do and have, when you have a million dollars. You want an

intimate, romantic relationship. Why? Because you want to feel nurtured, loved, accepted, and adored by that special person.

It is never the money or the relationship you want. It is always something deeper.

It has been the subject of many jokes – Mel Gibson even starred in a movie about it, *What Women Want*. But the question still remains today, “What do women really want?”

Hilary Swank, in the movie, *P.S. I Love You*, explained that “We have absolutely no idea what we want”. And in my experience, and that of the women I have worked with over the years, it is often true. Many of us struggle to answer this question.

The Decisions You Made As a Little Girl

By observing and interacting in our environment as children, we taught ourselves to put the expectations of others before our own desires, in an attempt to control the amount of love, affection, approval, and success we achieve in our own lives.

We often wind up totally disconnected from the dreams we may have had as a little girl, and resentful towards people around us for expecting so much of us, or for not allowing us to have what we want. In reality, as an adult, you can admit you created everything in your life, the people, the situations, the circumstances in which you find yourself, because of the choices and decisions you made.

Consider these phrases you may have heard as a little girl.

“I want to climb up there / jump on at rope / do that thing she’s doing”

“You’re too little. You can’t do it.”

I tell myself: *I'm too small. I can't do it.*

"Mum, I want an ice-cream."

"No you don't. You don't need one."

I tell myself: *If I don't 'need' it, I don't want it. So I can't have one.*

"Can I have a new bike? A pink one with ten-speed, brakes on the handle bars and a few silver spokey-dokeys – not too many though."

"I'm not made of money, you know."

I tell myself: *What I want is too expensive. I won't place my expectations so high.*

"I want to stay here. I don't want to move to a new place."

"Well, Dad has a new job so we have to move. You don't have a choice."

I tell myself: *I can't have everything I want if I want to be with people I love. I have to make compromises.*

In the above examples, it is not what was said, but the decision I made about what was said. As a little girl, you made decisions about yourself, and the world in which you lived, in a split second. Because you appeared smaller than other people, they obviously knew more than you. You couldn't know what you wanted because you didn't have as much experience as the 'bigger' people.

You learned to ask for permission, and to defer to people who knew more than you. You learned people you loved were pleased when you did things they wanted you to do, and not so pleased if you did things that were the opposite.

"You're a naughty / good girl."

"How dare you do something like that without my permission?"

“I’m angry AT you. Go to your room.”

Once you made a decision about yourself and your place in the world, you continued to look for ways to prove it. You attracted people and situations into your life that corroborated your claim of *unworthiness* or *smallness*.

Let’s look at my personal decisions, as an example. In the first example above, I decided I was too small to do the things I wanted to do. I didn’t have the power, strength or experience, so I just had to wait until I got bigger, until I was stronger, until I knew more. By the time I got bigger / stronger / more knowledgeable I didn’t believe I could do it anyway, so it was easier not to try.

In the second example I decided I have to ‘need’ it to ‘want’ it. If I need it, obviously I am worthy of it, so I can have it. What I want is not enough. So I created a pattern of ‘neediness’. If I want to be wealthy and loved I need to create the conditions that allow me to have it. I ‘need’ a relationship. I ‘need’ money in the bank. I ‘need’ a good job. I ‘need’ to create financial security. I ‘need’ to settle down. I ‘need’ other people to see me as successful. Only when I have and do all of those things will I be able to consider having what I want.

Because when I was four years old

I decided what I wanted was not enough.

In the third example I decided what I wanted was out of my reach, so it was better to set my expectations lower. I should be happy with a good, stable job. I should be happy I am in a relationship. I should be happy that people see me as successful. They are the things that matter and if I have them I should be satisfied.

In the last example I decided I have to put the needs of others before what I really want. If I want to show other people I love them, there is a level of sacrifice I must make. What I want just has to wait because people I love are more important. What I want is not important.

The Need To Be Perfect

I knew all the fairy tales. The beautiful heroine would do everything right, be a good person, do all that was expected of her, and she would find the man of her dreams and live with him in his castle, happily ever after. It was perfection.

As a little girl, a gleaming report card from school was never enough, there was always more I could do. If I won a running race, or a swimming race, there was something to correct about my technique, or it wasn't my best time. As the years rolled on I felt like I was constantly striving to achieve ever-elusive perfection. So after a while I began to aim a little lower. It wasn't as disappointing to know that you had not given 100% when you received criticism rather than praise for your efforts.

As a result, I was a constant second place getter. I didn't want the satisfaction of coming first to be over-ruled by a perception of it not being quite good enough. So it was easier not to try. Second place was still okay. I didn't have the responsibility of being completely in the spotlight, and didn't have to face the expectation that it was never enough. As a side-effect, I would be left wondering

"What if I had given it my all? What would be the result then?"

I was a 'good' girl. I did the things I needed to do to be seen as a success, but nothing more. I did the right things and people appreciated me for that. I appeared to be good at everything I tried, but I was never the best at anything.

My desire to be seen as perfect, while at the same time believing I never could be perfect, was leading me away from the creative little child inside. In my mind, perfection was always elusive. It was better to be mediocre at lots of things, because it was less disappointing than being brilliant at one thing you loved to do, and failing.

As I grew older the results of that decision saw me take less and less risks. I was afraid to take a chance on new things and my loving mum would never push me beyond my comfort zone if I wasn't ready. As a result, I didn't make too many mistakes. I would often not finish things if it looked like I might fail, and often didn't begin something for fear it might not be perfect.

The problem was, by striving for perfection I was constantly re-affirming my own belief in my imperfection, which meant I needed to continually seek reassurance in my perfection from others around me. I was never good enough according to my own standards and, as a result, I constantly needed important people in my life to tell me why I was perfect.

The 'perfect' recipe for a people pleaser.

Defining Moment - The Need For Approval

When you decided you must receive reassurance from others around you to prove you are good enough you entered the cycle of 'approval by achievement'.

Close your eyes and think back to a time when, as a little girl, you did something 'wrong'. What happened? Were you sent to your room? Were you smacked? Did your parent(s) yell at you, or maybe stop talking to you for a period of time?

When I did something wrong _____

When you remember the moment now, as an adult, what decision did you make? You are bad? Your parent(s) didn't love you? If you did not do the things your parents approved of you would be punished?

I decided _____

Now think of a time when you achieved something great. It's likely you received some sort of recognition from important people, right? What decision do you think you made about yourself then?

I decided _____

***Two single points in time, two very different events,
two different decisions made about You.***

To gain approval by achievement you must continue to strive to be better, to have more, to do more. Your achievements are never enough because they are not enough for you. They are

never enough for you because your opinion doesn't count. It only matters what everyone else thinks about you and your achievement.

Denying Your Voice

As you became more and more entrenched in the cycle of approval by achievement you lost touch with the creative child inside.

As a 'good' girl, it didn't feel nice to be scolded. You may have heard things like

"Children should be seen and not heard."

"How dare you speak that way to me?! Go to your room!"

"What would you know? You're just a little kid."

Or children at school who were jealous of you teased you, and put you down.

I was 11 years old and walking between the hall and the library at school when a girl in the grade above stopped me. I was chatting and laughing with my friend and didn't see her step into my path. As a result I bumped into her.

"Watch it." She said. "You think you're so good, don't you?"

I had received an award at assembly that morning, and had just found out that I would be school vice-captain for the next year.

"Pardon?" I was afraid of her because she was a 'tough girl'. I didn't know what else to say. There was no-one else around – just her, her cronies, my friend and me. They all stood behind her like personal security guards - staring me down and ready to pounce if I tried anything tricky.

“You. Miss Goody Two Shoes. Teacher’s Pet. You had better look out for my friends and me. You’re nowhere near as good as you think you are, so pull your head in!”

I didn’t think I was good. What is she talking about? I had not tried to get anyone’s attention. Yet here she was, a girl I didn’t even know, wanting to pick a fight with me simply because I am me? It didn’t make sense to me, but I was eleven, and smaller than her. I was scared. I just want to run away because she seems really angry – standing over me like that. The last thing I want right now is to provoke her and cause conflict. In fact I just want to run and hide in the toilet. There was a heavy feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I could feel my face burning up. I stood there, saying nothing, despite every instinct to run, until she stepped aside to let me pass. As I walked away I realized I had been holding my breath. I wasn’t sure how long for. I felt sick.

At that moment I made the decision to shut down an avenue of self-expression – my voice. If I used my voice, stood up and allowed my true self to be seen, others would be intimidated or jealous. They would judge me and not like me. I didn’t like how it felt, so it was easier not to stand out, or to have an opinion. It was easier to remain in the background, to be supportive of people who were braver than me.

As a result of this decision, at eleven years of age, I made the choice to distance myself a little further from my source of unlimited energy, creativity and potential.

Defining Moment

When you were scolded, told you were a bad girl, punished or ignored for doing something ‘bad’, did you shut down your voice? Did you ever make the decision that it was not okay to speak up because you would be scolded for it, or laughed at, or told to be quiet – that you didn’t know what you were talking about?

I made the decision to shut down my voice when _____

The Energy Of Your Voice

Your voice is a part of you – it is unique. It is your unique way of creating resonance with like forces around you. Imagine these sounds:

- the birds in the trees,
- the rain on a tin roof,
- a jack-hammer,
- a talented musician or an opera singer,
- a chainsaw in a quiet forest of trees.

Each of those sounds has a unique energetic vibration, and each of them will invoke different feelings in you. Likewise, when you use your voice, you will invoke different feelings in yourself and in others. You will attract the resonating energy, and the non-resonating energy will naturally fall away.

How can you attract resonant sounds and situations if you are not using your voice? If you do not say what you really mean because you are afraid, you will hold onto something in your life you do not really want or need, which does not resonate with your unique vibration.

As a result you create disharmony and dis-ease in your body's environment. This creates a block in your energy field, weakening your unique energetic vibration.

Your unique vibration naturally creates a flow of energy for you, and the flow creates space for the things you want and need while, at the same time, allowing those things your deepest self does not want or need to naturally fall away.

You deny yourself when you do not use and respect your voice.

*When you deny yourself you tell yourself you are not enough,
therefore you do not deserve what it is you truly want.*

When you are not enough, you will always have not enough.

When I did not say the word I wanted to say – ‘No’ – when he asked me to marry him, I denied my own self-expression and started a process of disconnection from my deepest self, which lasted several years.

I denied myself.

Defining Moment

How do you deny yourself?

When was a time you found yourself in a situation where you wanted to say something but didn't?

Do you find yourself regularly compromising something you want for the wants of others around you?

Wanting To Feel 'Safe'

We all want to feel safe in this world. In his famous paper, '*A Theory Of Human Motivation*', Abraham Maslow described the stages of growth in humans, producing what he called a '*Hierarchy of Needs*'. According to this hierarchy, once our basic physiological needs of water, shelter and food are met, an individual's safety needs dominate our behaviour. Others have questioned Maslow's hierarchy over the years, but most have agreed that there are fundamental human needs, which if not satisfied, lead to feelings of *poverty*.

In our society money has come to be a recognized representation of our level of comfort and safety in the world.

Likewise, our need to feel connected to others is also high on the list of priorities.

Studies have now shown we form beliefs about ourselves inside the womb. These beliefs result as a consequence of our ability to sense our mother's emotions and to take them on as our own. Your mother was the vessel through whom you entered this world. She supported you and held you grounded to the earth for nine months before the cord was cut and you were released into the world – becoming 'separate' to her.

Even as a growing foetus you made decisions about your place in the world, and how you will best be and act to feel safe in it. As you grew, you were further indoctrinated into a belief system by your 'tribe' – your immediate family. This belief system provides you with the foundation of your ability to feel safe in the world.

When you feel safe you feel more grounded – more connected to the earth. When you are grounded you can make choices and decisions that best serve you. Your ability to feel grounded starts with how you experience the feeling when you are in your mother's womb.

When I was in my mother's womb my father left her at some point. Imagine my mum's feelings of fear when she thought about raising a baby on her own as a 20 year old woman. The emotion of fear caused physiological reactions in her body, which were directly transferred to me, the growing foetus. Before I was even born I installed the fear of abandonment into my unconscious brain.

As a result of the physiological experience, and the unconscious emotional decision, I chose the belief that I could not fully trust those I wanted to support me, because at some point they might leave me.

***Note:** It is important to remember I was not aware of this decision. This decision was made as a result of a physiological experience. It was implanted into my powerful, subconscious mind, consequently influencing my decisions about my personal safety in relationship.

During your waking hours you are using a minute amount of your mind's capacity – approximately five percent. This is your conscious, or 'thinking' mind, which houses your daily thoughts. The powerhouse of your mind is your sub-conscious, which records your memories, images and emotions. This part of your mind is where you store the decisions

you made about yourself as a little girl. These decisions, for example “I am not enough” are not ‘conscious’ decisions. That is, you are not aware you made the particular decision at the moment you made it.

For as long as you remain unaware of this fact, your behaviour – actions and emotions – is ruled by subconscious patterning. The decision “I am not enough” will unconsciously rule your life. You will find yourself in situations, and in the company of people, who continue to prove this belief.

I made some key unconscious, emotional decisions as a little girl, which continued to play out in different situations as I grew older. Those key decisions were:

1. If I allow others to get close to me they will leave me or disappoint me.
2. I will control my fear by doing things to please others in my life. Therefore I will minimize my experience of fear.
3. I will be a good girl and attempt to achieve perfection at every opportunity, because then they will be less likely to leave me.

As a result of those decisions, I went about manipulating my own environment and, in the meantime, losing touch with my Deepest Self.

So I could feel safe.

I got married to please him, because he wanted me to be with him. I was afraid I would hurt him if I said no, so I went along with it. I was afraid of what everyone would think if I called the wedding off.

***I subjugated my deepest desires and entered into a contract
to spend my days attempting to please.***

Does that make any sense to you?

Of course it doesn't! There was no logical reason for these decisions and actions – a little girl, whose primary objective was to ensure her own safety, orchestrated them. Despite thinking how crazy it all sounds, you know you have done it too, at some point in your life.

Defining Moment

Ask yourself these questions now, and keep them in the back of your mind as you continue to read this book. If you want to answer any of them now, there is space below, or grab your journal if you want to explore more deeply.

What are the decisions I made as a little girl, about myself in relation to money and love?

What are my emotional patterns around money, and how do I use it to make me feel safe?

*What are my emotional patterns around intimacy,
and how do I use them to make me feel safe?*

Chapter Three

You, Your Heart And Your Suit Of Armour

At 18 years of age I found out my boyfriend slept with another girl. He did not apologise – there were no feelings of remorse. To me, it appeared he did not really think of the consequences of how his actions would impact me. Not long before that I had lost my virginity with him to please him. I felt betrayed, embarrassed and ashamed.

In sleeping with him I had let down my guard and allowed myself to be vulnerable. I had taken off my suit of armour, and opened myself up to be wounded. I lost my 'protection'.

As you grow, you find yourself in situations, which reinforce the belief that it is necessary to protect yourself from attack. It is necessary to protect yourself from being hurt. As a result, at some point, you don a suit of armour, which affords you the protection you need. At times, you will decide it is 'safe' to remove your protection. If however, a wound occurs with the loss of your protection you have a choice:

1. You can accept the wound and allow yourself to feel its pain, but know that it will heal naturally, because you are feeling it, and remaining connected to its message. This path strengthens trust in yourself to heal naturally and remain in the environment.
2. You can believe you have been attacked, and that the wound is harmful to you, and take precautions to not let it happen again. You reinforce the suit with a stronger piece of armour. This choice protects the wound while it is healing, and minimises the likelihood of a further wound in that part of the body.

I felt betrayed by him. I had been 'attacked', so I re-donned my suit of armour. I had been heavily wounded and I became fearful for my safety. I didn't know how I would heal, or if I would ever

heal, so it was necessary to take every precaution to protect myself from ever being wounded again. How would I ever trust a man again?

Shielded by my new, stronger suit, I could go back into battle, knowing I was stronger now, and taking all precautions to stop it happening again.

At such a vulnerable time in my life and stage of sexual development, all I could do was avoid being in the same place as him and ensure I remained on my guard. As I removed my armour I found myself in a situation, which proved to me I would not be safe without it. I believed that, without my suit of armour I would always be weak. Vulnerability was bad.

I was unaware I had freely given away my power to that boy. I was unaware of my decision to subjugate my own desires to please others. I simply felt weak, like I had let down my guard. I was angry at myself for being vulnerable with him, and I was angry at him for betraying me.

I found the strongest suit of armour I could find because I did not want to be hurt again. And I locked up my heart in a safe and hid the key in a secret hiding place. Only then did I feel 'safe' to venture back out into the big, bad world. Forgiveness was not an option for me. I was too ashamed, and I was not going to let myself down again. I went out with a few boys (men), but I allowed none to come too close. My armour was too thick.

Because I was unable to forgive, my heart remained closed – locked up in a safe.

Your Energetic Anatomy

When I was 27 years old, I walked in to a second hand bookstore, searching for a particular book about herbal medicine. As I browsed the store, my attention was drawn to a small book in the middle of the back shelf. It was titled "Anatomy of the Spirit". The book intrigued me, as I had

recently studied anatomy and physiology as part of my course, and I was interested in the notion of 'the spirit' possessing 'anatomy'. So I bought it. As I devoured its pages, I began a love affair with learning about my body.

The book introduced me to the concept that you are so much more than your physical body – the body you see when you look in the mirror. It was a new concept to me at the time, but it made absolute sense. *Anatomy of the Spirit* is by Caroline Myss. Caroline uses her skills as a medical intuitive to teach the reader about the chakra system, and its connection with your physical body.

Eastern medicine refers to 'chakras' as energy centres in the body. There are seven primary chakras, which are considered to exist in your physical body. The heart chakra, situated at the heart (of all places) can be termed as 'the gateway' between heaven and earth. When the gateway is open, there is opportunity for energy to flow freely through the body, allowing the individual to receive and give of herself equally. It is the gateway that connects your infinite supply of energy – your source, your spirit – to your body. When you are constantly receiving energy from your source, or spirit, you trust you will never run out.

If my heart chakra is closed, locked up,

I have a block to giving and receiving love.

Forgiveness is the key to maintaining your heart – your 'gateway' in an open state. When you can forgive yourself and others, your gateway remains open. Forgiving others does not mean you justify their actions. Forgiving another means you recognize you were both in a particular place / time / situation, to learn a lesson.

You take responsibility for your part in its creation.

When you take responsibility for your part in its creation you discover there is nothing left to forgive, because you both decided to be there to learn a lesson, which would help you grow as a human being. You understand you both made a *choice* to be there. No matter how painful the lesson may be for you.

When you are unable to forgive yourself, you believe you don't *deserve* an infinite supply of energy, therefore you block yourself from receiving the infinite abundance available to you.

When you are unable to forgive others for their actions or words, you remain *afraid* they may hurt you again. When you remain afraid you block yourself from receiving abundance.

When you remain afraid you fail to take responsibility for your part in creation. You hand over your power to the outside world and imply that you are constantly under 'attack'. Therefore you believe you must protect yourself. Enter the suit of armour and the safe for your heart.

Your Heart vs Your Mind

Tests by The Heart Math Institute have demonstrated the electro-magnetic energy of your heart is 5000 times stronger than the electro-magnetic energy of your brain. This means when your heart is open – when the 'gateway' is open – you are 5000 times stronger than when the gateway is closed. When you lock up your heart, despite your belief that you will be stronger, and more protected, you weaken yourself significantly.

Your heart, as a 'feeling' organ, correlates with the power of your sub-conscious mind – the part of your mind, which is responsible for your behaviour – actions and emotions. To open your heart, you allow yourself to 'feel' your situation. When you do this, you experience the impact

upon your energy field. As you allow yourself to feel and fully experience the pain or ecstasy of your present situation, you have the ability to respond with power, rather than from the decision you made about this situation as a little girl. Let me briefly explain.

The decisions you made about yourself as a little girl are stored in your sub-conscious mind, along with the memory of the incident, which caused this decision. Even if you do not fully remember the incident, or the decision, it is there. When a situation arises in the future, which is similar to this decision and incident, your mind will remember the decision and produce an appropriate similar response in behaviour and physiology in this present moment. This response will provide results that ultimately prove the reason for your decision in the first place – so the little girl could feel ‘safe’.

The problem here is that it doesn’t always serve you as an adult to produce this unconscious, conditioned response, does it? Often, the decisions and actions of a five year old don’t always correspond with the desired response of a 30-something year old woman. Even when the decision by the five year old was made with the best possible intention – to keep her feeling ‘safe’.

When you are unaware of this conditioned responsive mechanism of your mind, you will continue to allow the little girl to rule your decisions as an adult, and you will continue to require your suit of armour, because you will always be afraid.

When you decide it is okay to be ‘vulnerable’ in a moment, and feel the emotion of your present situation – feel it in your body – you open your gateway. When you open your gateway for this moment, you allow the flow of energy to pulse through you and, in that moment, you experience the power of your open heart. You fully experience this powerhouse of your energetic anatomy.

Heart And Soul

You are so much more than the physical self you see when you look in the mirror. You are so much larger than you think you are. When you feel happy, sad, angry, irritated, overjoyed, ecstatic, or any other emotion, where does this come from? It comes from you, but you can't see it in the mirror, can you? The thought you have of a loved one far away, when suddenly you receive a phone call from them, or an indication they were thinking of you at the exact same moment, you can't see that in the mirror, can you?

On the other side of the world, at the exact time James struggled to bring himself back into his body after an immense trauma, his daughter was unconsciously feeling his pain.

As I lay there with Abby, all I could do was be with her. Right now. In this present moment. Surrendered. My energy and love in this moment was all she wanted and needed to help her feel better.

I didn't know the magnitude of my healing capacity as I cuddled and comforted Abby that night, but as I reflected on it 24 hours later it was clear.

She had felt the trauma through her connection with him – through her blood, the same blood that ran through his veins – and she was able to communicate it with me through her voice. As a result, we could all be together with James to help him return to his body so we could help him to heal. I was helping him to heal through his daughter who slept soundly next to me in my bed.

If you were just your physical self, how would you explain these things now?

I remember the night so vividly. My fear was prolific. I had no idea what to do. My baby was screaming and she would not stop. Somehow, I allowed myself to stay present. I did not try to run from those feelings. I did not disregard the energy in her body, and attempt to suppress her pain, thereby reducing my pain. As I stayed present with her, the power of my heart guided me, and my actions. Together we were able to connect with her daddy, despite his physical distance from us.

What I have learned, and know, is

Your Deepest Self is an expression of the oneness of spirit.

Your Deepest Self decided to inhabit your physical body so it could have experiences as a physical self. Your Deepest Self is the seed, which began your growth as a human being. Your Deepest Self, which speaks through your heart, is the gateway to your divinity. When you no longer feel purposeful in this life your Deepest Self is screaming out to you, but you have reinforced the steel door of your heart so much, you are unable to hear her screams.

Then you feel lost.

You feel lost because your Deepest Self, as the seed, is implanted with particular contracts, which she is designed to fulfill on Earth, as she inhabits your physical body. Your Deepest Self is like a software program placed into a computer. She has a SPECIFIC PURPOSE. Like many software programs, it doesn't always matter 'how' the program is used – there may be a number of ways – what matters is that the PURPOSE and INTEGRITY of the program are MAINTAINED. If they are not, the hardware (ie. the computer) will break down or malfunction.

Your body is the computer, and if you are using it in a way the program was not designed for, you will encounter dysfunction, malfunction or breakdown. Like a software program, when you

return to the core of the program, and respect the conditions for its use, you will begin the road to repairing the hardware.

Your heart, as the organ of your body that allows you to FEEL, is your connection with your Deepest Self. When you maintain your heart, your heart chakra, your 'gateway', so it stays open, you strengthen your connection with your Deepest Self. As you strengthen your connection with your Deepest Self you remember your PURPOSE.

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Desire?

Nourishing The 'Seed', Forgiving And Receiving

As a tree grows from seed to sapling it identifies the other trees around it, to which it wants to aspire. It uses those trees not as competition, but as valuable resources in the fulfillment of its purpose. If its purpose is to be a tall tree, it will grow quickly, borrowing energy from the trees around it, to build a broad, strong trunk. It will reach the canopy quickly and use the sun as its primary resource, so it can then repay the energy to the other trees around it, through the soil, and assist them to grow. As the tree grows its gateway of giving and receiving – its heart – remains open, and it demonstrates this by the form of its outstretched branches. Because its gateway is open, the tree recognizes its part in infinite creation and, simply through being, it demonstrates continuous growth.

If you were to dig up the small tree as a sapling, and place it in a plastic container it would die. It will not survive when it is locked up – isolated – from its infinite energy supply. It cannot sustain itself on its own. It will receive all the air available to it, and it will continue to give as one of its natural functions, but it will become exhausted and die when it is locked up.

Your suit of armour acts for you as the plastic container does for the tree. The suit will permit energy to seep out through the cracks (in little gaps at the neck or hands, for example), but it is difficult for anything to penetrate its solid construction. This means you can continue to give of yourself, but you are unable to receive energy from external sources. When you are unable to receive, but you continue to give, you quickly become exhausted.

Defining Moment

Who in your life you have not forgiven? Why have you not forgiven?

I have not forgiven _____

I have not forgiven because _____

What have you not forgiven yourself for?

I have not forgiven myself for _____

Chapter Four

Learning To Remove Your Suit Of Armour

When I was seven years old, my parents told me we were going to leave our home in Palm Beach, on the Gold Coast and move to Townsville. Dad got a good job there, so we would be moving in the next few weeks. I was devastated. I loved my teacher at school so much. I had good friends, and I loved our house. I didn't want to leave. How could they do this to me? How could they make me leave my friends and move to a new place where I knew no-one? I was only seven! It wasn't fair. All I wanted to do was to run away and cry. In a split second I came up with a dozen ways I could stay here, and not have to go with my family to live 2000 kilometres from my home.

I didn't even know the tears were streaming down my cheeks until my mum said "Come on, there's no need to cry. You'll be fine. You'll make new friends. You're tough."

And so it was. I decided I must be 'tough'.

When we moved again 12 months later, from the far north of Australia to the far south of Australia, I was tough. A few months after that, my dad called my six year old sister and I together in the living room, and told us he didn't love our mum anymore. He was going away, to live somewhere else. We could come and visit him, but he wouldn't live with us anymore. A few days later he packed up his truck and drove away. As I looked up at my mum, even at 10 years old, I thought her sadness betrayed her stone face. But she was determined not to let it show. She had to be strong. She had to be tough.

More than ever I had to be tough.

Mum needed me, and my sisters needed me. There was no time to get upset about my dad leaving – it was more important to get on with the job of surviving as a family. I was the oldest and with that, I thought, came the responsibility to look after my family, to ensure my sisters felt safe, and to not let my mum down. More than ever, I decided I had to be tough.

Over the next few years I clung to phrases like:

“Big girls don’t cry.”

“Don’t let them see you crying! They will use it to their advantage.”

“Grow up. Stop crying.”

As a result, I separated from the feeling side of me – the part that connects me with my ‘gut instinct’. If I felt sad or angry, I chose not to deal with it and separated myself a little more from my feelings. Every time I had a ‘bad’ feeling I would ‘think’ it away. I would come up with a reason why I should not be crying, or why I should not feel this way, or why I was being unreasonable. And I would swallow that lump in my throat and keep moving.

Every time I swallowed the lump I sent the message to myself that my body wasn’t important. My body (me) didn’t deserve to be nurtured or cared for.

My body MUST pick itself up every time, and keep going. ‘Negative’ emotions didn’t help me, so why would I want to feel them?

I was tough – so tough I joined the army, to prove it to myself, and to others. Especially my dad.

"Ready!"

The Sergeant's voice started a cascade of shouts down the line, as the door opened and we began pushing forward, one foot after the other. It was loud. I could hear nothing but the squeal of the engine, and the thump of feet as I moved forward as one with the men around me.

As I approached the door I felt the rush of cold air at 1000 feet. Here I go.

"Holy craaaaap!" That wasn't what they taught me. Get it together. Look up. There is a chute. That's a start. I'd taken the leap and I was supported. No time to pat yourself on the back, kid. Think about the next bit. You have to land. Okay, the ground is coming up quick. Get it together. How many times have you practiced this? Feet together, bend your knees and roll.

I'm not very good at that. Remember yesterday on the tower? I hit my head really badly. I thought they were all laughing at me because I looked so awkward. I don't want them to laugh at me.

Get over yourself. The ground is almost here. Just do what you know and you'll be fine.

Thud. Snap.

I did it! Oh wow, I did it. I've got to get up and recover the chute. That's what they'll be watching for ... Why can't I get up?

"Ow! F&k!" I couldn't move. My right ankle felt like it wasn't connected to my leg and it was dangling underneath me. There were some people racing toward me ...*

"I reckon it's broken." It was the medic.

"No. Surely it's just a sprain. I did everything right. I just need a panadol and I'll be up on the next jump tomorrow".

"I don't think so Ma'am. That foot is dangling, even with your boot on. You're going to the hospital for some x-rays."

The military ambulance was there in a few minutes. The next thing I knew I was being loaded on the stretcher and taken to the hospital.

I broke my fibula (the skinny bone on the outside of your leg) and severed the lateral ligament that held the bones in my leg securely to my foot. The surgeon placed a plate and eight screws in my ankle, and I was ordered to stay off it for six weeks. No more jumping for me.

I joined the army to prove I was strong and capable - TOUGH. I wanted respect and approval and, as an officer, you get respect by virtue of your rank. Or so I thought. Here I was in my first posting, young, newly married, no experience, no knowledge in this unit of highly skilled parachute instructors, and on crutches! I believed my existence to them was a joke. My life was miserable.

I didn't want to be there. I didn't want to be married.

I wanted to be with my girlfriends in Townsville, getting drunk every Friday and Saturday night. I was in a job I didn't really enjoy. I felt isolated from my friends and family. There was no passion in my life. I felt dull and grey.

I didn't like myself one little bit. I felt worthless.

I was angry at myself for being here. I was angry at my husband because I had made his career more important than mine, and took a job I didn't want. At the same time, I felt guilty for

deceiving him – because, instead of communicating how I felt, I pretended everything was fine, and attempted to make the best of a bad situation.

I didn't want to do that stupid parachute course.

The only reason I did it was to prove myself to the men in my workplace – to show them I was just as 'good' and as tough as them. I believed they thought I was 'weaker' than them because I was a girl, so I set about proving them wrong. If I jumped out of the plane – the only woman among 100 men - I would really be something. It wouldn't matter that I had made my husband's life and career more important than mine, because I would be revered for my strength and courage as a woman among men.

"You could be the first woman in the Australian Army Parachute Team!" Maybe that would infuse some excitement into my life. I got swept away in my boss' enthusiasm – this course could be my ticket to recognition. It could be just what I needed to help me feel better about my life.

During the ground training of the course I was proven right. I received accolades for my strength and determination, and I could tell I was gaining respect. I was respected as a 'tough chick'. My body was sore, but my mind told me all was well, because I was getting the recognition I believed I deserved.

There's No Flexibility In Toughness

For six weeks after I broke my ankle I was unable to place pressure on my right leg and I was homebound. I took strong medication to dull the pain, and I slept for many hours in the day. I felt helpless, and I fell into depression. I was completely dependent on my husband to do everything for me and there was little I could do but allow it to be that way.

I was in this place because of my attempts to control my surroundings – and be tough – rather than focus on my heart’s desire and move to where I was being guided by the natural flow of my existence. At no point did I stop and ask myself the two questions,

What do I want?

What does my deepest self truly desire?

In attempting to impress others and gain respect, I created the exact opposite situation in my life.

The circumstance in which I found myself was proof to me that I could not have what I want. My self-esteem was at an all time low. My deepest self had resorted to drastic measures to get my attention, and an almighty thud brought me back to reality.

Feeling Alone = Feeling Safe (Huh?)

After I broke my leg I found myself in a deep, deep hole, with no knowledge of how I could pull myself out. I hated my job, I felt humiliated by the smirks and humorous remarks made by the men in my workplace, and I felt dispassionate about my marriage. I made a series of choices, which had nothing to do with what I actually wanted, and I was now facing the consequences. On the outside I would smile, make polite conversation, do what was required of me at work, but on the inside I felt cold, alone and miserable.

I consoled myself with the thought that my husband earned good money. I could buy things I wanted, and I was still earning a decent income too. I lived vicariously through my husband, who enjoyed his work, and I would regularly flaunt our affluent lifestyle. Together we would

frequently comment on how people must wonder how we can afford to live such a great life at a young age. When people looked at my car, or my clothes, or my choice of holiday destination with envy I would feel worthy.

When you are constantly striving to get the approval of others, your focus is not on your relationship with yourself and what you want, but of what you think others want from you. So you can please them.

When it comes to money, you make a decision to take a well-paying job, despite the fact that some mornings you can't even bear to get out of bed and go to work. You justify it to yourself because you can use the money as your report card for a successful life. You can buy good clothes, nice shoes, have your hair and nails done – all of those things demonstrate to the outside world that you are indeed *perfect*.

This makes you feel safe.

You may settle for less in your relationship, because you are afraid to communicate what you want and deserve. You complain to your friends that there is no romance between you and your partner, or your partner just doesn't understand you.

If you talk with him about it he may not agree with you. It will confirm you don't deserve what you want. You will argue and he may walk away from you.

Him walking away doesn't make you feel safe.

So it becomes easier not to talk about it, and suffer in silence. You would rather feel alone in a relationship, than face actually BEING alone. You don't want to be an old spinster. They don't have a good reputation at all.

You can justify it all because you have a good job, so you can buy 'things' to make up for the void in the relationship. Or he earns plenty of money, so you can spend his earnings, which also makes you feel better because you feel like he is 'providing' for you.

*You feel safe. But you feel alone because none of this is actually
what your Deepest Self desires.*

Maintaining The Suit Of Armour

I always hated conflict (ironic I joined the army, you say?!). If I ever found myself in a situation where it looked like there would be conflict, I would begin to feel waves of emotional energy moving through my body, and I didn't know how to control them. I feared I may explode, and the explosion would be so big that little pieces of me would scatter for miles, harming or injuring everything in their wake.

When I was 12 years old, I would hear my mum on the phone to my dad, talking about money. I don't know everything they talked about, but I made my own decisions about the conflict by watching my mum. She was fighting hard for us. She was attempting to get some security, and to have what she wanted, but she was getting weaker and weaker. She was so angry, and she was crying her eyes out, but to me it seemed futile. I saw her getting weaker and weaker – she was tired of fighting and seeing nothing for her efforts, so eventually she gave up trying. She let it go.

My mum was so emotionally invested in those discussions, that she became exhausted. She would sit with her head in her hands, crying at the end of a call. Each time breaking down just a little more. At the age of 12, I decided it was easier to let things go than to fight. Because if you fight for what you want it is exhausting, and you may just end up in exactly the same place you started. So

why bother? It was easier to be tough and stay strong in your own space, even if you don't have exactly what you want. It was easier than going out to fight and risking the chance of being attacked, wounded and weakened.

*It was easier to maintain the suit of armour in good condition,
rather than continue to have to repair little pieces.*

As the years went by I avoided conflict at all costs. I would remove myself from a potentially 'dangerous' situation, or I would not speak my opinion about a topic, despite having knowledge or 'feelings' one way or another. I always remembered it is easier to 'let it go', and be tough, than to stand up for my truth and risk being attacked. There was much less vulnerability in that.

My voice became weaker and weaker, because I regularly denied it to resonate with the truth. I blocked my natural flow of energy inside my suit of armour, where it was unable to find like-sounding vibrations.

Finding A Way Out Of The Darkness

As I stayed in the deep, dark hole after I broke my ankle, it became darker and colder. The longer I stayed the more anxious I felt, because I began to worry I would not be able to escape. After months of feeling sorry for myself, when my physical body had reached a point of malnutrition due to lack of nourishment, I decided it was time for me to get out. I couldn't stand it anymore, and if I stayed here in this cold, dark place I would eventually fade away from existence. My health had deteriorated to the point where I was severely underweight, depressed and very ill. In those last months of my marriage I was literally eating away at myself. I was so skinny that even close relatives didn't recognize me – a fraction of who I once was.

***My deeper self had sent me a message in my broken ankle - if I continued to deny myself,
this would be my life. I would feel helpless, in pain and clouded.***

*The depth and darkness of the hole numbed my other senses,
so I had no choice but to listen to the spooky echoes in my ears.*

They spoke of my weakness – of my self-pity.

The voices in the darkness implored me to find a way to help myself.

*They told me to forgive myself for not being true to me,
and find some courage to change my situation so I could begin to live again.*

Breaking my ankle was a defining moment for me – a major turning point in my life. It was a wake up call – if I didn't start to get clear about my intentions for myself, I was not going to receive the abundance available to me. I would continue to flounder and feel helpless, and at the mercy of powers over which I have no control.

I had to do something. So I did the only thing I felt strong enough to do – I removed myself from the situation. I found a job in another town, where I could live as me – not as another man's wife. He wasn't happy about it, but I didn't care. I wanted to get out. I wanted to run away from him, from my life.

The decision was simply an escape from reality for me. I had not discussed my feelings with my husband. I told him this was a career move. Hundreds of couples did this 'married-separated' thing. We would be no different. We could have our cake and eat it too. We could continue to see each other on weekends – it was only two hours away. Just wait and see.

They were the words I used. What I meant was:

I have to get away from here. I feel like I have no power. I have no energy. I wake up every morning wishing I could go back to sleep and not wake up. I feel broken and lifeless. I don't know what I'm doing here. I can't do it anymore. I have to do something to get me out of this rut.

How could I say that? It would be hurtful to him, and the hurt was what I wanted to avoid. It's the best way, right? Running away in the dark of the night is much easier. He may wake up in the morning and wonder where I have gone – and that may happen for a little while – but eventually he will learn it gets easier and easier without me around. He will structure his life as though I don't exist.

I thought I wanted this, because it was easier to construct in my head without conflict. As the months passed, and it seemed I was the one doing all the driving to fit in with his weekend sporting schedule, I began to feel resentful.

“I want to see you”. He would say.

“How about you come down here this weekend?”

“No. I have sport on Saturday. I wouldn't get there until Saturday night. Then I'd have to leave on Sunday afternoon to get home. It's not worth it. Why don't you drive up on Friday night and then we have two nights. You can come to sport and chill out.”

Pause. “Oh, okay.”

What are you doing?!!

This is not what you want. You are tired.

You don't even enjoy spending time with him anymore. Stop being weak.

Get this over with.

My guilt was preventing me from telling him what I wanted. The longer it went on, the more guilt I felt, because I wished I had the courage to be honest from the beginning.

It's not working. I would have said. We were in love once, and it was very nice, but I am not in love anymore. I don't want to be married to you. You have helped me to learn a lot about myself, and I am grateful for that. I understand this may feel hurtful for you, and I am sorry for that. But I want to re-ignite my spark, and I don't want to do it here, with you.

But I didn't say that. I allowed it to go on ... and on ... and on ... until the pain had magnified for both us. In attempting to delay the inevitable pain and conflict of separation, my actions caused greater pain and hurt because of my dishonesty.

Becoming A 'Grown-Up' – Recovering My Voice

After months of deception in my marriage – of denying my voice – I could no longer be tough. I was exhausted and I was resentful. I had created a situation where I could blame him for making me drive back and forth to see him all the time, when in reality, it was entirely of my own making. I wasn't tough. I was weak. It was time to stand up and be counted. I was so afraid. I was afraid of how he would respond, of how I would cope, and of what others would think of me.

One night on the phone, after returning from a holiday with him – a last-ditch attempt to pretend I could make everything seem 'fine' – I told him it was over.

"I'm sorry." I said. And I truly was. More than he would know. "It's not working, and I don't love you anymore. I can't live like this. I can't do it. I don't want to do it. I'm sorry." And then he got in the car and drove two hours to see me. He was so sad, and he didn't see it coming. My deception plan was so water-tight that he was unaware of my feelings. I was seriously tough.

As he drove away, after realizing the situation would not be salvaged, my heart was singing with relief but I thought I was the world's worst person. By living a lie for three years of my life I had created a tail of destruction, which I must now take responsibility for. I felt more alone than ever. But I was feeling! What was this feeling in my body? It was so heavy. My head felt fuzzy - like I had a terrible hangover.

As I walked upstairs and flopped down on my bed I was no longer able to contain the torrent of sadness, guilt and self-loathing. Like a dam that can no longer hold the volume of water during a flood, I began to sob - big fat tears that would not be stopped. The funny thing was I didn't want to stop them. It felt so good to be releasing this 'stuff' from my body. It had been so long since I had had a 'good cry'. Over the last two years I was contained - like a dam.

The waves of emotion swelled through my body, causing convulsing I could not control. My breath would shorten - at times I felt like I would not get enough air - and as the tears streamed from my eyes, and the sobs left my mouth, the waves of emotion crashed on the shore. In the midst of it, I felt as though it would never end. The tension, which had been building in my body for years, was finally being released. There was no more need to attempt to hold it in. It was over.

The 'toughness' of the previous two years had given way in a moment. I allowed my body to let go. I removed my constricting suit of armour.

As the tide started to recede, and the tears were not so fat anymore, I began to regain my breath. I felt my soggy, wet bed underneath me and, for the first time in months I felt my body. It was heavy and sore. I felt so *tired*. It was the last thought I had before I drifted into stillness, until morning.

Chapter Five

Learning To Listen To The Messages From Your Deepest Self

Over the years, I had this recurring dream.

I am swimming in the ocean and looking back at the large sand dunes on the shore. As I enjoy the freedom of weightlessness in salt water, and duck in and out of the waves, I feel calm and content. As I come up for air, after a duck dive under the waves, I notice the waves have closed in around me. I can still see the shore, but there is no way of getting back. The calm quickly turns to panic. The tide is taking me further and further away from the shore, and I am alone. I don't know how I will return.

Then I woke up and realized it is all a dream, but the feelings of anxiety remain.

When I woke the morning after I told my husband it was over, my back ached, my body was weak and sore and I didn't know whether my legs would carry me to the bathroom. I had a headache – one of the kind that feels like my body is craving water after a big night of too much alcohol. That was all I felt. I didn't feel anxious – for about a minute, until ...

The reality of my situation hit me. I was alone. I had discarded my blanket of safety and I was on my own. I was alone and it was all of my own doing. This choice was not in line with my old emotional pattern. I had stepped away from my old conditioning this time, and it felt scary. There was so much uncertainty. I was confused, not sure which way to turn – no wonder my head felt fuzzy. For so many years I had allowed my decisions to be swayed by what the men and boys in my life had wanted, because I just wanted them to love me, and didn't want them to leave me.

He told me he loved me and I was in love with him. I was almost 18. We had been seeing each other on and off for years, and it was only right to consummate our connection, wasn't it? He said so. So why did it feel so wrong? I didn't want to do it, but I did. He had been exploring his sexuality for a little while now, so he knew what to do. I was a virgin and had no idea. When he took me into the dark room and went through the motions, I lay there and allowed him to 'teach' me. It hurt, and it was dark, and I could hear everyone else outside. It was awful and I wanted to cry. All I could think about was when would someone walk in on us. And when would this bad dream end? When it did end he kissed me, got up and walked out to high fives from the boys.

How did I, as an intelligent, pretty, teenage girl, allow myself to be in that situation? I was so hurt, and this incident placed a huge dent in my self-respect. But I just wanted to be loved. I would do whatever it took. The funny thing was, after the experience, and a few more times of fumbling sexual encounters, he stopped calling me. My willingness to please was not exciting or empowering for him. I was like a needy child. The irony was, in my neediness, I was creating everything I didn't want.

Getting To Know Your Deepest Self

Your Deepest Self is the part of you who recognizes your connectedness with all things. It does not need to be separate from anyone else – she does not *need* anything because she has peace. She wants to heal the pieces of you so they recognize their connection, and work together to create peace. When you have peace you have abundance. When you have peace you do not want anything else, because you are complete. You FEEL complete.

Your Deepest Self knows the only way to heal and obtain peace is to listen. So she listens. She is always there, ready to support you when you ask her for help. But if you don't ask her for help she respects your choices and allows you to learn. She never wants to impose her will on you

by making you do something you don't want to do. But she will gently guide you in the direction of your purpose. Always.

Who are you? What do you want? What is your purpose? Do you ask yourself these questions? If so, do you receive answers? If not, you may not be listening to your Deepest Self. The best relationship is one in which both parties are prepared to listen. When you do not take time to listen to your Deepest Self, you do not nurture your most intimate relationship.

It is not difficult to turn this relationship around. You can start with ten minutes each day. Just ten minutes. Your Deepest Self will appreciate this time, and you will feel her begin to respond very quickly.

Some call it meditation. If you are uncomfortable with this term for now, let's call it 'quiet time'. What you call it is not important. What is important is you begin to do it. You begin to re-establish your most intimate relationship – with your Deepest Self.

Begin by getting a timer – if you use your mobile phone, ensure the ring tone is set to silent, or to 'off', and if you have an airplane mode I suggest you switch it on too, to minimise the temptation of distraction. Set your timer for ten minutes.

Now sit in an upright position, with your feet firmly on the floor. Close your eyes and notice your breathing. How does it feel?

Become aware of your breath coming in and going out. Close your mouth, so you are breathing through your nose.

Now ask yourself, "Who am I?" You may receive nothing, you may receive a whole string of answers. It is all perfect. None of the answers matter at this point in time. What matters is that

you ask yourself. Allow yourself a few minutes to ponder this question, and when you notice your mind start to wander (AND IT WILL!!), ask the question again “Who am I?”.

After a few minutes, when the time feels right, ask yourself the question, “What do I want?”
Once again, you may or may not receive answers. Whatever you receive is perfect. Allow a few minutes to be with the question, and when your mind wanders, ask the question again, “What do I want?”.

After another few minutes, and when the time feels right, ask yourself, “What is my purpose?”.
This question will likely spark an argument in your mind! Allow yourself to be aware of whatever unfolds.

Do this each day, and notice how things change for you.

Defining Moment

What have you heard about meditation? How do you feel about it? What do you think when you consider taking time out to meditate each day?

Consider your answers. What are you afraid of in getting to know your Deepest Self?

Being Aware Of Your Ego

Your Ego – the part of you known as ‘You’ – likes to find ways to prove you are never enough, or that you never have enough, or that you can never do enough to be worthy. As a child, when you first make a decision to follow your heart, your Ego doesn’t get a say. You are so filled with love and excitement – so ‘in the moment’ – your Ego’s small voice can’t be heard. But as you start along the path of your heart, and you encounter some challenges, the Ego’s voice starts to get louder and louder.

Your Ego knows all the decisions you made about your own lack of worthiness as a child, and it loves to remind you of those decisions at every opportunity. When you decide to meditate, or have quiet time, your Ego’s voice comes through loud and clear.

“You can’t do it”.

“Who are you to think you can make a difference?”.

“You are going to fail”.

“You’re never going to make it.”

You start to question everything – you question your choices because things aren’t as easy as you thought they would be.

If your fear is about sustaining yourself – about surviving – you will start to worry about money.

If your fear is about being hurt you will pull back from your relationship.

In both instances you contract. You made a decision to follow your heart because you knew it was the right thing for you, and you know when you follow your heart you will be supported, because your heart's energy is so strong. But when you have a small setback, doubt creeps in and the Ego pounces on the opportunity to speak just a little louder.

Your Ego isn't bad, it just wants to protect you. Because it only believes what it can see, it doesn't understand you are so much larger than you appear. It doesn't understand you are connected to everything around you, which means you will be okay no matter what. It doesn't understand your Deepest Self already knows where you are supposed to be, and it doesn't need to attempt to control your surroundings, because you are supported.

Your Ego thinks you have to do it all on your own. It thinks if it asks for help it is weak and it will be judged, because it judges others.

The truth is though, when you get in a room of women who are willing to share their trials honestly, you realize you are not alone. You are not the only one who is experiencing your pain. You realize you CAN make a difference, and change your situation, simply by feeling the pain, and deciding to change the way you think about it.

When you're tough you don't need your Deepest Self, or so you think. You have it all 'under control'.

Defining Moment

What are those things your ego tells you most loudly, about You?

You're Not As Tough As You Think

From the moment I was conscious, the memory of the last 24 hours, of the last two years, resurfaced and tears started to well in my eyes once again. My Ego was grasping – it saw I was starting down a different path. It knew I had started listening to my Deepest Self. My Ego felt threatened. It said things like,

“What will everyone think when I tell them?” (No-one had any idea, not that it was their business anyway).

“How will I make it on my own wage?” I had grown so accustomed to living the high life and living beyond my own means.

“What will I do about a car? He will want the other one back, and I can't afford to buy a new one.”

“How will I cope on my own? I've had a boyfriend on and off for the last ten years.”

“Where am I going to go? What am I going to do?”

I felt sad, guilty, ashamed, scared.

My Ego believes it is important to be tough, and get on with it. There was no time to sit around and wallow in my own self-pity. Tears do no good! This is all my fault. Get up and stop feeling sorry for yourself!

*No! I can't do it. I am a failure. I am so hopeless I can't even hold a marriage together for more than 18 months. I'm so **not** tough. I am weak!*

There was no safety and security in what I had just done. I had thrown my relationship to the wind and I was out there for the whole world to see. I could be judged and ridiculed. Worst of all I could be seen as a failure. How could I allow this to happen, when I had tried for so many years to 'keep it all together' – to be seen as successful, as perfect, as a 'good girl'?

People would whisper to each other, *"There's the girl who threw everything away. She had a good husband who looked after her, who earned good money, she had a lovely car and house, and lived in a good neighbourhood. She had everything and she just up and left it. What an ungrateful little so and so."*

Everything. It looked as though I had everything. But I didn't feel love - for myself, or for my husband. I was miserable, and it was not because I wanted any material object, it was because I had tried to be tough for so long and in the process had shut myself down from my true strength – my heart, my Deepest Self. I was weakened through the choices I had made, and now, for the first time in years I was following my heart's desire. So why did I feel like such a failure?

Even though I didn't know it at the time,

The day I decided the marriage was over

I started the process of reconnecting my Body to my Spirit

because I opened the door to a dialogue with my Deepest Self.

The door of the safe, which held the key, was not open wide. It was ajar. But at least I had found the key and unlocked it. I had done the hard part – when the door is ajar a light breeze can open it further. Or a strong wind can slam it shut again. At least it was unlocked now.

My Ego still wanted me to think I am 'tough', and because it was still determined to run the show, I buried my feelings of failure in my work, my study, and my fitness regime. I regained weight and began to look after myself. I had removed myself from the problem, and I wanted to feel like it was enough for now. *I wanted to be enough.*

*My self-esteem was at an all-time low,
and it required a gentle process of rebuilding and reconnection.*

In the following months, I learned how to provide for myself, how to rely on myself, and how to manage my own money and resources effectively. I bought a new car. I started to make decisions in my personal life again. The external reassurances of my friends, family and work helped me to believe I was successful, but the underlying sense of failure was still present. When people found out I was separated, at just 24 years of age, I felt embarrassed and ashamed.

Creating A Space For My Deepest Self To Speak With Me

Like a gift – a reward even – a short time after I told my husband it was over, the army gave me the opportunity to attend a three-month intensive Indonesian language course. It was the perfect opportunity to get away from life as I knew it for a little while. I knew no-one. I got a tattoo (butterflies). I immersed myself in the study of a new way of communicating. I started a new life.

I re-opened a dialogue with my Deepest Self. I created space for new growth. Despite every thought I had of failure (and there were many!), every morning I got out of bed and began a new day, with new opportunities.

By placing one foot after the other, and taking it one step at a time,

I started to rebuild the ruins of my life.

I felt independent – I made a couple of friends on my course, and we went to the movies or out for dinner, but I spent most of my spare time on my own. I would drive across town to the aquatic centre in my new car, just to swim laps, because I could. I ate breakfast alone every day, and ate dinner alone most days, in silence. I learned to enjoy my own company, and I felt free to make my own choices – about how I spent my spare time, what I ate, and what I thought about any particular subject.

It was three months of re-building my self-respect. In each choice I made, I was my first priority – I didn't feel I had to please anyone else. It was just me and while, at times, it was lonely most of the time it was an unfamiliar feeling of freedom.

Learning To Like Myself

In the process, I learned my Deepest Self is not happiest when I buy her a new pair of shoes, or when I do something for someone else just because I want them to like me, or I want to please them.

My Deepest Self is happiest when I allow her

the space she needs to communicate with me.

She is happiest when I stop and ask her "What do you desire?"

She rejoices when I sit in silence and listen for her answer.

And she celebrates when I take action on the answer.

As you open the dialogue with your Deepest Self, and you build a greater rapport, you notice you are never alone. There is always *someone* there. That someone is You.

When You Begin To Hear Your Deepest Self, It Can Be Confusing

As I allowed the things I didn't need to leave my life, I made space for new things, new experiences, new relationships. And, because I had taken the time to be with myself first and foremost, I knew my Deepest Self was offering new opportunities for growth and happiness.

It was the first day of my new job. I would be a recruit instructor, responsible for training the newest recruits to the Australian Army. I was moving from a three bedroom house, shared with one person, my husband, to a single room in shared accommodation. I didn't even have my own bathroom. We would work long hours, and our meals were prepared for us, so there was no need for a kitchen. I was going back to my old days at the college. And it felt good. Somehow it felt free – like it was okay to be a bit of a 'kid' again, rather than having all the responsibilities of a married person with a house. I was 23 years old.

My friend was showing me around our new accommodation (we called it a 'mess') and introducing my new workmates to me as we came across them. We walked to the end of the hall and, as we turned the corner, we almost had a head-on collision.

He had dark hair and a stocky build. He was wearing football shorts, a singlet and a cricket vest, long football socks and sneakers. And he was wearing an old, dirty hat on his head, promoting his favourite beer.

"Oh! F#@k! Sorry!" He looked into my eyes and I almost fell over on the spot. He had the most amazing, piercing blue eyes.*

"Kirsty, this is James."

"Oh yeah, I remember you" he said. "You can call me Cheese. Everyone else does."

I couldn't speak. I felt like a fool. I was noticing strange sensations in my body, and I didn't understand them. But I was ashamed. They felt wrong. I was married. Forget the fact I didn't want

to be married. I was a responsible person and I always did the right thing. Why was my body reacting this way in this moment? Get it together, Kirsty!

I remembered back a few years to the Defence Academy and recalled from where I knew him. He was the loud mouth who used to stand up in front of assembly every week and have something to say. He was obnoxious. That did it. The feeling was gone. Phew!

As it turned out, circumstances saw James and I working side-by-side, 12 hours a day. A series of strange, 'serendipitous' events – staff changes, resignations, sideways moves, meant that we were thrown together in 'sister platoons'.

'Sister platoons' meant our activities would be programmed together. Our recruits (of which each platoon had about 45) lived in the same building (one upstairs, one downstairs), they would eat at the same time, go to the firing range at the same time, do bush training together, and do physical training together. Along with our platoon staff, we were responsible for their wellbeing for seven weeks of their life.

They were long days. And because much of our time was spent conducting administrative tasks, we had loads of time to sit and chat over a cup of coffee.

We shared information about our lives and our beliefs. We talked about our parents, our siblings, choices we had made and what had led us to this place. James was 'banished' to this place by his commanding officer, after incidents at his workplace in Darwin. He did not consider it an honour to be here. I was here to escape from my life. I considered it a blessing I was here.

He would cover for me if I was late for work. He drove with me to Canberra to meet my husband, at which time he would catch up with his mates. We supported each other when the

other was in trouble. He taught me to play pool (billiards). We worked together and played together, and became great friends. I told him things I had never told anyone, not even my husband. It was easy. We spent so much time together we accepted each other's flaws and supported one another. That's what friends do, right? But I had never really had a close male friend.

I was seven years old and I was swinging on the monkey bars at school and fell to the ground below. My left arm was so sore. "Can you touch your nose?" asked my teacher. There was no way I was touching my nose, as the tears streamed down my little face. When I came home from the hospital, after having my arm plastered and pinned, my mum told me a mother of a boy at school had rung to ask me for a play at his house. I remember thinking "Thank goodness I broke my arm. Now I don't have to play with a boy. Why would I want to play with a boy?"

I never felt easy around boys. I decided they were always trying to get something from me. They always wanted something out of me. I would not accept their friendship and believed they wanted something more of me. Even at a young age I was afraid to allow anyone too close. My belief that every boy wanted to take something from me, produced those results in my life. I saw the boys who noticed me as a sexual being. Somehow the boys who really were my friend didn't get a look-in. Even when I met my husband, the assumption was never that we would be friends.

When James came along, he demonstrated the contrary to my belief. This man was *just my friend*. He would never have dreamed of being anything else, because I was married – that was the way he thought. He had quite a few girl friends, and I was now one of them.

As the months rolled by, and my unhappiness in my marriage became stronger and stronger, I began to cling to my friendship with James more and more. When I was with him I felt like the

person I wanted to be. I felt heard, and I felt like my opinion mattered. I felt like *I* mattered. Yet there was a part inside of me who wondered why he wasn't like all the other boys. Why didn't he see me as a sexual being? Why wasn't he just trying to get me into bed? It was as if he didn't even notice that side of me – the side craving to be noticed, as a woman.

The strange thing was this did not undermine our friendship. I didn't believe there was anything wrong with him, or that he thought there was anything wrong with me. I decided to cast my old belief system aside and trust the evidence – James had become a trusted friend and confidante.

In the process of my marriage breakdown, my confusion about my feelings for James heightened. Toward the end I could not deny my feelings were stronger than I was prepared to admit, yet I had no indication from him that he felt the same way. It added to the pain and guilt I felt at myself for continuing the lie for as long as I did.

It was early morning. I had stayed on his couch the night before, after a huge day at work and too many drinks afterwards. I was in no state to drive home. It was a Saturday, and we both had a rare day off work. He was still sound asleep in his bedroom. I got up and made myself some toast. As I did, I decided to write him a note.

"I'm going away" it read. "It is a last ditch attempt to save my marriage – one I'm not actually sure I want to save. I'm doing it because he thinks it will help, but I don't feel the way he wants me to feel about him. I don't believe it can change, because I finally understand I'm not myself when I'm with him. I am myself when I'm here, with my friends. He doesn't want me. He wants a version of me that is pretend.

Why am I telling you this? Because you see me. I feel respected and appreciated by you. I feel supported by you. I feel loved by you and I love being with you. I am so f#@ing confused. And I feel awful. I don't know what else to do. I have to go. I'll see you soon.*

Love, Kirsty"

I was scared. I felt like a little girl who was lost. I wanted someone, anyone to tell me where I was, and where to go next, so I could feel safe. I was running away from my life but I didn't have anywhere to go. I wanted some place to run to. I didn't want to be alone. I felt alone. I just wanted to turn around and find someone there to scoop me up in his arms and tell me everything would be all right, to tell me I will be looked after.

***The note I wrote to James was a desperate attempt to gain some control
over a situation where I felt out-of-control.***

I was attempting to force him to save me. I wanted him to say he loved me too.

To say everything is all right. Of course we can be together.

***You will be safe. Just run from your husband's arms
and I will be waiting for you.***

The truth was, when James read my note he was confused. What was I trying to tell him? He was shocked. He thought we were mates and here I was telling him I was falling in love with him.

Opening The Door To Truth From Your Deepest Self ... And Confusion!

With each piece of information about my deepest feelings I shared with James, I allowed myself to become more and more vulnerable. The door to my heart was opening wider, though I was not ready to remove my suit of armour. I freely talked about my feelings of hopelessness, of

being judged, of feeling like a failure. I had distanced myself from those feelings for a long time. As I spoke about these feelings, and allowed myself to experience them in the moment, I opened the door so my Deepest Self's voice became a little louder.

At 23, I was discovering what real intimacy was, for the first time. Intimacy is not about sex. It is about allowing yourself to be vulnerable. The feeling was not something I had experienced in the past. I had not allowed myself to be vulnerable with other men, for fear they may take advantage of me. In my marriage I was not vulnerable. I was calculated. I was controlled, contained, on my guard. This was different – I trusted, from the very beginning of our friendship, James would never take advantage of me.

The confusion arose as my heart opened wider and wider, because my Ego mind was telling me I was wrong, I was bad, for connecting intimately with another man while I was married. My ego wanted to continue to remind me I don't have men as friends. They only looked at me in a sexual way. In a demeaning way. This situation challenged my sub-conscious patterning about men, and it was confusing.

But the conversations, the laughter, the feeling of being valued, respected – having my voice heard – they were all opening my heart wider and wider. The strength of these truths for me was overwhelming thoughts of doing the wrong thing.

For a long time after my marriage broke down I carried guilt for the feelings I allowed myself to develop for James. My Ego mind told me I was wrong, that I had 'cheated' on my husband because of my feelings. Such is the dogmatic belief of the Ego mind, which wants you to remain separate and small. The truth for me was, I could not control these feelings because they were so strong. And I didn't want to control their strength because, for the first time in a long time I was remembering what it felt like to be valued, to be respected, to be heard.

Any time you open the door to a dialogue with your Deepest Self it can get confusing, because your ego mind, which believes it has run the show for so long, begins to grasp on for dear life. As you start to allow the power of your heart – of your Deepest Self – to direct your actions the Ego mind clings on to the last threads of hope. Your Ego hopes you will ‘come to your senses’ and recognize it is much ‘safer’ to keep control of your emotions and your surroundings.

Your Ego wants you to continue to believe you are ‘separate’. It will do everything it can to encourage you to attempt to gain some control. It wants you to stay afraid, because ‘afraid’ is familiar.

When you make a new decision, or consider a new choice, the ego is threatened, because it is uncomfortable with uncertainty.

But along the path of uncertainty is where your Deepest Self gently encourages you to tread. Because it knows this path is the one that will provide you with the greatest fulfillment. Your Deepest Self knows the further you tread along the path of uncertainty, the greater becomes your relationship with trust. The more you can trust, the more intimate you become with your Deepest Self.

*Pursue some path, however narrow and crooked,
on which you can walk with love and reverence*

- Henry David Thoreau

Chapter Six

Discovering The 'Real' Things You Want

Another night alone.

It was 7pm and I was sitting on the couch with a bottle of wine. There is no twilight in Darwin. One minute the sun is setting and the next, it is dark. It is the same all year round. The sun comes up at 7am and the sun goes down at 7pm. Or so it seems.

A few months ago we bought a new townhouse close to the centre of the city. We bought it so we could sit on the balcony together and enjoy the beautiful Darwin weather. That was the plan.

James was in East Timor for six months, I was in a job I hated, working ridiculous hours, not taking the time to enjoy much in my life. How did it get to this point again? Here I was, two years after my marriage separation, remembering the old feeling of being stuck in the deep, dark hole.

I was 26 years old, with a nice house, a cute car, no kids, a well-paying job, and a partner. I could buy things, because I could afford to. There was no-one else to be responsible for in my life, I had a housekeeper, so I didn't have to spend my weekends cleaning the house, and other people saw me as successful. Why then did I feel so empty?

We had been together now for about 18 months. For most of that period we had been apart. I was in Sydney and East Timor, and he was in Darwin. So I asked to be posted to Darwin, and then we could be together. As the time went on, I began to dislike my job more and more. We weren't together. I felt alone, unappreciated, victimized and worthless.

James and I continued our heartfelt conversations on the phone. I told him how I was feeling, and he listened. But he didn't know how to help me. He wanted to be in Dili and he was not going to

come home and save me. That wouldn't achieve anything. So I was left to my own devices. I could deal with it, or I could sink deeper and deeper into the hole. And so I did.

Each morning I would drag my sorry self out of bed to exercise. It was the only way I knew how to get myself moving and functioning for the day. Then I would put on my happy face and go in to work. I was a good girl. I did what I was told. I would go to meetings. I would complete my tasks. I would stand there as my boss told me he was not satisfied with an aspect of my work. And then I would get in my car and drive home, grab a bottle of wine and numb the pain of the day, before crawling into bed to start it all again.

I would have a regular dream at this time in my life. If it was not every night, it was most nights.

I am doing activities in my normal life. I may be at work, I may be running, or I may be at a social occasion. At some point during the activity I am overcome with a feeling of dread, at which point I begin to float up and above the incident. At first it feels free, like I am a bird flying high, but this feeling is short lived as I quickly feel out of control. As I begin to realize that I am floating up and away, I panic and attempt to come back down to earth. More often than not I do not achieve this before I wake up, so as I open my eyes I feel anxious and not in my body.

Losing Contact

Maintaining a relationship with your Deepest Self is like any other meaningful relationship. If you want it to work, it takes some work. If you don't put in the work to maintain your relationship you will begin to feel distance from one another. If you fail to continue building rapport with your deepest self, you may not understand each other so easily. When you lose contact, it becomes more difficult to understand where your Deepest Self is coming from when she communicates with you, so you may misinterpret her message.

The amazing thing is your Deepest Self is like one of your oldest friends. Even if you don't communicate for some time, when you do come back to each other, things resume quite easily. Your Deepest Self never judges you or feels angry towards you. She is compassionate and loving. She is peace. And she always wants the best for you, and she wants you to fulfill your purpose, so if you are not listening to her, she will continue to work in the background. She is strong, and she works with the magnificent electromagnetic activity of your heart (5000 times stronger than the electromagnetic activity of your brain, remember?!). Therefore the further you stray from your purpose, the louder will be her actions in your life, until eventually you taken notice.

Words comprise a tiny portion of communication – approximately seven percent in fact. Your Deepest Self, in all her power, does not work with words. She works with action. She has the power to influence events in your life, events designed to provide you with incentive to move back to the path of your Soul's purpose.

These events are not always 'easy', and often they seem like a difficult challenge. Your Deepest Self designs them this way because she knows what your Soul wants in this lifetime. She has an intimate knowledge of the software, and she offers you the opportunity to return to its Source. When you do, you recognize the lesson in the challenge, which allows you to move forward positively, and create more peace in your life. If you choose not to recognize the lesson, and continue to resist the glitch in the software, you will not find peace and the struggle will continue until you choose to learn the lesson.

At 16 years of age, I was diagnosed with glandular fever. I was exhausted, stressed and malnourished. My fatigue stemmed from attempting to prove my worth in every area of my life – schoolwork, netball, athletics, boyfriends. I was an achievement junkie and I refused to listen to

my body's requests to slow down. As a result I was debilitated for six weeks, unable to effectively function. It was all I could do to move my body and get out of bed some days.

Because you are an astute reader, you've probably noticed there seems to be a pattern emerging – I push myself beyond my limits because I try to prove my worth to everyone else, and I end up in a heap! Well, here's another one (let's return to my hole in Darwin)

...

After a few months of medicating myself with a bottle of wine to numb the pain and loneliness, and feeling a level of fatigue I had not experienced since I was 16 years old, I visited an army doctor. He listened to my explanation and, despite my attempts to remain tough during my visit with him, he saw straight through me. He listened carefully to me and asked me pointed questions like,

"Do you ever wish you didn't have to face the day?" Yes.

"Have you ever considered taking your own life?" No. I never thought about that. I am too afraid of that. No. I haven't considered it.

"Do you regularly get cold and flu symptoms?" Um, yes. And my back is painful. It is sore all the time – I don't feel like I'm 27. I feel like I'm about 57!

The doctor suggested I may have depression and referred me to a psychiatrist, who told me she would only work with me when I decided to use anti-depressants. I didn't feel entirely comfortable with this, but I wanted to feel better. And I am a good girl, so I took them. I began to take anti-depressants and I became one of those people who regularly sees a shrink. Although the sessions with the psychiatrist were helpful for me, and allowed me to process old wounds, I felt ashamed because I was 'in therapy'. I felt weak.

The anti-depressants made me feel better, but they had other effects I didn't appreciate. Mostly, I never wanted to have sex. Before I had met James, sex had never really been an enjoyable process for me. I used it as another way to please the man I was with. Often, if he reached orgasm before I did, I would simply stop, foregoing my own pleasure because he had already reached climax.

Probably because of the depth of our relationship, James had shown me I could enjoy sex, and it was a process of mutual pleasure. We had always had an enjoyable sexual relationship. But the drugs dampened it, so it once again became a mundane act, which provided me little pleasure.

It was the bottom of the hole for me. AGAIN.

At this point in my life, I decided the only way to get what I want is to take action and do something about it. I stopped taking anti-depressants and discontinued therapy. It was time to reconnect with my Deepest Self.

Defining Moment

When were the times in your life when, after building a rapport with your Deepest Self, you took the relationship for granted, and stopped communicating? What were the consequences?

Re-Establishing Communication

And so I found yoga. I became a regular devotee. Every week I would go to my beginner class and feel my body opening like I had not known before. Regularly, at the end of a session when we did a meditation on our backs, called 'Yoga Nidra', I would fall asleep and my teacher would come over to gently bring me back. At first I felt embarrassed, but when I realized I was not to be scolded for being a bad girl, I let go of the embarrassment. Each week for an hour and a half I would completely devote myself to the integration of my body and mind – and watch how they would battle with each other during a pose. This practice of yoga was something I looked forward to every week, and not only because of the effects it was having on my physical body, but the stillness I felt when I entered a class. I knew for two hours every Tuesday afternoon I would be completely focused on me, on my body, on my spirit. I had instigated a regular practice of devotion to self.

***Devotion To Self** – it is the concept to keep your heart open and healthy. Devotion to Self assists you to create balance within you. When you devote yourself to you (to your Deepest Self), lessons present themselves so you can grow and find new ways to create greater balance. Devotion to Self invokes feelings of peace, love and happiness.*

Defining Moment

Think about the last time you did something purely for you. And I'm not talking about buying a pair of shoes, or a new dress. I'm referring to spending time with you – having a facial, having a massage, exercising in nature, doing yoga or meditation. How do you feel afterwards? Are you grateful for the time you have devoted to making you feel special, important or valued? What happens when you feel valued?

The 'Real' Things I Want

Yoga helped me re-establish connection and communication with my Deepest Self. I felt stronger, yet more flexible. In those times of yoga class I would have conversations with my Deepest Self, as my Ego looked on.

My reconnection with my Deepest Self helped me decide what was important to me. I decided to leave the army, for a variety of reasons, but mainly because I didn't love it. Twice I had hit rock bottom, and twice I had pulled myself out – not because I found satisfaction in what I am doing, but because I had taken the time to begin to remember Who I Am.

As I remember Who I Am, I start to ask myself the question “What Do I Want?”. The relationship with my Deepest Self may not have strengthened to the point of hearing its answers to this question, but that's okay. As a woman, it is important to ask yourself this question regularly because, being born as women, we naturally have more of a nurturing and supportive side FOR OTHERS. We often tend to focus on the needs of others, at the expense of our own needs. Asking “What Do I Want?” shines the light on YOU, on the part of you who already knows your desired direction along the path of life.

Creating Balance

As a woman, you embody characteristics of the masculine and the feminine. By virtue of being born as a woman, you are 51 percent feminine and 49 percent masculine.

Your challenge is to strike a fine balance between these characteristics. For how can you create harmony, balance and flow in a relationship with another if you are unable to do it within yourself? When you learn to create balance between these opposing forces within yourself you begin to manifest your truth and reality.

To do this, there will be times where it is tough. You may experience the hatred of a mother's actions, which you tried to bury all those years ago. You may experience the hurt of your father you 'thought you had dealt with'. And when that happens you can choose to express, forgive and show compassion – and thereby regain your energy, or you can bury it a little further down in your body, so it can fester for a few more months, a few more years, until it pops up again for you to deal with. And it will. Maybe not in the same way, but it will.

Defining Moment

Sit for a moment and think of a situation, about which you continue to feel ashamed, guilty, angry or sad. As you remember this situation, notice what you feel in your body. Do you feel heat? Do you feel nausea? Do you feel tension? What do you FEEL? Notice where it is in your body, and then ask your Deepest Self what it is related to in your life? Don't be afraid of this answer. It may be a person, or a situation you have not forgiven. Your Deepest Self would not offer this up to you if you were not ready to deal with it. Record any thoughts and feelings here.

This feeling in your body is energy. This energy is leaking from you. It is causing you to feel tired, emotional, sore. It is causing you to hold weight, bite your fingernails, erupt in anger at seemingly insignificant issues. This feeling has power over you, and it is creating resistance in your life, so instead of FLOWING with the POWER of life, you FORCE situations, events, people.

***To create balance permits you to operate from a space of POWER,
rather than FORCE.***

The masculine exhibits extroverted strength and ability to relate and interact with the external world. The gentle feminine has the ability to support and create space, so the masculine may provide direction and she may support its creation.

So often however this is a struggle for us. We are constantly in a state of flux. We are bombarded with information about balancing – our life work balance, balancing our priorities, balancing our masculine and our feminine. But what does it all mean?

It is likely you already have an awareness of the masculine as your ‘doingness’, and the feminine as your ‘beingness’. This is probably not new for you. What you may experience is that you DO, and keep doing until you experience exhaustion, and then realise you have to take a break and rejuvenate, so you BE. Often this may be a forced stop. An event or dis-ease in your body occurs, so you have no choice but to STOP.

Imagine a rollercoaster. You take off, head up a hill, with great mechanical force, and when you get to the top you coast really fast down a steep hill, around a few bends, up and over a few loops, and then you stop dead, only to do it all over again. It was all the hard work at the beginning that gave you the thrill, so you could just coast. After the initial exhilaration you feel exhausted, because of the adrenaline rush. However, it allowed you to truly experience life in

the present moment, didn't it? You waited patiently, as the rollercoaster trudged up the hill, and then you EXPERIENCED. A rollercoaster is an experience manufactured by humans. It is made from masculine energy. Is it then any wonder it follows this pattern?

Now imagine the waves of the ocean. As you sit on the shore and watch the waves, you notice they come in different sizes, different lengths, at different times, and offering different experiences for their riders. They are unique, each and every one. They move with the tide, and they align with their purpose. The surrounding ocean supports their movement and direction. They need no force. They do not need to push. There are no mechanics involved. Their power is evident. Their flow is never-ending. Force is unnecessary. The waves of the ocean represent the feminine energy of Mother Earth. True power.

The universally understood symbol of balance is Yin Yang. The yin and the yang are perfect complements to each other. The yang represents the masculine – the colour, the light, the boldness and the bright. The yin represents the feminine – the darkness, the reflection, the space for the light, the place in which the light may shine. If the darkness is not spacious and clear, there is no space for the light to shine, the shadows will be too prominent. It is important the space is clear.

Defining Moment

“What Do I Want?” Sit for five minutes and write all the things that come to you, in the answering of this question. Do not judge them or analyse them. Just write them down. Are most of them tangible things, or are they things you feel? If they are tangible things, how do you feel when you have them? As a woman, it is important to consider this because your predominant feminine (simply because you are a woman) feels more than she sees.

Once you understand this, it becomes easier to communicate your needs and desires to others, because the predominant masculine is about visualisation. It is about seeing. You, as a woman, are brilliant at FEELING, when you allow yourself to experience it.

Allow yourself to FEEL what it is you want. If something disturbs you about your feelings go deeper. Continue to explore the shadow until you no longer experience the discomfort. Then the space will be clear so the masculine light and colour will appear. Then you know you have created space for what you want.

Understanding The Yin-Yang of Money-Intimacy

Money is a masculine symbol. It is energy, but it is a symbol of masculinity. The long-held belief in our culture is that money must be earned. You must WORK HARD for it, and it will give you what you want. Beliefs about money energy are more powerful than any other energy in our cultural belief, because we believe it is the only way we will get what we want in the physical world.

The symbol of money correlates with the patriarchal dominance of our society over the last 2000 years. It is a manufactured commodity – manufactured out of our dominant masculine beliefs, based in competition and scarcity. Is it any wonder it can be associated with such pain and struggle?

Intimacy is representative of the feminine. It is a way of BEING. There is no force in intimacy. It cannot be manufactured. Simply connecting with ‘what is’, and accepting ‘what will be’ create intimacy. It is vulnerability. Intimacy is truth.

Our masculine culture believes it is BAD to be vulnerable. It fights against the feminine way of truth. At each time of my life when I was forced to a grinding halt, I had been working hard to prove my worthiness, to myself and to others. I was not happy about being forced to stop and be still, and I was definitely not grateful for the time to be vulnerable.

I felt weak, because I judged myself as weak.

I was working from the paradigm of ...

***“I must be doing. I must be proving. I must be achieving,
otherwise I am worthless.”***

Yes. The masculine interpretation of success is so deeply ingrained in us as women we have forgotten what it is to be in the feminine. Even the bra-burning feminists of the 1960’s, God bless them, were trying FIX the world.

Finding Peace In The Balance

In the iconic song “I Am Woman”, of 1972, Helen Reddy said

*"I am still an embryo,
With a long, long way to go,
Until I MAKE my brothers understand."*

It is a powerful and much-loved song, but we don't need to make our brothers understand anything. They are part of us.

You simply find comfort in who you are – a delicate balance of feminine and masculine, of yin-yang – and the understanding grows. As understanding grows, so does compassion. It is a given.

The true feminine is the symbol of intimacy. The true feminine is open, spacious, fertile, and growing. It is not cramped and stagnant. It is creative. It is always creating. It is always spacious. It is vulnerable. And how can that be a bad thing?

When a woman births she opens to her truth of purpose. She opens to her Soul. She opens herself to allow a new creation to express itself in the world. This creation originated in her heart.

Expression

When you open to your Soul, your gift is expression of creation. It is important for us to communicate (express) from our heart and to express it in its purest form through sound (voice). When you do this you access your unique vibration, and you birth it into the world. You allow the divine force of POWER to express itself through you.

Intimacy is vulnerability. It is the feminine and we judge it as bad. Money is the masculine and we judge it as bad. We are judging both as bad. Neither are bad – we have only made judgements about them. If we believe there is something wrong with the world our creations will reflect this belief. When you know the world is perfect as it is, that you are part of this perfection, you can begin to express your creation in truth.

You will allow the divine feminine to express through you, so the masculine can manifest in the physical world. When you allow the divinity of the feminine of intimacy to express itself through your unique voice, you understand and TRUST everything you need will be in your life as you need it. You create balance

When money is required to have what you want, the money will take masculine form, because you are clear about who you are, what you want and why, and you trust in your ability to express your creation. If another resource is required for the expression of your creation, you will create it. It is simple. We have made it complex.

So, What Do You Want?

What Does Your Deepest Self Desire?

Intimacy provides space, and comfort in the space, so you may appreciate beauty in each moment, whilst acknowledging this time will pass. 'Things' wear out. Moments pass. People die. Everything has a life span and the only true intimacy is with the energy connecting us all. This energy is only experienced when we allow ourselves the space to be vulnerable.

Intimacy is acknowledging the vulnerability of letting go of your own preconceptions of yourself as not enough, and accepting your own perfection right now. You no longer need to feel 'better than' another when you accept your perfection, because in acknowledging your perfection you accept the perfection of all humanity.

When you allow intimacy and space into your life, you create wealth and richness. You accept the energy of perfection and you are no longer afraid of 'being less than', or 'being found out'. You are no longer afraid of being destroyed.

When you are not afraid you will make decisions that reflect your respect for yourself, your partner and your wellbeing.

You do not respect yourself when you receive money out of fear. Nor do you respect yourself when you treat your partner poorly. When you allow yourself to be vulnerable, whilst remaining connected to your source of energy and POWER, you truly accept all you desire.

As I learned to respect myself again, and rebuild a relationship with my deepest self, I remembered I am a good person, and I *deserve* respect. As a consequence, I took actions, and placed the intention on finding situations, and people, to confirm this new belief.

Chapter Seven

Learning To Feel

For four years, after the breakdown of my first marriage, my relationship with James was riddled with guilt on my part. Despite having made positive changes in my life, I had not forgiven myself for the hurt I had created – to me and to others.

My first marriage breakdown provided me with huge opportunities for growth and, in some ways I seized the opportunities with both hands. In other ways, I chose not to learn the lessons available, because it was easier to stick with what I knew.

I was afraid of how others would judge me when they found out I was a divorcee, because I judged myself. I was afraid to ever commit to marriage again. I had identified my pattern of making my partner more important than me, but I had not yet convinced myself I would not repeat that pattern. I didn't TRUST myself.

I had created change. It was huge change and it turned my world upside down. As a result I was in a new, loving relationship, with a man who encouraged me. I was learning about self-respect. I wasn't prepared to trust myself to go any further just yet. There were still too many feelings of guilt and shame. There was still too much underlying pain I wasn't ready to feel. I was learning about my Deepest Self, but I was afraid of becoming more intimate with her. She was confronting. She was challenging and I didn't believe I was ready for more challenge just yet.

I did not trust myself so I did not trust James completely. How can I trust another person completely when I do not trust myself completely? For a long time I was not prepared to address this question.

My depression was symptomatic of my lack of preparedness to FEEL my pain. This lack of preparedness was not a conscious decision. It was the result of years of denial on my part about the decisions I made as a little girl.

Going Deeper ... And Deeper

As you continue to ask yourself

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Desire?

You discover what really matters to you – at a core level. You become clearer about the importance of environments, situations and people in your life.

As intimacy with the most important person in your life, your Deepest Self, increases, the ‘need’ to feel safe through the acquisition and storage of money decreases. This is because you learn, and you are shown, that you are supported with whatever you need, at any given point in time.

As intimacy increases, and you begin to trust your Deepest Self more and more, you begin to take a greater level of responsibility for your actions and the results in your world.

This can be challenging, and it can be confronting. As your level of intimacy with you grows, so does your connection with your Soul. The gateway – your heart – continues to open and offers you stronger opportunities to FEEL. Past Situations or events you thought you had ‘dealt with’ offer themselves up for new learning, because now, rather than just ‘figuring it all out’ and thinking away ‘the reason’ for their presentation, now you have the opportunity to FEEL the emotion associated with them.

When you embrace the FEELING completely, and EXPRESS this feeling, you can RELEASE it. Once you RELEASE the FEELING from your body, the event is truly dealt with for now.

How often have you been presented with a situation or event and, because you are an intelligent, aware woman, you immediately analyse it, and come to a conclusion as to the reason why this has happened in your life?

It is also likely you are probably a generally positive person so, as you ponder the significance of this event, you conclude the event serves a positive purpose for you. The problem arises for you because, despite your best efforts to remain positive, you are being challenged in similar situations.

I decided, at a young age, my dad leaving us was one of the best things that happened to us as a family. When Dad left we moved back to our old town, I returned to my old school, reconnected with my friends, and I felt much less restricted in my activities.

I was always a naturally positive person. My mum reinforced this quality in me by constantly teaching me there is a positive reason behind everything that happens to us.

The problem was, even though I am a positive person, I still experienced the loss of my dad from my life when I was 10 years old. The man I loved and trusted most in the world decided to leave me, and I felt abandoned by him. If this is a positive situation, why do I feel sad? I shouldn't be feeling sad – he's happy about his choice, we are moving back home, and all will work out in the end. It's useless to feel sad about it, I should just get on with being tough and making sure my mum and sisters are okay in all of this.

A few weeks later, when my dad took us to introduce us to his new life, it felt strange to me. Immediately we were playing happy families with this woman I had never met before, and her two daughters. But it all appeared quite normal, so I should just be grateful for what they are giving me.

We never discussed how I felt about him leaving. He never asked me if I felt sad, upset, angry, betrayed, or abandoned. We didn't discuss those things because he was unable to discuss them. He was closed. It was easier for him to pretend everything was normal, and therefore to encourage me to believe this too.

**I never allowed myself to FEEL sad, upset, angry, betrayed or abandoned
as a result of my dad leaving our family home.**

**I decided it was better to be 'tough' and get on with the business of living,
rather than feel these USELESS EMOTIONS.**

In the ten years following my dad's departure from our family home, I experienced many situations, involving him, where I just wanted to run and hide. Often I would go for long periods without speaking to my dad, because I was unable, and unprepared to deal with the emotions thrashing around inside of me.

I taught myself it was easier to shut down the emotion, and shut the person out of my life, rather than express how I was feeling. I never felt like I had a right to speak out about my role in all of this. I should just accept these things happen and people are entitled to their choices. He was better off and so were we.

These choices I made about the importance of my emotions and feelings impacted my relationships with men. I invited men into my life who were closed and distant in some way because, even though I didn't always like the way I felt about their treatment of me, I was

comfortable with it. I felt *uncomfortable* with boys who were able to express their emotions. As a result, I would not allow them in. I would not encourage them to become more than friends with me.

It was too confronting for me to allow them in because, what if I decided to trust them and they left me too? It was easier to keep them at arm's length. It was safer, because then there was less chance of being hurt. It was easier to believe I was not worthy of having someone stay around.

At the age of ten years old I donned my suit of armour, and closed the door to the safe of my heart.

*With this decision I offered myself a life of abandonment,
because I was NOT PREPARED TO FEEL the agony of this situation.*

I decided, and therefore created the belief that I could not trust men in my life.

Until you bring awareness to your core beliefs, you will continue to attract situations and people into your life, which prove your belief. It is the nature of things – if you believe something so strongly, and you 'know' you are right, of course you will look for ways to prove yourself right. Otherwise you would be wrong, and that could make you vulnerable because you would have to challenge yourself and find a new belief. And vulnerability is bad. Vulnerability opens you up to attack.

Each time you challenge a core belief, you open your heart a little wider. You question the decision made by the scared little girl and ask yourself "Is that the truth for me?"

Do you want to continue to believe those things? Or are you prepared to open yourself up to 'attack'?

Nothing real can be threatened.

Nothing unreal exists.

- A Course In Miracles

If nothing REAL can be threatened, and what comes from your heart and Soul is REAL, how will you be vulnerable to attack when you challenge your beliefs?

You are REAL. Your heart is REAL. Your feelings are REAL.

Big girls DO cry. They cry a river often,

Because they FEEL the pain and ecstasy of being human.

Big girls understand a woman is connected with her Deepest Self,

And her Deepest Self FEELS and EXPRESSES her feelings,

Because she knows this is how to heal, and how to attract her desires.

Defining Moment

What do you know are your core beliefs about intimacy, about safety, about money? What are those beliefs, which have caused you to create recurring patterns in your life? What results have they produced for you? Which of these beliefs are you prepared to let go of now? Be honest. Before you answer this question, you may want to review the process of meditation / connecting with your Deepest Self in Chapter 6. If there is not enough space here, grab your journal and write for as long as you need.

Creating What I Want Means Challenging My Beliefs

No matter what the circumstance, every day I woke up and stayed, or did something my Deepest Self did not want to do, I made a conscious decision *not to be creative*. I decided *not to express my feminine*. I decided *not to respect my Deepest Self*.

I felt isolated. I felt unappreciated. I felt trapped.

Every time you decide not to do what you truly want to do, decide NOT to speak the truth and stay confined within your inherited, and limiting, belief system, you feel alone.

You feel alone because you are unprepared to trust your most intimate relationship – that with your Deepest Self.

The changes I made, as a result of my depression, helped me to feel less burdened. I had opened my heart to a new level of intimacy with my Deepest Self. It was time to go deeper.

My decision to leave the army saw me embark upon full time study. We moved to country Victoria and lived on an army base. It was the first time since the age of 14 that I was not earning my own wage. After a few months, due to my level of discomfort with 'being supported' by James' wage, I started two part-time jobs – one as a swim teacher and one as a massage therapist at the local chiropractic clinic.

Despite James' assurances he understood my decision for full time study, I felt worthless. I was earning much less than I had earned for 10 years, and I still felt trapped! And I felt guilty for allowing myself to be a burden to him.

**I was unable to RECEIVE THE GIFT of listening to, and following my heart,
and knowing I would be taken care of.**

Why did I not allow myself to feel supported? Here was my belief structure ...

I was earning virtually no money.

EARNING money equals EARNING respect.

If I was earning no money, therefore I was not earning respect.

If I'm not earning respect, I'm obviously NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

My unconscious core belief was:

When I create intimacy with my Deepest Self and embrace my feminine, follow my heart and live according to my deepest desires and values, I am not good enough.

Defining Moment

When is a time in your life when you have not allowed yourself to receive support? Why?

Letting Go

When you have not afforded yourself the GIFT of feeling past traumatic events and decisions, no amount of positive thinking about each future situation will provide relief.

Your Deepest Self is aligned with your heart and Soul, therefore she encourages you to FEEL EVERYTHING. She knows the thoughts in your conscious mind, if not aligned with your subconscious mind, provide mild relief. She knows

**You must RELEASE these LIMITING BELIEFS AND DECISIONS
so they are no longer part of your life, if you are to JOURNEY FORWARD on the path of
your SOUL**

Your Deepest Self understands there is some pain associated with this path, but she continues to reassure you that, once you have FELT the emotion associated with the event (and its subsequent, similar events), and challenged your unconscious belief, it is no longer necessary for you to relive the experience in future events. You have released it from your psyche.

Such is the power of your Deepest Self. Such is the power of the feminine energy of intimacy.

If you're like me though, your conscious mind won't give up that easily. Your Ego is not prepared to give up without a fight. So it is a process. The more you can bring your awareness to this process, the greater the opportunity for growth.

My Deepest Self continued to ask me the question:

*“When you will decide to feel the trauma of your dad leaving,
so you can release these limiting decisions and beliefs you have made
about your ability to create what you want?”*

She knew I would answer this question when I was ready but, until that time, she would continue to offer me events that proved my existing belief, so I could challenge it IF I CHOOSE.

When would I choose NOW?

Chapter Eight

How To Create Real Intimacy

During my pregnancy with Abby, we had arguments about the amount of time James spent at work, the amount he drank when he went out on weekends. I was worried about how he would be as a father. I didn't trust him to be there for me when I needed him. I didn't trust *I would not be abandoned.*

Sure, maybe he was working a lot. Maybe he was drinking a little too much on weekends, but I was focusing on these things, rather than allowing myself to receive the other amazing ways he demonstrated to me how excited he was about us becoming parents together!

Still, I was not allowing myself to *feel supported.* Still, I was unprepared to trust I was *receiving* everything I need to *create what I want.*

It didn't matter what James did, I continued to look for situations and events, which confirmed my belief that I was not supported, because I did not believe

I am good enough.

I was earning a little money through my massage work, but James had become 'the provider' of our financial income. I continued to feel GUILTY about my lack of financial contribution. I DID NOT WANT TO FEEL SUPPORTED!

When Abby was born, my feelings of guilt subsided somewhat – I became completely consumed with my new role as a mother. At least now I had something to show for all my hard work. It didn't matter that I wasn't busy out earning money now – I could stop feeling like people saw me as lazy and worthless.

But there was no pleasure in my life.

Abby's birth was a painful process for me. We experienced some complications and, as her head began to push its way out, my body strained, and I agreed for the doctor to cut me. During my pregnancy I was very in touch with my body. I wanted to experience it to its full degree, and my connection with my body was strong. With my connection came a level of 'letting go', of decreased control. I knew what I wanted for my birth, and I trusted my body would provide me the circumstances. As the hours ticked on during labour, and the physical pain became unbearable at times, I began to doubt my ability to do it. I lost connection. I lost the intimacy with my body, because of fear.

In the months after Abby's birth my fear impinged even more on my life. I shut down my sexuality, because it was painful. It was a traumatic experience birthing this child, and I felt guilty about it. I loved this beautiful human being so much, yet her physical manifestation had caused me so much pain. How did this affect my life? I didn't know if I wanted another child. I didn't know if I wanted to go through the pain again. I was angry at her for causing me so much pain. I was angry I had not been able to control her.

***I associated this amazing, miraculous, creative part of my body with pain, and I shut it down. It was no longer associated with pleasure -
I decided stimulation of my sexual organs was painful.***

When we did begin having sex again after Abby was born, months after she was born, I didn't enjoy it.

Another Word On Your Energetic Anatomy

Your base chakra and your sacral chakra – your body’s energy centres – are located in the lower half of your torso. Imagine the base chakra sitting somewhere around your tailbone, and your sacral chakra around your sacrum. These two chakras are associated with all aspects of the physical world, and also your interaction within it. The energy in these centres represents your ability to feel safe, and also how you feel in relationship with others. The health of these energy centres is integral to the health of your relationship with money, you and power.

To keep them healthy it is essential you practice self-loyalty and self-respect – Devotion to Self. When these two chakras are unhealthy you will not perceive you, or your world, as ‘safe’ or ‘secure’. You will attempt to put measures in place to ‘protect yourself’ from the big bad world. You will attempt to control your surroundings. You will repeat emotional patterns over and over, because you are not allowing yourself to **feel**. Because you don’t

BELIEVE IT IS SAFE TO FEEL

After Abby’s birth I did not feel safe. I did not want to feel, because it was too painful. As a result I denied myself the ability to not only feel pain, but also to feel pleasure in my sexuality.

It was about 7.30pm on Wednesday night and I was alone. Again. My baby was asleep, my husband was at work, and I was here. Alone. If I wasn’t so angry, I may just enjoy this time.

It was hot outside. November in Darwin is termed ‘the build-up’ and ‘the silly season’. Every day the heat and humidity builds to a point where you wish the clouds would just open up and release all that stored water, but they don’t. They just keep holding on to it and the humidity builds and builds. It will go for days like that – no relief – until one day it pours. It can send you crazy.

Suicides in 'the silly season' hit an all time high. Some feel their pain is too much to bear – they can't escape the craziness of this weather, which is so hot and oppressive and offers no relief – they feel as though they are at boiling point but can't boil over. It becomes too much.

Inside our home, the air conditioner was on full power. It allowed us to escape from the heat, providing temporary relief – to get some rest and rejuvenation – until morning.

I was sitting down with a glass of white wine when I heard his Californian mini-moke enter the driveway. He was home. I had not spoken to him for about three days and tonight we would be having dinner together. I wondered what we would have to talk about.

We didn't really talk anymore. He was too busy preparing for war. His head was always in work and when he was home, he wasn't really with us. Our once rock solid companionship had deteriorated into co-habitation in the space of less than a year. I cooked and cleaned for him. He had a clean bed to sleep in, and I was prepared to satisfy him sexually occasionally – but not too often. Why would I want to? I had no emotional connection with him anymore. When we had sex, it was just sex to me, and just another way I was 'giving' to him. I didn't feel like I was receiving anything in return.

The truth was, I was actually looking forward to not having him in my house anymore. At least I would only be caring for one child then. I would have more time for me, because I wouldn't be sitting around at night, waiting, wondering whether he was going to come home before I went to bed. And then on the nights he did come home, wondering whether he would want me to 'put out' and satisfy him.

I was tired of playing second fiddle to his work. I didn't want to feel unimportant anymore. I was angry my efforts to make his life as easy as possible went un-noticed. I was doing it tough too. I

was raising a baby on my own. I had never done it before. Sometimes I just wanted to share my joys, my fears, my grief with someone. But I didn't feel like I could do that with him anymore.

He was too busy. He was carrying the burden of preparing 100 soldiers for war. It was his explanation for every moment of non-presence with me. He was taking on the responsibility for their lives, as well as his own. He was afraid it would be on his shoulders if one of them didn't come home. So, he believed it was important he demonstrate to them now, how much he valued them.

What About Me?

What if he never came home? How was he showing me how much he valued me? Or the miracle we had created just 11 months earlier? He felt cared for and valued by me, because he thought he had everything he needed when he came home. His kingdom was in order. He was unable, or unprepared to acknowledge the absence of any form of emotional connection.

Did I tell him any of this? No. Instead I continued to suffer in silence. I allowed him to make his work, and himself more important than our family unit. More important than me. My feelings of being unsupported had hit an all time high! After months of living that way I was fed up. I was counting down the days until he left. And I was already imagining the freedom I would feel when he was gone.

I walked out into the kitchen to greet him, and to serve our dinner.

Deep breath ... "Hi Babe, how was your day?" Necessary pleasantries.

"I'm stuffed" There was an issue with the deployment in three days' time. He had been dealing with it all day. Time to switch off and nod every so often. Just prepare dinner.

"... Ash gave me a call today and I'm gonna go out and have a few beers with him tonight" ...

What?

"What about dinner?" Not what I really wanted to say.

"Yeah, I'll have a quick dinner and then I'll call a cab".

"Oh, okay."

Oh, okay? What? Are you just going to sit here and take this? You have an opportunity to sit down for a meal together and connect, and he wants to go out with his mate? He will go away in three days, you won't see him for months, and it is okay? I don't think so. It's time to stand up and use your voice, Kirsty. Stop being weak.

He was in the shower. "Um, about tonight." Breathe. "You are going away on Saturday, so I'd really like you to stay home."

"I haven't seen Ash since the wedding, and I want to have a beer with a mate".

"I'd really like you to stay home".

"Why?"

Why? ... Why? Was he serious? Were we living on the same planet?

"Because I haven't really seen you either and I thought it would be nice to sit down and have a meal together".

"I see you every day. We'll have dinner together tomorrow night. You always do this. I just want to go out and have a few beers. I've been working hard and I want to see my mate. Stop trying to make me feel guilty".

I didn't know what else to say. I walked back out to the kitchen. My stomach was churning. I felt sick. Something was happening in my body. I wasn't crying. I didn't feel sad. My heart was racing and I felt a huge lump in my throat. I was enraged.

After months of support – playing the good little wife – this was my repayment? To be accused of trying to make him feel guilty.

Enough. The volcano, which had been bubbling inside had just begun to erupt. He walked out, dressed to go out. I attempted to remain calm.

"I just wanted to have dinner with you. I don't think it's too much to ask right now."

"Babe, we can have dinner tomorrow night. I'm going to Iraq in three days. Who knows when I'll see Ash again? I don't want to pass up this opportunity. He's only in town tonight."

No more deep breaths. The force of the volcano was too strong. "WHO KNOWS WHEN YOU'LL SEE ASH AGAIN? WHO KNOWS WHEN YOU'LL SEE ME AGAIN!" Wow. My voice was louder than I thought it would be.

"All I have been doing is looking after you for the last eight months. You hardly see our baby, you don't speak to me, except to tell me about your dramas at work. We don't talk anymore. We used to be so good at it. Now I just come along to one of your squadron functions and I'm the good little wife. I've been trying and trying to be noticed by you, AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH A MATE, THREE NIGHTS BEFORE YOU GO TO WAR!"

He was angry. "Yeah, I'm about to go to war. And I'm not going to have any free time for months. I want to see my mate. I want to have a beer with him. I'm so sick and tired of you trying to make me feel guilty. I'm just going to call a cab now. I'm just gonna go." He walked over to the phone.

No. I felt sick. I could not hold it down any longer. This volcano had been at boiling point for too many months, and it was ready to blow.

"STOP! Put the phone down. YOU ARE NOT GOING". Loud now. A volume and strength I had not heard in my voice since my college days, shouting drill commands to troops on the parade ground. He stopped.

At that moment I was thankful for the humidity outside, and the need to close the house for the air-conditioning. I didn't want the neighbours to hear the intensity of this argument.

"WHAT?! YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I don't want to stay here and have dinner with you. I want to go out with Ash. You are being a selfish bitch."

And then it happened – a force and a rage too strong for my small body to contain. An energy so hot and intense, nothing would hold it back. Before I knew what was happening, my arm was raised and my hand was connecting with his face with great force. All I saw was the shock on his face on impact – his anger and intense dislike momentarily turned to shock and fear.

Oh my god. What had I done? The flow of hot, molten lava had erupted with the slap, and the sound that left my body was immense. I was shaking – convulsing, and great sobs were now leaving me. Months of my own self-degradation and subjugation were rushing to the surface, and being amplified by the guilt I now felt for assaulting the man I loved, in our kitchen.

I turned and ran to our bedroom. I wanted to hide from him. I didn't care now if he went out. I didn't know where it came from, yet I knew I had started a flow of energy that was now too strong to contain. I couldn't pretend anymore.

At some point I felt him come into our bedroom and place his arms around me. "I'm not going." I heard him say. He did stay there for the rest of the night, holding me as I wept, and only after the lava had created a river of tears would I sleep, exhausted from months of trying to control the outburst.

We didn't speak about the incident again. It was too raw. He was going away in a couple of days, so why ruin our last two days together by attempting to work it out. Neither of us wanted to risk the possibility of another eruption. Let the dust settle. Allow the river of lava to naturally dissipate and cool, and enjoy these two days together with our little girl.

On the morning of the deployment, we hardly spoke. It was difficult to know what to say when communication had eroded to this point. The truth was spoken three nights earlier, and nothing could take it back. All we could do now was spend some time apart, and take time to make our own individual sense of it.

As we entered the airport into a sea of green, I felt a sense of comfort, knowing James would be among friends. I stood by him as his documents were processed, and his bags were prepared to be loaded. I walked with him to the passenger lounge, and sat for a while, as they waited to board the plane.

After a while, when it was obvious to both of us we were prolonging a necessary farewell, I decided it was time to leave. Tears welled in my eyes as I prepared to let go of this man, who had been my best friend for what seemed like forever. But I couldn't look into his eyes. I was still feeling remorseful for hitting him. I was angry at myself and I thought he was angry at me too.

"See ya". It was all I could muster, whilst remaining 'tough'. "We'll see you in a few months."

"Yeah. You take care of yourself." He hugged Abby. She hugged him back. "I'll call you when I can. I love you". The lump in my throat got bigger, and was becoming more difficult to contain the wall of water pushing at the backs of my eyes.

“Okay. I love you too.” I turned and walked away. I didn’t look back. I couldn’t. I didn’t want my eyes to betray me. Because the sadness I was feeling was not in saying goodbye to James, but in the fact I had allowed myself to get to this point again.

Why did I do it again? I allowed myself to become so unimportant to the point of exhaustion. I had made myself unimportant so I was feeling undervalued and unappreciated. I had undervalued myself so what I wanted wasn’t even considered - by me or by my partner.

As I descended the escalator, and could no longer feel his eyes on the back of my head, I felt a weight lift from my shoulders. I felt relief, for the first time in months. Now I had a chance to live the way I wanted to live because he was gone. And then another hole in the dam wall, as tears welled with the guilt I felt for thinking this way.

In the following months I made the decision to change myself, and to change my life. Again. I recognized this opportunity as a gift – I did not have to run away from this marriage. He had provided me the space I needed to create the change I was craving.

Learning ‘Real’ Intimacy

In his absence, with the reassurance of financial security, I implemented a routine of self-nurture. I had regular massage, I made time to stay fit and healthy. I began to meditate regularly. I did yoga.

With only me to please, and a small person to care for, I learned how to create internal balance. I began to hear my Deepest Self more and more. I created space to spend time with her, and knew I had begun a process of self-valuation – probably for the first time in my life.

Sure, I had made choices over the past few years, which brought me back to the path of my Soul's purpose. But even during those times I had continued to under-value myself.

I had not taken the time to THANK myself for those choices.

I had not appreciated the magnitude of the change I had created for me in my life. Instead I had constantly criticized myself for not being good enough, for not doing enough to contribute, for not having enough guts to stand up and say what I really wanted in relationship.

In James' absence, I increased my client base while working just two days a week. I experienced own independent financial abundance (though now when I am honest with myself I continued to discount this as 'pocket money', compared to James' earnings).

I spent quality time with Abby. I no longer felt resentful because I was her only carer, and I no longer felt angry because he wasn't doing his part to help. I couldn't do that anymore – I was all she had right now, and it was important I focused on helping her create health and happiness.

I spent glorious nights alone, reading, watching 'chick flicks' (and, truth be known, Australian Idol!) and enjoying being with me. I wasn't sitting waiting for anyone to come home. I wasn't feeling resentful that he wasn't home yet. I was simply here. Alone, but not lonely. As the weeks passed, I was beginning to understand the pleasure of my own company. Yes, I loved it when friends invited Abby and I to dinner, or for social occasions, but I was just as happy to spend time on our own.

I was learning the meaning and value of true intimacy.

*As a result, the creation of this space,
by embracing the feminine quality of intimacy,
allowed for a greater flow of abundance in my life.*

I created a new dialogue with James too. With thousands of kilometres between us we were able to say words, which had remained unspoken for a long time. We began to re-create the days when we would spend hours in my little tea-room at work, sharing our hearts with each other. Gradually, over time, we began to unlock the padlocks so the chains around our hearts would loosen, and allow us to breathe again.

In our dialogue, I remembered why I fell in love with him in the first place. I remembered why I felt safe with him. I remembered why I didn't want to run this time. We had created a special friendship. And he loved me, despite the 'horrible things' he knew about me. We had created a love that could endure, because it was strong and honest. We had just forgotten it for a little while, as we became swept up in our own personal drama of life, but this separation was our reminder.

Despite all this, I was unprepared to unchain my heart completely. He was still on the other side of the world. There was a certain amount of vulnerability I was prepared to accept in this circumstance, but I had allowed myself to be hurt by his actions and, in my mind, I didn't have any way of knowing I would not be hurt by his actions again.

My Ego, the part of me who likes to feel afraid, because then it gives me reason to want to be separate, would ask questions like:

"What if, when he comes home, I just fall into the same old trap and make myself unimportant again?"

"What if I am not strong enough to break this pattern?"

"He is telling me he has changed, but how can I believe it? I don't have any proof."

My Ego tells me:

“All I have is the past, and the past is painful. You have to make sure you don’t make the same mistakes again. This present is light and airy. There is space for me to be who I want to be, to have what I want to have, and to do what I want to do. I have created a great life here, on my own. I don’t want to jeopardize that by letting him in again”.

I felt independent. I was beginning to believe I CAN DO IT ALL ON MY OWN. And I can do it well.

I still wasn’t sure whether I wanted to give that up. Despite my love for him I was still unsure whether I wanted him in my life.

Defining Moment

What do you believe you will have to give up when you allow yourself to be vulnerable with another human being?

Chapter Nine

Decision, Intention, And Facing Fear

After four months apart, four months of proving to myself I could go it alone, it was time to face my greatest fear. It was time to meet this man. The man who told me he understood he had 'lost himself' and in the process had lost his connection with me.

From the perspective of distance, it appeared my 'explosion' had created a realization for James. The severity of my anger – severity not previously expressed – had caused him to 'put himself in my shoes'. Our argument forced him to look in the mirror and ask himself what was important to him.

His answer was me, our relationship, our family. And when he decided upon this answer he set about mending things, from his end. In his letters and conversations with me, he told me he no longer wanted to take advantage of me. He wanted to show me I am important to him. His intention was to 'make things right' on his return. But he also knew he could start now, by sharing his insights into his behaviour before he left.

As I listened to the words, and felt the emotion behind them, I believed him. But my Ego remained afraid. The scared little girl, who decided ...

it is too risky to love someone completely because they will let you down ...

my Ego wasn't so sure. I was prepared to give him a second chance, but my level of trust was still weak.

Four months after James left it was time for his 'half way leave'. They called it ROCL – relief out of country leave – and, although I was sure it would provide him some relief, I was not so sold on the benefits for me!

My specialty had been running away from my problems!

I did not run this time, because he had gone away instead!

But actively coming back to face my problems was new to me.

It felt uncomfortable ...

Vanuatu was the choice for our reunion. I thought it would be a great holiday destination and, after months of freezing in the desert, James wanted some relaxation in the tropical sun. And so I went about distracting myself from the fear, by organizing our holiday.

The plan was to meet up in Auckland and, after checking out New Zealand's harbour city for a couple of days, fly to Port Vila, where we would stay for a week.

"Cabin crew, prepare the cabin for landing ..."

It was the captain's voice, as we prepared to land in Auckland. My heart started to pound. I looked across at Abby, 15 months old, calm and happy. The man sitting next to her told me it had been a pleasure to sit with us. I thanked him but I was barely listening – it was hard to hear him amongst my whirling thoughts.

As the plane dipped lower and lower I felt the butterflies in my stomach multiply.

What if I just want to run away when I see him? What if I look at him and feel nothing? What if Abby doesn't know him?

Then ...

What if I see him and lose myself like I did before?

What if I forget my new independence and do whatever I think he wants me to do?

What if I don't speak up for what I want?

All these thoughts were racing through my head. I felt confused and lost. I wanted to do what is right for me, but I didn't trust myself to do it. How would he fit into this new life of mine?

In this new life I called the shots!

I am in charge.

Without him around I don't have to worry about being vulnerable.

I am strong and independent. INDEPENDENT! FREE!

Hardened. I was tough. I COULD do it on my own.

But what if he doesn't like the person I have become?

Abby was asleep. Typical. The last ten minutes of the flight she decided she would sleep. I sat on the plane until everyone else had exited, allowing her a little more time to rest. I was happy to take the extra time to digest what awaited me when I disembarked. It would be easier just to stay there. I didn't want to move. I was scared.

"Would you like some help?" It was a cabin staff member. Bringing me back to the present.

"Oh, yes please."

"I'll take your bag if you like."

"Thank you."

My companion walked with me to the gate. Her presence helped me to place one foot after another, and momentarily forget about what was waiting for me. As I spoke to her, I was distracted from looking for ways to escape, to run and hide, to not have to face the pain of the last year.

I was about to find out whether I wanted him back. Or not.

As we approached the gate I focused on the flight attendant– not looking around to see what or who was waiting. At least Abby provided a shield for me. She would be my protection as my eyes met James' eyes and attempted to hide my vulnerability.

"Here we are". The moment of truth.

"Thank you".

"Have a great holiday."

Time to look up. There he was. As I looked at him, I noticed he looked as scared as I felt. He had lost weight, and his eyes were dull.

As he saw me, and the grown baby in my arms he smiled, a hesitant fear-filled smile, and his eyes filled with tears. In that moment, in the mirror of those tears, I saw my own sadness and grief reflected. Something had changed.

Instantly I remembered why I fell in love. I was in love with this man. From metres away, words did not matter. Our Souls were speaking to each other – recalling the emotions from our

conversations over the last four months. Our Souls knew what really mattered. It was not the anger or resentment from the past.

It is the ability to forgive myself, and the other, in this moment.

So we can move forward together.

*It is the ability to use what happened to make us stronger
because that is why our Souls chose one another in this lifetime.*

To help each other be strong.

In this moment, all the pain from before does not matter.

“The past can hurt but the way I see it; you can either run from it or learn from it”

- The Lion King

I walked toward him and embraced him with our sleeping child. Abby woke and looked around, looked at James and reached up, “Dadda”. She remembered.

It was all arranged. One of the local women would look after Abby for the day, while we took a day trip to the other side of the island. As does a child of one, she took over the small resort. As we departed, she was leading her babysitter to the play area. She was confident and assured. All was well in her world.

We had been on the island for a few days now and we had chosen not to talk about before, instead choosing to enjoy this time together, and wait until he arrived home in a few months to get closure on the events leading up to his departure.

The beach and the clear blue ocean beckoned us, and we snorkeled around for hours, sometimes hand in hand, other times on our own. The touch of his body in the cool water was electrifying,

and I was reminded of the early days. Before the mutual neglect, sadness and resentment. Of the early days when we spent every waking second touching each other, stroking each other, giving and receiving love equally, without fear.

As we took our mandatory self-portrait – a snapshot in time of this glorious day – another of the tour participants approached us.

“Would you like me to take a photo for you?” He was an Aussie too.

“Sure, thanks. That would be great”. He took the photo and handed the camera back.

“Are you guys honeymooners?” We looked at each other and a spark ignited.

“No!” We both said, laughing, at the same time. Wow. We were laughing together. It had been a long time.

“Oh, you could have fooled us. My wife and I noticed on the boat on the way over here – you guys have this way of looking at each other. It ‘s obvious you are so in love with each other.”

For the next few hours we snorkeled, swam, lazed on the prepared hammocks on the beach, talked and laughed with each other, and ate delicious food. Each time his skin touched mine I was anchored with the electrifying feelings, which had been absent for so long now.

I remembered why he was valuable to me. When I let down my guard with him I felt special. I felt infused with energy. A spark was reigniting in me. I was in love again. I was laughing again. I had forgotten what it was like to laugh.

One single day, in present time with the man I loved, reminded me it was okay to remove my armour and trust my choices.

I don't need to feel afraid anymore.

Yes, there had been tough times. Yes, I had proven I could raise a child on my own. Yes, I could make it without this man in my life.

But I didn't want to do it on my own. I valued his contribution to my existence. I valued the foundation of love and friendship we had established in the six years before this trouble began. I valued him.

Food For Thought

Your Soul is the part of you, which is timeless. It is connected, and knows it is connected, to all that is. It is the home of your Deepest Self. Your Soul, like your Deepest Self, FEELS.

Your Ego resides in the part of your mind, which believes it is separate. Your Ego is afraid of your Soul, and of your Deepest Self, because it doesn't understand. Your Ego is unable to rationalize connection to all that is because, when you look out of your eyes, and into the world around you, everything appears to be separate.

When you were born as this person you see before you in the mirror, you were perfect. And you knew it. You knew it because you weren't aware of anything else. You were connected to your Soul, to all that is. Because your perfection was untainted you were connected to the perfection of your Soul's purpose. You knew it, and you lived it, day by day. Your Soul was in charge, and you allowed yourself to be supported. You were surrendered.

When your Soul remembers a present moment, which is aligned with its purpose, it surrenders. Your Soul KNOWS and your Soul FEELS.

"Oh! F#@k! Sorry!" He looked into my eyes and I almost fell over on the spot. He had the most amazing, piercing blue eyes.*

"Kirsty, this is James."

"Oh yeah, I remember you" he said. "You can call me Cheese. Everyone else does."

I couldn't speak. I felt like a fool. I was noticing strange sensations in my body, and I didn't understand them. But I was ashamed. They felt wrong. I was married. Forget the fact I didn't want to be married. I was a responsible person and I always did the right thing. Why was my body reacting this way in this moment? Get it together, Kirsty!

When your Soul meets someone in this lifetime, with whom you have an agreement to fulfill a purpose, you FEEL it. You cannot deny it. Of course you can 'think' it away, and find a 'reason' for this strange feeling (as I did when I first met James), but this Soul Mate has emerged in your life to offer you the gift of evolving Your Soul.

My first husband was my Soul Mate. He offered himself up as a sacrifice so I may BEGIN to learn the lesson of SELF ACCEPTANCE. My decision to leave him caused him pain, and it caused me pain, and his gift to me was the gift of FEELING and EXPRESSION once again.

As I learned to feel the pain I had created in my life, by deceiving myself and others, I was offered the opportunity to FORGIVE myself for my decisions. This process of FORGIVENESS and ACCEPTANCE, of myself and others, is the journey of your Soul.

Each person in your life provides your Soul with the opportunity to grow and evolve. The more intimate your relationship with a person, the greater the opportunity you have to move yourself forward on your Soul's pathway. If you CHOOSE.

Your biological family is the one into which you were born in this lifetime. Often, members of this family offer you valuable lessons and challenges. You can choose to recognize those challenges and accept them, or you can resist those challenges and feel resentment for those people and situations for the course of your life.

When you choose to resist, and instead feel resentment and non-forgiveness, you deny your Soul the opportunity to evolve. You deny your own POWER OF CHOICE, because this was the path you chose, and the Souls you chose to walk with along this path. When you deny your Soul's power of choice, you are making yourself wrong. You do not accept all that is. You do not show COMPASSION.

Your biological family, as Soul Mates, offer you constant reflection of yourself, as does an intimate partner. Those traits you 'dislike' in members of your biological family offer you the opportunity to resist the 'darkness' of your personality, or to embrace it as part of you, and to love it anyway. Before you incarnated, Your Souls connected and decided to offer these challenges to one another, so you would both learn COMPASSION AND FORGIVENESS.

The Souls of Your most intimate connections – biological family members, partners and work colleagues – offer you the greatest gifts for the EVOLUTION OF YOUR SOUL.

Compassion grows out of non-judgement, out of being in the moment and accepting things as they are. It grows as you love yourself fully, therefore you understand you love all of You – the GOOD and the BAD – and when you are one with those with whom you incarnated as biological family, you love them completely.

So it can be difficult! If it were easy your Soul would not be provided with valuable lessons for GROWTH.

Your Soul, your Deepest Self, is LOVE, but you are also human. So when you believe, in the moment, that someone has struck you, you feel human emotion.

You feel angry, hurt, upset, sad, or whatever you feel, in that moment.

The beauty of your humanness means that you MUST feel that emotion,

because that is why you are human.

If you weren't human, you wouldn't have to feel emotion.

But you are because you CHOSE to be. If you push the emotion away,

and THINK it away, you do not honour your Soul's experience as a HUMAN being. You do not honour You.

Once you recognize and FEEL emotion – you feel the heat of the anger that is pulsing through your body – you can recognize it and express it in a way, which is honourable to your Soul. Then, and only then, can you make a CHOICE to change it. Once you feel it there is no need to hold it and BLAME the other person, because you realize, in the moment, it has nothing to do with them.

Emotion is a physiological response in your body, to an event created by you,

so your Soul may experience the GIFT of its HUMANNESS,

and EVOLVE in CONSCIOUSNESS.

When You choose not to honour your Soul, the event, and Yourself, the emotion will continue to offer itself up to you, in similar events and circumstances, so you can experience it and feel it.

I never allowed myself to FEEL sad, upset, angry, betrayed or abandoned as a result of my dad leaving our family home. I decided it was better to be 'tough' and get on with the business of living, rather than feel these USELESS EMOTIONS.

*At the age of ten years old I donned my suit of armour, closed the door to the safe of my heart.
With this decision I offered myself a life of abandonment, because I was NOT PREPARED TO FEEL
the agony of this situation.*

I decided, and therefore created the belief that I could not trust men in my life.

Defining Moment

Who are the people in your life, which offer you the greatest challenges, and therefore the greatest opportunities for your Soul's evolution? In what ways have you resisted these challenges, and these opportunities for growth? What choice would you like to now make about how you will approach this/these relationship(s)?

The next few days were filled with love, laughter and shared awe of the little person we had created together, the amazing human being who had chosen us as her parents. There was so much that remained unspoken yet, as we allowed ourselves to be here in the moment, we didn't need to speak about it. Wounds were healing. I was healing. James was healing. Abby was healing.

A Woman and a Man in LOVE, who CHOSE LOVE

and a Child who remembered only LOVE,

IN THIS MOMENT.

As we said farewell he reassured me 10 weeks was not too long to wait until we saw each other again. We would start anew when he came home. We could build on this foundation. Brick by brick.

We had created new hope for our future. We had even spoken of another child. I was vulnerable again. My heart had opened wide and it felt right.

*I had trusted my Deepest Self,
Allowed her to GUIDE me, and I was FEELING LOVE.*

I would be lying if I said I was not afraid. The man I love was returning to a war zone. Of course I was fearful because I could not control it.

All I could do was TRUST what we have is ENOUGH. I chose to trust my choices. What I had created in my life was valuable to me. James was valuable to me.

I wasn't going to lose him from my life. I valued him. I DECIDED.

I wasn't going to run away. I DECIDED.

*From now on I would CREATE my life with the MEMORY of HOW I FEEL
In those MOMENTS OF JOY.
In love with the beauty of life, and all the LOVE within it.*

*Look closely at the present you are constructing.
It should look like the future you are dreaming*

- Alice Walker

"If you lose something you never valued it in the first place.

You cannot lose something you value."

- A Course In Miracles

Chapter Ten

Receiving Miracles

"Hello?". Silence on the other end of the phone.

After a few seconds he spoke. "Kirst, it's me. I've been in an accident" He was crying. "I'm okay. I'm alright. Everything's okay ... Don't worry ... It's all okay. It's all gonna be fine"

"What? What happened? You don't sound okay. Are you hurt?" Deep breaths. "Are you injured? Is everything okay?"

"It's okay. My vehicle was hit by a bomb. We're all okay. I think my arm is broken, but I'm okay ... I just wanted to let you know. Are you okay? ... Is Abby alright? ... I'll call you when I can. I have to go. I love you so much."

Silence. Shock. I have to sit down. He's okay. I look down. My hands are shaking. It's scorching hot outside and I'm cold. There is an arm around me.

I didn't even realize I was crying. "Kirsty, are you okay?" It was Michelle, my work colleague. I couldn't speak. Not yet.

Then another phone call. "Hello." My voice sounded distant to my ears. It was my daughter's carer.

"Kirsty, Abby is unwell. She has a high temperature, and she has just vomited. Please come and get her."

"Okay. I'll be there in about 20 minutes." Still sounding distant. Why did my voice sound like it wasn't connected to me right now?

This piece of the puzzle, and the one of the night before, when Abby had woken in inconsolable sobs, were still a mystery to me. At the time I could not see past the present moment. Everything was a blur, and I was living minute to minute. I didn't think about what was next. I just did what I needed to do.

That attitude saw me through the next six weeks until James came home. It was 'getting on with it'. My only goal was to have him home safe. There were times in those six weeks I feared for his safety, but the thought was easily dismissed. I inherently knew he would be okay. I found out later he had experienced a close call at another time, when a rocket had been launched at his vehicle, but I felt connected to him, and I felt him constantly reassuring me he was coming home.

*What then, is the clarity in all of this for me? How can I be so sure
this was my creation and not something that just happened to me?
After all, it's James' life – he was the one who was almost killed.*

I have already offered you Food For Thought by way of Soul connection. Our Souls have purpose together, and it is important, if we are to evolve together, that I recognize my lesson, and my challenge. Our Souls are connected, and as human beings, we created another human being together, so in the web of life his lessons also offer me opportunity to learn.

You already know Abby woke around the time James' vehicle was hit. You understand it is not a 'co-incidence'.

*I best heard the definition of this word, "co-incidence" described by Dr Wayne Dyer, in an interview on Oprah's Soul Series, about his book, *Living The Wisdom of The Tao*.

*“Coincidence is a mathematical term that says two angles that coincide
are said to be two angles that fit together perfectly.
Yet, we have come to interpret coincidence as
two things that come together accidentally.
Somehow we have reversed the whole concept of coincidence.”*

Abby was feeling James’ pain, and it was so strong she could not release it herself. She needed my help. Unaware of the reason for her pain, and unable to communicate clearly with her about the pain, I helped her to heal in the best way a mother knows – with my OPEN HEART.

I held her so close. I kissed her and reminded her of how much I love her. I transferred my warmth, and strong desire for her to feel better, which she passed to her daddy.

It was a miracle.

*As I lay there, holding my little girl, not understanding anything much in this moment, tears
streaming from my eyes, I called on my infinite strength –
my infinite HEALING POWER – to help her FEEL better.*

*She was my only FOCUS and as I placed my INTENTION on my focus she began to calm down. As I
filled her with more and more LOVE, her sobs quietened, her breathing relaxed, and she
surrendered into slumber once again. As Abby’s deep focus remained on overcoming the
unexplainable pain in her body, on the other side of the world, her daddy woke up from his
nightmare, and knew he had been given a second chance.*

Your intention is powerful

When I changed my decision about whether I wanted James in my life – when I decided he was indeed valuable to me – the power and love behind the decision was enough to change the course of my life, and our life together.

“If you lose something you never valued it in the first place.

You cannot lose something you value.”

– A Course In Miracles

When I changed my decision, based upon what I wanted in the future, rather than the wounds I had experienced in the past, I was creating a whole new story. No longer was it necessary for me to mistrust a man I loved, because I believed he would leave me. This man had left for a little while, but together we decided our lives are with each other, and that is what we would create for this lifetime.

Finally, I had allowed myself the power of feeling my decision to be ‘tough’, and its consequences, and making a new decision that I would allow myself to be vulnerable, because my purpose is love. This lifetime, on the grand scale, is so short. I RECEIVED a MIRACLE. I needed no further proof in the power of my ability to create, based upon my intention.

The intention behind the decision is powerful. When you make a decision, you will be supported in that decision. If you decide the world is an ugly, unsafe place, and people are not to be trusted, you will continually find yourself in situations, and attract people who confirm the decision for you.

When you DECIDE you can have what you want you *will* attract situations and people who offer opportunities, which prove it.

When you intend for your life to be rich and abundant, your life will be rich and abundant. When you intend for your life to be hard, it will be tough. I know this. I have lived it. And I decided I intend for my life to be rich and abundant. Your thoughts have immense power.

**As your INTENTION and your WILL align with your desires,
You create your destiny. You are a CO-CREATOR of your world.**

Why a *co-creator*? Why not just a creator. Good question. I believe it is because, while you are creating your world through your thoughts and consequent actions, and connection with your Deepest Self, you receive support in the world external to you. Remember, the world external to you is actually connected to you, because your Soul is connected to ALL THAT IS. When you connect with your Soul, your Deepest Self, you ALIGN with ALL THAT IS. The people and situations in the 'external' world assist you to create what you desire, and they help you shape the course of your destiny.

"You don't have a soul. You are a soul. You have a body"

- C.S. Lewis

Defining Moment

Stop for a moment and consider tragedies, accidents or illnesses in your own life. Ask yourself "As a *co-creator*, which of my decisions about what is important and valuable to me, (or what is not), contributed to this (accident, illness, tragedy)? What was the message I needed to receive? Did I receive that message?"

These questions can be confronting, because they are asking you to take full responsibility for the creation of your world, as it is. When you have experienced traumatic events in your life, it

can be difficult to accept that you would have CHOSEN to create these events in some way, shape or form.

When you consider the event from a Soul perspective however, this may change things for you. So, if you need, go back to the previous chapter and review the Food For Thought, about Soul, and understand that your Deepest Self, as your Soul, LOVES you, and only wants the best for you. That is, she wants you to evolve and fully EXPRESS and EXPERIENCE the joy of the gift of your humanness.

So go ahead. Take this question seriously. Meditate on it if you want to. RECEIVE this gift and decide to change the hurt.

I will not hurt myself again today

- A Course In Miracles

When you begin to ask yourself these questions, you will feel a greater sense of responsibility for your creation – for your life! As a consequence ...

You WANT to place your INTENTION on the things you deem IMPORTANT, You WANT to waste no more ENERGY on things, people and situations that are not important.

If you feel some resistance in you at this point, I understand. Take a breath. Yes, it is confronting. I took responsibility for almost co-creating my husband's death in my world, because I questioned whether he was still valuable to me. That is confronting.

But I am also telling you, when I discovered the TRUTH – when I opened my heart and allowed myself to be led by LOVE – I created an awakening.

Some people may say that I am attempting to exert control and power over James by admitting my thoughts almost killed him, and they may ask "Well, what about James' role in creating all of that?" It is a good question, and one whose answer is too large to place entirely in this book. What I know is that James was deep in his own period of soul searching, and questioning why he was here, and why he was doing what he was doing. At times he wanted a quick fix – he wanted it all to be over so he didn't have to deal with the pain he had put himself through. Rest assured I do not believe I had power over James' life. I only know I have power over the part he plays in my life. And that is a DECISION on my part.

The Power Of Your Open Heart

Learning to open your heart completely to love is a decision. And the decision can be surrounded by fear and doubt, because love makes you vulnerable – to being hurt, to being abandoned, to being jealous. All of those things can be scary and, depending on what's happened to you in your life, you will be prepared to open your heart and choose love to varying degrees.

No matter to which degree it is, what's important is you start to open your heart. Because when you do you will begin to be liberated from baggage and old patterns that no longer serve you.

*The day I decided my first marriage was over
I started the process of reconnecting my body to my spirit
because I opened the door to a dialogue with my Deepest Self.*

I opened my heart, a little, to start LOVING ME, once again. I still had a long way to go, but becoming just a little more vulnerable, and intimate with my Deepest Self, allowed me to experience greater abundance in my life.

In James' absence, with only me to please, and a small person to care for, I learned how to create internal balance. I began to hear my Deepest Self more and more. I created space to spend time with her, and knew I had begun a process of self-valuation – probably for the first time in my life.

*I was learning the meaning and value of true intimacy.
As a result, the creation of this space,
by embracing the feminine quality of intimacy,
allowed for a greater flow of abundance in my life.*

What you discover is every time you open the door to LOVE, just a little more, you allow yourself to RECEIVE more in return. As you learn to receive your fear of giving love will melt away.

There is never not enough love.

As I lay there that night, comforting Abby it felt safe and natural to open my heart completely to my little girl. She was part of me, my flesh and blood. There was no vulnerability because she was my baby, and she would not reject me. I gave myself to her without question. And that was powerful. As she received my love, she was able to take what she needed, so she would be strong enough to open her heart to her dad.

The more she received, the more she had to give.

It never crossed her mind there is never enough to go around. Her mind was untainted by the scarcity beliefs of our culture, and she knew exactly what to do.

“Heal myself so I have enough energy (love) to transfer and heal this person I love. He doesn’t know how to do it right now – he has forgotten – so I will give him as much as he needs so he can remember.” And so she did.

When James rang me around 12 hours later, something in him had changed. He knew he had encountered a miracle, though neither of us knew how or why. His words were “someone was watching over me”. How right he was.

LOVE

Love is not an emotion. It is a state of being. Sometimes you may feel like you have run out of love, but you haven’t. Because you can’t. You have just forgotten how to BE love in that moment. When that happens, you can decide to BE love again.

Abby was still a baby. She did not know any other way to BE but love.

She was mildly tainted with human thoughts of NOT love, but her knowledge of being love was still much stronger.

She did not think she wasn't good enough, she didn't know jealousy, or abandonment.

She TRUSTED she would receive everything she needs to grow and thrive in the world. In return, she gave of herself completely. That is all she did. She allowed herself to be held, nurtured, gazed at without becoming self-conscious or skeptical.

She did not understand fear.

A baby receives with GRACE, allowing all of those around her to PROVIDE nurturing and love. She GIVES and RECEIVES equally.

It is NOT AN EFFORT for her because

She does not TRY to make it happen any other way.

Chapter Eleven

Creating True Wealth

“When the karma of a relationship is done, only love remains. It is done. Let it go.”

- Elizabeth Gilbert, Eat Pray Love

When James returned home things had changed. He arrived home to a very different woman – one with a deeper understanding of what she wanted, and who was aware of her power to create it in her life.

Part of me felt trepidation, because I didn’t know if he would like me.

I had mourned the loss of an old life. On the day of the bomb, I had realized my old life was over. I had lost my husband, as I knew him, and a new life was just beginning. We would be two people, starting over in a relationship. And this time we had the opportunity to do it in TRUTH. It was our opportunity to come together with vulnerability and offer up our true selves.

Not as husband and wife. Not as provider and supporter.

But as two Souls who had discovered truth,

and who welcomed the truth, and each other, with open arms.

The trepidation is in this truth. There is vulnerability in the truth, because you are exposing yourself. You have removed your armour and you face whatever comes without personal protection. That is scary.

James was still injured as a result of his experiences. And his injuries were of the most malicious kind, because they were inside of him. For several weeks after he returned home we

rarely had a conversation, because he was unable to express himself. He was depressed, but he was not yet prepared to admit it, because it would leave a 'black mark' on his career.

In the following months, we experienced a rollercoaster ride of emotion. As James assimilated back to a 'normal' life he continued to have difficulty expressing himself. He was aware he had changed, but it wasn't always easy to communicate this change to people around him. He was still in the same restrictive environment.

He felt like he wasn't always able to speak his truth, because there were 'rules', which should not be broken. At home I encouraged him to always speak the truth, so the result was confusion and dis-ease in his body.

So I allowed him to be. I did not attempt to save him from the depths of the dark well (I had been there, remember? I knew there is a way out). I did not condone his anger outbursts, which were sometimes aimed at me, or at Abby. I gave him the space he needed to discover, on his own terms, that this was not the life he wanted to live.

His body was fatigued and drained – dysentery had riddled his digestive system for over two months – so he was malnourished and had lost a lot of weight. I facilitated a physical detoxification program for him, including heavy metals detoxification, which assisted him to regain weight and recover some effective digestive function.

Mentally however, it would take much more and, from my own experience, I knew that meant a DECISION TO CHANGE. I would not make that decision for him. All I would do is accept him for who he is.

*It is not always something we do well in our society,
accepting others for who they are.*

*We project our own feelings of inadequacy and 'wrongness'
on to those we don't completely like, and we attempt to make them 'wrong',
or we find something 'wrong' with them.*

As a result, we are unable to experience the authentic connection existing between all human beings – the connection that recognizes we are one and the same. We look at others and see the things we dislike about ourselves, yet we are unable to admit it. We judge them for their follies, and attempt to find ways to help them, or cure them, or make them 'better'. What we forget in all this is that we cannot make anyone else better.

*You can control the actions, thoughts and words of one person,
and one person only.*

All other human beings must make their own decisions.

You cannot force anything upon them.

You compare yourself to others and you make yourself worse or better than them. When, in reality, neither is true. It is simply a judgement born of your separate Ego mind. How many times have you read a passage in this book and remembered a similar situation in your own life? Exactly. We are not separate. We are one and the same.

***When you are unable to recognize this, you are unable to
RECEIVE the magnificence of your full being.***

So if I attempt to find things 'wrong' with James, I search for my own inadequacies. I accept neither of us completely, as human beings. I cannot RECEIVE completely. All I can do is allow James to be, and allow him to have his own experience, and trust he will make the best decision for him, in accordance with what is important to him.

So that is what I did. It was not easy, and others have questioned me as to how I managed to tolerate his anger outbursts and the fear associated with them. I have already told you I made the decision that this person is valuable to me. Therefore I was not about to lose him from my life after I was given the opportunity to experience love and compassion.

This time was a great lesson for me. It provided me with the opportunity to integrate what I had learned about COMPASSION – for myself, first and foremost. In this time, when James was at the depths of his symptoms with post-traumatic stress, I was offered the opportunity to release my old emotional patterns – it was the opportunity to prove to myself I no longer needed my suit of armour, and to prove to me that what I want is enough.

Learning To Say “No”

What you want *is* enough. What you want is important. When you remember this you can become more comfortable with intimacy with another person because you have placed your own values and preferences at the top of your intimacy list. You are not selfish when you make a choice, which places your wellbeing at the top of your priority list. In fact, you provide inspiration for others to do the same.

If you have placed the importance of others over your own desires for as long as you remember, just thinking about saying the word ‘No’ may invoke twitching, nervousness, or a mild sweat! At first you may notice a feeling of GUILT as the word leaves your lips, and to counteract that guilt you say it in an aggressive tone.

It’s okay. If your mum, or other significant role models in your life, didn’t know how to say ‘No’ when you were a child, it is likely that other words were said in a semi-aggressive tone in its place, and you interpreted those words as BLAMING you for even asking for something.

Remember, it was not what was said, but *the decision you made about what was said*. Words make up only seven percent of communication between people. The remaining 93 percent is comprised of tone, physiology and gestures.

Therefore, in order to begin to practice saying 'No' in an assertive, rather than aggressive, manner it is important you have also started asking the questions

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Truly Desire?

Once you have been asking yourself these questions for a little while, and you believe you are starting to answer them with a level of honesty, try this exercise, *Learning To Say No*.

Exercise - Learning To Say 'No'

1. Choose two or three people in your life who are the sources of demands on your time and energy, and write out some examples of their typical demands or requests.
2. For each person on the list, write a 'No' response. You may want to say "I'd love to help you out, but I'm not able today", or stronger "No, I'm sorry, I wish I could, but I can't." You can use humour if you want to, and if that is something you are comfortable with.

The purpose is to emphasise, and for you to become aware of, the emotional tone associated with the response.

3. As you practice, either in a mirror or with a good friend, listen to how you sound. Do you sound aggressive? Apologetic? Defensive? Reasonable? Persuasive? Or assertive?

4. Now try out your response on one of your people.

5. Keep practicing, so you get better and better.

Practicing Compassion

Money can be judged as bad, but how can that be when it is purely energy? It is a MEANS OF EXCHANGE. It does not have meaning but that which you place upon it. When you are fighting against money, it will fight against you. When you search for it, or when you 'need' it, money will be elusive because you focus on WHAT YOU DON'T HAVE.

Compassion allows you to recognize you have the resources you need

*for what you want - **because you know what you want.***

And you ask for it, without fear.

And you TRUST this is the truth

And you RECEIVE your FLOW, by recognizing it in each moment.

And your relationships are the same. When you make the people closest to you – including you – wrong, you deny them FREEDOM to express their Deepest Self. You do not allow yourself the freedom to express your Deepest Self.

COMPASSION permits you to allow both of you to have what you want.

Because you know what you want, that is enough.

You are enough

You ALLOW the natural FLOW of energy between you.

You stop trying to control an aspect of who you are, of what you have.

When you create a barrier, and do not allow an aspect of another person into your life, you deny yourself the flow of this aspect within you. Therefore you **deny your natural flow** of energy. Money is a representation of energy – therefore you block the natural flow of wealth in your life.

Compassion must start with you. When you can forgive yourself for your perceived failures and mistakes, you begin to show mercy, rather than judgement. When you judge yourself less harshly you relieve yourself of the belief that others judge you harshly. You create a new level of vulnerability, because you open your heart wider to love, through mercy and forgiveness.

*As you allow yourself the freedom of vulnerability
You weaken your external barriers, your armour,
And you permit a **GREATER FLOW OF ENERGY**.*

Compassion is the practice of intimacy. There is vulnerability in both, yet there is freedom in both, because they both demonstrate ACCEPTANCE OF WHAT IS.

Compassion recognizes you cannot necessarily DO anything about another's choices, and that is OKAY. Intimacy allows you to ACCEPT, and be with, the person, and their choice as their own. Intimacy, as the feminine 'beingness', asks you to consider what it is your Ego does not like about the situation, so you stop resisting it. When you stop resisting it you no longer need to run from it. Because when you accept it, and FEEL it, you RELEASE it. You find what once frustrated, angered you or upset you no longer has the same charge it once did.

Intimacy, expressed through the practice of compassion integrates the fact

You already know you DESERVE pleasure and happiness.

This is the purpose of your humanity.

Not so you can beat yourself and punish yourself, but the opposite.

You decided to become human in this lifetime so you can experience pure pleasure and harmony in physical form. Your Soul decided what you want, which was to experience physical pleasures and happiness, and therefore you incarnated to do that – the creation of you as human being came into physical manifestation. Your soul speaks through your Deepest Self.

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Desire?

To become human you didn't have to DO anything. You simply had to decide it is what you want and the amazing organising force of existence produced a human being! You would not CONTROL how it happened. You just knew you wanted it. And it happened.

Think about it. Who sat there and told you which system was required for you to become a human creation? Who told you how to make arms, legs, a cochlear, an iris, or kidneys for that matter? Who was the bright spark who told you how to create the amazing reproductive system you have inside of you? If you have had a baby, who told you how to grow that baby inside of you?

Releasing 'The Act' – How To Throw Away The Suit Of Armour

A year after James returned home I encouraged him to attend a seminar, which was the catalyst for his decision to change his life, and for us to decide to change our life TOGETHER.

All of a sudden James understood the dichotomy of his life. He wanted to live in truth, but each day he was putting on his 'armour' and going into battle. He needed to find a way to operate effectively without his armour, so he could stay true to himself.

We learned about the beliefs we create from our time of conception, and of the 'act' I developed to protect myself from the big, bad world.

*My act was to subjugate myself to important people in my life –
to make myself less important than them, so I would put their needs before mine.
This can be an endearing trait, but when you do it regularly you end up resentful,
because your actions are not supportive of you.
The resentment causes you to continue wearing your suit of armour,
because you don't feel entirely safe in the world – if you are not acting in truth,
it is likely you will be attacked at some point, so you must protect yourself.*

When you constantly act this way in relationship, you become a victim, because you believe you are not as powerful as others, so you attempt to gain control by giving them reasons to need you. Before James left for Iraq I was a victim. I allowed him to treat me as his housemaid, and I subjugated my needs for his perceived importance. I attempted to gain control in the situation by wanting him to feel guilty for what he was doing. I placed an invisible cord of need between James and me.

Making myself less important than James was a cop-out. Making yourself less important than another person in your life means you don't have to take responsibility for your choices, because you are deferring to that person. So if this person creates consequences that are not optimal, you can BLAME them because they made the choice. Not you.

In the instance of money, I made myself less important because he was the person who provided the primary income. If I wanted to buy something, it was important for me to get 'permission' from him, because the source of this income was not mine. He was the controller.

In the situation of my relationship, I made myself less important than him for a similar reason. He was not only the primary provider, but his job was so much more important than mine. He was training to go to war. He was protecting the citizens of our nation. I was simply raising a baby!

Reclaiming Your Energy – Call Back Your Spirit

I severely damaged the link to my source of energy in my first marriage. I was earning money at my job, but I was unable to truly receive the intention of the energy, because my intention was unclear. I didn't have a clear reason for wanting to be there.

I did not feel fulfilled in my marriage, because I had chosen contrary to what my Deepest Self wanted, by entering the marriage in the first place. I created such a distance between my source of energy and me, due to my choices, and I could no longer access it freely. I made my own energy source insignificant and blocked it, and began to rely on another human being to supply me with energy.

In my marriage with James I had done the same thing. I was not listening to my Deepest Self, who wanted love, nurturing and emotional attachment. I was denying her what she wanted and, with each denial, I distanced myself from her infinite energy.

Caroline Myss taught me what I had done when I read *Anatomy Of The Spirit*:

“When you divert most of your energy towards your partner, most of the life force one receives is channeled to the partner. This surge of energy can be overwhelming for the partner and they may reject it. The overly giving partner may feel hurt by the response. As a

result he/she may demand more energy from the partner, resulting in type 1 codependency.

This sort of vicious cycle can cause a relationship to spiral downwards over time”

The day I made the decision to reclaim responsibility for my source of energy was the day I began to reconnect with my unlimited energy supply. I called back my spirit.

When I relied on my partner to supply me with energy, I place an invisible cord of ‘need’ between him and me. I ‘needed’ his energy because I blocked my ability to receive my own. If he did not supply it effectively, resentment would build in me, undermining the foundation of our marriage. If I spent too much money I felt guilty, and may not tell him the amount I spent (causing me to feel guilt anyway). In each scenario I am giving myself just one more small reason to not feel good *enough*.

How To Heal The Present

As we both listened to Paul speak, James and I realized his post-traumatic stress, and his depression, were symptoms of deeper relationship issues. Neither of us had acted entirely in truth in the past, and it was time to change.

To heal the present, it is necessary to let go of the story. The story about how you have been ‘wronged’ in your life; about how you have been attacked by others, or how they have power over you. It doesn’t serve a 35 year old to hold on to a story of feeling powerlessness when I was 10 years old, does it? It doesn’t make sense to find a reason in the past for why I make a certain decision in the present, does it?

At 10 years of age, as I watched my dad drive away from our family home I decided I have to be ‘tough’. Throughout my life, my decisions about myself reflected this 10 year old’s decision, to

the point where I was on the brink of losing my second marriage, at the age of 32. Was it time to stop being 'tough' (which wasn't really tough at all, only a suit of armour that was too thick and heavy) and adopt a new way of living, of relating? Was it time to stop blocking the potential beauty and abundance in my life because I think I am unimportant? That I don't deserve it? That I don't need it because I'm tough and I'll get by however I need to?

It was time to stop pretending I don't want to be supported, and start recognizing the support all around me. Support starts by asking for it.

It was time to stop being tough, and start being strong.

Imagine a plank of hardwood. It has been removed from its supportive structure – the tree – and it is certainly tough. It has probably been sanded to remove perceived imperfections and, depending on its purpose, it may have been shaped to fit with other planks of wood. It has many useful purposes, and it is appreciated for its ability to withstand large amounts of pressure. It is however, for all intensive purposes, dead. It does not know it is appreciated, and it does not feel appreciated. It constantly gives with its toughness, no matter what its purpose.

Now consider a tree in a forest of trees. Focus on one tree in the community, and examine the tree and its intricacies – the spots, the branches spreading in different directions. Look at all the imperfections that contribute to its beauty. Now watch that tree as the force of the wind becomes stronger, and notice the strength with which it receives the wind. The tree bends, and flows in the direction of the wind, and when the wind changes, the tree effortlessly changes direction with it. It does not need to resist because it understands its strength. It does not need to be tough, because it is strong. It is flexible and powerful, and it knows it will be supported. The tree gives and receives equally. It knows it doesn't need to protect itself because it is standing in truth. It is flexible and strong.

"Call back the energy you are wasting on events of the past"

- Caroline Myss

Creating Miracles

The compassion I learned in the months after James' return, allowed me to open my heart wider and wider. As I did so, I felt myself becoming more vulnerable. If I said it was always comfortable, and always felt 'good', I would be lying. It was confronting. When a man is standing in front of you, and you feel as though there is a small possibility he may lash out and hit you, yet you stand there in complete strength and love, it is scary.

*But each time I did it, I became stronger, and our relationship became stronger,
because he understood, at a deeper emotional level, that I LOVE him. I TRUST him.*

When you find it difficult to trust yourself, as you do when you're in the depths of depression or dis-ease, it is important to know you have someone else there who can hold the space for you. It is important to find someone who BELIEVES in you, who will give you a chance, and who will TRUST you, even though you don't trust yourself right now.

This heart opening time for me allowed me to experience changes in my own personal flow of energy. The night Penelope was conceived I FELT it. I had not experienced that with Abby, and this was a miracle to me. What a gift to feel the implantation of the seed of new life inside of you.

Exactly one year to the day – after I awoke to the screams of my little baby, heeding the call of a new life – we were graced by the screams of another new life, as she heeded the call of her presence in this world. Her name is Penelope – the goddess who weaves her dreams.

Because we had recognized the gift in the tragedy of our situation,

we were presented with another miracle.

Every year, on this day, rather than remember tragedy,

we celebrate miracles!

Chapter Twelve

The Beginning

"It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine"

- R.E.M.

It was 15th October, the middle of Spring. We woke up to frost on our bedroom window. Our little home outside Canberra was not well heated, so we were snuggled in bed.

"Is that snow?" as I looked out the window, small white flakes began to fall gently to the ground.

"It's snow! Girls, it's snow! Come and have a look!"

It was the middle of Spring in Australia, which is not a cold country by world standards, and here it was, snowing at my house. While it was lovely to see the snow, it was the last straw for me.

James and I were sitting on the couch later and I turned to him without a second thought. "Let's move. Let's go somewhere where it is warm. Where it never snows. Somewhere close to the beach. We don't have to live here anymore. Our old life doesn't want us and we are beginning to live without it. Let's just do it."

When James left the military we decided we would stay in Canberra for another three years. We thought it would give us a little stability, because we believed it can be stressful to create too much change at once. This was a change of plans and I took him by surprise. I adapted to change quickly – he took a little longer.

I experienced lots of changes growing up – changing homes, schools, locations across the country, family situation. James, on the contrary, lived in two houses during his childhood,

went to boarding school at the age of 14, and joined the army. He felt a sense of comfort when the physical world remained the same for him. He liked 'structure'.

"But we said we would stay here for three years, so Abby can finish at the school, and then maybe Pene too."

"Yes, but she doesn't even care about that. She told me the other day she wants to go the little school down the road. It doesn't make sense. We don't love it here, and we don't have to be here, so why stay? The kids will adapt easily. They are still so young, and as long as they are with us – that is all they are concerned with."

He looked at me, and the conviction in my eyes. And, in that moment, I too knew he wanted it just as I did. He felt trapped here. There was too much memory of the old life – of the life that didn't fit us anymore. And he said it, four little words I love ...

"Okay, let's do it."

We moved to Maleny three months later, one week after we first visited it. As soon as we drove in to the town, we knew it was the place we were supposed to be right now. We had not visited previously. It just FELT right. Something drew us to this place, and gave us permission to start a new life.

It was as far away from the army as you could get, yet there was a sense of security that came with it. It is in the mountains, yet it is warm. You can see the Sunshine Coast on one side, and the Glasshouse Mountains – a huge bowl of volcanic eruptions from 1000's of years ago – from this place. They call it 'Magical Maleny'.

During summer, the kids spent most of the time naked, playing in the rain. For Abby it was nothing new – she had spent the first two years of her life naked in Darwin. But for Pene, all of it was new. As I watched them run and laugh in the rain – free, without a care in the world, I knew we had done the right thing. It FELT good. We found a great house in which to live, and quickly we made it our own.

At Christmas, my mum said to me “You guys look happy. You deserve this place”, something inside me twinged.

“I know”, I said. But I didn’t mean it.

Only a few weeks later, the old money monster set in. He would say things like, “How can you afford to live here?” “How are you going to pay the rent next week?” “How will you feed your kids next week?” “Where is your next pay cheque coming from?” And then he would get nasty, “You don’t deserve to live here.” “What have you done to deserve this?”

The monster was persistent and we both listened to his taunts. We were financially stressed. We had very little money to our name – the least we had ever had – and he we were, living in a comfortable home, in a beautiful location. How did we manage it? Week by week we continued to prove the money monster wrong – a cheque would show up, an invoice would be paid, a new client would arrive. Very quickly I learned there were larger forces at play here, ones over which I had no control. They were forces of energy, which wanted to demonstrate to me you will be supported and provided with whatever you need, when you live connected to your Deepest Self.

Your lesson now is to learn to TRUST and RECEIVE.

2011 was to be the year of learning to trust I am supported. I soon learned the consequences of trust and, as I placed this idea at the forefront of my consciousness, I was offered huge opportunities to challenge my resolve.

When I say this, not for one moment do I imply life became easy. In fact, it was the opposite – My intention was to LEARN TO TRUST. Because, when you live according to the desires of your Deepest Self, you always receive everything you need so you can be / do / have what you want, I was offered many challenges, which tested my new belief. I was challenging 36 years of a belief in scarcity, so of course my Ego was not prepared to give up without a fight.

**When you place a new intention, which challenges an existing belief,
you bring every limiting decision you have made about this belief
to the surface of your consciousness,
so you can CONSCIOUSLY CHOOSE whether to release its hold over you,
or not.**

This was taking my understanding of trust to a whole new level! TRUST the universe will provide all I need, when I need it?! My Ego says “Come on. Seriously!”

A Healing Crisis

In terms of dis-ease, the decision to LEARN TO TRUST invoked a HEALING CRISIS. This is a process in which the body undergoes an intense period of cleansing and rebuilding. It is called a ‘healing crisis’ because, even though the body undergoes unpleasant symptoms and/or sickness, it is actually a process of RELEASE. This ‘crisis’ is part of the body’s natural tendency toward growth, to become healthier and stronger.

The healing crisis often brings about past conditions in whatever order the body is capable of handling at the time. People often forget the dis-ease or injuries they have had in the past, but are usually reminded during the healing crisis.

You may remember, during the course of this book, I have described several healing crises, throughout which my body released old conditions, which allowed me to become healthier and stronger. Each time you decide to release a limiting belief or you are challenged to change a limiting decision, you will undergo a healing crisis. It is a natural, healthy process.

James reflected my Ego's sentiments in trust. He, as the mirror to my soul – my Soul Mate – was not so convinced about the whole 'TRUST' thing. For him, his whole life had been about 'financial security' – he joined the military at 18 years of age, after spending his teenage years at boarding school. A stable pay cheque was all he knew, and his emotional patterns around money reflected that, as well as a strong male tendency to feel responsible to provide for his family.

After he left the army, James started working with a company, agreeing to terms he wasn't entirely comfortable with, because he wanted to provide a sense of security for our family. Not long after we moved to Maleny, James and the company with whom he was working decided to part ways, and he didn't know where to turn.

He was lost.

After reading this book, you know my old emotional pattern is to want run away when things get tough. I wanted to run from James many times that year. We were arguing about money, about deservability, about making choices because of fear, about not standing up to be counted. Not a stone was left unturned in our conversations.

It was a year of constant opportunities to move beyond our old emotional patterns – our old coping mechanisms – and to develop new ways of operating in the world. It was a year of LEARNING TO TRUST!

I had packed my bags for a trip to Sydney for work, and I walked out to the kitchen to have some breakfast. He was sitting at the table with his head in his hands. He had just yelled at one of the kids, and was feeling upset about it, because he knew he had over-reacted. I placed my hand on his back and, almost immediately he began to sob. Seeing him so vulnerable provoked sadness in me, and I felt tears well up in my eyes.

“We’re broke.” Was all he said. A lifetime later he said “And it’s my fault.”

We sat in silence. The words had been spoken – there was no more denial. We had brought the darkness out into the light, and we had admitted it. There was no taking it back. And so it is. We didn’t have to fight it anymore, because we were in it. We knew how it FELT to be BROKE.

No money. Nothing. Nada. Not a penny.

As I sat there with my arms around him, I looked around me. It was an amazing winter day in Maleny – the mist was beginning to disappear, and the sun was rising over the rainforest grove next to our house. The ducks were preening themselves in the next-door neighbour’s dam and the kids were running around the house with their fairy wings and wands, creating magic.

***It was a moment of clarity,
providing me with an ability to integrate the saying
“It is what you do with the moment that counts most”.***

"Look around," I said to him. "Listen. Tell me what you hear."

"I hear a whip-bird ... I hear the kids laughing I hear a cow (in the paddock next door)", he was listening. He removed himself from the drama of the world, for just a moment, and he was listening.

"We are not broke. We just don't have much money right now. But you know what? It doesn't matter, because I am going to Sydney this afternoon. Everything is changing and you'll see everything will be okay."

Did I believe that? Not entirely. I was afraid of what would happen next, of the uncertainty of not knowing when the next pay cheque will come in to pay the bills, the rent, to feed the children. But all I could do was TRUST.

Trust

A five letter word that means so much. When it comes down to it, it is the basis of our lives as human beings, yet it is the most difficult thing for many of us to do.

To trust you must LET GO OF THE ILLUSION OF CONTROL in your life. To trust you must ask yourself those two questions, in each moment

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Desire?

You must listen for the answer.

And then make a CHOICE. Often we're faced with a few choices in any given moment, but there can be only one.

There is never not a choice.

There is ALWAYS a CHOICE. Not making a decision is a DECISION.

A CHOICE

To trust is to know what you want for your life, and then allow yourself to be guided through the twists and turns along the way, knowing you are exactly where you are supposed to be. Even if you don't really LIKE it right now!

TRUST allows you to see, in every moment, that you *already are* there. Because when you trust you say to your Deepest Self

*"I know I am worthy of what I want, because I believe You,
and I know you will provide me the opportunities and resources I need
to be, do and have what I want".*

When you trust, you become aware that everything is energy: your relationships are a constant exchange of energy – of giving and receiving; money is an exchange of energy – of giving and receiving. They are all part of the same cycle, coming in and going out. Nothing is ever still – one is always either giving out or receiving in. And giving and receiving is the energy of the heart. When the heart – 'the gateway' is open energy is free to enter and exit whenever necessary. As the gateway opens wider, the capacity for the flow of traffic moving in and out increases.

When the heart is open, and your awareness of the flow of energy increases, you begin to FEEL things you may not have felt before. It is this gift of FEELING, which creates the magic. This feeling, this level of intimacy and vulnerability CREATES SPACE. More space equals more energy.

When I got on the plane bound for Sydney, I said a little prayer for my family's safety, and told my Deepest Self I trusted we would be looked after, no matter what. As if to reassure me, I instantly remembered back to just few months earlier

*I had spent four days in San Diego, and now I was in Las Vegas for a conference. It was the first time I had left my family for an extended period of time. My daughters were four and two. As a mum, this in itself was tough for me, because I was challenging an old paradigm that said "**I should be 'there' for my children**". I did experience guilt in the days leading up to my departure, and I allowed myself to feel the guilt, while holding firm to my decision to do this for me. James was excited at the prospect of having the kids to himself for almost three weeks, but also daunted by the same thought. He had been learning how to be a dad – how to be there for the kids, and how to feel comfortable being a primary carer. It wasn't his natural role, but we had been slowly transferring caring responsibilities to a more equal balance over the last year, and he saw it as a challenge to enhance his relationship with his children.*

A few nights before I left, we were sitting on the couch. "You know, if something were ever to happen to me, I would want you to find someone else to live a happy life with." He looked at me in shock and surprise, and a hint of terror.

*"Are you intending on not coming home?" He said it flippantly, but it was a fear for him. There it is, **the fear of abandonment, of being alone**. For me it showed up as not allowing others to get too close for fear of being left. For James it was a tendency toward*

needing me. No matter what I said or did, until he stopped being afraid of the possibility I may leave him, it would continue to play out. And why would he not fear it? I had done it before. I had a track record of running away when the going got too tough in my marriage. This was the perfect opportunity for me to do just that – I was travelling to the other side of the world, on my own. So in his mind it was still a possibility.

“No, I intend to come home. I’m not talking about now. I’m talking about ever. Who knows whether we will be here tomorrow and, if we’re not, it’s important you make yourself happy, and I make myself happy. Because it’s all that counts.” I knew he understood me, and he is a strong, loving man, so he smiled and hugged me. At that point I felt a sense of loss of the life we once had. Everything was changing.

Everything is changing.

When I arrived in Las Vegas I skyped my family. I spoke with the girls, but James didn’t say much. After a while, I said to him, “Are you okay?”. It was permission for him to release his burden. “We have no money”, he said. “They have just thrown out my second claim, and they said they will not pay”. (He was talking about his claims with the Department of Veterans Affairs). Silence. Breathe. Allow him to be with it.

My first thought was “I have to go home. How can I stay here when we have no money?” In VEGAS for God’s sake?!!

*Next thought: “He is so selfish! I have been planning this for months, and now I am here **he is trying to take it away from me!** He is trying to sabotage my time for me. He just wants me to come home because he is not coping and I am having a great time.”*

*STOP! You just made up a story, which is not true. Maybe at some level James is afraid of losing you, afraid of not coping without you, but he is not attempting to sabotage this trip. It is YOU who is doing that to you, because **you don't believe you are worthy of it!***

*Whoah. **That was the truth.** My first thoughts were filled with resentment and blame, and not allowing myself to receive the goodness I have in my life, in this moment.*

At that moment I decided it was okay for me to do these things for me. To step out of my role as a wife and mother, and fulfill other roles that are important to me, because it feels good.

We talked through it a little more, and I assured him everything would be fine. That night, as I got into my big bed, looking out at the turrets of the castle that is Excalibur Hotel in Las Vegas, I asked for help, "Please, just a little sign to remind us we are supported." The next morning when I woke I felt compelled to check our bank account. There was \$8000 in it! Overnight, invoices and cheques had cleared to provide us with a sign there is no need to worry. All you have to do is ask for support, and know you are being supported.

*The skeptic in you may say I am implying that money comes from thin air. I am not saying this at all. I knew we had money owing to us – we both did. When James told me we were broke I had two choices:

1. I could CHOOSE to get caught up in his DRAMA, or
2. I could CHOOSE to take a breath, FEEL the fear associated with the drama of having no money, and decide I want a different story from now on.

This situation presented an opportunity to INTEGRATE TRUST into our lives.

That event created a paradigm shift for me. I understood when I take the necessary steps to create what I want, I will be supported in every way. It also brought awareness to the resentment I was still holding in my marriage – about my inability to receive abundance because of the power I was prepared to hand to others in playing a role to create my happiness. And when I am holding on to resentment, ‘the gateway’ is not as wide open as it can be – my capacity to give and receive is not at its optimum because there is not enough space for the maximum flow of traffic.

The memory of Las Vegas served me with the reminder we had been ‘broke’ before. Old emotional patterns were playing out, and the way to change them was to be aware of them, but do what I really wanted to do. I could have stayed home, rung my colleague and told him I was unable to come to Sydney, but then what? Be resentful that I was not doing what I really wanted to do, and silently blame James for *making* me stay home?

I arrived in Sydney at about 3pm and made my way to the hotel, a short 20 minute walk from the domestic terminal. This morning’s discussion was still weighing heavily on my mind. I kept seeing James with his head in his hands, blinding himself from the beauty surrounding him. I looked around me, as I walked down the noisy, busy Sydney airport road. It was a clear day. For a moment I blocked out the smog and breathed in the clarity of the blue sky and sunshine, of the warmth. Immediately I felt better. As I arrived at the hotel I was greeted at the front desk by a young lady with the same name as my youngest daughter, Penelope.

I asked her whether she was aware of the meaning of her name and she said yes, “It means she who weaves her dreams.” She was a beautiful girl, and I believed she was aware of the power of her name. To me, this name imbues STRENGTH and SELF-BELIEF – an innate power within. Penelope has the ability to create whatever she wants.

My second daughter, Penelope, was named so because from the moment she was born it was obvious she had a knowing that allowed her to weave her dreams. Her birth taught me to trust, not in my mind, but in the deepest part of me, which was connected to my baby. After two days of labour, and of medical intervention, Penelope was sitting tight up in my womb. She was not happy to be pushed around because she knew if she allowed herself to be pushed around, she would endanger both of us. Her cord was wrapped tightly around her neck, at least twice, and if she moved she would choke. So she stayed. She allowed herself to be, safe in the warmth of her mother's womb, trusting she would be looked after. She knew I would do the right thing.

Although I was not aware of this at a conscious level, I knew she was not moving, but she was breathing. And she remained calm throughout. As a result, it was necessary for me to decide in the moment what was most important to me - a dogmatic view of c-sections, or the safety in this world of my unborn child. An hour later, Penelope weaved her first dream in this world, as she gazed into the eyes of her daddy.

As I checked in to my room, and turned on my computer, I too weaved my dream of ensuring financial abundance for my family. An invoice James had been waiting on had been paid. We could breathe again.

They may sound far-fetched, but these two examples are the TRUTH. They are proof that when you ASK for support, and TRUST the support will be there, you will RECEIVE all you need to CREATE abundance.

Act in TRUTH, (Do – masculine)

Be clear of your INTENTION for that truth, (Be – feminine)

You will RECEIVE. (Create Balance)

Writing A New Story

What I know now is that my story is entirely of my creation.

The moment I, Kirsty, decided to acknowledge I was 'stuck in the mud', I was able to do something about it. Up to that point I resisted my path. I accepted little ownership of the steps I was taking, and I was not prepared to admit I had stepped in to the mud. Until you admit you're stuck in it, you will never do anything about it. You will continue to struggle.

Give Up The Struggle

Your old story matters, because it is in your old story you find the POWER. Until you admit you have beliefs, which limit you, until you admit you have made limiting decisions about yourself, you will not

Make The Choice To Change Your Story

Acknowledge the old story. Forgive yourself for your perceived limitations.

DECIDE TO CHANGE WHAT YOU CAN CONTROL NOW.

*What is important are the decisions you make about what you want,
and what matters most to you. Right now.*

Six years after James was hit by a bomb, and survived, we live in a place we have envisioned for the last 13 years. The external world may not look exactly as we 'expected' it to look, but if we continued to limit ourselves by our expectations we would not be here at all.

What I know is it is not how the external world looks that is the most important, but how I FEEL about my CREATION. And that is peace. Right now.

We have not created stability and security in our life – we have created the opposite. Our life flows with change and uncertainty. We choose to live according to what matters. That means setting our intention and trusting we will create it exactly as it is supposed to be created. It means we

Release Expectation Of How It 'Should' Look

Which Means, Release Limitation.

When you think only from your conscious mind, and you place expectation on the probability of how something should look, or turn out, you do not trust your Soul, your Deepest Self.

*You, your Ego, has little idea of the magnificence that awaits
when you begin to trust your Deepest Self.*

When you live this way life expands in a way you probably never thought possible. We challenge ourselves every day – our family, our kids, each other. Our intention is constantly to

Evolve To The Next Greatest Vision We Have For Our Souls.

Our vision is what drives us. Our individual vision and one we have created together. We may not ever get to that vision, but when we are doing something each day, and taking action in every moment, in accordance with that vision, we are living our highest potential.

I Live In Communion With My Deepest Self

The greatest challenge is living in the moment. My mind always wants to set agendas, decide on timeframes, create schedules. Don't get me wrong. I am not saying these are not important. Of course they are. What I am saying is

My Life Flows With Greater Freedom As I Minimize Burden In My Life.

I Create More Space

Space = Energy

What matters is that every day I cultivate gratitude for the creations of my life. At the end of each day I express gratitude for my life in the present moment. In this way, you remind yourself you are living a little bit of your vision every day. Right now. Already. This big vision of abundance and amazing relationships is not a 'pie in the sky' somewhere in your future projection. It is here. Right now. Already.

Life is change. We won't be here forever. How do I know? Because today does not look the same as yesterday, and tomorrow won't look the same as today. Who knows what lies in store for us, for our kids, in the future? The only thing I can be certain about is

What My Deepest Self Desires.

That is knowing what is important to me in every single moment, so I make the best possible choice.

For Me

Because when I do this, everything important in my life naturally falls in to place. I am supported, and can receive everything I need. I have made the most truthful choice for me. Right now.

When I make choices, which reflect my Deepest Self's desires, my old emotional patterns – those patterns based in fear – cannot hold. The power of my decision is that it is made out of love. For me. I have wanted to run from James, from my life, countless times in the last three years, but I didn't. Why? Because my Deepest Self knows James is my Soul Mate, my Spiritual Partner. Our bond was formed to assist each of us to grow into the next greatest vision of who we are.

As Gary Zukav, in *The Seat Of The Soul* wisely says,

“Spiritual partners are able to see clearly that there is indeed a deeper reason why they are together and that the reason has a great deal to do with the evolution of their souls”

Do I know what my life looks like in five years time? Of course not. But I know what it FEELS like!

What I know is I will have true wealth in my life, my relationships will be authentic, and my Deepest Self will be in LOVE – with me, and with my life.

I am complete.

And when I am complete all I can have in my life is more completeness. And that is an amazing feeling.

Accept That Magic Happens

When you discover your barometer for truth is internal you understand your potential to influence the outcome multiplies. No longer will you 'seek' truth or justice – there is no need. You know exactly where to look.

Dreams are not just the unconscious babblings of your mind when you sleep.

Dreams are the reality you create every moment you are conscious. In each moment you have a choice to revert to a deep-seated emotional pattern, which keeps you stuck, or to try on something new. The new pattern may not look so great on the shelf, but when you decide to try it on, your intuition is usually right and it fits well. Sometimes it fits perfectly first time, but sometimes it feels good, but you know it needs to be worn in.

Acknowledging my story, and answering the question “How did I contribute to this life-changing event?” empowered me to change my story. As I called back my spirit, and learned to stand in, and be comfortable with, my power source, I understood MAGIC DOES HAPPEN when you try on your dream.

All of a sudden, when you take a step in the direction of your dream – out of your comfort zone – you receive support in the most unlikely places. ‘Chance’ meetings, candid conversations with strangers, route detours, all provide opportunity to see the magic.

What Do You Want?

What Does Your Deepest Self Desire?

“Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined”

- Henry David Thoreau

Epilogue

For so long I delayed finishing this book, because I was waiting for the perfect ending. I was waiting for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow to present itself to me, as proof I was doing all I teach. When it wasn't there I thought it was because it wasn't quite the end yet, and my book therefore wasn't ready. For how could I present a book to you, which provides you with strategies for your amazing life if I tell myself mine is not yet amazing?

For too long I have been blinded by my own sense of perfection.

What I know is, even after this book is published and in the hands of millions of readers, the chapters will keep writing themselves. Life goes on. It changes and presents greater opportunities for growth. How could I ever believe I could teach you everything I know just in this one book? Why would I believe I have the right to tell you my life is perfect, when it is not.

Yet, when you understand there is only perfection, of course your life is perfect!

In believing I am not perfect I am judging myself, and I am judging you. There is no compassion and acceptance in that. We all make choices and, whether we believe they are right or wrong, all we can hope for is that we are making the best choice for the present moment.

Because the present moment is all there is.

At any given moment in time.

Life IS a school. We are here to learn what it is to EXPERIENCE love and intimacy. We are here to EXPERIENCE the joy of having, being and doing exactly what we want, without any belief in limitation. That is what we chose.

We have been given the GIFT of FEELING and EMOTION!

The story of my life with love and money has been a rollercoaster. And it is because for so long I was searching outside of myself for the answers. It is not until I began to look inside, and realise I already have all the answers, the dips on the rollercoaster began to become a little less severe. Thank goodness!

When you are looking for love or money to make you happy, you will never be happy, because you are always relying on something, or someone, else, to create your happiness or wealth. You will always be searching for love, because you are not recognising it comes from within you. It has been there all the time.

LOVE is always there. It is always here.

You must take control. This word control is a strange one, because we spend our lives trying to control our surroundings. Allow me to clarify one last time ...

To take control you must decide what it is you want. You must be clear about it.

What Do I Want?

What Does My Deepest Self Desire?

Then you must know you already have it, at some point in time and space. Because if you don't have it, you can't want it. The energy of your intention is so powerful – once you become clear, and you allow yourself to RECEIVE this energy, you already have it. This is difficult to understand in a three dimensional world – a purely physical world. But you KNOW now the world is not just physical, don't you?

Because you already have it, you know you CAN have it, which makes it easier to believe. When you know you already have it, you can imagine yourself as it, with it, or in it. As you imagine yourself in it, you act AS IF you already have it. When you act as if you already have it you FEEL IT.

As you FEEL it, you cement the knowledge you deserve it and can have it. Then you let it go. How is this taking control? Because you TRUST you already have it. Science has proven the brain does not know the difference between what is inside and what is outside. These things are irrelevant. When you invoke the EMOTIONS associated with having, being or doing whatever you want, your brain believes you already have it, are being it, or are doing it!

You take control by TRUSTING this mechanism of divinity and perfection. You take control by knowing what you truly want for your life! And by knowing you can have it, because that is why you are here.

What about people who keep saying you need to take action? If you let it go you are not taking action? Yes you are. You are taking massive action, because you TRUST you have DONE all you can, and you ALLOW yourself to BE in accordance with those actions. Your desires come from your heart, whose electromagnetic activity is 5000 times stronger than the electromagnetic activity of your brain. Remember? You are taking MASSIVE ACTION when you act in accordance with what your Deepest Self desires.

You are not believing you have to do it all on your own. You are trusting everything you have created in your world is for a PURPOSE and the purpose is to SUPPORT you in having what you want. You are relinquishing the belief you are alone, and you TRUST the plan for your life. You don't try to figure it all out yourself. You know you don't need to figure it out anymore.

*You simply have to know what you want, and know your future self already has it,
and trust you will receive the resources you need to create it –
which you will, because your future self already has it.*

This is why you align yourself with your Deepest Self every day. Because if you do not, your Deepest Self is less able to impact your life. When you try to control it all, by attempting to do it all on your own, you are going to continue to ride a rollercoaster. When you begin to accept what it is you came to this earth to do, your path flows with greater ease. As you learn to accept your chosen path, you build a greater level of intimacy with you. You no longer fight with you, and the voice of your Deepest Self, which speaks through your heart, becomes louder and louder. Eventually your Ego stops resisting, because it is not being heard. The consequence is the flow through of information to your Ego, which assists you to move and open to the infinite possibilities for your life.

The Consequence Is LIFE!

“Wealth is the ability to fully experience life.”

- Henry David Thoreau

Most people are just trying not to die.

When you align you with your Deepest Self you LIVE with EASE and GRACE.

That does not mean life will always be easy, but at least you will be LIVING!

So accept the gift of your humanity.

Allow yourself to experience emotion, taste, touch, love.

FEEL the GOOD and the BAD. They all matter. They are all part of the richness of being you.

Live Your Story.

Stop TRYING to SURVIVE in the big, bad world.

Change Your Mind.

START LIVING!

Defining Moment

It's your turn. Write your story. Start by asking the questions ...

What Do You Want?

What Does Your Deepest Self Desire?

See and FEEL the magic you create!

"Well, that's another chapter!"

- The Keeper 'Dewey', Tinkerbell Secret of the Wings

With all my Love,

Kirsty