




DECODE YOUR DESTINY



THE SPIRITUAL FORMULA TO
AWAKEN INTUITION, ATTRACT
YOUR SOULMATE & UNLOCK
PROSPERITY

CHERIE STOKES

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

The Spiritual Formula to Awaken Intuition, Attract Your
Soulmate & Unlock Prosperity

CHERIE STOKES

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DEDICATION

To **Dorothy Churchill**, my very first spiritual mentor and teacher.

You were the one who first opened the door to energetic healing, intuition, and a world far beyond what I'd been taught to believe was possible.

Thank you for seeing something in me before I could see it in myself.

Because of you, I remembered.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

CONTENTS

DECODE YOUR DESTINY	1
DEDICATION.....	1
CONTENTS.....	2
INTRODUCTION	1
<i>When the Ache Becomes the Answer.....</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>My Spiral Didn't Start Where You'd Think.....</i>	<i>4</i>
<i>This Is for the Woman Who Knows There's More.....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>What Starts Unlocking When You Spiral In.....</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Not a Formula. A Frequency.</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>How to Move with This Book (Not Just Read It)</i>	<i>12</i>
CHAPTER 1: YOUR SOUL'S BEEN SPEAKING IN MORSE CODE	16
<i>Stop Waiting for Signs.....</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>The \$100 Sign I Didn't Take</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>How to Feel a Soul Ping (Body Wisdom 101).....</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>Embodiment Practice</i>	<i>28</i>
<i>Journaling Prompts:.....</i>	<i>29</i>
CHAPTER 2: WHEN HEALING BECOMES A HIDING PLACE	31
<i>The Shoe Lace Shame Spell.....</i>	<i>31</i>
<i>The Healing Loop That Looks Like Growth</i>	<i>33</i>
<i>You Don't Need to Be More Healed to Be More Whole.....</i>	<i>39</i>
<i>The Lighthouse Doesn't Heal the Storm.....</i>	<i>40</i>
<i>Live Like a Lighthouse</i>	<i>42</i>
<i>Embodiment Practice</i>	<i>44</i>
<i>Journaling Prompts.....</i>	<i>46</i>

CHERIE STOKES

<i>What's Coming Next</i>	46
CHAPTER 3: THE LOVE FREQUENCY RESET.....	47
<i>"The Comb Moment"; AKA When You're Still Broadcasting</i> <i>'Please Pick Me'</i>	47
<i>Still Broadcasting "Pick Me"? Let's Talk</i>	51
<i>Love Is a Frequency. And You've Been Tuning to Static</i>	53
<i>Resonance Overrides Everything</i>	56
<i>Resetting the Station: From Heartbreak Ballads to Rebel Love</i> <i>Anthems</i>	61
<i>How to Become the Signal: The Love Frequency Framework</i> ...	64
<i>Embodiment Practice: Becoming the Broadcast</i>	67
<i>Journaling Prompts: From "Pick Me" to Powerful</i>	68
<i>What's Coming Next</i>	69
CHAPTER 4: PROVING YOURSELF WAS A SURVIVAL PATTERN, NOT YOUR TRUTH	70
<i>Where You Dimmed, Doubted, or Denied</i>	73
<i>The Cosmic Con Job of "Proving" Your Worth</i>	76
<i>Worthiness Isn't Earned; It's Remembered</i>	79
<i>You Were Always Wearing the Crown, You Just Thought It Was</i> <i>Costume Jewellery</i>	81
<i>The Worth Reclamation Code in Action</i>	84
<i>Embodiment Practice: The Spiral Worth Reclamation Walk</i> ..	87
<i>What's Next: Your Boundaries Are Your Broadcast</i>	90
CHAPTER 5: NO MORE GHOSTS AT THE GATE	91
<i>Your Boundaries Called. They're Tired of Being Ignored</i>	93
<i>The Cosmic Cost of Collapsing for Love</i>	97
<i>You Don't Have to Collapse to Be Loved</i>	99
<i>Half a Meal, Whole Pattern</i>	101
<i>The Frequency Filter Framework</i>	104
<i>The Christmas I Chose Me</i>	108
<i>Embodiment Practice: Energetic Doorways</i>	110
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	111
<i>What's Coming Next</i>	112

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

CHAPTER 6: THE ART OF RECEIVING	114
<i>The Energetic Flinch That Blocks Your Blessings</i>	114
<i>The Strange Shame of Being Given To</i>	117
<i>Why the Feminine Forgot How to Receive</i>	120
<i>Receiving Isn't Weak. It's Magnetic.</i>	122
<i>The Compliment Boomerang & the Cappuccino That Made Me Cry</i>	125
<i>The Spiral of Receiving™</i>	128
<i>The Sacred 'Yes': A Receiving Ritual</i>	131
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	132
<i>What's Coming Next</i>	133
CHAPTER 7: LOVE ON STEROIDS (AKA FREQUENCY MEDICINE)	134
<i>The Konicov Tape That Called in My Soulmate</i>	134
<i>When It Feels Like Love Skipped You</i>	137
<i>The Truth Beneath the Waiting</i>	141
<i>The Real Reason Love Finds You</i>	143
<i>When the Frequency Clicks; it's Not Just You</i>	145
<i>The Magnetic Match Method™: How to Become the Love You Want</i>	148
<i>Embodiment Practice: Love Frequency Activation</i>	150
<i>Faster, Deeper, Easier: Your Next Steps</i>	152
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	154
<i>What's Coming Next</i>	154
CHAPTER 8: TUNING INTO ABUNDANCE	156
<i>Scarcity in a Silk Dress (and on the Floor)</i>	156
<i>The Scarcity Static You Didn't Know You Still Had</i>	159
<i>You Are the Frequency. The Money Is Just the Echo.</i>	163
<i>The Universal Code – Abundance Doesn't Chase Desperation</i>	165
<i>Wealth Is a Signal; not a Reward</i>	168
<i>The Abundance Attunement Code</i>	171
<i>Embodiment Practice: The Wealth Frequency Tuner</i>	174
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	176
<i>What's Coming Next</i>	176

CHERIE STOKES

CHAPTER 9: DITCHING THE HUSTLE HALO	178
<i>When Doing More Is Masking Misalignment</i>	178
<i>When Your Compass Gets Scrambled by Strategy</i>	181
<i>When Your Soul Says “This Isn’t It”</i>	184
<i>When Flow Replaces Force</i>	186
<i>The Compass Reset: Coming Home to Your Inner ‘Yes’</i>	189
<i>Embodiment Practice: The Realignment Reset</i>	192
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	194
<i>What’s Coming Next</i>	195
CHAPTER 10: YOUR VISION IS VALID, EVEN IF IT SCARES YOU	197
<i>The Love Boat Spell</i>	197
<i>Your Soul Already Said Yes</i>	200
<i>Calibrate to the Timeline That Already Exists</i>	203
<i>Your Soul Already Said ‘Yes’</i>	207
<i>The Compass Rose and the Cruise Ship</i>	209
<i>Calibrating to the Right Timeline</i>	212
<i>Embodiment Practice: Timeline Calibration Activation</i>	215
<i>A New Earth Abundance Opportunity</i>	218
<i>Journaling Prompts</i>	221
<i>Epilogue: You’ve Already Started</i>	222
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	225
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	227
YOUR NEXT STEP	229

INTRODUCTION

When the Ache Becomes the Answer

Not every awakening starts with a breakdown. Sometimes it starts with a quiet “something’s not right.”

Hey lovelies. Let’s get real.

There comes a moment, maybe more than one, when you look around at the life you’ve built and still feel... that ache.

Not quite depression. Not failure either. Just this low, persistent hum of:

“*Is this really it?*”

You’ve manifested the house. Launched the soul business. You’ve got the oracle decks, the post-it note affirmations, the sacred Spotify playlists.

Ticked the boxes. Did the inner child work. Even nailed the wedding anniversary (33 years and still snogging. Thank you, Universe!).

You’re the woman other people turn to. The capable one. The spiritual one. The wise one.

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And yet... something feels off.

The abundance doesn't quite land. Your intuition flickers, but you second-guess the signs. There's love; but not the magnetism. Purpose; but not the pull.

You've spiralled out trying to crack the code.

You've tried the things. The meditations, the moon rituals, the high-vibe playlists.

You've cleansed your chakras, saged your space, and filled notebooks with affirmations.

You've done "the work"; and to be honest, you've done it well.

But no matter how beautifully curated your spiritual toolkit is...

There's still that inner void. Not loud. Not dramatic.

Just that subtle ache in your belly, you know, the kind that makes you scroll instead of meditate.

That moment where you smile in public but feel untethered inside.

You know there's more. You can *feel* it humming under the surface.

But no one taught you how to unlock it. Not fully. Not in a way that sticks.

CHERIE STOKES

And here's the plot twist: The real wisdom? It's been inside you all along.

That knowing didn't arrive with fireworks or breakdowns. No spiritual rock bottom. Just a soul-deep whisper that shifted everything.

“*You already know. You've just forgotten how to listen.*”

That's when the downloads began. Not external wisdom, but internal clarity.

The ones that showed me the codes I'd been following without even realising. The ones that helped me call in love. Align with abundance. And guide other women; women like you, back to their own inner compass.

Because here's the thing, lovely:

It was like trying to use someone else's map in a foreign land, and finally realising the compass had always been inside me.

I just hadn't learned to read it. Until I did. And everything began to shift.

This book is your invitation to do the same.

My Spiral Didn't Start Where You'd Think

Sometimes the codes don't come in crisis; they arrive quietly, disguised as curiosity.

If you'd looked at me from the outside, you'd probably have thought I had it all together. Calm. Capable. Spiritual street cred out the wazoo. Reiki Master since 2001. Certified hypnotherapist. Health and energy practitioner.

The kind of woman people assume just knows the way through. And that's part of the story... but not the whole spiral.

Because while I was checking the boxes, launching a health coaching biz, helping women with weight loss, trauma, fear, even addiction release, there was a deeper ache pulsing underneath it all. A quiet misalignment I couldn't quite name.

Yes, I'd shed 35 kilos after a lifetime of weight struggles. Yes, I was helping others heal. But inside, I felt like an imposter. Like I'd landed in someone else's version of transformation; not my own. I was performing alignment. Not embodying it.

Then came the pivot I didn't see coming.

It started during a course I took; an energy and health practitioner training. I'd already nailed the "mind" work. I had the "body" coaching down. This was meant to round

CHERIE STOKES

out the “spirit” piece, just a little credibility boost. But the energy didn’t just complete me. It started to change me.

Out of nowhere (or maybe from lifetimes ago), my Reiki shifted. It didn’t feel like hands-on healing anymore. It was something wild. Raw. Ancient. A frequency I hadn’t learned... but somehow knew.

And here’s the kicker: I didn’t even realise it was happening. I was just doing what I always did; holding-space, trusting the flow. And suddenly the downloads were different. The channel had widened. The guidance was clearer. The spiral had begun.

I began to notice the changes in small, uncanny ways. My hands would heat before I even started a session. Clients would cry. Not because of what I said, but what they felt. Words came through me I didn’t plan. Movements happened that weren’t mine.

It was like Spirit had taken the wheel, and all I had to do was stop resisting. My body knew. My guides knew. I just needed to catch up to my own frequency.

At the same time, I lost my mum. A soul wound that cracked me wide open.

I’d been her carer for years. Her absence left a silence I couldn’t fill. I melted down.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

And then, slowly, creatively; I began to rise. I started a YouTube channel under the guise of “learning the algorithm.” But we both know what that really means, don’t we?

My soul was calling me back into expression. Not to teach. Not to fix. Just to feel again. And from that quiet space, the truth landed hard and holy:

My soul work isn’t just helping others heal. It is helping women reconnect with the gifts they forgot they had. To remember their intuitive power. To call in love without chasing. To invite abundance from the insideout. Just like I’ve been learning to do; one download at a time.

This Is for the Woman Who Knows There’s More

You’ve done the work, held the space, and still, something inside you whispers... “not this.” So, lovelies, if you’ve tried everything and still feel stuck, this book is for you.

You’re not new to this path. You’ve meditated, manifested, and moon-cycled your way through growth. You’ve journaled. Vision boarded. Shadow-worked. You’ve read the books. Sat in ceremonies. Taken the courses. You’ve studied the nervous system, explored your attachment style, maybe even got certified to help others.

You’re the wise one. The space-holder. The intuitive friend everyone turns to. And yet... There’s a quiet ache

you can't quite name. It shows up at 3am when the world goes still, and your mind starts spinning:

"Why haven't I cracked this yet?"

"Why does something still feel... off?"

Your life might look complete from the outside. Maybe you've built a business, found a partner, raised a family, or travelled the world. You should feel grateful, right? And part of you is. But the spark? The deep soul resonance? It's flickering.

The abundance doesn't stick. The love feels almost-right but not all-the-way-right. You second-guess your intuition, even though it's always been your compass.

You've done the podcasts. The inner-child work.

*The retreats. The spells (yes, **the love and abundance ones too**; no judgment).*

You've tried trusting the Universe, but secretly, you wonder if she ghosted you.

You wouldn't admit that out loud, of course. You're the spiritual one. The "aligned" one.

But there are moments when the noise fades and you're left with an emptiness you can't explain. You wonder if you skipped a step. If maybe everyone else got a manual

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

you didn't. You keep smiling. You keep holding it together. But underneath you're tired of pretending it's all fine.

Nothing is wrong. Your energy is shifting, calling you back into alignment.

This book is for the woman who's held space for everyone else... but hasn't been fully held in return. For the woman who attracts unavailable lovers or flaky clients; even though she knows better. For the woman who craves a deeper click. Who wants her life to feel like it was designed from the soul up.

Because she doesn't need another strategy. She needs soul-level activation.

If you've ever whispered:

"I should be further along..."

"I know I'm here for more..."

"I want love, money, and purpose to flow from who I truly am..."

Then welcome home, lovely. This book will meet you at the ache, and guide you to your remembering.

And from there? We spiral up.

What Starts Unlocking When You Spiral In

This isn't about doing more; it's about remembering what was always yours.

This book isn't another spiritual to-do list. It won't ask you to manifest harder, fix your frequency, or fake positivity till your bank account catches up.

Instead, *Decode Your Destiny* is a return, to what you already know. To what's already coded in your soul, your body, your bones.

Inside these pages, you'll unlock three soul-level shifts:

1. Awaken Intuition

You'll stop outsourcing your knowing to mentors, psychics, or every oracle deck within arm's reach. Instead, you'll reconnect with your internal compass; that quiet, powerful voice that already knows what's true for you.

You'll start to sense the difference between fear and guidance... noise and knowing... doubt and divine timing.

No more looking outside. No more second-guessing. Just deep, settled trust in your own frequency.

Imagine waking up and not needing to ask your mentor, your cards, or your bestie. Imagine feeling the nudge and knowing, without needing evidence.

That's the shift. From hyper-vigilance to spiritual ease. From "I hope this is right" to "I know this is mine." That kind of clarity changes everything.

2. Attract Soulmate-Level Love

Whether you're single, in a situationship spiral, or questioning the one you're in... you'll begin to decode the patterns that have kept you looping in almost-loves, emotional unavailability, or over-giving just to be chosen.

You'll stop shrinking, chasing, or settling. Instead, you'll embody the energetic signature of soul-level love; the kind that meets you fully, mirrors your wholeness, and stays.

3. Unlock Prosperity

This isn't about pretending everything's fine while your nervous system is stuck in survival mode.

It's about unhooking from the subconscious stories that have kept you proving, pushing, or feeling like there's never quite enough.

You'll realign with ease. Magnetism. Spiritual abundance that doesn't bypass your reality; it rewrites it.

This isn't just a book. It's a multidimensional recalibration.

A shift from "Why isn't it working?" to "Oh... I remember now."

And when those codes click into place? Life begins to spiral; not in circles, but in ascension.

Not a Formula. A Frequency.

You don't need more steps. You need soul resonance and truth that lives in your cells. You don't need more information. You need integration.

Most spiritual books give you strategies. Steps. "Ten things to manifest abundance." "Three ways to find your purpose." "Five signs your twin flame is coming."

Sound familiar?

But you're not here for that anymore. You don't need another list. You need a realignment.

Because here's the truth most of them skip:

You're not a mindset project.

You're a multidimensional soul with a living energy field and a unique vibrational code.

Your path? It's not linear. It's spiral-shaped.

Decode Your Destiny is built on the Spiral Code™; a soul framework I received through intuitive downloads, energetic upgrades, and decades of my own unravelling.

It honours your seasons, your cycles, your wholeness. It doesn't sell you a finish line. It shows you how to spiral inward, until life spirals upward.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

This work weaves together:

- Somatic safety + nervous system repair
- Trauma-informed spiritual guidance
- Past life remembrance + soul retrieval
- Energy alchemy, intuitive activation + ancestral pattern clearing
- Divine sass + embodied truth. No spiritual bypass. No performative high vibes. No shiny-fix BS.

Just the quiet, grounded remembrance:

Your soul already knows the way.

Let's decode what's been blocking the signal.

How to Move with This Book (Not Just Read It)

You don't need to master this. You need to let it move you.

This book isn't linear, because your healing isn't either. Each chapter is its own spiral. A key. A frequency.

You'll begin with a story, something vulnerable or catalytic to crack the heart open. Then we'll name the pattern you might be caught in, because naming is power. What you can see, you can shift. (Hello, Reticular Activating System; that brain filter that starts showing you red cars everywhere the second you think of one.)

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Next, you'll receive a deeper truth; a soul code that vibrates in your body when you read it. Then? We anchor it.

You'll explore a metaphor or case study, something that makes the invisible click. You'll embody it with a guided practice. You'll integrate it with journaling prompts. And finally, you'll get a soul segue; a sacred nudge into the next layer of your remembering.

You don't need to rush.

You don't need to do it all in one sitting.

You're not here to tick boxes; you're here to come home.

This isn't homework. It's a soul whisper. And it's whispering just to you.

Some chapters will stir old grief. Others will light you up like a solar flare. Again, I say, you don't have to rush through either. Let your nervous system catch up to your soul. Let your tears rise when they need to.

Dog-ear the pages that tingle. Ignore the ones that don't, and come back later.

This isn't about getting it all right. It's about letting the spiral guide your remembering. You'll know when to

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pause. You'll know when to leap. Trust yourself more than you trust these words. That's where the magic lives.

Let's Spiral In...

This is the moment your soul has been whispering toward; not a beginning, but a return.

Before we begin, let's take a sacred pause.

Place your hand on your heart. Take a deep breath in. And another, even deeper this time, all the way into your belly. Feel your body arrive. Feel the part of you that's been waiting for this.

This is not a race. This is a remembrance.

You haven't missed your moment.

You haven't fallen behind.

You're right on time, even in the mess, even in the ache.

Every heartbreak. Every "almost." Every wild spiral that brought you to your knees... It brought you here.

And this time? You won't override your truth. You won't shapeshift to be chosen. You won't abandon yourself to stay safe.

You're not falling apart.

*You're **encoded**.*

And this spiral will show you the way.

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So, breathe. Read slowly. Let what lands... land.

You're not just reading this book. You're activating it. You're co-creating with it. You're letting it unlock what your soul already knows.

This is your time, lovely. Not to hustle. Not to fix. But to, and please pardon my French LOL, remember who the f**k you are.

CHAPTER 1: YOUR SOUL'S BEEN SPEAKING IN MORSE CODE

Unpacking the Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern

Hey lovelies, confession time, I used to be *utterly* obsessed with **The Bold and the Beautiful**. And if we're being honest, I still am.

There's something so hypnotic about watching **Brooke Logan** throw herself at "her destiny" (aka Ridge) through 47 weddings, 83 breakups, a handful of amnesia plots, and enough lip gloss to flood Beverly Hills. It was chaotic. It was glamorous. And weirdly... it was *me*.

Brooke was my guilty pleasure, but also my first download about what it meant to want **big love**. I didn't know it back then, I just knew I wanted to feel something that strong. That magnetic. That *destined*.

But here's the plot twist...

Brooke wasn't living her destiny. She was **looping her pattern**; calling it divine timing, while ignoring the giant red flags, karmic landmines, and the fact that Ridge had the emotional availability of a houseplant.

Sound familiar?

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We laugh at soap operas, but let's be real. Some of us have been casting ourselves in them energetically for *years*. Chasing the unavailable. Romanticising pain. Mistaking chemistry for soul alignment. Holding out for the next twist in the plot, the next text, the next job-offer, the next damn sign from the Universe.

We say we want our soul-purpose, our true love, our divine abundance... But deep down, we're often just repeating the same pattern; louder, shinier, and with better highlight on our cheekbones.

That's what this chapter is here to reveal.

Because destiny? It's not something outside you. It's not Ridge in a tux, standing at the top of some spiritual staircase with a dozen red roses in his arms (or more, because he's mega-rich and can afford to buy out the whole damn florist).

It's not that career you keep manifesting on your vision board, or the soulmate who keeps ghosting but "feels different this time."

Your real destiny has been inside you the whole time, like soul Morse code, tapping away beneath the noise.

But first, we've got to talk about why you stopped listening.

Why your inner voice got muffled under all the noise (the

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

programs, the people-pleasing, the spiritual FOMO, the endless healing loops, the Insta quotes, the cosmic confusion) ...

And why part of you still secretly *loves* the drama more than the actual arrival.

So, let's start there. With Brooke. With you. With me. With the part of us that craves our destiny but keeps spiralling in circles.

It's not wrong. It's just encoded. And baby, we're about to **decode** the whole damn thing.

Because here's the truth: how many times have you told yourself, "*This must be destiny...*" only to end up face-first in another spiritual soap opera, wondering how the hell you got cast in the same role *again*? You know the one: You meet someone who feels *fated*. The chemistry is cosmic. There are signs. Synchronicities. 11:11s. Maybe you even pulled the Lovers card twice that week. And you just *know...* this is it.

But then; ghosting. Mixed signals. Drama. Suddenly you're not living a soul-aligned love story; you're stuck in a Netflix rerun, starring you, your wounded inner child, and a walking red flag named "potential."

And I've done it too, lovely. Before I met Martin, I'd been on more than a few *less-than-glorious* dates. Let's just say my intuition hadn't fully come online yet.

I remember one of my first ever dates... I was 17, and he was the brother of a work friend. He rocked up in this completely hotted-up Monaro... or maybe it was a Charger? Either way, it was *hot* at the time, and my teenage brain went: *Yes. This. Clearly, destiny has arrived in V8 form.*

Spoiler alert: just because the car is sexy doesn't mean the connection will be. The date was an absolute flop. Cringey silences, zero spark, and worst of all, I still shudder to think what he told his sister about me afterwards.

We laugh now, but this is how the **Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern** often starts. We follow the *external signs*; the hot car, the job title, the shared birth chart placements and ignore the *internal signals* that say: "This isn't it."

Because we've been conditioned to think destiny *looks* a certain way. Glossy. Intense. Swept up in roses and chandeliers and meaningful looks across crowded rooms. But what if what you're calling destiny... is actually just a **repeating energetic pattern**? What if you're not being tested, but looped?

The Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern isn't about *what* you're doing; it's about the frequency underneath it. Are you aligned with soul truth? Or are you caught in a karmic rerun with better outfits?

Because real destiny doesn't create chaos. It creates clarity.

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And you, my love, are finally ready to hear the soul Morse code that's been tapping away beneath the drama all along.

Or maybe it's not love? Maybe it's that **soulmate client** or **dream opportunity** you swore was your big break. You felt the pull, the vision, the tingles in your crown chakra... and then? Crickets. Or chaos. Or burnout disguised as divine hustle.

And here's the kicker: Because you're spiritually aware and you *want* to believe in divine timing, you tell yourself it's all part of the plan.

"You just have to trust the Universe." "It's a test." "It's a karmic contract." "It's Mercury retrograde."

But what if, and stay with me here, what you're calling destiny... is actually just a **repeating energetic pattern**?

| *Again, what if you're not being tested, but **looped**?*

And the longer you stay in that loop, hoping the pattern will change if you just heal *one more layer*, the more you delay your actual alignment?

That, my love, is the ***Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern***; that loop that looks like fate, but feels like *déjà vu*.

It's not dumb. It's not shameful. It's deeply human. We all have a version of it. A familiar energetic imprint that we mistake for fate, simply because it's *familiar*.

For some, it looks like choosing emotionally unavailable lovers and calling them twin flames. For others, it's over-giving in business and calling it service. Or chasing spiritual highs instead of grounding into the boring-but-potent truth of embodiment.

The Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern isn't about *what* you're doing; it's about the frequency underneath it. Are you aligned with truth? Or are you addicted to the drama that makes you feel alive, even if it's quietly draining you?

Because here's the twist:

| *Real destiny doesn't create chaos. It creates **clarity**.*

But to feel that clarity, you have to stop calling your patterns "divine" and start getting honest about what they really are. It's not that you've been off path. It's that you've been tuned into a frequency that *feels* like destiny, because it mimics the emotional terrain you're used to navigating.

Intensity. Longing. Confusion. Drama. Sound familiar?

It's okay. You're not lost. You're just ready to **decode**. And now that you can see the pattern, you can finally spiral out of it.

Stop Waiting for Signs

Let's rip the cosmic band-aid off, shall we?

Lovely... it's time to stop waiting for signs. Not because the Universe isn't generous; she absolutely is. Not because synchronicities aren't real; they are. But because **you've been outsourcing your knowing to the sky**, when it's been living in your bones all along.

Somewhere along the way, spirituality became a scavenger hunt. You've been trained to look *outside yourself* for confirmation: angel numbers, feathers, a hawk flying west at sunset while your twin flame posts a meme about healing.

But here's the truth:

| *Signs don't create alignment. Alignment creates signs.*

When you're waiting on a sign to decide, to move, to trust your inner knowing... what you're really saying is: *"I don't fully trust myself yet."*

I say this with so much love, because I've done it too. I've waited for dreams, shuffled cards 12 times, asked the pendulum, pulled an oracle, begged the moon to send me a clue. And sometimes... nothing came. Because the only thing I needed was to **drop in**, and listen. The Universe isn't silent. She's just *waiting for you to tune to your own signal*.

When you're truly aligned, the world mirrors it effortlessly, not because you begged for a sign, but because you *became* the clarity.

That's the code. Stop begging the sky for permission slips. You're not lost. You're not behind. You're just learning to hear yourself above the noise.

And trust me, once you do? The signs will come. But they won't be *guiding you*. They'll be *celebrating you*.

The \$100 Sign I Didn't Take

Let me tell you a story that still makes me shake my head and laugh, *with just a sprinkle of spiritual facepalm*.

It was around October 2010. Bitcoin was trading for something like **12 cents**. Yes, *twelve*. Cents. I stumbled across it online; a weird little digital currency thing. And my gut? She perked up. She whispered. She *knew*.

I didn't understand all the tech stuff. I wasn't deep in the crypto world. But something in me felt that *ping*, that little soul nudge that goes, "*Pay attention. This matters.*"

And then? Enter the Negative Nancies. The sceptics, the doubters, the practical voices, internal and external, who chimed in with: "That's risky." "It's probably a scam." "Don't waste your money." "You're not techy enough to

deal with that.”

And so, I didn't. I didn't buy the Bitcoin. Not a single one. Not even a cheeky little hundred bucks' worth; which, let's be honest, would've had me typing this chapter from my beach house in The Bahamas right now with a cacao in one hand and a shirtless barista in the other.

Woulda, coulda, shoulda.

But here's the thing, lovely, it wasn't really about the money. It was about **trusting the signal**. My gut was aligned. My energy said 'yes'. But I didn't back myself. I waited for a sign. I waited for *someone else* to validate what I already felt.

And that's the pattern we're breaking here.

We ask for signs when we don't yet trust our own clarity. We delay. We doubt. We defer to someone else's logic, or wait for ten thousand angel numbers to give us cosmic permission.

But true alignment doesn't need confirmation. It is the confirmation.

The nudge, the knowing, the little internal *ping* you feel in your body? That's the green light, babe.

So, no, unfortunately I didn't buy Bitcoin. But I definitely got the lesson.

You don't always need a burning bush, a triple rainbow, or your astrologer's blessing. Sometimes, the whisper is enough.

And the more you trust those whispers, the more they'll show up, not as warnings... ..but as wealth.

How to Feel a Soul Ping (Body Wisdom 101)

So how do you actually *know* when it's a soul 'yes'? How do you tell the difference between a real intuitive ping and an ego-fuelled urge dressed in glitter and urgency?

*You stop outsourcing. You start listening.
To your body.*

Your body is your built-in pendulum. It's how your soul speaks when your mind is still in committee meeting mode.

Here's what I do, and you can try it right now:

I ask my body an **obvious 'yes' question**, like: "Is my name Cherie?"

Then I ask a **clear 'no'**, like: "Is my name Martin?"

And I *notice*. Where does the "yes" land in my body? Where does the "no" feel different?

It's usually subtle; maybe a lightness in the chest for 'yes',

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

and a tight little clench somewhere for ‘no’. Once I feel the contrast, I calibrate. I’m attuning to *my* internal compass; not trying to channel an answer from the sky.

When you do this regularly, you build trust in the sensations. You start to feel how **alignment doesn’t shout; it hums.**

Soul ‘Yes’ vs Soul ‘No’

A Soul ‘Yes’ might feel like:

- Warmth in your gut or heart
- A full breath, a softening
- Tingling, tingles, spaciousness
- A sense of “mmm... yes please”

A Soul ‘No’ might feel like:

- Contraction in the chest or throat
- Nausea, static, tension
- Restlessness or a mini-internal eye-roll

Still unsure? That’s okay. Neutrality is also data. Sometimes *not yet* is the message.

Try this:

The 10-Second Alignment Scan

1. **Breathe.** Drop out of your head and into your body.

2. **Ask:** “If I say yes to this, what shifts in my body?”
3. **Notice the shift;** tight or spacious? Light or heavy?
4. **Then ask:** “If I say ‘no’ to this, what changes?”

That’s your compass, lovely. Not your logic. Not the signs.
Not what your coach or cards say.

You. Your body. Your frequency.

When you begin living from this place; the place where your choices are made from clarity, not chaos, you’ll stop needing external proof.

Because you’ll **become** the proof.

The truth is:

Your destiny doesn’t come with a user manual; it comes with a nervous system.

And when you honour it, you don’t just attract aligned love, purpose, and prosperity... You *interrupt the **Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral Pattern*** at its core.

*You become a walking ‘yes’. A living transmission.
A woman who doesn’t just **decode** destiny, she **embodies** it.*

Embodiment Practice

The Alignment Drop-In

You've read the code. You've felt the truth. Now let's *anchor it*.

This isn't about forcing answers. It's about creating space for your body to speak, and trusting what it says.

Here's a simple drop-in you can do anytime the noise creeps back in:

Close your eyes. Hand on heart. Hand on womb. Take three deep breaths. Inhale presence. Exhale noise. Let the world fade. Let your mind soften.

Now gently ask your body: "Is this aligned for me?" "Is this my, 'yes'?" "Is this my, 'no'?"

No need to overthink. Just *feel*. Notice the shift; tight or spacious? Light or heavy?

That's your compass, lovely. You don't need to chant 108 affirmations or wait for your guides to DM you from the astral. You just need to drop in, and *listen*.

Because alignment isn't a concept; it's a sensation. And once you've felt it? You'll never need to beg for a sign again.

Want to go deeper into this embodiment?

I've created a set of **guided audio practices** to accompany this book, so you can press play, close your eyes, and let your body do the remembering. No flipping pages. No memorising steps. Just you, your breath, and your inner compass.

Journaling Prompts:

Here's a short set of prompts to take this activation even deeper. These aren't for surface answers, they're for soul truth. Let your pen move without editing. Let what's buried rise.

1. Where have I been waiting for signs instead of trusting my alignment?
2. What does a true "yes" feel like in my body?
3. What am I ready to stop outsourcing to the Universe?
4. What would shift if I trusted my inner compass completely?
5. What pattern am I ready to spiral out of, starting now?

Want to be guided through these? The **audio journaling practice** is included in the bonus *Embodiment Meditation Exercises* bundle.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

https://www.cheriestokes.com/embodimentbundle_public

These guided meditations walk you through each Destiny Code step-by-step, helping your body integrate what your soul already knows.

What's Coming Next...

You've just cracked the *Brooke Logan Destiny Spiral* Pattern. You're no longer outsourcing clarity. And the signs? They're showing up inside you now. But what if the loop goes deeper?

In the next chapter, we're pulling back the veil on one of the sneakiest soul traps of all **the healing loop**. The constant clearing, fixing, processing... that secretly keeps you small.

We'll ask the real questions: Are you actually stuck, or just spiralling in circles that look like growth?

Because you're not the problem, lovely. You're just too damn close to your own power to see it clearly.

Let's spiral inward and break that cycle. Because drama might make great television... But clarity makes a great life.

CHAPTER 2: WHEN HEALING BECOMES A HIDING PLACE

The Shoe Lace Shame Spell

Can we talk about those sneaky moments from childhood that look tiny from the outside... but shaped the whole damn show?

I've got one of those. And it starts with shoelaces.

I was a naturally shy kid, one of those quiet, sensitive little souls. And to top it off, I had the triple-threat combo: **red hair, freckles, and pale skin**. AKA: I already stood out. Behind the eight ball before I even knew what a ball was. A walking bullseye in the school playground pecking order.

So, when I actually *did* put myself forward, it wasn't nothing. It was massive. Brave. Vulnerable as hell.

Picture me, kindy age. My dad had just taught me how to tie my shoelaces (not the bunny-ears way, mind you). The *grown-up way*. One loop. Real-deal dexterity. I was proud.

So, when the teacher, a nun, no less, asked the class, "Who knows how to tie their shoes?" My little heart lit up. My

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

hand shot into the air. This was my moment. My mini-TED Talk. My big, bold 'YES'.

She called me up, here was my big moment, just about to show the class how fantastic I was at tying my shoelaces and ... then told me to sit back down. Didn't let me show anything. Didn't acknowledge my courage. Just waved me away like I'd interrupted.

I didn't understand it at the time, but now I can see what probably happened: My method was different to what she was about to teach. And rather than honouring it, she shut it down; likely to avoid "confusing the other children."

But guess who *was* confused? *Me*. And not just confused, **embarrassed** and **ashamed**.

I still remember the burn in my face. The sting behind my eyes. I had finally put myself forward... and it wasn't safe.

That moment cast a spell. I didn't put my hand up again, not for years. Not in class, not in life. And even as a grown woman, that subconscious memory lingered like an energetic bruise.

It didn't just silence my voice in the classroom; it echoed for decades. In meetings, I'd sit on soul-deep ideas instead of speaking up. In groups, I'd default to the sidelines. And in professional settings, I got labelled as "not a team player", when really, I was just carrying an old scar that

said: *It's not safe to be visible.* And worse; *If you're different, you'll be dismissed.*

I've done the work on it. I've journaled, tapped, visualised, done all the inner child healing. And yet? It hasn't been some magical "all clear" moment. It's been more like... slowly, slowly, catchy monkey.

A gentle spiral of unravelling; not a quick fix.

That's the thing about healing. Sometimes it's not about the drama or the breakthrough. It's about seeing how deeply embedded the patterns became, *not because anything is wrong with you*, but because you were brave once... and got burned.

And when we don't fully clear it, we keep healing around it. Looping. Hiding. Doing the work without ever fully stepping forward again.

That's where this chapter begins.

The Healing Loop That Looks Like Growth

Tell me if this sounds familiar:

You've read the books. Taken the courses. Cleared the past lives. Rewritten the childhood scripts. Activated the light

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

codes. (And let's be honest, spent enough on Oracle decks to personally fund Doreen Virtue's retirement.)

You know how to "do the work." In fact, you've got a PhD in unpacking your own stuff. But somehow... you're still not where you want to be.

Not fully seen. Not fully free. Still hesitating to launch. Still doubting your own knowing. Still afraid to be the one who speaks up, shines out, or *actually receives* what you've been asking for.

So, you go back to the toolkit.

Maybe it's this one last block. Maybe it's that one past life I haven't cleared. Maybe I just need to journal more. Or sign up for that quantum womb re-coding masterclass at 11:11pm on a full moon with three Reiki symbols and a cacao chaser.

You laugh; because it's true.

And here's the thing: it's not *wrong*. But if we're being really honest... a lot of us aren't healing to grow. We're healing to **avoid**.

Avoid being seen. Avoid being judged. Avoid doing the damn thing. Avoid failing. Avoid *succeeding and still feeling unworthy anyway*.

We use healing like a velvet-lined cage. It looks pretty. Feels safe. But it's still a cage.

I call it the Healing Loop.

It's the part of us that *loves* the idea of becoming, but quietly panics at the idea of arriving. Because once you arrive, you have to show up. And if you still believe something's wrong with you deep down... well, showing up becomes terrifying.

So, you stay in the loop. Spiritual student. Healing hamster wheel. Always *almost* ready.

You call it "doing the work." But underneath, it's just the old childhood imprint, still whispering:

"Don't speak up. Don't stand out. If you're different, you'll be dismissed."

Sound familiar?

That's not a weakness. That's your body remembering. That's your nervous system protecting you from a visibility trauma your mind has long since minimised.

And let's be clear; this doesn't mean you're doing anything wrong. You're self-aware. You're committed. You've done more inner work than most therapists. But even the wisest women can get caught in this loop... not because they're lazy, but because they're *loyal*; to old versions of themselves that once kept them safe.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

But here's the good news:

If you can name it, you can shift it. If you can see the loop, you can step out of it. You don't need to do *more healing*; you need to create *more safety* for the part of you that's scared to be seen.

The Healing Loop loses power the second you stop making it your identity.

You're not here to be the world's most spiritually processed woman. You're here to be the *freest*, most embodied version of your soul.

And baby, that starts now.

The Programmed Pause

Let's zoom out for a second, lovely.

This thing you've been doing; the over-healing, the under-showing. It's not just personal. It's **generational. Hormonal. Cultural. Cosmic.**

We've been programmed, as women, to delay our destiny until we've *earned it*. To smooth every edge. To heal every fracture. To make sure we're safe for others before we ever claim space for ourselves.

And when we hit our 40s; when the veil gets thin and our intuition starts howling for more, what happens?

Hormones.

Suddenly, you're swinging between "I could channel the divine feminine all day" and "don't speak to me or I'll hex you with my mind."

And here's the kicker: we blame ourselves.

We lash out or shut down or feel off... Then spiral into shame.

"I shouldn't have snapped. I should've breathed. I should journal. I should clear this. I should soulwork harder."

You're not wrong, you're just **cycling**. Your nervous system is changing. Your clarity is rising. But instead of honouring that, we try to fix it.

Why?

Because we've been conditioned to believe our pain is our fault. That friction is a failure of enlightenment. That if we were really "doing the work," we'd float through peri-madness like some crystal-clad goddess on a cloud of sage.

But real women get **grumpy**. Real women have seasons. And real women; especially healers, coaches, space holders, have been taught that if anything goes wrong around us, it must be *ours* to clean up energetically.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

That's not empowerment. That's inherited guilt.

So, we heal and heal... not because we're damaged, but because we've been taught that discomfort is dangerous and that any emotional edge must mean something's wrong with us.

We start avoiding friction, polishing our vibe, performing our alignment; instead of listening to what our bodies are actually trying to say.

And sometimes... Sometimes you don't need another clearing. You just need a snack and a scream into a pillow, not another emergency round of healing you weren't even guided to in the first place.

And it's not just this lifetime, either. Generations of women have handed down the same script: *Dim your light. Be palatable. Work on yourself quietly behind the scenes.* But that script ends with you, love. You're not just breaking a cycle; you're rewriting the spellbook.

The truth is: You're not failing. You're waking up. You're noticing the cracks in the system, not in yourself. And those hormonal shifts? They're not betrayals. They're **activations**. You're no longer chemically able to tolerate the things you were "spiritually bypassing" before.

The veil's off. The volume's up. And that's not a call to go deeper into the healing cave; it's a call to come **out**.

You Don't Need to Be More Healed to Be More Whole

Here's the truth, lovely: At some point, you have to draw a line in the sand and say, "I'm as good as I'm gettin'... and that's good enough to begin."

Not because you're done. Not because everything's perfectly aligned, purified, and pinned to a vision board under a full moon. But because if you don't? You'll keep spiralling down and out, chasing that mythical moment when you're finally "ready." And you'll miss the whole damn point.

We're not here to graduate healing. We're here to embody legacy.

And sometimes it takes loss, real, heart-splitting, soul-level grief, to snap us awake.

When my mum passed, something cracked wide open in me. Suddenly the illusion of time, of "someday", just dissolved. There was no more waiting until I felt worthy. No more hiding behind the work.

There was only this: **This body. This breath. This moment.** And the call to speak, to serve, to show up; even with trembling hands.

Because if I don't? If *you* don't? We'll take our medicine,

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

our wisdom, our weird wild gifts to the grave. And the world doesn't need another woman waiting for permission to be her whole self.

Not everyone will like what you have to say. Say it anyway. Not everyone will get your work. Share it anyway. Not everyone will see your light. Shine it anyway.

You don't need to be more healed to be more whole. You just need to stop waiting for proof that you already are.

The Lighthouse Doesn't Heal the Storm

There's a story I once heard; or maybe it was a download. Either way, it lives in my bones now. It goes like this:

There's a lighthouse on a rocky cliff edge. Old. Weathered. Not repainted in decades. Some of the glass is cracked. One of the stairs squeaks every time you climb to the top. But every night, no matter how wild the sea or how thick the fog, that lighthouse does one thing: It shines.

It doesn't say: "Oh no, I can't beam tonight. I had a rough storm last week." Or "I'll just wait till they renovate me, then I'll guide the ships."

Or "Maybe I need another alignment session before I'm safe to shine."

Nope. It just shows up.

Even with its cracks. Even with rust. Even when no one

says thank you.

Because that's what lighthouses *do*.

And babe... **you are the lighthouse.**

You weren't built to be perfect. You were built to hold light. And the ships? They don't care about your squeaky stairs. They just need the beam.

But here's the thing... When the lighthouse goes dark. When it questions its worth, or hides its light, or waits for a sign from the sky that says "Now it's okay to be seen..." That's when the ships crash. That's when the course is lost. That's when the people who needed your presence... drift.

So, here's what I want you to ask yourself: Where are you dimming your light because you think you need to fix something first? Where are you waiting to be more healed, more confident, more qualified, before you let yourself be visible? And who might be missing your guidance because of it?

You don't need to have it all figured out. You don't need to be spiritually spotless or endlessly processed. You just need to *beam*.

Even if your inner child still flinches. Even if you had a meltdown yesterday. Even if you're still figuring it out as you go.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

You don't have to be a temple of eternal peace to guide others home. You just have to keep showing up. Keep turning the light back on.

Your healing doesn't have to be finished. Your heart doesn't have to be polished. Your path doesn't have to be perfectly planned. Let the light leak out through the cracks if it has to.

Your light might look like finally posting that offer, even though your website isn't perfect. Or saying 'yes' to a new love, even though your heart still aches in places. Or speaking your truth at the dinner table, even if your voice shakes.

That's the beam, love. Not the polished version of you; the present version of you. The one who's here. Now. Choosing visibility over safety. Choosing purpose over perfection.

It's still light. It's still holy. And it still works.

Live Like a Lighthouse

Here's what it looks like to stop waiting and start beaming: Not when everything is perfect. Not when your program is built, your funnel's done, your hormones are balanced and your aura has been saged to saintly... But **NOW, as you are.**

This book? It's part of me doing exactly that. The Spiral

Code began arriving as a download sometime mid-2024; like a sacred breadcrumb trail of truth. Pieces of it echoed back to my early Reiki days in 2001, but I hadn't seen the full picture until recently. And even now, the bigger vision is still forming: the courses, the practitioner training, the soul ecosystem it wants to become. But if I waited until it was all mapped and manifested, this message wouldn't reach you in time.

So, I started here. With *Decode Your Destiny*. With affiliate links to support my family while I birth the bigger vision. With stories, soul codes, and truth I know can serve *now*, even as I create what's next.

Because I waited too long already. Because when my mum passed, I realised: time isn't infinite. And our message doesn't need to be polished; it just needs to be *offered*.

So, here's the framework I use to live the Lighthouse Code:

1. Shine Anyway: Show up with what you have. Hit publish. Speak up. Launch the thing. Even if it's imperfect. Especially if it's imperfect. The version you have today is someone else's answered prayer.

2. Honour the Season: Some days your beam will be bold. Other days it'll flicker. That's not failure, that's rhythm. Shining through a foggy moment is still shining. Don't cancel your magic because your mood dipped.

3. Choose Contribution Over Comparison: The ships don't need your brand clarity. They need your light. That post you haven't shared? That podcast you haven't recorded? That boundary you haven't set? Offer it anyway. Not because it's the best, but because it's *you*. And your you-ness is enough.

You don't have to beam for everyone. You just have to beam for the ones who are looking for you.

The beam doesn't have to be bright. It just has to be *on*.

Embodiment Practice

Turn the Light On

Take a moment. Breathe.

Place one hand on your heart, and one on your lower belly. Let your breath drop into your body; not your performance, not your plan, just your *presence*.

Feel yourself anchored, rooted, here.

Now ask gently: **Where in my life have, I been dimming my light, waiting to be more ready?**

You don't need to solve it. Just notice. It might show up as tension in your throat, heaviness in your chest, or a subtle pulling back behind your ribs.

Breathe into it.

CHERIE STOKES

Now ask: **What would it feel like to beam anyway?** Even softly. Even cracked open. Even now.

Let your body show you... not your mind.

You might feel a warmth, a flicker, a rise of energy. That's the signal. That's your lighthouse stirring.

Now, inhale... And as you exhale, imagine your light turning back on. Not blinding. Just honest. Radiating from your truth, not your polish. From your essence, not your effort.

This is the power of choosing visibility from the insideout. Not for validation, but for contribution. Not to prove, but to *be*.

Let that light stay on, even if it flickers. You're still guiding the way.

NOTE: You don't need to do this every day. But you might want to return to it whenever you feel yourself shrinking again. Before the next post, the next offer, the next conversation where your voice trembles... Breathe. Drop in. Turn your light on, even if it's just a spark.

Journaling Prompts

Lighthouse Reflections

- Where am I still waiting to be “more healed” before I show up fully?
- What would it look like to shine anyway, even if it’s imperfect, even if it’s soft?
- What message or medicine do I feel called to offer now, as I am?
- Where does my body say ‘yes’ to being seen?
- What truth am I ready to beam, even if my voice shakes?

What’s Coming Next...

You’ve turned the light back on. Maybe it’s a flicker. Maybe it’s a full beam. Either way, lovely, it’s enough.

In the next chapter, we’re zooming out. Because what if you’re not stuck... you’re just *too close to the pattern* to see clearly?

You’re not the problem. You’re not behind. You’re just ready for a new perspective; one that finally reveals the spiral you’ve been walking all along.

We’re about to decode it. Let’s continue *spiralling in...*

CHAPTER 3: THE LOVE FREQUENCY RESET

“The Comb Moment”; AKA When You’re Still Broadcasting ‘Please Pick Me’

This one’s for the version of you that ever tried to shrink her magic just to be loved by someone who couldn’t even hold it.

Let me take you on a little time-travel cringe ride to a date that should’ve never made it past the front door. His name was Howard. English. Polite. Didn’t drive. Not exactly the full-bodied soulmate frequency, but I was in a season of spiritual self-abandonment (or as I like to call it now), **broadcasting the wrong bloody signal.**

So, there I was, driving to his place to *pick him up* for our very first date. Yep. First date. Me: playing chauffeur, therapist, entertainment and divine feminine mystery all in one. Him: standing on the curb like a confused contestant on *The Bachelor: Budget Edition*.

I should’ve known, right?

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

But alas, I soldiered on. The part of me that still thought “being agreeable = being lovable” was running the show. My inner wild woman was tossing red flags like confetti, but my inner people-pleaser had the steering wheel.

Anyway, we’re about to walk out his front door when he turns to me, offers up a **comb**, and says:

“Don’t you want to fix your hair first?”

Now, let’s pause for dramatic effect.

Because here’s what he was looking at: Long, red, wind-tousled hair; the kind that says “I dance with the elements and I don’t own a straightener.” The kind of hair *you know* was kissed by spirit guides and chaos in equal measure.

But Howard didn’t see that. He saw... untamed. Unruly. Unacceptable.

And me? Instead of erupting into a fiery Irish banshee moment (which would’ve been fully deserved), I froze. I probably laughed. Maybe *apologised*. And then I did what so many of us do when faced with subtle rejection: **I made myself smaller.**

We still went to dinner. It was the first and final date. But the energetic bruise lingered. Not because of Howard (he’s just a footnote in the rom-com of my rebirth), but because that moment reflected something I hadn’t wanted to admit:

I was still broadcasting,

“Please pick me” instead of becoming the signal that says
“*Only those who already do may enter.*”

And that, my lovely, is how I learned that:

*You can do all the “right things”, show up, look cute, be
easy-going, even give someone a damn lift, and still end up
holding a comb in one hand and your dignity in the other.*

Because here’s the real kicker...

It wasn’t really about Howard. *It was about my frequency.*

Somewhere under the surface, my energy was still humming, “*If I just behave the right way, maybe this will be love.*”

Even after all the self-help books, healing sessions, and intuitive downloads, I hadn’t yet **reset my signal**. I was still projecting a subtle undertone of “*Is this, okay? Am I okay?*”, hoping love would pick me if I just proved I was low-maintenance enough.

Sound familiar?

*This is what I call the **Love Frequency Flop**; when your mind says “I deserve more” but your energy whispers “I’ll settle for crumbs.”*

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

When your hair says *wild woman*, but your body's still trying to walk quietly so you don't scare anyone off.

But let me tell you something. I come from a long line of untameable women. One of my great-great-great-grandmothers (we've lost count of the "greats") was a literal Irish pirate queen. A warrior of the sea. A woman who commanded ships, and probably slapped a few Howards off the plank when they dared hand her a comb.

So, no. My hair wasn't the problem. **My broadcast was.** And until I changed that, until I tuned out the internalised people-pleasing and re-attuned to my wild, worthy, whole self, I was destined to keep dating metaphorical Howards. Ones who didn't drive, didn't rise, and couldn't recognise gold when it sat right in front of them wearing wind-swept magic.

This chapter is your invitation to:

| *Stop handing out frequency discounts.*

No more dimming. No more decoding rejection like it's a love language. We're resetting your signal; back to soul. Back to magnetism. Back to the you who doesn't chase, perform, or shrink.

Still Broadcasting “Pick Me”? Let’s Talk.

Let’s get real, lovely.

If Howard and his bloody comb felt painfully familiar, you’re not alone. Maybe your version didn’t hand you a grooming tool on the way to dinner, but I bet you’ve had your own “*comb moment*.”

You know the one; when your intuition says *run*, but your inner good-girl whispers,

“*Just give it a chance... maybe this is a spiritual test.*”

So, you smile. You nod. You pay for your half of the meal even though he “forgot his wallet.” And later you’ll replay the whole date in your head, trying to decode what went wrong... instead of asking the real question:

“Why did I stay energetically available to that in the first place?”

See, here’s the sneaky part about this frequency.

Most spiritually-savvy women aren’t out here consciously chasing love. You’re not texting at 2am or begging for breadcrumbs. No, your self-worth *looks good on paper*.

But your field? It’s telling a different story.

- You say you want a soul-aligned partner... but your

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

energy still holds the fear that real love might not come.

- You affirm “I am whole”, but deep down, there’s still a signal whispering, *“See me. Choose me. Prove I’m enough.”*
- You swipe with confidence... until the connection gets real, and then your nervous system short-circuits and you spiral into *“Is he pulling away?”*

It’s not your fault, love. You’ve been encoded for this. Conditioned. Subtly shaped by centuries of being told your worth is something you earn, through effort, compliance, or looking just right.

Even when you’ve “done the work,” this pattern has layers. It hides behind your high standards. It dresses itself up in spiritual language. It says things like:

“Maybe this connection is triggering my shadow for healing...”

“I should probably clear this karmic loop before I walk away...”

“It’s not that bad, maybe I’m just resisting intimacy...”

Sweetheart.

It’s not shadow work; it’s a low-frequency invitation you don’t have to accept.

This chapter is here to flip the script.

To name what's really going on when your words say "soulmate love" but your signal still broadcasts "I'll compromise if it means I won't be alone."

Because guess what?

The universe doesn't respond to your affirmations; it responds to your frequency.

And the good news? You can change that.

Not by fixing. Not by doing more inner child meditations. But by *becoming the signal* that says 'YES' to the kind of love that sees you, meets you, and doesn't flinch at your wild, untameable beauty.

Let's decode the energy behind attraction next and reset the damn dial.

Love Is a Frequency. And You've Been Tuning to Static.

Here's the truth your soul has always known but your nervous system forgot:

Love is not something you find. It's something you tune into.

The reason your affirmations haven't landed, your dating apps feel like a graveyard, or your last connection fizzled just as it was getting juicy, isn't because anything is wrong

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with you. It's because your **field** was out of sync with the thing you were calling in. Let's break it down.

At a quantum level, you're always broadcasting. Not with your voice, but with your *energy signature*. That signature is made up of your beliefs, your emotional state, your embodied self-worth; not the post-it notes on your mirror or the vision board on your fridge.

So, when you say, "I'm ready for soulmate love," but your frequency is still holding abandonment trauma, people-pleasing patterns, or ancestral scarcity around worth...

You attract someone who matches the distortion; not the dream.

It's not punishment. It's resonance.

Your field is like a radio tower.

*You can't receive jazz if you're tuned to heavy metal.
You can't call in devotion if your body still expects rejection.*

And this is where so many brilliant, awake, heart-led women get stuck. Because they're doing the inner work. They're journaling, meditating, healing their inner child... but energetically, they're still stuck in an outdated frequency. It's not conscious. It's encoded.

Most of us were raised in love dynamics that taught us love equals:

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- Effort
- Sacrifice
- Performing
- Withholding

So, of course your field thinks it needs to earn it, prove it, or wait for it.

And then there's the collective layer; a spiritual inheritance handed down through centuries of stories, silence, and survival.

*We were told to be chosen, not to **choose**. To be wanted, not to **want**. To be lovable, not **powerful***

But here's the cosmic mic drop:

***Your soul already holds the frequency of love.**
You don't have to chase it. You just have to remember how to resonate with it.*

And when you do?

You stop walking into rooms trying to be liked. You start magnetising people who are already tuned to your soul code.

You become the field. The frequency. The force.

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This chapter isn't about dating tips. It's a frequency recalibration. We're not fixing; we're attuning.

You're not here to beg for love. You're here to **become the vibration that only magnetises the real thing.**

And here's the wild part. Once you reset your signal, **things shift fast.**

The wrong people fall away without drama. The silence stops feeling like punishment and starts feeling like clarity. And the people who are *actually* aligned? They start showing up. Like they were just waiting for you to clear the static.

So, let's drop into the energetic law behind all of this next; the code that's already written in your field.

Resonance Overrules Everything

Here's the code, lovely; pure and simple:

You don't attract what you say you want.

You attract what your energy is calibrated to receive.

Desire is magnetic, but it's not enough. It sets the intention, yes. But **resonance** is what delivers.

You could write "soulmate" on every journal page. Script your ideal man down to the bone: emotionally available, sexy as hell, moon circles on Thursdays. But if your energy is still running on the frequency of scarcity, fear, or

proving-your-worthiness... guess what?

You'll attract the next lesson. Not the love. The karmic mirror. Not the match.

The universe isn't punishing you. It's just responding to the frequency you're sending out.

Your **field** is your true dating profile. Your **vibe** is your real message to the world. And your **self-concept** is the energetic identity you carry; it is what shapes the quality of love that can find you.

It's like a tuning-fork, you can only amplify what matches your frequency. You can't fake resonance. You can't affirm your way into embodiment. And you can't call in secure love while still bracing for abandonment.

This is why:

- You can do “the work” and still meet emotionally unavailable men.
- You can feel spiritually evolved but still attract partners who disappear when you stop over-functioning.
- You can affirm “*I am ready for love*” while your body is still vibrating “*I don't trust it.*”

That disconnect is the gap between desire and embodiment.

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But here's the truth bomb that rewrites everything:

Once your energy becomes unavailable for misalignment, it stops showing up.

Not because you blocked it, but because **it can't find you anymore.**

*Love isn't something you chase.
It's something you match*

You become the clearest, cleanest, most embodied version of the frequency you crave.

And that, my love, **is the code.** Let it drop in.

Now... let's ground it. Because this isn't just a pretty idea, it's a whole new operating system.

Your love life isn't off. Your magnetism isn't missing. It's just been running on outdated inputs, and we're about to plug you back into your true signal.

Here's what it looked like for me when the dial started to shift.

Somewhere in the middle of my healing spiral, I stumbled across an old-school cassette tape by a man named Barry Konikov.

But at the time? That tape became a quiet rebellion.

Not because it was magic (although... maybe it was?), but

because it gave me a new mantra to tune into; one that completely short-circuited my old love frequency:

“Treat ‘em mean, keep ‘em keen.”

Now before you spit your cacao tea across the room, no, I wasn’t trying to become a heartless cow. This wasn’t about being cold or cruel. It was about flipping the polarity switch.

Because up until that point? I was doing all the things to *be chosen*.

I was the girl who called from the landline and then hung up if it rang out. Who waited by the phone (the *actual* phone, plugged into the wall) hoping he’d ring. Who replayed dates in her head like forensic crime scenes, trying to figure out what I could’ve said or done differently to finally be “the one.” I gave out second, third, and fifteenth chances to men who weren’t even a vibrational match for my toenail, let alone my soul.

Not because I didn’t know better, but because I didn’t yet feel better. Because deep down, my body still believed love was something I had to *earn*. Be nice enough. Be pretty enough. Be low maintenance, cool, chill girl enough.

And that Barry Konikov tape? It started rewiring

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

something subtle but profound.

Not because I wanted to play games, but because I was done playing the “*If I’m nice enough, maybe he’ll stay*” game. And as I said, the shift all started with that weird little cassette tape (more on that later, and how it totally rocked my world, even though it had classical music on it, lol).

I began to move differently.

*No more auditioning. No more bending.
No more calling his landline and pretending I “just
happened to be in the area.”*

I stopped chasing the spark and started listening for resonance.

And guess what? The whole game changed.

The kinds of men who used to ghost or breadcrumb suddenly stopped being interested, because my field was no longer open to that dynamic.

And the ones who were actually available? Emotionally steady? Ready for real intimacy?

They started showing up. Without drama. Without me “doing” anything extra.

It was like I’d changed the lock on my energetic door and only those with the right frequency key could even find the handle.

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That's what happens when you reset your love frequency. You stop negotiating with misalignment and start radiating self-respect so loudly that only those who *match it* can enter.

This isn't about pretending to be above it all.

It's about finally becoming a match to what your soul has been asking for all along.

Resetting the Station: From Heartbreak Ballads to Rebel Love Anthems

Let's be honest, lovely. Most of us are trying to manifest deep, devotional partnership while energetically tuned into the wrong damn radio station.

It's like craving a rockabilly rebel; tattoos, tenderness, and the ability to hold eye contact *and* your spiritual breakdown, but being stuck on **Sad Girl Country FM**.

You know the one.

Every song is a variation of:

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“He left me on read and took my power crystals...”
“I gave him access to my sacred yoni portal and he ghosted me before the new moon...” “My intuition screamed ‘run,’ but his birth chart said soulmate, so I stayed...”

And underneath it all? A frequency that says: “I’ll take breadcrumbs if they come with twin flame tension and the occasional text that starts with ‘hey, stranger...’”

Yikes.

I was there. I was the playlist. Until I wasn’t.

There came a point when the ache of repeating the same damn pattern outgrew the fear of being alone. I didn’t want another “lesson.” I wanted resonance.

So, I stopped sending out the signal that said, “Pick me.” And I started broadcasting, “You better be already picked; by purpose, by therapy, and by your own damn shadow work, *before* you even try to meet me here.”

I stopped being the one who followed up, leaned in, made excuses. I stopped romanticising inconsistency. I stopped auditioning for love that couldn’t handle the wild, wild woman I came here to be.

Not from shutdown. Not from bitterness. But from clarity. Clean, no-compromise, sacred clarity.

I wasn’t playing hard to get. I became *impossible to ignore*; for the right frequency.

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And here's the magic: The field *always* recalibrates to match you.

When you shift from longing to *choosing*... When you stop waiting and start *resonating*... When you hold your frequency like the divine queen pirate you are...

The noise falls away.

The "almosts" disappear.

The ones who ghosted? Fade into static.

The ones who breadcrumb? Get energetically blocked before they even hit send.

And the ones who can *actually* hold you, who *see* you; not just your light, but your shadow, your softness and your sacred 'no', they magically begin to appear.

Not because you chased. Not because you finally wore the right shade of lip gloss or reworded your Hinge bio.

But because you finally became *unmissable*. *Unfuckwithable*. Unmistakably *you*.

You stopped singing heartbreak ballads to the wrong crowd and turned the dial to your own damn station. Rebel Love Radio.

Where the lyrics go:

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“I’m not here to be chosen. I am the choosing.”

“I’m not afraid of being alone... I’m afraid of betraying myself again.”

“The love I seek already lives in me. Anyone else is just a delicious bonus.”

So, if your field has been stuck on static, lovely... consider this your permission slip to change the song. To drop the sad soundtrack. To blast the anthem that says:

“This heart? This soul? This vibe? It’s not on clearance. It’s high frequency only. Apply within.”

How to Become the Signal: The Love Frequency Framework

Let’s get one thing straight, lovely: this wasn’t about playing games.

There was no mastermind strategy. No clever texting formula (we didn’t have texting back then LOL). No “make him jealous with your Instagram stories (didn’t have IG either for that matter)” nonsense.

My shift into the love frequency didn’t look like a glow-up montage from a rom-com. It looked like something way more radical; *not caring whether love found me or not, because I was already full.*

But not in the bitter, “who needs a man anyway?” way. In the *I am so damn deliciously connected to my own vibe* way.

Thanks to a certain Barry Konikov cassette (more on that little miracle later; trust me, it deserves its own spiral), I started marinating nightly in a whole new self-concept.

Barry was programming me to fall in love with myself, one listen at a time. I didn't realise it back then; I just knew that something in me was shifting. My cravings for crumbs were fading. My tolerance for energetic mismatch was dissolving. I wasn't consciously strategising. I was subconsciously reprogramming.

And that's the magic. You don't always need to "figure it out." Sometimes, you just need to **become unavailable for anything that doesn't match your truth.**

So, here's how the shift actually plays out; not as homework, but as frequency:

Old Broadcast: "Please pick me"

- Over-analysing texts and signs
- Staying in 'meh' connections hoping they'll grow
- Shrinking to seem low-maintenance
- Tolerating breadcrumbs as "better than nothing"

New Broadcast: "I pick me... and only those aligned get access"

- Letting the wrong ones pass without fanfare

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- Feeling whole without needing attention
- Trusting your signal over their potential
- Holding your worth without the performance

It's not about being mean; it's about being magnetic.

*I didn't become colder. I became **clearer**.*

*I didn't chase. I **radiated**.*

*I didn't need constant reassurance because my body finally knew: **I am the frequency I've been looking for.***

There were no fireworks when Martin first entered my orbit. No love-at-first-sight storyline. Hell, I didn't even meet him straight away. (That's a whole divine detour we'll spiral into another day.)

But the field was already shifting. The static had cleared.

Because once you start living as the signal, not the seeker, love doesn't have to chase you down.

It just finds you.

"You're not the backup dancer in someone else's love story anymore.

You're the bloody headliner.

And only those with VIP frequency get backstage access."

Embodiment Practice: Becoming the Broadcast

This isn't about doing more. It's about tuning in and *becoming the damn frequency*. So, let's drop in, lovely.

Close your eyes. Hand on heart. Hand on womb. Feel your breath like a wave; rising, falling. Let the noise drop away. Let the static clear.

Now gently ask yourself:

“What am I broadcasting right now?” Is there a whisper of “pick me”? Is there a subtle lean, a reach, a hunger to be seen?

Don't shame it. Just notice. Your body holds the truth, not your affirmations.

Now breathe again. Sink into the part of you that knows she's already chosen. By life. By love. By her own damn soul.

Feel that woman. The one who doesn't audition. The one who magnetises without a single text. The one whose frequency says: **“If you can't meet me here; don't bother knocking.”**

Now say it softly, out loud or in your mind: **“I am the broadcast.” “I hold the signal of love, devotion, and truth.” “I no longer tune into static. I no longer chase noise.”**

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Feel the clarity rise. That's your new baseline. Not the effort. Not the wait. The *home* inside your own field.

Breathe it in. Anchor it. Walk from it.

You're not waiting for love anymore. You're walking as it.

Journaling Prompts: From "Pick Me" to Powerful

Let these prompts be a frequency scan, not for judgment, but for revelation. Breathe, drop in, and let your pen move without editing.

- Where have I been subtly shrinking to be chosen?
- What's the "old signal" I've been broadcasting and where did I learn it?
- What does my embodied love frequency feel like; in my body, not just my mind?
- What becomes unavailable to me when I stand in that new signal?
- What would shift if I stopped chasing and started choosing?

Bonus: Write a love note from your future self (the one who's already magnetic AF).

What's Coming Next...

You've stopped shrinking. You've started choosing. You've re-tuned your love frequency from "Pick me" to "Only the aligned may enter."

But what if the deeper reason you ever accepted less... wasn't about the other person at all?

What if there's still a thread buried deep, an ancient whisper that says: "You're only worthy when you earn it."

In the next chapter, we're spiralling into that original forgetting, the moment you dimmed, doubted, or deferred your value.

Because your worth? It was never something you had to *prove*. It's something you came here to *remember*.

And once you reclaim it, babe, you don't just stop the chase. You become the damn arrival.

CHAPTER 4: PROVING YOURSELF WAS A SURVIVAL PATTERN, NOT YOUR TRUTH

“The Leading Lady was always Me”

Now, let me take you back to the moment I first *owned* my light... and then promptly hid it under a school blazer and a whisper.

I was thirteen. First year of senior school. Fresh-faced, quietly ambitious, and desperate to make a good impression. I was a student at a private ladies' college, the kind where school musicals were practically spiritual rites of passage; full of drama, rivalry, and the faint smell of backstage hairspray.

That year's production? **The King and I**. And this wasn't just some random musical to me. Oh no, this was *the one!*

You see, years earlier, Mum had taken me to see the stage version during school holidays. I still remember sitting there, wide-eyed, as the actress playing Anna swept across the stage in her glorious hooped gown like some kind of Victorian goddess. I'd also watched the film version with

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Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr, and something inside me locked in.

I didn't just think *I want to play that part one day*. At the time I *decided*, with absolute certainty: "**I'm going to play that part one day.**"

So, when auditions rolled around, I threw myself in. And let me tell you, the competition was fierce. There were girls with powerhouse voices, vocal training, drama club badges... the works. And while I was confident in my acting (and even my dancing abilities, thank you jazz, ballet and tap), I didn't think my singing voice stood out. It was okay, sure, but not solo-material, not *leading lady* worthy.

But then the cast list went up on the wall...

And there it was. My name. Next to *Anna*.

I was stunned. Ecstatic. Maybe even a little smug. All I could think was, *this is it; the vision just came true*.

Every night I'd practice my lines in the bath with my baby sister as my reluctant but loyal audience. I had the dress rehearsed in my head before we even made it to the costume department.

But then... rehearsals began. And that's when the wobble set in.

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Acting? No problem. I could become Anna like I was born for it. But singing in front of a room full of older girls, teachers, and the piano accompaniment?

I froze. I mumbled. I shrank.

Suddenly that hooped skirt felt way too big for me. The voice I knew I had, went on mute. I sang so softly in practice, they cut down my solos. I think the teachers were worried I wouldn't pull it off on the night.

But lovelies... *the show must go on*, right?

And when opening night came, something woke up in me. I stepped onstage, spotlight in my face, and I *sang*. Not shyly. Not apologetically. I opened my lungs, lifted my chin, and owned that stage like I was *Barbara Streisand!*

After the show, people came up with wide eyes and even wider grins: "We didn't know you could sing like that!" Neither did I, babe. Neither did I.

That night, I remembered who I was. Not because I performed... but because I *stopped hiding*.

And that's the heart of this chapter.

Because sometimes, the part of you that *knows* she's worthy gets buried under the rehearsals. The comparison. The nerves. The fear of being too much; or not enough.

But when the lights go up... and you choose to show up as the leading lady in your own life?

That's when the real magic begins.

Where You Dimmed, Doubted, or Denied

Let's flip the mirror, lovely.

You might not have worn a hooped dress, or taken a bow under theatre lights, but I bet you've had your own "leading lady" moment.

The opportunity. The invitation. The cosmic green light. And instead of claiming it with the full-bodied 'YES' your soul was ready to roar...

You hesitated. You doubted. You dimmed.

You told yourself:

- "I'm not quite ready yet."
- "Someone else is probably better for this."
- "If I step up, they'll see I'm not as polished as they think I am."

Sound familiar?

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This is the **Not-Enoughness Loop**, and it's subtle as hell.

Because it doesn't always scream, "You're unworthy." Sometimes, it whispers: "Be careful. Don't get too big." It's the energetic speed bump between your desire and your destiny.

And here's the kicker: Most spiritually-savvy women aren't hiding in the shadows. They're **shining just enough to feel safe**, but not so much that it threatens anyone else's comfort.

They're not dull. They're *dimmed*. Not because they lack brilliance, but because they've been taught to package it. To soften the edges. To self-edit. To please, perform, and stay *palatable*.

You've heard the messages:

- Be humble.
- Don't brag.
- Don't take up too much space.
- Confidence is cute, but don't cross into cocky.

So now your power leaks out in curated, cautious little drips. You let your intuition peek through, but not roar. You post the wins, but downplay them. You launch the offer, but apologise for the price.

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All the while, your soul is screaming: “Let me **OUT** of here!”

This is what I call the **Performance Pause**; that energetic holding pattern where your soul knows damn well, she’s ready... But your nervous system still thinks you’ll get smacked down if you’re too bold, too loud, too radiant.

Not because you’re weak. Because you’re encoded for survival. And being *too much* has historically not been safe.

So, you found a strategy that worked:

Shine; but not too brightly.

Succeed; but don’t flaunt it.

Lead; but stay likeable.

You learned how to calibrate your bigness to stay lovable, coachable, followable.

But babe... likeability is not your life purpose.

You didn’t come here to tiptoe through your timeline trying not to ruffle feathers. You came here to *reshape the damn sky*.

You came to awaken codes in others by walking boldly in your own.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

To reclaim the part of you that *never* needed proof, just permission.

And here's the plot twist:

Most women don't sabotage their destiny by failing. They sabotage it by rehearsing. Waiting. Tweaking.

All in the name of "preparation."

But lovely... the curtain's already up. The lights are on. And the role of a lifetime has your name etched in gold.

So, stop shrinking. Stop rehearsing. No more dimming for digestibility.

You were born for the lead.

The Cosmic Con Job of "Proving" Your Worth

There's a soul-deep ache many of us carry; this belief that worth must be proven.

Not remembered. Not embodied. Not lived as a natural expression of our being.

But earned. Justified. Just a little bit... performed.

And it's not your fault, lovely. You didn't come out of the womb needing gold stars or Instagram likes. This pattern runs *deep*; inherited through bloodlines, culture, and the

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collective feminine psyche. It's ancestral. It's societal. It's spiritual conditioning with a pretty bow and a sneaky agenda.

From the moment we could walk, we were measured: by behaviour charts, grade scores, thigh gaps, spiritual merit badges. Be the good girl. Be the smart girl. Be the sexy one, the successful one, the silent one. Not *too much*, not *too loud*, and certainly not *too proud*.

We internalised it like gospel:

If I want to be chosen... I must be perfect.

If I want to be loved... I must never make waves.

If I want to belong... I must earn it, prove it, be worthy enough.

And so began the great cosmic con job.

The truth is? Worth doesn't wobble. It's not something you manifest or meditate into existence. It's your soul's original setting.

But when that inner knowing gets buried under years of performance and perfectionism, we forget. We think we need to do more. Heal more. Be more evolved, more regulated, more "high-vibe" before we're finally worthy of love, success, and being fully seen.

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Let me tell you this, babe:

Your worth is not a reward.

It's not a vibe you earn with perfect moon rituals.

It's not a prize at the end of your inner child healing.

It's the damn fabric you're woven from.

Cosmic stardust laced with fire, tenderness, and divine precision. You don't have to perform for it. You just have to *remember*.

And sometimes that remembrance comes in a flash; like standing centre stage in your school play and realising, "Oh shit, I *can* do this."

Other times, it's subtler; a soul nudge, a reclaiming, a moment when you *don't* text first... and realise your self-worth didn't evaporate.

The path back to true worthiness isn't linear. It spirals. It invites. It burns off everything that told you to audition for your own damn life.

Because when you stop seeking external validation, you start hearing your internal resonance. And baby, *that* frequency doesn't lie.

You're not here to be liked.

You're here to *light the bloody stage up*.

Worthiness Isn't Earned; It's Remembered

Here's the soul truth, lovely:

You were born worthy. Not someday. Not after the healing. Not once you've "done the work" or crossed some invisible finish line of enoughness.

Worthy. Already. Always. Now.

But that truth? It got buried.

Not because you failed, but because you were trained to forget. Trained to tie your value to how much you achieve, give, fix, perform, or please. Trained to think your magic was something you had to prove, not something you already were.

So, you became the good girl. The capable one. The achiever. You shapeshifted. You smiled. You tried harder. You outperformed your own nervous system.

But inside? There was a quiet ache. A whisper that said: "What if I stop performing? Will I still be loved?"

That question haunted you.

So, you kept going. You kept chasing the gold stars; spiritual ones, romantic ones, financial ones... hoping one

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

day you'd feel it: that elusive, anchored, unquestionable *enoughness*.

But worthiness was never a reward. It's a remembrance.

You don't earn it. You return to it.

You come home to the you who never needed to hustle for her light.

You stop measuring your value in productivity, people-pleasing, or perfectly curated spiritual posts. You drop the act. You drop the armour. And you remember: *I am the proof. I am the prize.*

Let's be clear, this isn't about becoming arrogant or untouchable. It's about becoming *unshakable*.

Not because you've built walls, but because you've reclaimed your ground. And from that place? You don't beg for love, praise, or purpose. You broadcast it. You become the frequency that says:

"I know who I am. I know what I'm worth. And I don't audition for roles I was born to lead."

That's the drop. That's the code.

And the more you sit in that truth; not hustle for it, not explain it, but *embody* it, the less your life will mirror unworthiness back to you.

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Because the field always reflects what you believe you deserve.

And you, lovely? You were never meant to settle. You were meant to *remember*.

You Were Always Wearing the Crown, You Just Thought It Was Costume Jewellery

Let me offer you a metaphor, babe... one I want you to wear like a crown (because spoiler alert... it is one).

Imagine you've been walking through life wearing this beautiful, glimmering, regal headpiece. Intricately woven. Jewels of intuition, sensuality, brilliance, and boldness all shining from it. But here's the twist:

You thought it was part of your *costume*.

Something to take off when the show ended. Something you didn't really *earn*; just a fancy accessory you wore during "high vibe" moments. So, after every big moment, every intuitive hit, every moment of deep connection, every wild spark of wisdom that left someone else breathless, you'd quietly remove the crown and place it back in its box, whispering:

"That wasn't really me."

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Sound familiar?

This is what so many deeply intuitive, soulful women do. They hold space for their families, their friends, their communities. They see through illusions. They whisper truths that shift entire dynamics. And then?

They retreat. Minimise. Second-guess what just moved through them.

Because under all the inner work, there's still an old imprint that says:

“Don't get used to the crown, it doesn't belong to you.”

But lovely... it *does*. And it always did.

That crown? It was never a prop. It was your birthright.

That light you thought you had to 'earn'? It's the damn sun inside you.

That power you keep dimming to stay digestible? It's your legacy.

And you don't need another spiritual course or divine sign to claim it.

Let me paint you a real-world mirror.

You know the woman; maybe it's you, maybe it's someone close to you, who holds the family together with her intuition and grace. The one people call when they're in

chaos, because she somehow always knows what's *really* going on. She walks into a room and the energy settles. She *feels* when someone is lying before a word is spoken.

But she still doubts herself. Still calls it “just a feeling.” Still waits for permission to speak it out loud, in case she’s wrong, too much, or not “qualified.”

And I want to scream (with love), **“Babe! You are the Oracle. Stop pretending you’re guessing!”**

The truth is: It’s not the insight that scares her, it’s what it *means* to own it. Because once you remember that your knowing is real? You don’t get to disown your crown anymore.

You stop playing backup. You stop translating your power into politeness. You stop shrinking into roles that never fit your soul.

And that’s what this chapter is inviting you to do.

To stop treating your soul gifts like quirky party tricks. To stop apologising for the part of you that *knows*. To stop waiting for someone else to anoint what’s already been coded in your bones since birth.

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

Because when you stop treating your magic like a performance, the world stops treating you like a placeholder.

*You're not the dress rehearsal. You're not the support act.
You're the main damn event.*

Own it.

Wear it.

And please... stop putting the bloody crown back in the box.

The Worth Reclamation Code in Action

So how does this actually play out, like, in real life, with laundry piles, lunar cycles, and all?

Let's make it plain, lovely.

Reclaiming your worth isn't about chanting "I am enough" into the mirror while your nervous system's whispering, "But are we really though?"

It's about *energetic congruence*. It's about becoming *unavailable* for anything that requires you to earn what you already are.

Here's what it looks like when this code moves from theory to embodiment:

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Old Pattern: You overprepare for everything; the post, the pitch, the conversation, just in case you're questioned or misunderstood.

New Code: You trust that your essence communicates louder than your perfection. You hit send anyway.

Old Pattern: You people-please to avoid conflict, thinking it makes you 'evolved'.

New Code: You let truth be your compass, not approval. You bless the discomfort and speak up.

Old Pattern: You shrink your brilliance so others don't feel insecure.

New Code: You let your radiance rise without apology, knowing it liberates, not threatens.

Old Pattern: You rehearse your worth before the date, the launch, the big ask.

New Code: You walk in knowing you're the offer. Full stop. No audition necessary.

Old Pattern: You say 'yes' to things that drain you because "they need you."

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New Code: You honour your no as a sacred boundary that protects your ‘yes’.

Old Pattern: You check the mirror or your inbox to see if you're okay today.

New Code: You check in with your own field. Your truth becomes your first feedback loop.

This isn't about being perfect. It's about being *anchored*.

Anchored in the soul-deep knowing that your worth is not situational. It doesn't wobble with rejection. It doesn't spike with external validation. It's the base note of your being, and when you calibrate to that? The outer world catches up. Fast.

You stop explaining yourself.

You stop trying to fix what never needed fixing.

You stop morphing into the version you think they'll love more.

You simply *become* the frequency of “I belong here. Because I *am* here.”

This is what I call the **Spiral Worth Reclamation Code™** the energetic pivot from seeking to sovereign.

It doesn't ask you to earn anything. It asks you to *remember* everything.

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Your light. Your knowing. Your sacred bigness.

It's already there.

All we're doing now? Peeling back the layers. Clearing the static. Reclaiming the crown.

Because lovely, once you activate this code, your field gets so clean, so coherent, so *resonant*... anything that doesn't match it simply falls away.

Not with drama. With *grace*.

You stop wondering "Am I enough?" and start asking: "Is this worthy of *me*?"

And that one question, asked from wholeness, changes *everything*.

Embodiment Practice: The Spiral Worth Reclamation Walk

This isn't your average affirmation-in-the-mirror moment, babe.

This is theatre. Frequency. Nervous system reprogramming; in heels, sneakers, or bare feet on the Earth.

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It's time to walk like your soul already knows who she is. Here's how it works:

Step 1: Dress the Frequency: You don't need to put on a ball gown (unless you want to, in which case, I bow to you). But choose something that feels *powerful*. That makes your body say, "Oh hello, divine." It could be a bold lipstick, a robe, a ring. It's not the item, it's the *intention*.

Step 2: Cue the Soundtrack: Pick a song that makes you feel untouchable, magnetic, unbothered. Think less "healing flute" and more "Queen energy just entered the chat."

Step 3: The Walk: Now walk. Walk through your house. Through your garden. Down the damn hallway. But walk like you're the leading lady in a movie where the entire plot hinges on your entrance. Every step is an energetic declaration:

"I don't audition anymore."

"I'm not waiting to be chosen."

"I choose me, and only those who already do may enter."

Let your hips lead. Let your shoulders relax. Let your frequency rise.

Step 4: Speak It: While walking, say (out loud if you can or whisper if needed): *"I am the offer. I am the frequency. I am the damn whole portal."* *"I reclaim what was never lost. I don't*

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have to prove. I get to be.” “And anyone who can’t meet me here? Can clear the stage.”

Do this for three minutes a day, especially when doubt creeps in or the old ‘prove yourself’ program fires up. This isn’t pretend. This is *practice... Embodiment*. Energetic rehearsal for your already-written destiny. Because when your body starts believing what your soul has always known, the field catches up. Fast.

You don’t attract from need. You attract from embodiment.

So go on, lovely. Take the stage. The world’s been waiting for your walk.

Journaling Prompts: Worth, Unedited

- Where have I been waiting for permission to shine?
- What old proof-of-worth stories am I ready to release?
- If I stopped performing and started embodying, what would change?
- Where does my body still brace for rejection when I show up big?
- What would my life look like if I fully remembered my inherent worth?

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Let the ink be messy. Let the truth be loud. No editing. Just soul on the page.

What's Next: Your Boundaries Are Your Broadcast

You've just reclaimed the truth of your worth, not earned, but remembered. And now comes the next initiation:

Can you protect the vibe that rebuilt your reality?

Because once your field starts radiating with soul-level clarity, the world responds. Opportunities amplify. Invitations flow. But so do the energy leaks; the over-giving, the people-pleasing, the “just this once” soul bargains.

In Chapter 5, we're not building walls. We're installing frequency filters.

It's time to honour the bigness you're stepping into... By becoming unapologetically unavailable for anything that drains it.

Let's spiral in.

CHAPTER 5: NO MORE GHOSTS AT THE GATE

The Present Queen Who Forgot Herself

Back in my early twenties; around 20 to 23, you wouldn't have known it to look at me, but I was deep in the pattern of saying 'yes' when my soul was screaming 'no'.

I was the helper. The peacekeeper. The responsible one. The girl who could organise a surprise party, write your birthday card like it belonged in a movie, and be your emotional life raft; all before breakfast. And I did it with a smile. Always a smile.

If you'd asked me back then, I would've told you I *loved* giving. And I did. I still do. But what I didn't realise at the time was that my giving was tangled up in something deeper. A need to prove I was enough. A fear of being forgotten. A belief that love had to be earned.

There was one week during that phase of life that still sticks with me. Three birthdays. Three people I cared about. And one very exhausted version of me trying to live

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up to the identity I'd built; the one who *always* showed up with the perfect gift.

Because here's the thing: I wasn't just a gift-giver. I was *the* present queen. In my family, that was my thing. Not just any gift; it had to be thoughtful, personal, symbolic. I wanted people to feel like I *got* them, right down to their soul.

So that week, even though I had barely slept, even though my to-do list was already full, even though my body was begging for rest... I pushed through. I traipsed through shopping centres for the right book someone mentioned once in passing. I wrapped presents with colour-coordinated ribbons that matched their personalities. I stayed up late writing heartfelt messages in glitter pens because I wanted every detail to matter.

And the truth? It wasn't all coming from love. It was coming from obligation. From expectation. From fear. Because if I didn't show up with sparkle and soul, who would I even be?

That week cost me. Not in money or time, though there was plenty of that, but in depletion. By the time the last celebration rolled around, I was bone-tired. And not one person noticed.

Not because they were ungrateful. But because I had *trained* them to expect that level of giving from me,

without ever letting them see the toll it took.

I remember lying on my bed after it all, staring at the ceiling and thinking: “**Why do I always do this to myself?**”

And then came the whisper, clear as day:
Because you think love lives in the giving. And you're scared to find out what's left when you stop.

That was the beginning of my unravelling. Not a full-blown breakdown; just a quiet, aching truth starting to rise in me. That I had become everyone's go-to girl... But I had no idea how to be there for *myself*.

That version of me didn't yet know how to set boundaries. She didn't even know she was allowed to. All she knew was that giving = worth. And if she stopped giving, she feared she might disappear.

It was tender. Messy. And a little bit heartbreaking. But it was also the crack where the light started to spiral in.

Your Boundaries Called. They're Tired of Being Ignored.

Let's talk about boundaries. Not the laminated Pinterest kind with “self-care” quotes and polite disclaimers. I mean **real** energetic boundaries; the ones that shape your life from the inside out.

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If you've been doing *all the work*; vision boarding, inner child-ing, vibing high and saged to the gods, but still feel like your big life keeps slipping through your fingers... We need to look at where you're **leaking**.

Because big dreams can't land in a field that's full of holes. And your vibe, your frequency, your lifeforce; is not a communal bus stop.

Now, don't worry. It's not your fault. You're just carrying an ancient pattern that a lot of powerful women unknowingly inherit:

"If I overgive, overdo, and stay small, I'll be loved... or at least needed."

Sound familiar?

You say 'yes' when you meant hell 'no'. You hold space like it's your job (even when no one asked you to). You over-explain your decisions to people who wouldn't last five minutes in your shoes. And then... you collapse. Quietly. Behind closed doors. Sometimes even with a smile still frozen on your face.

It's okay, lovely. I've been there too. So many of us were trained to collapse our energy to make other people comfortable.

We call it "being nice." We call it "being spiritual."

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But what it often is... is **self-abandonment wearing a halo.**

And it costs you more than time or energy. It costs you momentum. Intuition. Vitality. It clogs up the exact frequency you're trying to manifest from

You can't build a big life when your field is full of micro-leaks:

- The friend who always drains you but you keep around out of loyalty.
- The client you undercharged who now treats you like an on-call therapist.
- The family member who guilt-trips you into phone calls you dread.

These aren't just inconvenient dynamics. They're energetic siphons, and they **pull you out of your power.**

And look, most of us don't realise it's happening until we're deep in the spiral. You're doing all the "right things," but somehow feel off. Disconnected. Flattened. Like your sparkle left the chat.

That's your soul whispering: *Your boundaries are out of alignment with who you're becoming.*

Because here's the truth they didn't teach us in school:

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*Energetic boundaries aren't about shutting people out.
They're about honouring the version of you who's ready to
step the f**k up.*

You don't need to build walls. You need *filter*; attuned to your frequency, your truth, and your next evolution. You need to know where the leaks are... So you can start patching them with radical self-trust and sacred discernment.

In the next section, I'll show you exactly how to do that, but for now, I want you to pause and ask yourself:

*Where have I collapsed to keep the peace?
Where have I shrunk so others wouldn't feel uncomfortable?
Where has being "the nice one" cost me the very life I'm
trying to create?*

We're not doing that anymore, lovely. Not in this chapter. Not in this frequency. Not when your whole soul is asking for more.

You ready? Let's clean the field. Filter the frequency. And start leading from your power, not your people-pleasing past.

The Cosmic Cost of Collapsing for Love

You're not the only one who forgot herself.

This pattern of overgiving, of collapsing your energy, saying 'yes' when you meant 'no', loving others at the expense of yourself, is not just personal. It's *ancestral*. It's collective. It's cosmic.

We were taught (not always in words, but through glances, expectations, and unwritten rules), that a good woman makes herself smaller. That being helpful is honourable. That putting others first is "what love does."

And maybe your mum did it. And her mum before her. Maybe you watched the women around you make magic from scraps, keep families together through sheer willpower, and smile through exhaustion as if it were a badge of honour.

We inherited more than their genes.

*We inherited their unspoken vows: I'll hold it all together,
no matter the cost.*

But here's the thing, lovely: This programming wasn't designed by your soul. It was built by survival. By systems that feared the full expression of feminine power.

Because a woman who knows her worth; who honours her

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body, protects her energy, and speaks her truth, cannot be controlled. She cannot be manipulated. She cannot be siphoned.

And so, generation after generation, we were taught to trade our life force for love. To earn our place. To care so much about others that we forgot to care for ourselves.

This isn't about blame, it's about clarity.

Because until we name this collective wound, we can't heal it. Until we see that overgiving is not noble; it's a distortion, we'll keep repeating it.

And that's why boundaries aren't just personal growth tools. They're **soul reclamation technology**.

Every time you say:

"No, that doesn't work for me."

"I'm resting today."

"I don't need to explain myself."

You're not just protecting your energy. You're rewriting an ancient code that said you had to earn love through sacrifice.

Boundaries aren't walls.

*They're **sacred membranes**.*

They define where you end and someone else begins and they anchor you into sovereignty.

When your energy is leaky, so is your manifestation field. Your soul knows what it came here to do, but it can't funnel its magic into a vessel that's pouring it out in ten directions.

This chapter is your invitation to close the leaks. To remember that your giving is most powerful when it comes from overflow, not obligation. And to honour the woman you're becoming, not just the one you've been trained to be.

You're not here to be everyone's lifeboat. You're here to build something beautiful with your soul. And that begins with a boundary.

You Don't Have to Collapse to Be Loved

There's a lie running through the collective feminine field that says:

If I make space for others, I'll be safe.

If I sacrifice myself, I'll be loved.

If I don't need much, they'll stay.

But it's not true. It never was. It's just an old energetic

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agreement; one passed down quietly through generations of women who learned to disappear into service.

We saw our mother's cut meals in half to make sure guests were fed. We saw them give up the good piece of chicken, the last roast potato, the warm seat. We saw them be gracious, be small, be accommodating, not because they didn't want more, but because they believed wanting more was selfish. Or worse... rude.

And we absorbed it.

Not as a conscious decision, but as a frequency. It settled into our cells, our nervous systems, our relationships. And before we even knew what was happening, we were running the same script:

"Be nice. Don't ask for too much. Make everyone else comfortable first."

We learned to collapse our own needs in the name of love. To perform as the peacekeeper. To earn approval through self-sacrifice.

And the spiritual kicker? Most of us *excelled* at it. We became so good at tuning in to what everyone else needed that we lost the ability to hear our own soul. And because we didn't want to rock the boat, we became the boat, carrying the load for everyone else.

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But here's the universal truth that changes everything when you let it land:

You don't have to collapse to be loved.

You don't have to shrink to belong.

You don't have to leak your life force to prove your worth.

In fact, every time you collapse to avoid disappointing someone, you abandon yourself.

Every time you say 'yes' to keep the peace, your soul grows quieter. And every time you prioritise harmony over honesty, you train the universe to respond to a version of you that isn't even *real*.

This is your permission slip to stop.

To take up space. To protect your field.

To honour your enough-ness, not just with words...

but with boundaries.

Because the universe doesn't just respond to what you *say* you want. It responds to what you *allow*.

Half a Meal, Whole Pattern

I was still a teenager when I saw it happen. Mum had cooked dinner, just enough for the four of us: her, Dad,

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my sister, and me. The table was set, the food ready. It was a regular evening, nothing fancy. Then the front door opened, and Dad walked in with a mate tagging along behind him.

No warning. No heads-up. Just a casual, “Hope it’s alright, love, he’ll stay for dinner.”

And just like that, everything changed.

Mum didn’t flinch. She didn’t sigh or raise an eyebrow. She didn’t say, “We don’t have enough,” or “Next time, give me some notice.” She simply turned back to the counter, picked up her own plate, and without a word, halved her dinner; calmly sliding half onto a clean plate and setting it in front of the guest like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Later that night, it bugged me. I was still chewing on it, not the food, but the moment. I asked her, “Mum... why did you give up your dinner like that?”

She just shrugged. “It would’ve been rude not to feed your dad’s mate.”

That one shrug said more than a thousand sermons ever could. Because it wasn’t just about food. It was about programming. Unquestioned, embodied, inherited programming.

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Good women don't complain.

Good women make space.

Good women quietly cut their portions, their needs, their dreams, so others don't feel uncomfortable.

And that night, I unknowingly inherited the code.

It didn't land like a thunderbolt; it just *settled in*. In the part of me that believed kindness had to come at a cost. In the part of me that later wrapped presents for people who didn't notice, showed up to things I didn't want to attend, smiled through moments I wanted to scream.

Because deep down, I thought that was what love looked like. That love required sacrifice. That it was more noble to starve quietly than to speak up and say, "*This isn't okay.*"

It wasn't just my mum. It was generations of women before her. Women who learned that it was safer to give everything away than to risk seeming selfish. Women who could read a room like a radar system but couldn't remember the last time they were asked, "*What do you need?*"

And here's what makes this even deeper: They didn't just do it out of duty; they did it out of *love*. That was the heartbreak. They genuinely believed they were doing the

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right thing. And sometimes... they were.

But love that requires you to disappear isn't love. It is obligation dressed up in politeness.

And while we can hold deep compassion for what our mothers and grandmothers lived through, we don't have to carry it forward.

We get to recognise the guest when they show up unannounced; literally or energetically, and decide that we're no longer giving away our dinner, our energy, or our peace just to make someone else comfortable.

Because when we keep shrinking, the world doesn't get more love.

It just gets more tired women.

We get to break the pattern. We get to serve ourselves first, not from selfishness, but from sovereignty. We get to say: **"This plate is mine. And I deserve to be nourished too."**

That's not rudeness. That's remembrance.

The Frequency Filter Framework

So how do you actually start holding your energy without collapsing it? How do you shift from being the open buffet everyone takes from... To the conscious creator of a sacred, sovereign field?

You build a **frequency filter**.

Boundaries aren't about saying "no" to everything. They're about saying "yes" to *alignment*. To what nourishes you. Respects you. Matches the future you're calling in.

Here's the code I teach my clients when they're rebuilding energetic boundaries from the inside out:

Step 1: Tune In Before You Agree

Before you say 'yes'... *pause*. Check in. Not with your calendar. With your **body**.

Does your stomach tighten? Do your shoulders rise? Do you feel a subtle wave of obligation or resentment?

That's your frequency giving you data. Your soul doesn't lie, but it often whispers. And if you're in a pattern of overgiving, you've likely trained yourself to override these signals.

So, start with presence. Ask: *"Is this a soul 'yes' or a people-pleasing 'yes'?"*

If it's not clean, it's a 'no'.

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Step 2: Filter Through Your Future

This one's powerful: When a request or opportunity arises, run it through the filter of your **future self**.

Ask:

*Would the version of me I'm becoming... say 'yes' to this?
Would she compromise her energy for this? Would she feel
expanded or drained by it?*

Let the answer guide your decision.

If it doesn't align with the woman you're becoming, let it go.

Step 3: Protect the Glow

Your energy is gold. And like anything precious, it deserves protection.

Not from fear. From *reverence*.

So, if someone enters your field; a friend, a client, a lover, a family member, and their presence repeatedly pulls you off centre, drains you, or causes confusion... That's a sign your filter needs reinforcement.

You don't need to cut them off in a blaze of glory. But you do need to **adjust the access level**.

Think of it like this: Some people are balcony seats. Some

are front row. And some... don't even need a ticket. Your job is to decide who gets how much of you and why.

Step 4: Communicate from Clarity, Not Emotion

When you do speak a boundary, do it from stillness. Not when you're tired or triggered. Not when you're trying to defend your right to exist.

Drop in. Breathe. Remember your worth. Then say what needs to be said.

It might sound like:

- “I’m no longer available for that.”
- “That doesn’t work for me, but here’s what does.”
- “I need some space to recalibrate.”

Simple. Clear. No justification required.

Building energetic boundaries isn't about becoming hard or closed. It's about becoming *magnetically aligned*.

The more clearly you filter, the more precisely the universe can deliver what belongs to you, and only you.

You're not here to be everything to everyone. You're here to be fully YOU; intact, powerful, and spiralling from overflow.

And this, lovely... is how that begins.

The Christmas I Chose Me

You want to know what energetic boundaries look like in real life?

Let me tell you about the Christmas I became a walking, talking “no more ghosts at the gate” embodiment.

I was in my early twenties; that blurry era of heartbreak, hope, and emotional U-turns. Andrew (nicknamed *Andy Pandy* by my cheeky uncle) was the classic on-again, off-again situation. You know the type. Unreliable. Charismatic. Ghosted me more than once.

We hadn't spoken in ages. I assumed we were very much *off*. Then... Christmas Day arrived.

I was home, wrapped in the usual festive magic; the gifts, the food, the intention to make it special for everyone. As usual, I'd put my heart into it.

And then... the doorbell rang.

There he was. Andrew. Standing at my front door, uninvited, wearing a hopeful grin and holding a wrapped Christmas present *for me*.

I was floored.

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Not just because he showed up, but because I had *nothing* for him. And if you know me, as I said earlier, you'll understand: I'm the present queen. I think deeply about gifts. I want them to be meaningful. Personal. Soulful. I *agonise* over what to get people, because for me, gift giving is love made visible.

So, standing there, empty-handed... I felt awkward. Uncomfortable. Like I was somehow in the wrong.

Old me would've let him in. Old me would've played hostess, served up lunch, and stuffed my own discomfort down with trifle and small talk.

But that day? I didn't. I thanked him for the gift... and then gently excused myself.

Because I already had plans.

I'd been invited across the road to my friend's house for Christmas lunch with her family. It was something I'd committed to in advance, and something I genuinely wanted to do. So instead of ditching those plans for a man who couldn't even bother to RSVP to my life... I stuck to my 'yes'.

Andrew ended up having lunch with my grandparents and uncle (who I'm sure gave him the full family welcome).

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But me?

I walked away. With love. With clarity. With my energy intact.

I honoured my boundary. I didn't perform. I didn't collapse. I *chose me*.

That's what embodiment looks like.

Not dramatic. Not loud. Just quiet, clear, anchored truth.

Embodiment Practice: Energetic Doorways

This exercise will help you get crystal clear on where your frequency filter might still have an unlocked door.

1. Close your eyes. Breathe deeply. Drop into your body. Feel your energy centre; your solar plexus, heart, and root. Imagine them filling with golden light.

2. Picture your front door. Yes, your actual front door. Now imagine every person, situation, or pattern that tries to walk in uninvited.

Who do you see? Who keeps showing up with “gifts”; obligation, guilt, chaos, distraction, that you didn't ask for?

3. Now imagine installing a filter. This is your sacred doorway. Only what matches your future gets to come

through.

Repeat softly:

“I decide who enters my field.

I honour my energy.

My ‘no’ is loving. My ‘yes’ is sacred.”

Let the image settle. Feel the lock click. You are the gatekeeper now.

When you’re ready, open your eyes and anchor the shift with a gentle hand on your heart. You did it.

Journaling Prompts

Your Boundaries, Your Frequency

Light a candle. Breathe. And take your time with these. Let them ripple.

1. **Where do I still say ‘yes’ when my soul means ‘no’?**
Be honest. Notice any recent examples; even tiny ones.
2. **Who am I still rearranging myself for... and why?**
Is it for love? Safety? Approval? Habit?
3. **When was the last time I collapsed my needs to**

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make someone else more comfortable?
What did that cost me; emotionally, energetically, spiritually?

4. **What would it look like to honour my *actual* priorities, even if someone is disappointed?**
Visualise the moment. Feel it in your body.
5. **What version of me does my next level life *require* at the gate?** Describe her. Her clarity. Her posture. Her sacred 'no'. Her unapologetic 'yes'.
6. **Where have I *already* honoured a boundary and felt empowered afterward?** (Hint: Write it down and *anchor* it as proof. Your nervous system loves receipts.)

What's Coming Next...

Now that your field is protected and your frequency filter is activated, it's time to explore the next portal: **receiving**.

Because it's one thing to block what you *don't* want, but quite another to fully let in what your soul has been calling forward.

Love. Wealth. Compliments. Support. Soulmate-level yeses.

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In Chapter 6, we spiral into the heart of it all:

Why receiving is a nervous system skill
Why so many powerful women still can't let it land
And how to open without fear, guard, or guilt.

It's about to get delicious.

CHAPTER 6: THE ART OF RECEIVING

The Energetic Flinch That Blocks Your Blessings

Back in my early twenties, I was working in advertising; writing copy, juggling deadlines, running on caffeine and ambition. I was good at it. Sharp with words. Quick with ideas. And always, always giving more than I was paid for. That was my thing. Over-deliver, impress, earn my keep.

So, when one of the senior creatives stopped by my desk one afternoon and said, “You’re brilliant, you know. Honestly, the whole pitch landed because of that headline you wrote,” I froze.

I smiled, politely. Muttered, “Oh, thanks.” Then immediately deflected: “I just pulled it together from the brief, really. The art team made it sing.”

Classic me.

I didn’t let it land. Couldn’t.

I felt the words hit my ears, but my body didn’t absorb them. There was this strange, almost physical discomfort in my chest, like I had to quickly bounce the compliment away before it stuck too deeply. Before someone else

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overheard and thought I was getting too full of myself. Before I even let *myself* believe I deserved it.

I remember later standing in the lift, staring at the bouquet of awards on the wall, copy from people decades older than me, and thinking, “You’ll never be that good. You just got lucky today.”

That was the soundtrack back then. *Don’t bask. Don’t beam. Don’t claim it too loudly.* You might make others uncomfortable. You might come across as arrogant. You might have to prove it again tomorrow.

And heaven forbid someone gives you something *without* you earning it.

It wasn’t just compliments, either. A colleague once brought me coffee after a hellish client meeting. I thanked her and spent the next half hour racking my brain for how to repay the favour. Like it was a transaction. Like I couldn’t just receive kindness without immediate reciprocity.

At home, I was the same. If someone gave me a gift, I’d stress about whether mine was equal. If someone said I looked beautiful, I’d shrink. Joke. Brush it off. “Oh, this old thing?”

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It wasn't humility. It was programming.

Somewhere deep down, I had absorbed this story: **To receive is to risk.** Risk disappointment. Risk obligation. Risk rejection. Better to keep giving. Better to stay safe in motion.

But the truth is, and I only really understood this years later, I wasn't *receiving*. I was performing.

Performing value. Performing humility. Performing worth.

I looked like someone who was confident and open, but I was actually terrified of appearing greedy, too much, or God forbid... *needy*.

That flinch? That energetic recoil? It was my nervous system saying, "Careful now. If you *let this in*, something might be expected of you."

And so, I kept deflecting life's gifts, love, opportunities... and all the things I secretly craved.

I know now that *receiving is its own art*. It's a spiritual skill, a frequency, a nervous system capacity that most of us were never taught; especially as women.

But the shift began with awareness. With noticing the flinch. And whispering back: "It's okay, love. You're safe to have this."

The Strange Shame of Being Given To

Let's be real for a second: most of us were taught how to say thank you; not how to actually *receive*.

You've probably smiled and nodded politely while a compliment bounced off your skin like a balloon hitting a brick wall. You've probably said "you shouldn't have!" even when you *really* wanted the thing. And I'm guessing, just maybe, you've found yourself mentally calculating how to *give back* before you've even fully received what's been offered.

Sound familiar?

We think of receiving as the easy part. The passive part. The fun part. But for many women, it's actually the *hardest* part. Because true receiving; open-hearted, fully landed, unapologetic receiving, asks us to be seen. To soften. To allow. And that... can feel terrifying.

You might be fluent in giving. You probably are. You remember birthdays, bring the thoughtful snacks, send voice notes when someone's down, volunteer to help, step in, clean up, hold space, say 'yes'.

You might be the one people lean on, count on, cry to, ask for favours from.

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You've trained your nervous system to feel safe being the *giver*, because it gives you a sense of control, of worth, of contribution. But when the tables turn? When *you* are the one being poured into?

Cue the twitch.

You might get awkward. You might instantly try to “balance the scales.” You might feel unworthy, exposed, indulgent, or guilty. You might even *sabotage* it, unconsciously repelling what you actually desire most.

Because somewhere deep down, receiving has become entangled with shame.

Shame for taking up space.

Shame for wanting more.

Shame for being a woman who needs, who feels, who longs.

And it's not your fault.

This pattern gets planted early. Maybe it was the way your mum never sat down to eat, always feeding others first. Maybe it was a teacher who praised you for being “low maintenance.” Maybe it was the way your needs felt like an inconvenience growing up, or how quickly you learned that asking for too much made people uncomfortable.

So, you became the caretaker. The peacekeeper. The over-functioner. You learned that love is something you *earn*,

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not something you simply *let in*.

And now?

Now you're on a spiritual journey. You've cleared your blocks. You're manifesting, meditating, asking the Universe for *more*.

But when it arrives; when the kind partner shows up, or the unexpected bonus lands, or someone says, "Hey, let me take care of that for you", a little voice inside whispers...

“Careful. Don't let it land too deep.”

That's the receiving wound. And it doesn't mean you're flawed. It means you've spent years building emotional armour, and now your soul is asking you to disarm. To breathe through the flinch. To soften into enoughness. To let the love, the praise, the support, the money, the miracles... actually touch you.

Receiving is not weak. Receiving is not selfish. Receiving is a reclamation.

It's a return to wholeness. It's the frequency of self-trust, of worth, of *readiness*.

And if you're here reading this, it's likely your time.

Why the Feminine Forgot How to Receive

There's a reason receiving feels so edgy for so many women, and it goes way beyond awkward compliments or childhood conditioning. It's *ancient*. It's collective. It's encoded in our lineage, our nervous systems, and our *spiritual DNA*.

You see, receiving is a deeply feminine energy. Not *female*, but feminine; the energetic principle of openness, flow, magnetism, receptivity.

The feminine receives life. She is the chalice. The womb. The field that allows. She does not hustle for rain; she opens to the sky.

But for thousands of years, the feminine was deemed unsafe. Too wild. Too soft. Too powerful. Too much.

So, we adapted. Hardened. Protected. We shifted into doing, proving, pushing, and performing. We praised the masculine codes of effort and logic and results, and dimmed the feminine frequencies of trust, intuition, and ease.

Entire generations of women learned to survive by *giving*. By anticipating needs. By making themselves useful. By never asking for too much. By being indispensable, but not inconvenient.

We were taught to earn our place through service. To give

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love, but not expect it in return. To care for others, but not ask to be cared for. To be grateful for scraps and ashamed of desire.

And so, the sacred feminine within us; the part that *receives without guilt*, went underground.

This is not just a personal pattern. It's a spiritual amnesia.

A forgetting of the divine truth that receiving is holy.

When you let love in... When you allow support... When you say 'yes' to abundance, to help, to kindness, to pleasure, to rest... You are restoring a broken circuit.

You're not just healing your own nervous system, you're untangling the entire ancestral line of women who had to earn their worth through output.

You are saying:

"It's safe now. We don't have to survive through self-sacrifice anymore. We're allowed to thrive."

That shift isn't just emotional; it's vibrational.

When you receive with openness, with reverence, with gratitude *without guilt*, you become magnetic. Not because you're "manifesting right," but because you are finally

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aligned with the *truth* of your being.

The Universe isn't withholding from you. It's holding *everything*, waiting for you to soften enough to catch it.

This is why the feminine reawakening is so powerful right now. Because it's not just about self-care and bubble baths and saying no.

It's about reclaiming the deepest truth: That you are inherently worthy of receiving simply because you *exist*.

You don't need to earn it. You don't need to hustle for it. You don't need to be less messy, more healed, or more productive.

— *You just need to **let it land***

And yes, that may require practice. Because the muscle of receiving atrophies over time. But it *can* be rebuilt.

It begins with breath. With awareness. With whispering “yes” when life offers you something good, even when it feels unfamiliar.

Because in truth, receiving isn't a reward. It's a remembering.

Receiving Isn't Weak. It's Magnetic.

Here's the universal code I want to spiral into your soul today:

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What you're brave enough to receive... multiplies.

What you block, deflect, or diminish... dissolves.

It's that simple. But simple doesn't mean easy.

Because most people don't realise that *receiving is an energetic skill*. It's not just about saying thank you; it's about *letting something land so deeply* that it changes your cells, your frequency, your future.

This isn't woo-woo fluff. It's quantum mechanics.

Your vibration is constantly shaping what you attract. But it's not just your *desire* that sends the signal, it's your *receptivity*. Your readiness. Your capacity to *let in* what you say you want.

You could do all the journaling, meditating, vision boarding, scripting, affirming, but if you flinch when life brings you the actual thing... the signal gets scrambled.

Because the Universe is not just responding to what you ask for; it's responding to what you're *available to receive*.

And the truth is, many women are brilliant at requesting, praying, visualising... but they haven't yet upgraded their *receiving software*.

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They still carry micro-blocks in their field:

- “It’s too much.”
- “I don’t want to owe anyone.”
- “I can’t let them see me need that.”
- “What if they take it back?”
- “What if this disappears?”
- “I have to give something in return.”

Every one of those thoughts is a frequency distortion. A static signal. A vibrational mismatch.

And it’s not your fault. You were encoded that way by survival, by family systems, by culture, by your own trauma. But you don’t have to stay there.

Because the moment you start receiving *without guilt*; with grace, ease, trust, and stillness, you become magnetic. Irresistible. Unstoppable.

The Divine doesn’t test you by withholding. It tests you by offering. By whispering, “Can you hold this?” And if you can; without shrinking, without justifying, without fawning or deflecting, the gates open.

Receiving is not weak. It’s not passive. It’s not indulgent.

Receiving is a sacred act of co-creation. It’s you saying:

“I’m ready to partner with life.
I’m ready to be seen in my wholeness.
I’m ready to let it be easy.
I’m ready to trust what I asked for.”

And it starts in the tiniest moments.

Saying ‘yes’ to a compliment without brushing it off. Letting someone pay. Pausing when your instinct is to give back straight away. Breathing in pleasure instead of numbing it. Allowing good things to find you without hustling to *deserve* them.

This is the new frequency we’re anchoring now. The feminine rising isn’t about doing more. It’s about learning how to *hold more*; with softness, with sovereignty, and with a wide-open heart.

The Compliment Boomerang & the Cappuccino That Made Me Cry

Years ago, when I was working in advertising, there was this woman on the creative team, let’s call her Mel, who could receive a compliment like a goddess.

You’d say, “Mel, that campaign headline was genius,” and she’d flash a warm smile and respond, “Thank you. I really loved writing that one.” No weirdness. No self-

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deprecation. No return compliment boomerang. Just... a gracious, grounded *thank you*.

At the time, I couldn't comprehend it. I was still deep in my 20s over-functioning era; giving to everyone, trying to prove my worth through usefulness. If someone complimented me, I'd either bat it away ("Oh, it was nothing!"), immediately deflect ("You did amazing too!"), or try to downplay it like I hadn't really tried that hard.

Because God-forbid I *owned* the thing. God-forbid I received it.

Mel's ease made me both envious and inspired. She didn't *need* the compliment to feel okay, but she let it land. And that, I would come to realise, is the difference. When you've truly anchored into your worth, receiving isn't this hungry grasp. It's just... alignment.

I remembered Mel years later, during a seemingly silly moment that cracked something open in me.

I was at a café after a client session, still in healing-mode after a big unravelling season of my life. I'd been doing a lot of giving; holding space for others, helping friends, pouring my heart into my work, but I hadn't really *received* anything in a while. Not deeply.

Anyway, I go up to pay for my cappuccino and the girl behind the counter says, "It's on us today. Just because."

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I froze. My nervous system practically short-circuited.

My first instinct was to argue. Then to ask why. Then to over-thank. Then to tip excessively.

I could not just *let it in*.

But something in me, maybe Mel's memory, maybe Spirit, whispered: "Practice."

So, I took a breath. I softened my shoulders. And I said, "Thank you. That's really kind."

And I walked away. With the cappuccino. With the gift. With tears in my eyes.

Not because of the free drink, but because I'd finally let a little bit of life land without wrestling it into balance.

That moment taught me what the affirmations couldn't. Receiving isn't logical. It's *somatic*. It's nervous-system based. It's subtle and sacred. And when you start honouring the micro-moments; like a compliment, a coffee, a kind offer, you start recalibrating your whole frequency.

You stop blocking the good.

You stop bargaining with joy.

You start saying 'yes'.

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And the Universe? She *notices*.

Because every time you let something in without guilt, you're saying, "I'm ready for more." And more comes.

The Spiral of Receiving™

If you're someone who's mastered the art of giving (to everyone, all the time, often at your own expense), welcome to your next edge: **learning to receive without apology, guilt, or over-compensation.**

This isn't about becoming passive or needy. It's about **balancing the circuit** so energy flows both ways; not just out from you, but back *into* you. Receiving is how you restore the battery. How you come back into alignment. How you start attracting instead of efforting.

To help you practise, I want to introduce a simple but powerful process I call:

The Spiral of Receiving™

It has three layers: *Notice, Nourish, Normalise*, and each one helps you rewire your body and energy field to hold more... with grace.

1. Notice: *Catch the Block in Real Time*: Start by noticing the micro-moments where you instinctively *reject* receiving.

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Someone compliments you, do you downplay it?
Someone offers to pay, do you insist on splitting?
Someone gives you a gift, do you squirm, fumble, or offer one back instantly?

These are energetic flinches. And they matter. Because they show your system doesn't yet feel safe holding attention, abundance, praise, or love.

Just start tracking them. With curiosity, not shame.

Ask:

"What part of me feels unsafe here?"

"Where do I feel this in my body?"

"What do I usually do instead of receiving?"

Awareness is the first portal.

2. Nourish: *Reparent the Moment Gently*: Once you've noticed the reflex, pause. Place your hand on your heart or belly. Breathe.

Then offer yourself a new internal message:

"It's safe to let this in."

"I don't have to give anything back right now."

"I'm worthy of receiving, just as I am."

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This is where the energetic reprogramming happens.

You're literally rewiring your nervous system by *staying present* with what you'd usually push away. It may feel awkward or emotional at first. That's okay. Keep breathing. Keep softening. Keep saying 'yes'.

3. Normalise: *Stretch Your Receiving Muscles Daily:*

Receiving is a muscle and like any muscle, it strengthens with use.

So, make it a game.

- Say "thank you" with presence when someone compliments you.
- Let someone open the door, carry your groceries, or pick up the tab without guilt.
- Accept help even when you could technically do it yourself.
- Sit in stillness and *receive guidance* from Spirit without demanding it solve anything.

The more you allow life to give to you, in the little things, the more your energy field expands to *call in the big things*.

This isn't about entitlement. It's about alignment.

Because when receiving becomes your *natural state*, you stop gripping, chasing, and proving. You start attracting, allowing, and co-creating. And that, lovely, is how the

spiral works.

The Sacred 'Yes': A Receiving Ritual

Set a timer for 7 minutes and find a quiet space where you won't be interrupted.

Sit or lie down, place one hand on your heart and one on your lower belly, and close your eyes. Begin by taking three deep breaths, each one slower than the last.

Now speak this invocation aloud:

*"I soften the part of me that resists.
I open the part of me that remembers.
I welcome life's gifts, fully, freely, without fear or guilt.
It is safe to let love in."*

Let your breath find a slow, natural rhythm. Imagine your heart glowing with a gentle pink light; warm, inviting, magnetic. On each inhale, breathe in the energy of receiving: love, compliments, abundance, kindness. On each exhale, release any old programming that says you have to earn, repay, or deflect.

You don't need to visualise anything grand. Start small.

- See someone handing you a compliment. You smile and say thank you.

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- See a friend paying for your coffee. You accept with grace.
- See your guides offering you clarity. You breathe and receive.

Let the moment land. End with this phrase:

“I am ready to receive. I allow. I align. I welcome the sacred yes.”

When you’re done, open your eyes and take note of how your body feels. Maybe even journal a few words.

Receiving is a practice. Let this be the moment you begin.

Journaling Prompts

- What is one recent moment where I struggled to receive and why?
- How does my body respond when someone gives to me without strings?
- Where did I learn that it’s safer to give than to receive?
- What might open up in my life if I allowed myself to receive more, without guilt or flinching?
- What would “receiving like a queen” look and feel like for me?

Let these prompts spiral you inward, and upward. No

censoring. Just truth, flow, and revelation.

What's Coming Next...

Now that you're opening to receive, it's time to *dial up the frequency...* literally.

In the next chapter, I'm finally sharing the true story behind the audio tape that helped me attract the love of my life... and the upgraded version I've created for you. If you've ever wished manifestation worked faster, deeper, and with a whole lot more soul. You're going to love this.

We're about to step into '**Love on Steroids**', and trust me, it's not just about romance. It's a frequency shift that changes *everything*.

CHAPTER 7: LOVE ON STEROIDS (AKA FREQUENCY MEDICINE)

The Konicov Tape That Called in My Soulmate

For years, I was the girl who just couldn't catch a break in love.

Every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night, I was out with my girlfriends; hair done, heels on, a splash of perfume that promised miracles. We'd hit the local clubs, see bands, have a few drinks, and dance like we were in a film clip... but the underlying agenda was always the same:

Find. Mr. Right.

Or at least *someone* who looked vaguely like him in low lighting.

I watched my friends score phone numbers, flirt up a storm, and move from date to date like it was some effortless game they were born knowing how to play. Meanwhile, I was the dependable wing-woman. The one cheering from the sidelines. The one guys would ask, "Is your friend seeing anyone?"

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It wasn't that I was completely invisible. I had fun. I had crushes. I had moments. But they never *went* anywhere. And trust me, I *wanted* them to go somewhere. I was in that tender, yearning phase where every song on the radio felt like it was mocking my loneliness.

By my early twenties, I was over it. I wasn't bitter (yet), but I was definitely disheartened. I'd done everything right. I'd worked on myself. I was open. I was ready. So, where the hell was he?

Enter: the cassette tape.

It came from a friend who didn't believe in "woo woo." Someone had given it to her and she, with the kind of dramatic eye-roll reserved for horoscopes and crystals, handed it over to me like it was a joke.

The title? **"How to Attract Love" by Barrie Konicov.** I can't believe it's still available, but here it is, the very same, original recording that I was given.

(Here's the link if you want to check it out:

<https://amzn.to/4nBk6zM>

Note: I may receive a small commission if you purchase using this link, at no extra cost to you.)

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I don't know what made me actually play it. Maybe I was desperate. Maybe I was curious. Maybe I just wanted to hear *something* that didn't make me feel out of sync with everyone else.

Whatever the reason, I pressed play. And that was the beginning.

The shifts were subtle at first. I didn't suddenly walk out and meet my dream guy at the supermarket (though I *was* checking the fruit aisle more often). But something inside me started to rewire. I began to *feel* more magnetic. More hopeful. More like love was possible, not in some airy-fairy way, but in a deep, cellular, "it's coming" kind of way.

And not long after that, I met Martin.

Yes. *That* Martin. My soulmate. The love of my life. The one I've built a life and a legacy with. The one who still makes my heart skip even after all these years.

But wait... it gets better.

I lent that same tape to two of my girlfriends. Both single. Both ready. They listened. They both got married shortly after.

And the friend who originally gave it to me? Never listened. Still single to this day.

Coincidence? Maybe. But I've been in this game long enough to know: the Universe doesn't *do* coincidence. It does **resonance**. And that tape? It was pure **frequency medicine**; a vibration that whispered to the soul and rewired the story.

File this one under: *Believe in the magic, or stay on the bench.*

When It Feels Like Love Skipped You

Maybe you've been doing all the "right things."

You've visualised. You've meditated. You've stood in front of your mirror and whispered affirmations until your reflection started to believe them. You've done inner child healing, cut cords with that ex you *swear* you're over, and even sprinkled a little rose oil in places you won't admit publicly.

Or maybe you're more like I was. Not quite "woo woo," but not a cynic either. You just *wanted love*. The real kind. And you were starting to feel like the only one who hadn't been picked.

For me, it was years of weekends out. Thursday nights turned into Friday nights turned into Saturdays with my girlfriends; hair styled, outfits debated, lipstick layered. We'd hit the local pubs and clubs, dance to live bands, sip

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cheap wine in plastic cups, and secretly scan the crowd looking for that one face. That one spark. That maybe-moment.

And it wasn't just the nights... the *whole* day revolved around it.

I used to spend all day Saturday in the city, looking for an outfit to wear *that* night. This was back when the shops shut at midday, so we'd have to bus it in at the absolute crack of dawn to get there before everything closed. I mean, what was the point of flirting with fate if you weren't going to do it in something drop-dead gorgeous?

I had fun. We laughed. We had rituals. But deep down, I was tired.

Because while my friends were collecting flirty encounters and first kisses like party favours, I was collecting stories that didn't go anywhere. I was the supportive one, the wing-woman, the one who helped others get ready; emotionally and literally, for their big date while I went home with nothing but mascara smudges and questions.

| *What was I doing wrong?*

It wasn't like I didn't believe in love. I did. Fiercely. And not in a fairytale way, in a soul-recognition, walk-through-fire kind of way. But love just... wouldn't recognise *me*.

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I'd lie awake at night, staring at the ceiling, wondering if the Universe had forgotten my address. I'd read self-help books. I'd listen to love songs on the radio that felt like someone had written them just to taunt me. I watched my two best friends go on date after date; some romantic, some hilarious, some just plain tragic, while I was still waiting for *anyone* to see me. Little did I know, that tape was already lining up my forever love behind the scenes. Funnily enough, I got engaged before both of them. Not because I played the game better, but because I stopped playing and started vibrating differently.

That's the kind of shift we're talking about here. Not a hustle. Not a strategy. Not some fancy five-step formula. A **frequency flip**. And once it happens, your whole reality starts rearranging around it.

There comes a point in every woman's journey where she stops trying to "do" more to attract love, and starts realising something deeper might need to shift.

Maybe you know that point. Maybe you're living in it right now.

You've done the personal growth. You've read the books. Maybe you've even hired the coach, scripted your ideal partner, or recited those soulmate mantras under the full moon.

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But still, nothing sticks.

And while everyone else seems to be playing musical chairs with relationships, you're standing on the sidelines like, "*Umm... did I miss the signal to sit down?*"

It's not that you're not enough. You *know* you are.

But there's a whisper, isn't there?

| *A little voice that says, "Why not me?"*

Here's what I wish someone had told me earlier: It's not always about what you do. It's about what you **transmit**.

You can be ready, radiant, and open, but if there's old energy clouding your signal, love might not be able to *find you*. You might be sending mixed messages without realising it: "Come here, but not too close." "I want love, but only if I don't get hurt again." "Pick me... but also, don't."

These energetic patterns aren't your fault. They're inherited, learned, and layered in over time.

But here's the magic: It only takes one shift. One frequency tweak. One subconscious re-wire.

That's what that cassette tape did for me.

I didn't consciously set out to change anything; I just listened. But something inside me clicked back into

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alignment. My frequency recalibrated. I felt... open. Like love could *see me now*.

And within months, he arrived. Martin. My forever.

You're not off track. You're not behind. And you're definitely not alone.

You're just one vibration away from becoming *recognisable* to the very thing your soul has always known was coming.

The Truth Beneath the Waiting

There's a reason love sometimes takes longer to land.

It's not because the Universe is punishing you, and it's definitely not because you're unworthy or unlovable. It's because love; true, soul-deep love, requires *energetic compatibility*. And most of us aren't taught how to create that. We're taught how to perform. How to be desirable. How to wait and hope and try again. But no one ever hands us the frequency key.

So, we spend years fumbling in the dark, sending out mixed signals, calling in connection while simultaneously bracing for disappointment. It's like having one foot on the gas and one foot on the brake. You *want* love, but you also want to stay safe. And your body, your energy field,

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your nervous system; they're listening. They're always broadcasting.

Here's the deeper truth: Your subconscious is the DJ of your entire romantic playlist. And if it's still spinning heartbreak, fear, or unworthiness in the background, no matter how confident you appear on the outside, the signal gets scrambled.

The cassette tape worked not because it was magical, but because it did two very specific things:

First, it helped me fall in love with *myself*. Not in a superficial self-care way; in a deep, grounding, soul-level *knowing* that I was enough. Enough on my own. Enough even if love never arrived. That shift alone opened the doors to everything.

Second, it got me to focus not on what he would *look* like, but how he would *feel*. It invited me to get clear on the essence; the energy, the qualities, the soul frequency of the person I was calling in. It was like writing a shopping list for the Universe, but instead of ordering tall, dark, and handsome, I was ordering safe, funny, loyal, honest, kind. And the moment I put that list out there, it was like my new frequency and his frequency recognised each other across the ether.

This is what I mean by **frequency medicine**. It's not just about love. It's about energetic integrity. Alignment. Soul

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chemistry. When your inner world syncs up with what you desire, the external shifts *fast*.

You don't have to chase love. You don't have to settle. You don't even have to "try harder."

You just have to tune your dial.

And sometimes, one small tool, like a strange little tape from a sceptical friend, is enough to do it. Not because it *gives* you something... But because it reminds you of what was always already inside you:

The signal. The readiness. The radiant, untamed, unshakeable truth... That love has never skipped you. It was just waiting for the version of you who finally stopped skipping yourself.

The Real Reason Love Finds You

Here's the truth that cracked open for me, and it's one I've seen hold true for so many women since:

You don't attract love by trying to be lovable.
You attract love by *remembering* that you already are.

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That shift; from seeking to *knowing*, changes your frequency completely. It moves you from performance to presence. From anxious effort to magnetic ease.

And that's where the magic happens.

Because let's be honest, love doesn't arrive when you're begging the Universe for it. It arrives when you stop gripping. When you stop trying to prove your worth. When you come home to yourself and whisper, "*I'm enough. Right now. As I am.*"

But here's the nuance most people miss:

You don't attract what you want.

You attract what you believe you're worthy of.

And more specifically, what you're energetically compatible with.

This is why some people keep calling in unavailable partners, or love that fizzles out quickly. On the surface, they're asking for connection. But underneath, their frequency is still entangled with fear, rejection, or an unconscious belief that love equals pain.

The Universe doesn't read your words; it reads your vibration.

And when your vibration is muddy with old heartbreak, self-doubt, or stories like “all the good ones are taken...”, it clouds your signal.

The tape didn’t work because it was mystical. It worked because it recalibrated me. It cleaned up my frequency. It *cleared the static* between who I was and what I was ready to receive.

First, it reminded me that I was already whole. Then, it gave me a way to clearly broadcast the qualities I desired, not in a needy, grabby way, but in a soul-aligned, *this is what I’m available for* kind of way.

That combination? That’s the attractor field.

That’s the real “secret” behind soulmate love. Not asking harder. Not proving more. Not settling for crumbs.

But remembering who you are, aligning your energy, and trusting that love can hear what your lips haven’t even spoken yet.

When the Frequency Clicks; it’s Not Just You

You’ve probably heard of the tuning fork metaphor, it’s one of my favourites.

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When you strike a tuning fork, it vibrates at a specific frequency. If you place another tuning fork tuned to the *same note* nearby, without touching it, that second fork will start to vibrate too. Why? Because it's in resonance. That's exactly how love works. You don't have to chase it. You just have to become the fork that sings the note of what you desire.

That's what happened with me. The tape was the strike; the frequency activator, and I began vibrating differently. But here's the kicker: I wasn't the only one.

After I'd listened and had my wild, wonderful "Holy crap, this worked" love story with Martin, unfold, I told two of my girlfriends about it.

They were curious. Sceptical. But curious.

Both of them were single at the time; gorgeous, smart, funny women who somehow kept attracting the same old emotionally unavailable heartbreakers on repeat. They were doing the inner work. They weren't sitting back twiddling their thumbs. But they were stuck in the same loop I had just *thankfully* shifted out of.

So, I lent them the tape. One after the other.

Neither of them tried to figure it out intellectually. They just listened. Repeatedly. Like I had. Within months? They were both in serious relationships.

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Not the kind where you cross your fingers and hope. The kind where you just know. The kind that moves with ease. The kind that feels like coming *home*.

And eventually, both of them got married.

The original friend who *gave* me the tape? Never listened to it. To this day, she's still single.

Now of course, that's not a judgement. Love doesn't arrive on anyone else's timeline but your soul's. But there's something to be said for what happens when you *actually press play* on something new. When you let yourself vibrate differently. When you stop trying to control love and instead allow yourself to *resonate* with it.

Because here's the thing about frequency work, it doesn't force. It doesn't beg. It doesn't cling. It *clicks*.

And when it clicks? You know.

You don't second guess. You don't go into a tailspin wondering if you're being too much or too little or whether he'll text you back. Because love, real love, *vibrates at a frequency that your body recognises*.

The girlfriends who got married didn't change their looks. They didn't drop 5 kilos or suddenly become better versions of themselves. They didn't "do" anything

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

different. They simply began transmitting something new, something *true*.

And that's what I want you to take from this: Love isn't about trying harder. It's about becoming clearer. Clear in your energy. Clear in your standards. Clear in your signal.

Once you're tuned to the right frequency, the right person doesn't need GPS to find you. They just *do*.

Because like attracts like. And resonance never lies.

The Magnetic Match Method™: How to Become the Love You Want

Here's how you turn love into frequency medicine, and why it works so fast when you *stop spiralling out* and start spiralling in.

This isn't about manifesting in a bubble bath or trying to impress the Universe with your positive vibes.

It's about becoming an energetic match for the kind of love you say you want. And not in theory; in your body, in your soul, in your cells.

Let me walk you through the three-step process I now call **The Magnetic Match Method™**; the same process the tape activated in me (and in my girlfriends, too).

Step 1: Fall in Love with *You* First: This isn't just self-care fluff. It's *foundation*.

Before love can land, you have to stop outsourcing your value and come home to your own enoughness. The original tape gently rewired my subconscious beliefs and helped me realise that love wasn't something I had to earn, it was something I could *allow* by becoming it.

When you truly fall in love with yourself, your energy becomes undeniable. You stop asking, "*Am I good enough?*" And you start walking like the answer is obvious. (Because it is.)

Step 2: Create Your Frequency List (Not a Fantasy Man): This is where most people trip. They get caught up scripting someone tall, dark, and with a jawline that could cut glass. But that's not a frequency; that's a photo shoot.

What the tape taught me to do was focus on qualities. The essence of my person. The emotional texture of the relationship I wanted.

Kind. Safe. Loyal. Makes me laugh until I snort. That kind of thing.

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When you define what it *feels* like to be loved by this person, instead of what they look like, you begin transmitting a precise signal that says, “*I’m ready for this.*”

Step 3: Broadcast: Without Begging: This is where the real frequency flip happens.

Once you’ve cleared the noise and named the essence, your job is simply to *become* the match, and then get out of your own way.

You don’t need to force anything. You don’t need to swipe 300 times a day. You just need to hold the frequency with love, ease, and a sprinkle of surrender.

The moment you stop gripping... The moment you stop hustling to be “chosen...”. The moment you start loving your own company so much that anything else would need to be *exceptional*...

That’s when the vibration sharpens.

And that’s when love comes knocking. Not because you begged for it. But because it *heard* you.

Embodiment Practice: Love Frequency Activation

You don’t have to wait for a magical cassette tape to shift your signal. You can start broadcasting differently right now.

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Here's a simple embodiment practice I've adapted from what that tape taught me; one you can use every morning (or anytime you feel disconnected from love, hope, or your own radiant worthiness).

It's not about *doing it perfectly*. It's about **tuning your field**.

Step 1: Love Loop Inward: Close your eyes. Place one hand on your heart, one on your belly. Take three deep, grounding breaths. Now gently speak to yourself, aloud or in your mind, and say:

“I am already enough. I am already whole. I love myself, fully and completely, just as I am.”

Stay there. Let your body soften into it. And if part of you doubts it, that's okay. Just ask yourself, “What if I could feel like that?” Then gently imagine what that would feel like instead. Let your cells begin to explore the possibility.

Step 2: Qualities Calling List: Next, grab a journal or voice note app. Without overthinking, list the **top five qualities** you want to *feel* in your next relationship. (Think: safe, funny, spiritually connected, emotionally available, etc.)

Bonus: Speak them aloud with conviction, like an order to the cosmos.

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“I’m ready for a relationship that feels safe, fun, and wildly magnetic.”

Step 3: Transmit and Trust: Now close your eyes again. Picture yourself already in that relationship; feeling those qualities reflected back to you.

Smile. Breathe it in. Say:

“*Thank you, Universe. I’m ready to receive.*”

Then go about your day with the quiet confidence of someone who’s no longer searching. Because love is *already en-route*.

Faster, Deeper, Easier: Your Next Steps

Want to take this work even deeper? Or shortcut the timeline?

After seeing how powerful that original cassette tape was (not just for me, but for the girlfriends who also found their soulmates), I felt called to create a modern version. Something faster. Deeper. More aligned with today’s energetic tools.

That’s how “**How to Attract Love on Steroids**” was born.

It’s my own upgraded audio; infused with **secret sound technology** that gently reprograms your subconscious and activates your personal love frequency. This isn’t just

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affirmations or pretty music. It's a full energetic upgrade that works behind the scenes while you relax and receive. The result? You shift faster, feel different, and start attracting from a whole new vibration.

https://www.cheriestokes.com/loveonsteroids_public

And a reminder, I've also created an **Embodiment Meditations Bundle**, designed to make this work *effortless* for you.

Rather than flipping back through the book to find a practice or trying to remember what you were supposed to do, you can just press play and let me guide you. I'll walk you through each ritual in real time, help you drop into the frequency, and hold the space for your transformation.

https://www.cheriestokes.com/embodimentbundle_public

And here's that link again, if you want to experience the original magic that started it all, you can still grab the original **Barrie Konicov "How to Attract Love"** recording here:

<https://amzn.to/4nBk6zM>

(Affiliate link disclosure: I may receive a small commission at no cost to you.)

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Remember, love isn't just coming. It's already on its way. These tools just help you open the door a little faster... and a whole lot wider.

Journaling Prompts

1. **What beliefs about love have I been unknowingly broadcasting?** (Do I believe love is hard to find, or that I'm running out of time?)
2. **What would it feel like to truly believe I'm enough, right now?** (Describe the energy, posture, and inner dialogue of that version of you.)
3. **What qualities does my soul know it's calling in?** (List 5 core feelings or attributes you want to experience in your next relationship; no physical traits.)
4. **Am I willing to receive love that matches *that* vibration?** (If not yet, what would help me say 'yes'?)

What's Coming Next...

Love and abundance are cut from the same energetic cloth; they're both invitations to *receive*.

So now that you've remembered how to become the match for soulmate love, we're going to tune your dial even further. Because the truth is, wealth doesn't arrive

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when you work harder; it lands when you stop carrying the static of scarcity and start resonating with overflow.

In the next chapter, we'll explore why **abundance is a frequency you tune into, not a prize you earn**, and how to align with it *before* it shows up in your bank account.

CHAPTER 8: TUNING INTO ABUNDANCE SCARCITY IN A SILK DRESS

I know what it's like to be thoroughly broke.

Not just budgeting broke. Not “we’ll get by until payday” broke. I mean the kind of broke where every purchase is a calculation, every luxury is a dream deferred, and every little win feels like a miracle pulled from thin air.

When Martin and I first got married, we moved into a granny flat behind my parents’ house. It was humble, warm, and rent-free, and we were grateful. But we also knew, deep down, it wasn’t forever. We longed for a home of our own. Our own front door. Our own space. Our own *life*.

So, we started saving for a deposit. Back then, we needed \$5,000, which felt like trying to climb Mount Everest with a teaspoon. But we were determined. Focused. Laser-beamed on that goal.

We counted every cent. No takeaways. No impulse buys. Every grocery run was planned like a military operation. I still remember our “budget roast” ritual, once a week, to

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keep things feeling special, I'd go to Woolies and ask the deli lady for exactly four slices of pre-roasted beef. They were usually around \$2 total. I'd roast up some veggies, make gravy from scratch, and serve it all up like it was a five-star feast. We called it our Sunday roast. It was cheap, cheerful, and filled with intention.

Eventually, we did it. We hit our target! Five thousand dollars in savings. We applied for our home loan and were thrilled when we got the preliminary approval. But the bank gave us a very stern warning: we were right on the threshold. No more debt. Not a cent more, or the whole thing could fall through.

We nodded, agreed, promised. And then... we went shopping.

To be fair, we didn't have a lot of furniture. We didn't even have a proper bed. So, we went to Joyce Mayne; the 90s Aussie version of Harvey Norman, and found a simple \$300 bed we loved. We signed up for it on hire purchase, not realising what that tiny decision would cost us.

Soon after, we got a call. The hire purchase had appeared on our credit file. Our mortgage was at risk. It was clear: cancel the bed, or lose the house.

So, we cancelled the bed.

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And when we finally moved into our very first home, the one we'd worked so hard to earn, we celebrated by sleeping on the floor. No mattress. Just two determined dreamers and a whole lot of hope.

We slept like that for a week before we could go back and buy the bed again.

And here's what's wild: we weren't even sad. We were *proud*. We had done it. We'd cracked the first level of "abundance", and we knew this was just the beginning.

But looking back, I can see the patterns that still lingered.

Even when the money started flowing more consistently... Even when we had the home, the car, the comfy bed... I still carried that low-level panic. The "what if it all disappears?" fear. The tendency to hoard, to over-save, to second guess any indulgence.

I could afford silk, but still felt safer in sale-rack polyester. I could buy the fancy cheese, but still reached for the no-name brand. I could give generously, but only if I checked the balance first... twice.

That's when I realised:

Scarcity isn't just a financial state. It's a frequency. A kind of static that buzzes beneath the surface, even when things look fine on paper. And it doesn't clear itself just

because you make more money. It clears when you *recode your relationship to enoughness*.

That's what this chapter is about. Not just making money, but becoming *magnetic* to abundance. Not just getting more, but feeling safe, free, and expansive *before* the money lands. And learning to trust that you are always held. Always supported. Always enough.

Even when you're eating a \$2 roast dinner... Or sleeping on the floor.

The Scarcity Static You Didn't Know You Still Had

You've done a hell of a lot of work on yourself.

You've healed your inner child, unblocked your chakras (or energy centres, if you prefer), aligned with the moon, cleared your money mindset, journaled till your pen ran dry, and declared "I am abundant" more times than you can count. And yet... money still feels like a moving target. Or worse, a seductive trickster, showing up just enough to keep you hopeful, then ghosting like a bad Tinder date.

It's frustrating, right?

You're not irresponsible. You're not clueless. You're certainly not lazy. In fact, you're probably the one

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everyone else leans on for support. You know how to budget, make things stretch, and manifest free coffee when you're out of coins. You've had flashes of abundance; real moments where the Universe came through in magical, serendipitous ways.

But... it's not consistent.

Some months, it rains gold. Other months, you're whispering affirmations over your bank app hoping the decimal point will shift.

And here's what no one tells you in all those money mindset workshops:

You can still have a scarcity frequency, even if you're making six figures. Even if your wardrobe has a few designer pieces. Even if your fridge is full and the bills are paid.

Scarcity isn't about numbers. It's about *nervous system safety*.

It's that little jolt of adrenaline when you swipe your card. That hesitation before you buy yourself something beautiful. That invisible tension in your shoulders when someone mentions "investment."

That secret dread of being judged for wanting more, as if it makes you greedy or ungrateful.

Let's go deeper:

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- Have you ever manifested money... and then immediately had an emergency pop up that ate the entire amount?
- Have you ever turned down an opportunity because it felt “too expensive,” even though your soul whispered ‘YES’?
- Have you ever skipped a moment of pleasure or play because you felt guilty spending money on yourself?
- Have you ever kept your prices low (or not raised them in years) because you’re afraid clients won’t pay?

These are the sneaky symptoms of embedded scarcity patterns.

They often sound like logic, maturity, or “being responsible.” But underneath, they’re running old scripts:

“Don’t get too comfortable; it could all disappear.”

“You have enough. Wanting more is selfish.”

“Better not spend that, you might need it later.”

“You shouldn’t invest in your dreams until you’ve earned it.”

Sound familiar?

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And yet here's the real kicker: You already know abundance is your birthright. You've *read* that part in the books. You've *felt* it in meditation. You've *tasted* it in those rare flow states where everything aligns and life feels juicy, generous, and full of possibility.

But for some reason... the old programming still grips you when it's time to leap.

You're not doing anything wrong. You're not blocked. You're just **out of attunement**.

You've been trying to tune into abundance while the radio is still playing static in the background. You're saying "yes please" with your words, while your frequency is quietly humming "not yet."

And that's where everything changes; when you realise you don't attract what you *want*, you attract what you *are attuned to*.

This chapter is going to help you reattune.

Not by fixing. Not by hustling. Not by proving. But by spiralling back into the place where abundance isn't earned; it's *remembered*.

Because real wealth doesn't arrive when you "finally deserve it."

It lands the moment you remember you've been worthy all along.

Even if you're still sleeping on the floor.

You Are the Frequency. The Money Is Just the Echo.

Here's what I know to be true in my bones, and what the universe keeps showing me every time I spiral in and listen:

Abundance isn't something you chase. It's something you tune into.

We've been taught to believe it works the other way around. That if we just do enough, hustle enough, clear enough trauma, and prove ourselves worthy enough, *then* money will arrive. We treat wealth like it's a prize handed out by some cosmic judge who's checking our spiritual report card.

But that's not how energy works.

Abundance is not a trophy. It's not a gold star for good behaviour. It's a **mirror**.

It reflects whatever you're broadcasting; not just with your words, but with your entire energy field. Your beliefs, your

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cellular memory, your nervous system, your identity. All of it emits a frequency. And the universe? It's just matching it.

When you're attuned to lack, you'll see more reasons to feel lacking. When you're attuned to struggle, you'll find yourself solving never-ending problems. But when you're attuned to overflow, when your body, not just your mind, believes in your inherent worthiness, things begin to shift.

Not slowly. Not painfully. But energetically; like tuning the dial from static to symphony.

And here's the deeper truth most people don't want to admit:

It's possible to feel rich before the money arrives.

In fact, it's essential.

Because that's the attunement. That's the *exact* frequency the universe listens to. Not your wishlist, not your budget spreadsheet, not your "vision board with a side of panic."

The signal that turns the tide is:

"I am safe. I am supported. I am already tapped into infinite provision."

Not because there's a lump sum in your account. But because you *know who you are*.

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Because you've remembered that the same Source that grows the trees, beats your heart, and moves the oceans also knows your rent is due. And isn't worried.

This is where you spiral into sovereignty.

You're not waiting on a payday. You're not asking anyone for permission. You're simply aligning your instrument with the abundance that's always been singing to you, and allowing yourself to receive it.

You become a match for wealth not by chasing more, but by becoming *still enough* to feel the truth of it pulsing through you. That you are already connected. That you are already chosen. That you are already held.

Let that land.

You are the frequency. The money is just the echo.

The Universal Code – Abundance Doesn't Chase Desperation

There's a subtle, often overlooked secret when it comes to calling in abundance, and it's this:

Abundance doesn't respond to how badly you want it. It responds to how safely you can hold it.

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That might sting a little, especially if you've been doing *all* the things: scripting your wealth affirmations, writing cheques to yourself, visualising six-figure months while your actual bank account is side-eyeing you with \$23.17 in it.

But let's get real for a second.

The energy of "I need this now or I'm screwed" carries the frequency of fear, not abundance. And the universe is fluent in frequency.

Desperation repels. Receptivity attracts.

It's not personal. It's just physics.

You don't need to be "perfect" or endlessly high-vibe to receive money, but you do need to be **available** for it. That means calming your nervous system enough to allow it in. It means shifting from clenched fists to open palms. From "I have to" to "I get to."

When you're vibrating in panic, everything feels urgent. Every bill becomes a threat. Every 'no' feels like a cosmic slap. But when you settle into trust, even if nothing has changed externally, you change the game.

That's when unexpected cheques show up. That's when the refund comes through, the client says 'yes', or the free

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couch appears exactly when you needed it. Not because you forced it. But because you stopped blocking it.

You became a safe place for abundance to land.

You showed the universe that you trust it, and more importantly, that you trust *yourself*.

You said with your energy:

“I can hold this. I’m not going to sabotage it. I’m not going to give it away. I’m not going to collapse under the weight of receiving.”

This is the code: **Abundance is not a test. It’s a mirror.** It’s reflecting back your inner ‘yes’. Your grounded enoughness. Your deep knowing, that you don’t have to prove, strive, or shrink to earn your place at the table.

You are the table.

So next time the fear creeps in. Next time you’re tempted to hustle harder or collapse into “how”, pause. Spiral in and ask:

“Can I feel rich right now, even before it arrives?”

And if your body tenses or scoffs, don’t force it. Just whisper:

“*What if I could feel like that?*”

That question alone can shift everything.

Because the frequency of abundance doesn't wait. It meets you in the moment you remember who you are.

Wealth Is a Signal; not a Reward

Think of abundance like a radio station.

It's always broadcasting, sending out a clear and steady signal, but most people are stuck fiddling with the dial, hearing static, convinced the music isn't playing yet. They don't realise the track has already started... they're just not tuned in.

This is one of the most misunderstood parts of manifestation: we wait for proof before we believe. We want the pay rise before we feel secure. The client bookings before we feel successful. The windfall before we feel free.

But energy doesn't work that way.

You don't get abundance and then feel abundant. You feel abundant... and then abundance finds you.

I know, I know, easier said than done. Especially when your bank account's looking a little “meh,” and your inner

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critic is reciting your financial mistakes like a Greatest Hits album on loop.

But here's the truth: **scarcity is just residual static.**

It's a leftover hum from old programming; family conditioning, ancestral lack patterns, past-life poverty vows, societal beliefs about what's possible. It's like carrying around someone else's cassette tape, playing a soundtrack that no longer belongs to you.

To break free from that loop, you don't need to work harder. You need to shift the station.

Start tuning in to how wealth would *feel* if you already had it.

Would you breathe differently?

Would you walk into a room with a different posture?

Would your choices shift?

Would your nervous system finally exhale?

This is why I created the Embodiment Meditations and Journaling Bundle, so you don't just *read* about abundance in this book... you *practice* it with your whole being.

It's easy to listen, easy to follow, and designed to get your energy moving in real time, no need to flip back through

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pages or second guess what to do. Just press play, and let your future-self, start leading.

When you embody the frequency before it lands, you become a living invitation. You no longer chase wealth; it finds you. Recognises you. Clicks into place like it's always belonged.

One of my favourite shifts is this:

“How can I afford that?” becomes
“What if I’m the kind of person who always finds a way?”

See the difference?

The first question is fear wrapped in logic. The second is magic disguised as curiosity.

It starts as a feeling... but it unlocks a frequency.

And that's what tuning into abundance is really about. Not forcing, not faking, not bypassing, but finding the exact place in your body where scarcity still lives... and offering it a new song.

Because here's the thing: The wealth station never stopped playing. You just forgot you were the receiver all along.

The Abundance Attunement Code

Let's make this practical. You've heard the story. You've felt the metaphor. Now here's the **actual code** I use, and teach, to tune into wealth before it arrives.

I call it: **The Attunement Sequence** It's a frequency practice I've used personally to shift out of spiralling scarcity and into a state of relaxed, magnetic receiving.

There are **three key steps** to this energetic upgrade:

1. Clear the Static: You can't tune into wealth while your inner soundtrack is screaming "I can't afford it" or "money always disappears."

So first, bring those thoughts into the light, gently.

I don't mean argue with them. I mean acknowledge them.

Try saying:

*"Wow. That's an old frequency.
Thank you for trying to protect me.
But I'm choosing a new station now."*

This tiny shift stops the spiral. You stop *being* the static and start *observing* it. And that, my love, changes everything.

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2. Attune the Body: The mind loves to talk. But the body? It's where the real dial lives.

So, ask yourself:

"If wealth was already here... how would I sit right now?"

How would I breathe?"

What would I know in my bones?"

And then, even if your bank account hasn't caught up, **practice feeling that version of you.**

If your body doubts it, try:

"What if I could feel like that?"

Just for a moment, pretend it's true. Let your cells lean in. Let your frequency soften into possibility.

This is how we shift from theoretical abundance to **embodied abundance.**

3. Act from the Frequency: This is the part most people skip, and it's the part that will blow your reality wide open.

Once you've dialled into the energy, take one small action *as if it's already true.*

Not a huge leap. Not a reckless spend. Just a micro move that says:

"I trust it's coming."

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Maybe that's cleaning out your wallet, clearing your inbox, putting a deposit on that thing you *know* will expand you. Maybe it's simply saying **no** to an opportunity that feels off... because you trust something better is aligning.

That small act, infused with attunement, is the moment your inner and outer worlds shake hands.

Bonus tip: You can repeat this sequence in under 5 minutes anytime you catch yourself spiralling out. It's especially powerful when done daily, ideally after your morning ritual or before any key decision.

In fact, one of the embodiment meditations in the bonus bundle walks you through this exact sequence with my voice guiding you every step, so you don't have to think. Just tune in, listen, and shift.

Because that's what wealth really is. A relationship. A rhythm. A remembered frequency.

And now, you've got the code to dial it in, anytime you choose.

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Embodiment Practice: The Wealth Frequency Tuner

Let's lock this in with a simple embodiment ritual you can do anywhere, no crystals or candles required (though if you want to glam it up, be my guest).

This is your **Wealth Frequency Tuner**. It's designed to shift your state fast; from scarcity noise to grounded receiving.

STEP 1: Spiral Down the Scarcity Sit or stand still for a moment. Take a breath.

Now notice... where in your body are you holding the static?

Maybe it's a clench in your gut, a heaviness in your chest, or a tightening around your jaw.

No need to judge it.

Just say:

"I see you. You're not who I am. But thank you for trying to keep me safe."

Breathe again... slowly... and feel the tension drop by 1%. That's enough to begin.

STEP 2: Spiral Up the Signal: Now, imagine a golden spiral of energy rising from the Earth, winding its way gently up through your body, clockwise, as if you're being attuned like a tuning fork.

As it rises, ask:

“*What would it feel like to already be in overflow?*”

Let the spiral move through each energy centre, infusing you with the *frequency* of wealth; not a number, not a goal, but the **feeling** of peace, generosity, and possibility.

STEP 3: Anchor It with Action: Once you’re buzzing, even slightly, take one grounded step.

This could be:

- Blessing your bank account out loud.
- Saying thank you to money already received.
- Putting \$1 into savings with a smile on your face.

Whatever you do, do it as your abundant self. The one who already knows it’s coming.

Repeat this anytime the old static tries to creep in. You're not chasing wealth anymore. You're attuning to it.

And it’s tuning right back into you.

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Journaling Prompts

1. Where does scarcity still whisper in my life, and what does it sound like?
2. If money were a frequency, what would my current signal be? How does it feel in my body?
3. What would it feel like if wealth were already mine; emotionally, energetically, physically?
4. What stories about money am I ready to rewrite, release, or rewire today?
5. If I trusted the universe completely, what action would I take right now?

Write from your spiral-in state, not your fear. This isn't about figuring it all out. It's about opening the door.

What's Coming Next...

Now that you've tuned into the frequency of abundance, not just as a concept, but as a felt, embodied vibration, you might be noticing a new kind of inner spaciousness. One that says, *"Hey... maybe I don't need to try so hard anymore."*

But letting go of hustle? That's a whole journey of its own.

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Next, we're going to explore how the drive to "do more" can actually mask misalignment, and how to shift into a state where aligned action flows naturally (instead of being forced out of fear).

We'll talk about how to ditch your Hustle Halo, recalibrate your nervous system, and become the kind of woman who trusts divine timing... without sitting in the corner waiting for magic to happen.

And if you're curious how to speed that process up, there's a powerful vibrational tool I'll share in Chapter 9 that helped me leap out of burnout and into flow. Get ready, lovely. Because your frequency is about to shift.

CHAPTER 9: DITCHING THE HUSTLE HALO

When Doing More Is Masking Misalignment

Back in 2009, I was doing tarot readings for \$20 a session. Not because it was a passion project or some grand business plan, it was survival mode. We needed the money. So, I laid out my cards and tuned in for whoever was willing to pay me a red \$20 note in exchange for a glimpse into their soul path.

At the same time, I was working hard to get my hypnotherapy practice off the ground. I believed I had something powerful to offer, and I did. But the clients were trickling in slower than a dial-up modem.

Fast forward to 2024. I was pouring my energy into a coaching program; body, mind, and soul weight loss support for women. On paper, it looked great. It ticked all the boxes. But there was one problem... my heart wasn't totally in it.

Still, I kept pushing. I thought maybe if I just worked harder, forced more structure into it, mapped out a better

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funnel, it would finally click. But deep down, the whisper was already there: this isn't it.

Then Mum passed away in 2025. Everything stopped.

The grief cracked me open in a way I didn't expect. It made me question everything; especially the work I was trying so hard to build. I realised I didn't want to just help women lose weight. I wanted to help them remember who they really were. I wanted to go deeper. To go *home*; not just to my roots as a healer, but to something my soul knew before my mind could catch up.

In those final months, Mum used to say over and over, "*I just want to go home.*" And I didn't understand it at the time. But after she passed, I felt it. That pull. That sacred longing to return to the truth of who we are. That's where I needed to go too.

That's when I spiralled back to my roots. The energy work. The channelling. The part of me that could sense and see and know things beyond the surface. That's where this book was born. That's where The Spiral Code™ began to download. Not from the hustle. Not from the hustle's halo of gold stars and productivity awards. But from the silence that followed the unravelling.

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Sometimes losing your way is exactly what brings you home.

And sometimes your truest path isn't the one that earns you applause or algorithms or a scalable model. It's the one that feels like a remembering. A soul echo. A whispered 'yes' from the inside out.

That's what this chapter is about. Ditching the hustle halo. Dropping the pressure to *make it happen* when all the signs are pointing to pause. Or pivot. Or peel back the layers and listen.

Because aligned action never comes from panic. And the biggest breakthroughs rarely follow burnout. They follow truth.

Even when it's inconvenient.

Even when you're standing there with tarot cards in one hand and no savings in the other.

Even then, especially then, the universe is guiding you somewhere deeper.

If you're willing to stop pushing long enough to hear it.

Let's dive in.

When Your Compass Gets Scrambled by Strategy

Let's decode this next pattern together, lovely. Because the Hustle Halo doesn't just weigh down your nervous system; it scrambles your inner compass. And the most frustrating part? It *looks* like progress from the outside.

You tell yourself, *I'm showing up*. You tick the boxes, follow the steps, watch all the masterclasses. But deep down, it's not lighting you up, it's wearing you down.

When you're caught in this loop, the first instinct is often to *double down*. You think maybe you missed a step, didn't manifest hard enough, didn't niche tight enough, or weren't "high vibe" enough this week. So, you add more. Another freebie, another Instagram reel, another webinar replay at 1.5x speed.

But here's the truth most won't tell you: misalignment doesn't fix itself through *more*. Misalignment gets louder when ignored. And the longer you push through it, the further you spiral out from your truth.

I've seen so many women blame themselves when their business doesn't flow or their next opportunity doesn't land. But instead of tuning in, they zoom out, looking for answers in someone else's framework, someone else's formula. And look, there's nothing wrong with structure.

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But if it's not *your* structure, if it's not infused with your soul's signal, it won't feel like success when you get there. It'll feel like burnout in designer packaging.

You're not lazy. You're not flaky. You're not wrong.

You're just tired of performing someone else's version of success.

And maybe, like me, you were taught that rest was risky. That slowing down meant getting left behind. That if you didn't hustle for it, you didn't deserve it. That no one would find you unless you shouted from every corner of the internet.

But alignment whispers. And when you're moving too fast, you miss it.

When I was deep in hustle mode; launching, posting, perfecting. I looked *busy*. But I was spiritually stagnant. My intuition was faint. My joy was dialled down. I was afraid that if I didn't keep moving, the truth might catch up to me.

And you know what it said?

"This isn't it."

The brand I was building, the audience I was attracting, the offers I was crafting... they weren't wrong, but they weren't *me*. They were fragments of old desires, strategies

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inherited from mentors I'd outgrown, echoes of a self who hadn't yet remembered her real calling.

So, I stopped. And at first, it felt like failure. But then something wild happened.

I started to *feel* again.

I started hearing that quiet voice inside; the one that didn't demand a ten-step plan or a perfect elevator pitch. Just truth. Just presence. Just energy that felt like mine.

And that, lovely, is where the shift begins.

If your dreams feel heavy instead of magnetic...

If your to-do list feels like a list of obligations, not inspirations...

If your "next level" feels more like an escape hatch than a soul expansion...

You're not doing it wrong. You're just ready to do it differently.

Your soul is asking for resonance, not repetition. For embodiment, not exhaustion.

So, if you're in that weird in-between; where the old way no longer fits, but the new way isn't fully clear yet, know this:

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It's not a pause. It's a pivot point.

You're not behind. You're aligning.

And what comes next will be clearer, lighter, and infinitely more *you*.

Let's spiral in.

When Your Soul Says "This Isn't It"

Sometimes, it whispers. Sometimes, it roars. But once your soul says, "This isn't it," you can't unhear it.

You try to carry on; powering through your to-do list, forcing enthusiasm, reworking the funnel, rewriting the offer. But underneath the strategy and spreadsheets, there's this hum. A quiet, sacred hum that says: *You're not out of alignment because you're failing. You're out of alignment because you've outgrown this version of the dream.*

That was the realisation that hit me square in the chest. I'd spent months pouring myself into something that *looked* aligned on paper; a coaching program around weight loss and wellness. It had all the ingredients I thought I was meant to offer: mindset tools, body love, spiritual intention. But as I kept working on it, something felt... off. It didn't light me up. I wasn't excited to launch it. And no matter how much I tweaked the messaging, it didn't feel like me.

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I kept asking, “What’s wrong with me?” But the real question was, “What if nothing’s wrong... except the direction I’m facing?”

That’s the moment I remembered who I really was. The healer. The intuitive. The channel. The woman who’s always felt most alive in the presence of energy, soul, and spirit. And it dawned on me, I hadn’t failed. I’d just evolved. And the dream needed to evolve with me.

Lovely, here’s the truth I want you to hold close:
You don’t owe the old dream your loyalty if your soul is calling you somewhere new.

And if what you’ve built so far was never really *your* dream? Maybe it was built on shoulds, survival, or someone else’s blueprint, then bless it for getting you here. Let it be the foundation, not the forever.

You can pivot.

You can pause.

You can say, “Thank you, but I’m done now.”

That’s not quitting. That’s aligning.

Your soul is infinitely wise. When she says, “This isn’t it,” she’s not scolding you. She’s inviting you into something deeper, truer, freer. You don’t need to hustle your way toward your next chapter. You just need to listen.

And then have the courage to follow her.

When Flow Replaces Force

Let's talk about the shift; the one that doesn't come with fanfare but with a quiet exhale. The one where you realise the success you were chasing through hustle was never the thing your soul really wanted. The one where flow starts to whisper louder than force.

For me, that shift didn't start with a seven-step strategy. It started with surrender.

I had to let go of the version of success I thought I had to earn... and turn toward the one that felt like *home*.

Because force is future-based. It's rooted in control, in trying to bend time and energy to your will. It's your brain saying, "If I just do this faster, better, louder, maybe then it will work."

Flow is different. Flow is presence-based. It's your body saying, "Wait. Breathe. Feel that. This is your next right step."

Once I stopped pushing from fear and started attuning to what was real, my energy reorganised itself. I stopped showing up just to be seen and started showing up to serve. I stopped creating offers based on trends and started creating from truth.

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The clients came faster. The words flowed easier. The clarity deepened.

Not because I was doing more.

But because I was being *me*.

This is what I mean when I say flow replaces force. It's not about doing nothing. It's about doing the *right* things from the *right* frequency.

You've probably felt the difference.

Force feels like pushing a boulder uphill with a blindfold on. Flow feels like dancing barefoot in the dark, led by something deeper than logic.

Force demands proof before trust. Flow invites trust before the proof arrives.

Force needs constant validation. Flow holds its own resonance.

The shift into flow is subtle, but powerful. You might start by letting go of one thing; a launch, a niche, a goal, that no longer feels aligned. And in that space, something unexpected enters: ease.

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Then a new idea drops in. Or a collaborator appears. Or a former client reaches out saying, “Hey, I don’t know why, but I was thinking of you.”

That’s flow.

You’re no longer manifesting from desperation. You’re co-creating from wholeness.

It doesn’t mean life gets perfect overnight. But it *does* mean your inner world stops fighting with your outer one.

You stop spiralling out and start spiralling in.

You get to be both deeply intuitive and wildly effective.

You get to work less and magnetise more.

You get to trust that your aligned ‘yes’ is more potent than ten forced maybes.

And as you do... the hustle halo starts to slip.

The gold sequins of burnout lose their shimmer.

And what remains is your light; unfiltered, unforced, unmistakably *you*.

The Compass Reset: Coming Home to Your Inner 'Yes'

Let's talk about what it actually means to live from alignment. Not as a buzzword, but as a way of being.

Because here's the truth, lovely: alignment isn't just about making the *right* decision. It's about remembering how to *recognise* your own signal again. The one beneath the conditioning. The one beneath the templates. The one that doesn't shout, it hums.

For so many spiritual women; intuitives, healers, seekers, the path gets cluttered. Not just by social expectations, but by sacred ones too. You think if you're not meditating daily, journaling at sunrise, or turning every life hiccup into a shadow-work masterclass, you must be failing the spiritual test.

But alignment doesn't require performance. It asks for presence.

It's the quiet click inside when something just feels right. It's the nudge to turn left instead of right, even if you can't explain why. It's that deep exhale when you stop trying to *figure it all out* and start listening instead.

The problem is, most of us have been trained out of listening.

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We're taught to distrust ease. To override intuition. To outsource truth to experts, mentors, and well-meaning advice that leaves us more confused than before.

But your soul isn't confused.

It knows. It's always known. Even in the moments when you felt most lost, there was still a signal, still a spark. You didn't imagine it. You didn't make it up. You just got buried under the noise.

So, here's your reminder: you don't need to hustle your way to clarity.

You don't need to wait until your vision board is perfect, or your vibe is high, or Mercury goes direct. You just need to come home, to your body, your breath, your knowing.

Your alignment will look different from mine. And thank goodness for that.

For some, it's a grounded, earthy pull. For others, it's a sudden download in the shower. Sometimes it shows up in goosebumps. Other times it's the simplest sentence that won't stop echoing in your head: *This is the way.*

Start noticing what your 'yes' feels like, and what your 'no' feels like too.

Your 'yes' might be soft and tingly. Expansive. Light. Your 'no' might be tight, flat, or wrapped in hesitation. You

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don't have to analyse it. Just begin to track it. Honour it. Trust that it's guiding you somewhere true, even if you don't know the destination yet.

And if you've been spiralling out lately; caught in overthinking, pressure, or paralysis, that's okay. You're not lost. You're just being invited to spiral back in.

Not to push harder.

Not to find the next strategy.

But to reattune your compass.

That's what decoding your destiny is really about. Not chasing a finish line, but learning to recognise the path that was meant for you all along.

So, breathe, lovely.

Drop the hustle.

Pick up your own frequency.

And remember: your next step doesn't need to be grand or loud or Insta-worthy. It just needs to be real. Resonant. Yours.

Embodiment Practice: The Realignment Reset

This practice is here to help you feel what alignment actually feels like in your body; not as a concept, but as a lived experience.

You don't need incense, affirmations, or a full moon to begin. Just take a breath. Let it be messy, raw, real. Alignment doesn't require perfection. It requires presence.

Step 1: Spiral Out the Noise: Close your eyes and imagine all the “shoulds” floating in your energy field; the rules, expectations, expert advice, even your own inner drill sergeant. See them spiralling away from you like smoke. You're not fighting them. Just letting them go. Thank you, mind. I've got this now.

Step 2: Ground Into Your Truth: Bring your awareness to your body. Drop down into your hips, your belly, your feet on the floor. Imagine a golden cord connecting you to the Earth. With each breath, feel yourself coming home, not just to the moment, but to yourself.

Step 3: Find the 'Yes' / Feel the 'No': Think of something that feels *lightly exciting*. Not pressure-filled or urgent. Just a soul whisper. Notice how your body responds. Then contrast it with something that feels *off*, maybe an obligation, a plan that no longer lights you up. Feel the difference. This is your compass.

Step 4: Ask the Question: Gently ask: What wants to move through me today? Let the answer rise. It might be a word, an image, a sensation. Don't overanalyse it. Just receive. This is soul-aligned action, not from hustle, but from harmony.

Step 5: Seal the Practice: Place your hands over your heart. Whisper: "I'm allowed to stop pushing. I choose flow over force. I trust my yes."

Let that be enough.

You've just reset your compass.

You're back in your body.

You're back in your knowing.

You're back in your truth.

Now... if you'd love a little extra support to help lock it in and keep your energy clear, I've got something you might want to peek at. It's a beautiful guided journey I've personally resonated with, especially when I've needed to dissolve old fog and align with my truest path.

It's called **Shifting Vibrations**, and it's all about syncing your frequency with the timeline your soul *already chose*, before the noise, the pressure, the push.

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[Click here to explore Shifting Vibrations](#)

Let your intuition guide you, lovely. If it lights up something inside you... follow that spark.

Affiliate Disclaimer: If you decide to purchase through this link, I may receive a small commission, at no extra cost to you. I only ever share what I've genuinely loved or used myself on the path.

Journaling Prompts

Grab your journal, light a candle, and ask your soul to speak honestly. You're not here to judge, just to witness what's ready to shift.

1. Where in my life am I confusing effort with alignment?
2. What am I doing out of fear of falling behind, rather than from genuine soul calling?
3. What signs has my body or intuition been giving me that something needs to change?
4. What would it feel like to trust the pause instead of fearing it?
5. If I stopped performing and started listening... what might I hear?

6. What truth have I been avoiding because it might mean pivoting, pausing, or starting again?

Bonus prompt (if you're feeling brave):

What am I still clinging to that was once aligned... but no longer is?

What's Coming Next...

So here you are, lovely, clearer, lighter, no longer chasing every shiny breadcrumb or over-performing for gold stars. You've released the pressure, reconnected to your true rhythm, and maybe even had a few a-ha's about the real reason things felt "off." This isn't just about pulling back from hustle. It's about opening the door to what's actually calling you forward.

In the next chapter, we're going to spiral into something really juicy. We'll talk about *visions that scare you (in the best way)*, timelines your soul already said 'yes' to, and what it means to truly *calibrate to the future you*; the one that already exists in the quantum, just waiting for you to match her frequency.

And yes... we're also going to take a slightly cheeky detour into love spells, Sydney Harbour, and an unexpected

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stalker. (You're going to love this story. Or at least laugh awkwardly on my behalf.)

See you in Chapter 10, where we go quantum. Your future already knows.

CHAPTER 10: YOUR VISION IS VALID, EVEN IF IT SCARES YOU

The Love Boat Spell

There was a time when I cast a spell for obsession.

Not love. Not connection. Not soul-deep union. Just straight-up *obsession*. I wanted to be irresistible, unforgettable, the kind of woman someone couldn't stop thinking about. And back then, that felt like the height of power.

So, in true spiritual seeker style, I lit my candles, set my intention, and performed a full-blown spell to attract an obsessed man. I was specific. I was sincere. I was also... completely clueless.

Not long after, I boarded a Sydney Harbour cruise. One of those Love Boat-style events; fairy lights strung across the deck, champagne flutes clinking, and the scent of possibility in the salty air. I was feeling magnetic. Confident. Maybe even a little smug. My spell had been cast. What could possibly go wrong?

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Well... cue the entrance of *him*.

He locked onto me from the moment we set sail. Intense is an understatement. His energy was full-on. The kind that doesn't blink. The kind that leans in way too close when you talk. The kind that declares you've known each other in five past lives before dessert is even served.

I couldn't shake him. Every time I tried to slip away to the other side of the boat, there he was; smiling, staring, turning up like a teleporting love zombie. I ended up *hiding* for most of the cruise just to get a moment's peace. And when the boat finally docked? I bolted like a woman being chased by her own misguided manifestation.

No phones back then. No way for him to follow up. Thank the angels. But I got the message loud and clear:

The spell *worked*. Just not in the way I *wanted*.

I'd asked for obsession. And the universe delivered; intensely, immediately, and without filters. Which is what it always does. Not according to what you *meant*, but what you broadcast.

That cruise taught me one of my biggest spiritual lessons to date: Be careful what you ask for, especially when you're unclear on *why* you want it.

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What I was really craving wasn't obsession, it was proof. Proof that I was loveable. Desirable. Chosen. But because the frequency behind my desire was tangled up in lack, the universe reflected it back with chaos.

You see, lovely, the vision you hold for your future *matters*. But so does the energy beneath it. If you're manifesting from fear, loneliness, or unworthiness, even the prettiest vision can bring in murky results. On the flip side, when you tune into the version of you who's already living it, when you match the *feeling* of that future, things start to unfold with grace.

That misfire on the Love Boat wasn't a failure. It was a calibration. A course correction. A nudge from my soul whispering, "That's not it, babe... but you're getting warmer."

So, if your vision scares you? That's okay. If it feels too big, too wild, too far away? Still okay. Your soul's already said yes to it. Your job is to line up with the frequency of that yes.

And that starts with getting honest. Are you calling in what you *truly* want, or what you think you *should* want based on fear or fantasy?

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The real magic happens when you cast your next spell from your centre, not your wounds. Because from that place, what lands will light you up, not make you hide behind lifebuoys on a boat.

Your Soul Already Said Yes

Let's decode something powerful, lovely: the version of you you're longing to become? She's already real. Already waiting. Already waving at you from the other side of the veil going, *"Took you long enough!"*

You're not chasing a fantasy, you're remembering a truth. A soul level truth you already said yes to before you got here.

I know, I know. The human part of you wants to argue.

"But how can I be so sure?"

"If I already chose it, why does it feel so far away?"

"If this is destiny, why do I feel like I'm walking through molasses in a blindfold?"

Here's why: there's a gap between soul decisions and human alignment. The yes already exists, it's etched into your frequency like a soul tattoo. But until your mind and body catch up, it can feel more like a tease than a timeline.

Most of us weren't raised to trust our soul's blueprint. We were taught to second-guess. To delay. To wait for signs. Wait for approval. Wait for proof.

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But the deeper truth is this: your soul's already moving. Already guiding. Already sending nudges, synchronicities, weird dreams, and even awkward boat-cruise love spells to say, "You're close. Keep going."

That tug you feel in your belly? That ache for something more aligned, more alive, more *you*? That's not restlessness. That's your soul saying 'yes', and your ego panicking because it doesn't have a map.

And guess what? You don't need the whole map. You just need the next step. You don't need to see the full picture. You just need to trust the pulse that says, "This. Right here. This is the direction."

That's how I knew it was time to spiral out of the programs that no longer fit and spiral *into* the deeper work. Not because I had a 10-step launch plan, but because I could feel the energy shift. I could feel my soul's yes getting louder, even when I didn't have the words for it yet.

It might feel like a whisper at first. A subtle pull. An inner curiosity that keeps tapping you on the shoulder, asking if you're ready to stop settling.

But if you ignore it? It gets louder. Misalignment gets uncomfortable. Your job becomes unbearable. Your relationships feel hollow. Your body starts screaming

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through fatigue or anxiety or mystery symptoms the doctors can't explain.

Why? Because you're there is nothing wrong with you, you're being rerouted.

And the reroute is always toward your original yes.

This chapter isn't about making up a new dream out of thin air. It's about remembering the dream you *already said yes to* before the world told you who you had to be.

You might've forgotten it. You might've buried it under practicality or people-pleasing or years of "playing it safe."

But it's still there. Waiting for your attention. Waiting for your full-bodied yes.

So, here's your permission slip, love. You don't need to wait for the perfect sign, the perfect moment, or the perfect version of you to arrive. That version already exists. And she's been cheering for you this whole time.

You don't have to earn her. You just have to *remember her*.

And remembering doesn't mean doing more. It means becoming still enough to feel the yes already pulsing in your body. It means peeling back the layers of other people's stories until you hear your own again. It means trusting that the version of you who already said yes has

wisdom you can tap into now... even if you don't know what to do with it yet.

So, pause, breathe, tune in.

Ask her:

“*What have I already said yes to that I'm finally ready to live?*”

Because lovely... your future isn't waiting. It's whispering.

Calibrate to the Timeline That Already Exists

Here's a juicy truth your soul already knows:

There's not *one* version of your future. There are infinite timelines, stacked, swirling, vibrating in parallel. Each one encoded with different versions of you, shaped by different choices, different beliefs, different frequencies.

And the most aligned one? The timeline where your heart is fully open, your soul is lit up, and your magic is switched *on?*

That timeline already exists.

You don't need to create it from scratch. You don't need to hustle, strive, or prove yourself worthy to get there. You

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just need to *calibrate*, to shift your energy into resonance with what's already real.

Think of it like tuning a radio. The station is already broadcasting; you just need to find the right frequency. And the knob you're turning isn't external strategy or logic... it's your *state of being*.

When you spiral into alignment with that future version of you; the one who trusts, receives, and acts from deep knowing, your life begins to rearrange itself around that frequency. Synchronicities appear. Opportunities align. People you've never met suddenly feel familiar. You remember things you didn't even know you'd forgotten.

But calibration isn't about perfection, it's about *presence*.

Every time you choose truth over people-pleasing...
Every time you pause instead of push...
Every time you honour your inner 'yes' (or your sacred 'no'), you lock into that timeline a little more deeply.

That future version of you, the one who's already living it, starts whispering louder. And the quantum gap between you gets smaller.

You might feel her in flashes: When you're dancing barefoot in your living room. When you trust your gut and decline that offer that doesn't sit right. When you speak your truth even though your voice

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shakes. When you sit in silence and feel a deep exhale in your bones.

That's her. That's you. That's the frequency match.

And yes, sometimes you'll wobble. Sometimes you'll get knocked off your path by doubt, fear, or other people's opinions. That's okay. Realignment is a practice, not a punishment.

The point isn't to stay high vibe 24/7. The point is to *notice when you're off* and gently bring yourself back.

Back to the frequency.

Back to the truth.

Back to the version of you who already knows.

Because the version of you who feels safe, radiant, magnetic, and divinely led? She's not a fantasy.

She's already real.

And with every breath, every choice, every shift...
You get to spiral closer.

So, let's do it. Let's lock it in. Let's move from remembering... to living.

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Because your destiny isn't waiting for you to be ready. It's already calling. And the more you calibrate, the clearer it gets.

Your Soul Already Said 'Yes'

Here's the drop, lovely:

If you're reading this book, you've already said 'yes'.

Not with your mouth. Not even with your mind. But at the soul level, in a place deeper than doubt and older than fear... your soul already chose this path.

You wouldn't be holding this book if something inside you hadn't already whispered: *'It's time'*.

And I get it, your human self might still be catching up. She's wondering how it'll all work. Whether she's ready. Whether she's making it up. Whether it's selfish, irresponsible, or just plain crazy to follow that pull.

But your soul isn't debating. Your soul is already walking.

The question isn't, *"Am I ready?"* The real question is, *"Am I willing to trust what I already know?"*

Because you *do* know. You've known for a long time. Maybe not the how. Maybe not the name of your next chapter. But the feeling? The pull? The sacred ache that says, *There's more for me than this?*

That knowing is real.

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It doesn't come from ego. It comes from essence.

You don't need more qualifications. You don't need a perfect five-year plan. You don't need permission from your partner, your parents, or your past.

You just need to trust the 'YES' that already lives in your bones.

And yes... you can wobble. Yes... you can take baby steps. Yes... you can question it sometimes.

But don't let those human moments make you forget the soul-level decision you already made.

You came here to remember. To embody. To walk the path, you once only glimpsed in dreams or déjà vu.

And if the path ahead feels a little wild or wobbly... that's not a sign to stop.

It's a sign you're finally leaving the well-trodden road behind and stepping into your own.

The sacred spiral has already begun. You're not behind. You're becoming.

And this next chapter of your life? It's about letting your future self, lead the way.

The Compass Rose and the Cruise Ship

Imagine this.

You're on a massive cruise ship, a gleaming white giant that promises the trip of a lifetime. You're holding your ticket, smiling at the buffet, booking into the salsa dancing class, and waving to your fellow passengers. On the surface, it looks like you're having a ball.

But somewhere inside... something feels off.

Not wrong exactly. Just... off.

You're headed in a direction that looked great on the brochure. It's what everyone said you *should* want. Sunsets. Cocktails. Ports of success.

But the further the ship sails, the more distant your own rhythm feels. You start waking up at odd hours. Feeling tight in the chest. Questioning if you even *want* to disembark at the next glamorous destination.

Because maybe, just maybe, your real journey doesn't look like the one on the itinerary.

And this, lovely, is where the inner compass kicks in.

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The Compass Rose is a symbol used in ancient navigation, a sacred geometry of direction. It doesn't *shout*. It simply orients. Gently. Steadily. Always toward true north.

Your soul has one too.

It doesn't operate on FOMO or flashy promises. It doesn't care if everyone else is cheering you on for a business you secretly hate or a relationship that looks "fine" from the outside. It doesn't need to justify itself with credentials or cashflow or a vision board that ticks every trend.

Your soul's compass doesn't spin wildly like a broken GPS. It pulses. Softly. Steadily. Toward the version of you that already exists; whole, wild, woven with wisdom.

And sometimes, the only way to *hear* that pulse is to get off the damn boat.

You might not know what's waiting on shore.

You might not know if the next ship is coming.

But you do know when something inside you says, This, isn't it.

Back on that harbour cruise, you know, the one with the love spell gone wrong. I remember feeling that exact thing.

I was surrounded by celebration. Lights twinkling on the water. People dancing. And yet I was huddled on the lower deck, avoiding a man I'd accidentally magnetised into

CHERIE STOKES

obsession. Everything *looked* magical. But something in my body was like: *Girl, what have you done?*

That was one of my first real lessons in energetic precision. Just because you *can* attract something doesn't mean it's right. Just because something *shows up* doesn't mean it's aligned.

Sometimes you cast a spell, manifest a result, and then realise... oops, wrong cruise.

That's what many women on the spiritual path are experiencing right now.

They've been calling things in. Building things. Earning applause. And yet... their soul is pacing the decks, whispering, *you're meant to be somewhere else.*

It takes courage to listen.

Because walking off the ship means letting go of the plan. It means releasing what people *think* your dream should look like. It means trusting the Compass Rose within, even when the horizon is foggy.

But I promise you this:

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The moment you say yes to the timeline that already exists; the one your soul signed up for before you even arrived, life will start rearranging itself to meet you.

Not always instantly. Not always comfortably. But always, always faithfully.

Because your destiny isn't something you need to force.

It's something you remember.

And when you do, every step becomes lighter, not because the path is easy, but because it's finally yours.

Calibrating to the Right Timeline

So... how do you actually shift timelines?

Not in a sci-fi way (no Delorean required), but in the real, grounded, sacred way that your soul already knows.

Let's bring it back to the Compass Rose. If you've been sailing in the wrong direction, even slightly, you don't need to blow up the ship. You just need to *adjust the heading*.

Tiny shifts in frequency lead to massive changes in destination.

This is what I call **Timeline Calibration**. It's not about chasing the future. It's about *attuning* to the future that's already calling you forward.

Here's how you do it:

1. Notice What's Knocking: The signs are *already* here. The dreams that won't let go. The nudges that keep repeating. The body sensations when something feels off, or perfectly aligned.

That "weird" synchronicity? That song lyric that hits too hard? That longing to go back to your energetic roots? That's your future tapping on your shoulder.

Hint: Your future self is persistent. She'll use whatever symbols she needs to get your attention.

2. Name the Timeline That Feels Like Home: Instead of asking, *What should I do next?* ask:

"Which version of me already feels peaceful, powerful, and true?"

She already exists.

She's not waiting to be invented, only *remembered*.

Start naming what her life looks like.

What's her morning routine?

What kind of love surrounds her?

How does she move through decisions?

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Not from fantasy. From frequency.

3. Drop the Energetic Imposters: Here's where it gets bold: Let go of what doesn't belong to that version of you. Even if it once felt aligned. Even if it's still making money. Even if it earns you praise.

If it's not a match for your soul's yes, it's dragging you into someone else's timeline.

This could be a business model. A mentor. A label. A platform. A pace.

You don't need to burn bridges. You just need to stop building *on* them.

4. Spiral In, Then Step Forward: Before you leap, spiral in. Feel the resonance of your true timeline. Breathe with her. Speak as her. Pray as her. Write as her.

That's how the calibration begins.

Then, take one action. It could be deleting a saved Instagram strategy post that never felt right. Or buying a paintbrush. Or opening a blank Google Doc and typing the name of the course you've been too afraid to build.

Whatever it is, make it real. In your body. In your day.

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The shift doesn't happen *out there*. It begins *in here*, when you decide to match the frequency of what already belongs to you.

Calibrating to your soul timeline isn't just about getting "results." It's about reclaiming your original coordinates; the ones mapped in your spirit before fear rewrote the chart.

It's not about becoming someone new.

It's about becoming someone true.

And that, lovely, is how you decode your destiny.

Embodiment Practice: Timeline Calibration Activation

This isn't about manifesting. It's about remembering.

You're not "calling in" a new life, you're stepping into alignment with a timeline that already *exists*. One where you're free, guided, lit up, and deeply loved.

Let's meet her now.

Find a quiet space. Sit or lie down. Close your eyes and place one hand on your heart, the other on your belly.

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Take a slow breath in through the nose, and exhale gently out through the mouth. Again. And again. Let your body soften.

Now, in your mind's eye, see a version of you standing a few steps ahead. This is the version of you who already lives on your aligned timeline. She has already said 'yes' to her soul's path. She has made peace with the past and chosen herself, fully.

Look at her.

What's she wearing?

What energy does she radiate?

How does she hold herself?

How do people respond to her?

Now walk toward her. Slowly. With each step, feel yourself releasing what doesn't belong. Old labels, outdated plans, pressure to prove... let it fall away.

When you reach her, pause. Gently step inside her body like trying on a familiar outfit.

Notice the shift.

How does the world feel from this timeline?

How does your body feel?

Your voice?

Your choices?

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Stay here for a few moments and breathe it in. Let this frequency imprint in your field.

Then whisper (out loud if you can):

“I remember who I am.

I accept this timeline as mine.

I say ‘yes’ to what already belongs to me.”

Feel the resonance lock in. And when you’re ready, gently open your eyes.

You’ve just stepped into your destiny.

BONUS RESOURCE: Unlock Devotion, Not Just Attention

Now that you’ve connected to your soul-aligned future... let’s get real about love.

There’s a difference between someone liking you, and someone being all-in. Between casual attention and heart-thumping, soul-anchored **devotion**.

If you’re ready to attract that level of love, or deepen it with the partner you’re already with, this quiz will blow your mind.

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It's called the **Devotion Quiz**, and it's based on the bestselling book *His Secret Obsession*. You'll discover the subtle shifts that awaken a man's deep emotional commitment; the kind that's already aligned with your future self's standards.

[Click here to take the Devotion Quiz](#)

You deserve the kind of love that meets you where you're going, not where you've been.

Affiliate Disclaimer: If you decide to purchase through this link, I may receive a small commission at no extra cost to you. I only recommend resources I truly believe in and have personally explored or vetted for this journey.

A New Earth Abundance Opportunity

By now, you've done powerful inner work to align with your next-level prosperity. not just in theory, but in practice. So, it only feels right to share a tangible, soul-aligned way you can open the door to *real*, sustainable income flow... without burning out or selling your soul.

Okay, confession time. I used to be one of those Amway distributors way back when (you know the ones that people would cross to the other side of the street to avoid! So, normally, I'd run the other way from anything that looked remotely like a network marketing model.

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But this? This is completely different.

LiveGood is a conscious Buyers Club offering high-quality wellness products at just above cost. No hype, no inflated pricing, and no pressure to build. And here's the kicker: **you don't even have to buy the products to earn income** (though chances are you'll *want* to, because they're products you probably already use, they're just cleaner, cheaper, and better).

It's a total paradigm shift; the company has implemented a new Earth model that actually rewards the everyday person. You can simply secure your spot and allow spillover to build beneath you over time, or you can share it and grow a powerful residual income stream.

- No expensive starter packs
- No mandatory product orders
- Just smart, soul-aligned leverage

Click here to learn more about this virtually passive income opportunity:

<https://www.LiveGoodTour.com/CherieStokes>

(Yes, I'm in it too so if you decide to join through this link, I may receive commission at no extra cost to you. As you know, I only

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recommend programs I truly believe in and have personally explored or vetted.

So, let's spiral up together in wealth, wellness and true alignment.)

Journaling Prompts

Decode Your Destiny – Chapter 10: Your Future Already Knows

1. What does your soul-aligned future-self look like, feel like, and live like? Let her speak. Let her show you.
2. What are three specific ways you can start *being her* now, even before anything external changes?
3. Where have you settled in love, connection, or intimacy... and what new standard is your future-self calling you to?
4. What does *devotion* feel like to you? What would it mean to be with someone (or deepen with someone) who cherishes your energy, not just your effort?
5. What limiting belief or fear has kept you from claiming that kind of love or life before? Are you willing to release it now?

Epilogue: You've Already Started

If you've read this far, something inside you has already shifted.

You've remembered.

You've reconnected.

You've started decoding.

This book was never about fixing you. You were never the problem. It was about re-aligning you with the truth that's been whispering all along: You are here for something more, and it's not a hustle. It's a *homecoming*.

Whether you came for soulmate love, next-level abundance, or to reclaim your intuition... You've tapped into the compass that was buried under old programming and people-pleasing.

You've begun your return.

And the beautiful thing is... this isn't the end. It's the spark.

What comes next is an even deeper journey. A sacred invitation into something I've been called to birth; a full-body, soul-level recalibration called **The Spiral Code™**.

It's the next evolution of this work. It's where we go from decoding to *embodying*.

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Where we spiral in... to release trauma, awaken purpose, and fully anchor your intuitive power.

You'll learn how to read the signs, trust your energetic 'yes', and create from the inside out... not in theory, but in your bones.

I'll share more about that soon. But for now, take a breath.

You've done something miraculous.

You've come home to yourself.

And that frequency? It changes everything.

What to do next:

Keep an eye on your inbox if you downloaded the Spiral Up ritual or purchased the Love Audio or Embodiment Bundle, you'll be the first to hear when The Spiral Code™ is open.

Revisit the parts of this book that stirred something, even if you don't know why yet. That's your soul talking.

Stay in the frequency. Keep choosing alignment. Keep decoding your destiny one decision, one whisper, one spiral at a time.

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Thank you for walking this path with me. You are magic. You are powerful. And the future you saw? It's already waiting. Now... go meet her.

With love from the inside out,

Cherie

Come say hi or let me know what landed for you over on Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/Cherie.Stokes.Coaching/>

I'd love to hear what cracked open, what you're calling in next, and which part of your destiny is finally starting to *click*.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cherie Stokes is a spiritual teacher, healer, and channel who helps people reclaim their soul power and decode their destiny. Known for her sassy Aussie wit and deeply intuitive gifts, Cherie blends neuroscience, energy medicine, and divine down-loads to guide others through multi-dimensional transformation.

She's the creator of **The Spiral Code**, a healing modality that awakens intuition, clears energetic blocks, and reconnects people to their highest potential. A former Reiki practitioner and lifelong seeker, Cherie has trained in NLP, hypnotherapy, past life regression, trauma healing, and more, but it's her conversations with the divine (and her Spirit Angel and Guide Seraphina) that cracked her wide-open.

Her mission? To help you remember who you really are, activate your gifts, and fall madly in love with your own soul.

When she's not downloading cosmic codes or spiralling

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up with Seraphina, you'll find her cheering for the Sea Eagles, dancing to *Eagle Rock*, or whispering "thanks angels" before scoring the perfect parking spot.

Get your YOU back. Love YOU InsideOut.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the divine; thank you for never letting me forget who I really am. For every whisper, nudge, and full-body download that cracked me open and brought this book through me.

To **Seraphina**, my beloved Spirit Guide; you are the pulse behind this work, the spiral through my cells, the reminder that I am never alone. Thank you for choosing me as your translator.

To **Muzz**, my extraordinary mentor and soul guide; thank you for helping me formalise my connection to Seraphina and for showing me what it means to channel with clarity, reverence, and trust. Your teachings were the bridge to this work.

To **Dorothy Churchill**, my very first spiritual mentor; you were the doorway. You saw something in me long before I could see it in myself. Thank you for awakening the healer within.

To my circle of teachers, guides, and inspirers: Benjamin Harvey, Neale Donald Walsch, Deepak Chopra, Tony

DECODE YOUR DESTINY

Robbins, Florence Littauer, Igor Ledochowski, and every soul along the way; your teachings shaped me, stretched me, and called me forward.

To the women who've spiralled with me; clients, friends, and sisters in transformation, thank you for trusting me with your hearts, your wounds, and your awakenings.

To my family; for loving me as I've evolved and for holding space while I became the woman I was always destined to be.

And to YOU, beautiful reader; for hearing the call and picking up this book. You didn't land here by accident.

We're spiralling now.

YOUR NEXT STEP

Feeling the Pull?

You didn't find this book by accident. If these pages have stirred something deep within you; a remembering, a pull, a knowing, this isn't the end. It's the beginning of your next spiral.

I'd love to personally invite you to join the **FREE 5-Day Unlock Your Destiny VIP Experience** (normally valued at \$1,500). It's a live, high frequency immersion where we'll expand on what you've begun here; clearing old patters, activating your intuitive gifts and anchoring your next chapter of clarify, confidence and purpose.

There's no pressure. Just presence. No expectations. Just resonance.

 Claim your FREE VIP spot here:
 cheriestokes.com/bookmydestiny

Your soul came here for a reason. Let's unlock it, together.

Visit cheriestokes.com or connect with me on:

Facebook: [Cherie.Stokes.Coaching](https://www.facebook.com/Cherie.Stokes.Coaching)

Instagram: [@cherie stokes 888](https://www.instagram.com/cherie_stokes_888)