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**“A Radiante Woman ignites
Others Whilst Remaining
Lit”**

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RADIANTE

VISIONARY WOMEN IGNITING THE LIGHT IN OTHERS

Foreword by John Assaraf one of the leading mindset and behaviour experts in the world.

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A Note from Leanne Clune

Radiante means “Emitting Rays of Light and Shining Bright”.

After sixteen years of running my own finance company, I had this huge project birthing. I didn’t know how it would look but I followed my intuition and it divinely unfolded.

Last year, I was an author in a multi-author book which absolutely catapulted my business. After that experience I knew I had to add a very niched publishing company to my existing finance business.

This brought together all of my innate people and communication skills and also my vast experience in finance and business building.

My intention for this book was to “Increase the Income, Impact and Leave a Legacy” for my authors.

My Quote for this book is “A Radiante Woman ignites others whilst remaining lit herself”.

I am so proud of this book and all of the incredible authors within it. I knew from the start this was so much bigger than a book. It has turned out to have more impact than I ever could have imagined.

By purchasing your copy, you are part of the global ripple effect. Your purchase has provided one day of business training to a woman in Uganda. Our paperback book will support many more charities.

I hope the stories within ignite sparks of unlimited possibilities in you.

Much love,

Leanne Clune

Creator and Publisher of the Radiante Series of Books.

FOREWORD

By John Assaraf

I want to start by thanking you for purchasing this incredible book.

By purchasing your copy, you are helping the Cambodian Kids Foundation. The foundations purpose is to empower, enable & educate Cambodian Communities with opportunity and a new perspective so they can fundamentally change their own lives. For more information go to <https://www.cambodiankidsfoundation.org>

This collaboration project is so much bigger than a book. As a result of the sales of this book, lives will be positively impacted and that positivity will ripple over the entire globe. The authors aim to train 1 Million women by selling 1 Million copies.

It is easy to look at successful business owners and view them as lucky or think they had an easy road without knowing their full story. The thing I love about this book is the stories are so personal – stories about the challenges women, who are now at the leading edge of business, have faced. In the face of incredible difficulties, they have risen above their challenges and moved forward. Success is not a linear upward progression.

Many times, the most successful business owners have fallen down countless times and had much heartache and disappointment. However, these ladies have kept going! They maintained their vision and kept working towards it despite Life getting in the way.

In addition, every one of these successful women was mentored by other successful business owners who have lit the path for them.

As an entrepreneur who has built 5 multimillion dollar companies and invested in numerous others, I am blessed to have had mentors that made my success possible. They also helped me apply the failures I've endured and use those failures as stepping stones for learning and moving forward.

The truth is... we all need each other.

For support.

For guidance.

For motivation.

As you read this book, please consider getting an extra copy and gifting it to a woman who is starting her business adventure.

There are two women in this book whom I know personally as I have had the privilege of mentoring. Jacine Greenwood and Angela Giampolo are brilliant examples of what is possible when you take a vision and are committed to the successful pursuit of your dreams.

Now, alongside other successful women business owners, they are paying it forward with their wisdom, lessons, and helping other women around the world.

For this, I am so grateful and proud!

Enjoy the book. Apply its wisdom. Achieve the success your desire and inspire others by passing on the knowledge you acquire along the way.

Wishing you the most amazing entrepreneurial journey.

John Assaraf | Chairman & CEO

NeuroGym | MyNeuroGym.com

New York Times Best-selling Author of
Having It All, Innercise and The Answer

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ADRIANNE SKYE

Adrianne, down to earth Aussie girl, leaves no stone unturned with her mantra 'live life fearlessly.'

Extensive repertoire of abundant Business/Educational experiences empowers Adrianne to mentor at esteemed levels with her magnetic spirit. Mentoring STRATEGY with SOUL through her unique 'Flairs of Zezzwah', creates dream businesses into reality!

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1

Fearless in Business Blending Strategy with Soul

Written by Adrianne Skye



We are all wild diamonds, shining our unique flairs of zezzawah, with our own story distinctly defining our radiant existence! Like a brilliant cut diamond, I shoot trajectories of light, colours, and energy in all directions. These trajectories represent my stories; the very paths, smooth streams, and rocky roads I have taken to arrive at this destination as “Adrianne Skye,” a business and educational mentor.

A diamond is not created overnight but rather over time, a journey of extreme pressure and heat. Likewise, my story consists of incredible pressures, heat, and lengthy time that created the esteemed mentor I am today. In order to truly appreciate my brilliance, this is a fragment of my journey.

I was an effervescent child/teenager, challenging myself with alternative sports and school subjects that created a few frowns from friends at the time, such as piano, trumpet and pedal prix. My soul was nurtured in year twelve with subjects Food/Hospitality, PE (surfing, snorkelling), to scrape myself into a Bachelor of Education (BEd) by half a point (seriously .5). I look back now, as year twelve becoming the greater ME. I loved working most nights at the local fish and chip shop, earning money, purchasing my first car before I was sixteen years old. Spending weekends playing sport, at the river with family water skiing and usual parties/social life continued throughout university.

My passion for teaching and helping others emerged long before I graduated in 1999. I coached and umpired junior sports throughout high school and BEd. I was a passionate swimming and fitness instructor, holiday sports coach and babysitter! Yet time and time again throughout my BEd, I struggled to pass subjects, such as literacy and essay laden topics. Nonetheless, I remained focused on my goal to be a schoolteacher. I always giggle. Every time it was essential to pass an exam, the divine would intervene, such as a minor car accident on the way to one and another, a false fire alarm shutting down our two-hundred student exam, resulting in a non-graded pass. In what way this was manifested, I will never know as I didn't realise my visions at the time were a form of a powerful draw towards my goals.

Trajectory: I was driven and focused from a young age. I listened to my soul, even when I didn't yet understand myself!

Commencing my teaching career in 2000 in the primary school public sector, country South Australia, I excelled with my desire to inspire children to love learning as one of the youngest school leaders in the state, in one of the states most challenging schools! At the same time, I sought to further challenge myself by purchasing my first house at twenty-two years, an old run down 1915 cottage. I passionately renovated (with loving help from my father) to flip on completion of my country teaching. I met beautiful friends, times I hold dear in my heart from the five years of country placement. Pinnacle, a quirky encounter with a "nicker nicker," aka stalker, who repeatedly stole underwear from my clothesline, peering for hours at me through my back windows, whilst sitting in the darkness. Initially I dismissed these noises as a local cat, but when the back fence fell in, the incongruous became the obvious. As creepy and horrible as the experience, there was also a silver lining. I met my soulmate, my now husband, the local policeman (so cliché) who was on the case to catch this stalker.

My tenacity in my teaching career rapidly moved me into leadership positions, including secondment as Project Officer, Learning Difficulties Support Team, head office in South Australia soon after meeting my future husband. This involved moving back to Adelaide with intrastate/interstate training and support for schools/students with learning difficulties. During this time, I co-authored and published a departmental assessment reporting resource which was rolled out into all Early childhood, Primary, Secondary and Tertiary South Australian government sites and authoring a draft mental health resource before change in government saw our funding sadly ceased. I am inspired to step beyond, pushing boundaries every

possible way, introducing something innovative. I work ridiculously hard to pass what most deem normal, yet I always achieve what others thought impossible.

Trajectory: I am a natural born teacher with a lifelong passion for learning, and a soul urge to make a difference to education!

The “entrepreneurial mindset” was always inside me. No surprise then, when pregnant with our first son in 2006, I left my executive career to fulfil my dream of “stay-at-home mumma bear.” I refused to remain working like the cartoon character “Sam Sheepdog” off the famous Looney Tunes. I desired more! If I see people doing it one way, I ponder “there could be another way of doing that” and so off I go to pursue.

The vision was simple...start a business and raise a family! With no business experience, no business degree, a potential disaster resulted in the APEX of what made me the businesswoman I stand for today!

I was adamant we would succeed, refusing to live mediocre with no apologies for who I am. Am I restless, eclectic, or unhappy to keep changing careers? NO, I am the opposite. I am an absolute pocket rocket, addicted to evolving. My passion for adventure and change fuels my living spirit.

With hubby a pastry chef by trade, growing up in his family country bakery and my parents both self-employed as a hairdresser and in home maintenance, we had seen first-hand the sacrifices made and subconsciously influenced, yet the harsh reality of business we were yet to learn.

With a passion for quality food using locally grown ingredients, the decision was a bakery. Everything on the market was run-down. Concluding my creative flair and ability to budget, tweak and make magic, we started a new bakery, take-away only, in one of the busiest beachside suburbs in Adelaide. We opened doors three weeks before I birthed our first child and until the day my waters broke, I worked in the business ensuring staff were trained, and systems were in place ready for maternity leave. I understand now my beautiful mother having kittens, whilst still supporting our dreams!

Maternity leave in the true sense never eventuated. Days after the birth of our son, I introduced him to the world of business and from that moment, we’ve never looked back as a family of entrepreneurs. My 2am roll over feeds were perfect to send that email and finalise the last payslip! I juggled business and “mumma bear”

demands, yet proud of how I entwined the two. We grew our family rapidly having two more sons over the next two years.

I attribute how close I am to our three sons, with everything completed in their presence. Ringside, they watched first-hand the hurdles jumped and mountains climbed throughout the turbulent first five of eleven years with our bakehouse. They viewed my ability to cope with the pressures logically, not allowing it to affect me emotionally. In life, choices with every situation presented. I can either sit, dwell, and cause anxiety to which is all consuming. Or, I can act in a positive manner to rectify, as the situation is still going to occur; the motion, the wheels are already going round, it's happening regardless. However, outcomes are based on how the situation is handled.

My greatest challenge was, in fact, the first three months of our bakehouse in 2006. Not because I was a first-time mum with a new business. But simple fact, I lost \$45k! HUGE OUCH, in which almost cost us our dreams forever! With the help of my parents, lawyers and a new accountant, we continued the business where I would sit for hours planning new product lines, tweaking the roster to save thousands in wages whilst taking the time playing with our sons. Culminating lessons concreted a rocky road for the next five years, shaping me as a holistic, soulful, future business mentor, additionally altering the way I would conduct business forever. I refuse to change my good heart and my moral compass, however I learnt five pivotal lessons from this catastrophe in business.

Firstly, a solid business plan jointly created with a trustworthy and caring accountant is essential.

Secondly, it is imperative that leasing and legal agreements are viewed by commercial lawyers.

Thirdly, it is vital for conversations to be in writing, as when agreements are verbal, existence is void in court of law.

Fourthly, being fearless in business is critical in facing BIG, dominating personalities who bully young female entrepreneurs.

Lastly, STRATEGY is essential for a well-founded business for exponential growth, yet fused with SOUL, is grandiose!

Trajectory: I am realistic, speaking of the “taboo” battles of self-employment. At some stage most have a point where they struggled. I just happened to hit a gazillion,

but my lessons will not be in vain. I will pass these on by helping millions from the same heartache.

I worked business in an unorthodox manner the first year and even though I am told this is familiar with entrepreneurs, I do not wish these harsh lessons upon anyone. The reality that I couldn't afford a business coach was clear in my execution. I was chartering waters before the revolution of affordable online, budget friendly coaching groups. It wasn't luck, forging four more years ahead, through Global Financial Crisis, continually increasing rent due to poor lease agreements and local development shutting most cafes down nearby. I had created a successful bakery with nineteen staff based on a solid foundation from lessons learnt and mentor advice.

Yet another lesson presented itself. Our lease ended in 2011 with no renewal option as our building was to be demolished for development. Believing my guides led me to this point, my soul knew the decision. To shut doors and walk away was not my vision, rather to roll the die again on a new bakehouse. Our plant and equipment finances were paid, second mortgage released, we had zero overheads. Our little family home (we called our "Prairie") sat high on a large block, a no-brainer to subdivide. I weaved a way around the tight encumbrance, successfully subdividing in time, using the entire profits shop fitting in a neighbouring suburb, expanding the business into a bakehouse, café seating, outdoor dining, and coffee roastery.

Sheer determination and absolute persistence to succeed ensured I set the relocated bakehouse with strategy. Seeking legal advice on all three tenancies, thorough planning with my faithful accountant, hours mapping electrical/plumbing and a lot of soul executing the branding. Attention to detail, my own hand-painting and photography for a personal touch! New location, fresh new look, set up FEARLESSLY blending STRATEGY with SOUL proved successful from opening day. In leaps and bounds, reaching great heights for the following six years.

Trajectory: Business is one of my major flairs of zezzwah. Business is ME, it is what I adore!

Lessons will always be dealt. I could easily write another ten chapters on these, and maybe one day I will. But for now, there is one final lesson that stays with me, knocking me for six, scarring me to the point that's inexplorable. Even now reflecting, my breath quickens, tummy turns, and tears fall. Our baby boy at the age of three was diagnosed with a connective tissue disorder that is not only a lifelong diagnosis, but incurable. At the time we were informed by a specialist it was degenerative and he would be lucky to live to eight years old, however six weeks after initial diagnosis

with further testing, we received confirmation that his condition was isolated. In a nutshell, he produces too much collagen, with no way of stopping it, potentially and fatally affecting his heart, bones, hearing, eyesight, and general health. My baby, his cheeky smile wondering what rocked his mumma bear, still to this day has no great understanding of the pain endured those first few months of diagnosis.

My BUSINESS and my BOYS kept me sane whilst inside I collapsed. Berating myself silently, reviewing my pregnancy step-by-step had me for the first time challenging my guides with a “why”? Contrary, I’d smile and cheerfully waltz into my business, managing like no internal battle was occurring. I was in the routine of being the strong, reliable boss that everyone counted on, as what I had dreamt and verbally visualised always came to fruition. I was their mentor. I ensured staff looked after their health/wellbeing; they didn’t require my burdens. Business kept my mind stable and in time, I healed the turbulence through mindfulness in nature. However, the rocking of our world caused me to ask myself if there was more for me in this world?

Yes, there was!

Nurturing our adventurous spirits, I put my heart into renovating, flipping houses, subdividing properties, and launching a second business, Extract Black Coffee Roasting Co., whilst “hands-on manager” to thirty plus employees in the booming bakehouse and coffee roastery.

The majority has not occurred solo. My partner in crime, pit-crew support, hubby and soulmate, has been part of my whirlwind life since 2003. Labelled by friends as a powerhouse couple, we emphasise daily focus on our relationship essential for harmonious business and family life fusion. We refuse to allow mistakes, failures, and differences, to fracture our amazing partnership and love. Yin and Yang: the perfect blend of feminine and masculine! True blue “brains and braun” partnership, I adore how my visions are harnessed, standing 100 percent by my side with my often-exotic ideas.

The finale of our business journey does not rest here. An incredible pull to travel thrust another life changing decision to sell everything stable in our life. In early 2017, selling our bakehouse for half a million dollars, purchasing a caravan, we hit the road (sons ten, eight, and seven years at the time), an unforgettable family trek “half lap” of Australia. With zero experience of owning a caravan, we took off without planning or preparation. We were guided by our souls whole 20,000km’s. Through the centre of Australia, zigzagging for eight weeks to Darwin, across the top West, Kimberley’s,

Broome, Cape Leveque and back down through the western centre, Karijini, Newman, Perth, finishing with the Nullarbor to arrive back in Adelaide for the summer. Station stays, immersing in local culture and breathing the energy of the dreamtime, calmed us, allowing us to hear our souls clearly.

The feeling of freedom and our love of nature inspired the purchase of our dream property with million-dollar views, Totoka Urban Farm in stunning Adelaide Hills. Calm farm life is not the vision. Rather an urban farm running multiple streams of income, wholesale coffee, plants, chickens, workshops, teenpreneur businesses to name a few.

Trajectory: Life hasn't been all mermaids and angels. Finding emotional equanimity often means releasing things from your life that hold you back.

With an accomplished background in educational leadership, learning/behavioural difficulties, physical/outdoor education, Masters in Educational Cognitive Psychology, Graduate Certificates in Learning Difficulties and Mental Health, I again felt a sense of needing to make a greater difference in the world.

Passionate about nature, incredibly evident in our sons, with their inquisitive, connected spirits, I decided to return to teaching at the end of 2019. It had been thirteen years since I had been "in the system," however I was quickly offered a contract for 2020 in a local "bush" school and life was as if I had never left the teaching sector.

With two of our three sons dyslexic and dysgraphic, I had experienced another side of mainstream education as a parent, with times of unschooling our boys essential for their wellbeing. The advocacy required still for a large portion in the schooling sector is underestimated.

I watched the demise of our eldest son's confidence from year three through seven caused from the subliminal messages the system gave him. He believed he was "dumb," briefly questioning his own existence. Our trek of Oz was critical, a sabbatical to reset his self-efficacy. It was a reboot for us all. A time to ground ourselves, abundance of shoes off with earthing moments.

My belief that the system was crushing the inner child was evident. Our social experiment of zero homework in the primary years for our family upheld. Concentration required for six hours of schooling, working harder than most decoding worksheets, meant coming home to more work was NEVER an option. Rather swimming, nature, reading to the boys, cuddling in front of the fire, nurturing

their voice, triumphed. As parents, we feel responsible to nurture, love, guide and create safe spaces for our children. I am proud to be all of this!

However, how was I to make a difference in returning to teaching?

Reality soon dawned that I even if I worked back up to principal level, I could only positively affect a number of children at school, yet still only a standalone entity. My visions started appearing thick and fast as COVID hit the world from left field.

Trajectory: When challenged, I believe the universe is testing my desires, forcing to review an alternative way.

COVID was our family's review! Multiple events drastically occurred in a short space of time that sent shockwaves through all of us, but nothing we couldn't shake off with change.

What was to emerge was three new businesses in our household. Our eldest son at thirteen years, launched DIEZ-IGN, turning him into an internet sensation saving bees, bugs, and wildlife with his eco-friendly homes he handmade! His creative mind flowed freely, as did mine!

In late 2020, I launched "Adrienne Skye." I spent six months intensive coaching "online presence" to rid my fear of being stalked, learning the complexities of the online business world as I was a bricks and mortar guru! Mentoring exceeded expectations as the unique and beautiful souls I am now friends with is heart-warming from this journey. With determination to make a difference clearer than ever, I was onward and upward, launching my business mentoring; exclusive and group mentoring "PARTY POSSE" beginning in 2021.

I love teaching too much to officially retire my registration...just yet! Currently part-time 2021 in two local "bush" schools, I am also one of the few teachers, gratefully mentored by Aboriginal Elder Uncle Tamaru, introducing "Kurna" at our sons' school. Kurna is another passion; our urban farm is located in Kurna country, four generations of my family were born in Kurna country and my soul is calm when I am teaching mother nature and father sky.

My educational mentoring side of the business launched late 2021, finalising my educational dream to spread the word of my "Flairs of Zezzwah." I am passionate to rid the negative labels and discussions of learning disabilities. Dyslexia exhibits amazing flairs such as creativity, big dreams, and entrepreneurs. If I make a stand, becoming the voice for all parents struggling with resistant systems stifling children's creativity, then I will fulfill my vision of Adrienne Skye.

Lastly, as co-founder of “Gratefully Natured”, we are passionate that curriculum outcomes are easily met when immersed in nature. As a nature based educator I can conclude and now vivaciously mentor educators and homeschooling parents, in hope to ease the rising mental health and anxiety amongst children by taking our learning outside for more of the schooling day.

Trajectory: Truly ask myself “what will make me happy” and look within.

I work on all our businesses when I am not teaching part time. In between, we support our three sons with their incredible swimming brilliances at the state and national level. I mentor all our son’s as teenpreneurs in their own small businesses, our eldest homeschooling from year 10 as he bridges across into a trade, our middle son’s brilliances in music, and our youngest son’s talent in all sport. Of course, primary to all of this is nurturing my relationship with my soulmate.

With no defining moment where I learnt to pivot in business, I believe this mentality to be my inner strong work ethic, viewing things from all angles, analytical individual, looking at my own actions that “...cause an equal and opposite reaction” (Isaac Newton). Isaac Newton’s laws of motion are related to physics, however in society it’s labelled as “trade-offs.” I stand to Newton’s theory as our universe is a powerful field of energy that we cannot see with our human eyes. Call it manifestation, positive thinking or aspirational thoughts, I truly believe my calming and empowering messages embody the version of my future self. I visualise every moment of my day, executing pieces of my plan to achieve my visions.

What is my end vision one may ask?

To continue to make a difference in this world. We cannot truly love another human until we love ourselves. For some to love themselves, is to start or expand a dream business, explore a hobby or spend time in nature. Since I don’t leave any stone unturned, I shall never die wondering like the old saying, “it’s the journey, not the destination.” My approach to my business mentoring is unique. My purpose to awaken and connect spiritually, and be assertive in teaching others to be FEARLESS in business, as I bring energy of an adventurous explorer in life!

My “Party POSSE” focus on all the areas where I had made my biggest and most costly mistakes to prevent this from happening to anyone else. I’ve become the mentor I longed for; funny, energetic, motivating and with quintessential advice learnt first-hand! With ALL my experiences, I will never doubt anyone’s desires...in fact I will walk by their side (cracking bad jokes) the whole journey to dream destinations, as my passion for sharing success is greater than the individual outcome itself!

Trajectory: I create possibilities as I am a creator!

Believing we shine like wild diamonds focussing on unique “Flairs of Zezzwah” creates intrinsic happiness. It is truly special finding peace within and often that “bliss” point of happiness emerges when listening to soul's desires with an abundance mindset.

Stay Shining Wild Diamond

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ALDWYN ALTUNEY

Aldwyn Altuney is a mass media marketing expert. Known as the 'Media Queen', she is a TV host, speaker, photojournalist and author of multiple international best-selling books.

With 37 years media experience, her PR company, AA Xpose Media, is the only one she knows of that guarantees results in the mainstream media. She is passionate about inspiring more good news in the mass media to help decrease depression and suicide rates and lift people's spirits.

In 2018, she founded the Mass Media Tribe Meetup group and a global Good News Day, which is run annually on August 8. She also started the monthly Global Good News Challenge in June 2020. Also an animal activist, she founded Animal Action Events in 2007 and has run 14 annual charity events so far raising awareness, appreciation and respect for all animals. In her spare time, she loves performing in her comedy duo The Fiddly Giggles, acting, playing ukulele, long beach walks and body surfing.

<https://linktr.ee/Aldwyn>

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and any special offers!



2

Shine Bright and Light Up All Those Around You

Written by Aldwyn Altuney



The most common regret of the dying is: “I wish I’d had the courage to live a life true to myself, not the life others expected of me.”

When I reflect on my life, this is one regret I will never have. I am so grateful that I have come from being depressed and suicidal in my youth to loving my life now and inspiring truth and good news globally.

It’s from the dark moments in my life that I have learned the most and evolved into the person I am today.

For that, I am truly grateful.

So where did it all begin?

I was born in Sydney’s northern beaches and grew up in a loving household where my beautiful European parents Michael and Nelly went above and beyond to ensure myself and my brother Nick had a great life.

I have Greek, Turkish and Ukrainian heritage and all three countries were at war with each other, so I call myself the ‘love child’ now!

As a first generation Australian, I was bullied at North Balgowlah public school from the age of six. Fellow students would pick on me about my name, food I took to school and the clothes I wore. Anything they could pick on, they did.

As such, I grew up angry with the world and my parents and started rebelling from a young age.

I was running away from home at age thirteen while, ironically, I was also the number one ranked Australian junior table tennis player. I would release my anger with the sport and developed a killer forehand smash!

At age fifteen, after being fed up with my constant rebellion against his strict rules, my dad kicked me out of the home and said, "You're not my daughter anymore."

I moved into a crazy household in Manly with a drug-addicted drummer, who I began to date, his alcoholic mother and drug dealing sister. I began working two part-time jobs at around \$5 per hour to cover my rent of \$50 per week.

This was a complete party house with non-stop music and jamming until sunrise each morning. After six months of this, with my boyfriend lying to me and cheating on me, there came a turning point.

I remember The Pretenders' song Don't Get Me Wrong playing on the turntable and seeing my best friend at the time kissing and cuddling my boyfriend lying down in our bed.

I was sixteen years of age and started bawling my eyes out. I called my mum in tears and said, "I can't handle this anymore."

She said, "Come home," which I did and even though my dad wasn't happy about it, I ended up studying very hard with my brother.

I had gone from Dux of North Balgowlah Primary School to failing everything in Year Eleven and changed schools to Forest High School for Year Twelve.

That was another turning point – changing my environment. The grass is not always greener on the other side, I discovered, and started to appreciate my parents and family so much more.

I ended up qualifying to do a Bachelor of Arts in Communication (Media) at the University of Canberra (UC) from 1992 to 1994.

While there, noticing a job going for editor of the university newspaper, Curio, I applied three times before I was accepted.

Enduring at least one sleepless night each fortnight to meet deadlines, I took the fortnightly publication from twenty-four pages to forty-eight pages and had thirty contributors I was co-ordinating.

I became the longest serving editor at the paper and loved the power of the media to affect change in the community.

I found the media a great way to share my voice on what I felt were injustices in the world and ways we could help make it a better place to live.

One of the first stories I wrote was an anti-duck shooting story with the headline, Go and Get Ducked! I couldn't believe people were shooting ducks for fun and that it was legal in Australia.

I continued to write stories about issues that moved me in some way, including battery farming of chickens, female circumcision and stories about the environment.

By the time I graduated from university, I received High Distinctions in my majors of TV production and photojournalism.

This was the start of what ended up being a lucrative career in the media, where I went on to work as a journalist on TV, in radio and print media across Australia and internationally.

Since then, I have interviewed stars including Charlie Sheen, Jewel, Vanilla Ice, Hugh Jackman, Russell Crowe, Cyndi Lauper, Debbie Harry (Blondie), Alby Mangels, Jimmy Barnes, Jimeoin and Mikey Robins, among others.

I worked as a journalist at The Daily Mercury in Mackay, Coffs Harbour Advocate, Queensland Times in Ipswich, Satellite Newspapers in Brisbane, Rave and Time Off in Brisbane, the Gold Coast Bulletin and Sun Community Newspapers (where I was a journalist/ sub editor for five years).

I remember when I was working at the Sun in 2005, I attended an event at the National College of Business.

I remember the director Jon Mailer asking the crowd, "How much can you earn a week if you work from the head down?"

People said \$1500 to \$2000.

He then asked, "How much can you earn a week if you work from the head up?"

People said the amount was endless.

His next question was, “Wouldn’t it make sense then to invest ten percent of your income in your personal development?”

Everyone nodded and I had an aha moment.

That year, I invested \$7000 in my first personal development course in the Hunter Valley, NSW, and to this day, have invested more than \$500,000 on business and marketing courses, as well as many different modalities of personal development. This has been invaluable for the growth of my business and myself.

When and why did I start my business?

I started my business AA Xpose Photography in 2002 on the Gold Coast after having a few small car accidents working late nights with a photography company in Brisbane.

After this, I thought, “Why don’t I just do this for myself?”

At the time, I was working as a journalist at the Gold Coast Sun Newspapers. When I left my position at the Sun, the business evolved into AA Xpose Media, as people began requesting PR work (publicity), copywriting, video, graphic design, writing, editing and media training services.

I did my first media training workshops in 2003 and had repeated calls for more.

In 2014, I launched an online media training program called Mass Media Mastery, where I teach people how to gain free publicity.

I now have clients from all over Australia, the US, UK, Netherlands, South Africa and New Zealand.

Many of them are small business owners, authors and speakers who I have never met before in person. Such is the power of online marketing.

I help people who have a great message, product or service to share it with the masses using online and offline media so they can build their credibility in the community, business, sales and leave a legacy.

I have had the opportunity to cover some amazing events including the HP International Circle of Excellence Convention, Harcourts and SWAP International Conventions, International Women's Day Festival, National Caterers Association annual awards, UDIA gala ball, Australian Institute of Fitness and National College of Business graduation nights, Gold Coast Business Excellence Awards, Entertainment of the Year Awards for Clubs in South Queensland, Indy Carnival of

Colours, International Legends of League Corporate Golf Day, Gold Coast Airport Marathon and Blues on Broadbeach Festival.

There is never a dull moment with what I do.

Nowadays, I also run the Free Publicity Secrets Masterclass, Star Maker Masterclass and How to Gain \$1m worth of Free Publicity Global Workshop for authors, speakers, small business owners and social entrepreneurs.

Passionate about raising awareness, appreciation and respect for animals, I founded the world's first Animal Action Day in 2007.

I have since run fourteen annual events, raising millions of dollars' worth of free publicity for different animal charities each year.

Passionate about promoting more good news stories in the mass media to help decrease depression and suicide rates worldwide and lift people's spirits, I founded a Global Good News Day on August 8, 2018, and the Global Good News Challenge in June 2020.

The Global Good News Challenge is a simple monthly Facebook Live challenge, where people share their name, what they do, three things they are grateful for and a piece of good news at different times each month.

It's so powerful when people share gratitude publicly and imagine the ripple effect this will have on the world when thousands, or even millions, of people do it.

Choosing love and gratitude over fear and anger is a moment-by-moment choice.

A regular Meetup group I run offering marketing advice is Mass Media Tribe, and I co-launched the charity Meetup group The Gold Coast Business Laughter Club on August 30, 2018.

My point of difference

In our good news PR company, we have developed a seven-step Mass Media Mastery system that is so effective, we guarantee you'll get media coverage if you follow the system or your money back.

We run the only media company I know of that guarantees media exposure with our PR packages.

Our mission is to use the media to change lives worldwide, lift spirits and encourage people to open their minds through truth and good news.

I also have a huge heart for animals and people living their passions and have a strong community focus with what I do.

Challenges along the way

Why I did what I did

I have had a few near-death experiences in life, including having a quinsy in my throat in 2014, which flared after emceeing for Colin Hay, lead vocalist of Men at Work which did the famous song Down Under in 1980, at the Woodford Folk Festival on the Sunshine Coast.

A quinsy, also known as a peritonsillar abscess, is a rare and potentially serious complication of tonsillitis, which can kill you in a short amount of time if the swelling in the throat blocks the airways.

I ended up in the Royal Brisbane and Women's Hospital on an antibiotic drip for three days over New Year's Eve from 2014 to 2015.

This experience made me appreciate my life like never before. Hundreds of Facebook messages of condolence came through and I began to have tears of gratitude for all the amazing people in my life.

I wondered, if I were to die, who would show up at my funeral? What kind of legacy would I leave? What do I want to create for my life? Great questions which I often re-visit and get present to.

When I first moved to the Gold Coast in January 2000, I never planned to stay there. My goal was always to live in America, so I rented apartments for the first two years.

I remember in 2002, when I had to move on from one apartment in Labrador, as the owner wanted to put her daughter in there, I was looking around for a place to rent.

I was a very busy journalist at the time, so I decided to put an ad in the Gold Coast Bulletin, seeing if anyone had a suitable place for me to rent.

I received a call from a guy called Lee, who said he had a place for rent in Main Beach across from the ocean.

That sounded perfect, so I popped in to see him and the apartment and said I wanted to rent it.

Lee was a guy in his early twenties, looked like a surfy dude, and his young eighteen-year-old girlfriend was pregnant and lying on the bed.

I gave him about \$1000 in rent and bond – that was more than my weekly wage back then – and he gave me the keys.

When I went back to the apartment, there was rubbish all over the floor, rotten eggs and food in the sink and all through the kitchen, and the door to the balcony wouldn't close.

I suddenly had this sinking feeling in my stomach. Something didn't smell right. So I knocked on the door of the apartment next door and asked if they knew if the previous people were going to clean the apartment. They asked if I had spoken to the manager, which I hadn't.

When I saw the manager, he said, "Lee owed me three weeks in rent!" He was furious and so was I. He was renting! I gave the manager the keys and cried for about a week. I couldn't believe someone would do that!

After that, I decided I would never rent again and decided to buy my own house on the Gold Coast. Soon afterwards, I bought a house in Southport. Now, nineteen years on, I have fully renovated the house and still live there! Looking back, I am thankful for that experience.

Even though the police closed the case and I never received any money back, that situation inspired me to buy my house. I may have lost \$1000 but if I was to sell my house, I would make more than \$100,000.

I also believe in karma. What comes around goes around ten-fold and not necessarily by the same people you rip off or do wrong by.

Elements of my programs, how they work

My Mass Media Mastery program includes training on my seven AWESOME steps to gaining free publicity. The AWESOME stands for:

A = Articulate Story

W = Work Angles

E = Elevate Profile

S = Startle Media

O = Own Power

M = Master Interviews

E = Explode Impact

It also has training on social media marketing, including Facebook, Twitter, LinkedIn, Instagram and YouTube.

For clients who want all their media marketing done for them, I offer Media Star Packages where I uncover the gems of a client's story to develop media angles, press releases, do photo shoots, pitch to media, follow up with media and do media training, among other things.

Testimonials, successes with clients

One of my biggest success stories is from Los Angeles speaker/ author of Boot Straps and Bra Straps, Sheila Mac.

Sheila gained over fifty media appearances in one month in the US and worldwide after she joined my Mass Media Mastery program. Her Sheila Mac Show on NBC's KCAA radio and on-demand TV gets re-shaped on other platforms and podcast channels and goes out to more than two million viewers.

Aussie Mega Mall came to me in 2016 with no media coverage and, after a nationwide PR campaign, we achieved about forty media spots, including on Channel 7 and 9.

This led to them going from having three thousand online stores to thirty-two thousand-plus online stores in five months and their business increasing ten-fold in the following three years. Now they are looking to launch internationally in the US, UK and NZ.

I also worked with Webinar Guy Steven Essa and helped promote his national Web Business Breakthrough event in Australia and New Zealand.

He had employed several PR people before me and none of them were able to gain him any media exposure.

After working with me for just one month, he gained over two million dollars in free publicity, including a six-minute interview on Sky News Business, a thirty-one-minute radio interview on 3SER 97.7FM Melbourne (which ran three times) and a one-page feature story in Vision China Times (which ran in English and Chinese).

Interestingly, each of the reporters were interested in working with Steve after this!

As well as gaining potential new clients in the media, he can now say forever in his marketing 'As seen on TV'. This is invaluable for building trust and credibility in the community, particularly as reputation marketing is so important for anyone with an online business nowadays.

I helped another client, Michelle Patterson, a woman's empowerment coach, gain an exclusive two page spread in Woman's Day magazine - Australia's number one weekly magazine.

She opened up after thirty years on a secret forced adoption she had at age sixteen and shared her story to 1.6 million readers.

If she had paid for two pages of advertising in the magazine, she would have paid \$60,000.

The publicity value is worth three to eight times more in credibility and is seen twenty-two times more than ads. If we average the value at five times more, this two-page spread was worth \$300,000 to her.

She can also use the high profile of the magazine in her marketing by using the Woman's Day logo on her website as another media appearance.

Plans for the future of my business

I would love to have an offline studio TV show one day to complement my online shows on the Media Queen TV channel on YouTube.

I love interviewing people and sharing their stories and wisdom.

I want my book Good News Sells – How to Gain over \$1M worth of Free Positive Publicity to be an international best-seller and start a global movement of more good news stories in the mass media than bad news stories.

I believe this will make a massive difference in reducing depression and suicide rates worldwide.

I want Mass Media Mastery to be known as the best mass media training program worldwide and to have ten thousand clients achieving fame, fortune, freedom and leaving a legacy by 2025.

I want to travel the world as a highly paid professional speaker and author, inspire people to live their passions and take positive action for the humane treatment of animals worldwide.

I want my Media Queen TV shows to attract more than ten million viewers worldwide, abundant sponsors and advertisers.

I want my clients to gain media exposure worldwide and make the impact they are here to make with their service, product or message.

Other goals are for Animal Action Events to be held regularly worldwide and to run an animal sanctuary and have breeding programs for endangered animals.

My vision

I am passionate about inspiring a positive world where people are optimistic and excited about their lives. A world where people love what they do and are excited about living life to their full potential and making a difference to the world around them. A world where more positive stories are being reported on in the mass media than negative ones.

I believe more good news stories being shared – both in traditional media (TV, radio and print) and social media - will help decrease depression and suicide rates worldwide.

I am also passionate about inspiring action for the humane treatment of animals globally and am an advocate for people having compassion for themselves and others.

For people speaking their truth and choosing love over fear as they speak up for what they truly believe in.

I want people to understand and appreciate the miracle they are as human beings.

Just by being born, they have beaten about one billion other swimmers to the finish line!

Every person is a miracle and has a unique gift and message to bring to the world. I want to inspire people to recognise and appreciate their gifts, to speak up and speak out about what they are passionate about.

For them to get that they can create a ripple effect of change by being courageous and speaking their truth honestly and with integrity.

The few who run the world want people to live small lives and be slaves to the system.

Many people are brainwashed by the education and political system and don't even realise they are being brainwashed.

I want people to wake up as individuals and combine forces with other awake people in the community to affect positive change in the world, particularly in the areas of health, peace, sustainability and environmental protection.

“Be the change you want to see in the world,” as Gandhi said.

And I say, “Shine bright and light up all those around you.”

Questions to ponder

What can you acknowledge yourself for today?

What achievements are you most proud of?

What are you grateful for today?

In summary

Remember, things can always be worse! Love and gratitude are among the highest vibrations you will feel as a human being, so the more you can embrace those, the better your experience of life will be and the more opportunities you will attract to yourself.

Here's to your success!

Call to action

For free offers to help you gain fame, fortune, freedom and leave a legacy, visit www.aaxpose.com

Let's connect on social media

I'd love to connect with you. All my social media links can be found here: linktr.ee/aldwyn

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ANANDI SANO

Anandi Sano is a USA Today best-selling author, CEO of Peiec International and the founder of Peiec® Energy Medicine and Peiec® Approach for Business. She has been named the inner stillness specialist and is a speaker, author, master healer, inspiring teacher of spiritual transformation and sacred musician who offers others the opportunity to experience both high levels of success and deep inner stillness and peace. Her profound teachings, programs and retreats have helped countless people throughout the world find inner stillness, self-healing, awakened states of consciousness, greater fulfilment, and abundance within their lives and business.

Anandi also works with conscious entrepreneurs, coaches, professionals, CEOs and athletes who have achieved high levels of success and find that they struggle to break the cycle of their fast-paced life and need assistance to move from a hyperdrive, high results state into other states that are more productive and sustainable to prevent burnout and chronic illness. As a result, her clients and students rediscover their inner stillness and brilliance and can recalibrate their nervous system so they can experience calm, clarity and the power to align their inner self with the practical steps to create sustainable high results with ease.

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3



Finding the Beauty of Self

Written by Anandi Sano

There are moments in life that define you. Some of them you will recognize for what they are, but often, we will not identify those moments that shift our lives, either for the positive or the negative. These moments may not be overly significant or significant to someone else, but they are meaningful to us. It may shift us into a world where we feel life is a battle. A place of overwhelm, a place of fear, hurt, pain, and anxiety.

Those pivotal moments can also shift our lives into something more peaceful, a happier place, a more wholesome place. A place where you can smile, a place where you can be yourself. A place where you know yourself and you can accept yourself. A place that shows you who you are, the truth of self, your beauty of self. This place allows you to fulfill your purpose and reveals why you were placed on this earth.

Many of us will battle through life. Often, we will find that there are key moments that cause a disconnect from ourselves. Some of us can remember, and we can identify when we potentially started to break. To disconnect from who we are and to shut down. To keep ourselves safe, because we did not understand the world around us, we did not understand what was happening to us, and we could not comprehend the information or stimuli that we were receiving.

In preparing to write this chapter, I was presented with a moment in time, which was a pivotal moment when I started to disconnect even further from myself. I had already disconnected from myself when I was in my teenage years. As most of us do,

we do not come out of our adolescent years unscathed. For me, my teenage years were undoubtedly a battle.

I knew that I needed to write about an experience I had early on in my career as a paramedic. I had been in the service for approximately two years, so I was still in the process of learning and gaining experience in dealing with trauma. I was based at a bustling ambulance depot, and I worked with a gentleman who had approximately fifteen to twenty years of experience.

And on that day, I was “attending,” as it was called, which meant that I would be sitting in the passenger seat. My role was to look after the patients that we would pick up for that day, and my offsider would drive, although he would assist if we attended an accident where multiple patients were injured. We received the call for a child resuscitation and drove with lights and sirens to the address. To this day, I can clearly remember as we were driving down the street towards the house, that in the distance, there were two women; one was taller than the other, and the taller lady was standing on the edge of the driveway, holding out her arms.

In her arms was a baby, and at that moment, I remember thinking, “Oh my God, this is real. This is real.” We pulled over just past the driveway on the side of the road, and I remember getting out of the ambulance. My colleague opened the back door, and we took the baby out of the lady's hands and placed the baby onto a stretcher in the back of the ambulance.

The child was probably about six or seven months old, perhaps a little bit older than that, and I remember gazing down at this child and knowing we could not do anything for him, but we still placed the cardiac monitor on to make sure that there was no heartbeat. There was no heartbeat.

We knew then that it was time to open the back of the ambulance and speak to the two ladies there. Initially, I thought that the older of the two ladies was the deceased child's mother, but it turned out that her daughter, a teenager, was the child's mother.

Those moments when you are standing in front of a loved one and must tell them that their loved one has departed are such excruciating moments. Realizing that the child was the son of the teenage daughter was even more challenging to comprehend.

I recall it being so difficult to piece together as to what had happened. The grandmother was full of grief, but the young mother just walked back into the house,

not uttering a word. There was no emotion; there was nothing. It was like she was numb or had completely shut down, and because it was my role for that day to look after the patient, she became my patient.

I remember walking into the house, and this young woman had sat herself down in front of the stereo system in the lounge room. There was no crying. There was nothing. She just sat there staring at the stereo, which was playing a slow, sad song, and once the song finished, she played it again and again, on repeat. That is all she did; she just sat there and listened to this song. So, I sat down near her, not knowing how to deal with this situation. I was in my mid-twenties at the time, and I did not have a lot of experience dealing with people's grief and trauma.

I vividly recall just sitting there and staring at this young lady and thinking, "What should I say to her?" because nothing that I would say would be enough to comfort or bring her child back. I could not tell her it was all going to be OK, and as she was listening to this music, I started to feel all these different emotions rising within me.

When we had first arrived, we had to get a clear picture of what had happened, and the only thing that we could illicit out of the grandmother was that perhaps Mum had rolled on the child while she was taking an afternoon nap. None of it made sense or was overly precise, and as I was sitting there, feeling lost and useless, I started feeling these emotions rise within me. There was a deep sadness that washed through me, and I felt sympathy and empathy for this young mother, but part of me was trying to understand. I was trying to tell myself that there was no response from this young mother because she was numb, and I could understand and grasp that. But then another part of me could not understand why there was no emotion, and part of me was trying to rationalize why there was no display of emotion. Didn't she care that something had happened to her son? Then the response to myself was that she was numb because she was in shock.

I kept trying to get her to spend some time with her child in the back of our ambulance. I did not want to take the baby to the morgue without the mother having an opportunity to spend some final moments with her child and say goodbye. I did not want her to have that regret later. I gently kept asking her now and then, but she refused and continued listening to her song on repeat.

I then noticed within myself that I started feeling emotions of anger rise within me. Anger regarding the thoughts of: How could this happen to a child of this age? Why was it allowed to happen? Why would God let something like this happen? And

so, I tried to fight this anger because it was not the right time, and I needed to be present in this space with this person. More anger rose to the surface, and it was directed at this young mother. What if this was not an accident? What if this young lady hurt her child? At that moment, another part of me would reflect on what I just thought, and I would hate myself for that thought. I tried to quieten that part of me, the paramedic, that questioned the circumstances around sudden deaths.

I had all these emotions running through me, literally switching from one moment to the next, and I could not find a balance for them. This overwhelming sense of not having control started to rise, and I struggled with the emotions and thoughts that were consuming me. And then there was a grief that squeezed in between all the other emotions rising within. A deep sorrow rose. It was all so very confusing. I could not even imagine what this young lady was going through, but I was sitting there and feeling myself shift from one moment to the next. It was so challenging, and it was something that I had never faced before.

It was probably around two hours later that this young lady turned to me and asked me if I could cut off a lock of hair from her son. Of course, I said yes. At that point, she had agreed to spend some time with her son. When she left the back of the ambulance, I was left alone. The door of the back of the ambulance closed, and it was just this little blonde-haired boy and me.

I remember looking at him and all his perfection. He had the most beautiful blonde hair, and it was in that moment of looking at him that I was overwhelmed with a wave of panic. At that moment, I did not want to do what had been asked of me. I was looking at this child and saying to myself, "How can I cut this hair off this beautiful child?" Some people would say that it was just hair, but it was not. Every part of me was screaming, "You cannot do this to this beautiful being in front of you." It was like I was going to violate the sanctity of this person, and at that moment, I felt so alone. I felt so unsupported by my work partner who, knowing I had never done this sort of job before, should have assisted me.

So, I took one of the small plastic bags that the oxygen mask came in, and I took my scissors out of my belt pouch. I remember sitting there for at least ten minutes, just wanting to throw up. It was at that moment that a part of me broke. My ethos in life was about not hurting anybody, treading as lightly as possible on this earth, and now I was going against everything I stood for. I felt a part of me begin to shut down, and then I cut the child's hair and placed it into the see-through bag.

I remember placing my hand on the child's chest, and I apologized. I spoke to him about how sorry I was that this happened and hoped that he would find peace. I stroked his hair and covered him up in case he got cold. None of it made sense. None of it was rational. All I tried to focus on was that I had to remain professional. I had to shut down my feelings, lock them away, and shut down the tears that wanted to flow.

I stepped out of the van and gave the mother the bag with the lock of hair. By then, one of our team leaders had arrived and stayed with the grandmother and mother while we left and took the child to the morgue. We did not receive any counseling; we just had to learn to deal with what we had experienced and put it somewhere. It was like - it was done. It was over. Move on to the next thing. Do not dwell on it. But that moment, that job, has stayed with me. I still see the little boy's face, which used to send me into a state of overwhelm and trigger a whole series of flashbacks.

As a paramedic, I have always said that every job you attended was like a book, and initially, your bookshelf is empty. Over time, that bookshelf starts to fill, and it gets to a point when you start running out of room. And then you begin squeezing the books into any space that you can find, and then there comes a moment when you cannot squeeze any more books onto the bookshelf. It is then that the memories start bubbling up, triggered by smells, sounds, situations and the interaction with people. Life becomes difficult. Life becomes a series of broken moments where you struggle to exist, where you struggle to breathe. Where you try to control the memories, where your body can never calm down; that is where I ended up. That is what shaped my world. Everything became overwhelming, and I withdrew within myself to wear a mask to make it seem that I was OK.

I was tough, tough as nails, but the toughness was because I shut down, and I was always in protection mode. I was quick to anger because as much as I did not want to feel, I needed to feel, and anger was a superficial emotion that was easy to find. Anger was also protection. Anger kept me in a false sense of safety.

I was living in this way, or should I say surviving, for over a decade until one day something extraordinary happened to me. I experienced the light of God, and God showed me a way to heal in a way that I had not experienced before. I had tried many things, such as energy healing, meditation, chanting, positive affirmations, sound healing, and delving into Buddhist teachings and practice. It all helped to a certain extent, but it never brought me stillness and never brought me deep calmness,

and it did not rid me of the flashbacks that would send my body and mind into a state of overwhelm, pain and anxiety.

But then, in 2017, God showed me how to heal. God showed me that there are these energetic layers within us and around us, and within those layers, there are these low vibrating energetic components or life moments. These life moments hold our memories. They keep our thoughts, the smells, the textures, everything that we have experienced in life. Every single incident, every situation you are in, can either create a positive or a negative life moment within these energetic layers. And when these life moments are activated, these life moments rise to the surface. They cause our minds and body to create a positive or negative reality.

So, what was happening when I had these flashbacks? I would be somewhere and these life moments that would typically lie dormant in my layers would become activated by what I was potentially looking at, what I was hearing or seeing, and they would bring with it a memory. As these life moments rose through my layers, my physical vessel responded, and it would go into overdrive. The panic and anxiety would set in—a racing heart, sweating, quick breathing, pain, the whole nine yards. This state would then start bringing up more life moments in my layers.

So, what I saw in my mind, in that state of overwhelm, were life moments coming up through my layers and affecting my reality, mind, and body. And so, what God showed me was that I was able to access these energetic layers of self. At first, I was instructed to calm these layers energetically, and I found that my thoughts would cease within a couple of minutes, and my body would become still. A while later, God guided me to release these life moments, and my healing became deeper. It was within a period of three months that my post-traumatic stress disappeared, my pain disappeared, and long-standing issues started to resolve.

In any given moment, when I felt something happening in my layers, I was instructed to go within those layers and release what was there energetically. I did not have to think about it. I did not have to sit and concentrate or anything. I did not have to speak positive affirmations. All I had to do was go into these layers and energetically release them, and I found that the thoughts disappeared, and my body became calm. This process was the beginning of a way of living, and a modality given by God called peiec energy medicine. The teachings regarding how to heal and to accelerate our spiritual growth continue to be given.

I now work with clients and teach students what I have been shown to assist them on their healing journey and fast-track their spiritual evolution. The changes are

rapid and profound. In 2019, there came a moment that I stepped into a state of inner stillness. There was no rise and fall of emotion; there was no thought; there was only peace. This state continues to this day and is the direct result of consistently releasing the life moments in my layers of self. As these shifted, there was more space and calmness within my layers, which flowed to my body, to my mind, and to my reality. My reality transformed, and I healed profoundly and deeply.

This simple way of healing and being is what I teach people. It is the one thing that has brought the most significant changes to my life and the lives of so many others. When I looked at that young child, I recall saying to myself: Why does this happen? Why can't we heal more people? Not one person at a time, but there must be a way to heal people en masse. I believe that is why peiec energy medicine has been presented for these times. Not only for our healing, but to fast-track our spiritual evolution so that we can step into a space of higher consciousness and self-realization.

We all deserve to heal, and we all deserve to live in a place deep in inner stillness and peace. When we do, everything changes. Our lives, relationships, success, abundance, and the way we walk on this earth. That is what I wish for you.

Many blessings.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ANGELA GIAMPOLO

Angela Giampolo is an expert on LGBTQ+ legal issues. She has been featured as a national leading expert on NPR, Wall Street Journal, American News Radio and Fox News.

She actively blogs at www.lawyer.lgbt and is a columnist for The Philadelphia Gay News and Curve Magazine, the only national magazine dedicated to lesbian issues.

Angela is also on the board of many local, statewide, and national non-profit organizations, including the Philadelphia Bar Associations Board of Governors, the Victory Fund, Liberty City Democratic Club, National Adoption Center, and Philadelphia Gay and Lesbian Lawyers of Philadelphia (GALLOP).

In her career thus far, Angela has been bestowed the honor of being the National LGBT Bar Association Top 40 Under 40 LGBT Attorneys, Legal Intelligencer's 2015 Most Diverse Attorney, Philadelphia Business Journal's Woman of Distinction, Top 40 Under 40 Business People in Philadelphia, and Top 25 LGBT Owned Businesses 3 years running.

Angela helps people in the LGBTQ+ community by protecting their legal rights but more importantly, by inspiring them to grow their authenticity and commit to living their best lives.

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4



What's My Story?

Written By Angela Giampolo

It's a beautiful seventy-degree, sunny day in San Diego (aren't they all?) and I'm sitting on my rooftop, just three blocks from the beach, with a spectacular view of the expansive ocean, framed by palm trees.

My senior chihuahua, Niko, is sitting on my lap and currently looking up at me as I write this chapter to explain my story...

But what is my story? How did I get here? How did I become successful?

In hindsight, I realize that a large part of my success early on stemmed from the fact that I was unknowingly skilled in the universal laws, energetics, and in understanding the significance of frequency and vibration. In other words, I was a natural at leveraging the power of the universe to create the reality that I wanted.

However, there was something that I didn't understand at the time, which caused me much unnecessary grief and pain. My self-inflicted pain was a result of my not offering myself the same unconditional love and acceptance that I gave others.

While I experienced a level of success when I was unconsciously working with the universal laws, I leveled up stratospherically when I became conscious and intentional about how I navigated the universal laws and employed them in my life.

So, my story is about how I went from being an "unconscious competent" to a conscious competent, how I used my "disadvantages" to my advantage, the successes

I learned as a constant underdog, and how I leveraged the power of conscious awareness to create a life that I love.

I believe that anyone can become successful by simply following these same steps.

My sincere hope is to inspire you to believe that you too can create the life of your dreams and the reality that you really want...

Are you ready to dive in? Great!

Childhood

If I had to pick just one word to describe me, my personality, and my life, I think it would be: underdog.

I am obsessed with underdog sports movies, and any story involving someone rising from the depths of despair to meet a challenge, overcoming that challenge, and riding off into the sunset.

One of my underdog challenges was being left-handed. Growing up in a small town, two hours north of Montreal back in the early eighties, there was no left-handed equipment for sports. So, I had to play baseball with a right-handed glove. But I didn't just become ambidextrous and learn how to throw with my right hand. Instead, I would catch the ball with the mitt on my left hand, flip the ball up in the air, throw the mitt down on the ground, catch the ball midair and then throw it to get the batter out.

Similarly, there were no golf clubs for left-handed people. So, I learned how to play golf right-handed. Now, these impediments made it so that when I did eventually get dominant-hand equipment, I was amazing because through perseverance and resiliency, I was already above average with the impediment.

In addition to being left-handed, I'm only 4'10 ³/₄". Despite that, I played basketball in college and overseas.

I didn't view being short as an impediment at all despite what the coaches recruiting for college were telling me. Instead, I viewed it as a strength because no one could steal the ball from me, whereas I could steal the ball from basically anyone because they never saw me coming!

Lastly, up to the age of twelve, I didn't realize that my eyesight was impaired. I had gotten so good at basketball with my limited eyesight that when I got glasses, I

could see perfectly, which helped me to become even better... even though at that point, I was already pretty damn good.

My first foray into intention setting, goal setting, and visualization as a foundation for success was athletics.

When I was practicing, I visualized my competitors around the world, sitting at home watching TV while I was getting better. In addition to the countless daily hours of practice, I would always visualize myself on the free-throw line with 0.2 seconds left on the clock, sinking the winning free throw.

Athletics was the foundation of my life up until I blew out my knee playing overseas in Estonia. The dreaded moment that every athlete fears happened to me. I jumped up to steal a pass mid-air and when my left foot connected with the court, I heard something in my knee snap.

Despite what I thought was a career-ending injury, I was recruited to a Division Three school in Atlanta. But in pre-season workouts, I blew out my other knee. I was only nineteen and now had matching arthroscopic surgery scars on both knees!

My coach was thirty-two, with five knee surgeries under her belt. She was beautiful, but she looked like a ninety-two-year-old crippled person when she walked due to all the surgeries. I was only nineteen and already on my second knee surgery and I knew if I kept playing, I'd end up like her.

I do not know how I had the wisdom at that time, but I decided to quit. It was the darkest time of my life – I didn't know who I was without basketball, and I definitely didn't know what I was going to do with my life. If you looked at my yearbook from High School, every comment from friends says, "I'll miss hearing you laugh and watching you play basketball." So, what was I supposed to do – become a comedian?!

Without basketball, Atlanta and the school were not for me.

When I looked into transferring universities, only two schools would take my double major and double minor and let me graduate relatively on time. These were La Salle University in Philadelphia and Marquette out in Wisconsin. Without ever having visited either, I moved to Philadelphia as it was closer to Montreal, and it was the birthplace of Rocky!

Trying to find out my new career path, I started interning everywhere I could: Women Against Abuse, Women's Law Project, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and The Center For Gay and Lesbian Civil Rights.

When I was a kid, I always thought I would go to law school. In fact, the detention lady is the first person who told me that I should become a lawyer because I was always in detention for fighting other people's fights.

One day she looked at me and said, "You should be a lawyer."

I said, "Why?"

And she laughed and said, "Because at least one of us would get paid for this shit!"

I was twelve when I had that conversation and it stuck with me ever since. Having all of these internship experiences taught me that I love to fight for the underdog and it's no surprise that one of my favorite basketball shirts, one I held on to until it was a ratted-up piece of cloth said, "It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog."

Law School

I ended up taking two years off after college to work as a paralegal. I wanted to see if the passion that I thought I had for law was, in fact, still there after doing the actual work, day in and day out.

Drawing from my time playing basketball, where I used intention setting, goal setting, and visualizations, I was able to create a rich and fabulous law school experience. My goal was to be an international human rights lawyer, and so I went all in. I got published in the Law Review on the topic of human trafficking and moved to Beijing to attend Tsinghua University and obtained a Certificate of Chinese Law.

Following that, I got a position at the United Nations International Criminal Court for the Rwandan Genocide and moved to Arusha, Tanzania and worked there, all while being matriculated into law school.

It was an amazing experience, but it showed me that being an international human rights lawyer comes at a price. You cannot work in genocide and human trafficking all day and not have it impact your heart and soul. I caught myself feeling detached from work. We all had to be somewhat numb to perform our daily duties.

Yet again, I had achieved my goal just to find out it was not what I wanted to do.

I left Arusha and went home to Philadelphia, once again, without any sense of direction. I had no idea what I wanted to do within the law. At that point, I had worked at non-governmental organizations, governmental organizations, mid-size firms, large firms, and in almost every practice area, but none of it aligned with my core values or the way I wanted to live my life.

Giampolo Law Group is Born

One night in Philadelphia, I met with friends of mine, a couple, Dan and Raul. As my martini was about to arrive, Dan laughed and said, “We met with one of your kind today.”

I laughed and blurted out, “Why, did you meet with a lesbian?”

With a serious face, Dan lowered his voice and confided in me that they had met with a lawyer.

It was 2008, and they were a gay couple who owned a business and home together long before marriage equality existed. Raul was a Colombian citizen, for whom there was no legal way to stay in America without marriage.

So, they went about the legal process of recreating a marriage with estate planning documents.

At first, the lawyer assumed that they were business partners. My friend Dan said, “No, we're not business partners.” Next, the lawyer assumed that they were just friends. “No,” again, Dan said.

Brothers?

“NO!” Dan replied, exasperated.

Finally, the lawyer put his hands up in air quotes and asked, “Partners-partners? As in life partners?”

And Dan mimicked him back with air quotes and said, “Yes!”

At that moment, I had a vision, and it dawned on me then that the LGBTQ+ community needed legal representation – safe and inclusive representation for all of their legal needs, not just the legal needs that had to do with being gay.

For instance, we slip and fall, we go bankrupt, we own businesses, we own real estate, and, for those issues, we deserve legal representation where we are both seen, heard, and accepted.

Then and there, Giampolo Law Group was born.

Now, being Canadian, even I was naïve about how necessary it was to have a law firm dedicated solely to the needs of LGBTQ+ people.

Founding Giampolo Law Group created the need for more advocacy around changing the laws and making laws more equitable for everyone. As I saw it, there were two separate sets of laws: “straight law” and “gay law” and my goal was to have one set of laws governing everyone, applicable to everyone.

As an advocate, my strongest weapon has always been my voice, so I made sure it was everywhere. I wrote, and still write, monthly columns for multiple newspapers and publications. I’ve been on hundreds of radio and television shows, and I’ve joined as many non-profit boards in the city as possible.

Through my advocacy, I was able to meet not just my mentors, but the leaders of the LGBTQ+ movement like Matthew Shepard’s parents, the marriage equality plaintiff, Edie Windsor (the Martin Luther King of the gay rights movement) and countless other leaders, all fighting for the same end goal of creating a more inclusive and safe society for the LGBTQ+ community.

Awakening

My defining moment came at thirty-eight-years-old. In anyone’s eyes, I was technically successful. Due to my voice being on the national stage, a film crew reached out and came to Philadelphia to film my life and friends, wanting to turn it into a documentary series.

However, even though I won accolade after accolade and accumulated multiple properties and investments, I was miserable. I was day drinking and blowing lines of cocaine multiple times a week, my new marriage was in the toilet, and my wife asked for a divorce just three days after getting married.

There I was, the premier LGBTQ+ attorney of the city, but my personal life was in shambles. I felt like I was living a double life and that I had to keep the realities of my personal life hidden. I felt like I was keeping a deep, dark secret from everyone, and to a large extent, even from myself.

The stress I put myself under was excruciating. The fear of anyone finding out who I really was stirred up many self-loathing feelings that literally kept me up at night.

In dealing with this crippling anxiety, I developed an intense fear of public speaking. And as you can imagine, if a legal advocate loses her ability to public speak, she loses everything...

It was as if I lost the ability to speak because I wasn't living my truth every day and the words I spoke on any given day were masking the truth of what I was feeling inside. Until I started living authentically and in alignment with my words, actions, and purpose, I couldn't speak to, or about, anything.

And so then came the tests and challenges, enemies and allies and thankfully, amazing mentors in my life...

I remember sitting in a coffee shop one day, miserable and trying to figure out how I was going to tell the world that I was getting a divorce.

That's when a woman named Mary Morrissey entered my email inbox (and my life). I watched her video, it really resonated with me, and I found out she was holding an event in Dallas in just two weeks. Without hesitating, I just said, "Fuck it, I'm gonna go."

From that day until now has been a three-year journey of personal development. What I discovered was that there I was, representing the LGBTQ+ community who consisted of people who had the courage to be their true, authentic selves, and that I wasn't even doing that!

How could I unconditionally love them, but not embrace and truly love myself unconditionally, too?

When I realized that feeling like a hypocrite was all in my mind and that all that I had to do was to unconditionally love myself and others too, THEN my voice came back – THEN I felt truly free to be myself again – only THEN, did I start to heal my own open wounds that had been following me wherever I went...

Mentors and coaches helped me to further open myself and realize that there is so much more to life than what all of us were taught in school. Through the many personal development and self-help workshops that I attended, I began to realize just how powerful we all are to create the reality of our dreams.

That was my awakening and my wish for you is to experience that too...

Today

Napoleon Hill said, “Every adversity, every failure, every heartache carries with it the seed of an equal or greater benefit,” and that statement sums up my life.

The ability to take every challenge and “adversity” yet turn it into something good and positive is what my life has been all about, and that is what I want for you too. That is the type of resiliency, grit, and perseverance that I thrive on, and love seeing in others as they rise up to meet challenges head on. As with every civil rights movement, while there has been progress, we are not close to being done.

The fight for true inclusiveness and equality is far from over. To that end, after over a decade of serving the Pennsylvania and New Jersey areas of the United States, I am growing my law firm nationally and forming the first-ever nationwide law firm dedicated solely to serving the LGBTQ+ community and all of its legal needs. We’ll be nationwide by the end of 2022.

Additionally, I am building an online curriculum to teach lawyers how to serve the LGBTQ+ community with integrity and in an accepting and safe environment. The course takes everything that I’ve learned in the past decade, both from an advocacy standpoint, as well as the practical application of laws that serve the LGBTQ+ community.

My goal is to create the impact that I’ve had on a micro level in Philadelphia and make it national through the nationwide law firm, the LGBTQ+ legal curriculum for lawyers and lastly, my non-profit, the Caravan of Hope: A Rolling Resistance.

I formed the Caravan of Hope in reaction to the fear and desperation of the LGBTQ+ community when Donald Trump was elected President. The Caravan of Hope will have her nationwide maiden voyage in June 2022! We’ll drive throughout rural areas where the LGBTQ+ community is underserved and underrepresented and ensure that they have access to basic legal services.

For the past three years, I have been on a personal development transformation and have come full circle transforming from an unconscious competent to a conscious competent living in my zone of genius.

Finally, I feel that I have reached a place where I’m manifesting the life that I love, setting intentions, purposeful visions, and creating a life by design instead of by default.

I have spent a ton of money on personal development courses, coaches, teachers, mentors, conferences, and events on this journey. I was blind, having lost sight of my

core values, and was not aligned with my truth. I lost my inner vision, just like when I was twelve when I was blind to the world due to my poor eyesight.

It turned out to be the most expensive pair of glasses that I would ever buy. However, it was going through those challenges, tests, trials, and tribulations that brought me to where I am today.

Today, I am self-aware and open to both the continued work and healing that I need, as well as the power that I have within me to bring about the change and impact that I know is my purpose.

I've always had a feeling that I was meant to have a great impact on the world. Through the personal development work that I've done, I am much clearer on what that looks like and I'm learning to embrace the ways in which I can have an impact on people - not just through legal means, but also through teaching personal development concepts and by inspiring others to succeed and live abundantly, the way that I have without having to spend all the money that I did!

I look at my life now and wake up loving the fact that I have created my life by design.

As I mentioned, I have since moved three thousand miles away, am running my law practice successfully from San Diego and had the highest-grossing revenue year of my career, despite COVID-19, and was able to eliminate all of my debt.

In addition to creating the nationwide law firm and curriculum on how to serve the LGBTQ+ community, I am writing my first book titled, *Bucket List to Fuck It List: Unapologetically Creating a Life That You Love*. The book follows my journey over the last three years from being lost and in lockdown long before the pandemic ever started, to becoming the person I am today. It's a culmination of all the lessons I've learned both as an unconscious competent, before I was aware of my strengths, and very much as the conscious competent I am today.

In addition to the book, COVID has allowed me to revamp my radio show on iHeartMedia into a podcast titled *The Law of Success*, which interviews successful people on the reasons that they're successful, how they got to be successful, their take on success, and their best tips and hacks on how to succeed.

In one sense, I feel blessed. I also know that I built this life through dedicated intention setting, inspired action, coupled with imagination, intuition, perseverance, and, finally, hard work.

If you employ those strategies in your life to achieve whatever it is that you want to, then success is inevitable.

If you visualize what it is that you want to do, get crystal clear on what that looks like, sit with that vision daily, and take small, inspired action steps every day to achieve it, your results will come to you. Success is in the eye of the beholder, and the only perception that matters is yours.

Looking back on my experiences so far, I must say I have been blessed with opportunities. That said, opportunities are just potential, and can only take you so far. You too have opportunities relative to your circumstances and your results are dictated not by the opportunities themselves, but by whether you seize them when they appear.

Opportunity is not luck. We create our own opportunities through intention setting, visualization, and inspired action. Do you know people in your life that have all the “luck” in the world? Things just “happen out of the blue” for them?

I’ll let you in on a little-known secret – there’s no such place as “out of the blue.” “Out of the blue” is not over yonder – it is a phrase created for the seemingly random occurrences that happen to people who have grit, perseverance and resilience and have learned to harness intention setting coupled with inspired action.

Intention setting is something you do daily. A daily intention sets your reticular activation system (RAS) to work, and your RAS is essentially your brain’s filter for information.

Your brain is overloaded with information every day, and it simply cannot absorb all the colors, noises, and facts that come at it on any given day, so it filters them based on your belief system.

For example, you buy a new car that you think is unique, and then everywhere you go, you suddenly see your new car – that is your RAS system at work.

You can use this part of your brain for good. If you set your focus (or brain filter) to your goals with a specific intention, your brain will filter through all the information you receive automatically and hand you information relevant to your goal.

That is why intention setting is so powerful; you are turning your brain biology to your favor. It is also an incredibly effective tool to switch from negative thinking to positive. Your brain is always searching and filtering; you just have to put on the right filter.

Some tips to enhance the power of your intention setting and make them stick include, first and foremost, the act of focusing. When you say your intention, you have to focus on it and make sure it deeply resonates with you so you can feel its power. It should make you want to jump out of bed and into your day with vim and vigor!

Next, always be connected to your “why.” Make sure the intention is deeply connected to your why and to what drives you to achieve your goals.

The third most important tip is to check your fears at the door! A mentor taught me to inhale confidence and exhale fear and doubt throughout my intention-setting routine and that “fear” is simply false evidence appearing real – so give weight to anything that causes you to be fearful.

Lastly, be accountable. Invent an accountability system that works for you. Setting your intentions once is great, but the more you do it, the more driven and focused you’ll be. In my morning routine, I write my goals and affirmations and I also have a powerful affirmation on my bathroom mirror written in a dry erase marker, so I see it multiple times a day.

For the first time in my life, I find myself happy, fulfilled, and comfortable with the fact that I am still figuring things out.

In summary, if your life isn’t exactly the way you want it to be, believe in my belief that you are powerful beyond your imagination and begin embodying an underdog mentality. Use all your “disadvantages” to your advantage and go from being an unconscious competent to a consciously competent one by studying the universal laws (“the law of attraction” is just one of them!) to manifest a life you love.

Lastly, always keep Lily Tomlin’s powerful quote top of mind, “The road to success is always under construction.” There is no arrival in authentic success and happiness – it is a journey, not a destination.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ANGELIQUE PELLEGRINO

Angelique Pellegrino, known as The Angelic Transformer, is the founder of Be OMG! Mentoring.

She helps women over 30 who are in emotional, mental or even physical pain to have rapid, permanent and powerful results in transforming their life.

She does this through only 1 to 3 sessions of RTT (Rapid Transformational Therapy), which embraces hypnosis to manifest phenomenal results.

Angelique is passionate about taking people from pain to pleasure and seeing women live lives they love by permanently removing blockages from their subconscious.

Born in Switzerland in 1957, she travelled the world extensively before settling in Australia and studied many healing modalities to build a bridge between spirituality and psychology. She found counselling too past focused, reiki healing too slow and life coaching too future focused.

She provides a proven solution for fast transformation that is phenomenal. She can do so via zoom or in person in her Brisbane studio.

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5



There's no one else to blame!

Written By Angelique Pellegrino

People always think that the grass is greener on the other side, right? Moving to another town or country is going to be better. Even though some aspects of their lives will be better like perhaps a better climate or better job or business opportunity but...

Yes, there is a 'but.' The problem is that you still take your vibrations with you and before you know it, the problem you had will be in front of you again. Unless you learn the lesson, this will keep reoccurring over and over again.

How do I know? Well, not only did I travel the world extensively to see the greener pastures, but I moved to the antipode of the country I was born in which means I couldn't be any further away from it. And guess what? Drama did not elude me. In fact, if we were getting drunk together at a pub telling each other our sad stories to see who has the worst one, I bet you that I would win hands down.

Or as my daughter would say, "Your story is not 'insta worthy' Mum; it's Netflix worthy with a series going on over several seasons."

Here's a very small part of it... And just so you know, all names have been changed.

My late husband had an accident where the balcony railing went out from under him, and he fell four metres on his back. He was left with major internal damage, including his head with memory loss. He was on morphine for nine years...

He had been in and out of hospital many times. Towards the end when the palliative nurses asked me if I wanted him at home for his last few days, I said a big no, as I am not a nurse. I don't know how to handle blood pressure or give injections.

It was a nightmare! All he wanted was to go... He'd had enough and felt like a burden to us. I couldn't work. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I couldn't function properly and felt like a robot, making sure the kids had all they needed.

One day I was talking to my mother-in-law who had already passed away and said, "Hey Mum, you told me that he was at the end of the road, that there was no more fixing... and I can see that but it's hell, for him and us. With all due respect, what are we waiting for?"

She replied that he was waiting for his sister to visit. A couple days later 'bring, bring,' my husband's youngest sister rang to say that she was coming to visit. The very same day that I had to go to Sydney for a court case that I had been waiting on for months, which by the way I won without even going into the courtroom. I said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you," to Mum, my angels, and the universe. How brilliant was that timing? He would not feel abandoned while I had to fly in and out of Sydney for the day.

So, my daughter, who was twenty at the time, took me to the Coffs Harbour Airport, a coastal town in NSW where we lived, and picked up her aunt who was flying in from the plane I was about to take – how amazing is that? I thought - then she took her to the hospital to be with her brother and went to Uni as she became a school teacher.

What do you think happened? No, he didn't die. Way, way worse...

She convinced the hospital to let him out! She took him all the way to Perth, on the other side of Australia. He died away from us after twenty years of marriage. Don't ask me how she managed to get him on the plane, it's insane. Why did she do that? Well, she got the bereavement payment and a lump sum that the government was giving widows at the time to help them!!! (Around \$5,000.)

I had no idea those payments existed, and she had obviously done her homework as the legislation at the time said that she only needed to be his carer for one day to get those payments.

What's even worse is that she took him in a wheelchair to the bank and cleaned my bank account, so we capsized and were homeless.

And if that wasn't enough, the two sisters were trying to convince my two children to go to Perth. They had an apprenticeship organised for my son and Uni transfer papers for my daughter.

They also had a big massive funeral for him with complete strangers carrying his coffin when it should have been my son and they told everyone that I was a bitch because I didn't go to his funeral when I was told there wouldn't be one. They told me they would only have a "wake" with a dozen people and bring the ashes over and organise a massive funeral in our Coffs Harbour as he was the head of the family.

You see... three months into my marriage my husband said, "Oh by the way, we have a title." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Yes, my great grandfather was the Marquis of Palermo, Sicily, so you are a Marquessa."

He purposely only told me after we were married because, as he predicted, his sisters would throw it in his face that I only married him for his title...

You see, one day we were sitting at home, chilling, when my husband's long-term doctor friend who he used to provide an escort service to, for his wife and mistresses, rang him and said, "Hey I'm at the Sheraton Mirage on the Gold Coast and there's a Jack Fetrish getting married to an Edwina Fagolino and my friend wants to bust the wedding as he owes him three million dollars."

So, my husband who always gave people the benefit of the doubt as you have to hear both sides of the story before you act ordered, "Don't touch him because my parents are there. We'll get him later."

The funny thing is that he took our name. Jack Fetrish, pommy guy, became Jacomo Fagolino. My husband was not happy but as I always see the beauty in people, I said, "Don't worry, honey. They are in love; they are going to live in Brazil and simply want to get away from the baddies. Let them be..."

Well, little did I know the plot... He took our name in order to retrieve the paperwork from our title in Sicily as they had the Don Colone in Chicago ready to give them millions for it!!! They were trying to sell the title that is now rightfully my sons without our knowledge!!!

While sitting dumbfounded from what had just happened, when they stole 'Daddy', I said to my children that I should probably change my bank accounts, but my son said, "No, they would never do that!"

So, I didn't. And I am so happy that I didn't as my children would have never believed me.

There's a lot more to this as my husband was a very sick boy.

As he always had so much 'bad luck' I wondered if he had been cursed by one of those Italian Mamma's due to the family's history but eventually, after seven years of marriage, he finally opened up...

He had been raped by his uncle when he was eleven years old!!! His father's stepbrother.

That's why when he discovered women, he went ballistic. And fate made him be at the right time in the right place, as they say, and he became a gigolo for ten years. Yes, he used to provide a service to the elite woman who couldn't just go to the pub to pick up. He had a Madame who not only trained him about etiquette for fine dining but also organised all the meetings.

And to be clear, he did that BEFORE he knew me. He had a 'normal' job as a rep due to his gift of the gab when I met him.

As I was his extreme opposite, I was his heaven. All he wanted was a 'real' family, hence why we never lived close to his sisters as he knew what they were really like. They said they loved me, and I certainly did, unconditionally, but they had a knife behind my back the whole time because he was apparently meant to have married one of their own...

Now if you think this is bad and of course it is, we had no time to feel sorry for ourselves, so we got on the bus. No one came to our rescue! Not a single person in the community where I was very active offered any help. We just took all the logical steps to move forward.

Now a few years later, I had moved to the Gold Coast as my son had suggested for better work opportunities when my nephew rang me from Switzerland to ask me to come, as my mother was not well.

So, I planned a five-week trip but when I got there, I discovered what my husband had predicted... Are you ready?

Brace yourself! It's massive.

I discovered that my brother had killed my father and was in the process of doing it with my mother!!! How? Well, he had been to a mental institution twice and is still

to this day heavily medicated. When he gave one of his pills to his gay son after his marriage broke down to shake him out of his depression, he slept for four days... They couldn't wake him up! And he was in his late twenties so imagine what this would have done to my mother in her eighties... She was petrified to be buried alive...

I have a lot of evidence of this. In fact, when I confronted him with some questions, he put one of his tablets in my wine. Yes! Luckily, I was ten steps ahead of him and put the wine in a jar to have it tested and you could clearly see the white granules at the bottom of the glass.

Yes, he had cleaned her dry over the years by force and manipulation. He sold the family hotel for peanuts to a company that he founded with his associate, who was only twenty-two years of age at the time. They turned the hotel into apartments and he still collects income from it today.

My nephew told me that he heard my sister say to him, "Hey, Mum is nearly at the end of her life so let's do what we did with Dad and only tell Angelique after the fact and split the money!"

Ok. So yes, I thought I must have killed a china man in a past life. As a long-term truth seeker with a great understanding of the law of attraction, instead of blaming anyone, I just wondered how on earth I had created this.

For example: why did I fall in love with a man who was such a mess? Because he also had a way of releasing his deeply buried pain, which is not what you would call acceptable by our society...

The medical system would label him as bipolar as they didn't know his dark secret and/or what is so commonly known today as a narcissist. Luckily for my late husband, I don't like labels as we are all so unique and different. And those labels do more harm than good in my opinion as I have seen this time and time again.

I knew that I had chosen that path before entering planet earth. And I always had a choice. I chose to love no matter what, knowing that I would only repeat the pattern if I did not face it.

I wrote a letter to the oldest of my late father-in-law's brothers to spill the beans. Why? His brother did not deserve to live another day as a respected man and I told them to not even think for one minute to sue me or I would reverse it and they would lose as his psychologist wanted him to sue his uncle to regain his power but my husband did not want to upset the family dynamics... and obviously had a great level of shame there.

I also wrote a letter to every single member of my family, especially for the adult children, to bring the truth to light.

That's it. I let it go.

You see, what is very sad is that they will pay the price in a much more expensive way... It's just a matter of time. It's inevitable!

I've always been a great lover of psychology because its purpose is to understand why a person behaves a certain way so that you can find a way to heal.

All the people I mentioned above behaved the way they did and manipulated the way they did because of fear and money. They feared not having enough.

If they only understood that the universe always provides in abundance, they would not need to manipulate and control people the way they did.

For example, because of my husband's habits (drugs and gambling), I knew that I would never have money while I was with him. But I always lived in a great house, had great clothes and plenty of food and our children had everything.

So, rising above it, I realised that I chose this difficult path before entering this world as a point of contrast to grow from. And I certainly did that.

When I was a teenager at school, a teacher once said that we only use 15 percent of our brain. My immediate thought was, "What the hell are we doing? The answers are in the 85 percent."

So, it's been my life's quest to nail that and I can truly say that I have. I travelled the world to look at other cultures and religions, read many books, went to many seminars, and studied psychology and counselling to find out where the medical system was at. I wanted to build a bridge between spirituality and psychology.

I am now well and truly on top of that bridge.

You see, I don't like counselling as it keeps people in the past. Reiki is wonderful but let's face it, it is quite slow, as it takes off layers and layers at a time. The life coaches half my age were filling my head in preaching that it's all about mindset. Now with all due respect, to all the powerful and wonderful healers in the world as even more of them are needed, I am not disputing their work, but the fact is that if you don't clear out the junk that is deeply buried and often forgotten in your subconscious, it will come and bite you at one point or another. It's inevitable!

In saying that, I have now mastered a new proven technique that usually removes all the junk in one to three sessions only thanks to, but not only, with the use of hypnosis.

As a new world, we need to 'refresh' our mind to remove what no longer serves us fast to fly and be our true self, which is what we all came here to do.

For example, you may have had very controlling parents who might have taken you to the doctor when you were little because you didn't do as you were told and were diagnosed as being ADHD when in fact you were only age appropriate wanting to have fun and discover new things. This label made you feel that you didn't fit in and may have led to depression. Once you shed light on this under hypnosis, it's really freeing.

Depression only happens when you are not in true alignment with who you are.

Yes, read that again. It's true.

You know that your mind is like your computer or engine that always creates what it thinks you want. The problem is that the orders or data placed there when you were very young are completely outdated and no longer serve you.

I urge you to ponder over that and question your own beliefs. Where did they come from?

Who said what and how is it affecting your life today?

For example:

- If your mother was a man hater, what do you think has been implanted in your subconscious?
- If either your parents or family abandoned you, you will have trust issues.
- If you saw your father marry another woman as a second wife as allowed in your religion, how would you handle your marriage today?
- If your father was an aggressive narcissist making you choose a profession you hate, will you keep doing that work or leap to what truly calls you?
- If you witnessed horrendous things as a child, your mind may have chosen to make you hearing or vision impaired to protect you.

- If your sister slept with your first boyfriend, that would have left a mark with trust issues.

- If you were told, like me, that you can't be rich, happy and healthy, how would that have affected you?

- You may recognise a pattern such as always attracting men that are not good for you, not supportive and kind. Why is that?

Now all these changes can be done from a mental perspective by using self-control and discipline, which is what so many life coaches preach, but it's not easy. Do you know why? Because the mind likes what is familiar and does NOT like anything unfamiliar, so it will keep trying to stop you from changing. Hence why you feel lost at times. So, stop beating yourself up and reach out for some external help to get to the root cause of the issue and clear it once and for all.

For example, if you take five steps forward financially and then ten backwards all the time, it will most likely be an underlying belief that keeps holding you back. Money might be coming in, but then you have an unforeseen expense that takes it all away. All the affirmations in the world won't be able to overcome that. You need to clear the junk first.

I am living proof of that.

And don't worry, my friend, we are all in this together. Most of us have had tremendous turmoil and challenges to help us grow and lift the planet.

Stepping out of your comfort zone is scary, but believe me, it's extremely empowering. Turn the fear into excitement! No matter what your issue is, know that a solution exists to bring you to a better place.

How do you find the solution, you may wonder? Well, no one can answer that but YOU.

Sit in meditation and ask for answers and guidance.

For example:

I used to love pump classes at the gym, and I would wake up at 5 am to fit the early classes into my day. One day as I put the bar down, I felt a tremendous pain in my lower back and could hardly get up. I managed to drive home. My kids suggested going to the doctor, chiropractor or taking pain killers, but I refused and went to bed to rest. When I woke up and the pain was still there, I knew what I had to do.

I got up, still in pain, and sat in my meditation chair by the window at my Coffs Harbour house. When I was deeply relaxed and reconnected with my inner self, I asked what this pain was trying to tell me.

I sat there for over an hour before the answer came. I was way too hard on myself and had to learn to love myself more. So, I promised my higher self to make the necessary changes and soon after, rose up from my chair with no pain at all and it never came back.

Another time, I created a massive rash all over my body and I realised after self-reflecting that it was to keep men away.

This also happens to women who have excess weight, as it represents physical protection from psychological issues.

Heal your mind, my beautiful earth sister or brother, and enjoy your life. To help you, I've created a 'wonder-full' online course to guide you with your relationships.

I believe that we are all meant to live an abundant and delicious life on this planet and heaven is right here, right now. So hurry up and enjoy every single moment. Don't waste another second and remember that whatever you focus on, you will get more of.

So, time to get conscious. What are you thinking at any moment? What movie are you replaying in your mind over and over again that keeps you there?

Do you know what the most powerful words are in the world? No, it's not 'I love you.' It's 'LET GO.'

So, once you've succeeded in releasing whatever was holding you back, observe your new mindset and align yourself with the ideal coach for you to create the life of your dreams.

Happy days!

Angelically Yours

Angelique Pellegrino

The Angelic Transformer

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



DEB NORMAN

Deb is the CEO of The Quantum Blueprint and has obtained extensive experience over many years in the fields of Jung based Psychological Astrology, Metaphysics, Energy Body healing, Paradigms and mindset, Vibrational field work, Strategic Coaching and Psychotherapy; and is currently studying Epigenetics.

Deb has a credible name in her industry and strives for results constantly for herself and students. Deb has studied with and continues to study with high-profile personalities and experts in their field.

Deb believes that learning about ourselves and how we impact our environment is a way of life and worth the commitment.

Deb's passion is to educate souls that feel stuck in the loop of their early family conditioning, unresolved pain, self-awareness and expansion as an energy being.

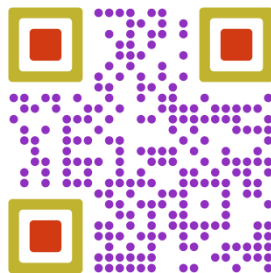
The Quantum Blueprint currently has programs and courses that assist souls with a range of learning material and coaching sessions for beginners in self awareness and personal growth to understanding the Universal laws and our Souls Blueprint or Natal chart

Deb runs a private group of twenty-eight thousand members where she enjoys educating and supporting her members on their spiritual and personal journey.

You can contact Deb and her team from the email tabs in her website:
www.thequantumbp.com

The Quantum blueprint group on Facebook link: <http://bit.ly/2UXHyMM>

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“To be obsessed with the light or dark is to be consumed by it.

There must be a balance; One cannot exist without the other.”

6



Echoes of the Mind

Written by Deborah Norman

Have you ever wondered what lies beneath, or what is really running the show? What hidden secrets lay dormant in the depth of our psyche, and how they instruct and create what we do not want?

When subconscious stories are allowed to take control, they will pull our strings and create havoc in our lives. I very cleverly managed to create enough chaos to allow me access into the deep, dark world of my basement.

I jumped from the frying pan into the fire many times before I found personal enlightenment hiding at the end of the proverbial rainbow. This is a story of a young girl who was more in the field than present in her body. An account of how resilient the human race is when they embrace chaos and find a way to crawl out of, and even triumph over, the deepest holes; this is an account of how that growth led me to the purpose I now know I contracted to fulfil in this experience. I would like to take you on a brief journey of how I grew up, what programs I created, and memories I attached emotions to in the first half of my life so you can get a feel for why I do what I do.

For me, life felt very foreign, the body strange and this experience like a dream. Little did I know back then that life is a dream. A dream that we as an extension of one creative consciousness can utilise to expand itself in as many ways as possible to learn about self-expression, enlightenment, and love.

Looking back and reflecting on my childhood now, from this new perspective, fills me with awe and nothing but love for what this little soul chose to endure in the name of growth and expansion.

As a child I was carefree, my nickname was “the little champagne girl,” as I was so bubbly and forever changing my outfits and bedroom furniture. Back then I had absolutely no understanding that this was a representation of the constant energetic shifts I was going through and that these shifts were the foundation of my psychic/medium abilities expanding. This was not to last. My bubbly personality diminished at the age of ten, sparked by a move that changed my life forever. This move affected the whole family and as I grew taller and more beautiful it triggered anger amongst those I looked to for support and safety.

Imagine for a moment, a child born different, naïve, playful, and unconditionally loving to everyone she encountered, feeling the negative undercurrents from those around her with absolutely no idea what she had done to cause the pain and anger. As a gentle soul with a huge heart and overbearing sensitivity to vibrations and the spirit world, daily life became hard to navigate. I had no idea what was mine and what belonged to everyone else. Boundaries were an issue. I was ungrounded, merging with the collective and suffering emotionally and physically from the energy I absorbed from the field.

On a daily basis, I was surrounded by what I thought were spirits, back then. I now understand that I was drawing thought forms to me that were vibrationally matching the energy in the home and all the unspoken pain I felt from being different. These experiences sparked the beginning of the fight-or-flight reaction that would slowly wear down my immune system and trigger years of illness.

As an Aquarian child, ahead of her time, my body was already being ruled by a trigger-happy electrical nervous system. A difficult birth also damaged my Atlas bone and crushed the vagus nerve, which affected my nervous system and caused havoc throughout my body and organs.

I had no idea back then who and what I truly was and that all of these challenges were deliberate in nature, set up by me to ensure I mastered the art of being able to stand alone, giving me the strength, courage and determination to complete my chosen tasks as a channel whose purpose is to pour the waters of knowledge onto humanity and assist them with their journey of self-discovery.

I grew up in a small town southwest of Sydney. We played in the street, house jumped and walked to school. My favourite thing to do was play on the bush track

between our yard and the school yard. We had goats and one particular goat would jump the fence, go up the track and wander into the school. This was awesome. I got to take time out of class and bring my goat back home through the bush track. This goat was special to me; we saved her from hunters.

Right from the start, I was being bullied by other children and teachers, locked in cupboards, belted, hit by boys, and teased. My lifeline was my friends on our street.

When I was ten, we moved to the country. Being ripped away from my friends was the hardest thing for me and marked the beginning of the loneliness, isolation, fear, and inner turmoil.

Life changed for everyone after this move. It was like we moved to a different galaxy. The mood in the home changed. The environment felt cold and hostile. I missed my friends so much and began to spiral.

I experienced energy attacks, depression, suicidal thoughts, and a strong urge to get out any way I could. This is where I jumped out of a bad situation into one of my biggest nightmares.

I was married at eighteen and gave birth naturally to twins. The second born almost died at birth, and both spent a few days in special care. I was only a child myself and had never experienced pain like this.

My second twin was tube fed for five days and being separated from the weaker of the two put an energetic barrier between us that would come back to haunt me later. At age twenty-two I had given birth to another child and on my twenty-fourth birthday, I went into labour with triplets, giving birth to the survivor of them three days after my birthday.

I was in a troubled marriage, I had all these babies, I was alone, broke, and broken from grief after this last pregnancy. This birth not only caused harm to the survivor but also damaged my already exhausted body, physically and emotionally.

Over the next ten years, life was a rollercoaster of disasters, illness, pain, isolation, and rejection. We lived on the land with no facilities and all these babies that were so young to care for while we built our own kit home. This is when I developed CFS, exhaustion, a depleted body and severe reaction to the toxic glue used to build. I was so glad to see the back of this place.

It was after another move and the purchase of a home that I met my first teacher, a medium who had previously worked with police. She taught me about the

metaphysical world, my connection to self and spirit. I learned fast how to remove the mud as she called it from my energetic field that was causing my chronic fatigue. She showed me how to be alert while my body slept and opened up a whole new understanding of the abilities I was born with but did not understand.

I started a career in nursing to help pay the mortgage. It was challenging walking to work, cleaning, cooking, and taking care of four children. Lifting for eight hours then walking home. Little did I know back then that this journey and the injury sustained during a night shift would be the necessary evil and catalyst for change. I sustained a permanent injury to my back, which left me incapacitated for many months. This was all the bank needed to come after our home.

I was in rehab for a long time and required an osteopath at least three times a week. It was two years before I was walking properly and seven before I could walk on hard sand.

This is what inspired my move to the Gold Coast. It was this divinely inspired move that added another layer to my learning about self and the world I was in. Not long after arriving in Queensland, I started studying psychological astrology, continued my metaphysics, enrolled in Spiritual Awareness and Development with an astrology teacher and crisis counsellor, who also channelled spirit and worked with an Indian tribe. I had some amazing experiences with that tribe, and they were so familiar; it's amazing how Source can infuse itself into multiple thought forms simultaneously and activate the identities of those who once walked the Earth plane.

Life was hard in this marriage and eventually I had built up enough self-esteem and courage to remove myself and the children from the destructiveness of this relationship and rebuild a life for us and a new career for me, while I continued my studies. The first year felt long and hard, and I cried a lot. I had been with this man since I was fifteen and he was eighteen, and now, I am thirty-six. I had to learn to do it alone. Then I thought, "I have been doing it alone." That was one of the first epiphanies that showed me how our perception can mess with us and keep us stuck in a never-ending cycle of disempowerment.

Why do we go for the bad guys? What is it in us that finds them so appealing? You know the type—long red hair, runs with a wild crowd, exciting, mysterious, and quiet. Little did I know as a young teen that I was walking into an unhealthy environment. Of course, now I can see that If I were groomed in one, then my programs would insist that I keep that story going.

I thought that if I loved him more each day, he would change, stop the drug and alcohol abuse, and actually turn up and spend time with the family who loved him so much. Now I know this is fantasy, part of the programming I grew up with, the knight in shining armour delusion where he saves us from ourselves. I guess it was the absent buffer that helped me to feel there was light at the end of the tunnel, a safety net, and an unconscious withdrawal from taking responsibility for what I created from my programs. I had to look at this from a realistic perspective while at the same time not beat myself up for being so naïve.

It's not our fault, not when we are young. We are unaware of who and what we are. We do not know we are programmed technology merged with a vibrational field of consciousness.

The moment we do, it is up to us to do something about it. There is no turning back.

After the initial shock of being a mum who was single, I started a career in real estate. I was so excited that I actually got the job. It was the first time I had done something I was passionate about on the work front. This too proved to be a challenge. I was unaware of the games they play, business eluded me, and I was so naïve I had no idea that I was being duped behind my back. How could this happen again? I was doing the work on me. I felt happy and loved interacting with people and assisting them in finding their dream home.

When our grief, stories and unhealed wounds are deep, it can take years of work to unravel it, but it must be the right work in the right order. There is a process, a way of doing things that allows us to peel away from the top to the centre of our pain without creating more of the same or a negative effect in the body and reprogramming of the drama. I now understand that our bodies get addicted to the cortisol and adrenaline release when we get stressed, and it will do just about anything for a fix. We are not in control of this until we consciously understand that we instructed the body in the first place.

I found this remarkably interesting. There is an order to it, like baking a cake. If you put the eggs in the wrong order, the mix can separate. Okay, now I am getting it. There is a way to turn this around, but it must be done in order. It made sense — after all we are a programmable hard drive with software.

Work was going great, but I could not dismiss the politics, stories, and assumptions. I also knew that what others did was none of my business. As long as I maintained a high standard of integrity, it was not my issue, or so I thought. I had not

realised until I left this circle that the man I had been told to work with by one of our own was not considered ethical. I, of course, was not let in on this little secret and continued to do business with him. I always put the contracts through the right channels at work, insisting that my superior assist me with filling it out correctly. I only took the pay I was given by the pay master, yet the stories continued. Why had I attracted this and how did this happen? Was I set up by the one I trusted in my own company?

It was time to turn to my astrology knowledge and work out why there was such a dominant part of me that bought into the “good in all.” This got me thinking about how I could assist others from my experiences and how informative the knowledge of our birth blueprint can be.

If I spent a bit more time learning about my programs, I would understand what disowned aspects of self were being pulled in by contrast to others out there. This does not mean I was doing the behaviour. It meant that the underlying feeling I was left with was vibrationally matching those who were doing the misdeed. It seems I still had not fully grasped reality and how to stay grounded in it.

I started dated a man who was introduced to me by a friend. We hit it off straight away. I was so in love with this one. He’s the exception, I thought.

I decided to leave the company I was with and within a week I was offered a position with another company who had been watching me work and really loved how I did my job.

This was amazing. The hours were great, giving me time with the kids. They were easy going and allowed me to do my job my way. In my first week, I was selling two units a week every week. The principle enrolled me in a four-year course to train me to take over. I was being paid well, had a great guy, a nice house, and a social life for the first time since I was fifteen. I was so grateful for this wonderful new beginning then the programs kicked in.

I woke one morning feeling so sick. I dragged myself into work, went out for an appraisal and started being physically sick. “Oh, no!” I can’t be. I raced off to the doctor on my lunch break and bam, it hit me like a brick, I was pregnant. The fear that rose up, catching in my throat, was unbearable. How do I tell him? Will he want us? I flipped from fear to fantasy, thinking he might ask me to marry him. This was my rollercoaster.

That night we ate out and met at the restaurant. I told him I was pregnant. He didn't have much to say. Afterward he stayed out with the boys. I had to get home, I was exhausted, and not feeling great.

A day later my boyfriend informed me that he was being sent interstate on a job and two days later he was gone. This was his way of not taking responsibility. Everything was weird from then on. He was gone for the majority of the pregnancy. I knew he did not want to be with me. He made it clear he didn't want to be a father.

I had to let go of the course and my new career. I was too sick to manage it. I had now become unemployed, single, pregnant with a midlife baby and four teenagers and I was terrified about how I was going to do this again and alone.

This relationship correlated with a twelve-year Jupiter cycle and were to be some of the hardest years to follow. The rollercoaster was in full swing. I was damaged, and it felt like it was beyond repair. We suffered terribly as I attempted to learn how and why this kept happening, what part of the program, the thinking and decisions were throwing me so far off course. What was I missing?

It didn't take me long to realise I was missing knowledge. I had gone from the farm to being a mum. I was in over my head. I had no files or programs that could help me navigate the world out there. How could I? I had never been out there. I had not travelled and spent most of my adult life alone, left in a home with no resources and four children under five to care for. I was like a child myself.

There was so much grief, loss, trauma, and pain.

The upside of this story is that these experiences propelled me to act, make better decisions and enrol in programs that would replace my current filing cabinet.

That twelve-year journey my youngest child and I went on together was hard. It caused a break in us both that took a lot of work to heal. Looking back on this I often ask, would I have changed any of it? If I am being honest, yes there are a few parts that I would have chosen differently, if I had the ability to think clearly and problem solve. On the other hand, it was this journey that taught me on so many levels how to find the programs, what to do about the programs and improve the quality of people's lives while healing the stories they choose to play out unconsciously with others, all in the name of growth and expansion.

It is this identity that taught me how to know myself to the point of knowing others.

I now have the tools and strategies in my kit that dramatically cut down the time of trauma and pain release. Bring clarity to the mind, body, and spirit. Heal from the outer layers to the core. Realise, release, and reinvent new stories that bring triumph and joy. I now know that I was not only never present, but not grounded. My body's early family conditioning was responding to my everyday life. I was not here. This is one of the main reasons we all run into trouble, our consciousness is not present, our body is not grounded yet we leave it in charge of our safety.

We humans require a certain amount of chaos, as does the earth to shift. We do not learn from happy, loving peaceful experiences; these are the results of our growth. Our growth comes from messing up, triggering ourselves and others and falling over in ways that appear to be devastating.

This too is a perception and a program passed down from generation to generation via genetic predisposition, but that is a whole other chapter.

We can overcome our thinking when we place our consciousness within our heart. With the right tools, we can change how we see our world, ourselves, and each other. This will be a very good thing.

I have devoted twenty-six years of my adult life to self-study, education, and mastery. These experiences are what led me to push past the veil and investigate who and what I really am. I have nothing but praise for these hard times and the tools I have developed that bring so much joy to those I work with. No matter how challenging a situation is, there is always a solution.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



DENNA SZWAJKOWSKI

Denna, aka The Travel Connector, has travelled to 24 countries and 44 cities in 17 years.

As the Founder and Creative Director of The Travel Show Australia, and Editor-in-Chief of The Travel Mini Mag, Denna, a Gold Coast mother of three, is passionate about reconnecting people and places, and helping the travel industry flourish again.

A former travel consultant, business development manager and online business mentor, Denna has survived three near-death experiences, defied the UN, and became a successful digital currency consultant during COVID.

As the Crypto Connector, Denna has embraced educating herself and others in the cryptocurrency space, and encourages others to do the same.

Denna's passion project connects people who have been adopted, like she has, through a My Adoptive Heart podcast, including conversations about adoption, building a community and a healing space.

Her two life mantras are to 'Make a Difference. Collaborate. Grow.' and to 'Travel. Inspire. Grow.'

<https://thetravelshow.com.au>

<https://denna.com.au>

<https://myadoptiveheart.com>

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7

The World is Your Oyster - Finding the Pearls

Written by Denna Szwajkowski



Where does one start when they are tasked to write about themselves? Where does one start when they accept the challenge to step outside their comfort zone? This is where I find myself, and so much shows up when you throw yourself into exploring what is on your mind and what is in your heart. Then it hits you, like you're crashing into a wall. Perhaps it's your default mechanism, and you're spiraling down a direction of overwhelm and self-sabotage. Is this you too?

My mind runs with thoughts at a mile-a-minute pace, and I realise how uncomfortable I can be in the moment. When I'm nervous, I can't stop talking. When I'm nervous, I talk fast. I catch myself talking over people. It's one of my bad habits. Why is it so easy to focus on negative elements of oneself? Here I am asking lots of questions. Struggling to dig deep.

Well, not this time. I find it difficult to talk about myself, and I wish this wasn't so. I'm no stranger to having imposter syndrome settle in. However, I'm determined to push through. You're probably wondering now, who is this woman, and what wisdom does she care to share? I'm here to share my authentic self, and in the process, I'm hoping to discover answers to questions I'm starting to realise I have probably been too scared to ask, and perhaps it will stir curiosity within you, too.

This chapter I hope will resonate with anyone who loves to travel like I do, with anyone who has lost something or someone they love, with anyone questioning their

identity and place in life, or anyone determined to rise through the ashes of feeling like a fraud. This chapter has been written to remember where I've come from, to explore and reflect on the past, to look forward, and put a spotlight on myself. Sometimes our purpose is to be in the spotlight, to encourage others to step out of their darkness. Sometimes we step back, so others can shine.

For those that know me, my state of mind, as I've mentioned above, may surprise you. At first glance, I'm usually described as assertive, confident, dynamic, smart, creative, passionate and enthusiastic. I've also been called a master collaborator, and a master connector by others. I'm told I'm inspirational. But I must confess, it took me longer to see what others saw in me, and for me to see it myself.

Since having children, I have embarked on a journey of self-reflection. I had the need to examine from the beginning, and to not just like, but love myself. Life is a journey of transformation, and luckily for me, many opportunities to travel, and the people I have met, have helped shape me along the way.

The word pivot is a much-overused word associated with the past few years of the pandemic and coronavirus outbreak, but that is what I had to do, and I personally prefer to use the word reset. I've always been one to think outside the box, but in all honesty my thirties, and the last decade, have certainly been the most frustrating, full of all kinds of challenges, emotionally, physically, and financially. Sure, the pandemic has brought hard times for many, and particularly small businesses, but I'm going to buck the norm here. The pandemic has been one big wake-up call. It's shown me how resilient and adaptable I am.

Without getting into my political views and sharing where I stand with current events happening around the world, I can honestly say the pandemic has been a catalyst in new directions. If not for the pandemic, I would not have been motivated to move into the space of digital currency and cryptocurrency, and I certainly would not have had the means and support to have launched *The Travel Show Australia* during COVID. But the truth is, what I am doing now is not so much a pivot into something new, but more a reset on ideas and work explored in the past. I have been blessed by clarity and purpose during COVID, and finally getting financially rewarded for my gifts, and talents.

I've always credited Japan as my first overseas journey, and the one where I caught the travel bug. When I was fourteen years old, I took part in a high school trip. It required us to host a Japanese student as well, and we did this a few times. It really opened my eyes to another way of living, and it fed my soul to try new food and do

new things. My father being involved in Rotary also exposed us to visiting exchange students, and I was that girl, always eager to befriend the new kid, or students from foreign countries. Was this because I had deep-rooted feelings about being a foreign person myself?. My father was chairman of the school council while I attended high school, and so growing up watching him get involved has influenced me over the years to take active roles within my children's school's Parents and Citizens Associations. As a fundraising strategist, I've always looked for ways to take the fatigue out of fundraising to support not for profits, and charities.

Here's a question for you, and one I have asked myself. Have you ever done something, not sure why you did it, but just did it anyway? On reflection, you can see why, but at the time it was you in the moment or you following your intuition? This seems to be me.

Let me take you back to when I made a random decision to move to China, where a job opportunity appeared, and I just said yes. This surprised family and friends, especially because Japanese is the language I had learned at high school, not Mandarin. But there was a voice in my head telling me to go. I remember being excited by the idea of not knowing the language. I was excited to not just visit, but immerse myself into the culture, and live like a local. Plus, the voice in my head was also telling me I am not the type of woman to wait around for the man I loved to get a clue. This was before marriage, before children, before my now husband had shown commitment towards being exclusive. So I went overseas again.

The skills and experience I gained when living in Daqing, China as an English teacher over twenty years ago, assisted my role more recently when for eight months I worked as an online tutor for students learning English as a second language. On any given day, I would engage with students, both adults and children, in Brazil, Turkey, China, South Korea, Japan, and Saudi Arabia.

Likewise, the skills, experience, and contacts I gained from my time as an advocate Bartercard Member, and then Bartercard Business Development Manager, over seven years ago, would set me up with the confidence to approach the company Qoin for a role as an Independent Accredited Agent.

You can't change the past. But you can certainly make different decisions for your future. You can't beat yourself up for the decisions or mistakes you have made, and I say this because I have wasted energy here in the past. Life can be hard, but if you keep at it, sometimes it will unexpectedly give you a reward.

The phrase, “The world is your oyster,” is often said to young people about to embark on adult life. My eldest daughter, a tween, is about the age when I first heard this metaphor for life. It’s something that I guess I’ve subconsciously told myself time and time again. As I write this chapter, I can now see in the past year I’ve taken this metaphor for life to a whole new level. On a few occasions I’ve had friends over for casual wine and oysters for a social get together, and we shuck the oysters ourselves before baking them Kilpatrick style! We have yet to discover any pearls, but I can now see I am subconsciously reminding myself that if one is lucky and works hard enough, they could encounter something special. After these times with friends, I am always left feeling optimistic, and my inner child has been nurtured. For me, once I have time with the supportive and special people in my life, my clarity and purpose returns. So find your tribe.

They say, “You don’t really know a person until you live with them, travel with them or do business with them,” and after years of being a passionate overachiever through my teens and my twenties and living in various places overseas and around Australia, I got married, had three children, and let my American husband steer the ship. As the head of our family, and he excels in that role, I was a struggling, hot mess. While he may be the head, I have come to realise in our family I am the neck. But where did that loveable adventurous Denna go?

What happened to the girl who road tripped around America? The girl who visited Tibet, Nepal, and India? The girl who scuba dived in Sabah, Phuket, and the Red Sea? What happened to the girl who spent time in Paris, the UK, Athens, and Egypt? The girl who married in Fiji and honeymooned in Vanuatu? The woman who explored Northern Vietnam and Cambodia?

I can include the following cities on my where I have lived list: Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth. Besides Daqing, China, teaching English, I also have four months as an Au Pair for a naval family in Honolulu and San Diego under my belt.

International expansion opportunities had brought my husband from Chicago to Australia. We met in 1997 when he was interviewing me for a job about selling knives. I was juggling full-time university and performing in a sales role. After we had ceased working together, an intimate relationship blossomed between us. It took seven years before he proposed, and in 2007 we got married. Love had prevailed, and we had beaten the odds through distance and other people in our lives. Observations about this time in my life have me now seeing some interesting parallels. We both made decisions to travel to new countries. It could also be said, we both left home to travel,

chasing opportunities and following our hearts' desires. I believe we admired this in one another. Our life before marriage was full of many exciting travel adventures around the world. Some together, some alone. In retrospect, is travel the glue of our relationship?

As life has moved along, and I've transitioned to having a family of my own, I can see I'm constantly trying to rediscover a sense of feeling connected. So one has to question, what is lacking? In the eyes of my husband, I went rogue. I try to remember happier times, which ironically centre around travel, and I want to instill a love of travel within our children. I look forward to taking them to more cities, places, and countries we talk about. They have been on multiple trips to America and have explored South Korea and Japan.

Family is not defined by our genes, it is built and maintained through love. Let's explore why this statement is particularly poignant for me, shall we? I am proudly adopted from an orphanage in Yogyakarta, Indonesia, and I've always known I was adopted. From a young age, the word adoption was in my vocabulary. It explained why I looked different to my parents, the wonderful people who raised me. It never bothered me growing up, or so I thought. I had loving parents and eventually a sibling, adopted from an orphanage in Bangkok, Thailand, and a great childhood. I was one of the lucky ones. For financial reasons at the time, only my mother went to collect my brother. You go to sleep one night, being an only child, then wake up the next morning meeting a new four-year-old at the airport, and they speak no English. Just like the scene from the movie *Lion*.

It was after marriage, and postpartum depression, that the roots of my adoption and my make up were questioned. I started to look at adoption differently. I started to question my parents' decisions. Did I, in fact, have abandonment or detachment issues as suggested? Was the person I am, and the struggles I was facing at the time, related to being adopted?

Over time, I have learned that sharing adoption stories can serve as inspiration, develop awareness, and create positive change in the lives of others who are on their own journey within the sometimes-turbulent world of adoption. With my heart of hearts, I like to open up doors, and be an avenue of inspiration for others. The creator in me knows that my own adoption journey can serve as the springboard to something much needed for fellow adoptees. I envisioned a community, a safe place to connect, a healing room, a podcast, and my role of facilitating conversations around all facets of adoption. From my own spiritual journey, and my vast amount of business

connections, it means I've crossed paths with a variety of modalities that have helped me explore the questions from within. There's a passion project that I've called My Adoptive Heart, and it sits waiting for me to take it to the next stage of development. So many ideas. So little time.

When people ask, I usually sum myself up as: 1 Woman. 2 Mantras. 3 Pumpkins. As the mother to three, the three pumpkins is how I have always affectionately referred to my children. It's been a term of endearment since I first became a mother in 2008 with the birth of our son. Our girls arrived in 2009 and 2011 to complete our pumpkin patch. Yes, we had them close in age, and for the first time I had blood relatives around me, and just like a good Disney song, I was always excited to be able to one day show them the world.

Having three children was stepping out of my comfort zone. I had personally grown up in a family of two children surrounded with friends as family, whereas my husband had grown up with three siblings and a lot of extended family around. There's certainly pros and cons to both scenarios, and we made the choice to live away from the support network of family.

I'm reminded that prior to marriage, I did verbalise that I wanted two children by the time I was thirty. One week exactly before my thirtieth birthday, I gave birth to our second child and our first daughter. She came early, and I had accomplished the goal of two children before thirty. Yes, that means we have two Virgos in the house, heaven help me! Even though it was a self-imposed deadline, it was good to feel in control during a time when so much change was happening around me. Perhaps another example of the power of manifestation. You must remember your words and intentions are powerful.

After the birth of my second child, I coined the phrase, "My kids are my business, while I find my business." I randomly came across a woman online, who just happened to be from Chicago like my husband, and what she was doing spoke to me. I found myself reaching out. Oprah Winfrey had just visited Australia. Always prepared to make an impression, and good at getting someone's attention, the first few lines of my initial email read, "If Oprah Winfrey can go Down Under, why can't you?" So in the early years of The Founding Moms, I worked closely with the founder, Jill Salzman, and pioneered the growth of her international brand. I loved what she was doing, and I bought into her vision to connect mum entrepreneurs around the globe with one another and help them get down to business.

At the time of my life when I needed it, what I established was a mother's group with a business on the agenda, and we did it with our children in tow. Monthly we would meet up and I would organise a guest speaker or expert to present on a business topic. I look back on my business connections and friendships from those days with pride, knowing that I gave some of my guest speakers from those days their first speaking gigs. It also allowed me to be someone I wasn't able to unleash at home, and got me out of the house, and gave me a sense of purpose. It was here I started to unleash my entrepreneurial flair.

This led to an invitation to host *Denna on the Go, The Founding Mums Show* on a community radio station in Brisbane, so I did that for a spell. So I'm no stranger to igniting the light in others. It comes naturally to lift up others and promote other businesses. I've been doing it all my life in some form, but it wasn't until I became a mother that I really became aware of my own weaknesses and started to question my life's purpose. I lost myself and questioned my identity all at the same time. The pressures of marriage, being a new mother, and a reality where I was disappointing my husband with any of my choices left me feeling insecure and questioning my existence. My coping mechanism was to tune out. To disengage and find validation elsewhere. I was lucky to have an online community I could turn to. Other women who felt the same way.

Wanting to put my thirties behind me, I was really looking forward to turning forty. The next decade was going to be a huge improvement; I was going to make sure of it. When my father, who fought brain tumours for seven years, died three days prior to my fortieth birthday, I found strength and purpose through the grief. I was able to shine again. I tasked myself with the honour of organising the celebration of his life. It was an incredibly sad time of my life, of course, but it allowed me the time to have candid conversations with my mother about their wonderful marriage, and one we should all aspire to have ourselves. My father's death allowed extended time for my children with their cousins, and I had the opportunity to reconnect with family friends, who played the role of family, when I was growing up. Once again, my inner child was being nurtured. So my message here, even through loss, is to look for the opportunities, and the rewards.

To some, this may sound selfish and ungrateful, but has married life stifled me? As someone who loves to travel, it's easy to dream of a marriage vacation. Marriage isn't easy, and if your partner throws their arms up in frustration, I hope they are also prepared to bring their arms down around you in comfort. I have always craved for a place to inspire and be inspired, teach and be taught, love and be loved.

Now it's time to make things happen, and I'm getting better at listening to my intuition. I'm proud of how resourceful I can be, and when things don't work out as originally planned, I am adaptable, and can at least be proud of the lessons I've learned along the way. I can illustrate the times in my life where I returned to much loved roles in the travel industry, or when I've had to pivot to adjust to change. I wish for my children, and especially my girls, that they grow up financially independent, and not feel they are defined by the love of a man and the security one can supply.

I'm a multi-passionate entrepreneur. There will always be special projects that keep me on track, and I am guided in life and business by my mantras, and strong desire to make a difference. Collaborate. Grow. As well as to travel. Inspire. Grow. The challenge has always been for me to say no or find a way to do it from home.

I trust in this world that we cross paths with those we are meant to meet. I see this as a sign. I am open to exploring the possibilities that lay in front of us. How we are meant to intertwine will be revealed in time.

I love the travel industry. I've been in the industry since 2003. I've been a travel agent, I've been a travel rep, and I've struggled and juggled to stay relevant through changing times. Now as Denna The Travel Connector, and Denna The Crypto Connector, I'm very grateful *The Travel Show Australia Mini Mag* features in *Mums in Business Magazine*, and for the business partners that believe in me.

I created Travel. Inspire. Grow. with a vision to help connect businesses and connect people, to share inspiring stories, and to showcase and elevate the travel industry in a post-COVID world. More than ever, we need to keep the travel conversations going. For some, to travel again is a sign of hope. More than ever, I'm determined to make a difference, be financially independent, transform and develop as a person and business owner, but also to live a balanced, and successful life on my terms. Travel can be transformational. It has been for me. I'm looking forward to hearing more inspirational stories that emerge from these COVID times.

The pearls we find are our characters, our passions, our talents, our unique opportunities. No matter what your dreams or obstacles are, you have the power to change your life and, by doing so, you'll change your world.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



EVELYNE WILTON

Evelyne is a passionate and creative entrepreneur who helps others transition from Corporate to Entrepreneurship through her holistic program Entrepreneurship360. She believes you meant you live your professional and personal life at your optimal best, aligning who you are with practical every day actions that makes you the person you meant to be.

Evelyne also runs a successful Marketing Agency, has established a sustainable brand online and is also the co-founder of a non-for-profit organisation for women called Her Freedom Network.

Links:

<https://www.evelynewilton.com>

<https://www.h2collective.com>

<https://www.cleenhaus.com>

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It's a Full Circle Journey

Written by Evelyne Wilton

My Childhood - I grew up in Europe. My parents were refugees who came to the Netherlands during the occupation of Indonesia in the 1940s. I had a good childhood. They raised us well, and we were well cared for. Mum and Dad were hard-working parents with multiple jobs and as long as I can remember, they were survivors and acted according to what they knew was best for us.

My future already took shape during my early childhood years, although I couldn't see it at the time. It started during the end of primary school and followed on during the early years of middle school. I was a leader in the making and it started with volunteering. I remember my first fundraiser where I was collecting signatures to save the baby seals killed for their fur organised by Greenpeace. I gathered the kids from school to knock at people's doors and we raised the most signatures in our area and got invited to the Greenpeace boat that was moored in the city. I still recall the excitement of my achievements then. What astounds me today is that I was only eleven years old. No one taught me how to run such an awareness campaign. I didn't do any leadership training; I had no idea how to fund-raise. I just did it, with so much passion and determination, only having one goal in mind which was to help save the baby seals.

My volunteering days continued with organising a talent quest for the school, a fashion show, and many more school events. Did I do an event management course? No! Did someone show me how to be organised? No! Did someone show me how to

pick the right music for any event? No. I might have had some guidance from the teacher, but I remember very clearly how I organised the talents, their costumes, queuing their music and so forth but more how excited I was and driven to make it happen.

As I am writing this chapter, I realised that I was full of passion, determination, focus, goal driven, being in my happy zone and that nothing or nobody could stop me. I was fearless, believed in myself, cared for others, and had a big heart for the planet. The people who supported me, my parents and my teachers, were all that I needed to grow into something that started to shape me as a person.

My heart was pure and innocent, not tarnished by fear, opinions of others or distractions. I lived in a world of limitless belief. I was exploring the possibility of my true self. I am sure that many can relate to this as much as it has been a moment of clarity while writing my story.

We have heard the saying, “Who has corrupted you?” My question to myself was what happened to this kid who believed she could do it all?

By the time I went to college at the age of fifteen, I had lost a fair bit of confidence. I lost some of the identity I had when I was younger. I was no longer that fearless girl that was taking the lead. I wasn’t loud anymore but gradually became subdued by the noises of opinions around me. I started to compare myself with others and felt at times that I wasn’t good enough. I didn’t have the nice clothes that others had. My life was filled with comparisons and in my eyes, I wasn’t good enough. I certainly wasn’t one of the popular girls at the school.

The only thing I never lost was the fact that I was always daring, on the edge of risk, and I still am. I guess that was the spirit of entrepreneurship coming out.

Career path - My parents sent me to an international language school at the age of eight, and I learnt to speak fluent English and French. There was so much confusion during the career development of my life that I really didn’t know what I wanted to do. In the end I wanted to work in Brussels at the European Union although I am not quite sure how I made that decision. So I studied two more languages, German and Spanish, to qualify for the job. After I finished my studies, I never went to Brussels.

My first job was working for the bank and then after that I got a job with an international publishing house as the assistant to the publisher. It was there I met so many international expats whose stories intrigued me and the desire to leave the Netherlands became stronger each day.

I was always restless. I somehow knew I needed to leave the country and explore the world. I had applied for a role at their New York office but instead I got diverted to Australia... and so I arrived in Australia in September 1988 on a working holiday visa. I was twenty-two years old.

The God Factor - Both of my parents were searching for the meaning of life and as they were searching, they started off playing with fire in the occult but soon realised that it was dark and evil. They found God and became involved with incredible ministries who operated in the realm of the supernatural.

The reality of seeing and experiencing miracles became a new world to me. My parents learnt about inner healing (healing of the emotions) and helped hundreds of people being set free from trauma and consequently seeing deliverance from all kinds of sicknesses and diseases. My parents became known around the world and travelled to help others. I have seen too much truth to deny that God is real. It has affected me greatly throughout my entire life and so I knew I had a similar calling to serve mankind in the gift that God gave me.

My life in Australia - After being in the country for almost a year and a half, my visa expired and I had to go back to Europe, however my heart was already cemented here. I was determined to come back to Australia. That fearlessness I had as a child manifested itself in that moment, and I followed my passion. I came back on a business visa with a deal I closed with a Dutch company to launch their product into the Australian market. How I did that is still a bit of a wonder to me. I was only twenty-four and had no idea what I was doing, but I believed in myself and was determined to make it happen. Unfortunately, due to the 1991 recession that deal never came off the ground, however I met my future husband whom I married two years later.

We were living the Australian dream, got married, bought a house, became parents of a beautiful baby girl, and had a job in which I worked for almost twenty-three years. I learnt a lot in my corporate job and slowly climbed the ladder within the company. I became complacent and comfortable, but I lost myself. I was working a job I didn't enjoy anymore. I lost my spark. Every time there was a round of redundancies, I was spared, but in 2013 it was my turn. I was forty-four years old. I left the company with high hopes for something fresh, something new.

Entrepreneurship - After my redundancy, I took a few months off to enjoy some newfound "freedom" but then decided to look for another job. I applied for over forty different roles, got around twenty-four interviews, got shortlisted for ten and wasn't successful after ten months of trying to find work. I was told I was overqualified and

too expensive, but what they were really saying was that I was too old. It was at that moment I decided to work for myself. My first year of entrepreneurship was a huge wakeup call and lesson. I certainly didn't have the mindset of an entrepreneur and discovered very quickly how hard it was to be one. I had a fixed mindset that needed to be changed. I discovered personal development, how to uncover my natural gifting through my amazing coach Louise and now best friend and grew 1000 percent as a person. I had many "aha" moments during my coaching that shifted me into a completely new place.

I rediscovered that little girl in me that was fearless, determined, leading and fighting for social justice. The real me was always there, but the external influences of life blinded and robbed me from who I was.

I realised that the frustrations in my life over the years and feeling unhappy were just a misalignment of who I was meant to be and what my mission was.

Life can throw us a curveball, not one but several - In 2008 I suddenly lost my dad. He was sixty-two years old and died of an aneurysm. It was a shock, and I couldn't comprehend why God would allow my dad to leave us this way. My dad was a man of great faith and compassion and served others. We flew to the Netherlands to attend his funeral. The grief was so intense. I was numb for most of the trip, and when I got home, I carried on back at work. I truly believe that I didn't deal with the grief well and trauma took its place in me, which later affected my health and wellbeing.

After I left my corporate job, I was diagnosed with adrenal fatigue caused by chronic stress and during the course of a few months, they found some cancer cells in my stomach which they removed. During that same period, my husband ended up in the hospital with a heart-related issue. I remember two parents in two different hospitals while my daughter was taken care of by one of my good friends. What are the odds?

That same year we experienced massive financial stress, bills were piling up, I had a leased car which I couldn't repay. In the end we had to make the hardest decision to sell our property - the house we loved so much. It was painful, it was humiliating, the stress was enormous, and I couldn't stop thinking about why we were the ones who had to go through it. My husband and I were sitting at the Salvation Army discussing our financial hardship. They were the only institute who could stop bills and give us some relief. We learnt a lot about hardship, but also about the love of

the people around us. Friends came from afar to support us emotionally, spiritually, and practically. We received envelopes with money in our mailbox from strangers.

It was during this season that I tapped into my spiritual inheritance to seek comfort, emotional healing, and hope. My personal faith was challenged, but at the same time I decided to get deeper with God. I experienced an incredible supernatural strength that is hard to explain, but I felt that I was carried on the wings of eagles. At the same time, I felt stripped of everything that became insignificant. We ended up driving a \$500 car that our dad lent us. It was a bomb of a car, but it took us from A to B and I was grateful for that. Falling from great heights to an all-time low is nothing I'd wish on anyone. We were certainly not prepared and learnt a hard lesson on the way. Most of all, we learnt to appreciate the simple life we have today.

Strong, Mighty and Resilient - Today I am in a good place, but I have changed. I am no longer sweating the small stuff. The bigger life's storms, the greater the challenge to get up, but we become stronger and more resilient in life. We bounce back easily from some small challenges that we might face. I learnt to be grateful with less and with much. I don't get excited about stuff, I get excited about my mission in life, about the people whose life I can change. I found myself again. That little girl who volunteered at school and did mighty and wonderful things because she was fearless and didn't care what other people thought of her. I am driven with passion and purpose, and my day-to-day work doesn't feel like work at all.

Last year in 2020, during Covid-19, I was told that I had cancer. After months of back pain, I saw the gynaecologist who told me the bad news after a simple procedure. In the hospital for the second time, they performed a total hysterectomy in August 2020. I was very fortunate that it was stage one and with the operation they took it all out. There was no need for radiation or chemotherapy.

Life prepares us for seasons like these. It is how we respond to the situation that matters, however bad the news might have been. I recovered quickly because my mindset was positive, full of hope, trusting in God, surrounded by like-minded people, and filled with purpose in life so that I can keep moving forward while in a state of recovery. Passion and purpose have kept me grounded. I questioned the reason why I had cancer again in the first place, so I am now on a journey of self-care, working on my wellbeing, my mental and emotional state, and my physical condition. I believe untreated trauma over the years has played a major role in my physical health and I am glad to say that I have dealt with that now. I had to take on my own spiritual gift of healing for myself from trauma.

The whole menopausal journey has taken me into a world where women do not talk about their conditions sadly (that might be for another book with another mission). But I managed to discover the health hacks that have kept me in a good state of wellbeing.

My missions - In 2018, I started an online e-commerce business in eco-friendly products. I was on a mission to change Australia by educating them to stop using single-use plastics and replacing it with reusable solutions. Australia is far behind from the rest of the world. I remember when my mother took her own reusable bags almost twenty-five years ago, because supermarkets in Europe already eliminated the single-use plastic shopping bags. I will continue my newfound advocacy for a sustainable Australia; there is so much to be done. That is my mission and passion, making me fearless and determined, just like my younger self.

In October 2020, I founded Her Freedom Network after I saw a niche to help women from disadvantaged backgrounds, like domestic violence (DV), single mums, and indigenous women to come into a place of financial independence. These are women who have a desire to start their own business but do not have the skill sets, knowledge, funding, or support to pursue their dreams. Our not-for-profit foundation will run a holistic program to educate and mentor them until they have come into a place of total freedom. This project is still in its infancy state and being developed. This is my ultimate humanitarian passion project.

Today my desire is to help others discover their passion and purpose, which are strongly connected to one another. Passion is the heartbeat of our life and connects us to the purpose we were created for. Walking in the fullness of our purpose is called convergence.

The convergence zone is the place where you experience the future you—the person on the inside who wants to come out!

You are IN the CONVERGENCE ZONE* when:

- You are FEELING authentic—you are being who you really are. You have no need to be someone else. When you are in this zone you say to yourself, “This is me. This is what I was meant to do!”
- You are 100 percent ALIVE because you are doing what you do best. You are energised rather than depleted by the activity.
- You lose track of time. You will experience a sort of “timeless awareness.” You become so fully engaged in the bliss of the activity that you enter a time bubble.

- People want more. This creates more demand and experiences, which multiply more invitations and opportunities which create more evidence of being in “the zone.” Increase of any kind is the signature that you are in your zone and cracking the code.

- More opportunities create more potential for prosperity. Why? Because you have figured out how to meet a need doing what you do best and love to do most!

*(Source Lance Wallnau, Your Ultimate Life Strategy)

This is the place where you come 100 percent alive.

When I look back to my younger self, having unlimited faith, never being educated on the how but just driven to do it, I have come to the conclusion that anything and everything is possible in life. So what is your dream today? Did someone steal your dream or try to kill it?

We are fighters and warriors coming into a place of total freedom, no longer ruled by fear or limitations. We take back what was stolen or snatched from us. I look back and I can see where I lost my dream, my confidence, and I didn’t have the tools to take it back by myself. I didn’t have the guidance and the encouragement of others to know how. My biggest regret in life is that I didn’t trust anyone to become my mentor or coach at an earlier age. If I did, I would have discovered what I know now a lot quicker and re-adjust my sail on my boat so I can drift towards the right direction of my life.

I am praying and hoping that my story will resonate with you. I wanted to tell my story today because no matter what you are facing in life, there is a hope and future for you. No storm is too big, God will take you through it, and be your rear guard.

By the way, I almost forgot to mention that I am a professional event planner, I have done event marketing for many years during my career. It has always come naturally to me, and you wonder why! My younger self turned up.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



JACINE GREENWOOD

Jacine Greenwood is a renowned Cosmetic Chemist and Esthetician. Nicknamed by her customers as “The Fairy Godmother of Skin”, she is well known for solving skin issues that even leave the most experienced Dermatologist baffled. Her mission is to inspire and give back hope to her customers.

With over 25 years' experience, she has helped thousands of people achieve the skin they have only dreamt about. Her formulas have won numerous awards and she is well known professionally in the industry for her innovation and astounding results. She is regularly sought out by consumers who have been left with absolutely no hope of a solution to their skin issues, with Dermatologists referring to her as “The Skin Girl”. A reputation she was not even aware of until one of her customers told her. She is a regular guest speaker at Conferences and writes for Professional Journals within the cosmetic industry.

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9



The Power of Vision and Goals

Written by Jacine Greenwood

On April 11, 2001, my life changed forever. My darling son who we were so excited to give birth to was born prematurely and died. Diagnosed with congenital heart disease, it was something that I never expected. Nobody ever talks about the possibility of losing your child or that they will have an abnormality during prenatal classes. In my grief, I did not want to return to life as a registered nurse anymore, so I focused on my beauty career, which I had started previously. Little did I know that this shift would be the beginning of a skin care empire I was yet to build.

My son's death shattered me to my core and had me reexamining everything in my life. It made me realise the fragility of life and that life brings unexpected moments, so you may as well enjoy every moment you can whilst you are here. The death of my child also unleashed my intuitive side, something I did not even know I possessed. I had always looked at mystics with some special power, little realising my own healing abilities that resided within me. Once I started listening to this voice that was guiding me, my formulas and my products totally changed. The results I started getting became almost unbelievable.

The stress of our child dying led to the eventual breaking down of my marriage, which led to divorce. Upon divorcing I started my holistic skin care brand Roccoco Botanicals. Risking it all, I threw all of my divorce money into this business idea. My

mother thought I was crazy and told me that if I failed, I would lose everything. I remember saying to her, "Then it is good motivation not to fail Mum."

For the first two years I did everything the logical brain told me to do. I cold called and visited salons, yet I didn't seem to be getting anywhere, so I stopped. I decided to follow my instincts and was drawn to the world of online forums, where I found my niche and expertise were developing and where I was becoming somewhat of a superstar in the industry. After having self-taught myself cosmetic chemistry initially, and then officially becoming a qualified cosmetic chemist, my opinion was sought out by many estheticians. Little did I realise at the time that all this work I was putting in now would be the reason for me breaking into the American market, something many other Australian brands had tried to do and failed.

I had been busy running my clinic full time, which left little time for promoting Roccoco, but this all changed on February 22, 2014. The discs in my neck were bulging and protruding on the nerves, causing severe compression and unbearable pain. No longer was I able to work anymore as a beauty therapist. Unable to hold a pair of tweezers or drive my vehicle due to chronic, unrelenting pain. I was struggling to provide for my two young children as a divorced single mother. Forced to go on unemployment benefits due to my health, the door of working as a skin therapist was closed and no longer an option.

I was frantically trying to think of ways in which I could build a new life for myself and my children. I had friends telling me to go on the disability pension due to my limited mobility and range of motion, however a large portion of me was repelled by this thought. I had grown up with little money and the idea of spending the rest of my life just making ends meet didn't resonate with me at all. Besides, there was nothing wrong with my mind at all, I thought.

I had my first spinal surgery in May 2014 on my neck. In my naivety I thought once I had the surgery that my pain would be gone. The pain from nerve compression down my arm had disappeared, but I was left with chronic pain that required regular opioid medications to even remotely function. The back of my skull would feel like someone had hit it, and some days I would sleep for three hours during the day, as the pain would make me so fatigued.

I learnt all I could about pain and the management of it. I soon realised you can't "push" yourself to keep going with pain, something I was used to doing on a regular basis previously. Coming from a military background, I wasn't one to just back off easily if something was hard. What happens, however, with pain is that if you push

yourself, your ability to do things becomes less and less, to the point that you become barely able to do anything.

It was a sobering reminder when I attended the pain clinic because I was the only one actually working out of all of the attendees. Everyone else was physically unable to work due to being incapacitated by pain. I thought to myself, "How can this be?" I was amazed that I was the only person still having a semblance of their past life prior to pain. It shocked me that they had not learnt how to control pain and work with it rather than against it. All of the other patients were doing what the pain clinic referred to as "boom or bust." Instead of just cleaning one room of the house per day, they tried to do the whole house, which just made their ability for activity keep lowering until they were barely able to do anything.

I knew if I wanted to make something of myself that I had to learn everything I could about managing my condition, and so a student of neuropsychology I became. I learnt that the neural networks of the brain are plastic. This meant they could be moulded and reshaped. It was also around this time that I became exposed to the concept that our neural pathways also determine our results in life, as patterns of behaviour are what keep us stuck in our current circumstances. I was introduced to the teachings of John Assaraf and was fascinated by the mind and how we could control our results through reshaping our brain. This is when my fascination with goal setting, vision boards and the power of the written word emerged.

I wanted to relocate to Brisbane as there was a pain clinic there, but in order to take my children with me I had to go to court to have our custody orders amended. I was only earning 44K in revenue at that time, and the courts asked me to submit a business plan of my expected earnings over the next two years to prove I could support my children adequately. Unfortunately, I did not get to keep my children, and they remained with their father in Townsville. It was one of the saddest times in my life without them.

Years later, I was unpacking a box and found the documents that I had submitted to the court. I opened them again out of amusement to see what I had written down. I reread my lofty goals that at the time were so ridiculous and impossible I thought, until I looked at my accounting files to realise that not only had I hit that goal but exceeded it. The goal was 220K in two years and instead I hit 199K within the first twelve months and 261K within two years of relocating.

I forgot about this ability I had inside me and went on with life until I again was reminded by my journal that I found in a packing box one day. I had literally written, "I have made a cream that annihilates eczema."

My son Stuart had been suffering with his skin for over eighteen months. He would scratch himself every night to the point of bleeding all over his sheets. The itch was so unbearable for him. I was tired of onlookers staring at his skin, like he was contagious, and I didn't want my child to feel ostracised. The only solution that the medical profession had were steroids, which I knew were not a long-term solution at all. I decided to put it out to the Universe and had completely forgotten I had done it.

As I looked down at the page and read what I had written, I was in disbelief. I knew of this phenomenon of the law of attraction, but I had never really realised that I had the power or potential to bring about what I wanted into my life. I was shocked because I had literally done what I wrote down. I had created a cream that annihilated eczema.

After this experience, I became more aware and more conscious. I began to realise that our words and thoughts literally create our results and so I became bolder with my visions and expectations. I started writing down everything I wanted in my life. From the relationship I desired to the products I wanted to develop. There was no area of my life I left out.

2017 was the year of beginnings and change. It was the year I met my soulmate and current husband. He was everything I wanted in a partner and more. Never truly believing in soul mates, I thought it was just rubbish. That was until I met David. Initially I was scared I would push him away with my driven personality, but he was not threatened at all. For the first time ever, I gave myself permission to go for my goals, without fear of the man in my life criticising me or feeling threatened.

2017 was also the year I had the most challenges, having three spinal surgeries in one year. It was a hard toll on my body, which was left with a lot of healing to do. It was the year I realised what I was truly capable of, and the year I recognised that if I can get through this, then I could achieve anything I desire if I put my mind to it. Even though nine months of the year I was in rehabilitation post-surgery and recovering, we still managed to double our revenue in that year.

April 2018 is when I came back to life. My pain became manageable, and I took back the reigns of my business again and started charting the direction we were taking. We reviewed all of our marketing and who we wanted to work with. I started examining our current customers and what I wanted in an ideal customer. We wrote

out and declared what our perfect clinic was and who we wanted to work with. Our customers at the time were difficult to deal with and did not always bring us joy. We had over 350 clinics at the time, many of whom were not an ideal fit for us and our philosophy of treating skin. It was disheartening realising that there were a lot of people who truly were not the right fit for us, because we knew we had a lot of work to change who we were attracting to the business. However, it was the beginning steps of our total business transformation.

May 2018, for the very first time, we attended the Australian Cosmetic Chemists Conference in Perth, and I was introduced by a colleague to Angus Rose who was involved with Government Grants. They were looking for startups that were on the rise in the industry. I was told about a grant called the “Entrepreneur’s Grant,” but that you had to be doing 1.5 million in sales in order to be considered for the grant. The grant was through a selection process, and I was told after the fact that it was incredibly difficult to get and very few were selected.

The grant provided a maximum of \$20K matched funding for assistance with marketing and development, with the company having to provide \$20K of their own money as well. At the time, our business turnover was only a meagre \$615K, but I was determined I wanted that grant. We came back from the conference and announced to my staff that I had set a new financial goal for the company of 1.5 million within the next twelve months. My staff looked at me as though I was crazy. In fact, they actually said to me, “How are you going to do that?”

I responded back very nonchalantly, “I don’t have a clue. I just know I am going to do it.”

I truly didn’t know how I was going to do it. I just knew that if I trusted, had faith, and followed my instincts that one thing leads to another, and doorways open that never were there before. So, I did whatever felt natural or I felt inspired to do. If an action did not resonate with me or felt off, then I didn’t do it.

I was intensely active on social media and my reputation grew. I had customers and clinics seeking us out to stock our product. At the end of that financial year, I had not only made 1.5 million in revenue, but I had surpassed it, hitting over 1.6 million.

The moment I knew we had achieved the amount required to apply, we put in our application for the grant, which was an extensive amount of paperwork. Thankfully, nobody had alluded to how difficult this grant was to get, because the rejection rate was high. We however did get approved and received the grant, which we used for software development within the company.

That moment of achieving the impossible was surreal. It not only reassured me and confirmed what I had known all along, but it made me even bolder again for the following year.

I immersed myself in personal development and business books, determined to keep growing at the staggering rate that we had done from the previous year. There was one book in particular that stuck out for me. It was *Blueprint to a Billion*. Within this book was a chart that showed the growth curve of billion-dollar businesses. Every business that became a billion-dollar business had followed this same growth trajectory. I found this fascinating, and I became obsessed with my own business, following the same pathway.

What was interesting was that it didn't matter how long it took the business to get to a million dollars, it was what happened after they achieved their first million that mattered. There were some businesses like Google who achieved it within two years. Other companies such as Cisco took four years to achieve one million dollars, and other companies took twelve years. Roccoco Botanicals had hit one million within six years of the business starting. All of the billion-dollar businesses though either followed a four, six or twelve-year trajectory in achieving the billion-dollar business. It was this exact trajectory I became obsessed with.

So, we boldly set our goal for the following year of 2020 of achieving revenue of three million dollars, as I had wanted to double our revenue again. Once again, I didn't really know how I was ever going to achieve this. It was so much easier to grow quickly when we were doing a smaller revenue, and much harder to sustain this rapid growth as we became bigger and bigger.

I informed my team again of my crazy goal, but this time they didn't look at me like I was some delusional fool. This time they didn't ask how I was going to achieve it. This time their faces lit up with excitement with me, as they knew I would probably end up pulling it off.

Our goal was three million for 2020. We not only hit it, but we again exceeded it. Twice now I had achieved a ridiculously bold goal. Our revenue ended up being 3.2 million for the year. I was elated with how everything was progressing.

So again, we set our goal for 2021, and then Covid hit, throwing us into a tailspin. The biggest challenge I would ever face, a natural disaster and completely out of my control. The first couple of months I reworked my vision board on a month-by-month basis, so I could keep focused. One of my slides read, "We have done our best months ever despite Covid." It was so difficult not to spiral down in fear and to act on faith.

We had projects that were in limbo and hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash tied up that we knew we could not get back for ages. Our manufacturers in Italy were locked down for months. We had supply shortages and stock issues, with many delays in raw materials and packaging arriving. It was fraught with tension, and all of my staff were looking to their leader to see how I was reacting to the situation. One of my staff members declared that she “was not worried until she saw me worried.”

I felt an immense amount of pressure as I had twenty-two staff looking up to me to provide their livelihoods. The first few months were exhausting. I spent most of my time trying to prop our clinic owners up emotionally, as many of them had closed up like a clam and were spiraling down in negative emotion and despair. We hired another eight staff to help us put together kits for our clinics to allow them to sell at-home kits to their clients, since nobody was allowed into a clinic at all for treatment.

We had a couple of months where we were going backwards, but I knew that if I did not focus on what I wanted that the situation would not improve. I had learnt over the years to not focus on what was in front of you, but to focus on what you intended or desired to happen. Every single time I had done this previously, my cash flow improved, and orders flowed in.

During Covid we got a call from Angus from the Entrepreneur’s Grant. He called us to see how we were doing. He was expecting to hear a sob story, like every other candidate he had spoken to. Instead, he was surprised that we had doubled our revenue, where everyone else on the grant had gone backwards. Even though I was not happy with our growth, it made me realise how extraordinary our survival had been given the circumstances.

The power of intention and writing down your vision is transformational, but because of the simplicity of it many people dismiss its ability to change their lives. Writing down my vision and goals on my board has been an integral part of my business and personal growth. Not in a million years could I have ever orchestrated the connections and opportunities that have occurred. I have simply said thank you and acted on the opportunities presented to me and because of this my life is surreal.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



KRISTINA FURIA

Kristina Furia spent the first ten years of her career as a mental health counselor and psychotherapist before realizing her true calling as a transformational teacher and coach. With a Masters degree in clinical and counseling psychology as well as a certification in coaching, Kristina applies her diverse knowledge-set of the mind, body, and spirit to empower those she works with to lean into their true purpose, to be free of the confines of a harsh inner critic, and to experience each day as a unique gift.

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10

More to Life

Written by Kristina Furia



I was lying in the bathtub on an unremarkable Tuesday night after getting in from work late. Half a bottle of wine in and more stoned than anyone's therapist should be an hour after a session, I lie there slowly tracing the grout lines between tiles with my eyes as I let the day replay itself in my mind. Despite all my efforts to self-soothe, I could still feel the persistent heaviness in my chest – the kind of sensation that somehow manages to include both deep emotional pain and utter numbness at the same time.

Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a loud and exasperated voice within me, much different from the monotone voice needlessly recounting the day I'd just lived, interjected:

There has to be more to life than this!

I popped up out of the tub as if a bucket of ice had suddenly been poured over my warm body.

There has to be more to life than this: it was a declaration that startled me out of my self-induced stupor. In fact, it woke me up to a truth that I'd long been ignoring and marked the beginning of the end of my unwillingness to look at just how distorted a version of myself I'd become.

I'd been a counselor and psychotherapist for nine years in settings ranging from inpatient rehab to psychoanalytic clinic. I'd held space for other people's stories for countless hours and somewhere along the way I lost track of my own.

Being just twenty-two years old when I got my first job as a counselor, my entire adult life included the voluntary receiving of people's inner thoughts. Their fears and doubt, their gripes and grievances, their pain and trauma were all mine to hold all before I truly knew how to hold any of those things for myself.

The result was that over the years *I* got lost. I didn't know where my clients' feelings ended and mine began. Like an undiscerning sponge, I absorbed all of the energies that passed through my office each day and over time my personal energy field was not only at capacity, but it was no longer even my own.

But it wasn't for another six months after that bathtub moment that I finally realized it was time to reclaim my energy and start approaching life from a completely different vantage point. I didn't stumble into this awareness by accident; instead I was more *dragged* into it by my wife, who'd become exhausted by the misery we'd been sitting in together and found a personal development workshop for us to attend. I hated the thought of a big public event like she was proposing, but I knew she was serious when she said she was moving forward with or without me, so I packed my bags and off we went to Los Angeles for the weekend.

It was a ridiculous event. We arrived and everyone was singing, dancing, and heart-to-heart hugging (leaning into the right instead of left so that your hearts connect as your bodies meet) as a matter of course. I sat in my seat, wishing to be invisible and not even trying to hide my disdain for what was unfolding. My greatest impulse was to flee the scene and head to the beach, but something kept me in my seat, be it mere obligation or a quiet intuitive knowing. I made the decision to stay and even to try and have an open mind.

Half a day in and I was in tears. There *was* something more to life. There was the whole Universe, and it may even be there to support me...because it *was* me and I was it.

There was a part of my intellectual mind that thought to shun what I was hearing, but that voice was easily drowned out by all of the other parts of me that were resounding with the clearest YES.

We live in an energetic Universe and on a subatomic level, we too are made of energy; quantum physics, the study of the very small, has taught us this. And it also

shows us that energy has no separation, no beginning or end. All energy is woven together like a knitted blanket stitched by the creator of all that is. Source. The Universe. Infinite Intelligence. God.

This is the meeting place between science and spirituality and also, I believe, the only viable point of entry for a fact-driven therapist to receive a new truth. I could easily get behind something rooted in science and, when paired with how vitally alive it was causing me to feel, I was quickly on board with beginning the process of embracing a new reality, a new path forward.

This awakening was major for me, truly major, and to say that it would have been enough is an understatement! I've come to know in the last few years though that the old cliché, "when it rains it pours" is especially true when it comes to matters of personal evolution.

The workshop was over, and I felt like I'd been dragged through the mud. Between three long days sitting in conference room chairs and about a decade's worth of emotion all in one weekend, my body was a ball of tension. So, I decided a massage was in order. I found a place that could see me the same day and I went from the workshop straight there, suitcase in tow.

The opportunity to relax was so deeply welcome, I felt my body immediately begin to soften into the massage table as soon as I laid down. I've always been one of those people who could turn off my brain and slip into a meditative state with ease during a massage and this time was certainly no exception, given how exhausted I was. Within minutes, I was off drifting so peacefully in that space between wakefulness and sleep.

Some number of minutes after that, my temporarily thought-free mind awakened me with yet another announcement: *You're going to be the next Mary Morrissey.*

That was it, a very clear and concise statement.

Mary Morrissey is the woman whose workshop we had just attended; someone who teaches and speaks in front of thousands of people; who inspires people with her words and wisdom. What does *she* have to do with *me* other than the fact that she had just changed my life in a single weekend?

My mind and heart started racing so quickly that I suddenly wanted nothing more than for the massage to be over. My breathing felt strained. Was enough air

flowing to me through the hole for my face in the massage table? How big of a scene would it make if I jumped off this table and just ran out?

If I'm being completely honest, the only thing that kept me on that table for the remainder of the massage was the lifetime's worth of conditioning that taught me to be a good girl at all costs. Don't embarrass yourself and definitely don't make an unnecessary scene.

The second that massage ended, I got dressed as quickly as I could, and I raced out of there with my clunky suitcase rolling behind me. The only problem is that when the thing you're trying to get away from is inside your own mind, there's nowhere to go. (It's funny how that very obvious truth doesn't occur to you until you actually find yourself running away from, well, yourself.)

But since I had to go *somewhere*, I called an Uber and went to my new hotel near the beach. In an unusual move for me at the time, when we booked the trip, I decided to stay in LA for three extra days on my own despite my wife needing to go straight home for work. It was almost like some small and secret part of me had already known what was coming and that I'd need time by the ocean, my healing place, to try to make sense of it all before going back to my life.

For those next three days, I walked on the beach for countless hours. I wrote out my thoughts and feelings across pages and pages. I stared up at the ceiling, trying to make myself think and feel nothing at all. I cried. What was going to happen from here, and how could I ever *be* anything other than what I already was? Can you ignore a message appearing to be direct from your intuition? A person's intuition can't *make* them do something. So what if I just don't?

But then the next moment occurred that illuminated my path forward just a little bit more - something I didn't realize back then is *always* true when we become open and allow ourselves to be guided. I was having dinner at the bar of this cute little restaurant I'd found in Venice Beach while continuing on with my incessant journaling. After a while, as I continued scribbling away, the bartender asked me if I was a writer. Again, seemingly out of nowhere, I replied, "I'm a therapist creating a program to help people transform their lives." I called myself a therapist which didn't feel quite right anymore, but it didn't stop those words from feeling as if they came right through me. I'm creating a program? OK. Maybe I am. Maybe I *can* follow a new path forward.

That night when I got back to my hotel room, I felt so high on life that I was still awake to watch the sunrise. But as I've come to know, awakenings can have that effect

on you at times: they quite literally keep you awake. As I watched the sun rising over the palm trees that morning, I knew that I was irrevocably changed. Unfortunately, upon getting home it became very clear to me that that was about all I knew.

Being back in my familiar environment quickly sent me crashing down from the natural high I was on, and while I was quite used to being down, this was a different kind of discomfort: I was terrified. Everything I thought I knew no longer made sense and all of the comforts of my safe little existence suddenly didn't feel like comfort at all. Despite being a therapist, I was completely lacking the skills required to move through this kind of profound life transformation that I'd found myself in the midst of, with little to no warning. My therapeutic training taught me to think, analyze and assess; it offered almost nothing about how to come out of the mind and self-regulate in the body, which is where emotions actually occur. So, I spiraled and spiraled some more.

Then, eventually, after several weeks, I became exhausted from my fear spiral and decided that I was capable of taking an aligned action. I figured if I was going to listen to my intuition I may as well go all in with it: I got on a call with someone from Mary Morrissey's team and enrolled in her transformational coaching program.

I didn't tell a single person what I was up to other than my wife for months. My identity as a therapist wasn't just important to me. After returning from LA, I couldn't help but notice how important it seemed to everyone else too. I owned a successful group therapy practice and had six therapists and thirty-five clients expecting me to wake up every day and put on my therapist hat. I had a loving family who supported me through the ten years it took to become a licensed therapist. I had a large community around me who called on me to be their "therapist friend" whenever they needed life advice or a good referral. Kristina Furia, psychotherapist, wasn't going to be an identity to suddenly be put down one day.

But I was getting a little bit better at tolerating the many elements of my future that continued to be unknown and I was moving forward with my coaching program, studying every day, and consuming everything I could get my hands on about the laws of the Universe, quantum physics, and the power of the human mind to create specific outcomes. My utter enthusiasm and awe for what I was learning became an anchor for me; every time I became anxious or fearful, I reminded myself of what it was all for and of what it all *was*.

While the fear continued to ebb and flow like waves, as time progressed my trust in the alignment of the path I was on grew along with my willingness to trust in the

Universe and the guidance it had to offer me. Little by little I allowed my therapist identity to begin to unravel. I began talking about the coaching program with a couple of my colleagues who were also friends, breaking the news gently that I planned on removing myself from the practice I had so diligently built over the six years prior. I started brainstorming names for my new coaching business and devised a plan for how to make my message reach as many people as possible. This last piece was especially important because, despite being an introvert and naturally somewhat shy, what had come through for me loud and clear from the beginning was that I was meant to share my message far and wide. To reach thousands and eventually even millions of people.

This mission is one that many people, maybe even you, are called to at this particular time in our collective evolution. In this time of rapid transformation, we are called to do our parts to help humanity to awaken, to heal, and to evolve.

Gratefully, we exist in an age where making this kind of impact is more possible than ever before. The creation of social media, among its many impacts on societies, has brought with it a profound ability to easily reach people all over the world - lots of them even.

With that in mind, I started an Instagram account in October 2019, @yournewfrequency, which is less than two years ago as of the time I write this chapter. In that length of time I have grown my account to over 40,000 followers and now reach an average of 120,000 accounts per month. I have hosted workshops and taught courses attended by people all over the world and have now created my own unique method for transformation. Even this book that you're currently reading, I'm a part of this project as an American while many of my co-authors and likely readers are located in Australia.

Just three short years ago, I was lying in my bathtub trying to numb myself to all of life and wondering desperately what it would take to feel better – to feel like there was something worthy of my full presence.

Today, I can honestly say that I am someone else. Sure, there's still the record of who I used to be, the memories and probably even some of the wounds, but I am not that person anymore. I wake up every day with passion, purpose, and such deep gratitude to have found my way. And as for the future? All I know to do is to keep moving forward in love, in service, and in utter faith that the path forward will always, *always* reveal itself when it's time to take the next step.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



KRYSTLE LAVORGNA

Krystle Lavgna is an inner stillness coach, speaker, author, intuitive healer, and teacher of peiec® energy medicine. Krystle knows what it takes to create a balanced environment that enhances life and business. She specializes in working with entrepreneurs and conscious leaders to assist them to live with inner stillness and fine tune their intuition which allows them to easily recognize and navigate the emotional and mental extremes of a high results and fast paced lifestyle. Her ability to connect on a deeper level allows her clients to prevent burnout and chronic illness and she is known for her ability to achieve powerful and recognizable results rapidly and permanently.

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11

The Newness

Written by Krystle Lavorgna



I never felt good enough growing up.

Writing hurt my hyperflexible hands and arms. I excelled at school, yet still compared myself to others, putting myself down and never feeling good enough or like I had achieved enough. My brain did not function like other people. I forgot things that were important and remembered random things like quotes from movies and friends' phone numbers. My brain was always firing, and I spoke quickly and struggled to switch off. I suffered with body image issues and suffered with lower back pain from the age of thirteen. It was around the same time that I suffered my first back injury that I remember starting to become more reserved and feeling like I was not good enough. As a child, I often dreamed of becoming a teacher, because I had a passion for finding the best in people and loved to help others. I was able to build rapport with people quickly, and due to my involvement in drama and music, I had a large group of friends across different year groups. By the time I left high school, the thought of going to university or TAFE was too overwhelming, and I did not think I was smart enough to continue learning, so I threw myself into full-time work instead.

I worked my way up the ranks in my job, going from an employee to assistant manager to manager, whilst also becoming a trainer for new employees. I had a thirst for knowledge and an incredible work ethic and was constantly pushing myself to work harder and faster. Within a few years, I received a scholarship to attend a

business management certification program and was fast becoming a leader in my workplace.

Then one day, something snapped. I started to suffer from panic attacks. I remember standing out the back of my workplace holding my chest, telling my colleagues I thought I was having a heart attack. I became agoraphobic, only leaving the house to go to work and home and could no longer make phone calls. I became paranoid to the point that if I heard someone laughing nearby, I would instantly think they were laughing at me, and I started to shut myself away from the world.

I slept. A lot. I could only function for so long before I crashed again. Then, around the age of twenty-three, I suffered a back injury and was on workers' comp and suffered chronic pain. To numb myself from not wanting to feel so much, I began to drink alcohol daily. Slowly but surely, my life spiraled out of control. On the surface, I was still confident and bubbly and a fun person to be around. Yet underneath, I was broken. I was lost, and alcohol became my best friend. There are periods of my journey within these years that I do not have proper memory of, because I was always intoxicated, and with it I sank further into depression.

Over the next ten years, the internal flame that burned within had slowly dulled to a tiny glow. I was lost, confused, and filled with sadness and grief and had lost myself amongst the chaos of my life. At the age of thirty, I was a mother to a newborn son who never slept, and I was exhausted. Two years later my daughter was born, and with a seven-week-old and a two-year-old, their father got a job which saw him working away and I was alone for four weeks at a time, struggling to juggle two young children, mostly on my own, and simply forgot to look after myself. Their needs became more important than my own, and over the space of a few years I had gone from a size fourteen to twenty. I survived on coffee and chocolate, craving the quick high, which only led to a crash not long after. My anxiety was debilitating to the point that I rarely left the house, and all the life in me had disappeared. I did not find joy in anything. My house was a tip, and I was an absolute mess. Looking back, I realise now I suffered from post-natal depression and little did I know that the darkest days of my life were about to consume me.

One day my sister sat me down and gently suggested that I book myself into a mental hospital, "just to give yourself a break and get some help."

I did not want to feel anymore. Everything just felt numb. I didn't laugh, I was endlessly tired, and had given up on myself. I stopped making eye contact and had

shut off to the world around me, including my kids. I was a good mother, but my goodness, I needed a break from it all.

I had become so fragile that I felt as if life was not worth it anymore. I was broken, and the pain that consumed me was just too much to bear. My children needed me, but in those darker moments I felt that they would be better off without me.

It was August 25, 2017, when I reached rock bottom.

I had been at a small get together for a friend's birthday and the light within me had completely gone. I felt so distant, and the suicidal thoughts were creeping in as the night fell.

I had had these thoughts for a while now. Driving down the freeway I would sometimes think thoughts like, "I wonder how hard I would have to hit a tree so that it would land me in hospital and give me a break from life, but not hard enough that it hurts my children."

As I went to leave that night, a gentle hand reached out and grabbed my shoulder.

"Look at me, Krys. Look into my eyes... Please."

Unable to make eye contact, I had shrunk completely into my own little world, and had fallen to the bottom of the hole I was in, and I could not find the strength to pull myself out.

The voice spoke again.

"I can't let you leave. Not like this. You can't leave. Please, come with me."

I was guided to a chair and sat numbly in a softly lit room. I felt dead inside. Gentle hands were placed on either side of my head, and I closed my eyes. Suddenly I felt my body become heavy. I sank deeper into the chair and for the first time in a long time, I felt my body relax and my racing mind immediately stopped. I experienced a feeling of absolute nothingness and complete expansiveness. It felt as if the hands on the sides of my head were suddenly taking everything away. Every single overwhelming emotion arose within me, like a movie scene playing out in my head.

The body pain I'd suffered with since I was a child.

The grief of losing my best friend Loren the day before her seventeenth birthday to leukemia and watching the process as the cancer rapidly took over her body. Being

told whilst on year twelve camp that she had gone and being picked up from camp to go straight to her house to see her beautiful face for the last time. Kissing her cold, lifeless forehead and saying my final goodbye is a moment that will forever be etched in my mind.

The loss of my great-grandparents and grandparents in my teenage years.

The loss of my dear friend Jeff, who inspired me through his love of music and living life to the fullest to medical complications and a heart condition. I will never forget seeing him lying in his coffin and as I leant over to kiss his forehead, I completely broke down as the thoughts, feelings and emotions of the previous grief overwhelmed me.

The sense of loss for myself and who I thought I was meant to be. The failed relationships, the divorce, the rape and abuse I suffered at the hands of different men.

The grief and anger that I had held so close to me for years started to dissipate, and suddenly I felt like I had both melted into the chair I was sitting on, whilst somehow also floating above it.

After what felt like hours, the hands on my head slowly lifted. I sat, barely breathing, my heartbeat breaking the stillness and silence that surrounded me. I did not want to move. I felt nothing, yet also felt everything. After some time, the gentle voice spoke again...

"Krys... are you ok? Open your eyes..."

It was in that moment that my entire life changed.

I remember going outside and staring up at the sky.

Wow. The moon. I do not remember seeing the moon like that before.

Yes, the moon was always there, but I never really saw it the way I did that night. It was magnificent. It shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and as I stood in the cold night air, I remember being filled with such peace and expansiveness.

I turned to face the voice who had helped me and saw her concerned eyes staring back at me.

"Hey... Are you ok?... You scared me!... Please drive safe."

Anandi Sano, founder of Peiec Energy Medicine and my close friend had recognized the energetic shut down in me, and that night, she literally saved my life.

There are a few pivotal moments that have occurred throughout my life, yet this healing was the most profound. I had found a reason to live, and I vowed that I would never take life for granted again.

I had reached rock bottom, and now the only way was up.

Things moved rapidly from that moment. As a former alcoholic, I completely gave up alcohol. I started to look after myself better. I learnt to ask for help and started to find myself again. I lost weight. Lots of it. It literally started to fall off me as I regained strength and, through the work of Anandi and the profound spiritual journey through Peiec Energy Medicine, I learnt how to love and accept who I was.

I started to laugh again and to find happiness in life. The depression I had suffered with for over twenty years literally disappeared. The chronic anxiety and panic attacks that had consumed half my life were now just a memory. The back pain I had suffered with since the age of thirteen vanished, and I was left with a new outlook on life.

I found the strength to leave the father of my two young children and stepped out on my own as a single mother with a two and four-year-old. I was scared beyond measure yet delighted in the sense of freedom I experienced for the first time in years.

The more life tried to throw at me, the easier it became to meet the curveballs head on, rather than running the other way. I was able to shift myself into a more balanced state using Peiec Energy Medicine, rapidly releasing the deepest traumas rather than suffering through them. I also had the support of Anandi Sano to help me through my darker days when I felt like everything was too overwhelming to manage on my own.

Over the last few years of rapid healing and accelerated transformation, I have matured and healed, and I know that these incredibly tough moments were helping me to grow stronger, to push myself harder, and to never give up on myself again.

My past does not define me, nor should your past define who you are.

Words cannot describe the profound spiritual journey that Peiec Energy Medicine takes you on. From the moment you step on the pathway to find that inner peace and stillness, it's like a whole new world opens up. The opportunities that flow on the journey are incredible, and the people I have met along the way have been the most magnificent adventure.

I have been there since the inception of what is today Peiec Energy Medicine. I witnessed the guided messages being written, along with the powerful flow of energy that emanates from Anandi Sano which brought the guided messages and techniques given. Through it all, I never once doubted what I saw, what I felt, or what I experienced. There was always a deeper knowing of the purity of all that was given, and the purity of the connection to God when in Core.

Growing up, I was always filled with fear. I feared the unknown, I feared fire, I feared the dark and the cold, and I hated being alone. I filled my space with light and noise, and I would close every curtain as the sun set at night. I now understand what was creating that fear were life moments from previous lifetimes, generational trauma and more, and once I learnt how to quickly release them, the fear started to dissipate. Now I enjoy the dark, and I do not feel the need to protect myself at nightfall.

I walk in the purity of all that is given, and my connection to God/Source seems to grow deeper every day. My body vibrates with the pulse of the earth, and I prefer to sit in stillness and enjoy the sound of all that nature provides - the gentle breeze as it rustles the leaves of a tree, the sound of birds singing happily in the distance and the buzz of busy bees collecting pollen from the garden.

I am the Senior Instructor at Peiec International, and Anandi Sano's business offsider and confidant. The miracles I have experienced within my own life and witnessed in the lives of so many of our students absolutely fill my heart with pride of the work that we work tirelessly to bring to others. I have had many incredible experiences on this journey, including travel to Malaysia, Bali, Scotland UK, and lots of travel within Australia over the past few years, and every single one of those work trips brought with it significant healing and growth.

Writing this chapter has made me realise just how far I have come and how much I have healed. I had previously spent thousands of dollars and many years whilst trying so many different things to try and help shift the emotional baggage and mental overload, where everything seemed to work for a small while and then it all came creeping back, seemingly worse than ever. I "felt" too much from others and didn't know how to function without constant overwhelm - until I found Peiec Energy Medicine.

Like everyone's stories, I have also suffered heartbreak with failed relationships, emotional, financial, and sexual trauma. I have struggled with alcoholism, with infidelity, with sex addiction and the need to be liked yet never truly feeling loved. Now I realise that the reason that I became all those things was because I had shut

myself down and had put up walls to keep others from getting too close, subconsciously protecting myself so that I did not get hurt again.

Since that moment of “awakening” with Anandi Sano, I have experienced profound healing and rapid transformation unlike anything I have ever experienced.

My anxiety and depression are gone. My chronic back pain healed. My self-worth and self-love skyrocketed, and my love and connection with my children who are now six and eight is beyond compare. I never knew that life as it is now existed. I see life from a truly different perspective and through the work of Anandi Sano, I understand the importance of embarking on our own spiritual journey to uncover the truth of who we are, and the necessity to live with a constant underlying peace and presence within my life. The further I heal, I know those around me also heal. I know that sharing my story inspires others, and I am humbled by those who walk this journey with me.

My inner voice speaks loudly to me, and I now listen. My intuition has increased exponentially to the point where I am able to feel the slightest shift in another as they talk, or even when they pass me by in the street. I feel other peoples’ hurt, anger and frustration yet can stay present for them without it affecting me. I know a lot of people who work with others in a therapeutic environment who often feel burnt out and exhausted by “feeling” their clients too much. With the techniques taught in Peiec Energy Medicine, I can shift this quickly so that their overwhelm does not become my own.

The average life span is less than one hundred years. And within our lifetime, so many of us fear death; yet we also fear life. Life is meant to be for living. It is a gift given to many who do not embrace it fully. People stop themselves from achieving success or living for ourselves in fear of hurting others. I want people reading this to know that you are not your story. That you do not need to wear your trauma and your past hurt like a badge of honour. Everything that flows within your life happens, but it is your choice to heal and transform and to become something greater than who you thought you were.

I want people to find true peace within their lives, so that in their final moments as they take their last breath, it is a gentle breath outwards filled with absolute love, and not a heavy sigh that is filled with regret.

I now devote my time to doing Source’s work through Peiec Energy Medicine - allowing others to see the beauty and worthiness within themselves. My mission is to prove that a woman can raise children on her own AND be successful. That a woman

does not need to sacrifice her happiness or her career for anyone, and that with the right support, a woman can achieve absolutely anything she sets her mind to.

Life is short, and it is up to us as to how we choose to live it, and I choose happiness, always.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Kuve Jansky Bradley

Kuve (Kvetuse) Jansky Bradley is an international wellness and fertility consultant. Over the last 30 years she has practiced energetic healing in San Francisco, Czech Republic and now resides and practices on the Gold Coast in QLD Australia.

Kuve has spent years specializing in releasing subconscious emotional blocks, helping clients suffering from stress, depression, physical illnesses and many more. This work has led her to the creation of her signature program called “Calm Conception”. This program is a powerful fusion of both energetic healing and emotional release techniques that focuses on the Wellness and Fertility during the client’s fertility journey.

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12

Intuition and Listening to My Gut Feeling Got Me Where I Am Today!

Written by Kuve (Kvetuse) Jansky
Bradley



“Intuition is real. Energy is real. Tune in and listen to what your body is trying to tell you. Your body never lies.”

I was born in the Czech Republic during its time of communist rule. My parents escaped from the Czech Republic when I was only nine. I had no idea at the time that I was involved in escaping the Czech Republic; I just thought I was going on holiday to visit my relatives in Cannes, in the south of France. From there we moved to Germany and a few years later we finally settled in Australia where my parents were seeking a better life for my brother and me. I learnt English first in my family. It was up to me, in the main, to take control in the initial years and help my parents with the necessities. I am so grateful that my parents had the foresight and courage to leave their home, everything they owned, their friends and family for an unknown future. Maybe I got that “follow your gut” attitude from them.

I have always been an independent person, even at a very early age. I've always listened and followed my gut as to how and what I should and shouldn't do.

I was eleven when we landed in Australia. I spoke three languages and was about to take on another. My real name is “Kvetuse” but when I attended school in Australia all my friends said, “No, we don't think so. We can't even pronounce that,”

and there and then I became “Kuve.” Yes, light and bubbly just like the champagne and that has never changed.

I don't remember too much about daily life, just that I did what needed to be done and got on with life. What I do remember as I got older was that I had a dream and a strong desire and a gut feeling that I wanted to go back to Europe and live there as an adult.

Who would have thought that as time went on, and life progressed, that the travel dream was still inside of me sitting there in the filing cabinet of my mind, in my dream box? Can't blame me—the travel bug started early within me when my parents took me to Cannes in France at the age of seven and there and then I was hooked.

I often think about how my life has progressed and where my personal road has taken me. It reminds me of the book I read many, many years ago called *The Path of Least Resistance*. The book was all about “going with the flow.” When we force things to happen, life tends to make the road a bit harder for us. When we let go and go with the flow, things have a way of working themselves out.

I knew early on in my twenties that I was connected to something, but I was unaware of what it was. When I put my hands on people's shoulders they would say to me, “What are you doing? I can feel something. It feels warm.” And I would very sheepishly and innocently smile and reply, “Oh nothing.”

It was at this time that I knew I was doing something unique that other people around me could not do. When I placed my hands on their body, after a while they would feel better and calmer as a result. I had absolutely no idea that I was connecting to the universal energy that constantly moves through and around us.

In my early thirties an opportunity presented itself. I went with the flow and said yes and before I knew it, I was on my way to San Francisco to live. It was here that my life really took on a holistic focus. San Francisco was so different and alive and my time there was life changing.

During my time in San Francisco, I attended numerous events on the different modalities in regard to energy healing. This opened my awareness to the discovery of MY connection to energy force. I realized I could help myself and others to balance their mind, body, and spirit. During one of the courses, I met my first mentor and teacher who introduced me to Reiki. Over several years of study, I became a Reiki Master and started to work at a holistic centre, and there my journey in energy healing began.

Reiki is a Japanese form of alternative therapy that is commonly referred to as energy healing. Reiki practitioners use a technique called hands-on healing through which “universal life-force energy” is transferred through the palms of the practitioner to the patient in order to encourage and assist in emotional or physical healing.

As time went on, one door closed again, and a new direction presented itself. This journey took me to Prague in the Czech Republic. Did you know that Prague is one of the most beautiful cities in the world? Well, that’s my opinion. You can’t blame me. I was born there, and I am somewhat biased. If you have an opportunity to visit Prague, you must. The history, the culture, the food and may I say the best beer in the world. You will love the history and the energy when you walk on the cobblestone roads that were built over one thousand years ago.

I had totally forgotten that the little girl inside of me, who had a dream to live in Europe, had succeeded in that dream. There I was in my mid-thirties, living my dream. What a journey and what a ride. It was just amazing and an eye-opening experience. Who would have ever imagined that I had to live in the US in order to be able to live in Europe? The road has a strange way of directing you in the path that you want or need to go in. Sometimes we find ourselves travelling along with lots of curves and even a few side roads without us even knowing it.

During my time in Prague, I came to realise that Europeans are much more open to holistic healing when they have a health issue. They were more traditional in their views toward health and healing. This was a pleasant surprise, as my experience in Australia was vastly different.

In reflection, I now understand why I had a strong connection and desire to move back to Europe. I wanted to live and experience life where I was born and reconnect with my relatives and understand my heritage. I was finally living a bohemian lifestyle in Prague. I felt alive and I felt at home. Then the realization finally clicked within me, just like a light bulb moment. “Can you see it?” Wow, I am here, and I am living and experiencing my dream and what I wanted to do so long ago. I just had to go a different way to get here. I allowed myself to go with the flow and followed my gut.

While living in Prague, I was working full time in a mainstream job and only practicing my holistic healing in my spare hours. I continued my education in holistic techniques but had some small issues with my Czech language. My relatives would look at me strangely and laugh whenever I spoke to them in Czech. When I asked,

“What did I say?” they would laugh and roll around on the floor and say, “It’s not WHAT you said but HOW you said it.” I was speaking Czech in an Australian accent like a child, and it sounded “czechlish.” I don’t think a word like that exists but it was funny at the time.

I didn't speak formal Czech as my parents left when I was only nine. We lived in France and then in Germany for several years before moving to Australia, so you can imagine my head was full of languages going from one to another.

When you are trying to express what needs to be said in Czech, it was hard to communicate when all the courses I was doing were in English. It was hard to translate to other languages and even harder when, in my head, I would translate English to Czech then to German. But I did it.

In 1999, I decided my time in Prague was coming to a close. My parents were quite elderly, and I decided the best thing for me was to move back to Australia. This was one of the hardest choices I had to make, and it didn’t come easy, as I had built a life for myself in Europe. For the first time, I made a decision that took a lot of thinking and planning. Yes, can you believe it? Me who just jumps and follows my gut and goes, “Next.” I knew in my heart it was time for me to leave and return to Sydney.

It was divine timing that the Olympics were being held in Sydney in 2000 so why not make the move now? I arrived back in Sydney in time for the 2000 New Year’s Fireworks celebration. I love fireworks and these did not disappoint. I was standing right under the Sydney Harbour Bridge amongst the energy generated by all the people. What a buzz; it was amazing. It was something I needed to fill my cup as it was really hard to be back after almost nine years of living abroad.

The road to finding a job when I returned was difficult, and I didn’t share my sadness and disappointments with anyone. Even the best CV didn’t do anything for me with all the amazing experience I had from Europe. So I decided to start working as a casual and that was the best decision I ever made.

I loved living on the North Shore where I grew up, so I decided that was where I would live again. I was used to walking everywhere when I lived in Prague, so it just made sense to be close to all the action.

When I settled back in Australia, new mentors and new teachers presented themselves to me and I started to continue my education in holistic and spiritual practices. There is a saying, “When a student is ready a teacher appears.” I was ready for expansion and learning, and some great mentors became my dear lifelong friends.

When the universe is trying to teach us something, sometimes it keeps repeating life's lessons until we learn what we are meant to. If we do not learn the lesson, it keeps coming back like a bad smell over and over and over again until you get it. ("Doh") Trust me on this one. I am speaking from experience as it absolutely happened to me many times.

Here's a quick story: I worked for a number of companies and held those jobs for a few years before the company either folded, downsized, or restructured and my role was made redundant. This happened again and again and again. You would think that I would listen to the universe and what it was trying to tell me, but I kept missing the message. I just didn't get it. Sometimes we cannot see the forest for the trees, and you might relate to that. I was so used to change I didn't worry about it. I just got up and dusted myself off and said, "NEXT," and went into automatic and looked for another job. I thought I was being resilient, flexible, and able to go with the flow just like the book *The Path of Least Resistance* that I read so many years ago.

I married late in 2010, to my now husband and when I was made redundant once again due to my company being bought, he was the one who said to me, "You are great at what you do, and you have helped so many people. Why don't you do what you love doing and work for yourself as a holistic practitioner full time?" It was like a light bulb moment, and I have never looked back. That being said, the road to running your own business is not always easy. But it has been personally a rewarding one.

I continued my studies, and I grew as a practitioner. It's a never-ending learning process for those of us who are in the holistic field. We are always awakening what is hidden and locked inside of us. By expanding and understanding myself, I knew I could help others, so I went on to study and complete my master level in Seichim Natural Healing.

Reiki and Seichim are standalone healing systems that until recently have been taught and applied separately. When I began combining both Reiki and Seichim with my clients, I was amazed at how well they complemented each other and helped to balance a person's physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual bodies.

In July 2014, I completed my qualification in a new and innovative way of releasing emotional blocks and trauma from the body called *The Emotion Code*. This innovative technique helps us to identify and release trapped emotions from the body in a loving and gentle way. Releasing trapped emotions makes conditions right for the body to self-heal. I feel blessed that I found this wonderful and innovative modality

or should I say it has found me. Whether we realize it or not, our emotions control what we do and how we react in all aspects of our lives.

The Emotion Code works for adults, children, and even animals. I have had some amazing success with dogs and horses. They are great to work with and are so in tune with energy. Did you know that animals also suffer from trauma? I have had success assisting animals, in regard to aggression, anxiety, hoof imbalance, trauma, knee problems and of late a horse with ovary irregularities.

Hypnotherapy was something that I had always heard of and was curious about, so I decided to become a clinical hypnotherapist in 2020. Hypnotherapy adds a new depth with personalized scripts to assist my clients with positive affirmations to communicate with the subconscious mind on a deeper level and bypass the ego, the conscious mind.

My process of providing energy healing now consists of a combination of all these modalities. They all have their place and work together to provide a wonderful healing process. It works face to face, via Zoom, Skype and remotely, no matter where you are in the world. Today 98 percent of my clients are remote clients. I connect to their body via proxy and the process works just as well as if they were sitting next to me.

I have an instinctive “knowing” of what I do. There is no explanation. Simply a knowing in my heart that what I am doing is helping others.

My clients’ testimonials give me satisfaction and a knowing that I am truly providing them with the support and assistance they needed.

I honestly believe everyone can benefit from having a healing, in whatever form, with a holistic practitioner. When you own a car, you have to get it serviced regularly. If you do nothing, the car will eventually stop, the lights on the dash will light up, and you know something is not right.

It’s the same with our body. When we don’t take care of it and we let the emotions overtake our mind, the body suffers. It may show up as pain or disease in other areas of our body and sometimes even worse. If we don’t listen to the signals our body is sending us, and we just choose to ignore it and then we ask ourselves, “What is going on? Why am I not well?” then we need to think about how long we have been ignoring the signals. But if we just took our body and gave it a service (like yoga, Pilates, emotional release, Reiki, acupuncture, or meditation) regularly, then we would be in a much healthier emotional and physical state.

Over the last nine years, since practicing full time as a holistic practitioner, I have had an incredible journey. I have found that my clients have had success with many different and varied symptoms and issues. An example of some of those issues are anxiety, panic attacks, anger, eye problems, fear of loss, hyperactivity, headaches, heart wall, lack of belief, money blocks, nail biting, pain, prostate, stomach issues, worthiness, and many more.

More recently, I was guided to create a program called Calm Conception. Through the Calm Conception program, I support couples or individuals who are on their fertility journey and assist them in how to bring peace, harmony, and balance to their life. To show them how they can navigate through the stress and understand that they are not alone and that there is a process to follow that can help them on this extremely sensitive and daunting journey. This program is designed to help couples who have been struggling to fall pregnant, to have a child naturally, without medical intervention.

There are many possible causes of infertility, and fertility problems can affect either partner. In many cases, it is difficult to identify the cause and in fact, between 10-30 percent of couples trying to get pregnant never find out why they cannot get pregnant.

Over the last thirty years I have specialised in helping people to release trapped emotional blockages due to health, stress, and or past trauma. These trapped emotions have impeded their lives in different ways and releasing them from their body has helped them live a more fulfilled and stress-free life.

Trapped emotions are made of energy, just like the rest of the body, and they can exert an influence on the physical tissues, creating discomfort and problems. You've heard the term "mind over matter"? Well, this is in essence what I am talking about although it's more like "emotions over matter," Releasing trapped and negative emotions makes conditions right for the body to heal itself, so physical and emotional difficulties often disappear or become much more manageable.

This, I believe, is also true for couples experiencing difficulty in conceiving. There could well be emotions, fears, or anxieties, conscious or unconscious, that are causing either partner to be at their least optimal and to be able to participate effectively in the conception process.

I also focus on the heart and how our emotions affect how we respond and live our lives. Clearing our emotional trash from our hearts is so important to how our brain will respond. You might not realize just how deeply our hearts control what we

desire to do in life. Our heart feels and our brain is the controller. So, think back to your own life when you were emotional. Did you hold your head, or did you put your hands on your heart? Where in your body is that feeling?

The ego loves to have a discussion and wants to control our decision, but our heart is our inner wisdom. What do you listen to? Think about it. It is widely studied and documented that our heart is what makes us feel the joy in life. The happiness and the excitement are generated from the heart, however our brain tends to want to control us. It's that chatter on your shoulder that is continuously telling you stuff that is negative and not really true.

The objective of the Calm Conception program is to help each partner within a participating couple, or indeed an individual seeking to get pregnant, to identify and then release any emotions or stress that may be hindering their ability to conceive. Additionally, to bring harmony to the partnership and provide the natural environment that will allow conception to occur. When our state of mind is in harmony with our body, only then can our body heal itself. Welcome to calm mind, calm body, and Calm Conception.

Like so many women, I too have been through the process of losing a child early in a pregnancy. I understand that this is a traumatic time and a very delicate journey to be on.

Through my own experiences dealing with personal blocked trauma and emotions, I know firsthand how revitalising you feel and how relaxed, comfortable and burden free your life can be after releasing and letting them go. You truly feel a lot lighter and happier. I have also seen the transformation that many of my clients have been through once we delved into the real emotional issues driving their distress or feelings of imbalance. And that is the point. It doesn't have to be a real physical issue. It may just be an imbalance in you.

It is such a delight to work with and assist couples and individuals on their conception journey. It's an absolute joy and the reason why I continue and will always do what I am doing. There is such satisfaction when you have helped another person and they are happy and relieved and just feeling like they can float when our session is completed. I know my work is changing lives all around the world.

I only hope that all our readers can come and join me in discovering how you too can tap into your true inner wisdom with the understanding that you can live a life with an open heart that is in harmony to achieve balance in your overall wellbeing while you're enjoying your individual journey.

Life happens while we make other plans and on the whole my life has followed a not so straight but very curvy, colourful, exciting and happy path. May my story enrich your life and make you think about how you follow that inner wisdom or gut to a path of least resistance.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



LAURA-DOE HARRIS

Laura-Doe is an award-winning somatic sexologist, comedienne and singer/songwriter. Using humour, song and science she helps people reconnect with the wisdom of their bodies and realise their full pleasure potential. In 2008 she founded The yOniversity® and has presented the workshops in her adult sex ed curriculum worldwide. With a rich toolkit of practical, effective techniques she helps her coaching clients to overcome barriers of shame, confidence or simply misinformation. To educate effectively and without embarrassment about sexual anatomy in people with vulvas Laura-Doe created The Vulvalicious® Cushions, beautiful anatomically accurate fabric sculptures. These cushions are used by educators, 'vulvationaries' and sexology practitioner trainings all over the world. Laura-Doe's other projects include yOnilates®, a fun program of pelvic floor exercises performed to specially composed, squeeze-along music, and her comic cabaret, 'Vaudeville of the Vulva', which educates while it entertains. She is currently the vice-president of the Somatic Sexologists professional association, SSEAA.

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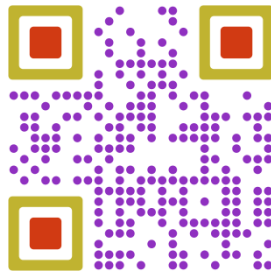
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13

Dissolving Shame, Embracing Pleasure, Coming Home.

Written by Laura-Doe Harris



I don't know how, or when, I discovered the particular stretch of my legs and the slow, in and out scissoring movement that started to generate delicious warm pleasurable feelings in my groin.

Maybe I always knew it.

Scientists have seen unborn babies pleasuring themselves in the womb. Maybe I discovered it in utero!

I can still picture my mum looking round from the front of the car and asking the four-year-old me what I was doing.

"You've gone all red in the face," she said. "Are you alright?"

"Yes, Mum." I replied. "It's just a child's thing." I was at a loss to describe what I was experiencing, and I somehow suspected that it wasn't quite the thing to talk to adults about.

In fact, I was extremely fortunate not to be shamed or even punished for these early discoveries of my body's natural pleasure. Many children are and the results can be devastating. But although I wasn't chastised, I still managed to gather the impression that there was something embarrassing, unmentionable and rather wrong about this whole area of my body and the pleasure it generated.

One of the big issues was naming it. My parents used a strange, made-up name that I've never heard anywhere else. And that is saying something because over the years, working as a sexologist, I have heard many, many names for the female genitalia. Apparently, there are over one thousand synonyms!

The family name for my vulva was "Pincha"! And even at an early age it seemed crystal clear to me that this was not a word I could use in conversations with anyone else, leaving me at a loss to know what to call it.

If we don't have a name for something, or we have a strange, made-up name for it, and yet we have ordinary well-used names for all the other things around it, then it's quite understandable, for a child especially, to conclude that there is something different or wrong about this unnamed part.

I'm sure my parents were doing their best, but no doubt, as it does for so many of us, their conditioning of shame and embarrassment about genitals was playing out in their relationship to mine. Kids pick these things up. I certainly did.

I was a chubby child, taken to the doctor at the age of seven and put on a diet because I hadn't yet "lost my puppy fat." I now understand that my parents also had attitudes about body size which filtered through. Like many little girls, I longed to be a ballet dancer and wear a tutu. My mum made many of my clothes and mostly she dressed me in "pinafore dresses." I pleaded with her to make me a tutu, but she told me no. That wouldn't be a good look for a girl of my shape.

The stigma of being overweight distressed me and was further compounded by what was happening at school. There it was important not to be seen naked. It was especially important not to be seen naked by the boys who peeked through knotholes in the wood of the wall separating the girls and boys changing rooms at the swimming pool.

This distress carried through into my teens and adulthood where low self-esteem was a strong influence in many of my behaviours. Alas, when I look at pictures of myself during those times, I see an attractive, well-proportioned young woman, and I feel horrified to remember how deeply ashamed I felt about myself and how convinced that I was both fat and ugly. Nowadays there is a term for what I, and many others, felt. It's "body dysmorphia," but I don't think anyone had heard of that when I was a teenager.

To make matters worse, there was the changing nature of my "not to be talked about" genitalia, now, in puberty, developing hair. If I felt bad about my body, I felt

even worse about my vagina, an embarrassing, distasteful part of my generally rather unsatisfactory form.

And then the *pièce de résistance* - my period started. Welcome to womanhood! My mother gave me an awkward bulky napkin and a strange belt contraption and hurried back to her guests at the party she was hosting. No celebration. No information. When she brought me some tampons some time later, I was baffled. It was the first time that I became aware that it was possible to put something in my vagina and my complete lack of understanding of my anatomy was such that I had great difficulty at the first couple of attempts. I actually discovered that I had a vagina that went inside my body from the instruction leaflet in a Tampax box.

In my teens I started to connect the dots between the private, but unmentionable pleasure I still enjoyed and the mysterious adult world of sex. It puzzled me that there was so little information or discussion about this topic, as making babies seemed so very crucial to life itself. This curiosity led me, as an adult, to seek out sexuality educators from various traditions, and I was lucky enough to learn from many key figures in the sexuality education world.

But in my teens and early twenties I still struggled with concern over how my genitals looked. I felt especially conflicted because I enjoyed the pleasure they gave me but hated how they looked.

My early sexual experiences were clumsy, confused and embarrassing and I usually hoped to get away without being seen. It was a real conundrum.

One of the other issues I faced was not having any comparisons. I had no idea what another woman's genitals looked like. I had no sisters and even if I had, the hidden location of the vulva makes it unusual to actually see another person's unless you and they are making a specific effort.

Pretty much the only place I had access to images of vulvas was in pornography (still all magazine-based in my day). And those representations come with their own set of problems.

For an adult magazine to be classified as "unrestricted" and publicly displayed in a newsagent, the genitals must be "discreet" and there can be no "genital emphasis."

To avoid this censorship, editors instruct the designers to airbrush the photographs so that any trace of the outer labia is removed, and the model's vulva is "healed to a single crease." Yes, there is a special term for it! The result, often hairless,

more closely resembles the genitals of a prepubescent girl than of most adult women. These days this manipulation is done digitally using Photoshop but the result and the reason is the same. Apparently, it's too rude to show what a real vulva looks like.

To compound the problem, this unrepresentative version is also what a lot of men are looking for. These same magazines were the source of their adolescent sexual fantasies and when confronted with something quite different they can be surprised and at times hurtful. Hardly surprising that a lot of women worry that something is wrong with their genitalia.

Even if I had had some modelling for what another vulva looked like, there is yet another issue: the issue of what is "normal." Just like noses and mouths and hands and feet and pretty much every other area of the body, everyone is unique. In truth, there is no "normal." There is a huge range of shapes and sizes of vulva and every one is perfectly "normal." But the messages of soft porn suggested otherwise. They appeared to present an image to be aspired to. And in my case, I could aspire all I liked, but my vulva was not going to look like the airbrushed pictures in the magazines.

By my mid-twenties I was living in a large, shared house in London. One of my housemates had a girlfriend, we'll call her Bea. Bea seemed to be very sexually confident, and I got on well with her, so after many weeks of thinking about it, I finally plucked up the courage to share some of my concerns. To my amazement she acknowledged that she too had similar feelings of shame about her genitals, and this also challenged her. We talked for hours, and we both agreed that just by sharing with one another we felt a small part of the weight seemed to lift. It was my first experience of how healing it can be to share my story with another woman.

Bea and I decided to meet once a week to support one another further, to explore and hopefully to heal our disempowering relationship with our most feminine of parts.

Bea was an artist, so she suggested we use art to help us on our journey. She brought round art materials, and we each drew our impression of our vaginas and how we felt about them. Then we talked about what we had drawn.

The next time we took it a step further and, using a mirror, we each drew what we could see of our own intimate anatomy. Again, we shared our drawings and talked some more.

Finally, we had developed enough trust and courage to allow the other one to see and draw us. This sharing was the most profound yet, as it was really easy to see the beauty of the other one's anatomy, even when we found it hard to acknowledge the beauty in ourselves. It was a deeply healing process and by the end we had both significantly transformed the way we felt about our genitals.

The next step in my journey was to try to find a greater degree of comfort in speaking about, in naming, my vulva and vagina. My conversations with Bea had really helped me feel more connected, but I still shuddered inside before saying the words. Bea and most people I knew used some sort of synonym. Pussy was the most common. I certainly wasn't going back to Pincha!! And then there was the issue of all those negative names, words that were also used to denigrate and put people down.

It took me some years to find the word that I liked to use and even more to discover and come to terms with using the perfectly good anatomical names of all the different areas of this amazing part of me. yOni is the ancient Sanskrit word for the whole female reproductive system. It also means "sacred place" and "gateway to the universe" - far more beautiful and respectful than many of the other meanings associated with names for our genitalia. It sang to me.

So much so that I bought yOni.com as a domain name in the early days of the internet and created a website celebrating the feminine, now truly a grandmother of the web.

Back in my twenties, however, I made another important discovery. I was quite a sexual being. I enjoyed sex but my lack of self-esteem and poor body image meant that I found it hard to connect with people I was attracted to. But there was more to it.

A pivotal moment in my journey of sexual self-discovery came when I visited a spiritual and therapeutic community in The Netherlands called The Humaniversity. Consensual sexual exploration was actively encouraged as a part of our personal growth journey. I was excited by the atmosphere of sexual freedom and the opportunities that gave me. But I found that a pattern kept repeating itself. I would feel very attracted to someone, but when it came to actually connecting intimately, the attraction would appear to fade, and I would seem to lose interest.

I took my troubles to the lead therapist Veeresh. He said, "You've got your mother sitting on your shoulder! She's whispering her values in your ear and you are listening to what she's saying. This is really important." he said. "When you connect

with a lover, don't listen to her but take yourself back to the attraction you felt and give yourself permission to really enjoy and express that."

I was a bit resistant to this message, but I trusted Veeresh so I thought I'd try it out. The next time this pattern showed up for me, I followed his advice. I noticed that I had an internal dialogue telling me not to go ahead. It had all sorts of reasons why this connection might not be a good idea—this wasn't the right person, I wasn't really in the mood, they were too this or too that, actually I was really tired after all! But rather than listening to this litany of complaints in my head, I decided to feel into my body and locate the feeling of the attraction and the sensations that my body was experiencing when I connected with this person. The effect was magical. In giving myself full permission to feel and express my attraction, I was able to engage in a really genuine and fulfilling way with my new partner.

Fast forward another decade or more and I'm now living in Australia. My interest in sexuality has brought me into contact with many of the leading teachers in both the mainstream and the spiritual sexuality world. I have built on my understanding of how my body worked and my fascination and amazement at this continued to increase. But I was still finding it challenging to name my intimate body parts and to speak freely with my lover about how I enjoyed being touched.

I joined a women's choir called the Voices of Gaia. We wrote and performed songs about our delight in the feminine, our journey of discovery as women, and our love and respect for the earth and the natural world. While singing with the choir I also met my son's father and fell in love and became pregnant in quick succession.

When she discovered that I was having a baby my mother emailed me to ask whether I was doing my pelvic floor exercises. I wasn't!

Most of the other women in the group were mothers, and they all agreed we needed help to do these important exercises. I wrote a song called "Do the Kegel." It was catchy enough to get stuck in our brains and when it's encouraging you to do these valuable squeezes, for once, having a song on high repeat internally is an advantage not an irritation!

But the song also challenged me.

When I write it often feels as if the song or the sketch arrives through me rather than being my personal creation - which may explain why I find lyrics emerging that evoke a response in me of, "Oh my - you can't possibly say that!"

In one verse of “Do the Kegel” the lyrics go

And here’s the really motivating bit

A Kegel will put pressure on your clit!

I was so concerned about singing this line that I tried everything to minimise it: mumbling, jumping super quick into the next line, asking everyone shouldn’t I really change it and rewrite that verse. When I was performing and it came to that point in the song, I could feel myself cringing internally and desperately wishing it were over.

But I did it, I survived, people loved the song, no-one in our audiences appeared to be mortally offended that it contained the word “clit” and over time it began to feel normal, and I started to enjoy the cheekiness of that section.

But existence wasn’t done with me yet.

As I wrote more songs and other material, the same thing has happened with stunning regularity. Each time it has taken me to the edge of my comfort zone and demanded that I summon up my courage and dare to speak (or sing) the “unspeakable.” But the gift of daring to do it anyway has meant that each time it gets a little bit easier.

This has taught me that we truly can diminish the discomfort we feel around speaking of certain things. We can change the power a word or a topic has held to silence or shame us by simply taking a deep breath and giving it a go. Practice, practice, practice and the negative power of suppression and silence does wane. The naturalness that arises in its place, being able to speak freely about the wonderful parts of the body and the beautiful experiences of our sexual nature, is immensely relieving and liberating.

By using this strategy, very deliberately, I was able to find ease and comfort while speaking the anatomical names of my genital parts. I was even able to reduce the negative connotations and embrace the potency and power of that most derogatory of words, the one beginning with “c”.

The songs and sketches that I was writing morphed, over time, into a one woman show. Vaudeville of the Vulva is a comic cabaret which entertains while it educates about female sexuality. Since its debut in 2010 audiences have described the very same liberating, transformative effect that I found in my writing of it.

It's as if the lid of the repression of our cultural attitudes around sexuality gets popped off and the energy that is stored there is released and can be enjoyed. Laughter helps. Singing along helps. People become excited and delighted by the permission to express and enjoy our sexual natures. Many many people have told me that the show precipitated wonderful open conversations the likes of which they had never experienced before.

Vaudeville of the Vulva is just one of the ways I'm offering education and empowerment for women to understand their bodies and connect with the pleasure and delight to be found within. By my late forties I'd had enough of my career as an IT lecturer. I'd gathered enough valuable knowledge about sexuality that I was ready to jump ship from being a computer geek to being a sex geek! I gained professional qualifications in Somatic Sex Education and Counselling, and in 2008 I founded The yOniversity, specialising in education about female pleasure and arousal.

It has been my passion and delight to offer the workshops, presentations, sessions, and resources of The yOniversity to groups and individuals all over the world. I feel privileged to be able to share what I have learned and guide women (and sometimes men) towards the sexual happiness that is everyone's birthright. It is such a rich reward to see my clients throwing off the repressive burden of shame and the numbness that comes with it, connecting with their innate body wisdom and becoming more and more radiant as they discover their own unique erotic nature.

Please get in touch if my story resonates with you and you feel curious about how I might support you on your journey. It would be a pleasure to hear from you.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



LEANNE CLUNE

Leanne Clune is an International Best Selling Author, Conscious Cashflow Coach and CEO and facilitator of the *Radiante*[™] series of multi-author books.

She mentors visionary leader female entrepreneurs to catapult their Income, Impact and to leave a legacy.

With over sixteen years' experience running her own professional finance company, she has helped hundreds of clients save millions of dollars collectively.

Her experience led her to see the limitations in the traditional finance system, particularly for women. This led her to create several cashflow transformation programs including Creative Energetic Millionaires[™].

Leanne lives with her husband and three sons on one acre of tropical paradise in the Gold Coast Hinterland.

Find out more about Leanne on the links below:

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Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/radiantebooks/>

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YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCF2oIElzGnELCdInBA0dW1Q>

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Stepping into Soul Work

Written by Leanne Clune

Every cell in my body screamed, “DO IT,” but who was I to start a publishing company? However, my intuition was too strong to ignore. With trembling hands and sweating bullets, I announced Clune & Co Publishing to the world.

Looking back, connecting with and helping people has always been my innate superpower. I operated at the soul level. I could “see through” situations and had a profound “knowing.”

I would naturally listen without judgement and the right advice, specifically tailored for the person, would be expressed through me. I would see the advice had landed as I watched the lightbulbs go on in their minds. They would thank me wholeheartedly and circle back later.

It was no surprise I found myself running a financial advice business in my twenties. Nothing gets people more emotionally charged than money. For sixteen years, I have provided a non-judgemental, professional space for my clients.

Creating financial strategies for my clients involved laying all their details out so I could reverse engineer the best way for them to achieve their goals. During this process, secrets often surfaced. In order for me to do the highest work for the best good of my clients, I needed to know all of it.

Often, I would have a spouse call me before or after an appointment in significant emotional turmoil. Some would cry hysterically, barely able to breathe as they spoke their truth to me. Such truth would involve pain such as undisclosed credit cards the partner was unaware of, illegitimate children, previous marriages not disclosed to the current spouse - the list is endless.

I would often say to myself, from this work I have many books inside of me. Obviously, client confidentiality is key, but there are themes and stories I could write about to help others in similar situations.

Around twelve years into my finance business, I felt something much bigger was rising. I didn't know what it was or how it looked. I did know it involved facilitating groups of women in business. I also knew it would be mainly online.

But I resisted.

I wasn't ready to play bigger.

My husband and three children had only recently moved from one end of Australia to the other. Our expectation of an easy transition was not our reality. The cross-country move from a tiny rural town in Western Australia to the Gold Coast threw us into a whirlwind of chaos. For the next few years, it seemed anything that could go wrong did go wrong.

I was in the trenches trying to integrate my children into a new city, new school and new friends. I was at capacity. However, the calling from my soul to step up and play much bigger didn't stop.

The more I tried to resist it, the louder it became.

I persisted and threw myself into networking to start to know some people in this new town.

My finance business built slowly and steadily across the other side of the country.

Life outside of my business became extremely hectic very quickly. Both teens threw themselves into sport and before we knew it, life was nonstop. The kids were excelling – the eldest was dancing twenty-five to thirty hours a week outside of school and the middle child was incredible at soccer. Every single night of the week was accounted for, with one or both at their training. Life quickly turned into meal preps, sport drop offs, work and wrangling a toddler.

Amongst all of this, my soul was still loud. I needed to work with groups and make more of an impact in the world. I remember many times arguing out loud to the Universe and saying no I just want to play small.

Who was I kidding?

I was born for this and there was no retracting from it.

When COVID hit in early 2020, life actually slowed down for the first time in over three years. For me personally, it was an absolute blessing. No school runs, no sport drop offs and pick ups every night. I suddenly found myself another twenty plus hours per week. In addition, my finance business significantly slowed down to the slowest it had been in ten years. I didn't even remember a time when my phone wasn't ringing off the hook.

My intuition said to use this time wisely. It may not last. With this time, I was able to listen more and act on the callings of my soul.

I enrolled in a business course looking at transitioning my business to online. Then I was given the opportunity to write a chapter in a highly leveraged multi-author book.

I have always had a natural ability to write. I wrote finance editorials every fortnight for local papers. Whipping up a blog or case study was no issue for me.

However, writing about myself was next-level hard. We were asked to write about a deep, heartfelt experience that changed the trajectory of our life and our business. Writing like this was so deep it hurt. The pain surfaced, the memories reappeared, and I had to heal myself as I wrote.

A huge revelation made me realise I rarely talked about the challenges of life and running a business. But in those challenges is the absolute gold.

Writing this chapter, only 3,500 words, was so challenging and the Universe threw so many curve balls along the way to distract me, but I persisted. This one chapter from my heart last year catapulted my business into another dimension.

Writing that chapter in the book last year changed the whole trajectory of my business. Writing vulnerably from my heart and the increased visibility catapulted my income. As I was writing my chapter, new business courses and ideas were flooding into me. I don't think I stopped writing flat out for six weeks plus. It felt like I had been activated and rocketed into another dimension.

A few months later, I was given the opportunity to start my own publishing company. I read the invitation, and it deeply resonated with every cell in my body. I knew I had to do this. I committed a month before Christmas and the training didn't start until mid-January. It was another perfect synchronicity.

This was no ordinary course. I was told right from the start it was an implement as you go course. It was imperative to keep up. Every week was full of massive amounts of information and outside-of-my-comfort-zone actions to complete.

Two weeks in and my enthusiasm had turned to doubt. It was a far cry from my finance work that I could do on autopilot.

What had I got myself into?

BUT I already had authors who had paid to be a part of this book. There was no going back. The only way was through.

As is often the case, my path through was not easy. The familiar “pre-uplevel” thoughts came to my mind. When out of my comfort zone, I get a strong urge to run away. I never know where to, but it is a strong instinctual urge to escape my current reality.

The urge to run away started taking over my body. This time, rather than sit in it, I observed it. I thought about every time I had experienced this urge and on the flip side, my life and business took a monumental leap forward.

This urge was my signal that this book project was going to be life changing! So I leaned into the feeling and used my energetic skills and tools to manouvre through it.

Then another slam. Suddenly, I came down with extreme sickness. I was sicker than I had been in years. For three weeks, I was almost completely bedridden. This left me unable to work on this project. I was barely eating, extremely fatigued and coughing relentlessly. A week later, two of my children were sick with the same symptoms. The house became a germ-infested cesspit with twenty-four/seven coughing symphony. We had all developed pneumonia, which lasted over a month. I lost track of what day it was and followed my intuition to give into it, rest and heal.

I felt like I was falling more and more behind. One day I woke and decided no matter how terrible I felt, I had to do at least one thing every day to keep the needle moving forward. I didn't know how long this dreadful sickness would last – it was my only way forward at that stage.

The pneumonia slowly lifted and each day I achieved more and more. The sickness had, however, taken a toll on me mentally. I started doubting my ability to see this book through to best seller.

I recall my incredible friend and co-author Anandi Sano called me to ask me what was going on. But we both knew I didn't need to tell her. She already knew. She had felt my energy. Over the phone and through a distance of approximately 4000 km, she removed the low-vibrating life moments from my energetic field that were holding me back. These were energetically blocking me from moving fiercely forward on this project. I remember having to lie down in bed as I was talking to her then the last thing I heard was my five-year-old on the trampoline outside, his excited squeals getting lower and lower in volume.

The next thing I knew, I woke from one of the best sleeps I have ever had in my life. I was out cold for fifteen hours.

The following week, I was full of energy and ready to conquer the world. I felt absolutely unstoppable. The following few days I was in my "superflow," an incredible, energetic space where I could achieve a whole day's worth of work in a few hours.

Superflow was no stranger to me. It was the state I went into when my children were young to enable me to catapult my business forward, being very time poor.

However, this superflow was somewhat different. I realised it was the maintaining of the superflow and maintaining of the high frequency which changed everything. Previously, I would ebb and flow from superflow to super nothing! This time even when my superflow dropped, I was still moving forward. Some days a leap and some a step.

As I was in this unstoppable energy, I got my authors to start promoting on social media about the upcoming book. We were a few days into it, and it worked so well that I received a private message from a publisher threatening legal action if I published with my current title as it was too close to her title of already published books. I was stunned. Naturally, I had done my due diligence before naming the book. This was a complete shock to me.

I knew I had to act quick. The title HAD to change and at lightning speed. Rather than be thrown into chaos by this hurdle, I remained in deep trust that this was divine intervention.

My intuition knew exactly what to do. I rang my incredible friend, entrepreneur, and trusted mentor, Anandi Sano. Our resonance together when discussing business was unmatched. We were on the same frequency completely. Not many words were required to be voiced. We would know what the other was thinking.

It is difficult to put into words the soul gifts Anandi has been given. I can say I know and trust her deeply. Over the years, we have developed an incredibly strong friendship and bond. She is a soul friend and unlike anyone else I know.

Without hesitation, she called me, and I was about to embark on one of the most magical and profound moments of my life. She has this unique ability to communicate directly with source energy. I quickly grabbed my notebook and pen – from experience I knew this was needed.

From here, the magic started to unfold.

Anandi asked me, “Who are your authors?”

I went on to explain they are the visionaries, the women at the leading edge of business. The way-showers to other entrepreneurs. They have the ability to “see in the dark” and lift others up to them.

Then we were told the words:

- “Creation”
- “Sparks of life”
- “Ignition point”

Ignition point kept repeatedly being shown. However, I was not resonating with it, so I knew it wasn’t that. The title had to be in alignment with myself as the publisher and the book and authors as a whole.

Later came the words:

- “Light”
- “Luminous”
- “Radiate”

Still, we were not there. I knew we were close.

Then, after a few minutes of silence as Anandi and I were in deep connection and flow, we were “told” to look at Latin. The lightbulbs went on for both of us.

We started to both look up Latin names for all of the words above, our note pads in front of us having pages and pages of scribble.

We looked up the Latin names, then the meanings.

Suddenly, Anandi says what about Radiant with an “e” on the end? Instantly I knew that was “it.” We both looked up the meaning. There were many meanings to be found online and when I stumbled across “Emitting rays of light” and “shining bright,” I knew that was it.

We both squealed, “That’s it,” excited as little kids in a candy store.

Interestingly, the cover design for this book was a similar divinely led process. I worked with an incredible professional designer, and I also worked with Anandi to ensure each colour flowed across all of my energetic layers. We did countless re-works of the design until a final edit was sent through. I remember celebrating out loud, “This is it!”

Once the cover and the new title were designed, I started to “call in” the rest of my Radiante authors. It was an incredible process whereby people were either magnetically drawn in and wanted to secure their spot ASAP, or they didn’t resonate at all. There seemed to be no in-between. It was truly fascinating.

Comprehensive author training was part of the package for my authors in this book. I “downloaded” and did my trainings straight from asking what was needed for this group of authors. Before each training session, I would write around twenty pages of A4 notes which were specific to the group. I had never taken my hands off the steering wheel so much as when I did this project.

Creating this book has quantum leaped me energetically. Looking back, I quickly flowed into a deep trust and knowing of exactly what to do and how to do it. Almost like I had done this before in a previous life... maybe I had!

I know myself so well now. During the process, I “clicked into” complete and utter TRUST and KNOWING. I knew I would be ok no matter what. Such deep-rooted trust and complete and utter knowing. This is true freedom and an incredible place to operate from energetically.

I was unshakeable, in complete alignment, and this was my soul work.

It occurred to me that I needed to not just publish this book, but also contribute a chapter to it. I initially thought it was too vulnerable for me to share my journey of stepping into and embodying becoming a publisher. I knew some people thought I was nuts when I first announced it.

However, following my intuition, this was the story to be shared.

It was to show business owners what is possible when you take massive courageous action towards achieving new goals. To put a light on the quantum leaps that occur when you remove low-vibrating life moments and step fully into your soul work.

This, to me, is the true meaning of being Radiante. When you step into your soul and legacy work, you become Radiante.

I began this project with the intentions of increasing the income, impact, and to create a legacy for all of my authors. It quickly rippled out to not only my authors but also you, my beautiful readers and supporters. From your support, the flow on effect has spread out to ignite the impoverished women in Uganda.

May this impact continue to ripple across the world.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



LEIGH MOANA

Leigh Moana helps business owners take their sales to the next level. Working together with them to implement strategies that will double sales, increase profits, and ensure sustainable business growth.

Leigh is a Sales and Marketing professional with over 20 years' experience, she is very passionate about helping business owners succeed. Too many times she has seen businesses with a fantastic product or service fail, simply because they did not have the correct sales strategies in place. For this reason, Leigh developed her Successful Sales program to help business owners get out of their own way and put processes in place to catapult their sales.

Leigh has enjoyed building her success while raising two amazing children on her own for the past 14 years on the beautiful, sunny Gold Coast and wouldn't have it any other way!

Links:

Moana Marketing

Website: <https://www.moanamarketing.com.au>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/MoanaMarketing>

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On the Edge of Greatness – Talk Yourself Through it, Not Out of it.

Written By Leigh Moana



My stomach flips and turns, my heart races, my palms sweat, my throat closes, and I feel like I'm going to vomit. This happens every time I hear my phone ring and see that dreaded name come up on my screen. I feel like a naughty child who has been caught red-handed doing something wrong!

Life is too short to feel this way day in, day out, several times a day! No one should ever have the power to make you feel so intimidated and insignificant! There just has to be more to life than this.

It's times like this, when I experience that sick feeling in the pit of my stomach, that I know that something has to change!

I can quickly recall at least six times in my life when I have felt just like this... When I have known that something has to change. When I have had to make major, life-altering decisions.

They are the big decisions; they are the overwhelming decisions. More often than not they are the decisions we put in the "too hard basket." But these are also the decisions, when we finally make them, that lead us to greatness. They lead us to something bigger and better than we would have imagined for ourselves.

The first of these life-altering decisions I had to make (as an adult) was the decision to leave my husband. As a child, coming from a broken family, I had always promised myself that when I got married, it would be forever. I would fight tooth and nail to keep my marriage strong and intact. I would do whatever it took... until I couldn't... or should I say, shouldn't?!

At thirty-one years old, a six-month-old son and a two-year-old daughter in tow, I made the courageous and scary decision to leave my husband. Our situation was not ideal, and I was left with no choice. I had to leave, for my children, for me, for our future. It is amazing what a woman can do, what a mother can do, when she has to!

Two babies both in nappies, both waking several times a night each and both very enthusiastic little energizer bunnies that just kept going and going. I had to watch them constantly or goodness knows what they would get into! With little to no warning, I went from part-time worker, full-time wife to a single mother having to get full time employment, find somewhere new to live and having to move house.

There was no time for exhaustion; there was no time to feel sorry for myself. I had to put my head down, my bum up, and get on with it. I had to find a way to support my little family. Looking back now, I wonder how I even managed to do it.

Strangely enough, this is where my amazing journey into the world of sales really began.

Being forced into making this life-altering decision also forced me to find my true calling in my professional life. Previously, I had dabbled in several industries. I had worked in the hospitality industry, the tourism industry, sales and administration. Now was the time to step up and combine it all. To be the best salesperson I could be. I had no choice. I had to succeed to support my family.

Some of the most rewarding incentives behind a career in sales are the bonus structures and rewards that come with being really good at your job. I worked super hard at building amazing relationships and earning trust and respect within my industry. I built a strong foundation that led to a very rewarding sales career, where targets were met, and rewards were plenty.

I'll never forget the day I went to the bank to set up a new account for my savings. This lovely lady at the counter asked me why I was opening a new account. When I explained to her that I was moving house, she asked if I was renting or buying. I laughed a little and said, "Renting, of course. I could never afford to buy. I'm a single mother with two children."

All she said to me was, “You don’t know if you don’t ask. Would you like me to set up an appointment for you with the lending manager?”

“Why not?” I replied. “it can’t hurt to ask.” Wow!! Talk about your famous last words.. As it turns out, a single mother with two children can buy a house.

Another amazing turning point in my life! Had I dismissed what the lady behind the counter was saying, had I made up my own mind that no one would ever lend me money, I would never have purchased my first home. It just goes to show that sometimes we need to be a little more open minded and a little more open to having conversations. You truly never know just where those conversations could take you.

Less than two years after leaving my husband I was successfully raising two babies (thank you daycare!!), enjoying an incredibly successful career, purchasing a car, purchasing my first home, and building a strong network of colleagues and connections, serving on committees and loving life!

The pressures were high, deadlines and targets were the norm, time was limited, yet I was absolutely thriving. I was in my zone! Loving life, loving my kids and really enjoying my success.

BOOM!!! In comes bombshell number two! Don’t get too comfortable, Leigh! What are you thinking? That you’ll stay this happy always? Time to rock that steady boat of yours.

Enter the stomach turns and flips, the racing heart, sweaty palms, closed throat... you know how it goes :)!!

Without going into detail on how my steady boat was rocked...what I will say is that you must respect yourself, believe in yourself, and most importantly, stand up for yourself. Unfortunately, I was put in a position where my “baby” (my job) was being taken from me, and I was no longer supported, valued, or even respected.

I had been in this job (that I absolutely loved) for over five years. It was steady, it helped me support my family, keep a roof over our heads, food on the table, pay the bills... when it’s only you, that is a lot of pressure. But this was a great job, great pay, I worked hard for it, I earned it, and in turn it ensured we enjoyed a great lifestyle. My plan was to stay in this job forever. I really loved what I was doing.

Now, I was in the position... again... where I had to make another of those life-altering decisions. I had to make the decision to leave my job, my security. I had to stand up for myself.

It might make you feel sick to your stomach to do it, but that is when you know it's right. That is when you know you're about to step over the threshold to something even better. Stay strong and believe in yourself.

I could have lost my home, I may have struggled to find work, I may not have been able to afford childcare... there were so many fears that could have held me back. Yet I made the decision. It was time to move on. No sooner had I made the decision and the next opportunity came knocking on my door. I didn't even have to look for it.

Surprisingly enough, another conversation that would lead to the next major decision in my life. I had made the decision that something had to change. I had made the decision to leave, then from nowhere, one random conversation, and along came the next opportunity.

How long could I have stayed in my place of fear and not found my opportunity or missed my opportunity altogether? How long have you stayed in a place of fear? Are you still in a place of fear? Make the decision! You don't have to act on it straight away but make the decision. Start looking. You'll be surprised at what pops up when you make that big decision and find yourself open to the world of possibilities around you.

The next few years went by, I was still in a high paying, rewarding, high-pressure job, same role (just different company), same industry. I was still in all the same social circles, kicking goals, supporting my kids, and enjoying life... until I wasn't.

This time, on top of the stomach flips and turns, racing heart, sweaty palms, closed throat, sick feeling... I also suffered a work injury.

Ok. This time the universe was telling me something REALLY had to change.

BUT this time was even scarier than before. This time there were no more opportunities (or none that I wanted) in my current industry. This time I was older, and I had more to lose. This time, this decision would uproot my whole little family and life as we knew it.

I was putting the decision off. It was too big, too overwhelming, too much was going to have to change. I just couldn't seem to face it, so I chose to ignore it.

One conversation with one amazing person changed my whole perception (or should I say misperception) on just how big this decision would be.

Instead of looking at the end-goal, at all the things that would have to happen, we just talked. It was one simple conversation, one which you can also have with yourself. All you have to do is stop, take a deep breath, and break it down.

Ask yourself, what is the first thing that would need to happen? Can you do it? If no, why not? What is holding you back? What would you need to do to change the no to a yes? Do you need help? Is it something you can do yourself?

Break it down to one manageable step at a time. Keep drilling down until all your no's become yeses, until you have a clear picture of what needs to be done, and how it needs to happen. Set an action plan, then start implementing it, one step at a time. Once you have a plan, the steps to achieve it, the overwhelm disappears and you find yourself in a state of "doing" rather than in a state of desperation and confusion.

Upon making this life-altering decision, to leave my high-paying, stable job that supported my little family, I found myself having to rent out my home, put my belongings into storage and I went home to my mummy! At thirty-eight years old, two children (aged eight and ten) and I moved back home to my mum's house, out in the country, where I could recover, recoup, and figure out what was next.

I was incredibly lucky to have such a wonderful support system to allow me to regroup like that. I will be forever grateful to my mother and her husband for helping me through one of the most difficult times of my life. Their support allowed me the time to really focus on me, my kids, and what I was going to do next. To relax, with no deadlines, targets, events, and the general pressures that life has to offer.

After the dust settled from the move, I remember sitting with my mum one evening and asking her, "What am I going to do now?" Everything I ever knew felt lost on me. I honestly did not know what I wanted to do, what industry I wanted to work in, where I would go from here.

I looked into her eyes. I was genuinely lost, confused, unsure... "What am I going to do?"

The next words out of my mother's mouth changed my world... again!! "Start your own business! You've always wanted to do it. I know you can do it. So, do it. Start your own business."

As I write this chapter, that conversation with my mother was seven years ago and I have never looked back.

I was still recovering from my injury, so I decided to use that valuable time to plan my new business venture. I was lucky enough to be accepted into the NEIS program (New Enterprise Incentive Scheme) through the government which gave me the opportunity to plan my business while I recovered. The NEIS program allowed me the time and guidance to build a comprehensive business plan that would serve as the starting block to my business, Moana Marketing.

Drawing from my past employment, I had developed many skills along the way. Sales was by far one of my strongest skills.

I worked with one company that made wonderful, low preservative wines where you could place your own, customized labels on the wine you purchased. The concept was unique and different. It was brought over here from Canada; however, unfortunately, it was not working in Australia, not the way they envisioned it. When I took on the sales and marketing role, I completely changed the way the wines were purchased, the market we were targeting, and how we were selling. I became known as the networking queen. Sales increased dramatically, and the owners were able to sell their business for a lovely profit when they were ready to return to Canada, rather than having to shut up shop at a massive loss.

I worked for a tourism company that was experiencing difficult times and found themselves in \$1M debt. I was asked to stay on as the Sales Manager (later to be promoted to General Manager) and was able to take that business from \$1M in debt to back in the red within two years. I introduced new, affordable options for smaller businesses, increased sales and got us out of trouble and to a point of making a very lucrative profit.

With my past roles in tourism, sales, management, administration and events, plus taking on a lot of self-learning projects, I taught myself to build databases and build websites. I completed social media courses, developed sales training manuals, operations manuals, and implemented systems within several business over the years. These skills that I developed would build the framework for a very successful business.

After working in the tourism industry for such a long time, primarily working with small business owners as clients, I recognized a real need for marketing assistance within the industry. Business owners knew what they needed to do; they simply didn't have time to do it all. I would create a business to assist small business owners for as many or little hours as they needed per week/month, whatever they required. Most small business owners could not afford to hire a full- time marketer,

so I would offer them the opportunity to utilize my skills and knowledge for a set amount of hours per week/month, to achieve the tasks they did not have time to do.

It was a fantastic and welcome service that got my business off to a wonderful start. Over time, business owners' needs changed, so the services I offered changed. I was able to adapt my business to the industry and trends. Being self-employed has given me the freedom and ability to adapt as needed. It has also given me the opportunity to be there for my children in a way that I will be forever grateful for. I am able to attend all their extracurricular activities, to get them to their sport training, to get them to their sporting events, to be there when they get home from school.

Over the last seven years, my business has evolved and changed and grown in many substantial ways. It has been an amazing journey that has forged many incredible relationships and opened up so many opportunities.

I have worked with startups and helped them create sales processes and systems that we've implemented together and enjoyed great successes. I have built social media and email marketing campaigns for clients to help increase awareness and build customer loyalty. I even started hosting half day workshops teaching small business owners the basics of Facebook, Instagram, LinkedIn, and Mailchimp for business, so they could do it for themselves.

I've worked with corporate clients all around Australia helping them with their events and I have one client I've been working with for seven years now, managing their social media campaigns, email marketing campaigns, and SMS campaigns. I attend their event each year to get action photos and videos for the following year of marketing. It has been an amazing journey so far!

All these skills I have developed over the years have helped me to produce an amazing sales training program that I designed based on my vast experience from working in the sales industry for so many years.

When I asked myself the question, what is it that I am really passionate about (besides my children of course), what is that one thing I talk about that really makes me smile, that when I'm doing it, I just shine, that I'm super excited to talk about, that I could talk about for hours... It always comes back to sales!

I absolutely love to sell! I get so animated and excited when I talk about sales. I love to think outside the square, to develop new strategies, to build amazing relationships. So I developed an incredible program which teaches everything I love to do. I work closely with my clients to help them identify where their sales may be

struggling, to implement new strategies to increase their sales, and to put systems in place to ensure continued growth into the future.

I sit on the board of The Cambodian Kids Foundation , which is a charity very close to my heart. After participating in a volunteer trip to Cambodia with the foundation in December 2019, I just knew that I had to stay involved with the Foundation . I had to help. I decided I would take my children over with me the next time, so they could see just how lucky they were.

I began fundraising, first by taking on a 10km running challenge (never having been a runner in my life!! ever!!!). I then took on my first ever triathlon (which I completed four days after turning forty-five). I am currently training for my first (and probably last) half marathon.

Unfortunately we can't travel right now, but I am saving and fundraising for the trip in preparation for when we can travel again! The foundation has suffered a great loss in financial assistance with all volunteer trips not running for over eighteen months so far, so we are desperate to find new ways to raise money. It is a project I am very passionate about and as my business succeeds, the foundation will benefit more and more.

In my personal life, I moved home (more than four years ago now). I am raising two amazing teenagers and life is fantastic. There have been a couple more stomach flips and turns along the way, but I know what they mean. I make the decision quickly and I move on.

I know with everything in me that all will be ok. I know it will work out. I know it will lead to something bigger and better.

My name is Leigh Moana. I am a Sales and Marketing Strategist, Coach and Trainer. I am a single mother of two amazing children. I am passionate about helping business owners increase their sales and improve their processes to help them secure a solid and sustainable future for their business.

I believe in being authentic and true, in coming from a place of service and with a genuine desire to help.

My Successful Sales program has been developed to help business owners achieve the sales they desire.

I'm in my happy place when I show a business owner solutions or strategies they may not have thought of yet to increase their sales and improve their business. When

I see that spark in their eyes, that “aha” moment on their face, that excitement they experience when they know they’re on a winner...then I’m a very happy lady.

My mission in life is to help as many business owners as I can to improve their sales. To provide a happy, stable life for my children where they feel loved, safe and secure to be anything they want to be. To leave behind a legacy of being someone honest, true, hard-working and loving.

If this chapter inspires just one person to make that life-altering decision they have been putting off, to take their life back into their own hands, to trust in the process and believe that everything will be ok—if it empowers just one person to make that big decision, to take themselves out of that place of fear and move forward—then I have served my purpose for participating in this book and I will be absolutely thrilled!

You can achieve anything you set your mind to.

Make the decision and set your intention.... Be kind, caring and honest with yourself... and enjoy the journey. xx

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MARLIE JOLANDA

Marlie Jolanda is a Meaningful Marketing & Business Coach with high-energy. She is passionate about helping Entrepreneurs-on-a-Mission to stop being the '*best kept secret*' and turn more potential customers into paying clients with meaningful marketing.

She started her career in corporate at one of the world's largest premium car makers in 2007. She was promoted twice in 1.5 years and became the first social media manager in the group worldwide at the age of 24. Since starting on her own in 2016, Marlie launched various successful businesses in Coaching, Presenting & Training and Networking-for-Women.

As the founder of Secret SisinBiz Society, Marlie is changing the way women do business around the world. Her mission is to share Secrets-of-Success with more than 2 million Sisters-in-Business to help them grow personally & professionally with the #winwinwin model.

Find out more about how to work with Marlie via www.marliejolanda.com.
Shoot her a DM via @marliejolanda, invite her as a Speaker or non-creepy stalk her on
her Socials via: www.marliejolanda.com

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and any special offers!



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Get CLARITY on Your Destination: Where Would You like to Go?

Written by Marlie Jolanda



Becoming a Multi-Millionaire

Allow me to take you on a little journey. Have you ever seen one of these beautiful villas in the crystal-clear blue water in Bora Bora? Imagine sitting outside on the deck of a five-star villa. It feels like you are in the middle of the ocean – separated from the rest of the world, by choice. It smells like salty water and delicious pasta. A whiff of my favourite incense is passing by. I take them everywhere as they create smell-memories. When I get back home, light them and close my eyes - it takes me straight back to this relaxing moment. I feel peaceful. Nowhere to be, no decisions to make. I don't have anything to DO, I can just BE. The moment I struggle with this is when I know I need a break as I can get stuck in my high-achieving, controlling, perfectionist, workaholic mode. Luckily, I learned that we have different modes, and a CHOICE to switch between them. Sometimes switching scenery, like whisking off to Bora Bora for a nurturing retreat, is all you need to remember your chosen destination.

I am having a healthy lunch with my dear friend Esmee. She flew in from the Netherlands – where I was born. We used to be travel besties; we visited almost every continent together. Unfortunately, we haven't been able to catch up that often anymore since I immigrated to Australia, 22,000km away - literally the other side of

the world. It makes us feel even more grateful and happy. How many people have the time and resources to meet each other in such a luxurious place and spend quality time together? No internet, so unless the friendly staff comes to deliver messages personally, we are not disturbed at all – bliss! We hear the sound of a Jet Ski approaching. “Are you expecting a message?” she asks me. “I don’t remember asking for anything, maybe it is for the neighbours,” I respond.

They stop at our villa and hand me a letter from my accountant Jen. I wonder what would be so important to send me this now. I am eager to find out and impatiently rip open the envelope. “Transaction completed; you have sold your business for \$5.7mil. The money is received in your bank account – see statement attached. Congratulations, you did it!” reads the paper I am holding in my hand.

“Bring out the Bubbles Smee,” I shout to her inside with a high-pitched voice. “We have something to celebrate!” I can’t believe it, it actually happened! Exactly the way I had envisioned it since I wrote this story in my journal, seven years ago...

The Remembering Process

How did I get there? you may ask. Good question and to be completely transparent, as I am writing this, I am on my way there. This is where the power of getting CLARITY on your destination and applying The Remembering Process kicks in. I highly recommend that book, written by Daniel Barrett and Dr. Joe Vitale. One of the best ways to move to the next level in your business and your life is by learning from people who have already achieved what you want to achieve.

To summarise the power of this process, you “remember” how you got to your destination by placing yourself in the future one day after achieving your desired outcome. Then you simply write down all events that unfolded for you to get there. Much easier than trying to envision or come up with something that your brain deems as “unsafe” as you have never achieved this before. Try it for yourself. You will notice how “remembering” makes your brain feel more confident. After all, you have already achieved it! (Mind trick.) All you have to do now is remember how you got there.

The Notebook: What do you want?

Let me take you ten years back. I am called into the boardroom at one of the world’s largest premium car makers. I feel a bit nervous. I have been working around the clock to work two different jobs at a time as I am being transitioned to another department. My manager, his nickname is “The Devil,” wasn’t too pleased to let me go as he recognised I was an asset to his team. He is a master at getting what he wants,

hence why he was put in charge of public relations. However, he lost the vote among the management team when they decided my skill set was better off in the customer relationship department. In 2011, social media was a new phenomenon in the (business) world. Most companies were afraid of its potential impact and tried to ignore its upcoming presence. I won the graduation prize for my thesis as I made the bold choice to go with a topic not many people knew much about. I had to do field research to learn more about how social media would change the way we do business. It truly has. Back in the day they would send LETTERS to customers which could take WEEKS. Now a disgruntled customer would send a tweet and you have twenty-four hours to reply. Game on!

My manager confirms my move to the CRM department, as he (finally) found a suitable replacement for me. Took him some time; he didn't seem in a rush. I started seeing how his management style ensured he would "look good" at all times, not necessarily giving credit to his team or colleagues. I quickly labelled many experiences with him as "unfair." It was a disempowering position, as it felt like I had no control over him or his behaviour. I did, however, have control over how I perceived everything that happened in my life – which I learned much later. It was a good lesson for me to realise what I did NOT want to copy when I would manage people.

He did ask me a very important question ten years ago. One I hadn't thought of yet and significantly changed my life as he planted a seed that day. We started at this prestigious company with nineteen interns across seven different departments. Only three people were offered a job. I was one of them and I felt like the luckiest girl in the world! It meant moving across the country, away from my friends and family and even my boyfriend who emigrated from Spain to be with me. That is why I applied at this big corporation. With a name like that on my resume I had a much higher chance of getting a reputable job when moving to Spain one day. Often it is harder for foreigners to get a job overseas. You definitely need something to stand out and compensate for your accent.

"Have you considered running your own business?" my manager asked. "You can become a business consultant in the future and work for multiple companies." No, I had not considered that.

I remember the day the Director of Marketing called me into his office for our intro chat. He was the boss of my manager. I felt like I was meeting the Pope and put on my best corporate suit. (They looked hideous as they made you look like a man. So much gratitude for my girlfriends taking me to Milan when I got promoted. They

helped me find “woman-suits.” If it wasn’t for them, I wouldn’t have learned how to dress feminine and feel somewhat fashionable.) He asked me: “What are your plans for your career?” I felt equally incapable of answering that question as Allie in the movie *The Notebook* when Noah asked her, “What do you want?”

I had seriously not thought about that question as I had just got accepted as an intern for his department. “I just got what I wanted!” I thought. “Now I need to think about MORE?”

Both Managers taught me important lessons with their questions. Get CLARITY on what you want for your future and dream BIGGER. How else can you ever get to a better place if you think this is the “final stop” on your journey?

Choose your destination

Imagine winning an all-paid trip anywhere you like. Nothing is off limits. The lady at the travel agency is super excited for you. The only thing she needs to know to help you plan a trip of a lifetime is the answer to this simple question: “Where do you want to go?” Well...Simple does not always mean easy. Only ONE destination, but you are keen to 1) Chill with reggae music in Jamaica (did you know I always introduce myself as “Bob Marley”? Much easier than having to repeat my name three times – and no, Dutch people don’t order coffee at our famous coffee shops. Matter of fact, I don’t drink coffee at all.) 2) Relax with a cocktail in the Dominican Republic, 3) See “the big five” on a Safari in Africa or...

Guess what? Where will you be going if you don’t get CLARITY on your destination? Exactly, nowhere!

Treat people the way you want to be treated

I was struggling mentally and physically in my first official job at this big corporation. I was unaware at the time how I was allowing this unhealthy, stressful life with not putting myself first. I was the first one in and the last one out of the office. I would only eat or take any time off when I felt I had done enough that day and finishing sufficient tasks on my TO DO list. Well, that list was never-ending, and my high achiever, perfectionist personality ensured that it was never enough...

I became friends with some amazing colleagues at all different levels of the corporate ladder who told me to “hang in there” as I would soon be in a better position. I was equally respectful to the post office clerk as I was to our director. Guess who always got the mail first or any office supplies she needed?

Our security guard kept the office open for me until late as I was, “Almost done, just finishing ONE more project - just ten minutes!” I told him many nights. He even walked me to my car to be safe - bless him. I expressed my appreciation daily to the ladies in the cafeteria, so when I walked in at 2:31pm (they close at 2:30 pm) they would still have something for me, whilst a snobby colleague would get a hard, “No, nothing left – the vending machine is around the corner,” reply.

My mum taught me many wise sayings. One of them was: “Even when you get to a higher level, don’t look down on others. Treat people the way you want to be treated. No need to feel better – or worse – than anyone else.”

Follow feeling GOOD to your destination

Corporate life had to shake me up sufficiently to let go of my ambitious career. The director had big plans for me, to have my own department with six staff.

I have always been curious. I used intelligence as one of my best protection mechanisms. Being an absolute book lover made that easy for me. I would check out the maximum allowed books at the library – and finish them all in one week. A habit that still comes in handy for me now as a business coach.

One day at lunch I was catching up with a colleague who was one of the three who got a job after our internship. I asked him in what salary scale he was in. I found out he was in a higher scale than me, although his job was coordinator, whilst mine was manager. I actually claimed that title before I turned twenty-five. “If you don’t ask, you don’t get,” I learned early. Well, in the last decade I realised that I wasn’t as good at asking for money as most men in my life. I also learned that many more women struggle with that.

It felt UNFAIR. When this issue could not be resolved, I decided to quit my job – with the excuse that I wanted to pursue my academic career in Australia. I got a raving reference letter when I left.

I learned to tune in better with what felt GOOD. To trust my intuition to make decisions based on that, without having the brain interfere too much – asking for data to justify my decisions. The data in the example above was pleading for me to stay. I would soon have my own department! My gut feeling was telling me to follow my heart and return to Australia. Every experience to this day, both good and bad, has contributed to the powerful lessons that made me who I am today. I am so grateful for all those experiences and even more for the amazing people in my life, even the ones who hurt me. Some of those lessons really helped me get out of my

uncomfortable-comfort zone much quicker! With help of amazing experts, I continuously worked on myself and learned how to turn FRUSTRATION into APPRECIATION.

A BAD feeling arose every single moment I felt something was UNFAIR or someone was treated UNFAIRLY. Like Robin Hood, I stand up for anyone who doesn't have the confidence or voice to defend themselves. This did get me in trouble multiple times, but I never ignore feelings of injustice. I did learn to choose my battles wisely.

It helped me find my voice and purpose. I am passionate about helping Fempreneurs-on-a-Mission turn more potential customers into paying clients with our 7-10 Touch-point Meaningful Marketing Model.

I help more women become self-sufficient. It inspired me to create another business called Secret SisinBiz Society. An exclusive INVITE ONLY membership model to support our sisters to grow personally and professionally through 1. Promotions | 2. Collaborations | 3. Connections and Referrals.

My MISSION is to share secrets of success with more than two million SisinBiz around the world. Expanding our Supreme Mastermind to twenty cities in Australia and twenty countries internationally, with our HQ on the beautiful Gold Coast.

Is that 100 percent true?

One of the greatest limiting beliefs I recognised in myself is that I truly believed that success could only be achieved through HARD WORK. After all, my dad chose to work six days/week nearly twelve hours/day. We come from a long line of workaholics.

Until one day a dear friend helped me reflect on two powerful questions: 1) Says who? 2) Compared to what? They help you reflect on whether something is HELPING you or HARMING you. At some stage in your life, these beliefs were formed to protect you. However, that doesn't mean they still serve you today.

Here is my favourite question I often ask myself and others, to challenge (limiting) beliefs: "Is this 100 percent true?" Just think about that for a moment, how often can you claim something is 100 percent true? What evidence do you need?

Doing anything differently might kill you! Or not?

Your brain is designed to do ONE thing first and foremost – to keep you ALIVE. Up until today, it did a fabulous job at that. If you are reading this, it means you are

still alive – congratulations! However, when you want to challenge your brain to “try something new” it might not be too excited about that. After all, how can it be sure that trying something new won’t kill you? You might get so excited that you have a sudden heart attack. Who knows?! Best to be safe, your brain agrees.

Even if you are in an “uncomfortable-comfort-zone,” at least you have learned how to cope with this level of discomfort. What if breaking free from this causes even greater discomfort? Will you be able to survive? Don’t forget how being present in the NOW gives you the power of choice. Even in the most challenging circumstances, we have the choice to make the best of what we face.

Practice with FEELING like a winner

Our most formative years are from zero to seven. We simply perceive the world “as is.”

I remember bawling my eyes out as my brother “killed” my hobby horse. I was in the middle of winning a race at the Olympics. I knocked over some of his carefully positioned army soldiers and he ripped my horse’s head off the stick as revenge. I was devastated, and it took my mum much more than Super Glue to help me get back on my horse.

Good news! I did get back on. This time my horse had legs and not just a stick as a body. At the age of fifteen I was selected for the European Talent Team. I represented my state in the National Championship and made it to the highest level you could achieve in Dressage in our category.

This is where I first learned about believing in myself. Getting CLARITY on what I wanted to achieve next and feeling CONFIDENT about my hard work paying off.

It did. I won more prizes than I could fit in my trophy cabinet. Shiny evidence that I could achieve anything I set my mind to. Every time they called out my name as the winner, which was almost weekly, I practiced taking in this feeling of success. The feeling of being a WINNER whilst people applauded when I would collect my trophies.

I set my goal to become an award-winning business woman and International Bestselling Author and Speaker. Even when sick I got myself out of bed to send in my nomination video for Business Awards before the deadline. It worked! I felt honoured to be among the Top 10 Women to Watch 2021, alongside inspiring female difference-makers.

Practicing with the FEELING of already having ACHIEVED your success, helps speed up the manifestation and attraction. And of course...SHOW UP.

Are you stuck in Tough Mudder – or part of a fun obstacle race?

I love the responses I get from my clients when I ask them the “Tough Mudder” question: “What is holding you back that feels like Tough Mudder in your life right now?” If we dig a bit deeper – we can always find something that feels a bit scary, a block or a limiting belief that is (un)consciously holding us back. See it as obstacles in the famous Tough Mudder Race. We can FRAME how we look at them differently. This is a powerful NLP technique. When you frame something you perceive as an obstacle to be FUN and DOABLE, you feel motivated to run towards it, overcome it and continue in this fun obstacle run called LIFE.

After all, you signed up for it, you even paid to enter! You trained for it, and you will most definitely reach the finish line and have heaps of fun whilst overcoming multiple obstacles. With amazing supportive people by your side, sharing fears and pulling each other through. I mean, who the hell PAYS to get electrocuted whilst muddy/wet and freezing cold as you just got out of an ice-bath?! Yet you can see the people who made it to the other side. They look happy and relieved, they are laughing and having a great time with other brave “survivors” – celebrating crossing the finish line. You know deep down: YOU CAN DO IT. Struggling with a certain obstacle? No worries at all, get expert support and reach out for help. Work SMARTER, not harder.

What does SUCCESS look like for you?

Back to Bora Bora. You and me are sitting on the deck of this luxurious Villa. We are having a chat about your dream life, your next destination. Where do you see yourself in seven years’ time? What does it look and feel like? What do you see/hear/smell when you realise you have achieved it? What can you remember?

I am a huge fan of Abraham-Hicks’ teaching. I wasn’t raised in a culture in which emotions were openly expressed. To this day I am working on learning more about feelings, needs and how to express these with sharing my emotions. It has done wonders for my relationships. I love Abraham’s simple challenge: use your own Emotional Guidance System to check in with what feels GOOD and what feels BAD.

If something feels GOOD, great you are going in the right direction – keep going! If something feels BAD, reflect on WHY something feels bad. Is it because FEAR is trying to hold you back from getting out of your uncomfortable-comfort zone? Or does it really feel bad as in, you are heading in the wrong direction? If so, no worries

at all. Turn around, go back to the roundabout, and choose another direction. Isn't it amazing how we have the freedom of CHOICE?

The CHOICE to tune in with what feels good/bad and make better decisions on what direction to go in. However, where will we end up if we don't know the destination? Exactly, nowhere!

Experts have made the biggest difference in my life to help me get more CLARITY on my dream destination and how to get there. Yes, I invested greater than \$50k – and heaps of time and energy. Not everything worked for me; not everyone is a good fit.

This clarity gave me CONFIDENCE to achieve what I consider success. By taking ACTION on achieving the next milestone and then the next – until I reach my destination.

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I am always happy to provide a few tips and give you honest feedback on whether I can help you. If not, I can connect you with talented experts in my network.

"Know where you want to go. Use JOY as your GPS".

It is your CHOICE – choose wisely by getting CLARITY on your destination, surrounding yourself with supportive sisters and by trusting your intuition to tell you what feels GOOD for you.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MICHELLE LEE

Michelle Lee is an expert human potential coach who helps parents celebrate their rite of passage when the children leave home. As a result, empty nesters are adding more life to their lives and making dreams come true with deeper, more joyful experience, heartfelt contribution and consistent growth.

With over 25 years' experience running her physiotherapy clinics, coaching businesses and charity, Michelle has helped thousands of clients to move from physical, mental, and emotional pain into an empowered state. Her current business The Dream Architects offers transformational programs and personal coaching to empty nesters around the world.

Michelle is truly in love with life and is immensely grateful for the many personal and professional transitions she has herself experienced. She and her husband Mark, empty nesters themselves of 4 daughters, currently live on the beautiful Tamborine Mountain in the Gold Coast Hinterland with their precious cats, Whistler & Mishka.

Links:

- **Awakening Empty Nester FB Group:**
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/2277749752486811/>
- **The Dream Architects Website:** <https://www.thedreamarchitects.com/>
- **FB Personal Profile:** <https://www.facebook.com/MichelleLeeTDA>
- **The Awakening Empty Nester Podcast & Blog:**
<https://www.thedreamarchitects.com/podcast-blog>
- **The Dream Architects FB Page:** <https://www.facebook.com/thedreamarchitects>
- **Instagram:** https://www.instagram.com/the_dream_architects/
- **Linked In Business Page:**
<https://www.linkedin.com/company/thedreamarchitects>
- **Linked In Michelle:** <https://www.linkedin.com/in/michellelee-coach-the-dream-architects/>

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My 99 Percent Dilemma

Written by Michelle Lee

Mauritius, an island paradise in the middle of the Indian Ocean. This idyllic part of the world with its tropical climate, sun-baked beaches, coconuts, and mangoes is where in 1979, a shy self-conscious eleven-year-old student was about to experience a turning point that would shape her life for the next three decades.

It was yet another one of those many stressful school days. I was seated in class, my eyes downcast. My teacher was at his desk near the blackboard, marking the Maths tests the class had just completed. All I could hear was the rustle of pages being turned by nervous students. Suddenly the teacher's metal chair screeched on the concrete floor as it was pushed back. He now stood at the front of the class and announced that he had finished marking the papers. He directed us to stand and line up at the walls as we heard our names being called. One by one, surnames were read out, as this is how we were addressed. Students lined the walls, shoulder to shoulder, backs to the wall. Minutes felt like hours as each child nervously waited to hear their name.

I sat tensely with my head down, my thick glasses nearly falling off my nose and my fists and jaw clenched tight. I loved to study; I loved Maths, however I had zero self-worth. A few months earlier, I had returned to Mauritius with my family, after a short nine months stay in Canada. Every day during my walk home from school in

Toronto, I had been mercilessly bullied and beaten by two boys, so my confidence was at rock bottom.

Ninety percent of the class names had now been called. I was still seated. A couple more were called out and finally I heard my name, stood up and walked to my place. All thirty or so students now lined three walls of the classroom, anxiously awaiting what was to come next. The silence was unsettling. The teacher started walking towards me. I was feeling quietly proud that I was top of the class and ventured a little look upwards to greet the teacher, awaiting his congratulations and praise. He came closer and stood directly in front of me. With his big hairy hands, he reached forwards, grabbed my ears, and in one quick movement he tilted my head forwards and then threw it back against the unrendered rough grey concrete wall. Wincing in pain, I saw him signal for me to put my palm out. With my head spinning, I quickly did as I was told and offered my soft eleven-year-old palm up to the sharp single whip of a split bamboo stick. My hand stung, my skull was tender, but little did I know in that moment that that pain was nothing compared to the emotional pain that would shape my world for many years to come.

I had scored 99/100.

I returned home from school that day with a burning fire in my belly. Despite being extremely reserved, self-conscious, and afraid, I decided I would approach my parents and tell them what had happened. Speaking up was not something I found easy to do. I was incredibly shy and would run to my bedroom when we had visitors.

That afternoon, to the shock of my parents, I yelled and cried as I related the day's events. My behaviour was highly unusual as I ranted about hating my teacher and pleaded that I never wanted to go to school again. I do not know if they did not fully understand exactly how hurt I was, or whether they just had no other solution. All I heard from them was that I had to keep going to school. So that very night, I ran away from home. It was dark when I sneaked out, taking nothing with me. It was never cold in Mauritius, but I was shaking like a leaf. Despite my best efforts to express myself, I felt like I was not heard, and all I wanted was to never go to school again.

As I hid inside a concrete roadside bin, a dark thought came over me. I wanted to disappear forever. My first thought of suicide. It was my only way out of my confusion and hurt. As I contemplated ending my life, I weighed up two scenarios. I would wait for a car to come up the road and run out in front of it. If by some miracle I did not get hit, I would keep running into the darkness in a straight line. I could not see it in the dark with my myopic blurry swollen eyes, however I knew that, just two

hundred or so metres away, was a deep ravine. If I fell in, I would likely die. I had heard that a man had taken his life there, though I had not really comprehended the meaning of it till then. One by one cars went by as I summoned up the courage to jump out in front of them. Hours later, my dad found me curled up, exhausted, and emptied of tears.

I returned to school a few days later after my parents had a word with the teacher. I remember hearing his sickening fake voice trying to make peace and detested him even more. School life continued in the same stressful way. I, however, had changed.

It was not till I was in my mid-thirties that I brought myself to recall the event and realised the choices I had made following the emotional betrayal I had experienced. I had decided 99 percent was not good enough and would continually aim for 100 percent. For the next twenty-five years, I operated as an unconscious perfectionist. I constantly judged myself, my results, my performance in school, university, and work. I achieved top rank in the primary school, the same one I was beaten in. When my family and I emigrated to Perth, Australia in 1984, I was Dux in my high school, topping all the subjects I was studying. I scored enough marks in Year Twelve, to allow me entry to any course I wanted at university. I was excelling on the outside, yet deep inside, it never felt enough. There was always something I could have done, said, or been better at, whether it was the cleanliness of my house, the clothes I folded, the relationship with my husband. Judgment followed me wherever I went. My internal judgment of myself was projected in my external judgment of everyone and everything around me. The path of perfectionism was hard work.

I also found it hard to trust. When I had received what I had perceived as punishment instead of reward for topping the class, fear of betrayal became deeply embedded in my psyche. Even though I wanted so much to trust, deep subconscious patterns were at play. I attracted many love relationships that ended up with my partner sleeping with other women, and friendships that turned sour when I had the courage to disagree with something they said. As I did when I was eleven years old, I would sweep the pain of betrayal under the rug and pretend I was ok. I would not let anyone see the cracks in my armour.

In 2002, at the age of thirty-four, I had grown somewhat in confidence, though I hid my inner uncertainty well. I owned a physiotherapy business and was a successful practicing physiotherapist, with many satisfied clients. My business of nine years was booming, however beneath that success was a child yearning to feel whole,

understood, and safe, a child who never felt like she was enough. My marriage had broken down the year prior. The relationship had not been healthy; we were two good people fighting our own demons. The decision to leave the marriage was mine. The perfectionist in me needed control in an uncontrollably painful situation. I was battling yet another failure. My daughters were just four and six when the split happened.

Within six months of us separating, my younger daughter became severely ill with an extreme case of Henoch-Schonlein Purpura [HSP]. She lost her ability to walk, talk and eat over eighteen months. She was in so much abdominal pain, the doctors decided to put her on morphine. I would spend nights in hospital with her, then return to my busy clinic during the day. This added challenge caused further rifts in our recently split family. During those months, I depended on my ex to look after my elder daughter and my previous close connection with her somehow ruptured. I was in a turmoil of emotions, grieving a broken marriage and worrying constantly about my sick daughter, wishing I could take her intense pain away. The paediatrician had also told me that she feared my daughter would die. I was beating myself up constantly, blaming myself for everything that was going wrong. And that was not about to end.

At my physiotherapy clinic, I treated a young man who had been severely injured in a motorcycle accident. He could not afford the full fees and had no insurance cover, so I offered him a couple of reduced rate sessions. During one of these sessions, I confided in him the stress I was feeling about my daughter. The worry consumed me and with little peer or family support around me, mostly due to my long working hours and reluctance to ask for help, my personal life spilled out. This patient seemed to listen, have compassion, and was able to help me regain a sense of peace and faith that all would be well. I looked forward to our chats, as I would always feel much better afterwards. A few weeks passed, and the client had not returned, which was not surprising, as he had little money. Then one day, while I was at the reception area of my clinic, he entered and humbly asked me for some money to buy food. My heart went out to him, and I gave him \$50.

That gift symbolised the beginning of a horribly terrifying period. Within a few months, I was deep in debt. I had been well and truly groomed for this man's intentions. Throughout most of the next eighteen months I feared for my life, my children's lives, my dog's lives. I jumped at the sound of any phone ringing, as he knew all the numbers to reach me. I would go into dizzying anxiety at the sound of a car passing by with blaring bass speakers, as this is how this man listened to music. I had been forced into giving him all my savings, and even set up bank loans to fork

out more money. I continually asked for my money back as he had assured me it was all a loan. However, each time he convinced me that I needed to invest more, so we could eventually make our money back. Some nights, I would drive to his home and plead at the front door for him to return my money. I was in the deepest shit I had ever been in my whole life, my home and my business precariously hanging on the edge of this financial cliff, ready to fall away at any moment and never be seen again.

I was extremely naïve. I was too afraid to ask for help because in my mind that would mean I was a failure. Admitting I needed help was more frightening than trying to persist in recuperating the money myself. The dark hole that I had dug was so deep, I could no longer see light. I was lost, existing minute by minute in terror. I could not turn to anyone because deep down I trusted no one, and even less now that I had slipped up and trusted this man with all my money. I soldiered on through life wearing a mask that I was ok. I even began seeing a guy who happened to be a federal cop. My self-image was so poor, I could not even tell him what a dilemma I was in. I felt so alone. My daughter was still in and out of hospital, and all I wanted was for her to get better and for our lives to return to normal. I continued to work long hours to make money so we could afford to eat. My despair had turned to shame and surrounded me like a cloak. The demands for more money escalated, laced with psychological abuse, death threats and mention of drugs and guns. The thoughts I had as an eleven-year-old returned. What stopped me was knowing I needed to be there for my daughters. I loved them so much. They were my responsibility and I had ruined everything.

The phone rang. With my heart racing beyond healthy limits, I heard his voice on the other end. "I am in custody. They are sending me back home. You want your money back, get here. I've got to talk to you." Click. The phone hung up. I remember feeling like I blacked out and the next thing I knew, I was at the airport custody centre, with cameras and recording mics everywhere. I sat opposite him as he boldly asked me for more money to help him escape, and said that if I didn't, he would never return my money. That was the last time I saw him. I refused to help him and, in a blur, drove myself home. I was late to meet with my boyfriend who was at the house waiting for me. I spent the whole night writing down everything I could remember about the previous eighteen months. My boyfriend had gone into police mode and had ordered me to sit and write till I could no longer write. I felt broken in so many pieces.

When I had finished, my boyfriend decided that our relationship was over, and left me. I was half a million dollars in debt. Fraud police visited to take down more statements. Their advice was to let it go and not fight it. They advised me that the

stress of pursuing this would completely ruin me and besides, I did not have the money to afford international court hearings. The man later escaped police custody on a Dubai stopover during his extradition to the States. I knew this because he rang me one day to threaten my life. He had found out that my ex-boyfriend was a federal cop and assumed I had snitched on him. I never heard from him again. I counted my blessings when I later learned that he was a wanted rapist in the States and had somehow eluded customs on entry to Australia.

For many months after, I faced up to my choices and decisions, swinging through depression, humiliation, and shame. I felt judged by my family and close friends, even though they financially supported me. My younger daughter eventually recovered from her illness, ceased all medications, and returned to school after missing much of pre-primary and Grade One.

One day, Mum gave me a newspaper clipping. It was an ad for a seminar hosted by a man named Michael Rowland. I am so grateful for that find from my mum, as that seminar was the beginning of my awareness of another way of living. I absorbed so many of Michael's wise teachings, his meditations, chanting, and more. A whole new world opened up for me, one where I learned to respond, not react; express, not repress, and one where I would listen to and be guided by my heart. The journey back to self-love was slow, yet gradual. Other life lessons happened to remind me to continue learning and integrating what I had learned. I began to slowly trust in messages that came through during moments of deep meditation and synchronicity. My passion for learning and discovering my true self, my many life transitions that I learned to love and master, inspired my desire to become a life coach so I could also help ignite the light in others. With that deep desire, I somehow found ways to pay for my coaching training. In 2008, six years after the triple challenge of divorce, money scam and my daughter's illness, I began my coaching career, transitioning away from physiotherapy a few years later, and slowly rebuilt my financial health.

Today in 2021 I am in a loving relationship with myself, my husband Mark and with life. We have everything we could wish for, a beautiful home on a mountain overlooking the Gold Coast of Australia, four beautiful daughters, two beautiful cats, and a burning passion for our business.

Life is not perfect, however, what I have come to realise is that by acknowledging and embracing the imperfections, I am at peace. My deep and regular practice of forgiveness has been my saving grace, my key to my freedom. I have truly forgiven myself for the choices I made that created pain and hardship in my life and that of my

family's. I have forgiven all the individuals who came into my life to teach me parts of me that I needed to strengthen. I have learned to trust again, most importantly in myself. Now, even if things do not work out exactly as I had imagined, I know that everything is happening for me, for a reason. Every day, I am deeply grateful for all that I have, am and do, as well as all that I have, been and done in the past. I am also incredibly grateful for all the betrayals, from the teacher who beat me, to the partners who strayed, to the patient who had an agenda for my money. Without them, I would not have discovered this confident, resilient, strong, loving and trusting woman that I now am. I am free. And in my freedom, in my new paradigm, I intuitively guide myself through life in a way that is more empowering, more peaceful, more heart centred.

Personal growth courses and coaches have given me the tools and strategies to live a life where I know I am enough. I now believe I am loved and supported by many around me. I have learned to trust in and be guided by my truth, my intuition, and have embraced vulnerability to ask for help. Perfectionism is my old story. My 99 percent story taught me the gifts of excellence, resilience, persistence, and belief in myself.

Through our own journey of the empty nest, Mark and I experienced a few tough lessons, which we navigated through easily because of our many years of personal growth. What we realised too, was that many empty nesters are finding the gap between being a full-time parent and the next chapter of their life more difficult than they expected. Many are confused, disconnected, and alone. Over time, a sense of hopelessness and resulting ambivalence about life leads to a rise in mental health issues, and poor decisions leading to lifestyle disease, addiction, job losses, unhealthy fractured relationships and even suicide. This empty nester period of transition is often invisible or not spoken about, and yet is one of the best times to build a strong foundation and framework for the next amazing chapter in life.

Mark and I founded The Dream Architects to help empty nesters go beyond their identities as parents, to rediscover and remember the love they can have for themselves, and to reignite and manifest hidden dreams. In this empty nester transition, we guide them to experience their truth, and in so doing set them on a path of deeper healthier experience, heartfelt contribution and consistent growth. Our signature course Empty Nester Rites of Passage, celebrates the many decades parents have devoted to their children, helps them become crystal clear and excited about their health, relationships, and lifestyle goals, and ultimately empowers them to reconnect back to loving themselves. Results are a significant reduction of the mental, emotional,

and physical risk factors, more empowered and purposeful participants, and valued contributing members of the community.

It took nearly thirty years for me to transition from a trembling insecure child to a woman who had belief in herself. My rite of passage took some time as a lot of it was done in the dark, feeling lost and alone. The journey to love, connection and purpose need not take so long with the right support.

My mission is to support empty nesters to make their dreams come true. As I help raise the consciousness of empty nesters around the world, as they awaken to their new phase in life, my personal vision is to facilitate a culture of mentorship between young people and empowered, heart centred empty nesters, so that every young person has someone to turn to for support in times of need.

My life lessons have come full circle.

The 99 percent dilemma was the 1 percent growth I needed, then, now, and forever. I am, as you are, continually growing, learning, changing. It is such a magical journey, 1 percent is not much to ask!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



SARAH LINES

Sarah Lines helps soul-driven, spiritual entrepreneurs on a mission to delete old paradigms to more deeply connect with their inner being and activate their purpose. As a Soul-Life-Biz Alchemist and channel, Sarah leads visionary women into superconscious creation to manifest the life and business of their dreams, catapulting them into a new energy of radiance, abundance and purpose driven lives.

With lifetimes of experience, she has helped hundreds of clients awaken, ascend & powerfully create new realities. Creator of the Goddess Alchemy Academy, Sarah has authored multiple books including international best sellers.

Sarah lives with her husband, son and her parents in their home on the South Australian coast.

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BROKEN SOUL: UNLEASHING THE INNER WARRIOR



Written by Sarah Lines

I had just left my children at home on their own. Walking along the footpath to Bobby's house, completely torn between the fear of leaving my vulnerable children unattended and therefore in danger, and the deepest pain that at the time, I could only find solace in the attention of men, alcohol, and drugs.

Drugs that up until tonight, I had either snorted or smoked. This was the night that changed it all. It took my already smouldering addiction and turned it into a monster.

Bobby offered me "his" way of using. The scary part is I wasn't even worried by this. In fact, I was open to the experience. And I will be honest, when the meth ran through my veins, the past ten years of worry, fear, pain and suffering just disappeared. I finally found the answer to my problems. If only I could feel like this forever.

I had no idea what I had just unleashed. I was already so sick. I was waking up with the same feeling of dread that I would go to sleep with. It had followed me for years. I was sticking my fingers down my throat after each meal. I was seeking out men to have sex with, just to feel something. I knew there was something wrong with me. I didn't understand why I would do the things I did, and so I used more alcohol and drugs to try and numb just a bit of the crushing guilt and shame.

I write this chapter with the high probability of criticism and judgment. But I can't tell you this story without telling the darkest aspects. It is my intention for you to realise that no matter where you are on your life journey, there is always the potential for total transformation.

I'd love to say I had a white light moment, that one day I woke up and realised what I'd lost, my precious children, my home, all of my belongings, everything. But it didn't happen like that. After I lost my babies, I felt soul-less. I felt like a worthless human being, so I used even more and more drugs.

It was a slow, debilitating process of self-torture and never-ending suffering. I felt like an empty vessel with not a use in the world. I was enduring an endless rock bottom of suffering, an abyss of total darkness.

I was selling my body and my soul for more and more drugs. I was hearing voices. I thought everyone was conspiring against me to have me killed. The fear was real.

One day, I was booked in to get the usual from St Vincent De Paul - food vouchers. I was living in my car and that day the pain of going on was just unbearable. Even the addicts I had been using with didn't want to know me anymore. I must have been bad. No one would answer my calls and my family had let me go, understandably.

So I walked into the welfare office where I was greeted by an elderly couple. I broke down into tears and told them I'd had enough. I desperately needed help. And I will never ever forget what happened next. The elderly man put his hand on my shoulder, looked me in the eyes and told me I was going to be ok. I remember thinking to myself, "How could he even want to touch me, a dirty, useless junkie

He kept to his word and found me a private detox facility in Richmond, New South Wales. It was over twenty thousand dollars for three weeks, but they got me in without having to pay a cent. I couldn't believe it. How could these people who didn't know me care so much?

It was a rocky start. I was still hooked on the guy I was sleeping with and buckled at the first invitation to go hang out with him while I was still in detox. I busted out, of course, and used. As this was against my court orders at the time, I was looking at three years jail time. I begged the nurses not to call the police. I pleaded with them, with tears streaming down my face, that I'd never do it again. The nurse wasn't sold

but the final decision came down to the director, who after seeking legal advice, was assured they were not breaking the law if they did not call the police.

That was when I decided I'd had enough of myself, and I would do whatever it took to get better. I promised myself that was it. That was the last time ever. I was done. I listened to the nurses, counsellors, psychiatrists, and kept to myself. I was ready. I looked into long term rehabilitation and was accepted into a rehab, in a place called Armidale. I'd never heard of it before. It was an eight-hour train ride away. Perfect. Far, far away.

Armidale changed my life.

I went to twelve-step meetings alongside therapy and started meditating every day. The fog started to slowly lift over time, and I stayed clean. I saw a glimmer of hope for the first time. A light at the end of the tunnel.

I got a job and flew to Melbourne to visit my children. I took regular drug and alcohol tests to prove my sobriety. After twelve months of staying clean, I was allowed to take my little boy home with me. My girls chose to stay on in Melbourne, something I would never quite recover from.

It was in 2015 that I started having a spiritual awakening. Life felt amazing for the first time - ever.

And then within a four-month period I lost my beautiful best friend and hero - my grandmother, had a miscarriage, then lost a sweet young soul who I had become close to in recovery. She made me feel like I was worth loving.

What could have been a true breaking point in my life became the biggest catalyst for transformation. I had to know the truth. The truth of our very existence became an obsession. And on with my journey I travelled.

From crystals, Reiki and meditation. I became a certified Meditation Teacher and Reiki Master. But that wasn't enough for me. I devoured book upon book. I studied advanced healing methods and became a Happiness Life Coach.

I began working with women initially as a healer, then coach, then soul coach, then soul-life-biz coach. I'm all about living life in alignment with our soul, from a deeply authentic place.

Coming into recovery I thought life was going to be a bed of roses (I laugh). Because the truth is, when you start an online business, all the limiting blocks and

beliefs we have lived with for so many lifetimes - become so fully, in-your-face present!

It's another level of healing of its own ascending in business. You want to be successful, do you (your ego says)? Then you must do whatever it bloody well takes and never give up. That is the difference between a five, six, seven figure earner and someone who stays stuck in fear and limiting belief systems.

I tell this story to ignite a flame inside you.

Transformation is always possible. Follow the breadcrumbs. And above all else - don't ever give up on your dreams.

I still pinch myself most days. There was a time in my life when I believed I wouldn't amount to anything. That I wasn't pretty enough or smart enough to "make it" in life. But boy, was I wrong. The biggest lesson I have learned so far is that it is me who limits me. No one else. I was the biggest obstacle in the way of my success. It all came down to my thinking and programmed beliefs.

That is truly why I do what I do now. Because sometimes you just need someone to take your hand and tell you it's ok. Be gentle on yourself, but keep going. It will pay off. Success is assured. And you are doing better than you think.

I never imagined in my wildest of dreams that I would be leading other visionaries on their path to manifesting the life and business of their dreams. I get to help women who are totally soul-aligned, on a daily basis through my Facebook groups, courses, programs, and my total baby: The Rising Enchantress Mastermind.

I get to feel so ok in myself, that I can show up on live video without makeup. A vast difference to how I used to live my life - wearing a full face of makeup every single day because I felt ugly. No, not anymore. I want other women to realise just how truly magnificent they are in their imperfect rawness.

This is what the world needs most right now... Heart centred, soul-driven entrepreneurs who are authentic and real.

As Marianne Williamson put it so wonderfully:

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, 'Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?' Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure

around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

- Marianne Williamson

You see, we each have such a unique role to play in this world. We can make finding our purpose so hard. I see people searching and searching for their purpose, feeling lost and useless if they "don't have one."

Follow your passion and you will find your purpose. And it is ok if this shifts and transforms into something else! Who made the rules on having only one purpose?

I have a purpose as a mother, bringing three beautiful humans into this world. I have a purpose to help women to see beyond the illusion of their perceived human limitations. I have a purpose to show others that it's safe to be you, just as you are - even without dressing up and wearing makeup - even if you are "overweight." You are all just so beautiful as you are.

If only you could see this truth through my eyes. From your Creator's eyes. You wouldn't doubt yourself again.

Who you are is what you will get. What do I mean by that? You are programmed to think, believe, work, accept, create, and receive at the level of your programming. It's time to unwind and dissolve all of that now, don't you agree? All of the not good enough-ness, not smart enough-ness, not pretty enough-ness, not capable enough-ness. Because you are - if you believe you are. This is the single toughest part of this journey in life, of rising into wealth and riches (in my opinion). Belief. Belief that you can. Belief that you've got what it takes.

So what have you got to lose if you focus, from this day on, on breaking through that old programming and releasing yourself from these chains now? May as well start now, yes? Just remember this one thing, never ever give up.

I wonder how you could start affecting the lives of others for the better just by being yourself. Your truest self. I wonder what you could activate within others' lives, by sharing your own story and by not keeping your perceived undesirable parts of you a secret. I wonder how you would feel, knowing that you are showing up authentic and real, sharing all of you with others? Sharing your vulnerabilities. Sharing your beautiful, unique light.

You can choose right now in this moment to say yes to your soul. What is she whispering to you? What does she crave?

You can choose right now in this moment to choose courage over your fears. What would that look like?

You can choose right now in this moment to choose to take imperfect action, one step at a time. One day at a time.

It's all the little steps that count. Even the smallest of the smallest. They all add up to the grand scheme of what you are co-creating. The trick is to keep going. Rome wasn't built in a day, right? It's never too late to start building. In fact, the building of Rome took several distinct eras. Build your legacy for the eras to come, and leave your mark on this beautiful planet.

And if you are feeling alone and unsupported on your journey of discovery, your journey of healing, your journey of success - ask for help. You aren't meant to do this alone.

My first ever mentor was my AA sponsor; she had been where I once was, the pain and loss caused by addiction. She understood me, she held compassion for me, she knew how to help me. Because she used to be me.

Then, a year into business, I sought out another mentor. She was a business kinesiologist. Then I invested in a psychic business coach, a strategy coach and multiple others. Sure, I made a bad investment once, but boy oh boy did I learn from that experience! I took this vital lesson away with me: If it doesn't feel right, even the tiniest inkling - don't do it.

On the other hand, if you feel somehow intrinsically connected to someone (even if you have no idea why), and you believe in your heart that that person could help you get to your next level in life or biz (or both!) - then follow that! It's your intuition telling you that this is your opportunity, this is your chance... take it.

Honour what your heart is telling you and it won't ever lead you astray. Ask yourself a question right now and drop it into your heart. Does it feel heavy and constricted? That's your no, darling. Or does it feel light and expansive? A resounding yes!

The only time this may not give you the correct information is if you are holding onto a self-sabotage. I would then recommend asking your heart if this is a sabotage.

If you get a no, then you know it is not a sabotage. If you get a yes, then now you have the real answer! And some work to do.

“And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.”

- Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

The very last thing I would like to give you are my final words in this chapter. The desire to change your life has to be so big it lights a fire inside of you. So follow your passion - and it will lead you to a joy-filled, purposeful life. Don't give up, you are close. You are here for big things, Goddess. Go and shine your light... igniting the flame in others to do the same. We are a collective species, all connected by a beautiful web of group consciousness and love. So what you do for yourself, you do for others. And then watch our world change.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



SASHUA BENAY

Sashua Benay is a Transformation Coach, Intuitive Mentor, Corporate and Team Facilitator and Keynote Speaker who inspires and empowers Professionals, Entrepreneurs and Teams to find fulfilment and connection in Life & Business through conscious living and leadership. She does this through her unique combination of group, self-paced and one to one coaching & team facilitation using her signature Beyond Mindset Methodologies.

With 12 years in Corporate Human Resources plus 16 years in Intuitive Coaching, she has a naturally born and acutely trained intuition with an ability to assist others raise their consciousness through opening to new perspectives and clearing core blockages swiftly. Her style is practical, insightful, powerful, nurturing and joyful, creating everlasting transformation.

Sashua believes that life is to be lived passionately with meaning and purpose. And that purpose is to find your Truth and Path of Happiness through Conscious Living and Leadership.

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Saying Yes – A Breathtaking Journey from Corporate to Conscious

Written by Sashua Benay



Many years ago, I raised my hand. I felt a question, a calling from the Universe and I said yes. Did I realise what I was saying yes to at the time? Not really. Have I regretted my decision since? Not for a second. Rewind several years earlier and I was a burnt-out, frustrated, unfulfilled, socialite determined to overcome my own adversity by climbing the corporate human resources ladder and being the social butterfly of every situation. Not sounding very enlightened and spiritual? It wasn't. I was drowning in a sea of uncertainty, trying to fit in to a world that I thought was important for reasons of this life. I have since found out its real importance spans over many lifetimes...

Intuitive insights now directly determine my decisions and opportunities in my personal life, my business, my relationships, and my health. You could call me a clairvoyant, medium, channel, healer, intuitive, psychic and most other words from this realm yet I really just let my abilities show themselves naturally in the work I do, the human journey I live and the soul I am. But it hasn't always been this way. The spiritual journey I have travelled has been, and continues to be, nothing short of the extremes of confronting and breathtaking. Many times over and all at the same time. And I am grateful for each and every chapter as it continues to raise me to greater heights of joy, love and fulfilment through understanding my journey and that of others every day.

Before this journey began in earnest, I thought my life was wonderful. And in many ways, it was by human standards. I was striving hard in my career and achieved a six-figure salary by my late twenties. I had a strong connection with my family, who were very supportive of who I was. I had a great network of friends and had a very active social life, dinners, brunches, picnics, and dancing. I lived in a stunning modern apartment on the river with thirty-foot ceilings and a beautiful view. My health wasn't great. But it wasn't stopping me. I was described as determined, passionate about life, confident, articulate, had a genuine desire to help people, well-educated and was making a difference in people's lives. I could handle any situation and people acknowledged me for my cool, calm, warm, passionate nature. What was the catch? Not much of that was true. For me. I was mind over mattering many deep-seated issues that I barely knew existed.

The truth was I weighed 126 kilos. I was denying a deep depression inside that was making me live a tiny version of who I really was. And it hurt. It hurt to the depths of my core. And because I didn't know what to do about it and didn't even want to recognise this dilemma even existed in me, I spent every moment mind over mattering my trouble. Very successfully.

I compensated by having as many "happy" moments as I could. Friends, family, celebrations, socialising, buying clothes, holding five-course dinner parties with a wine for every course, travelled the world and had relationships here and there, all the while striving to achieve more and more in a successful corporate career. Yet true joy still eluded me. There was a desperate despondency inside that I had buried deep. A heart wrenching, soul destroying reality that I was doing everything in my power to ignore, override and deny. And it was so consuming that I didn't know where to start. I ended up driving myself harder and harder in all of those pursuits to compensate for the loss I felt of not knowing who I truly was and what I was brought here to do. The truth was, I wasn't even scratching the surface.

Fortunately, as I came to know over many years, the Universe had my back. I have a path and purpose and every experience I'd had up until this point was preparing me for what lay ahead. My destiny, whilst pre-determined, was not guaranteed. If I had continued this line of living, I would likely never have unfolded what I now know. I would have suffered through my health and wellness from stress, overload, overweight, over-giving and lack of self-love, self-acknowledgement, and self-understanding. There is a light that had to switch on in me. Enter the Universe...

Being the daughter of a single mother, my own survival streak was cultivated early in life. A determination to succeed, as no one else can do your journey for you. I remember my very first professional job after university where I was still in the office at 10 pm in my first week to get ahead. Fast forward through ten years of my twelve-year career in corporate human resources with the same over commitment, and I was again working late one night. I received a call from a colleague five floors up in our high-rise office building in the city. She knew I'd be there.

We were both interested in feng shui at the time, desperately searching for something that might take us away from the despondency of corporate life and decided to look for courses to do. Very soon into the search, she found one. It was scheduled on Christmas Eve in Emerald, a small county town in Queensland, Australia. Not an obvious location or date for such a course by any means.

My friend just happened to have family in Emerald and was going to see them for Christmas. What a coincidence! Of course, I don't believe anything is just a coincidence now but rather a sweet synchronicity the Universe has carefully crafted for me. But I didn't know that then. My friend went, did the course and this was to change MY trajectory forever. It was the beginning of my conscious spiritual awakening.

One day, some months later, my friend rang me with great excitement. One of the fellow students in the feng shui course was a spiritual consultant. My friend had made an appointment with her, as had the feng shui teacher. It was the day before the appointment and the feng shui teacher had pulled out. My friend insisted it was meant to be and I should take the appointment immediately! Not knowing what the appointment was even for, I knew that she was sharing the truth. When I asked, her reply was, "You're going to meet your Angels." "You're going to learn how to communicate with your Guides!" Without hesitation or really knowing just what that meant, I was in!

From that moment I have not looked back. My spiritual journey has been, and continues to be, one of fulfilment, challenge, joy, love and expansion. In fact, in a circle of synchronicity when I later became a spiritual consultant myself, one of my first clients was the very same feng shui teacher that was part of starting this majestic sequence of events catapulting me into the life I was born to live. As I progressed on this journey, not only did I start to reveal to myself and the world the unique powers I had inside, but I also revealed some harsh truths that even as a highly functioning,

apparently aware, finger on the pulse, corporate HR professional, I was still in denial of.

What I began to realise is that I was choosing a mediocre life that was unfulfilling. I was choosing to stay in the comfort of life's recipe for success as I knew it, for the sake of so-called happiness. Get a good education, build your career, have a flourishing social life, meet a man, get married, have kids, continue your career, and live a happy life with a nice house, financial stability, and good times. Somehow, whilst I had many of those ingredients, I couldn't get this cake to rise. I was stuck in someone else's kitchen.

And then came relationships. Growing up in a single-parent household and believing that everyone was destined to meet "the one" or at least someone who mostly fit the bill as part of this life recipe, I was always on the lookout. Trouble is, when you are looking for something to fill a gap, that's what you end up with. Gap filler. And over three years in a soul-destroying relationship, I entered a rapid decline in self-worth and self-love. Precisely the things many people are seeking when they think they want a relationship. Myself included.

I found myself bending over backwards to be in this relationship at the age of twenty-two. I cut off from friends and my mental and physical health starting to take a serious decline, going from a size fourteen to a size twenty-six. I remember hitting real moments of very, very low self-esteem and just asking myself the question, why am I here? Why am I doing this to myself? I really started to realise that no matter how hard I tried, this relationship just wasn't sustaining for me. On the contrary, it was soul destroying. And yet I couldn't bear the thought of leaving. Of being single again. Of starting the search all over again. Somehow, it felt more bearable to stick with what I had. To my demise.

Thankfully, nearly three years later, we had a fight. We never fought, so this was one of those milestone fights where the question was asked, we either get married or break up. And despite one of my life-long dreams at the time to be proposed to, it didn't really match the fairy-tale, so I chose the latter. Without even being consciously aware, the words came flying out of my mouth. It was over and I left that day. To this day, I know that it was my guides speaking through me. And I am eternally grateful for their intervention.

I then started to rebuild my life. I threw myself into my career. I started to travel the world, went to many continents, Asia, Africa, Europe. And so right from the word go, I had this insatiable desire and determination to work hard and do better. I was

this absolute adrenaline junkie, continuing to pursue everything I did with any passion, creativity, love and joy I could muster up whilst still being in overdrive, working late into the night by choice, compensating for the parts of me I had not yet unravelled.

From this can-do attitude, I have had some amazing experiences, and I have come to know myself as a change maker, relishing my independence and that I can be confident in the face of adversity. That somehow, I have this resilience that I can draw up from inside and use in any situation. Most times, that's helpful. In fact, it is a gift I am grateful for. And it has gotten me through some incredible situations. And sometimes it puts a film or callus over what really needs to be dealt with inside. It ends up slowing down your true progress of self-discovery and finding freedom inside because you convince yourself you don't need to look at the truth under the surface. An "I'm ok thanks Jack" attitude. This is where I was stuck. What I have since come to learn is it is a choice. And it can take courage to rip off the bandage and deal with the consequences. For me it has paid off every single time.

One of my early jobs in my HR career eventually moved from corporate head office to a mine site. I will never forget arriving to a mess hall where everyone on site ate meals and drank together. It was full of three hundred rowdy men when five of us females, the HR Department, walked in. I've never seen a room of three hundred drinking men fall to a deafening silence so quickly. All we could do was walk tall, eyes straight, and continue directly to the bar and order a drink. Fortunately, a few familiar faces joined us to help break the ice. From that moment, at the tender age of twenty-six, I knew I was going to have to grow a thick skin really quick. And so I did.

I went from growing up in the suburbs of Brisbane, Australia then working in a high-rise building wearing stockings, heels, makeup, and a suit to work every day, to fly in fly out on a mine site wearing steel cap boots and a hard hat every day. Challenging myself in this way, led me to have amazing experiences I will cherish always. One was travelling to remote Indigenous communities to talk about employment opportunities and training. Having received no guidance from my travelling companion, a General Manager of Operations whose advice consisted of "Keep your wits about you" as we entered a property with a sign on the gate saying, "No Whites Allowed." Ignoring his advice, I followed my feelings. I sat crossed legged on the floor, sharing, talking, connecting, eating turtle around a fire, and having the local kids plait my blonde hair. It was an experience of a lifetime, and I am grateful to say I made many beautiful friendships during my time on these projects.

Never being one to shy away from stepping into the lion's den, I seemed to gravitate to male-dominated industries throughout my HR career. I really wanted to make a difference for people and wasn't afraid to go to where the help was needed most. I naturally gravitated towards organisational development, people and culture, and leadership. My favourite clients within the organisation were always the line managers because they were on the frontline. And I built some amazing relationships during this time to build teams with real connection and engagement.

But there are a few things you soon come to know in HR. It is the department where if there's a problem in an organisation, the solution is generally to "Give it to HR." Because inevitably, the problems are all around people and they don't want to deal with it. Generally, the direction received was, "Make it go away." Despite the fact that I was determined and passionate, striving hard and felt the amazing opportunity of creating an environment where people could thrive, over time I also became despondent and realised that there wasn't really a lot of heart and soul in most organisations I had experienced or known of and overall, I didn't feel supported to make real change.

I dulled the frustration and despondency by living a dogged determination to soldier on, tempered with some escaping tendencies to be addicted to social interaction. It was fun. And I had some really close friends during that time. It also felt very empty, like I was trying to fill the gap of a void inside. So, I started to explore other pursuits. I studied painting at a college for two years which was an incredible outlet to start expressing myself in a feeling way. I had some gallery showings of my art, got qualified in feng shui and I realised that there was more to life than me searching for a partner and striving to make my way up the corporate ladder. I didn't fit the mould of what was required for that environment. And I couldn't do it anymore. I was suffocating. I had continued with my spiritual development courses and the world was getting bigger for me. The meaning of why we were all here was becoming much clearer, and it certainly didn't involve "making things go away".

I decided I was going to leave full time corporate. I wasn't sure how, so I set myself a business plan of three years. I wanted to pursue my own businesses as an artist, in feng shui and becoming a spiritual development consultant having now qualified in many service offerings to add to my repertoire. I put it out to the Universe that I really wanted a part-time job in HR to help me transition into these businesses. The Universe had my back again. I mentioned it to one person, and within a week I was head-hunted for a part time HR Manager role. My three-year business plan was realised in three months! I attribute this achievement to the inner spiritual work I was

doing. To help me see life more for what it was and learn more about how to navigate its ebbs and flows without diluting myself in the process.

It seemed the Universe wanted to quicken my exit, as this was to be my last role in HR. It only took another eighteen months until I left corporate forever after initiating some well needed change with a bad apple in the executive team. Before proceeding I asked the CEO for their support in this direction. Whilst they were sympathetic and knew the issues I raised were valid, they then calmly proceeded to tell me, "If you pursue this, you are on your own." Their reason? They weren't willing to go to war on this one.

That was the last nail in the coffin of my HR career for me. I pursued the issue for six months, being a catalyst for at least some change, did what I felt I could do, and then realised that I was hitting my head up against a brick wall. At the age of thirty-three, I decided it was time to pursue the life I was dreaming of. I left corporate altogether, never looking back for one moment. In hindsight, one of the things I am most grateful for is that these compounded experiences helped facilitate these changes for me at such a young age. And I had a lot of life in me yet!

I resigned, changed cities, moved to a farm, and started to learn about the fabric of life. I needed to recoup from twelve years of adrenaline pumping frustration, lack of fulfilment and soul-destroying environments and relationships. A tree change was just the thing. I learnt about self-sufficiency, had a thirty meter veggie garden, grew chooks, ducks, geese, goats and eventually over three hundred species of medicinal herbs co-creating an organic medicinal herbal tea business and nursery. I learnt how to drive a tractor, trailer, quad bike, and a thirty-four-foot RV. I learnt how to lay a slab of concrete, propagate plants and renovate buildings. I had experiences of pulling up decomposing sheep from the bottom of an empty well, mustering cattle through cattle yards, milking goats, making cheese, hand rearing abandoned baby goats, planting orchards, mowing paddocks, and building a shelter for our pig, Daisy. I lost fifty kilos in the first year. I felt more free and joyful than I ever thought possible. And I haven't worn a pair of stockings since!

I was connecting with life on a deeper level, connecting with nature, connecting with animals. I was learning about communication, teamwork, collaboration, and compassion. It was such a soul-searching experience of learning the depths of who I was, in the reflection of the experiences around me. The persona of the social butterfly corporate go getter was finally a distant memory, and I felt free. And the learnings, clarifications and revelations were deepened and amplified by the pursuit of my

spiritual truth. I have continued that journey of self-discovery and raising my consciousness to this day and remain a student of the Universe always.

I remember a moment of pure clarity at this time in one of the many spiritual courses I undertook where I realised that I never wanted to dilute my energy with anyone or anything ever again. With the unravelling of my true essence, I declared to the Universe, “Don’t send me anyone for a relationship – I AM DONE! If you ever want me to have a relationship, you have to make it so obvious that I CANNOT miss the signs, otherwise, I’m OUT!” Strong words. And I meant it. I lived on that farm for many years and treasure them as some of the best of my life. It wasn’t until a few years later that I realised just how potent my words to the Universe were.

With the herbal tea business and nursery, I used to drive a trailer to many event locations along the eastern seaboard of Australia. One Sunday night, on packing up from the day, my trailer had cracked a weld where the axle was held in place and was undrivable. Not knowing where I was going to find a welder at that time of night in that location, it turned out there was one conveniently one hundred meters away who picked up their phone on a Sunday night. The repair was done, nice guy and I was on my way.

A month later, I was packing up from yet another event, this time on a Saturday night. The trailer had snapped another weld. A major structural crack in the draw bar that attaches the trailer to the vehicle. I was stranded again. I was hours from home, cold and tired having been up since four in the morning to set up for the event. But as “luck” would have it, I was one hundred meters in the other direction from the same welder’s workshop. I knew the Universe was looking after me again but was still innocently thinking it was just “heaven sent roadside assistance”.

The severity of the damage took hours to repair. Meanwhile, the welder and I got to chatting in between. During the evening, I noticed it was a beautiful night with not a cloud in the sky. Except for one. One massive lone cloud that was directly above me and very distinctly in the shape of an angel. It was unmistakable, and I knew it was a sign. A big one, literally. But it took me a few moments to connect the dots. I remember my words to the Universe years before, “If you ever want me to have a relationship ever again, you have to make the sign so obvious that I CANNOT miss it.” Being reluctant to give up my independent solo strength I had invested in and nurtured for several years, by the third trailer breakdown in front of this guy’s workshop, yes another, I stopped rebelling against the Universe. I followed through

and I have since been in a relationship with the welder guy for three years. I have never felt a love so pure.

My journey has been nothing short of tumultuous and breathtaking all at the same time. It has been worth every experience, and I believe necessary for true transformation. I am so grateful for every chapter, as they are divinely scripted and downloaded to me precisely at the time I need them. Now, after twelve years in corporate HR plus sixteen years of coaching in soul centred personal, professional and team development and a lot of soul searching, I realise my light was always there. It had been guiding me the whole time. I can now acknowledge my naturally born and acutely trained intuition. It was just shadowed in layers of doubt, misconception, and despair. Along with a complacency of staying with the familiar, the comfortable. It is our journey to peel back these layers of misunderstanding, of conditioning that we are so predisposed to take on wholeheartedly, which makes for a somewhat challenging and triumphant journey. It is as it is meant to be. I have learned that there is no blame to be apportioned to anyone, most of all yourself. Only gratitude and humility.

Whilst you may not wish to endure self-destructive circumstances, which I do not recommend for any reason, or involve trailers and goats in your awakening - continue forward on your path. Be curious. Be conscientious. Be brave. Keep going no matter what. Fine tune your communication with the Universe constantly to help you navigate between the daily experience of light and dark. Know that no matter what, there is always someone looking after you. Something very nurturing, comforting, but also powerful and protective that encourages you to challenge yourself, the very experience of which expanding your understanding and love of life. No matter what your beliefs. This is now what I've come to know as my team of guides.

For all light workers out there, for anyone who has dabbled in understanding their intuition or simply been guided by their own gut feelings, spiritual development training is what helped me find my real path. Through this, I have had the incredible opportunity of being surrounded by some profoundly wise people. And that has really stretched my understanding beyond where I have been able to take myself. Something I believe that we all need – the humility to know we can always learn from others and the desire to constantly refine our skills and understanding. If you're not stretched, you don't know your limits. You don't know the extent of your expansive energy, your opportunities this lifetime, or your powers to make them happen. I do

believe that everyone has a light inside of them that can sometimes just be shrouded in many layers of misunderstanding, fear and doubt.

Having had such a background and experience in HR, and since then with spiritual development, my greatest calling now is to carve my own way to combine those two worlds. To work with individual entrepreneurs, professionals, corporates, leaders and teams to raise consciousness in themselves, their teams, and their organisations to create the greatest impact. I believe if we change the leaders, if we raise the consciousness of leadership, the ripple effect through individuals, through business, through teams, through those people's individual lives, their families, their children - this is where the greatest change can happen. To ultimately live on a planet on which we're proud to live. Where we actually feel inspired to be.

This is the legacy I feel inspired to be a part of. Bringing consciousness into living and leadership. Collaborating together in communities, conscious communities, where we can co-create something bigger than ourselves, where $1 + 1 = > 2$. We know there is beauty in the world. And we know there is tragedy and corruption. To me, the greatest way to combat that is for us all to raise our level of consciousness, to support each other, to challenge and encourage each other. I believe it's time to step up and realise that we are bigger than the trouble we are here to overcome. And it is time to shine our light brighter than ever before.

I am so grateful for my life. For the people in my life, for the experiences I've had, and for my upbringing and all the chapters involved. I am also grateful for my own determination and courage to continually stretch and expand my aura to embrace new opportunities that propel me further sharing the light and igniting inspiration everywhere I go.

Most of all, I am grateful for my guides. They orchestrated just the experiences I needed to catapult me into realising that my light is worth shining. They created a symphony of experiences with crescendos and base lines and every tempo in between – a perfect melody that sparked in me an everlasting passion to shine my light so bright it can be seen and heard from near and far. This harmony with my guides and the Universe will spark the light in others, who in turn will spark new lights in those people around them. All of us sharing a unique message worth spreading. A message that I believe can change the trajectory of life as we know it. And that is one of conscious living

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



STACEY MARIE

Stacey Marie helps women own their brilliance authentically in the online space, without the mum guilt or burnout. This helps them to create strategies for their business that are in complete alignment with their values and mission, both personal and professional, so they can make an income while also making an impact.

With almost 20 years' experience as a sales coach and people leader in the corporate world, Stacey now blends all that with her passion and love for the digital space. She has championed hundreds of women to own their power and stand up as fierce leaders in the online world.

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Passing Your Torch - When Average Moments Become Pivotal

Stacey Marie



I grew up in country New South Wales with my mother, my stepfather, and from the age of ten, my brother. The things I remember about my childhood were climbing the mulberry tree in my backyard and gorging on as many mulberries as I could, playing in the storm water drain after the rain and making backyard dance concerts to any song from Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation album.

My mum married my stepdad when I was four and because they met when I was a toddler, I grew up not realising that the fact he was Asian, and we looked completely different meant that there was a discrepancy in his paternity to me. I remember the day mum told me Dad wasn't my birth father. I was shocked.

I really had no idea. Kids don't see colour; they just see their family.

My mum became a parent at the ripe young age of nineteen and is to this date my hero. She told me one day in the last decade that her parents, my grandparents, were making plans to have her sent to Sydney to deal with the "situation" that was me. I mean she could have been a real-life character in the show Love Child. But she said no, she wasn't having it.

At nineteen, no less! I mean at nineteen I was drinking Jim Beam & Coke at the local pool hall. My biggest crisis was which Destiny's Child song spoke to me the most and could the DJ at the club play it for me again PLEASE.

Suffice it to say my mum is all kinds of hero to me, literally saving my life before I was even born.

When we had family gatherings, I was the only grandchild and niece. There were no other cousins or siblings until I was eight, so I was always at the big table with the family. There was no kids table I was shoved off to. And because it was just me for so long by the time my cousins and brother came along, my place at the big table was well cemented.

As a young person my opinion was always listened to. I had a voice that was valued, and not once did I ever feel that I had to be seen and not heard. I grew up knowing that my voice was sacred, and that family are the people who love you regardless of their bloodline, skin colour, or preferences.

These core beliefs served me well as I grew up. I mean imagine in the nineties and naughties being a heterosexual white girl with the last name Ho. With your last name being the white slang version of the word whore you need some pretty thick skin and to believe in your worth let me tell you.

That doesn't mean that my family isn't dysfunctional as fuck. We have had our share of ups and downs and times where we cut each other out of our lives for various reasons, but in terms of shaping who I am I attribute my self-belief as a young adult to these factors.

It wasn't until I was well into my twenties that some of the more life changing things happened that rocked this self-belief, and while my story is not rare, it's definitely relatable.

In my mid-twenties I met my first husband and if I can be brutally honest, I always had this feeling that he wasn't forever. A sixth sense, I guess. We got engaged after three months - something I would NOT encourage my girls to do, but the romantic in me thought it was something from a movie.

I guess all those 1940s movies I used to watch with my Nanna were so embedded in my psyche that the concept of a whirlwind love affair was like a scene from an MGM movie. That and the fact that society was telling me EVERYWHERE that this is what I was meant to do.

Every TV show was based on the road to finding “the one” and how empty a woman’s life was if she didn’t find him (in the early 2000s there weren’t many instances of same-sex couples as lead roles of big love affairs). Sex and the City, Friends, Grey’s Anatomy, all the regular prime-time shows were all about how you met that person and then went off into the rest of your perfect life.

But yet life is not that perfect.

I fell pregnant on my first honeymoon and lost that and the following two babies in early pregnancy miscarriage. To date it was the most grief I had ever experienced in my short life. It was all consuming and to this day something that I feel a lot of women downplay, the grief of losing an unborn child.

I remember sitting in the specialist's office when he said that there were no physical or medical reasons why I was not carrying them full term and that he could not guarantee I would ever be able to. That I could have a healthy child next time I fell, or it could be many, many more. This crushed me. I wanted the world to swallow me up.

The thing I was MEANT to do as a woman I may not be able to do. Only made worse by the fact that my friends who were having children seemed to be able to do it so effortlessly. Then made even worse by the fact that my then husband told me that if I couldn’t bear him children, he may have to reconsider our marriage.

Fucking low blow mate. Fucking low blow.

So at the tender age of twenty-seven I was faced with the concept that I may not be useful or loveable if I could not procreate. Now that certainly takes a massive chunk out of all that wonderful self-belief I had formed as a child.

This was when I feel my eyes were opened to the great divide between men and women. I mean I knew the patriarchy and discrimination against women existed, but I hadn’t really felt it in my world until then.

After that, every male chauvinist in my then well-established career in the finance industry was so loud it was deafening. The boys’ club was so obvious I didn’t know why I hadn’t seen it before. And my own acceptance for this masculine world we women are forced to live in was staring me right in the face.

But I still didn’t truly understand it entirely.

In 2008, twelve days after my twenty-ninth birthday, I gave birth to my oldest daughter Ella Jewel Storrie. She was born seven pounds four ounces in what I can only

describe as the most horrific experience of my life. Childbirth. I did NOT find it an earthy expression of a woman's rite of passage. It was violent, bloody, and just honestly, I felt like a farm animal.

But she was beautiful, and the joy of being able to hold my baby in my arms was the most incredible feeling. Not to mention the transformation of who you were before children to who you are having to be completely responsible for a tiny human.

It changed me. I've never felt, and still haven't, a responsibility that equals the desire to really nail this job. The stakes were real now. I had a little person's life literally in my hands. In saying that, stepping up to that plate was the most natural thing in the world. I knew I had to show her the value that I had been shown as a small person.

That was my torch, and it was my time to pass it on.

This belief did me well in the years that would follow as immediately after Ella was born the cracks in my already flimsy marriage started to really show. It was a very common story of two young people playing house that were just not compatible. Yet we tried to make it work because now we had a family. I mean, isn't that what you do?

Then along came Marli Eve just over two years later and let me tell you, if your marriage is rocky, having a baby with a personality the size of a freaking mountain is going to test you in ways that you never quite imagined.

I remember just before she was born, like a couple of weeks, breaking down and saying, "I don't know if I can do this. Can I really be a mum to two children?" What I really meant was "I know I cannot raise two children in this marriage, but I am too far gone now. She is almost here."

A week after her first birthday we separated.

People often say, 'How did you navigate being a single mum with a one and three-year-old?' The answer is simple. "How couldn't I?" Because what was infinitely harder to me was raising two children in a loveless marriage where their mother was a shell of her real self.

That was step one of passing the torch. Showing them that you are worthy of real love.

And for a time that real love was just me and them. In fact, I was prepared for that real love to be me and the girls. We were like the three amigos and I was happy if it was going to be just us for years.

Twelve months later I met my husband, and we are, almost a decade later, incredibly in love and I thank every fibre of my being that in that pivotal moment of do I or don't, that I left that loveless life.

Another step towards passing the torch.

This entire time I was still working in the finance industry for a major bank and after fifteen years the thought of being what we called, in long term employment with that company, a "lifer" was just so earth shatteringly boring to me.

I'd been there long enough for products, trends and service models to come full circle. You know when you hear something, and you go, "Isn't that the thing we did ten years ago just called another name?"

And the young twenty-one-year-old whipper snapper ambitious male in front of you gives you "that" look. You know the one, the one reserved for older women who are not towing the line. Because it makes them look bad. The same look you get as a woman in the modern workplace when you have to say you have to leave because your child is sick or want to take a morning off to watch them do their year one speech.

Which is ironic, as watching a child in junior school do anything is adorable, but also painful when you have to sit through watching all the other snotty-nosed kids who are not your spawn recite the same speech about their pet or their latest holiday.

Because they are six years old, and their life experience is pretty limited.

But I digress. You know the look, right? It's a look that fills you with white-hot rage and indignation that in a modern-day society we are still in this place where women's power is always being attempted to be stripped from them if they question the status quo or want to do something against the grain of the patriarchy.

I mean the system gave us maternity leave and "allowed us" to work part time, now we want to question what they say and ask for more time off? Don't we want to be the mother they told us they would support us to be and be the worker they really want at the same time?

No fella we don't.

Once I had survived motherhood to the point my kids were both in school, I could turn my attention to other things. The world started to have more colour and opportunity than it did before. I had raised babies into real little people who were ready to embark on the next stage of their lives, which meant I had more time to question where I was going with mine.

I didn't want to just accept the lot that was forced on me by executives in glass towers who had no idea what it was like on the ground level. I didn't want to say "yes sir, no sir" to every new young upstart that wanted to make out like I was a half woman because I put my kids first.

Even though the organisation we worked for told us they would support us to do that.

Even though society expected women to work like they didn't have children but mother like they didn't have a job.

So I started allowing myself to consider the possibility of life after the career I had always known and if I was to "follow my dream" what would that actually be? So much of my identity was wrapped up in who I was for the last fifteen years as the person who worked here and did this for a living.

I had met lifelong friends and learnt so much about myself and life in those years. Here's the thing though, just because something served you doesn't mean it always will. It's ok to want more than what you have previously had.

The first thing I explored was again an edit of the modern-day system of traditional business, but can you blame me? It was all I knew. So off I went to look into university degrees and decided that if I wanted to fulfil my desire to be in a role that helped shape people's lives for the better that I would try my hand at a social work degree.

Only to realise that that industry is just as stuffed full of bureaucracy, masculine leadership and unchangeable laws and acts that I would spend most of my time not really being able to scratch the surface. I also realised that I am not an academic in the sense of sitting around with other people trying to talk about smart things like papers read from a university library.

I am a lifelong learner of life. My passion is human behaviour, emotional intelligence and how to understand and unpack the chaos of life so that myself and those I support can navigate the limited days we have on this earth with love, grace, and growth. I am far better off reading a book and then sitting around with my friends over a few bottles of champs and unpacking what that book means and how we can apply it in our lives and for the betterment of our families.

Change starts at home. We often underestimate the power of growing a functional, intelligent, and self-aware young adult and sending them off into the

world with those skills. Changing the world isn't always a grandiose act of helping nations or solving world peace; it can be as simple as raising good humans.

Yet motherhood has been downplayed as something the woman just does, something that happens TO her, not FOR her or FOR the world. We are told it's not a career choice and if you do choose that over a paying or secular job you are being indulgent or lazy.

However, the sheer impact of raising good people is exponential. You raise one good young adult, they can help other young adults and then they can help more. You get my drift right. Choosing motherhood IS investing in the future of the world. It's not a ripple effect, it's a mother fucking tidal wave.

So how was I going to meet my inner needs and desires to be ambitious and have a career that fulfilled me and fulfilled my soul while raising the world's future? It certainly wasn't going to happen in the bottom of a university textbook or writing an assignment about the history of federation in Australia.

It's incredible how much time and energy we can spend looking and soul searching for the "perfect" job or deciding what our "life's work" will be that we forget to take a chance on walking the road less travelled. Sometimes taking that fork in the road, turning an ordinary opportunity into a pivotal moment to make a choice, is all that's needed to find what we are "called to do."

Spending two years studying a social work degree was a fork in the road of choice. It wasn't the end of the road, but it did lead me to where I am now. If I had not had the courage to know I could go back to study after ALL those years (and get high distinctions, I'll have you know) I would not have ticked that option off the list.

Ticking that option off the list led me to learn some pretty cool things. No learning is ever a waste in my opinion, and eventually I found my fork in the road to start my own business.

It was a way that I could work on my own work that was a part of me outside of the role of mum and also a way that I could do that job alongside the role of being a mum. Because despite what the patriarchy says I was set to prove that BOTH of those people could exist in the same person equally.

Another step in passing the torch.

If someone had told me that I would be working in digital marketing after a seventeen-year career in finance, that I would have swapped my corporate setup for

jeans and tees as my everyday workwear, I would hardly have believed them. Five to ten years ago, working from home was something people without a “real” job did.

Just one of the lies corporate Australia loves to tell you.

But I found that my knack for digital creativity, ability to mentor people after working in people leadership for most of my time in finance, and love for social media and digital business was enough to take a new leap. I had followed the breadcrumbs that led me to this, and it was time to make a move.

Another fork in the road, another average moment that was again pivotal.

In 2018, I left the corporate world and founded my first official business at the age of thirty-eight, and so The Social Hub was born. I had no degree in what I was doing, no experience in an agency or previous company role, but I did have a shitload of tenacity and talent. And I had all the skills I learnt in my previous roles along the years PLUS all the life experience that goes with being thirty-eight and having two kids.

Sidebar, I have since noticed us woman are REALLY good at downplaying all our previous skills or life learning, like they mean nothing when we are trying our hand at something new, when what we have learnt to date means a heck of a lot more than we give it credit for.

Within six months I was fully booked with client work, had an ok income (my pricing was terrible back then) and was building authority in my niche.

There were so many days in that first year I think my husband had better conversation with the lid of my laptop than from me. He would have seen it more as my face was constantly buried in it working. There were so many days that I questioned what the fuck I was doing and was I really cut out for this.

I made a lot of mistakes, made a lot of great ones too, learnt a lot about business, learnt a lot about life.

I learnt a lot about people and a lot about myself too.

The laptop lifestyle, is it all it's cracked up to be?

Well, I hit my BIG goal of 10K months in 2020, I have a business that can survive something like a global pandemic, and I get to help women in business navigate the realities of following their dreams in ways that help avoid the mum guilt and burnout that I used to have.

And I get to do it all while working school hours on my own terms. There are some days that blending the two worlds is not all roses, and the juggle is 1000 percent real. But it's possible, and it's a life that I dreamed of, not one someone else told me I had to have.

You can follow your own dreams and raise the world's future at the same time. That was my torch to pass.

You can pass your own torch - whatever message that torch holds for you.

Just keep following those breadcrumbs and take note of the pivotal moments. They are often average moments in time that can change your life.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



SUZANNE MCTIER-BROWNE

Time is precious, you don't have to waste it suffering or living in pain and stress. With more than twenty years' experience specialising in pain and stress relief, Suzanne Mctier-Browne has helped thousands of people accelerate their recovery from accidents, sporting injuries, back and chronic pain, stress, grief, trauma, self-sabotage and more!

As a Master Hypnotherapist and Trainer, Master NLP Practitioner and Trainer, Master Time Line Therapist, Master Coach, Advanced Bowen Therapist, Reflexologist, Massage Therapist and Author of the book *DRUG FREE PAIN RELIEF - The Truth About How to Avoid Pain Even If You've Tried Other Methods*, Suzanne is also an international speaker and works with high achievers to improve performance.

At the age of twenty-two facing a painful and life-threatening condition, Suzanne discovered the wellness secrets that led to her full recovery. That information also helps with other pain and health conditions and is documented in *DRUG FREE PAIN RELIEF*.

After subsequent management and university careers, Suzanne resigned to establish the Good Health & Pain Relief Clinic and follow her life purpose – to assist people transform their physical and emotional pain into wellness and personal power.

Having won her own pain and health battles, Suzanne is passionate about empowering people globally to live their best life. Her self-help program "Live Pain

and Stress Free” is available at www.suzannemctierbrowne.com. Suzanne also consults on-line and in person at her Gold Coast and Rockhampton clinic locations.

Links:

Business name: *The Good Health & Pain Relief Clinic*

Facebook:

Suzanne McTier-Browne: <https://www.facebook.com/Suzanne-McTier-Browne-2184599758467780>

The Good Health and Pain Relief Clinic: <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100063643656359>

Instagram:

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Life Lessons -Turn Pain into Power!

By SUZANNE MCTIER-BROWNE



Everybody suffers from pain and stress, whether it be physical, emotional or both! We are all shaped by our life experiences and having battled challenging pain conditions myself, I have some understanding about the impact of pain, and the heartache, despair, helplessness, loneliness, and fear which can come with it.

In the past twenty years, I have helped thousands of people overcome physical and emotional pain. As a Master Hypnotherapist and Trainer, Master NLP Practitioner and Trainer, Master Time Line Therapist, Master Coach, Advanced Bowen Therapist, Reflexologist, Massage Therapist, International Speaker, and Author of the book *DRUG FREE PAIN RELIEF*, I can assist with recovery from multiple conditions such as back, leg and hip pain; neck and shoulder issues; chronic pain; sports injuries and accidents.

Many people today also struggle with stress, anxiety, grief, or trauma. I can help release any “emotional chains” or self-sabotage that might be holding you back. Perhaps you’re a high achiever or busy juggling life’s demands? There are ways to increase your energy, gain clarity, achieve goals, and improve physical and mental performance.

As a lover of books and reading, I’ve always thought it smart to learn from the experiences of others. There is no point in continually reinventing the wheel. Time is

precious - we all move forward so much faster when we learn from the stories of other people.

So I humbly offer you a glimpse into my early life journey in the sincere hope that it might provide some information or inspiration so that you never give up in your own pain or stress battle.

Life Lesson 1 – Do Something, You Are Not Powerless!

At birth, I had severe breathing problems and my early years were spent in close proximity to an air tank (when I was growing up there were no portable asthma puffers).

My first memories are of the heavy metal oxygen tank, far bigger than me, sitting in the corner of our lounge room on wheels so that it could be moved and used in an emergency. I was constantly told by my well-meaning parents and doctors “do not run” in case a fatal asthma attack was triggered. Being the good, responsible little girl that I was, I never did for the first eight years of my life.

So what do you do when told not to run around or “you could die?” You sit and read books! I became a voracious reader (usually of action and science fiction books – which had activities in it that were forbidden to me).

At that time, I resented not being able to run around and play. But in hindsight, I see that it developed my ability to absorb vast amounts of information and to simplify. That skill is one that I continue to use now to assist and empower others.

At primary school, my parents provided a second oxygen tank, and my teachers kept an eye on me. Because of my developed reading ability, I did well at school and would often help my teachers with the struggling students.

At recess, my friends and I would play “tiggy” or “catchy,” which was basically a running game. I was always “home base.” I would sit on a bench at the edge of the playground and hold a safe space for my friends. Someone would be designated as “it,” or “tag” and they would then run and chase the others. To avoid being caught, my friends would run to me and then they were safe (and I would have someone to talk to).

For years, I was happy being home base, and I liked protecting my friends from whoever was “it.” But one day, around my ninth birthday, I was watching my friends running around having a great time laughing, and in that first half of the game, no-one had run back to me to be “safe.”

Becoming bored, I desperately wanted to run around in the sun with my friends. Angry and frustrated at my asthma, and resentful that I wasn't allowed to run, suddenly 'the fighter' in me kicked in.

I decided at that moment to take responsibility. Being able to run and laugh with my friends suddenly became the most important thing in my little universe. Not scared anymore, I decided that I was going to take action. No longer content with sitting on the sidelines, I was over letting fear stop me from doing the things I wanted to do.

I looked across the parade ground to the netball court in front of me. I decided that I was going to run (for the first time) to the netball hoop roughly 40 metres away. Neither my friends nor teachers were around, and so I took a deep breath (or as deep as I could) and then ran - maybe ten steps.

I doubled over, desperately trying to suck air into my lungs. I stayed in that position for several minutes. My heart was pounding, and my lungs felt like they were trying to heave out of my chest – but... I didn't die!

Gradually the wheezing and heaving subsided, and I realized that I was still alive and standing! It wasn't a particularly pleasant experience, but it did pass. I looked around but no one else had seen me or noticed that home base was now on the move!

I felt optimistic – I hadn't keeled over, and I hadn't needed the oxygen tank. Granted I wasn't feeling all that good, and I continued to wheeze, but I had loved the feeling of movement and so... I decided to try again.

Another ten steps! Again I had to stop, doubled over, and take the time to recover. That then was enough for my first day. I had only gotten halfway to the netball court - but I had run. I was exhilarated!

Then each following day, during lunch break, I decided to push myself a little further. It took a week for my friends to realize that I was mobile but that was OK because it allowed me to do my own thing without an audience or embarrassment.

When they did realize that I could run (not fast and not for long) they had great joy in making me "it." However that only lasted two days as at that early stage, I couldn't catch anyone and so everyone found it boring. But by the end of that school year, I was running for much longer.

Of course I was never the fastest but over time, I built up stamina and participated in school sport. When I look back at that time, pushing my limits and

taking responsibility enabled me to overcome my asthma, and I've never had an attack since.

Thus ended my first life lesson: sometimes you have to step up and take action to help yourself! Trust your body, intuition, and gut instinct. Use emotions, such as anger and frustration, to fuel and empower you into positive action!

Just to clarify, I am not suggesting that anyone with asthma should take the same action as I did. We are all different with our individual genetic make-up, allergies, triggers, environmental exposures, etcetera. This is merely the first part of my own story in which I learned to take responsibility.

Life Lesson 2 – Don't Play Small!

In primary school, I was often asked by my teachers to help the other children in class who were struggling. I would sit next to them and explain the new concepts in language they could easily understand. (This stood me in good stead for later in life when simplifying complex issues to others.)

However, when that school closed in later primary, I was forced to transfer to another school where all of a sudden, being at the top of the class was definitely not cool. The popular girls didn't care about grades. I soon realized that if I wanted friends, I couldn't stand out academically, so I started to "dumb down" and hide my abilities. Sad to say, that was when I started collecting new friends.

I had forgotten about this particular life lesson until I began writing for Radiante. I then realized that what had started back then reoccurred in different scenarios later in adulthood. For example, a colleague feeling threatened or with a derisive comment made by a so-called friend.

And because I naturally like people, without thinking I would automatically hide my abilities so they wouldn't feel uncomfortable. At the time, I thought I was looking after them, but in hindsight I was actually depriving them of their own opportunity to grow and evolve. It was the wrong decision to act small in order to pander to the ego of others. Playing it small ultimately helps no-one!

Many people these days are dealing with self-worth issues. They feel their contribution to society is not good enough and they underestimate their intrinsic value. If that is you, then I can help you release those limiting beliefs and stop the self-sabotage.

Chances are, someone around you could benefit greatly from your experience and wisdom. As productive members of society, we need to let others know what we can do. And when you stay true to yourself, you then encourage others to do the same.

The Universe is full of wonderful opportunities and amazing experiences. You and I are part of that beautiful and varied creation. It's time for all of us to let our unique and individual lights shine for the benefit of everyone!

Life Lesson 3 – You Are Far More Than Your Physical Appearance

Once I started running and playing sport, I happily cruised through life until I was thirteen. In my first year of high school, I would ride my push bike to and from school with my best friend, and often home in the middle of the day for lunch.

One day after lunch at home, I rode to my friend's house to collect her and return to school. She lived halfway up a hill and along the front of her house was a narrow bitumen road with rough dirt edges.

This life-changing day, I was waiting across the road from her house and had my back towards on-coming traffic coming down the hill. I was stationery beside the bitumen road, straddling the bike with both feet on the ground. One second I was patiently waiting for my friend, the next I was thrown violently into the air!

I don't remember anything else, but witnesses and my injuries tell the story. A group of three cars came over and down the hill at speed. The first drove harmlessly past. Unfortunately, the second car, with a distracted driver, drove off the rough edge of the bitumen and into me - catapulting me (and my bike) up into the air and then smashing down onto the car bonnet.

The car's radio antenna sliced my cheek and left eyelid (just a hair's breadth from taking out my eye). My bike's handlebars gouged the inside of my right thigh and then as I hit the car bumper and bitumen, I was knocked unconscious. Luckily, in the last car, was an off-duty policeman who saw the entire accident and knew what to do in such an emergency.

I was unconscious in hospital intensive care for several days because of severe head trauma. Once the threat of brain damage and loss of my eye had passed, I was transferred into the general ward and stayed for another few weeks with the mirrors covered in my hospital room. My injuries took several more months to heal, but I was a pretty tough kid.

I actually didn't mind the scars. I thought at the time that it gave me character and street cred (like one of the action heroes in my books). And the thigh scar I actually used for storytelling, to trick people into believing I had been attacked by a shark. The stitches had been left too long before removal and so became "teeth" marks around the scar, so it truly looked like a shark's bite.

But even though I was a young teenage girl, I really didn't care. The scars didn't affect my friendships and since I didn't judge others on physical appearance, I just assumed that I would be treated the same. Hence my third major life lesson – you are so much more than your appearance! Physical injuries and scars etcetera don't have an impact on your real value or the essence of you! So no hiding away. Show your authentic self - go ahead and shine!

Life Lesson 4 – Life and Death

Life continued and I finished high school. And while I had always wanted to be a doctor growing up, having a boyfriend and being comfortable at home, I had a sudden change of heart and enrolled locally to study a bachelor's degree in Journalism and Japanese (I'm such a Gemini).

In my first university year, I left that boyfriend, but then I met Steve, the wonderful man who would later become my husband. We had two beautiful daughters and were together for thirty-six years until he passed, in part due to medical error. If I had gone away to study medicine, we would probably have never met.

After completing my degree, I then decided that I didn't want to become a working journalist. I enrolled for a fourth year in management so I could utilize my language skills and work in personnel management in Japan (I told you I'm a Gemini).

Accepted as a bank management trainee (I had my eye on their Tokyo office), I started full-time employment, keen to start building my international banking career. Yay! But two hours into my new job, my whole world came crashing down.

I was incredulous when my new boss told me to go home immediately. Neither she nor my brother, who came to drive me home, would tell me the reason why. Then, as we approached my house, a police car was in the driveway. I immediately thought something had happened to my mother, as she'd been fighting a bad ear infection for several days. What on earth was wrong? An ear infection wasn't that serious, was it?

A policeman stopped me at the front door. I still didn't know what had happened. But when I tried to push past him to go upstairs to see my parents, he wouldn't let me - my beloved father had passed away upstairs. He was only fifty-one.

I won't go into further details except to say that my father's passing also involved medical error, which in later years led to my decision to study natural therapies.

At that time, I became very angry at God and the Universe. How could such a valuable and loving father be taken so early from this life? My dad had also been heavily involved in charity and community service. Everybody loved and respected him; it just didn't make sense.

So as well as processing shock and grief, I was experiencing a huge crisis of faith. I had been raised to not show feelings and to just get on with life, so I didn't talk to anyone about my pain and stuffed those feelings down deep.

For the first year after my father passed, I steadfastly refused to enjoy life because, in my mind, that would show I was missing him. I also wanted to teach God a lesson, to know that a huge mistake had been made. But of course, that was just someone deeply hurt, and a mind embroiled in shock and grief.

Eventually I started to realise that while I was sullen and stomping around at home (at work, I was always professional and had a smile on my face) it wasn't doing anyone any good, especially me. The sun still shone, and life moved on, regardless of my negative feelings and bad temper. And as much as I privately ranted and raved against the Universe, it still didn't bring back my beautiful father.

Baby birds were regularly born in the nest in the tree outside my bedroom window. After watching that bird nest for a year, I saw some grow and fly away to explore the world, while others fell out of the nest and plummeted to their death below. Sometimes there is no reason for what happens in life. It is not always fair. It is just the hand that we have been dealt and regardless, life still moves on.

I learned that we can't control everything that happens to us, but we can choose how we respond. Stuffing down emotions, staying angry and depressed does not achieve anything, and as much as other people may want to help you, it is your responsibility. You have to make the choice to let go of the past, and then to move forward.

I know my father's passing and the difficulty I had in processing my grief was "the last straw" that triggered my own life-threatening crisis ten months later at the age of twenty-two. And that leads into **Life Lesson 5**, my battle with a serious pain and neurological condition as detailed in Chapter 1 of my first book, *DRUG FREE PAIN RELIEF – The Truth About How to Avoid Pain Even If You've Tried Other Methods*.

Briefly, my doctors could not help me and gave me no hope of recovery. I had to activate my inner pain relief warrior to survive. I did my own investigations (thankful for my journalism degree and research skills) and tried many things. It was hard, very hard, but the key was to never give up.

The information and strategies I used back then are in fact universal and apply to most pain and health conditions. I use that information today to assist my clients and I understand that the toughest of times can later transform into useful resources that can be used to help and empower others.

Life Lesson 6 – Don't Ignore the Signs!

After I fully recovered, I worked for the next twenty years in business and university management. And though I had been blessed with a great career, I began to have the distinct feeling that I wasn't doing what I was supposed to be doing. I loved my job, but the Universe started sending me signals that I was in the wrong place.

I'd always been a hard worker, but towards the end I really struggled to get out of bed in the morning and would be filled with dread at the thought of going to work. The longer I fought those feelings, the stronger the tap on the shoulder from the Universe became. I began getting heart palpitations and having panic attacks.

I stubbornly ignored the signs for a couple of years to the continued deterioration of my health as it was hard to leave a respected and high paying occupation. I would resign but then would be offered new university positions, and so I muddled along until I knew it was becoming foolhardy to ignore the signs.

As a compromise during this period, I studied body therapies in my spare time because I knew in my heart that was important for helping turn around many health and pain conditions. So while working at the university, after hours I was helping people with my bodywork. And then fate stepped in to steer me in the right direction. A local doctor heard of my great results, and I was invited to join her busy medical practice.

Of course, my colleagues thought I was crazy to finally leave the university, but it was honestly the best decision. I worked for several years with the doctors at two medical centres and my health improved as I followed my life purpose - to help people. I later established the Good Health & Pain Relief Clinic and became my own boss. My mission now is to help people globally transform their pain into wellness and personal power.

I write about my early life lessons so that you may feel you are not alone. Everyone has their own battles and I encourage you to never give up! We are all beautifully unique and valuable. Perhaps something you read in these pages will help you in some small way (I'd love to know if that happens).

My experiences have taught me to take responsibility for my own health. To read, ask questions and do my own research, but also to understand that there are no guarantees in life.

Don't give away your power to others. Make your own decisions and then put in your best effort to make them work. You always have a choice. When adversity happens, you can choose to curl up in the corner and do nothing, or you can come out fighting, and learn and evolve. Above all, be kind to yourself. Often we accept imperfections in others and yet are so hard and critical of ourselves.

The COVID experience has taught me that if I want to continue to help people, I have to be able to provide services outside of my physical Gold Coast and Central Queensland clinic locations. So I am now online offering my services globally (you can learn more at www.suzannemctierbrowne.com).

And finally, more good news - you don't have to suffer anymore! Time is precious, so please don't waste yours in pain and stress. If you need help, I'm here for you. My sincere wish is that you enjoy life on your terms - pain and stress free.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



TRACEY WILTSHIRE

Tracey Wiltshire is a qualified and experienced writer and journalist whose work mostly focuses on matters of the heart, wellbeing, and the LGBTQ community. With it, her passion is in bringing out the heart of each topic with the aim to help others live their best lives and feel connected to the hearts of others. Tracey lives on the gorgeous Gold Coast with her fiancé, Lucy Thomas, and cat, Biscuit. In her spare time Tracey loves Ballroom and Latin dancing, yoga, and being in nature.

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SUPPRESSED TO SOARING SEXUALITY

By Tracey Wiltshire



When you're aligned you shine, but to align takes time.

Sometimes, for a long time, the world around us doesn't condone or support who we truly are. And sometimes along the way, through that disconnection, we reach the point where we simply have to break through that status quo to live as ourselves, to find our own happiness, and be the change we seek in the world. We do this for ourselves, but ultimately our alignment and inner light from living our truth helps others too. Evolving: this is my story of such pains turned into positives, of love and alignment, that led me to share my gifts to help others in my own way.

In my coming-of-age years I didn't know anyone like me, and I didn't see anyone like me represented on the TV. There was no internet back then. I was the only person I knew who was attracted to women. I felt like a freak. And that freaked me out. So I kept it as a dark secret inside of me.

Like any inner struggle not shared nor relieved, it can be very lonely and unhealthy.

I didn't acknowledge, let alone have confidence in, my sexuality. Getting to the stage of "coming out of the closet" depends on someone firstly having elements of comfortability in their sexuality. Arriving there can take a long personal journey.

The term “coming out” I don’t like, by the way. Because why do people need to? Someday, I’d like to believe it won’t be necessary, due to it no longer being commonplace to assume someone is straight.

I had some casual sexual experiences with women, but they were mostly secretive and blighted by societal weight for being so. I found a couple of connections to my sexuality. One was reading the book *Rubyfruit Jungle*. Hearing queer lady voices in prose, I soaked that up. The second and main one was k.d. lang’s music and identity.

I discovered her when I found her album *drag* at a shop. The photo of her on the cover—confident, cool lesbian—made me seize it in a blink of an eye. I hadn’t learnt of her through the radio, TV, or magazines. Many years later, I learned it was her sexuality that restricted her mainstream media coverage even though her voice was, and still is, according to me and a great many others, the best in the world.

The power of stories, through that book and more so through k.d.’s timeless cool crooner voice and music, connected me to my truth within. Shutting out the straight and distant world and being in my own world, at home, with their comfort-igniting art. The memories of the effects they had on me still comfort me today. Particularly k.d. lang’s music. It was so powerful.

I’ve always loved people, been fascinated by everyone’s story and loved the written word so through that same coming-of-age period I decided to become a journalist, which for me meant providing a platform for stories that inspire, uplift and inform people.

A good way through my studies, my bug to travel and work overseas before settling down in Australia took over, so I put my studies on hold and went to the UK.

I lived and worked in a small town in Surrey, and life became dark. I was virtually in the middle of nowhere and worked and lived among a majority of pessimists. My positivity was like a foreign language. The conversations went nowhere. They didn’t even attempt to speak that language. I felt a void of care in the air. I’ve never been around so many joyless people. Misery was embedded in their faces. And the rare connection I had with my loved ones, back home, was on the public phone in a hallway that could be heard by others from there, so I couldn’t vent to my loved ones. I could only reach them when our schedules and time zones lined up and only for the time the coins I had to continually drop into it, allowed me, which was super short. That’s just a bit of the picture, but in summary, I’ve never felt as disconnected.

In tribute to that pain, I see it as the way the Universe helped me to wake up to myself.

I realised how utterly dependent I had been on external things to make me happy.

I have a vivid memory of lying in bed one night, having cathartically cried so uncontrollably hard from the loneliness and sadness. Then, in the stillness of the night, thanks to that darkness within me and all around me, I felt a contrasting deep, inner joy.

It was my instincts, and they made themselves the star of the show! Among a dark backdrop they dazzled to get my attention. They made it clear that THIS time in my life they wouldn't be ignored. After my months of emotional pain, undoubtedly, they had had enough and needed to take the reins of my brain, LOL. They had two things to say to it. One, "I want to be with women." And two, "I want to be a journalist." And for both, it was absolutely clear they meant, "ASAP!" They wanted me to follow my light.

I was on the opposite side of the world from home, and with that, in a way, it felt just as far away from potential judgement. I had nothing to lose. It was a time of building my own character, from the only joy in my life coming from my innate inner light, and the only way out of the dark was to follow it. So that's what I did. While in that dark yet divinely illuminated space, I put it out there to the universe about meeting a woman to fall in love with. Not long after, she showed up as a new coworker in that remote workplace.

Being sexually active with women gave me an alignment within myself. It was as though it reached a part of me that was dormant and once awakened, I felt like myself for the first time.

Because I was gaining confidence and was happy, I wanted to share it with some of my family. So as it is said, I came out to them. I told them I was in love with a girl. It was hard to say, and it didn't go down well. In looking back, I can understand why. It was new to them, unlike me, where I had processed it for myself first. But still their reaction really hurt, naturally.

ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS IN LIFE IS TO BE YOURSELF.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE NOT SEEN.

YET IT IS ONE OF THE MOST VITAL THINGS.

BECAUSE IT'S AN UNFOLDING AND UNENDING GIFT.

A few people in that town told me that Brighton, in East Sussex, had my name on it. That I'd love it. I didn't know why. Curious, I went there to check it out, and found out. It's known as the LGBTQ capital of the UK. It's quirky, inclusive, and filled with black sheep, bohemian "freaks" like me. I fell in love with it instantly and moved there as fast as I could.

I was newly single and hungry to immerse myself in the community and wanted to explore and know the city inside and out.

I bought a copy of the latest issue of Diva magazine (Europe's leading magazine targeted towards LGBTQI women). I looked up the listings section under Brighton, and among many advertisements for gay nights out there, I found a social event, at a local queer pub, for lesbians to meet, make friends and/or meet a partner. Nerves got the better of me just before entering the venue, so I paused and walked into the venue next door to use their bathroom. Sitting on the toilet, shaking, I nestled my head in my sweaty hands and said to myself, "If I can do this I can do anything." (LOL).

I took several deep breaths, walked into the right venue, and asked the gorgeous lesbian behind the bar where the event was. She told me it was upstairs. I walked up the narrow staircase, and was greeted with a comforting, bubbly warmth by the hostess who had a striking smile and cool short salt-and-pepper hair. With nerves tamed, I sat at the small bar in the snug room and ordered a drink from the ultra-cool girl who I was immediately taken with and was hit on by a trans woman who within the first few sentences, without any leads, offered to take me home later. After getting my drink I walked over to a bunch of high-vibing girls and five of us got chatting and just clicked. A few drinks in, we went on to another packed gay bar and drank and danced till five in the morning.

We hung out pretty much every weekend for the next year, going to all the local lesbian and gay bars, night and day, soaking it all up and creating experiences and lives of our own.

Also when I moved to Brighton, deeply longing to write articles, I got back into my journalism course, via correspondence. As part of that course I had to submit an article to a print publication. I chose Brighton's local LGBT entertainment magazine called *3sixty*. The cover of that current issue really spoke to me. My entire being felt illuminated looking at it. And I remember meanwhile saying to myself, "I'm going to write for them," and I meant it as though it was a given. I submitted an article, and the publisher gave me a job as one of their freelance journalists!

It opened the door to amazing experiences within the community. I wrote various articles, including feature and travel, and had my own health column and inspiring LGBT locals column, I also wrote about many of the non-profit LGBT support groups, LGBT club and bar reviews, restaurant and cafe reviews, and lesbian DVD and book reviews. It was deeply rewarding to serve my community in that role.

I immersed myself in the colourful, vibrant community, made many friends, and gained my journalism qualification. I felt at home and so alive. It was one of the best times of my life.

Being, and feeling, a part of the community/communities you identify with the most nourishes your inner wealth. Yet naturally, at times in moments felt deep down, you long for that inclusion and comfort within your community to be expanded—to be felt with others—inside and out of it with those who aren't as accepting, embracing or like-minded. To have a broader connection.

I got right into Buddhism when I was in Brighton. I went to meditation and in-depth classes and retreats. It gave me a holistic view of the internal pains we all can experience and broadened my compassion for those we feel harm from as well as pain we direct towards ourselves. It gave me more understanding of the sources of human suffering, and it helped me find great peace within myself.

When I was getting very serious in my relationship with a woman, someone dear to me (I won't mention their name nor gender to respect their privacy) rang from Australia, and I told them. Their disparagement of it being with a woman was more than blatant. Their words and tone were horrendous and harsh, sickening and shattering. I was devastated.

They didn't ask me what it was I felt deep down to get "where I was." They just shared their feelings about it, of complete disgust, and it was painfully clear they felt their thoughts on the matter were right and that they had to come down on me to show me their thoughts should be the right choice for me too; basically that they had to "right my wrongs."

Feeling as small as a mouse and bereft of words from their extreme wrathful disdain, I managed to get out in a whisper, "Why is it that whenever I speak with you, I feel like I disappoint you?"

They yelled venomously, "I've just got strong opinions about it, that's all!" And hung up.

Because of my love for them, their utter disgust at the very thing that made me the most me, and the happiest, and them not showing any interest to rectify their condemnation or to know my feelings especially after the tremendous courage and lengths I went to, to subdue my demons and go beyond outer influences to be me and happily me, was the deepest pain I've ever felt. That pain went beyond my physical body, wide enough to fill an inflatable sumo suit, which I wore heavily for years. And even though we kept in contact, the underlying, unresolved disconnection lingered and deep down I desperately longed to reconnect.

You can't change someone's sexuality. Sexuality is not a choice. It is diverse and personal. And it is an important part of who you are.

The LGBTI community carries the weight of its global stigma. It is lifting in places. And it will continually get better. There will be more equality. Yet till such time, I believe it is our responsibility (when we feel safe to do so) to be ourselves, to be seen, to help educate others, to be part of the solution to get us to the point where we all feel equal, no matter where one is on the rainbow spectrum.

I got my British Passport (so became a dual citizen of Australia and the UK) and moved to Sydney to do a second, broader, qualification in journalism, at Macleay College. One day, during that time, I remember being in the back of a taxi with a friend, and she told me that Source spoke internally to her about what service she will do for people. Fascinated, I then sincerely asked a divine power, I didn't know of what kind, the same question and to my amazement I got a reply. I've never had that happen before. It was not my own voice or words, and it did not spring from thought. I just heard it very clearly say, "You're going to share stories." Amazing!

After completing my studies and writing work in Sydney, I moved back home to Queensland and had a break from writing. I was burnt out from sacrificing too much sleep for my studies and work, and also from feeling beaten by the constant unfulfilled craving to type perfection on the page. So I simplified my life and did lots of inner work to lighten up.

The thing is with my writing, just like my sexuality, it's not of my choosing. My brain continued to almost always come up with things to write. It chose me and not the other way around. So over the years, like my sexuality, I came to terms with it and embraced it rather than stress out over it. I recognised that it grounded me. It's part of the roots of my tree and when I write those roots feel nourished.

I settled down and lightened up somewhat. I was enjoying life, and I met and fell in love with the love of my life, Lucy.

Over the years since that time of wrathful words from someone dear, with all my heart I often longingly thought, “I wish they knew how beautiful it was [the natural feeling of being with a woman].” That deep longing birthed my idea for my book *The Love Between Women*. It’s a collection of real-life queer ladies’ love and intimacy stories. Some stories are hot, some are romantic, some are deep; what they most love about being with women; the beauty of it; and journeys of what it took to come out and be proud. It’s sharing the love between women, as it’s too beautiful to be secretive.

And at the time of writing this chapter, I am also creating that book! It’s due to be published in mid-2022, from which time it can be purchased via Amazon, my Facebook page or my website.

The Love Between Women is for queer women and anyone else keen to know about it. So whether you’re a part of the rainbow community, have a relative or friend who is, or you just want to know more about the heart and longings of the diverse community I recommend you check it out.

Us queers are everywhere—in most streets, businesses, and families throughout the world—but it’s our shared stories that help us be seen and given the chance to be accepted, acknowledged and loved for who we are. And it helps those who may believe they’re not good enough, or just want to hear connecting stories, feel a part of their community and more empowered just to be themselves. I’m deeply excited to be sharing these stories!

I want to acknowledge that that dear person to me, who was disgusted by my sexuality, has since embraced me as me and fully supports my book! And the family members who weren’t happy with my sexual orientation are now happy, seeing how happy I am with the love of my life. We all grow, and it is helpful to hold a heartfelt space for each other to grow. I have learnt that no matter what people think, it is good for everyone’s sake to be yourself and let people know what you need, especially if it is different to their needs and to work together to ensure you understand each other.

I love deep conversations and learning how people tick. Why not have an interest in other people’s lives especially those who you love? I say, “Sit down and talk with people.”

At the heart of matters, it’s about truth. Living your deepest truth in life, and with love allowing others to live theirs. Communicate compassionately together from such genuineness. Share your stories to help understand one another—to be seen, to connect, and to feel aligned.

