

A Guide
to Answering
YOUR SOUL'S
CALLINGS
and
WORKING
YOUR LIGHT



LIGHT

IS THE NEW BLACK

REBECCA CAMPBELL



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and WORKING YOUR LIGHT**

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CONTENTS

<i>From the Universe to me to you</i>	xiii
<i>Introduction</i>	xvi
<i>Rise sister rise</i>	xix
<i>Bask in the light</i>	xxi

Part I – Losing Everything Finding Me

Call off the search party, I was inside me all along	2
What I thought was rock bottom	4
Cracked open	6
Foundations come crumbling	8
Finding Grace	11
Living in the light	14
Waking up	16
‘F you God’	20

Part II – Turn Your Light On

Remembering	25
Welcome to the Age of Light	27
You’re here for a reason	28
You are light	30
Your authentic self is your light	32
Letter to a Lightworker	33
Your light is contagious	35
What the <i>what</i> is a Lightworker?	36
The double mission	39

Your Soul Purpose	41
You've been working on You for lifetimes	45
The ego, the soul, and the spirit	48
You are Divine	50
Oneness vs. aloneness	52
We choose our parents	57
I'm talking to that part of you	60
Your Inner Guru knows best	61
Inauthenticity no longer stands a chance	63
Loosen your grip	66
The world needs you cracked open	68
I pray that you hit rock bottom	69
Your suffering happened for you, not to you	70
You've been training for this for lifetimes	71
Don't let it define you	73
Come home to yourself	75
When did you stop being you?	77
You are already doing it	78
Fill yourself up	79
We all just want to be seen	81
See the light in others	84
The fear of being seen	85
Don't dim to fit in	86
People who can't handle your bright	87
Mirrors	88
You are the heroine of your life	89
Who am I?	91
Who are You?	93
Ask the part of you that knows	95
Leap into yourself	96
Face the niggle	98

Answer the ache	100
You are not going to miss your life	101
My soul is calling me to...	102

Part III – Work Your Light

Your soul is always calling	105
It's harder to ignore a call than to answer it	107
Soul callings vs. the callings of your soul	109
You were born knowing	110
Everyone's got a secret dream, not many have a public one	112
Career vs. calling	114
Your treasure chest of gifts	117
The never-ending gift list	120
You don't have to stick at it	121
A prayer for letting go	122
Shadow callings	123
Shake it off	125
Multiple callings	126
The dots join in the end	127
Devote your life	129
Ask the part of you that knows	131
What lights you up?	133
Will it light you up?	137
You are your heroes	138
Acknowledge YOU	141
There's no place like home	143
Your greatest fear is the gatekeeper to your highest calling	144
If I wasn't afraid I would...	147
A prayer for expansion	148
What's the worst that could happen?	149
Five people	150

Ask the part of you that knows	152
Bling	153
The Universe will catch you	154
Start before you're ready	156
Jump right on in	159
Do one thing every day	161
Just dance extra quick	162
Don't be attached to the outcome	165
Show up and shine	166
You're ready	169
Permission granted	170
My soul is calling me to...	171

Part IV – Living in the Light

Embodying the light	175
Non-negotiable spiritual practice	179
Light Sourcing	182
Light bath	185
Call yourself home	186
Back to center	187
Dear God	188
Impromptu dance breaks	189
Take a breath	190
Who lights you up?	192
Where's your energy at?	193
Be the lighthouse, not the electricity	197
Sacred social	199
Choose a higher thought	200
Create a vibration board	201
Make your life a moving prayer	202
Your spirit guides are waiting	204

Invest in your soul's growth	206
Assemble your support team	207
Making an altar	208
Leave space for Grace	210
My soul is calling me to...	211

Part V – Be the Light

Your light is needed here	215
You do YOU (#YDY)	216
The world needs you	218
Being of service	220
Please use me	223
You [®]	224
Forge, don't follow	226
Embrace your weird	228
My weirdness list	229
Call in your people	230
Let your spirit be your brand™	232
Your tribe's waiting for you	234
You are your message	236
Choose your own theme song	237
Write your own tag line	238
Come out of the spiritual closet	240
Align your life	242
Be a YES	244
Twitter bios and fitting in	245
Vibration is the best marketing tool	246
You [®] – Your authentic voice	248
You [®] – Your authentic visual style	251
It's not about you	254
You are not for everyone	256

Be OK with where you are	257
Creativity and being a clear channel	258
Invoking your muse	259
Letters to self	260
Your soul's voice	262
Speak up, I can't hear you	265
Raise them up, don't cut them down	266
If you're competing with someone...	267
Be an encourager	268
There's room enough for everyone	269
Demystifying the mystic	271
The mystic always rises	273
Your heart is elastic	274
Let the Universe support you	275
Expansion and never-ending growth	276
It's time to step up	279
You weren't born for the sidelines	280
You go first	282
Letter to a Lightworker II	284
The Army of Light is always recruiting	286
Thank you	288
One thing	289
<i>Bask in the light some more</i>	290
<i>I recommend</i>	291
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	293
<i>About the author</i>	295



INTRODUCTION

*'Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful,
committed citizens can change the world;
indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.'*

MARGARET MEAD

At the Peace Conference in Canada in 2009, the Dalai Lama said, 'The world will be saved by the Western woman,' and it was a call to action for women throughout the West. This book is a response to that call.

It's a book for a new breed of women and men who are here to be bright lights in the world: modern-day Lightworkers, who agreed at a soul level to be here at this time in history, to bring us into the Age of Light (led by spirit and Divine Feminine). I know because I'm one of them and I know I am not alone.

This time we are living in right now has been prophesied by the mystics and sages of all the ages. It is an era in history in which we are all being called to embrace our truest, brightest, most authentic selves and rise up.

In order to succeed in the Age of Light, everything in our lives must be an authentic expression of who we truly are. There is a global shift occurring where inauthenticity no longer stands a chance. Relationships, jobs, brands, or anything that is not in alignment with the flow of the Universe (and who we truly are) is becoming harder to hold on to. It's as though our inner and outer foundations are crumbling away, in an effort to reconnect us with the authentic light within, so we can get back in flow with the Universe. And the falling apart will not let up until our inner and outer worlds are aligned.

Seemingly overnight, my whole life came crumbling down. No matter how hard I tried to hold it all together, anything that was based on fear, neediness, force, control, or inauthenticity was unable to survive.

For too long we have been living in a patriarchal society, where the ego-driven powers of fear, unconsciousness, separateness, and control have been at the forefront. During this time there have been amazing advances in technology, standards of living, and education, yet we are more depressed and lonelier than ever.

Moving out of patriarchy is not about the feminine ruling over the masculine, rather a more balanced state of being where we embrace the authenticity of who we are and realize that we are all connected, part of a larger whole. The rising feminine can be found in both men and women. Therefore, when I mention 'she' or 'sister,' I am speaking to the compassionate, protective, intuitive, and conscious feminine that is rapidly awakening and inviting that part of us to rise up.

With the planet in the state that it is, we cannot continue the way we have been. Mother Earth is calling forth a new awakening of consciousness in order for us to survive on this magnificent planet we call home. A shift from aggression to compassion, from fact to truth, from fear to love, from separateness to oneness, from unquestioned dogma to faith, from left brain to right, from war to peace, from force to flow, from unconsciousness to consciousness, from fact to truth, and from unquestioned linear processes to lateral solutions.

We each have a light within us waiting to guide us home. Our Soul Purpose is to shine this unique light in a way that only we can. In doing so, we spark something in another and inspire them to do the same.

We are all being called to align our lives and answer the deep stirrings of our souls. I believe that through doing so, we can move into a new stage of Earth's history. It is a time when masculine and feminine

energies swing back into balance, and when we acknowledge the interconnectedness of all living beings.

As each one of us lights up, we will effortlessly spark something in another, and rise up together.

I believe that we can change the world, one conscious, authentic person at a time.

And I believe that you are here to lead the way.

Rise sister rise.



RISE SISTER RISE

When your plans and schemes and your hopes
and dreams beg for you to let them go.

Rise sister rise.

When the life you have so consciously
created all comes crumbling down.

Rise sister rise.

When your soul is heavy and your heart broken in two.

Rise sister rise.

When you gave it your best, and it wasn't quite enough.

Rise sister rise.

When you've been beaten and defeated,
and feel so far away from home.

Rise sister rise.

When you find yourself in a thousand pieces,
with no idea which bit goes where.

Rise sister rise.

When you have loved and lost. And then lost again.

Rise sister rise.

When your wings have been clipped, spirit

dampened, and all you hear is a whisper.

Rise sister rise.

When you finally beg mercy to your calling
but have no idea where to start.

Rise sister rise.

Rise for you. And rise for me.

For when you rise first you make the path brighter for She.

Part I



**LOSING
EVERYTHING
FINDING ME**

One girl's journey



CALL OFF THE SEARCH PARTY, I WAS INSIDE ME ALL ALONG

We all have an inner light waiting to guide us home. But sometimes the Universe turns off all the lights, so we have no choice but to find our own. Perhaps that's been the case for you; it certainly has been for me.

For as long as I can remember, I had this inner knowing that I was here for a reason. I knew I had a purpose, a calling, but the whole thing stressed me out. It was like walking around with this huge weight of responsibility on my shoulders. It felt like I had this urgent thing to do and time was running out.

You know that feeling when you have an assignment or work to do on the weekend, and you can't relax until it's done?

Well, I had that feeling constantly. As if there was something that I was forgetting, a whisper that I couldn't quite make out. The feeling niggled me: there when I went to bed; there in the middle of the night; and there when I woke up in the morning.

I'd spent the majority of my life looking outside of myself for answers. Reaching for anything I could get my hands on, in order to soothe the subtle aching, longing, yearning, and calling deep within my soul, which said that there was something I was missing. There was something more.

I turned to relationships, career, travel, food, alcohol, and partying, but none of them quite hit the spot. I tried traveling to the ends of the planet, in search for something that I couldn't quite put my finger on...

I was pushing, striving, and controlling, instead of listening, trusting, and allowing. It took my whole life to come tumbling down for me to realize that everything I was searching for was inside me all along.

My soul was always calling. I was just facing the wrong way.



WHAT I THOUGHT WAS ROCK BOTTOM

By the time 2011 came along, it felt like my life was held together by a single thread, and at any moment the whole tower would come crashing down.

Originally from Australia, I'd just achieved my long-term career ambition of becoming the creative director of a London advertising agency by the age of 30. But the moment I got it, I felt nothing. Isn't this what I had worked so hard for? Why I had sacrificed so much? Overnight I knew that my career no longer fitted my soul.

My relationship of over 10 years was on its last legs, but I refused to admit it. Matt and I had met at university. Creative, sensitive, and hilarious, his cool nonchalance was ridiculously attractive and I fell for him immediately.

The first couple of years were wonderful, but as time went on we became more and more entangled, and more and more stuck. Matt had been suffering from chronic depression for several years. Living in London, far away from the support of our respective families, we ignored the reality of the situation.

I refused to admit that things were broken, throwing myself into a million-and-one ways to fix it, rather than surrender and accept. My gift of seeing the potential in people wasn't serving either of us one bit.

The worse everything seemed to get, the harder I tried to hold it all together. The harder I tried to hold it all together, the more I ignored the callings of my soul. The more I ignored the callings of my soul, the

more out of flow with the Universe I got. The more out of flow with the Universe I got, the more alone I felt.

I hadn't felt real joy in my heart for years, but the thought of not being with Matt was too hard to bear. We loved each other with every ounce of our hearts, but in truth we had become best friends more than life partners. With every day, I felt more trapped and stuck in a life that I had worked so hard to create. The thought of saying goodbye to the one person who had been by my side through my entire adult life was too hard to comprehend. I was petrified of being alone and of nothing coming in to take its place.

My external world wasn't in alignment with my internal one. I was way out of flow with the Universe. I knew my soul was calling me to make a massive career change – to follow my passion for spiritual development, intuition, and the journey of the soul. But I was petrified of coming out of the spiritual closet, and turning my back on the great career and network I had worked so hard to create.

I began waking up at 3.13 a.m. each night, drenched in sweat, unable to catch my breath. Alone in bed, I could hear Matt down the hall still on his computer. My loneliness was palpable. Sometimes I would get onto my hands and knees and just sob, begging God to miraculously get me out of there because I lacked the courage to do it myself.



CRACKED OPEN

On April 15, 2011, I woke up to the news that Blair, one of my very best friends, had been diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia. My heart fell through the bed, in a desperate attempt to get back to Australia. Blair held a part of my soul that no one else on the planet did. With him I could let my entire truest, biggest, most authentic self shine. He knew my secret dreams and held similar ones.

The moment we met it was an instant soul connection. I loved him immediately. Blair had a contagious charisma and he completely owned it. He wasn't afraid of being his biggest self and encouraged others to do the same: A lover of life, an exceptional human, and king of good times.

Blair was the only person my own age with whom I could talk candidly about my spiritual life. The first night we met, we discovered we were both reading the same book, Doreen Virtue's *The Lightworker's Way*. We planned to write books and 'change the world' together. But first we would become successful in our chosen fields (him as an actor and me as a creative director), and *then* we would use our power to change the world.

As the day progressed Blair's condition worsened. I prayed for a sign as to whether or not I should fly back to Australia. Two minutes later, as I was getting something out of my wardrobe, the whole thing fell flat to the floor, emptying out every single item of clothing in front of me. I took it as a sign and got on the next flight.

By the time I was on the plane, Blair's condition had rapidly declined and he was in a medically induced coma. During that long flight home,

somewhere over Europe and the Middle East, I physically felt Blair's presence. I could feel the actual weight of his body pressing down on mine. I could smell his aftershave and the warmth of his lips kissing my forehead. His hand pressed down on my chest, soothing my aching heart. And in that moment, I knew he was gone.

Years earlier, we had made a pact that whoever died first had to visit the other immediately, so we knew they were OK and hanging out in the afterlife.

For someone relatively young, I had experienced a fair amount of death. But this was different. Blair was different. This was not part of the plan.

I fell into a deep, dark, regretful place, which no one could carry me out of.



A couple of months later we suddenly lost another dear friend from the same tightly knit friendship circle.

The Universe was not letting up.

I felt cheated, bitter and mad. I had no fight left. I wanted a refund from God.

Despite Matt and I supporting each other through the grief of losing our friends, one Sunday in October after celebrating my 30th birthday, we agreed to end our relationship. And before I knew it, I was watching a black cab disappear into the distance, taking away the person I had spent my whole adult life with – down the street to the other side of the globe and out of my life.

Winter was coming. I was alone, unreachable, and a long way from home.



FOUNDATIONS COME CRUMBLING

The only thing that got me through the months that followed was the work ethic my parents had instilled in me. I chose them well.

The grief would hit out of nowhere: at my desk, on the subway, in the grocery store aisle, while walking down the street.

My family and friends urged me to come back home to Australia, but deep down I had this inner knowing that this was something I needed to face alone. I needed to venture into the darkest caverns and try to find my own way out.

In an attempt to create a clean slate for myself, I moved into a studio apartment in the heart of London's Notting Hill. Within a week I discovered even that was falling apart. The foundations of the building were literally crumbling around me.

All the structures that stood before me had to be replaced. The irony was not lost on me. The world was my mirror.

One particular night it all got too much and I was near giving up. As tears streamed uncontrollably down my face, the water pipes exploded in unison, transforming my home into a stinking sea of watery despair.

Seriously Universe?

I found myself on the water-soaked carpet in complete surrender, praying (more like begging) for mercy. It wasn't the slightest bit graceful, and went something like this:

'God... Please help.

Please God help.

Seriously, I give up.

I GIVE UP.

I F*ING GIVE UP.

For F's sake I don't know what the F you want me to do.

I can't F*ing do this anymore.

PLEASE GOD F*ING HELP ME!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?'

Then all of a sudden, I clearly heard the words, *Go to Chicago*.

Followed by a feeling of ultimate calm and relief.

I was like, 'Chicago? WTF is in Chicago?'

I racked my brains and the only person I knew in Chicago was my teacher Sonia Choquette whom I'd been training with in London for the past four years. Without giving my head a moment to butt in, I immediately looked up her website and emailed her assistant. He replied instantly saying there was a private teacher training in Chicago in a week's time. It was not available to the public, but there was one spot left and Sonia was happy for me to take it.

My mind said, *You've got a huge campaign launching in 14 days at work. You have no vacation left. Your house is falling apart. You are an emotional wreck – do you really want to let people see that? Pfffft teacher? Who do you think you are, training to be a spiritual teacher when you can't even get your life together?*

My soul whispered, *Go to Chicago*.

I knew my life wasn't worth living, unless something changed, so I asked, 'If I am really meant to go, prove it to me and prove it to me good.'

I turned off the water supply, sent a text to my landlord, changed my soaked pajamas, and went back to my semi-floating bed.

The next morning I woke up to a message from my landlord telling me that he'd found someone to fix the apartment, but I would have to move out for a week (*starting the date of the training in Chicago*). He apologized profusely and said I didn't need to pay rent for the next month (*the cost of the tuition and flight*), and he would pay for a hotel of my choice where I could stay while the work was getting done (*the cost of my hotel in Chicago*).

Well done, Universe!

But I still had a whopping big campaign launching...

An hour later, I arrived at work to discover the campaign had been delayed due to a PR scandal. And get this: The CEO then suggested that I take some time off while things were quiet, as I would need to be on standby after the PR scandal had died down in a month or so.

Well bloody done, Universe!

I took the blatant hint, booked my flight immediately, and for the first time in a long time, stepped onto the magic carpet and trusted the ride.



FINDING GRACE

From the moment I walked onto the plane, to sitting in front of the fire in Chicago drying out my waterlogged heart, I felt as though I was in exactly the right place. I could feel Blair cheering me on. It was like I was the main character of a movie that I had seen before. Déjà vu on steroids. As if I was being cradled by life. I slept the whole night through for the first time in forever and, while my heart was still heavy, I woke with a new light of hope.

The next evening, after a long day, I found myself sitting in front of devotional singer Gurunam Singh, and his seriously sexy drummer, Chris Maguire, who were there to play for us.

Having listened to a few songs and joined in with the chanting, my heart opened some more, and through the cracks my soul sheepishly edged forward. Gurunam's eyes caught mine and I could feel him holding my soul. I was about to have the most extreme healing of my life. (Go to www.lightisthenewblack.com to download this grace-filled song.) He sang:

Give up all your hopes and your dreams.

Give up all your plans and your schemes.

Give up the fear of darkness surrounded in the light.

Give up fear of being wrong and the need to be right.

Unto thee, unto thee, unto thee, unto thee.

Unto thee, unto thee, unto thee, unto thee.

Unto thee, unto thee, unto thee, unto thee.

I give everything I am... unto thee.

In that moment, I realized how much time I had wasted trying to control and force my life. I was absolutely exhausted from desperately trying to hold it all together for so long. I had no fight left and it was time to let go of the reins.

As Gurunam continued to sing, I mourned the loss of Blair. I grieved for the end of my relationship with Matt, the family that would never be, and the daughter I hadn't met (I'd had a miscarriage a year earlier). I cried for my inner voice that I had ignored for so long. I cried for all of the years I had spent in my masculine – pushing and striving instead of letting life support me. I wept for the exuberant woman inside me who longed to emerge. I mourned for all the time I had spent searching for things outside of myself, when really the only place I needed to look was within. I sobbed for the light deep within my heart, which no matter how hard I'd tried to snuff out, still shone bright.

Past, present, but mostly future, I mourned for it all. And during those 3 minutes and 39 seconds, my ego finally surrendered and asked my soul to lead.

In that short moment, I touched a space within me that can only be described as Grace. I surrendered. I touched God; or rather I received God to touching me. I came home. I realized that while I felt separate, I was actually part of a greater whole, or oneness, and thus never really separate or alone.

I realized the only reason I felt unsupported was because I wasn't supporting myself. The only reason I felt alone was because I had ignored the callings of my soul. And for the first time I was able to see beyond the devastation and truly feel the bountiful light of Grace.

I was learning, and yet also remembering who I truly was. Like the depths of me who already knew were saying, *Yes, yes, this way.*

I experienced a coming home to my authentic self, different from ever before, and felt my soul cheer.

While Gurnam sang his next song, *The Grace of God*, I had this big fat whopping mother of an ‘aha’ light-bulb moment, where I finally understood what I had been searching for all this time.

My entire life I’d had this weird fascination with a thing called ‘nominative determinism’ – when people’s names fit their calling or purpose in life, like little clues from the heavens. For example, William Wordsworth was a writer, Larry Speakes is a White House speaker, Tracey Cox is a sex therapist, and Lisa Messenger is the founder of Collective Magazine. But I’d always felt a bit cheated by my name. In Hebrew, Rebecca means ‘knotted cord,’ or ‘to bind.’

I didn’t want to be a basket and I certainly didn’t want to be a knotted cord. Then it hit me. Up until this point, I had spent my whole life searching for meaning, trying to unbind myself from the knotted bundle of thoughts that makes me, Me.

My last name, Campbell, is Scottish for ‘crooked mouth’ – inauthenticity at its best – which considering how long I had been ignoring my inner voice and hiding out in my spiritual closet, was pretty fitting. But then, right smack bang in the center of it all was my middle name... Grace.

Without even realizing it, Grace was the exact thing I had been searching for my entire life. And she was right there inside me all along. Searching north, south, east, and west trying to control, force and make it happen, when all I really needed to do was surrender to the gentle callings of my soul and allow the light of Grace to guide me.



LIVING IN THE LIGHT

My inner light was burning bright. I was home. Now that I had found it, there was no way I was going to let it go. I vowed to say 'YES' to every little call from my soul, regardless of how much logical sense it made. I vowed to do everything I could never to turn my back on myself again.

Just as the old saying goes, 'When the student is ready the teacher will appear,' the very next day I was taught a form of meditation known as 'Sourcing' (which I'll share with you on page 182 and you can download at www.lightisthenewblack.com). Using this simple tool, I was able to fill myself up with Source energy (of which we are all a part), rather than turning to anything outside of myself.

I started Sourcing and listening to the callings of my soul every day without fail. I made it a non-negotiable part of my life.

I showed up every day.

Within a few months, my life was unrecognizable. I felt supported because I was supporting myself. My soul was content because I was acting on its callings. My foundations became strong because I was fuelling myself from within. Through the daily act of letting go, receiving, and allowing myself to be supported I was able to heal my aching heart and let my inner light lead the way.

I continued excavating my life, only letting the things that served me stay.

Alignment was key.

Replacing 'should' and 'could' with deep desires and 'why not?' I danced, breathed, shook off, and embraced. I only let in people, experiences, and things that filled me up, lit me up, and made me feel whole.

Consciously choosing not to enter a relationship until I was completely healed and whole, I discovered that I did not need someone else to be IN love. Instead it was possible to be IN LOVE (in the flow of love) all on my own.

By filling up myself first, I found I was able to show up to my relationships brighter and more whole than ever. Layer by layer, I allowed myself to get authentically naked and come out of the spiritual closet for real.

I quit my corporate job and my intuitive, spiritual mentoring practice took off, and my friend Robyn Silverton and I co-founded The Spirited Project and started teaching Spirited Sessions every month. New people (my kind of people) started arriving serendipitously on my doorstep.

Then I met someone who had been on his own journey home and I invited him to be in love (a space of love) with me. I don't *need* him in my life, but I sure as hell want and love him in it. Last September he asked me to marry him and I said a big fat YES.

My prayers were answered beyond anything that I could have imagined. All I ever needed to do was surrender and let my soul courageously lead.

Call off the search party. I was inside me all along.



WAKING UP

Rewind to the nineties.

Every now and then, the Universe conspires to cross our path with someone in a way that feels like they were put on this planet just for us. Had a particular meeting not taken place, perhaps you would have remained asleep? That was certainly the case the day I met Angela Wood.

Soon after starting high school aged 14, I began experiencing what I can only describe now as my first awakening. A natural empath, I would pass strangers on the street and feel their innermost thoughts and feelings.

All of this cracked wide open after I read an article in *Dolly* magazine about a teenage girl called Anna Wood who tragically died after taking the drug ecstasy. In the interview Anna's mother, Angela, openly shared the loss of her beautiful bright light of a daughter. This article touched my soul so deeply, and I remember sobbing myself to sleep from the sadness I felt for Anna's mother without really knowing why or being able to express my thoughts.

The next day I got the bus to the bookshop and bought *Anna's Story*, the biography of Anna Wood's life. The following day at school, I began passionately telling my friend how much Anna's story had touched my heart.

I turned to the page of the book where there was a picture of Anna and her mother and said, 'It's really weird, I can't explain why, but I just have this urge to find Angela and give her the hugest hug, and try to take away some of her pain.'

My friend said, 'That is really weird.' She then looked up, back down to the book and then back up again, and pointed, saying: 'That lady over there kinda looks like Anna's mother.'

I looked up at a tall blonde woman making her way across the school courtyard, and realized... IT WAS HER! It was Angela Wood!

I hesitated for a moment, unable to get my head around the weird serendipity of it all, but then, moved by a force bigger than my mind or body, I found myself running after her. The school vice Principal intercepted me with a question and mid-sentence, I turned back around to find that Angela was nowhere to be seen. Heart deflated I finished the conversation. As I turned around to head back to my friends, I found Anna's mum, Angela Wood, looking back at me.

Everything seemed to stand still and we had this weird moment of deep soul recognition... before I introduced myself and bumbled about doing my best to express how much her story impacted me, clutching the book in my hand. Angela then invited me to attend her talk that she was about to give to the senior year. Knowing I must be there, I skipped math and sneaked into Angela's talk – doing my best not to stand out. Afterwards, I waited sheepishly to talk to her and we made plans to stay in contact.

Angela later told me that it was her birthday the week we met. That morning she had asked Anna for a birthday present, and she knew our meeting was it.

We quickly became friends. Our families met and were generously understanding of our seemingly odd relationship.

We'd spend hours sipping coffee and deep in conversation about the meaning of life, the afterlife, grief, death, past lives, and angels. We'd trade dreams, poetry, books, and theories on life and the Universe. I learned firsthand about the power of the human heart and the courage of the human spirit. I'd listen for hour upon hour as Angela shared her

stories about the life and death of her beautiful bright light of a daughter Anna. How she touched people's hearts more deeply in her 15 short years than most do in 80.

I pray to be able to do the same.

During those years I found myself getting off the school bus and walking up the steep hill in a sort of creative trance, words rushing through me that I had to get down. They would flow from my soul without effort and with a feeling of grace. I'd write about what was happening with the world, what happens when you die, that our loved ones lost never really leave us, and how we each have our own team of angels and spirit guides around us. Often I would wake the next morning not remembering what I had created.

Looking back, I see now that I was channeling – although, perhaps, all creativity is just that. Messages and ideas that are waiting to be born to people who are open enough to receive them.

During school vacations I would sometimes join Angela on the road at her speaking events as she spoke about how precious life is, how we must hold those we care about and tell them how much we love them. I watched in admiration as her message so effortlessly flowed from her heart.

I pray that one day I might do the same.

I'd been cracked open and all the other things in my life just didn't seem to matter. I'd spend all of my free time and money from my part-time jobs learning about the afterlife, Soul Purpose, past life regression, crystals, healing, and anything I could get my hands on. And all the time it was as if I were remembering things that were deeply engrained in my soul.

Desperately longing to meet other people who thought like me, I'd take two buses and a train to the other side of Sydney to have sessions with healers and psychics, inhaling it all with expanding pleasure. My

appetite was insatiable. As I flicked through the pages and listened to the teachers, I experienced what could only be explained as a sense of remembering and homecoming. It felt as though I had found my calling and my true self. Yet, the more connected I felt on the inside, the more isolated I felt on the outside.

A few years later, just after I'd finished high school, Angela moved to the UK. I was devastated and felt like I lost the only person in my life that truly saw the real depths of me. At that stage she was.

I deeply longed to be surrounded by people my own age with whom I could share my innermost thoughts. I felt lost between two worlds – that of being a normal teenager and the expanding world of soul and spirit.

Even then I knew that I wanted to write books and create things to help people heal, but what could a young girl possibly know about healing people when she hadn't had anything significant to heal from herself?

So every night I would pray to God that something really bad would happen to me, so I had an external reason to feel all the things I was feeling and so I could help other people's hearts and souls – as I felt called to do. I figured if I had been through enough tragedy myself, then at least I could write about that. I'd wake up each day, wondering when the tragedy would hit. But it never did. Life was 'good' and I felt more alone than ever. So I ignored the callings of my soul and decided to dim to fit in.

I consciously went into what I now call my 'spiritual closet,' keeping my metaphysical studies a secret. I waited for the day when I would be justified to speak of the things that dwelled deep within me. Until that day came, I was determined to keep it all inside.



'F YOU GOD'

Fast forward to 2012.

Six months after returning from my grace-filled experience in Chicago I knew I needed to heal the lingering pieces of grief that remained, and my soul called me to go on silent retreat in Assisi with my friend Robyn.

We spent the mornings and evenings deep in meditation while our days were given over to walking the wildflower-filled trail of St. Francis, church hopping, and gorging on orgasmic Italian food – well, it would have been rude not to.

After meditation on the third night I was overcome with this unexpected and unrecognizable red-hot rage bubbling up from the depths of my core. Unable to talk (very frustrating!) I grabbed my Moleskine and headed for the hills.

On a bench in the middle of a field under a swollen Virgo moon, I started writing furiously what turned out to be a hate letter to God.

Through desperate sobs I let it all out. I ranted and raved to God, demanding to know, *What have I done to deserve all of this? Why no matter how hard I've tried to hold everything together and do the right thing, still nothing has worked out... Why do you expect me to believe in you, if you don't even have the balls to show your face?*

I was pissed off. Big time. Ever since I was a little girl I had this unwavering knowing that God/the Universe existed. And so, for a 'believer' I felt totally ripped off and unsupported. I held nothing back. Through angry

sobs I ranted on for pages with my pen, at times piercing through to the next page.

When I had finally got it all out, I felt an overwhelming sense of calm and my sobbing ceased. All of a sudden, the energy around me shifted and I watched as my hand started moving on its own accord. As my hand moved across the page, I realized that God was writing her response.

You asked for this, don't you remember?

You said you weren't ready to answer your calling until you had some life experiences.

Well, you have your lessons and your stories, just like you asked.

Now, Rebecca, it's time to get to work.

In an instant I recalled all those pleas I'd made when I was younger. I understood that my suffering didn't happen *TO* me, it happened *FOR* me. I took a deep breath, gathered my notebook and marched myself back to my room.

I was ready.

Finally I was ready.

Tucked into bed, gazing out my window at the star-filled night sky, knowing that tomorrow was going to be a very new day.

I started writing this book the next day.