



Preface

Why I Wrote This Ebook

When I was seven years old, I decided I was going to be a writer when I grew up.

I still remember the exact moment in full, vivid detail. I was walking through the mall with my mom, holding her hand. We passed a bookstore to our right. I peered inside, gazing upon the glorious shelves packed with brand new hardcover and paperback books.

In that moment, something deep within spoke to me in a language other than words; it was just a *feeling*. More than that. *A knowing*. "Mom," I started. "What do they call the people who write books?"

"Authors," she replied.

Authors. I repeated the word in my head over and over again. Something about the word just felt right.

I'm going to be an author when I grow up, I decided in that moment. It wasn't because I loved writing; I was only seven and didn't even know if I *could* write. At least, my physical self didn't know. But something else - *something that went beyond the physical* - knew.

Without writing even a single story before, I knew I was destined to become a writer.

That was my first experience (that I remember) connecting with my third eye chakra.

Growing up, I had a vivid imagination. I was one of those kids who could entertain myself for hours, losing myself in my imaginary world filled with magic and enchantment. I was also a voracious reader, devouring one book in an afternoon before picking up another.

As I got a little older, I learned that writing came naturally to me. I'd write short stories in my free time and would fall asleep envisioning new plot lines for the great tales I'd spin in my head. I always received A's on my papers in school, and I was often complimented for my writing skills.

I became used to winning things. My one-act plays were chosen to be performed at my high school's one-act-play festival. I won school-wide speech contests and placed in city-wide competitions. I was accepted into every college I applied to, and I was awarded both scholarships I applied for. Everything just came easily to me.

And it continued that way through college. After four years, I was set to graduate with a Bachelor of Arts in English with a Writing concentration. At the beginning of my senior year, I began to look into graduate schools that had good writing programs. I narrowed it down to just a couple, but I kept putting off completing the applications. Finally, the night before the applications were due, I hastily threw some things together and sent them in. I had often done things that way before, and everything always ended up fine. Why would this be any different?

Except it was different. Very different.

I was rejected from every graduate school I'd applied to.

At 22 years old, this was my first experience with scholastic rejection, and it hit me like a ton of bricks. Completely embarrassed and ashamed of myself, I didn't tell anyone. If anyone asked me about my plans for grad school, I brushed it off. Eventually, I decided to stay at my college one more year to get a second Bachelor's degree in History. I pretended this had been my plan all along.

As you'll learn over the next several chapters, rejection and shame are both significant reasons one or more of your chakras may become blocked. When I was rejected from grad school, I took this as an indicator of my worth. My shame caused me to bury my feelings inside, too embarrassed to tell anyone the truth. I didn't know it at the time, but this caused the energy within my body to become stagnant. Rather than releasing the negative energy, it remained in my body for years.

Over the next several years, I became more and more distanced from the creative, confident, imaginative girl I once was.

My writing lessened more and more, until an entire year went by in which I hadn't written a single word. Due to events that happened in my personal life, my solid foundation collapsed beneath me, causing me to pack up my things and move across the ocean, where I hid in a bedroom for eight months, staring up at the ceiling. I cut ties from almost everyone in my old life: some out of necessity, others out of shame. I was too embarrassed to let people see who I'd become.

I eventually returned home to live with my parents but stayed hidden from the world. I started to write again, but something felt off. I wasn't just rusty; it was like I had lost my ability to write completely. I finally completed a manuscript for a novel I'd been working on, sending it in to literary agents for representation. I'd done my research, and I knew getting a lot of rejections was a normal part of the process. But after my first dozen, I couldn't take it anymore. So I gave up.

A large portion of my mid-20s was spent trying to stay hidden, ashamed that if people from my past saw me, they'd see me for what I feared I truly was: a failure. My writing dream seemed more and more like a distant wish. Finally, I decided to accept the fact that I was meant to work in a corporate office job. That dream that I had? I'd been crazy to ever think I could actually make it. I wasn't that special.

I was disconnected from myself, and I also lost touch with a higher power. The few times I tried to pray, I never got an answer. At least, if I did, I couldn't find it. The universe had given up on me, I decided, so I gave up on it. During this time, I developed an unhealthy relationship with food and my body, culminating in a severe eating disorder. Looking back, I can clearly see how I was both desperate to be seen and also terrified of it.

The moment I felt when I had lost myself completely was when I realized I no longer daydreamed. My imagination no longer existed. I was completely disconnected from the girl I had once been.

My journey to healing has been long, and like most healing journeys, non-linear. Meditation was the gateway that led me on the path of deep and profound healing. From meditation, I learned about the concept of mindfulness. I discovered the power of positive affirmations. I learned the delicate art of self-compassion. And then the universe led me to the Law of Attraction, also known as manifestation, and it felt like my entire world had split open in the best way possible.

For the first time in years, that inner spark returned.

Maybe I really can make my dream come true, I thought.

It was also during this time that I first heard about the concept of chakras. At first, I didn't really understand. I remember the first couple times I did a guided chakra meditation, I spent most of the time just trying to figure out where exactly in my body I was supposed to be focusing my attention on for each energy center.

I decided I was curious enough to learn more, so I began to research more about chakras, starting with simple Google searches that resulted in hours of reading more and more before ordering books on the subject so I could immerse myself in everything chakra-related.

For the first time in my life, it felt like the pieces of the puzzle were coming together, and everything made sense in a way it never had before. I understood how I had never processed my feelings of rejection and shame, and because of this, I was still holding onto this stagnant energy within. I traced back my history in an objective, non-judgmental way and could clearly see how my throat chakra had become blocked years before, causing me to hide out of a belief that my words and voice didn't matter.

I saw how I was afraid of being seen for my true and authentic self because I feared this true me wouldn't be liked or accepted. I saw how I withheld love from myself, and how for years, I was even amazed that my parents loved me the way that they did. How could they love me so much when I was so clearly flawed and full of imperfections?

And I also saw how my obsessive control over food and my body played a role in stifling my imagination and creativity. My entire brain was so preoccupied with and tormented by calorie counting, weighing myself, and defining my worth based on these numbers that there was no room in my mind for anything else to exist.

I also recognized that I not only held onto this stagnant energy within, but I protected it. There was a part of me that didn't want to release it because I was scared of what I'd find when I let it go. What if I wasn't the person I thought I was? What if I didn't like me?

I came to a crossroads, and for the first time in a long time, I saw my fears and chose to step forward anyway; I decided to release my stagnant energy to make space for something new.

It wasn't instantaneous, but with time and a lot of inner healing, I was able to shed my limiting beliefs and everything that had held me back for so long.

And through this work, something kind of amazing happened:

I loved myself again. Truly loved myself, in a way that I hadn't since I was a child. I embraced all that I was and all that I wasn't. And I allowed others to love me, too.

But that wasn't all.

I started creating again. I wrote short stories and started working on a novel. I found new ways to practice my creativity. I found joy in the effortless flow of simply creating for the sake of creating, with no desire to be productive or make money off what I was doing.

I wholeheartedly believe that the universe continues to give us the same lessons until we finally learn them, and that's what happened to me. I began to face rejection and obstacles and seeming failure again, sometimes all at once, but I didn't react the way I once had. I didn't hold onto these experiences like they had any bearing on my worth. I was able to accept them, believe that they were for my highest good, and let them go.

For the first time in years, I let myself be seen. My inner knowing nudged me toward starting my blog and my social media accounts, and even though I had absolutely no idea what I was doing, I trusted that the universe would give me the resources I needed to succeed. And if I didn't succeed, I knew I'd grow and learn valuable lessons along the way. In fact, I didn't put much weight on whether I succeeded or failed; I cared more about the journey and how I could connect with and help as many people as possible.

So far, this journey has been pretty magical, and I have trust and faith that I am always being guided to somewhere even better. I have trust in my path and believe that I am exactly where I am meant to be.

And that's why I wrote this book.

Because I want the same for you. I believe that every single one of us has more power than we can possibly imagine. I believe we are all capable of living the lives of our dreams. I believe you are worthy and strong and powerful and always, always enough. And I believe you have the right to know that and feel it in your bones every single day.

Learning about chakras and doing the work to open, activate, and heal my body's energy centers has changed my life in ways I never imagined.

You deserve that, too.

This book and the accompanying workbooks are all for you. They're tools for helping you to get in touch with your inner self and open yourself up to the infinite possibilities that exist for you.

You are divine. You are eternal. You are limitless.

And you are worthy, exactly as you are, without conditions.

Always.

