Karma & Diamonds

Sneak Previews from

Book 3 - Diamond Revealed

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Right Place, Right Time

Overwhelmed, I gripped the phone so tightly my knuckles had turned white. Elizabeth sounded worried.

"Are you alright? What happened? Did you suddenly fall? It sounds serious."

"I ... I'm in pain!" I managed say, unable to continue talking. "I have to go, I'll call you back." I cut the conversation short.

I'd not spoken to my friend in more than a year, and just lately I'd been getting strong urges to call her. Unable to fathom why she was suddenly so prominent in my thoughts, I gave her a call. Only minutes into the conversation, I found myself in agony. The excruciating pain crippled me, and I could only shriek and scream incoherently.

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It took every little bit of my vigilance and focus to deal with these awful sensations. I did the best I could to manage the sharp, shooting tremors. I took the pain killers that Doctor 'Hammerhead' had given me, but they would take half an hour or so to kick in. In the meantime, my nervous system, pounded by the torment of the cramps and spasms, was exhausted and I passed out.



When I finally came to, I felt disoriented and completely at a loss. Just then, the glint of candlelight from my meditation room—my place of refuge—caught my eye. That was it. That was where I needed to be. That was what I needed to do.

This room had become the power spot of my house. Not a large space, by any means, but something about its position set it apart.

My shrine, set on a low, oblong *sheesham* wood table, was decorated simply, with a carved wooden statue of Lord Ganesh at the centre back, and four different types

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of large crystals in each of the corners. Much larger geodes of amethyst and citrine energised two diagonal corners of the room, while a tall brass statue of Lord Buddha, meditating, sat in another corner, looking down at a huge, heavy piece of beautiful rose quartz at his feet.

Pictures of Lord Shiva, in his form as the ascetic yogi and another as the warrior destroyer, adorned the pale lilac wall above the shrine. A large, colourful picture of Lakshmi Devi sat centre-stage, beneath the two of the mighty Shiva. The deep aubergine back wall and the sheer burgundy and gold *sari* curtains complemented each other. These colours highlighted the multiple rainbows that fell on the walls when the sun pierced and refracted through the cluster of dangling hexagonal crystals hanging at the window.

Whenever I hit a brick wall in life, or wanted to create something brand new for the future, I disappeared into this room for hours on end. I found that whatever I asked for in there came into being sooner or later. It was as if it were a portal into other realms.

When I tapped into my Inner Diamond, the best solutions would find their way into my awareness and the resources would show up right in front of me. The answers were already there, but they were on the other

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side of the veil of consciousness. I needed to look beyond my knowing and fearful mind and allow a different wisdom to come forth.

Many years ago, I had been intuitively shown a formula, my secret method, that I would use when I wanted to pull towards me something new, like where best to live, a house, neighbours, car, job, and even a partner. I created almost all of my business opportunities this way and used it even when I wanted to transform a relationship with someone. It was also my cosmic travel brochure, so to speak, that I would open to discover where I could travel for my next big adventure.

In fact, it worked so well and with so little effort, that I used it for the most everyday of things, even for finding small items, like that perfect dress for a party. I could find the next book to read with information that would prove perfectly useful. Or, to the exasperation of my friends, the perfect parking spot in the centre of London even in the busiest periods. The beauty of this system was that it worked effortlesslyevery single time and had me be in exactly the right place at the right time.

Different to everyday praying, it was a process for creating what I needed toshow up next in my life. It was about casting intention. The skill lay in being crystal clear about the intention of what I wanted to create and

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then being able to articulate it in a way that left little or no room for misunderstanding.

Most interesting to me was that the things I had asked for, and which came into being, were always those I had wanted without any shadow of a doubt. They would be those things that I had wanted mind, body and soul. My desire and intention were aligned, palpating with my commitment.

Desperate from pain, fatigue, and worry, I sat down in the serene atmosphere of my meditation room and started to write, asking to be shown exactly what it was I needed to know to heal myself. I'd learnt years ago that if I wanted to bring something into existence and didn't know how to do it, I should ask it of the benevolent universe. It was exponentially more creative than my ego, which was constrained by all kinds of limiting thoughts, opinions, beliefs and past conditioning.

The one condition being that the intention had to be articulated in a crisp, concise and impeccable way such that even a three-year-old could understand it. There could be no room for vagueness, ambiguity or fuzziness. It had to be crystal clear.

The paradox, however, was that the description or articulation could not be so tight as to be a shopping list.

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If it was, I might get it or it could take my whole lifetime to arrive, or not at all. It had to be expressed and stated so that I asked for the *essence* of whatever it was I wanted to create, not the thing itself. I could, for example, ask for the partner to show up where we would be perfect for each other. I could ask for the qualities that I wanted in this person and in our relationship. Asking for David Beckham or a 6ft 1in, handsome, sexy, blond man from Belgravia with a net worth of a Billion pounds wasn't a good idea—unless I was certain to be in supreme luck!

Conversely, though clarity was a feature of casting intention in this way, in order for it to come into my life I had to keep my vision open to the actual form it could show up in. This wasn't a prescription. And where, when and how the request would arrive were none of my business.

My job was to create with inspiration and let go of the outcome, while holding the knowledge that success was inevitable.

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