Karma & Diamonds

Tasters from

Book 1 - Moon Child

15

Abrupt Endings

Five months flew by.

I settled into my new apartment, and completed one full year in my job.

I had settled into a routine in my new home and after the difficult choices of the last months, life was now finally much lighter. At work, I soared with effortless ease, breaking one target after another, earning one incentive bigger than the last. I really liked the people I worked with. We all got on well with each other and helped out when one of us needed a last minute push to meet our targets. Everything was going swimmingly well.

Then, as usual for a Monday morning, I went to work. This morning, however, I was called in to see the managing

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director. He sat me down and told me that business had not been as good as expected for the company, and he had to scale down the sales team by letting go of several people. This, he said, meant that he was having to make me redundant. I could not believe what I was hearing, and argued that I had consistently been the salesperson of the month and could not understand why I was being selected for redundancy. He said that firing anybody was hard and so he was firing the newest and youngest, and my fourteen glorious months came to an abrupt end.

Later that morning, after packing my things, I went back home by train, having been obliged to give back my company car. I was in total shock, and up a creek with no paddle. How could things have changed so suddenly, from being at the top of my game to being down and out? This, in my world, felt like rejection. Was there something wrong with me? Did the director just fob me off with a nonsense explanation, saying he was letting go of the newest and youngest? My career had just started and I could not fathom a future. I could not see how I would be able to explain this to a potential employer. Would they believe me? Having lost my fantastic job, I felt stupid and ashamed. Somehow, I had failed.

Obviously, I wasn't good enough.

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With all my savings spent on buying and furnishing my flat, I had only enough to live on for less than a month. I was on the brink of losing everything, but there was no way that I could turn back to my family. I dared not face the bank manager. After all, he had only just given me my mortgage. With no means to repay them, I couldn't dream of borrowing from my friends, either.

"What on earth am I going to do now?" I said to myself that evening, hemmed into my flat. I was in the grip of sheer terror about my future. Was this what it meant to be free and independent? There was absolutely no one I could turn to for help, least of all my parents, for whom this would just be another source of worry that they did not need.

With no car and soon no flat either, I was sick with worry. Having made such a big splash at home once again, this time to move out, what was I going to tell my family? The last thing I wanted was to admit defeat, and in less than six months from leaving home, too.

In despair and panicking for a few hours, I couldn't see my way forward. I had to get out of my flat and clear my head. A stunned zombie, that evening I went out for a walk in our local park. I walked up and down the park and round and round and round and round its cycling path, oblivious to my surroundings.

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What am I going to do now? What am I going to do now? What am I going to do now?

Eventually, as the daylight gave in to dusk, I sat down on one of the park benches. My head was swirling with terror—terror of having no money, terror of what I would tell my family, terror of how I would ever get another job. Who would want to employ me, now that I'd had this monumental fall from grace? Compared to the agony and fear I felt now, truly all alone, standing up to my family to decline getting married and telling them I was moving out was child's play, like baby lion cubs sparring. *This* was the real stuff of life. I wanted to learn about life and what it was all about. I was just beginning to realise that this was it. This is what real life was all about.

Drained and heavy with worry, unable to get myself up, I passed out there and then on a park bench in the pitch black of the night. The park warden must have been on his evening off that day because I found myself awakened the next morning by rays of dawn, flickering and dancing like sparkling diamonds through spaces between the leaves of the trees and bushes. In my semi-conscious, dreamlike state, I heard a soft voice say, *"It's time to wake up!"* It was the call of my Inner Diamond. In that half-awake, half-asleep state, I dropped into a deep dialogue with it.

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"I'm terrified and ashamed of myself! I thought I was doing really well. How can I ever face anyone again? No one will hire me ever again. And I'm still at the start of my working life. I'll have to go back home, with my tail between my legs. I never want to wake up again. I can't face the world."

Softly, the Inner Diamond replied, *"The lesson here is to never take anything for granted, because there are no certainties in life."*

"I don't understand," I said, sinking into the depths of fear.

"First of all, remember when you were seven and you were upset? Do you remember what you were told then?"

I thought for a moment. "Yes, I remember hearing that I will always be taken care of."

"That's right. You are taken care of. Know that always."

Simply remembering this, helped to ease a little of the fear that gripped me.

"Fear of the unknown paralyses people. Become a master of flowing with uncertainty," the Diamond replied.

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"But everybody will think I was fired. They will probably think I was bad at my job. How will I explain this away to another potential employer?" I asked in desperation.

"Remember that conversation at the riverside about learning to trust yourself. Simple it may sound, easy it is not: developing unwavering trust in your own power and ability to create and direct your life is the biggest gift you can give yourself. Standing in absolute self-conviction, let them see what great service you can be to them."

"How can I trust myself when my emotions are up and then down and up again. They're like massive waves that throw me about from one unstable place to another. I have no control over how I feel because things just happen to me. How can I trust myself?" I asked, agitated.

"It's all about your perspective, how you see things," came its reply. *"Especially, how you see yourself. You see, others mirror back to you what you are projecting of yourself onto them. Being ashamed for not feeling good enough, you are merely projecting your insecurity and then you sell yourself short. That's not who you are. Remember! You are a brilliant, vibrant spark of the Divine!"*

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"Can you please tell me, how can I feel that, this sense of *being* a vibrant spark, especially when I have no control over how awful I feel?" I asked.

"You see, your emotions are the waves at the surface of the sea, where it's nothing but turbulence. So, in those moments when you feel you have no control, learn to dive away from the surface and deeper into the ocean that is your mind. No matter how choppy things are at the surface, below you will find it calmer, clear and still."

I listened with all my senses, letting these teachings sink into my being. The park's lake, near the bench where I lay, glistened as the rays of the morning sun glinted off its still surface. The Inner Diamond continued.

"You can recognise your deeper Self through these essential qualities. Once there, in the domain of clarity, you will be able to take hold of the reins of your thoughts, choosing those that serve you, and not being at the mercy of the ones that harm you."

"Are you saying that I'm strong enough to overcome anything, if only I were able to trust myself to do it?" I asked, aware of how my insecurities influenced my every thought.

"Yes. Everyone is."

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"When I'm so upset, I can't see the wood for the trees. I get caught up in the intensity of what I'm feeling and I almost completely forget who I am," I said.

"Start by reminding yourself of those good things you have accomplished already and, especially, the qualities that you have that made this possible. Discipline your mind to frequently spot random or unhelpful thoughts and direct it to seek the highest outcomes, instead of resisting your inner power, because it is always energising you, whether you know it or not. Simply by bringing your awareness to its presence, you can open to it. Let it stream into your thoughts and let only such empowered thoughts guide your action." This uplifting guidance snapped my thoughts out of my drama and into purposeful action.

Every time I had encountered my Inner Diamond, it had transmitted a special energy that had me find the courage lurking deep within me. It had, once again, through just a few wise words, set me on course. With renewed confidence and inspiration, I bounced up from the park bench, went home, and showered. When I looked in the mirror, I saw not the girl who had just lost her job, but a woman with a vision to fulfil. That day, I even did my hair and make-up differently to how I'd always done it.

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Intrepid, I took the bus to the bank that morning to meet my bank manager. He sensed my confidence and self-assuredness, and granted me a new loan that would help me through the next few months while I found another job. I called all the recruitment agents that I had met some months before and set about looking for another opportunity in which I could grow and thrive.

As my Inner Diamond had declared, this was its call for me to 'wake up'. It was time to begin discovering and becoming, layer upon layer, a conscious expression of the essence of who I really was.

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