

Why Go There?

*From the Mundane
to the Miraculous -
a Journey into the Heart*

KATE HELDER

DISCLAIMER:

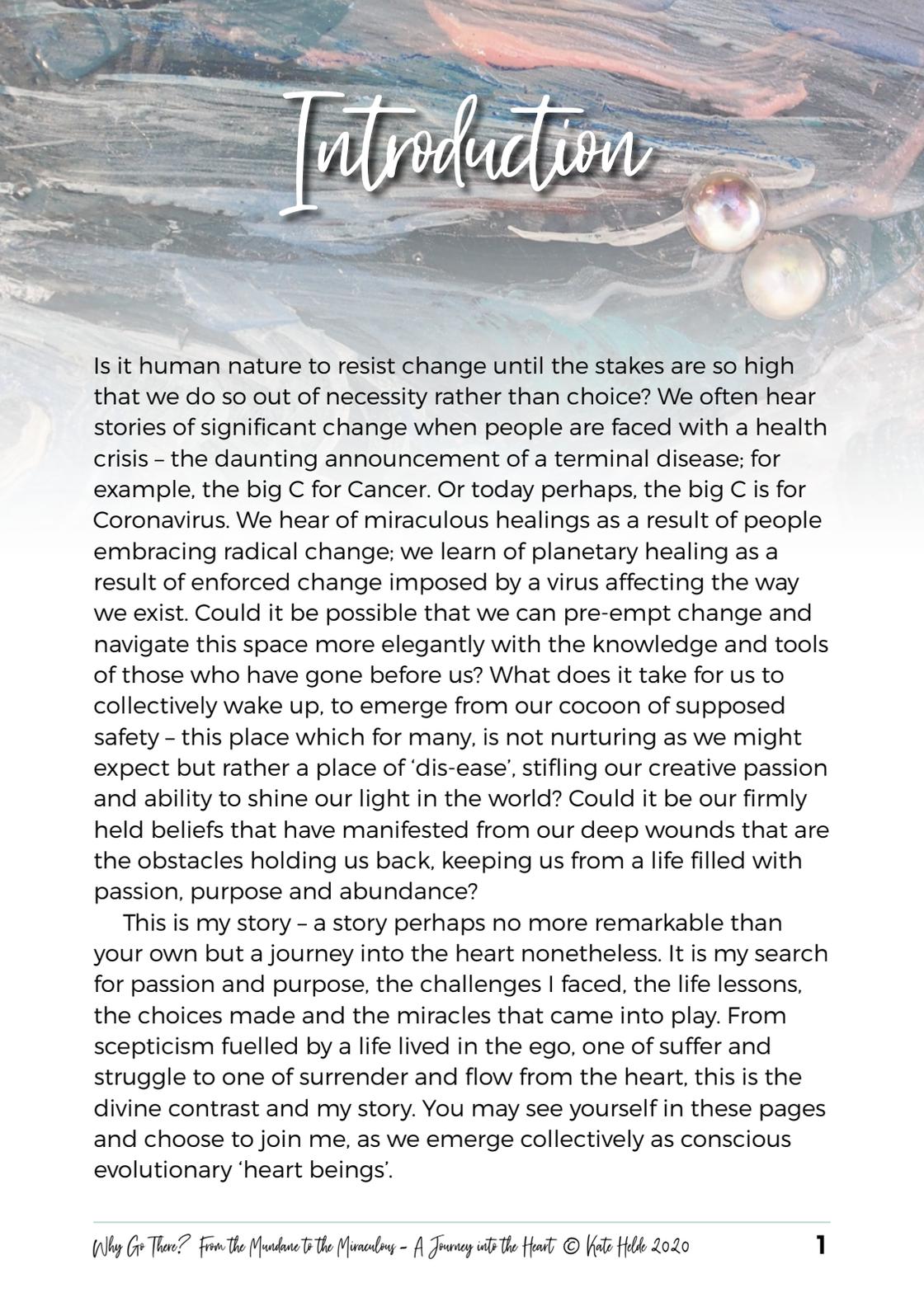
All rights reserved. No part of this e-book may be reproduced by any mechanical, photographic, or electronic process; nor may it be stored in a retrieval system, transmitted, or otherwise copied for public or private use—without prior written permission of the publisher.

The author of this e-book does not dispense medical advice or prescribe the use of any technique as a form of treatment for physical, emotional, or medical problems without the advice of a physician, either directly or indirectly. The intent of the author is only to offer information of a general nature to help you in your quest for emotional, physical, and spiritual wellbeing. In the event you use any of the information in this book for yourself, the author and the publisher assume no responsibility for your actions.

© Kate Helder 2020

Contents

Introduction	1
SECTION 1	
Seemingly Mundane – A Journey to Conscious Living.	3
<hr/>	
The Voice	4
And so it Began	5
What Now?	10
Deception	16
Endings and Beginnings	20
Searching	27
Awakening	36
<hr/>	
SECTION 2	
Truly Miraculous – A Journey into the Heart.	45
<hr/>	
Birth of a New Era	46
We did it! So, what's Next?	51
Miraculous Meetings	55
Trust	59
Pause	63
Miracles Abound	66
Evolution and Coming Home	73
The Greatest Gift	78
Deeper Reflection	80
<hr/>	
Acknowledgements	87
<hr/>	
Resource Links	89
<hr/>	



Introduction

Is it human nature to resist change until the stakes are so high that we do so out of necessity rather than choice? We often hear stories of significant change when people are faced with a health crisis – the daunting announcement of a terminal disease; for example, the big C for Cancer. Or today perhaps, the big C is for Coronavirus. We hear of miraculous healings as a result of people embracing radical change; we learn of planetary healing as a result of enforced change imposed by a virus affecting the way we exist. Could it be possible that we can pre-empt change and navigate this space more elegantly with the knowledge and tools of those who have gone before us? What does it take for us to collectively wake up, to emerge from our cocoon of supposed safety – this place which for many, is not nurturing as we might expect but rather a place of ‘dis-ease’, stifling our creative passion and ability to shine our light in the world? Could it be our firmly held beliefs that have manifested from our deep wounds that are the obstacles holding us back, keeping us from a life filled with passion, purpose and abundance?

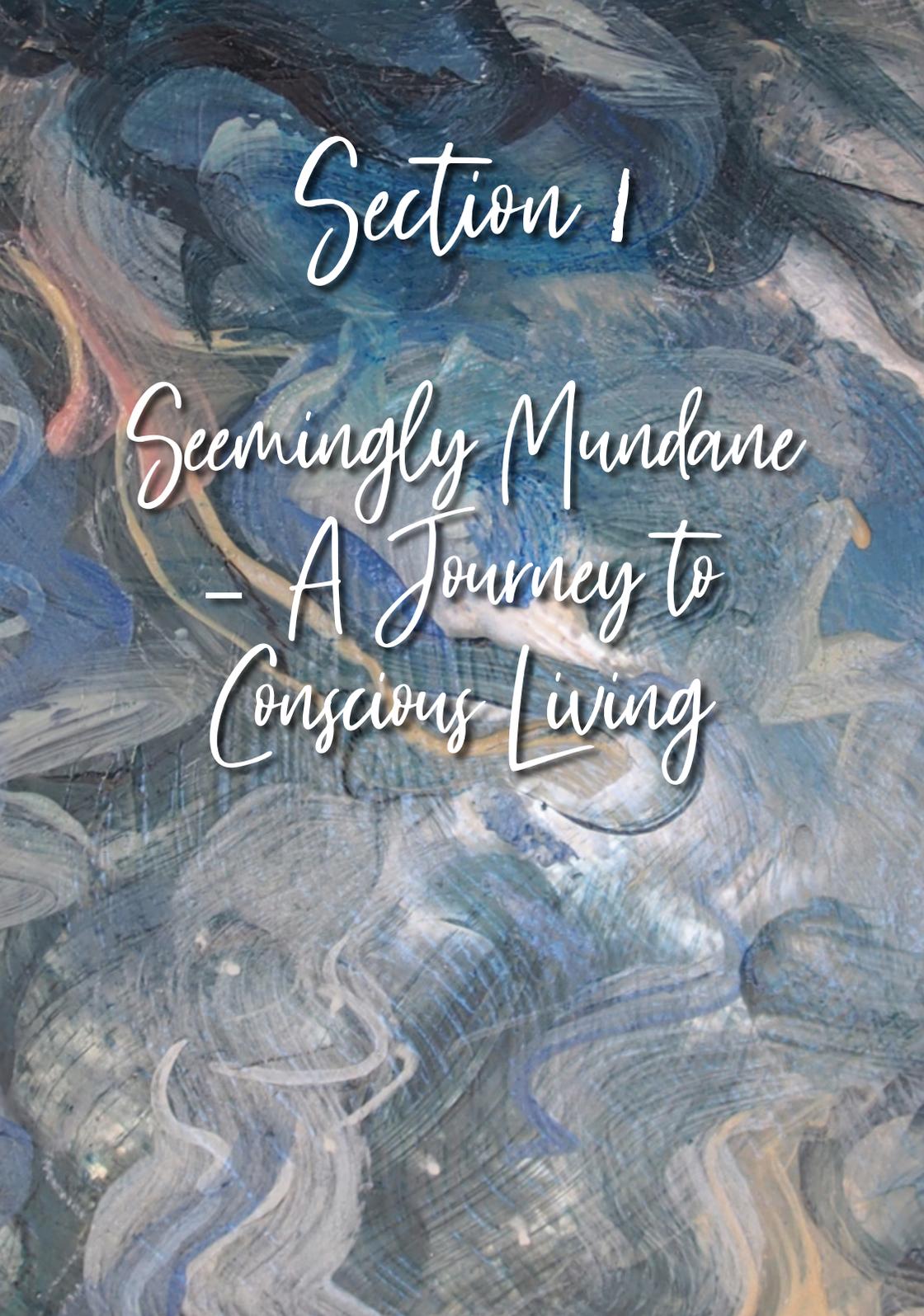
This is my story – a story perhaps no more remarkable than your own but a journey into the heart nonetheless. It is my search for passion and purpose, the challenges I faced, the life lessons, the choices made and the miracles that came into play. From scepticism fuelled by a life lived in the ego, one of suffer and struggle to one of surrender and flow from the heart, this is the divine contrast and my story. You may see yourself in these pages and choose to join me, as we emerge collectively as conscious evolutionary ‘heart beings’.

'Why Go There?' is your call to action. We don't have to wait for a personal crisis or a pandemic to explore the unknown, to explore living consciously. You may feel: why would I want to spend my precious time considering another technique or process that will supposedly make a positive difference in my life? I know, you're busy, you've heard it all before, you've tried many self-help techniques, you've read all the books and attended all the seminars. I hear you. I had, too. Yet from personal experience I believe there's possibility in these pages. Possibility for you, if you're open to it, of feeling called to a new way of being, a new way of *be-ing* in *your* life. Is NOW the time for nourishment of your soul? Are you feeling called?

This book is divided into two sections. The purpose of the first section – 'Seemingly Mundane' – is to provide a snapshot of my first three and a half decades, highlighting a few key events where I formed some rather strong beliefs, and was heavily influenced by family values and how these wove into the delicate tapestry of my life creating my Soul Myths. It is a journey from unconscious to conscious living.

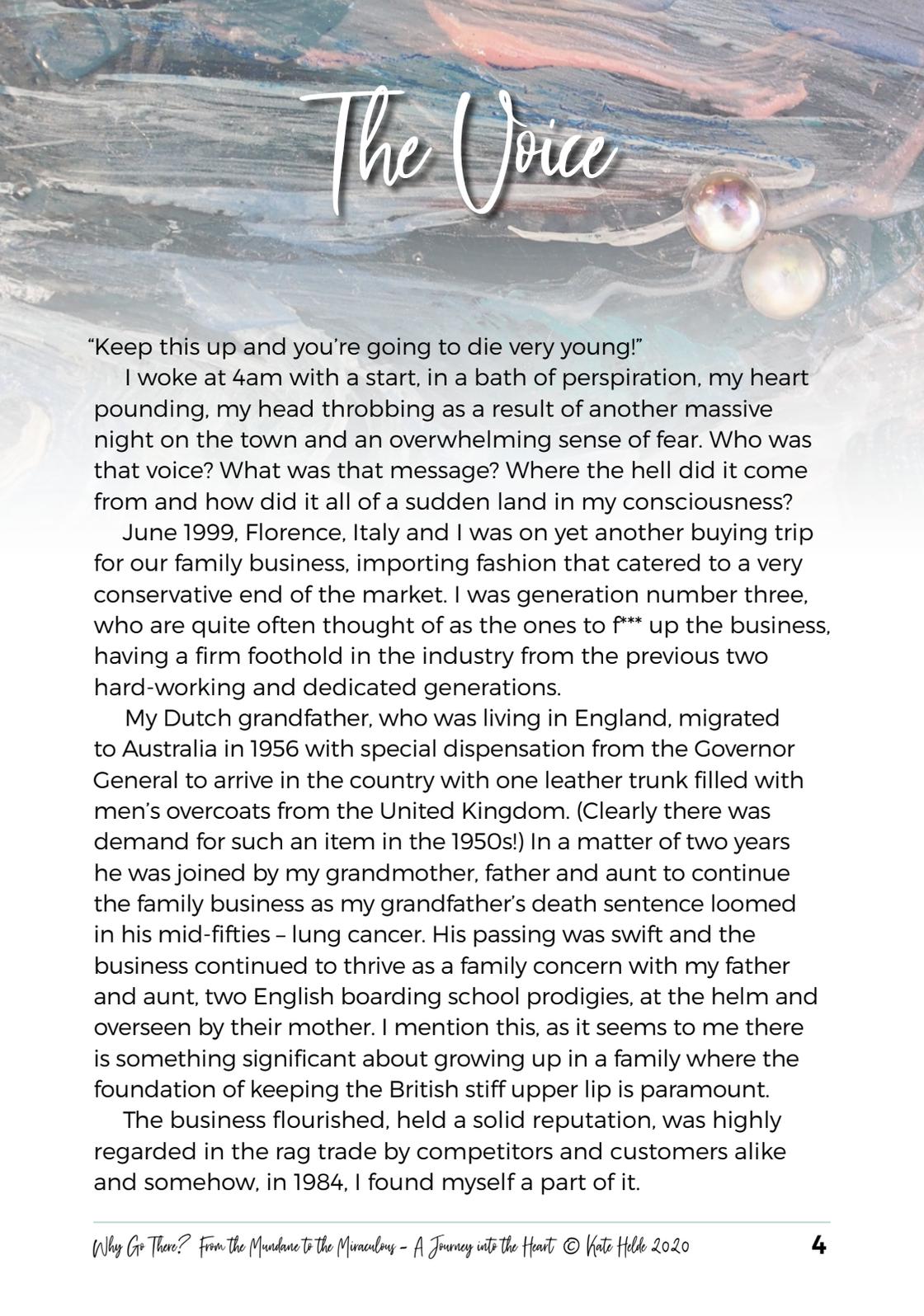
As this first section unfolds, you will see the question, 'Why Go There?' pop up again and again. This is a question that has consistently followed me as I've navigated my life and made choices which seemed to emerge from my intuition, rather than my logic. But it's an important question – one that I not only ask of myself, but one I put out for your consideration too.

The second section – 'Truly Miraculous' – is a journey into the heart, my Sacred Story and an account of what's possible when we attune to our body, acknowledge our emotions, notice the difference between feeling contracted and expanded and use this as the catalyst to get out of our own way, surrender to a gentle process and trust. You may even begin to believe in miracles – I did!

The background is an abstract painting with thick, expressive brushstrokes. The color palette is dominated by various shades of blue, from deep navy to light sky blue, interspersed with grey, white, and hints of yellow and orange. The overall texture is rich and layered, suggesting a sense of depth and movement.

Section 1

Seemingly Mundane
– A Journey to
Conscious Living



The Voice

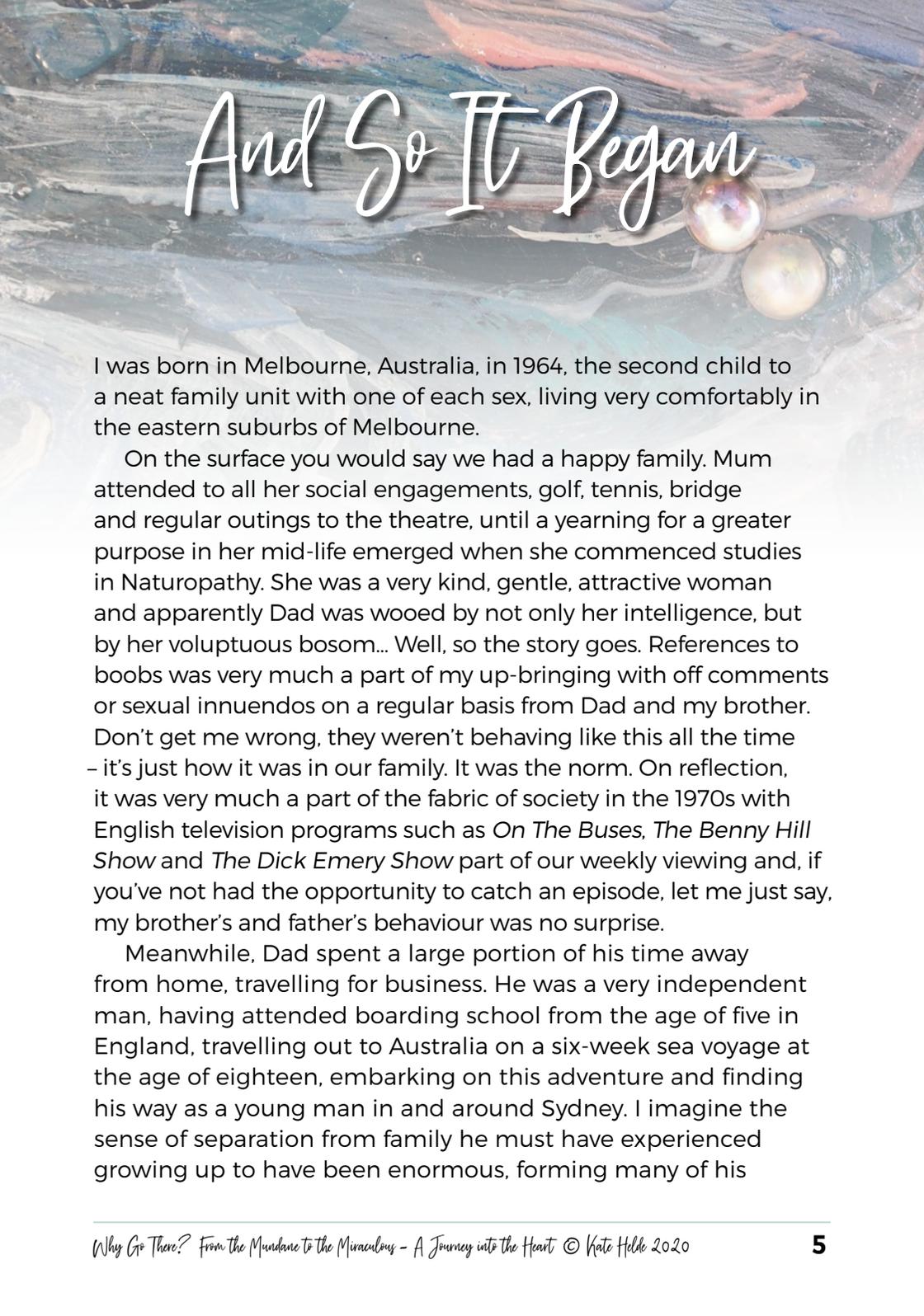
“Keep this up and you’re going to die very young!”

I woke at 4am with a start, in a bath of perspiration, my heart pounding, my head throbbing as a result of another massive night on the town and an overwhelming sense of fear. Who was that voice? What was that message? Where the hell did it come from and how did it all of a sudden land in my consciousness?

June 1999, Florence, Italy and I was on yet another buying trip for our family business, importing fashion that catered to a very conservative end of the market. I was generation number three, who are quite often thought of as the ones to f*** up the business, having a firm foothold in the industry from the previous two hard-working and dedicated generations.

My Dutch grandfather, who was living in England, migrated to Australia in 1956 with special dispensation from the Governor General to arrive in the country with one leather trunk filled with men’s overcoats from the United Kingdom. (Clearly there was demand for such an item in the 1950s!) In a matter of two years he was joined by my grandmother, father and aunt to continue the family business as my grandfather’s death sentence loomed in his mid-fifties – lung cancer. His passing was swift and the business continued to thrive as a family concern with my father and aunt, two English boarding school prodigies, at the helm and overseen by their mother. I mention this, as it seems to me there is something significant about growing up in a family where the foundation of keeping the British stiff upper lip is paramount.

The business flourished, held a solid reputation, was highly regarded in the rag trade by competitors and customers alike and somehow, in 1984, I found myself a part of it.



And So It Began

I was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1964, the second child to a neat family unit with one of each sex, living very comfortably in the eastern suburbs of Melbourne.

On the surface you would say we had a happy family. Mum attended to all her social engagements, golf, tennis, bridge and regular outings to the theatre, until a yearning for a greater purpose in her mid-life emerged when she commenced studies in Naturopathy. She was a very kind, gentle, attractive woman and apparently Dad was wooed by not only her intelligence, but by her voluptuous bosom... Well, so the story goes. References to boobs was very much a part of my up-bringing with off comments or sexual innuendos on a regular basis from Dad and my brother. Don't get me wrong, they weren't behaving like this all the time – it's just how it was in our family. It was the norm. On reflection, it was very much a part of the fabric of society in the 1970s with English television programs such as *On The Buses*, *The Benny Hill Show* and *The Dick Emery Show* part of our weekly viewing and, if you've not had the opportunity to catch an episode, let me just say, my brother's and father's behaviour was no surprise.

Meanwhile, Dad spent a large portion of his time away from home, travelling for business. He was a very independent man, having attended boarding school from the age of five in England, travelling out to Australia on a six-week sea voyage at the age of eighteen, embarking on this adventure and finding his way as a young man in and around Sydney. I imagine the sense of separation from family he must have experienced growing up to have been enormous, forming many of his

character traits and, I believe, playing a large part in his inability to express his affection freely.

Mum and Dad led very independent lives, with Mum staying at home to care for my brother and me as most middle-class women in suburban Melbourne did in the 1960s. This was a fairly isolating time for her. I recall Mum saying many times she didn't have the freedom that comes with the abundance of choices as we have today. Her socialising was very important to her; typically it involved a trip to the golf club for a few rounds, a game of bridge or tennis with her girlfriends. With Mum's consistent absence with social activities during our early childhood years, you could say beneath the surface our family life and emotional health was a little fractured; no one in the family was ever fully present to our needs. I have several memories of being cared for by others during my pre-school years, such as the ironing lady or a regular babysitter. Interesting what we remember from our childhood.

My brother and I attended notable private schools in Melbourne, went on regular annual family holidays, (as long as the schedule and location suited Dad), and managed to squander his earnings with poor academic grades and a propensity to muck up, rather than get on with our studies. I'm not quite sure how that came about, but possibly it was our catch cry for attention. After all, don't we all want to be seen and heard? Can anyone else relate here?

I have vivid memories spending countless hours in front of the principal's office at school. Friends would walk past and look at me as if to say, 'not again!' It wasn't that I did anything too dramatic, it was more the fact that I was a great disruptor. Funnily this seems to have carried on in my life, but in a more positive manner today, thank goodness. As for my brother, he too was a bit of a handful for Mum, and with Dad's regular absences it seemed a good idea he be dispatched to boarding school at the age of fifteen.

Many years on, I now understand – and it’s been proved through research and science – that every event we experience in our formative years, whether positive or negative, creates the imprint or template from which we proceed to navigate our lives. Dr Bruce Lipton, a world-renowned stem-cell biologist, puts this into context:

He suggests our biggest problem is that we think we’re in charge of our lives and we create aspirations and hopes with our conscious mind, and act accordingly. When our efforts don’t work, we might decide outside forces are preventing our success. Now, though, the study of neuroscience proves that the conscious mind is in complete charge only about 5% of the time. All the rest is governed by programs previously acquired by the subconscious mind.

As Dr Lipton explains, our conscious minds have no idea of the subconscious programs operating in the background, so we don’t realise what’s happening when we allow our subconscious to make so many decisions. Our lives thus run largely on programs which are made up of information, prejudices and notions picked up from our environment and from our early experiences before we were six years old. Psychologists will mention a lot of these programs run to our disadvantage, being made up of outdated and pre-digested information.

Now, take a moment to sit with that!

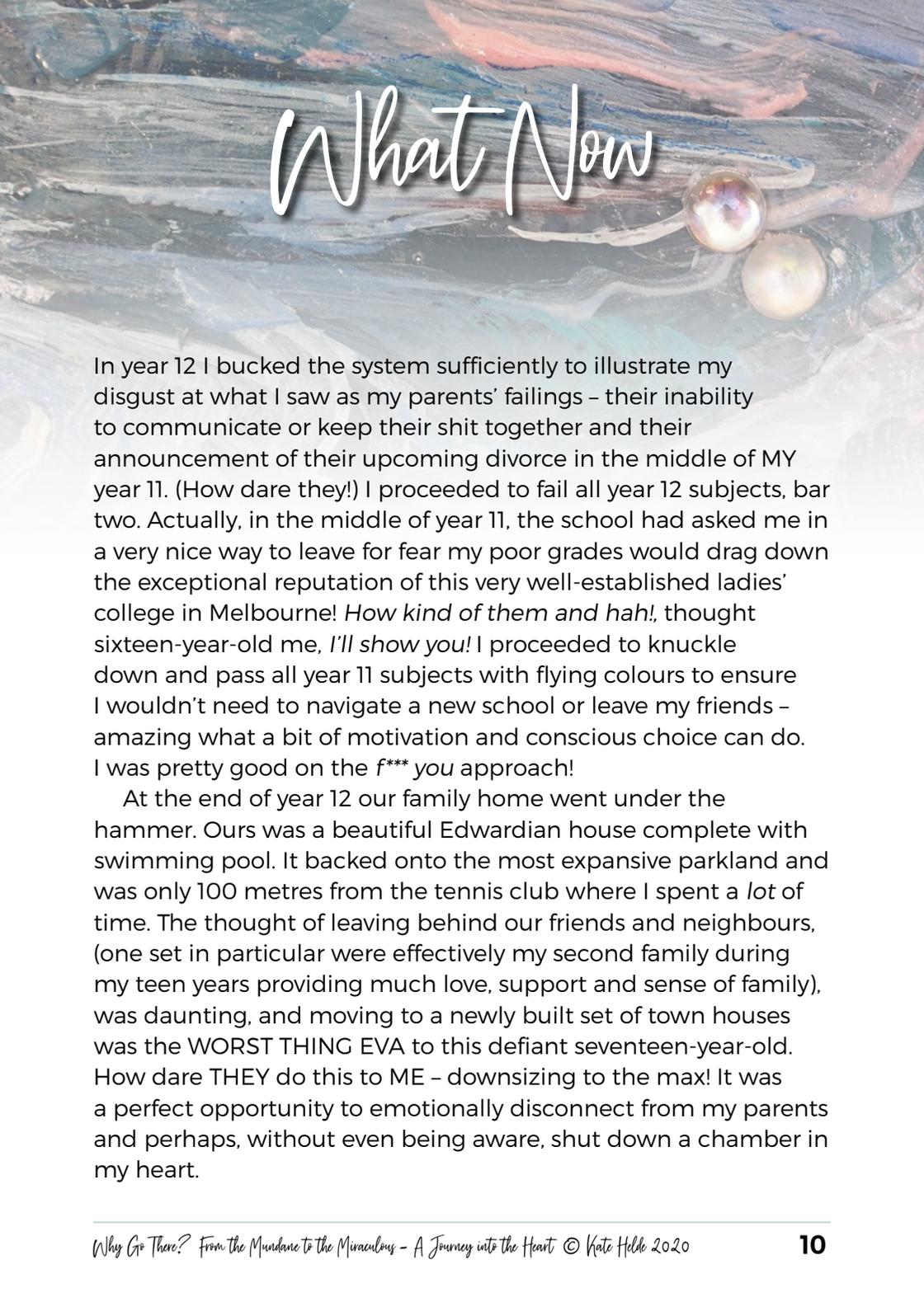
With this in mind and to set the tone for the following pages, here is a snapshot of what for me were some seismic events and scenarios from my youth which certainly played a part in forming my values and beliefs. What may be perceived by an adult as insignificant, may by a child be perceived as quite the opposite, perhaps even as a traumatic, belief-forming event. I’ve set this out below so you may identify the threads more easily as you witness the power of the conscious and subconscious mind. I don’t

describe the events in detail as I know many of you will have had similar experiences – the details are unimportant. Perhaps through reading my own snapshot, however, you may experience revelations in the context of your own life and be open to an awareness of where your beliefs or values are holding you back.

EVENT	BELIEF I FORMED
Parents' regular absence and inability to express positive, heartfelt emotions	I'm all alone
Sexually abused at 11 years of age	Vulnerability isn't safe
Multiple negative school experiences, disruptive student, suspensions and regular poor grades	I'm not good enough
Parents' divorce – no family consultation and subsequent relationships	I have no voice

AS I REFLECT ON MY EARLY YEARS, I SEE:

- I was a product of my environment;
- both my parents were doing their best as they too were a product of their environment – growing up during and post WWII;
- the impact of media on social behaviour and that how this translates today over multiple platforms requires our attention;
- we *all* experience trauma of one kind or another. Whether our traumas are big or small – whether they were even recognised as such by the adults in our lives at the time – they are all still trauma and need to be addressed accordingly.



What Now

In year 12 I bucked the system sufficiently to illustrate my disgust at what I saw as my parents' failings – their inability to communicate or keep their shit together and their announcement of their upcoming divorce in the middle of MY year 11. (How dare they!) I proceeded to fail all year 12 subjects, bar two. Actually, in the middle of year 11, the school had asked me in a very nice way to leave for fear my poor grades would drag down the exceptional reputation of this very well-established ladies' college in Melbourne! *How kind of them and hah!*, thought sixteen-year-old me, *I'll show you!* I proceeded to knuckle down and pass all year 11 subjects with flying colours to ensure I wouldn't need to navigate a new school or leave my friends – amazing what a bit of motivation and conscious choice can do. I was pretty good on the *f*** you* approach!

At the end of year 12 our family home went under the hammer. Ours was a beautiful Edwardian house complete with swimming pool. It backed onto the most expansive parkland and was only 100 metres from the tennis club where I spent a *lot* of time. The thought of leaving behind our friends and neighbours, (one set in particular were effectively my second family during my teen years providing much love, support and sense of family), was daunting, and moving to a newly built set of town houses was the WORST THING EVA to this defiant seventeen-year-old. How dare THEY do this to ME – downsizing to the max! It was a perfect opportunity to emotionally disconnect from my parents and perhaps, without even being aware, shut down a chamber in my heart.

As a result of failing year 12, the following year I enrolled in the so called Tertiary Orientation Program (T.O.P.) which I hoped would provide a pathway to enter studies as a Physical Education teacher as I was crazy about sport. It certainly provided a bevy of the most athletic group of guys I had set eyes on in ages. (Attending an all-girls school had its downside in my eyes.) Throughout the year in addition to having a *lot* of fun socialising and enjoying the studies immensely, joint problems with my knees resurfaced. I was originally diagnosed with Osteochondritis Dissecans – or honeycomb knee joints – at fourteen, but was told I would grow out of it. Alas, I had no such luck. On a spring day in November 1982 I was advised that I would have to cease any form of sport that was impactful on my knees. My life to this point literally flashed before my eyes. My love of sport and the pathway I thought it was providing for my future career disappeared.

What now? What else was I even interested in apart from sport? What could I do with the limited academic achievements I had to this point? After all, beneath the surface I lacked a lot of confidence and hid behind a façade of bravado. I truly believed I wasn't good enough. After years of poor grades at school and comments in my reports which read, 'if Kathryn paid more attention in class, if she was not so disruptive, blah, blah, blah ...' would it surprise you to know I threw out every school report and anything to do with my school years? Apart from friendships, sport and school camps, it is not a time I look back on fondly! In addition to this, our family had a mantra that was passed on from my grandmother on my father's side: 'Remember, your best is not good enough'.

As a result of Mum's disillusion with her marriage and daily existence, and as my brother and I were becoming increasingly independent teenagers, she commenced studies in naturopathy as she sought more meaning and purpose in her life. Now, take notice here: Mum was a trailblazer. Natural therapies were considered very alternative in the 1970s. In actual fact I think chiropractors were still considered quacks in the late 60s! Mum copped a lot of flak from us as a family; Dad was appalled at

having to eat nutmeat rissoles rather than meat and three veg and none of us could quite come at the wheatgrass growing in the bath! I must say though, it was still kind of fun having an 'out there' mum, with trips to the acupuncturist for a tune up prior to my sporting competitions – as you do!

During this period Mum was also doing a lot of soul searching as many others were at this time. In fact, it wasn't until the 60s and 70s that a deeper sense of self was ever mentioned, let alone explored. The house was scattered with books on spirituality, awakening from within, finding your life's purpose... The list was endless, and I'm fortunate enough today to have these original copies of best sellers and many I would consider leaders in the personal development and spirituality fields. Mum loved her meditation group and I'd often find her tucked away somewhere during the day meditating at home. I did think she was a little out of her mind. And clearly she was – she was developing an ability to listen to her heart.

As she was nearing completion of her studies and ready to embark on this new phase in her life as a naturopath and forging a path for generations to come, I thought it might be fun to pursue a remedial massage course, as I'd attended a few introductory weekend courses in natural therapies which had certainly piqued my interest. Why not? After all, Mum was thriving in her new world, beaming with joy, meeting all these interesting people, feeling on path and living her new life with passion and purpose. I felt called to a career helping others in a similar way, especially if it was going to bring me the same sense of joy and satisfaction Mum was exuding.

Dad hadn't quite left our lives at that stage. Though now living in Sydney, when he caught wind of what I was considering his booming voice came down the phone stating I was not to give any further thought to such a ludicrous idea. I was to go and complete a secretarial course and he would employ me on completion, assuming I'd be able to manage a pass in that! Clearly Dad's dominance within our fractured family unit was still in place and I don't think at that time I had the courage – or

believed in myself enough – to follow through with the other course of study. So, I succumbed to his rather stern directive which seemed familiar in my subconscious.

Now you've really got to know me to understand that being thrown into this course was totally not my type of thing. Learning shorthand and typing on a manual typewriter was not my idea of fun. I was a more active and outdoors kind of girl. But I sucked it up, made a couple of good friends and today am very grateful for touch-typing skills. Who would have thought it!

The following year I completed the course and at the commencement of 1984 Dad kept his word and I joined the family business – for the *first* time...

Finding myself at the bottom of the company's pecking order and the general dog's-body working with my dad, aunt, a sales manager, secretary and my very English grandmother in the background, I lasted only nine months. It was excruciating! Each day I'd trudge into the city to the Manchester Unity building, a historically listed art deco piece of Melbourne architecture. I'd have to make cups of tea for the very important clients from Melbourne's finest fashion establishments who felt they had an exceptionally meaningful role in society (seriously), run errands in heels wearing a neat little suit and keep a smile on my dial each and every day. My grandmother, who was superfluous in my eyes apart from small talk with customers, came into the office most days and would take herself off into a quiet room, put her feet up, have a small brandy and nod off prior to lunch. She was also way ahead of her time with recycling and collected any left-over foil from chocolate wrappers or the like, in case of the next outbreak of war (or should that be viral pandemic) and being prepared for rationing. Maybe she had something there - getting the picture?

Anyway, I needed to do a runner. This was not what I had envisaged joining the family business would be like. On the outside it appeared far more glamorous than this! Totally bewildered, having felt manipulated and landing in a vocation

that didn't capture my interest, at the tender age of nineteen and firmly holding the belief of not being good enough, I fled. Was it just that this type of seemingly meaningless work didn't interest me, or was this perhaps the commencement of my journey seeking a sense of purpose and meaning in life?

Around this time, Mum was travelling in India with her yoga teacher who later became a very close friend, Joy, and a couple of gay Buddhist guys and asked if I'd like to join her as I was at a loss of what to do next. It seemed like a good idea and a cheap holiday, so I packed my bags. Having initially camped at the Theosophical Society in Chennai, Tamil Nadu, with Mum's friends, we left the group and travelled by train for six weeks from the south to the north of India having an incredible time, staying in ashrams, learning from spiritual teachers, and visiting some of the most majestic regions of the country. My heart was softening in the presence of these spiritual teachers, yet my eyes were popping out of my head. To witness such immense beauty on one hand and on the other such poverty, was quite something for a rather privileged and sheltered 19-year-old.

On reflection, this period of time with Mum was precious. Sharing an interest in spirituality, providing an opportunity for mother-daughter bonding, my heart and soul felt nourished like never before and for a fleeting moment, I felt whole. At this time, I had a sense there was something more to learn, to explore, yet I didn't know what this 'more' was. It was just a sense. Was there meant to be more to my existence? Was it possible for me to live a life with a sense of meaning, rather than just catering to my whims and material desires? Was this a sense about conscious living?

Returning to Australia several kilograms lighter having contracted amoebic dysentery on the last day of our travels (got to love a good fruit juice made at a local stall with ice), I attended a job interview and wooed the young male accountant who was interviewing me. I sat there in a rather low-cut jade green jumpsuit (very 80s), extremely suntanned and secured a

secretarial job that didn't really appeal but would do for the time being to pay the bills.

They were interesting times working for a Jewish toy importer and utilising my basic shorthand skills, taking dictation in a room thick with smoke as the owner puffed on his cigars constantly throughout the day. My, how times have changed! I lasted about eighteen months and during that period of time the nourishing experiences from India became a distant memory as I returned to my partying, footloose and fancy-free lifestyle. I was totally oblivious to the fact I had fallen back into the familiarity of living a life driven by my subconscious – a lot of the time I was actually unconscious!

During this time, a window of opportunity opened as Mum was off travelling once again. She extended an invitation for me to join her, which I did, but this moment would certainly change the trajectory of our lives.

AS I REFLECT ON MY TEENAGE YEARS AND EARLY TWENTIES, I SEE:

- I was quite capable when I put my mind to it;
- my body was trying to communicate at this time through my knee issues. (According to metaphysics, knee issues suggest there's a resistance to stepping forward in life.);
- the attention (love) I received through having ongoing knee issues for the next three years, created a subconscious pattern to utilise 'dis-ease' as a way to receive love;
- how long it can take for modalities to be accepted mainstream e.g.: naturopathy;
- my soul/heart was calling at eighteen years of age, yet I didn't have the awareness, support or confidence to follow my heart. Instead, my subconscious programs were at play.



Deception

In March 1987 at the age of 23, I arrived in Cape Town, South Africa to meet Mum and her newfound love – a man who swept her off her feet on the Greek Islands a few months prior. On her return from Greece, she had received countless letters from this guy, including one proposing marriage (as you do), flowers, gifts and the most nauseating speech recorded on a cassette tape that he requested she play at her upcoming 50th birthday celebration with her close friends. OMG, he certainly had a plan in mind and little did I know Mum was being cajoled for a lead role!

On arrival in Cape Town I learned of our upcoming road trip, but this time was very different as it involved a third person who, within moments of meeting, I disliked and distrusted immensely. My sense of excitement about visiting Mum in another country we were yet to explore, soon diminished. The family and friends of Mum's new love very kindly warned me that he was a complicated character and encouraged me to prise Mum away from his increasingly firm grip. He had left his job and sold all his belongings to live this life on the road – they were soon to become the South African equivalent of the Aussie grey nomads. After what seemed an arduous month together living in very close quarters – their caravan – I departed South Africa with a verbal agreement from Mum that she would return to Australia shortly after to see how she felt being temporarily removed from the relationship, as she now had a sense of uncertainty. I felt so relieved and hopeful she may now be able to really see this relationship was not all peaches and cream!

Alas, no more than two weeks after my return home, I received an elated call from Mum in the middle of the night announcing

that she'd been married that day and they would be returning to Australia in the next few weeks to commence this next phase of their lives together. WTF!

I was gutted. I could not fathom how she could have broken her promise to me and that this man who I could barely tolerate, who had no financial backing, was about to become a part of our lives and be supported by Mum. What was it about his character and the way he was in the world that really seemed to get under my skin? Why was I so triggered by his arrogance and manipulation of circumstances to suit his needs? Needless to say, any bonding with Mum that had occurred in India simply vanished. I could feel another chamber of my heart close as I experienced this overwhelming sense of being all alone and separate. I believe this was a defining moment in my life where I made a subconscious decision to emotionally disconnect from Mum. Well, for the next twenty-four years, at least.

During this period, I was dating a few guys my age. It was nothing too serious being the party girl I was, but I would wake up in beds where I didn't have a clue where I was or who I was with, needing to dial a taxi yet not knowing an address. (This was way before the days of cell phones, GPS and Uber.) To make life even more complicated I had an attraction to older men. I think that attraction first surfaced with my obsession with our tennis coach, who was ten years older than me. It's a big gap from thirteen to twenty-three, yet I adored him! Perhaps it was Dad's disconnection and his inability to freely express his love that brought me to this place, and it was possibly now amplified by the fact that I didn't feel loved by either of my parents. I recall comments from close friends in my late teens. *Why would you do that?* they'd say. *He's almost twice your age!* And so their comments would go.

At twenty-three I disconnected on some level and felt so alone, yet on the surface you wouldn't have known it as I just got on with life. Mine was a seemingly happy-go-lucky existence. To be honest, I felt pretty f****d up, but on reflection I can see so clearly now that I was desperately seeking love and connection.

One of the paths I chose to seek love manifested in inappropriate and unfulfilling relationships, strutting my power, dominance and 'f*** you' attitude once again. Having been sexually violated when I was eleven by a family friend, I was not a girl who ever felt comfortable being vulnerable in relationships – the fear of the possibility of being abused again was my constant companion. When it came to intimate relationships, I chose the role of dominance and, to proceed with confidence, copious amounts of alcohol would be consumed prior. This addiction was my 'go to' and one that continued for many, many years.

I'd now shut Mum out of my life. I was still angry with Dad because of the divorce and subsequent ramifications, yet I still desperately sought his love and approval. So, I chose to align myself with Dad once again. Surely this would be a safer choice with fewer opportunities to be disappointed and hurt... So, I threw myself into work. Yes, the family business once again. The position was on offer, after all, and it was easy to say yes – HA!

I was determined this time to succeed in the business, to prove myself and to make my mark as generation three. I was obsessed with work. I loved the attention I received from Dad as I feverishly climbed the company ladder to pursue *his* passion. Within a short timeframe, I had progressed from mundane office tasks, to a gun sales person (as I loved the interaction with clients establishing rapport), to a director of the company. It was a fast and furious ride. Dad was now approaching retirement, content in the knowledge that the family business would continue in my capable hands. I, however, found myself with two far-from-ideal business partners – a mostly absent sales director and a managing director – whose work ethic and commitment didn't match my own.

I busted my arse in pursuit of success. I was away from home and my marriage (yes, I did finally settle down) for weeks on end, and felt as if I were living a life completely incongruent with my true essence. I had that internal desire for a life with greater meaning – yet I still didn't know what that may be. It was a gut feeling. You may know that feeling too...

Feeling depleted in this pursuit, I consistently numbed myself with alcohol (a familiar friend), looked for every excuse to drink and had a reputation that preceded me as the party girl, living in a world that seems foreign to me today. I was unconscious on so many levels; literally and figuratively. I was travelling the world, going to fashion shows, fine dining, staying in luxury hotels, reaping corporate travel benefits, and completely driven by material possessions and the short-lived adrenaline rush every purchase provided. And yet I felt so empty and alone. I was well and truly on the merry-go-round with no end in sight... until that fateful 4am wake up in Florence and the message I heard – *Keep this up and you're going to die very young!*

AS I REFLECT ON THIS PERIOD OF MY LIFE, I SEE:

- I was not attuned to my intuition;
- my desperate calls for attention and affection;
- the lengths to which I went to seek love, even if it was destructive;
- the habits I formed as emotional armour as a result of the sexual abuse – I was determined not to be seen as weak, a victim of prey or violated ever again;
- the judgements I made and the consequences that followed;
- the power of the subconscious mind;
- that the numbing behaviour was my ego attempting to keep me safe;
- that listening to the call of our soul/heart can lead us to consciousness.

Endings and Beginnings

Pulling myself and luggage together hastily, I checked out of the hotel and made my way to the airport in Florence. Having woken at 4am startled, I was feeling anything other than well, and was fairly exhausted after a couple of weeks travelling. In the departure lounge, I heard my name over the P.A. and realised that I had dozed off and missed the final boarding call for my flight.

I rushed to the departure gate, head spinning, feeling nauseous and was whisked onto a bus on the tarmac. Arriving at the aircraft, I stumbled up the staircase onto the small plane, navigated the aisle towards the only empty seat, threw my carry-on in the overhead locker and collapsed into my seat in a bath of perspiration. I could feel the eyes of every passenger as I slid down in that seat holding a deep sense of shame; the sweet yet stale signature aroma – a sure measure of the night before – oozed through the pores of my skin and I prayed my checked luggage would make the connection in Rome and then homeward bound.

Feeling this cavern of shame for my way of being in the world – the escalation of destructive patterns of behaviour in recent months – I noticed myself starting to wonder... How could I possibly keep on living this way? Was Mum onto something recently when she asked if there was anything bothering me as I was constantly suffering colds or getting bouts of the flu? What a stupid question, I thought at the time. I'd brushed her off as I frequently did with 'Of course there's not!' I also recalled another comment from a close family member who said there was more to life than the last restaurant I ate in or which hotels I stayed in on my latest trip to Europe. The seeds had been planted and

an awareness emerged. But was the soil they'd been planted in fertile enough for this new awareness to grow?

A couple of months later, I was travelling in Queensland on a business sales trip, showing the latest fashion collections from Italy. It was a low-key affair and one that I'd allowed sufficient time for an interrupted schedule, which was exceedingly common when working with rag trade retailers.

On this particular day I was with a customer in his store. David had been at the most recent trade show in Florence, Pitti Uomo, where I'd dined with him and his wife. David and Janine were a delightful couple and Janine had an interest in numerology, so had proceeded to draw up my chart after we'd been chatting for a while. (I'll share with you a little later on.) A point to note here was that the chart highlighted my deep level of scepticism in life and also that I was here for a purpose of a spiritual kind. I thought this was hilarious! The idea seemed so bizarre and completely irrelevant to me at this time, but there was a brief moment where I reflected on my time in India and wondered, *What could that truly mean?*

Back in Queensland, while showing the latest range of samples, David asked me how I was. I replied with the automatic response, 'Yeah, I'm fine.'

Clearly not accepting my reply and perhaps tuning into his intuition, he asked again, 'How are you really?' This pushed me to the edge; I could feel tears well up from nowhere and I just broke down, sobbing.

To put this in perspective, I was a control freak. I played my cards very close to my chest and did not show my emotions openly, (unless of course I was off my face with alcohol), as I believed this was considered a weakness. To burst into tears in public as I was showing him a beautiful collection of Italian leather items, really shocked me. As I was sobbing, he gently asked what was upsetting me so deeply.

'I just don't want to be doing this anymore, but I don't know what else I can do!' I heard myself say.

And there it was. From the depths of my being - my *truth!*

David's phone rang, which fortunately took the focus away from me as I was so embarrassed, stuffing sodden tissues into my pockets and horrified to be seen this way by one of my colleagues. I desperately tried to compose myself as he finished the call.

He glanced at me. 'That was a friend of mine, John, who works just around the corner. I think it may be an idea if you went and saw him.'

What was it with this guy asking pertinent questions and now making suggestions about what I should do? I took a deep breath and gathered some information about this friend John. Apparently, John was skilled with astrological charts. If I was open to it, David thought this may be something to consider to assist me with finding my sense of direction as I seemed to be at crossroads.

This guy was on to me!

David extended his hand with John's details on a card and I slid it into my pocket. At the end of the appointment I packed everything up hastily, said goodbye and headed back to the car where I pulled the card from my pocket and pondered.

Was it just a coincidence that John had phoned at that time, or was there something to this? Should I go and see him? After all, I'd just been in floods of tears and was feeling really churned up. Normally, I would have dusted myself down, sucked back the emotions and got on with the rest of the day. But today was different. Was this a defining choice point?

I dialled the number.

John answered and didn't sound at all surprised to hear from me. 'I'm free now if you'd like to come on over,' he said.

I put the key in the ignition and it was as if the car GPS navigated the back blocks of the Gold Coast, delivering me John. *Oh, I hear you thinking. There were no GPSs in cars back then.* You're right!

'Why Go There?'

I checked the address, climbed a narrow flight of stairs and opened the door to John's office.

There he sat, hunched in his wheelchair, slightly disfigured. As he was finishing his lunch, he wiped his hand and extended his exceedingly short arm to greet me.

As uncomfortable as I felt, the softness he exuded through his eyes and his gentle manner, put me at ease. He wanted to know the date and hour I was born so he could commence my astrology reading. This didn't seem so odd to me as the superfluous grandmother also had quite an interest in astrology, (well, as far as relationships went and who was or wasn't good enough – if you get the drift). Of course, there was no problem supplying the date, but as to the specific time of my birth, I wasn't so sure. I made a quick call to Mum, who actually answered as she wasn't off travelling or otherwise engaged. She was surprised to hear from me and even more surprised at my question.

'Oh,' she said. 'Yes. It was 6.10am – I remember it clearly. But why do you want to know, darling?'

'No reason, Mum. Thanks for the information. I'll call you later.'

This was my usual fob off and generally I *didn't* call later, unless I wanted something. Can anyone possibly relate to that? I was such a selfish bitch!

Over the next hour, the events and situations John referred to in relation to my family history, my current circumstance (how could he possibly know all this as there was no social media then for a quick glance at a prospective new client's profile?), and the insights he shared revealing infinite possibilities and an expansive future, was overwhelming. An hour later, in a total spin, I stumbled back down those stairs and it was as if a champagne cork had been popped, not in a celebratory manner but one of release. I was in floods of tears once again. Twice in one day. *What the hell is going on, Kate? Pull yourself together!*

I drove to the nearest beach as the thought of trying to drive back up to Brisbane like this was definitely not on the cards.

I was a mess! I pulled into the parking lot, walked down to the water's edge and sat there for hours – sobbing and grovelling in the sand and at times in the foetal position, in clothes that were certainly not meant for the beach. It must have been one hell of a sight for anyone taking a leisurely stroll or their daily dog walk!

A couple of days later I had an appointment north of Brisbane but the customer had unexpectedly left town and asked his wife to meet me instead. After the sales appointment we grabbed a coffee together, (which would never have happened if the owner had been there), and I shared how I was feeling as I still felt deeply vulnerable which was very uncomfortable for me. I was so unsure of myself and what the future may hold. She suggested a book that might be of interest – *Who Moved My Cheese* by Spencer Johnson. As I lifted my head from my coffee, there it was, right in front of me – in the bookstore window next to where we were sitting. I kid you not! Was this another coincidence perhaps, or was this synchronicity?

To put this in context, this is what the book is about:

Who Moved My Cheese is a simple story with a powerful hidden meaning. The four main characters live in a maze where they look for cheese. The cheese is, of course, representational of everything they believe they need in life to make them happy. The maze represents the places they seek this cheese... but the problem is, the stuff is elusive. Just when it seems within reach, the goalposts move. Thus; who moved my cheese?

Having devoured this very short book on the flight back to Melbourne, thoughts were feverishly flooding my mind as I could totally relate to the characters in this book. Where the hell was I going to find my cheese if this wasn't it? As the plane approached the runway, I wondered where I could run to, who could I call... I couldn't possibly face up to going home, back to so many unanswered questions, back to my husband of seven years who just wouldn't comprehend why I was so upset. And how could he? I didn't even understand!

I arrived home, stepped out of the car and, as he greeted me in the driveway, he took one look and said, 'What's wrong?'

'Why Go There?'

In that moment, something deep within encouraged me to speak; to speak my truth rather than to bottle it all up once again. I started spewing out, 'I don't know, I don't know what it is, I don't know if it's my work or our relationship, I just don't know ...', because I didn't!

'What the hell happened up there?' he responded.

I couldn't answer his questions. I was too raw. Too vulnerable. And vulnerability, after all, wasn't a place that felt safe to me.

I shut down once again and chose not to voice my confusion any further.

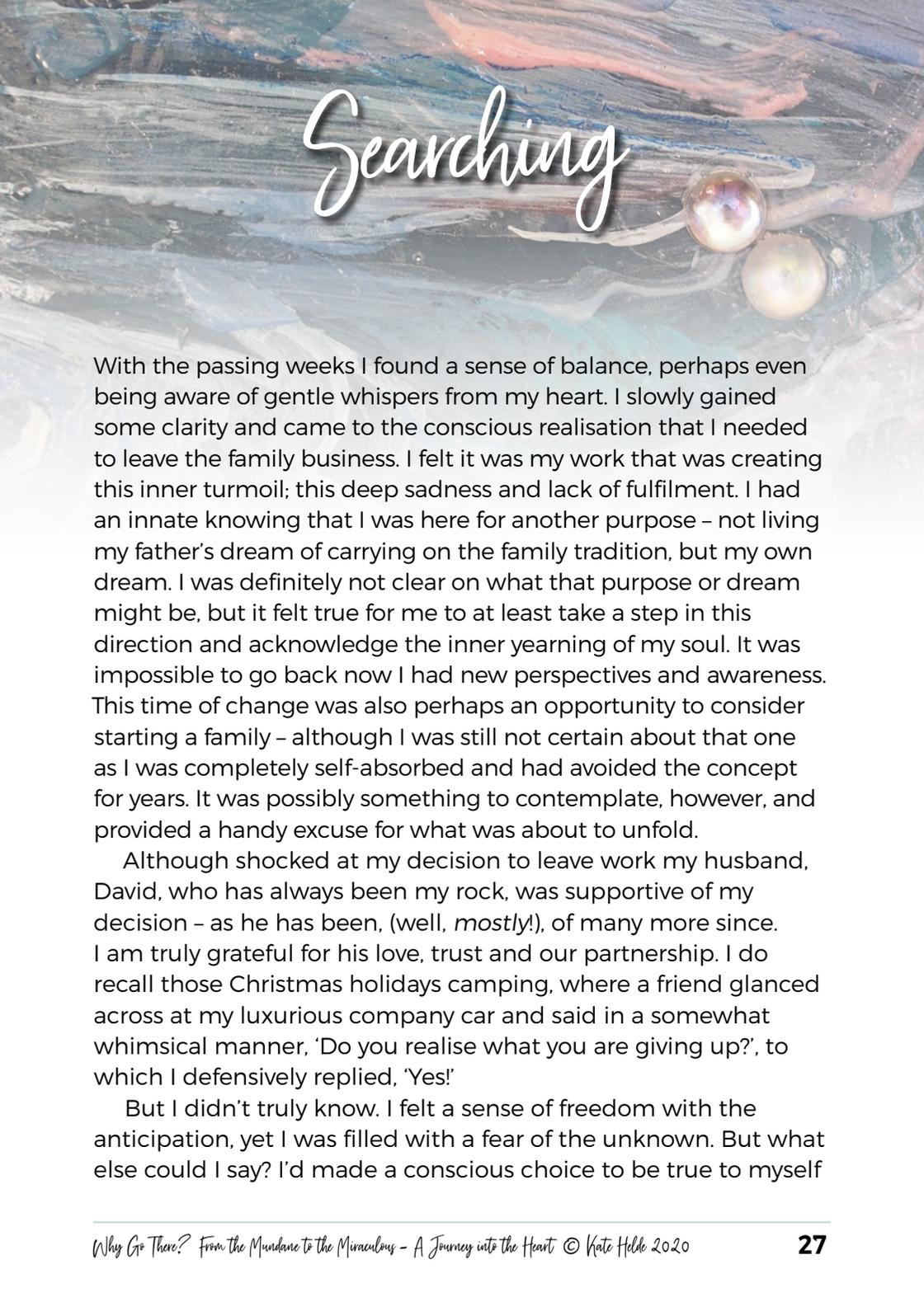
I didn't feel that I could openly share with him my desire for a purposeful life, my perceived weaknesses of breaking down in front of a client, of seeing the astrologist (which he'd view as really flaky), of sobbing for days, of reading the book and feeling this massive void and gut/heart-wrenching sadness. I felt sick to my core. He just wouldn't get it!

I know I hurt him deeply by shutting him out in this way, but it was my familiar default safety mechanism.

Shut down!

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- the importance of sharing insights with others without attachment; you never know when a seed may land in fertile soil;
- that in feeling contracted and restricted, my body was communicating through the constant bouts of illness;
- that awareness is the first step;
- there is immense freedom in stating our truth;
- the importance of allowing tears to flow as they're necessary for our healing;
- the importance of listening to the whispers of your soul/ heart;
- the importance of taking notice of 'chance meetings' and synchronicities as there's usually a grander plan;
- if you're not in danger, don't run, don't hide; stay with the process as uncomfortable as that may feel, because it's worth it on the other side;
- our greatest challenges can be our greatest gifts.



Searching

With the passing weeks I found a sense of balance, perhaps even being aware of gentle whispers from my heart. I slowly gained some clarity and came to the conscious realisation that I needed to leave the family business. I felt it was my work that was creating this inner turmoil; this deep sadness and lack of fulfilment. I had an innate knowing that I was here for another purpose – not living my father’s dream of carrying on the family tradition, but my own dream. I was definitely not clear on what that purpose or dream might be, but it felt true for me to at least take a step in this direction and acknowledge the inner yearning of my soul. It was impossible to go back now I had new perspectives and awareness. This time of change was also perhaps an opportunity to consider starting a family – although I was still not certain about that one as I was completely self-absorbed and had avoided the concept for years. It was possibly something to contemplate, however, and provided a handy excuse for what was about to unfold.

Although shocked at my decision to leave work my husband, David, who has always been my rock, was supportive of my decision – as he has been, (well, *mostly!*), of many more since. I am truly grateful for his love, trust and our partnership. I do recall those Christmas holidays camping, where a friend glanced across at my luxurious company car and said in a somewhat whimsical manner, ‘Do you realise what you are giving up?’, to which I defensively replied, ‘Yes!’

But I didn’t truly know. I felt a sense of freedom with the anticipation, yet I was filled with a fear of the unknown. But what else could I say? I’d made a conscious choice to be true to myself

for the first time in my life and just *knew* in my heart that I had to do this.

So, where does the idea of knowing something *in my heart* come from? Can the heart really know anything? Is it not an organ for pumping blood?

Gregg Braden, well known author, scientist and international educator explains there's now scientific evidence to suggest pumping oxygenated blood is not the only function for the heart. This would not be news to our ancestors, for the heart has long been regarded as the seat of emotions. Look at the terms *love you with all my heart, heartfelt, heartbreak, heart sore...* And does the heart not *thud with apprehension* and *flutter with excitement*? Clearly, our ancestors believed the human heart governed memory, personality and emotion. The heart was often used in techniques dedicated to healing.

Although these ideas were discarded in the age of scientific enlightenment, there has lately been a re-think and the heart is again regarded as a master organ of the body.

Gregg Braden is not the only one to have strong opinions on this.

Doc Childre, Howard Martin, Deborah Rozman and Rollin McCraty, the HeartMath Institute executive team suggest that scientists have learned much about the heart's non-physical functions. Unfortunately, most people, even many scientists and clinicians, are still to learn of this.

Here are some facts:

The heart of a foetus begins to beat before the brain has formed. Once the brain begins to function, there is constant communication between the two organs. We know the brain sends information to the heart, as it does to all organs, but most people are unaware that the heart sends even more to the brain than it receives. The heart's rhythm helps inform our choices as it registers fear, nervousness, contentment, love and confidence.

It helps to govern the body's systems to keep them in harmony. The heart is particularly involved with the areas of the brain given over to strategic thinking, reaction times and self-regulation.

In January 2000 a company board meeting was scheduled. Dad was present as he was on a fleeting visit from Portugal where he now resided for six months of the year with his wife of seventeen years. I dropped the bombshell, resigning from my role in the company and from the board. You could have heard a pin drop. The shock and disappointment on my father's face and that of the other board members is still imprinted in my mind today.

Fortunately, prior to this, I had had the opportunity to share my concerns about the upcoming meeting with my aunt, who had also worked in the business for many years. As I shared my thoughts, she was completely sympathetic to my cause. She told me of her desire to become an occupational therapist when she finished school, yet she'd ended up in the family business because of her own father's death, and then nursed her mother until the ripe old age of one hundred! I knew I had her full support when I sat in that meeting and it gave me even greater courage to follow my dreams, as I didn't want to live a life purely catering to family desires and needs if that wasn't meant to be my life's path.

It truly was wonderful to have gained this insight with such clarity. I may have painted a rather grim picture in relation to my days working in the family business but that's not to say that it wasn't a time of growth and fulfilment on many levels. It wasn't sufficient, however, to nourish my heart and soul.

A plan was put in place to step down, my position advertised, a replacement trained for seven months – which included one last trip to Italy to show her the ropes – so needless to say we had quite a lot of fun along the way. And then the day arrived for my departure. The Helder family umbilical cord was cut in my mind/heart and I can honestly say it was the best decision of my life!

'Why Go There?'

Handing back the company car and gratefully accepting the offer of my aunt's old car, I embraced my new found sense of freedom by proceeding to shave my head with a number two on the clippers, get around in masseur sandals (very popular in the 90s), burn incense and do pretty much everything that I felt was making my mark to distance myself from my previous life and the constraints placed on me.

To commence this new phase, resuming study captured my interest. I still held a yearning to help others and always enjoyed conversations with friends and colleagues in relation to their wellbeing. Perhaps I should follow Mum's path and study naturopathy or nutrition, I thought. Unfortunately, in my eyes at least, Mum had pushed aside her interests in spirituality and her passion for natural therapies since her second marriage. She was far more interested these days in enjoying caravan adventures, (something Dad would have *never* done), around Australia and overseas trips.

As I immersed myself in study, I thrived on this newfound love of the books and I also surprised myself at the distinctions and high distinctions I received during the year. How on earth could that be so, when I was such a frightful student during my school years?

Academic results alone, however, were not enough to keep my commitment to this path of study. As the course progressed, I wondered why on earth I would want this qualification to then consult someone once they were already unwell and make suggestions about a change in lifestyle and diet. It just didn't make sense to me. Surely there was a better way to support our health! I held a desire to be proactive and pre-emptive with our wellbeing in a different way, but honestly didn't know what that was. I felt there was something more I was searching for, but what was it? What was this sense that was emerging – this desire for greater meaning in life and the possibility of being of service to others perhaps in a meaningful way?

A couple of years later, having dropped out of the Nutrition course as I was totally disillusioned, I worked in direct sales (sales always felt comfortable to me, but only when it was a product I believed in) with nutritional supplements, and part time as a project manager in the sponsorship industry.

Now in my mid-thirties, you guessed it, my body clock started ticking and even though for so many years of our married life I didn't have any interest in starting a family, the time had arrived. You hear people mention the woman's body clock, but it truly became a reality for me and I have to say I was very surprised! After five years of trying, many rounds of fertility drugs and the old turkey baster on the obstetrician's couch, plus a few miscarriages along the way, in 2005 I received one of the greatest gifts of my life – a divine old soul in the guise of a baby boy!

Mummy-mode kicked in and life would never be the same. We were now a family unit, not just a couple of highly independent and driven individuals living under the same roof (apart from our loyal four-legged friends). My journey into the possibility of feeling safe in vulnerability and learning to ask for help (which I *never* did) commenced, though only fleetingly, post my caesarean section. OMG, I had to ask for *help*! And you guessed that too: it turned up in the most magical ways.

Committed to providing our son with the best nutrition, I was drawn to a food processor/cooker through a 'chance' meeting, which in turn also provided an opportunity to return to the workforce. This was a really nurturing and enjoyable time, hanging out with newfound friends – impassioned and competent women mostly, with the odd token male – winning sales incentive trips and feeling in flow as I gained confidence in myself in the workplace once again. Any mother reading this I'm sure will relate; it's as if we have to rewire our brains!

One of the incentive trips was five days in Dubai and as I hadn't seen my dad and his wife for nearly three years, I thought it would be nice to meet up in London – after all I was more than halfway there. Over the years, I'd held very strong judgements

about Dad's choice to live in Portugal and my perception of distancing himself from me and his family. Now, raising his grandson, this became even more apparent as I felt a deeper sense of separation. I would often think what a self-centred and indulgent existence he lived – always thinking about the next European adventure and not about us. I truly thought he was a selfish prick! Thank goodness I can see this through a very different, heart-centred lens today.

In March 2011, I landed in London and we spent a week together. We undertook the usual touristy things, a few day-trips, evenings at the theatre, some laughs together, but most notable was my awareness around Dad's strong opinions and attitudes which really grated on me. Since cutting that umbilical cord eleven years prior, I had been consciously making an effort to leave all that behind. Now a parent nurturing our family unit, my awareness of how my values had changed was significant. I found it really challenging being with Dad. He was still so very regimented and judgemental, concerned only about where we would go for lunch and dine that evening and whether they had a good wine list. Had I really left these values behind after fourteen years in the family business where I was so heavily influenced by the dogma, or were they still buried somewhere?

Returning home from this symbolic trip was a familiar feeling – one of confusion and soul searching. I couldn't turn my focus to anything and would find myself bursting into tears for no reason. I truly held a deep desire to be free of the hold these firmly rooted family values. Being in close quarters with Dad made for an intense week as it mirrored back to me parts of myself I *really* didn't like. How judgemental I still was! I was feeling really churned up inside. As I was sitting at my computer, an email came in from a friend I met during my nutritional supplement days. I knew she was now working with essential oils and doing some sort of healing technique, so I returned her email immediately. I asked if she'd be able to see me and weave some of her magic as I felt helpless and didn't know what I could do to

stop the outpouring of tears!

The following day I arrived at Marion's home. We chatted briefly and then she led me into her practice room. One hour later, I emerged, having experienced an incredibly powerful shift. At first I felt as if I'd been hit by a bus, yet I was actually in a state of awe and feeling as if the weight of the world had been lifted from my shoulders and a stomach tied in knots had also been released.

What is this technique, you may ask?

It was an application of essential oils on energy centres of your body (chakras), with gentle movement which provides a safe and nurturing space for the individual's own healing experience. Could this energetic experience have played a role for what was to emerge shortly?

A few weeks on, one of the girls I was working with, Annthea, mentioned she was moving back to Sydney in less than a year to be with her elderly mum. She and a couple of friends had transitioned to selling essential oil products, (the same products Marion used), and asked if I'd join them, yet my income and lifestyle selling the cooking appliance was fairly attractive for a part time job. I was really reluctant and truly didn't have any spare time to commit as our son was only six years old and needed me around probably more than I already was. (Uh-oh! Was I repeating history here?) It was nice to be financially independent once again. It seemed in some way to return my feelings of self-worth and sense of value as financial security was of great importance to my family. As pretty much a full-time mum, having to ask for money was excruciating and I would have heart palpitations when the credit card statement arrived as the thought of asking my husband for money horrified me. I know this sounds ridiculous, but that's just how it was – financial independence seemed king!

It really hit hard when my friend announced she was moving back to Sydney as we had started to develop a close friendship sharing many interests and passions as we explored various tools and techniques for wellbeing. There it was again, that internal

voice, (a whisper from my heart), prompting me to make the change and join her on this essential oil path. I sensed I was to learn something of significance here.

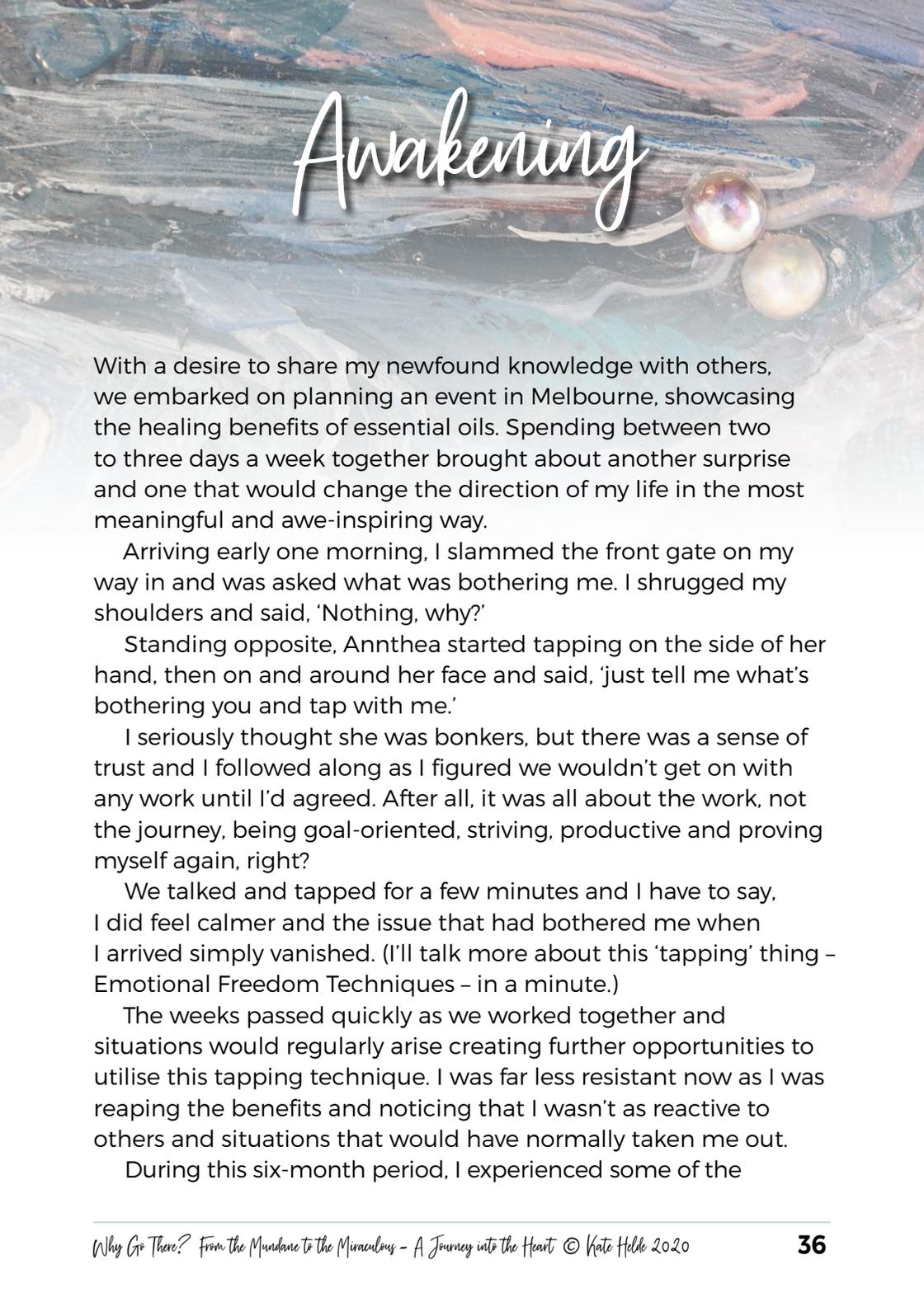
'Why Go There?'

I jumped in, resigned from the foodie world and we set to work with essential oils. I brought my business experience – the diversity of my years of sales and marketing in the rag trade, the nutritional supplement days, events and project management in the sponsorship industry, my success with the cooking appliance – and we went gang busters! Climbing the compensation-plan ladder rapidly (industry lingo for income) was an enjoyable phase of learning and growth... and a time where it finally dawned on me that our emotions affect our wellbeing. Truly!

Up to this point and the day I experienced the healing with Marion, I had never seriously considered the role our emotions play in relation to our wellbeing. I had also never learned about the limbic region of our brain – that it is involved in our behavioural and emotional responses, especially when it comes to behaviours we need for survival. Why wouldn't this have been mentioned during my studies in natural therapies? WTF! How could I get to the age of forty-seven and not have ever considered that? Seriously, I had been living a sheltered existence. Or was this perhaps simply the norm for our society at that time to not truly acknowledge the impact of our emotions? Thank goodness the status quo has changed today.

AS I REFLECT I SEE:

- if you're not happy, check in to see whose dream you are living;
- following my heart, making conscious choices and taking one step at a time, set me free;
- the human heart is the master organ of the body and we need to spend time tuning into our heart's inner wisdom;
- what appeared as a failure in not seeing something through to completion, was a gift;
- discomfort can represent the opportunity for some of our deepest healing – don't be afraid to sit in it and if necessary, ask for help;
- we truly flourish when we follow our passion – past perceptions just drop away;
- what's possible when we acknowledge our emotions in a safe environment;
- even some of the most seemingly mundane tasks add to the rich tapestry of our lives.



Awakening

With a desire to share my newfound knowledge with others, we embarked on planning an event in Melbourne, showcasing the healing benefits of essential oils. Spending between two to three days a week together brought about another surprise and one that would change the direction of my life in the most meaningful and awe-inspiring way.

Arriving early one morning, I slammed the front gate on my way in and was asked what was bothering me. I shrugged my shoulders and said, 'Nothing, why?'

Standing opposite, Annthea started tapping on the side of her hand, then on and around her face and said, 'just tell me what's bothering you and tap with me.'

I seriously thought she was bonkers, but there was a sense of trust and I followed along as I figured we wouldn't get on with any work until I'd agreed. After all, it was all about the work, not the journey, being goal-oriented, striving, productive and proving myself again, right?

We talked and tapped for a few minutes and I have to say, I did feel calmer and the issue that had bothered me when I arrived simply vanished. (I'll talk more about this 'tapping' thing – Emotional Freedom Techniques – in a minute.)

The weeks passed quickly as we worked together and situations would regularly arise creating further opportunities to utilise this tapping technique. I was far less resistant now as I was reaping the benefits and noticing that I wasn't as reactive to others and situations that would have normally taken me out.

During this six-month period, I experienced some of the

most profound shifts in my life as a result of neural pathways being rewired and a life that was primarily controlled by my subconscious took on a new form. It wasn't that there was anything particularly wrong in my world, but I felt my heart start to soften as I was held so beautifully in this friendship and supported with nature's essence and this life-changing technique. In this friendship, a hand was extended – what I see today as a lifeline – and that in itself, allowed me to step into a more authentic version of myself. As a soul-sister, this friend could see my light before I even knew it existed. I was feeling seen, heard and loved in an expansive way. This was not a romantic love, but a universal love; a love with infinite possibilities. I was intrigued. What was it about this technique that caused such noticeable physiological change, such a sense of calm, such a change in my relationships? What was it about stepping into this new way of being in the world, that was profound?

It was with this sense of intrigue that I commenced my exploration of Emotional Freedom Techniques (EFT). If EFT is something foreign to you, here's a brief summary.

EFT, (also known as 'tapping'), is a powerful, well-researched, easy to learn and apply, highly effective technique that works fast. That's why I fell in love with it. It can help you with pain relief, heal childhood traumas, clear limiting beliefs, body image issues, fears and phobias. Most importantly, it gives you the power to heal yourself, putting control of your destiny back into your own hands rather than feeling helpless and quickly handing responsibility over to external experts.

Tapping combines ancient Chinese acupressure and modern psychology – it is like acupuncture without the needles. Sounds too good to be true, I know, but stay the course. You'll hear more as we go and just imagine the possibility of positively affecting your own healing and destiny! Please don't take this to the extreme – medical intervention has its place and is indeed a necessity in countless scenarios. However, I also take comfort in the notion that we can choose to embrace non-invasive

therapeutic modalities to support our wellbeing every day.

When you're experiencing an emotional state such as anger or fear, your brain goes on alert. It prepares your body to enter a full-blown, fight-or-flight response. Your adrenaline pumps, your muscles tense, and your blood-pressure, heart-rate, and blood-sugar all rise to give you extra energy to meet the challenge. Got the picture?

If this brief explanation has you intrigued, it's probably best if I let the experts explain. You can download a comprehensive [resource here](#).

This time of self-nurture and the embodiment of the healing gifts of essential oils, EFT and what is truly possible when we feel seen, heard and loved, changed my life forever. I believe this really was the commencement of my choice for heartfelt, conscious living.

Fast forward to November 2014: The launch of [toolboxtime](#)[®]. My beautiful friend had now relocated to Sydney. I, meanwhile, had been working tirelessly towards this day since my initial fascination and exploration in the world of energy psychology and other healing modalities eighteen months earlier.

toolboxtime[®] is an information booklet and card deck to assist your wellbeing, utilising self-care tools such as EFT/Tapping, essential oils, colour/light therapy and positive intentions. As I was always searching for 'more' I had spent considerable time researching and studying other self-care tools and techniques to support our wellbeing but was always drawn back to those that resonated with me and had valid research and evidence behind them to satisfy my line of scepticism.

Partnering with Kim, (a friend who it seems was in my life for a reason rather than a lifetime), had ensured the dream of creating a self-help reference tool came to fruition. If it weren't for her creative flair and incredible capacity for project management, and possibly for my newfound commitment to my daily self-care rituals including tapping, toolboxtime[®] would have never birthed. I am eternally grateful for the role Kim played.

The concept for the deck of cards was suggested as I was walking my beautiful dog one morning and chatting on the phone with my soul-sister in Sydney. I explained my desire to create a reference chart or something that would enable people to utilise self-care tools and techniques, just as I had. After all, we *all* have access to them, but it's our choice as to whether or not we use them. I would frequently hear friends muttering, 'Oh I just wasn't sure which oil to use, or how to tap or whatever, so I just didn't'. It would continually frustrate me that others didn't hold a desire to nurture themselves, or necessarily know how to with these non-invasive and highly effective tools. But, I supposed, they did have a case. There is so much information in the self-care space which can lead to a sense of overwhelm and inaction. Or was there possibly another reason in addition to this?

There was a pause in the conversation, and then... 'I see it as a deck of cards,' says my friend. Another long pause as I digested her words. And then I received a full body YES!

Was this my intuition, my heart wisdom, coming into play? I was covered in goose bumps from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. Wow! How might this look? Could it really be a deck of cards? How could we create this? My mind was in overload and it was ever so exciting to feel another door open – a new path in front of me and the anticipation of where this might lead.

'Why Go There?'

While pondering the form of toolboxtime®, I knew I didn't want to completely reinvent the wheel as I had been inspired by the current resources myself. I wanted to utilise the expertise of others if they were in agreement for their IP to be used in this product. My aim was simply to compile some useful facts in a creative way (with the help of my wonderful school friend/graphic designer) which would inspire others to explore these techniques just as I had. My yearning for deeper fulfilment and purpose in life was emerging. Was this the 'something more' I had been searching for?

On the surface, the product launch, at the Mind Body Spirit Festival in Melbourne, wasn't a raging success. All the thousands of dollars we had invested to create this stunning product was top of mind. I think we probably sold a total of fifty over the weekend, paying for our parking, lunches and coffees. You know when you have a clear picture in your mind of how something should turn out, but it just doesn't? I think the universe possibly had an even more expansive idea in store!

On the last day of the expo, feeling a little deflated with such poor sales, who should show up to our stand but Australia's world leading researcher in EFT/Tapping – Dr Peta Stapleton, from Bond University on the Gold Coast. Peta is an Associate Professor of Psychology who has been researching EFT/Tapping, specifically in the food/weight area, for the past fourteen years. She was on her way to Melbourne airport and her sister dragged her in kicking and screaming. She had been to so many of these expos before, why on earth did she want to go to another one? Her sister won the argument by mentioning it was located right next door to DFO. With Peta known to enjoy a bit of shopping, we were destined to meet!

I was so excited; you could barely pin me down! We'd heard from others about Peta over the course of the weekend, but to meet her in the flesh, have a conversation and to pluck up the courage to see if she was happy for me to contact her in the new year (not really knowing what for at this stage, but I had a hunch), and then receiving a resounding YES, was a highlight.

During the product development phase of *toolboxtime*®, I was also privileged to connect with Dr Lori Leyden in the US through her trauma healing work with The Tapping Solution Foundation (TTSF). Nick Ortner the CEO of TTSF thought it may be of interest for us to connect. Little did he know, (or I for that matter), where that might lead.

Jokingly, I refer to Lori as my online date, as she would receive hundreds of emails every day due to her humanitarian work in the world, but there was something that caught her eye – or was

that heart – with the introductory email she received in 2014. Lori was in the process of wrapping up a three-year stint in Sandy Hook, Connecticut, known for the tragic elementary school shooting, where 28 people lost their lives. Lori implemented the first U.S. community-based trauma healing program based on EFT/Tapping and is well known also for her work in Rwanda, supporting post genocide survivors.

Totally in awe that Lori would even consider replying to my email (after all, who the hell was I?) and then be willing to get on a call to hear more about an idea, was beyond belief! In the January of 2015 we had our first date on Skype where we mind/heart-stormed together, dreaming in an event that I hoped would elevate the awareness of EFT/Tapping in Australia. I now know Lori, or was it the universe, held a grander vision than this, which you'll discover shortly. Feeling a sense of excitement as we thought more about the event and the fact that Peta was happy to connect, we shared the concept: Peta was 'in' and that was it! Well, the short version anyway.

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- personal empowerment in feeling seen, heard and loved at a soul level;
- making time for self-nurture and reflection is not a luxury but a necessity;
- receiving a full body Yes!, acknowledging our intuition and taking action, can change the trajectory of our lives;
- the frequency of synchronicities speeds up as our life's purpose emerges;
- the importance of embracing the moment if you have a hunch or gut feeling;
- attachment to expectations isn't necessary as there's always a reason for it being exactly the way it is.



Kate's mum as a toddler - 1930's.



Kate's dad about the age he went to boarding school - 1930's.



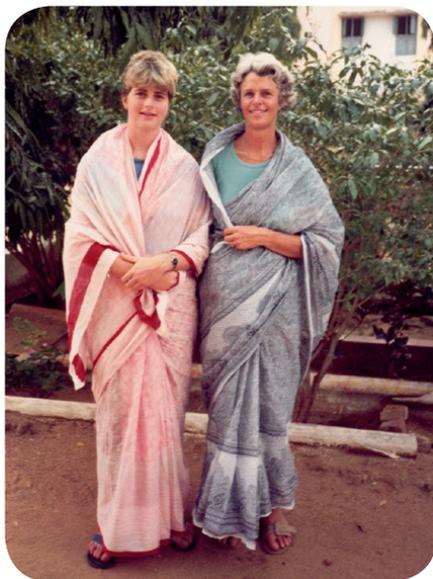
Kate's parents wedding - 1960.



Kate in the 1960s washing Dad's car.



Kate's not so happy school days.



Kate & her mum, India -1984.



Kate's 'farewell' from life in the rag trade.



Kate age 41 with their son.



Launch of toolboxtime® where Kate and
Peta were destined to meet.



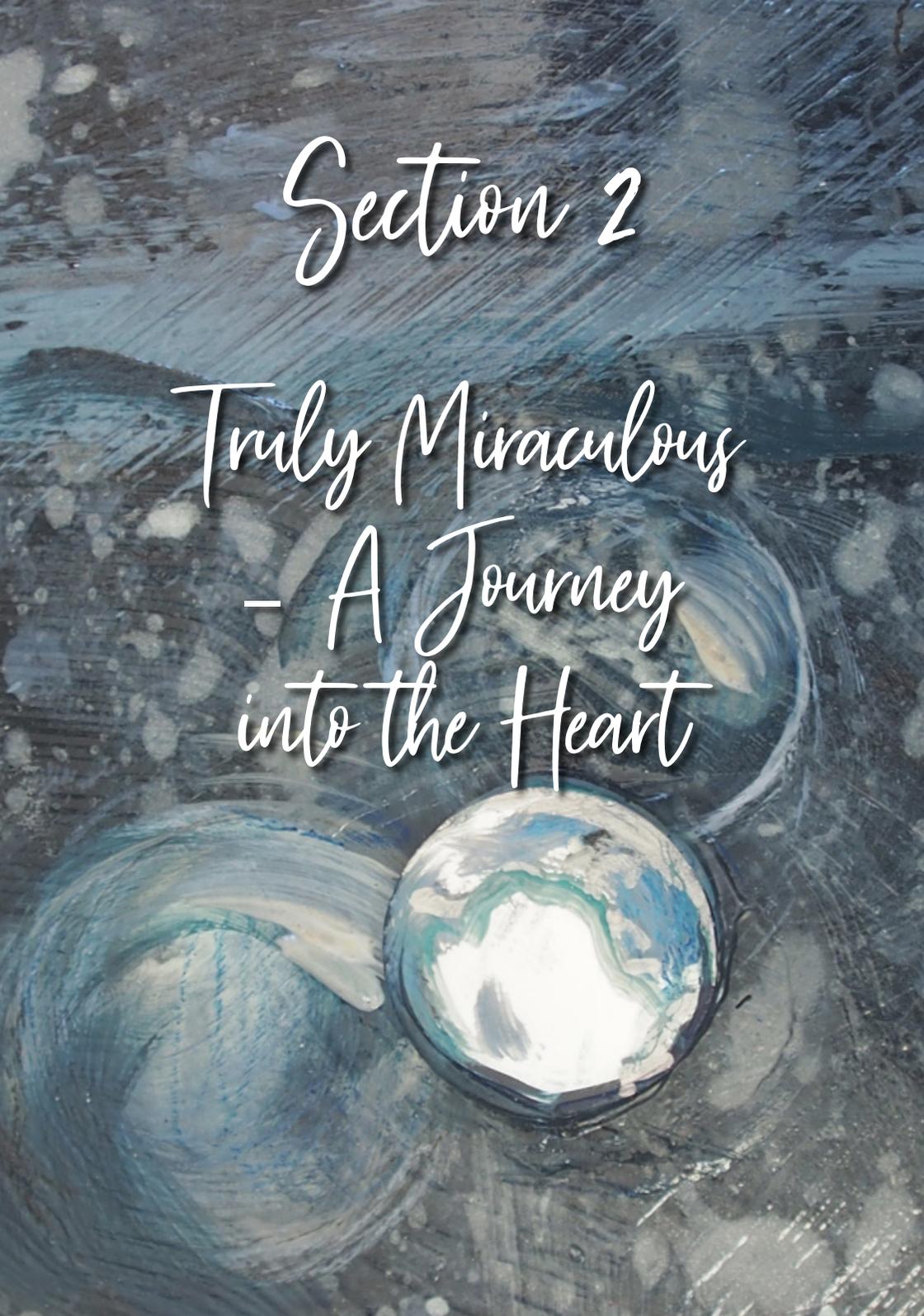
Kate's husband, son and fur baby.



Kate and her dad, London.



Lori and Peta.

The background is an abstract composition of dark blue and grey brushstrokes. In the lower half, there are two circular, globe-like shapes. The one in the foreground is more prominent, showing a bright white and yellow center surrounded by blue and green swirling patterns, resembling a stylized Earth or a heart. The text is overlaid on the upper and middle portions of the image.

Section 2

Truly Miraculous
- A Journey
into the Heart

Birth of a New Era

Be careful what you say 'yes' to, as you never know where it's going to lead!

The day I said yes to the cooking appliance, then the essential oil path, had now brought me to a place where I had formed partnerships totally based on trust (with a lot of heart thrown in too) and I was now co-creating an event working alongside these incredibly inspiring and accomplished women. This was so refreshing and such a contrast to my earlier years in the family business with a vertical structure and one controlled by power and dominance.

Truly feeling that we were creating something unique and substantive, Mind Heart Connect® – an events and workshop company – was established; so naturally planning commenced for our inaugural event on the Gold Coast for May 2017. Although I'd run small events over the years, it was clearly my passion and belief that carried me forward in addition to others feeling called to join us. Oh, I nearly forgot to mention another key ingredient here – *The Grace Process™* – which we'll delve into soon.

As the new kid on the block, we were thrilled to receive the trust from world-renowned speakers such as Dr Joe Dispenza, Dr David Hamilton and others who supported Peta, Lori and me with the launch of this inaugural event. The universe truly conspired on that one, as it would all still just be a dream if not for their generosity, passion, purpose and the incredible depth of wisdom and knowledge they bring to the wellbeing arena.

You may be wondering why I am so passionate about all of this, aside from what I'd personally experienced. After the

launch of toolboxtime® a generous EFT practitioner and trainer in Melbourne gifted a five-day training in the technique as I'd never been formally trained and she believed what I brought to others in the way of this little deck of cards provided great value. (Nice eh? What goes around comes around they say!) One of the participants was a recently retired clinical psychologist who spent the first few hours of the training with her arms crossed and a quizzical look on her face as she wondered why on earth she was there. Tapping really does look kind of crazy, (especially if you're a sceptic as I was), and it's not until you have your own personal experience, in spite of believing it's not going to work, that you get it! I could totally relate to her initial body language, but by the end of the training, she was excitedly grinning and saying, 'Why didn't I know about this when I first went into private practice?'. She knows today how much those words impacted the core of my being. Thanks Sue!

I recall leaving the training and heading back to my car with tears welling up in my eyes, and just knowing that I was going to share this with the world (well, with Australia at least)! *Yeah right!* said that little voice in my head. *How do you think you're going to do that? Who do you think you are to even attempt to do that? After all, you don't have the resources and you flunked at school!* Could it be that this sense of intuition and the spark ignited was sufficient to carry me forward and start the process to quiet that little voice in my head? I was so thankful for my toolkit of self-care techniques that supported me on this journey towards conscious living. Without this awareness, daily practice and making different choices, I could so easily have retreated and returned to familiar patterns and my old way of being in the world.

Sometimes it is just a matter of following that internal spark, even when we don't know where it may lead, as it seems we will always be supported if the spark is something that brings value to others and, can I be bold enough to say, is for the greater good. I was totally supported and opportunities continued to present themselves throughout this time, providing me a deeper sense of

self-belief and the ongoing desire to be open to new techniques and methods that could support me on my journey. Indeed, I was about to receive another gift – something new – the most practical, personally challenging, yet life-giving process, disguised as an online course.

‘Why Go There?’

In addition to Lori’s humanitarian work, she is the author of *The Grace Process™* – a practical guide for transcending your ego and engaging the wisdom of your heart.

Lori was launching her six-month online program *Outrageous Grace* that September and even though I couldn’t imagine how I’d create time for that as we were leading into our inaugural event, I said yet another ‘yes’. After all, I felt my ego had a pretty firm hold on my life in its effort to keep me safe, and my heart softening was in its infancy. So, despite not knowing how to engage and work with the wisdom of my heart, I was feeling called to do just that.

I soon learned, as Lori so beautifully articulates here, that:

The Grace Process™ (TGP) is a spiritual practice based on the principle that your deepest healing is possible when you resonate with the energy of Grace. The practice focuses on clearing the mental, emotional, and spiritual blockages that are generated by your ego, and that interfere with your ability to receive Grace. With TGP you will learn to:

- lift out of your judgements and the ego stories you use to define who you are;
- open to forgiveness;
- hold an expanded heart resonance of gratitude, love, joy, and wonder; and
- receive the healing you desire.

Most of us block our ability to receive Grace and live within an illusion of separation from the Divine because we live instead with the world of the ego. Our ego’s survival defence is

chauvinism, which I define as our judgements and our resistance in which we find ourselves. We are locked in a suffer and struggle paradigm of growing, changing and learning our life lessons – not only on a personal level but on a global level.

So, what's all this mention of Grace, I thought? It was a completely foreign word to me, unless of course I thought of Grace in relation to a girls' name, a removals company, a fashion chain or something that is said giving thanks prior to a meal. Boy oh boy, did I have some learning in front of me! This was an incredibly enlightening time as many of my firmly held values and beliefs were challenged, yet I loved the course. The practical application of the formula as a lived experience was profound and is something I continue to practise every day. Having a newfound awareness with access to a process utilising a seemingly simple formula, my life was just about to get a whole lot richer through the awakening of and 'presencing' in my heart! Here's a sneak peek at the formula:

(C) (-J+F) (GLJW) → G

(Choice) (-Judgement + Forgiveness) (Gratitude, Love, Joy, Wonder) → Grace

It looks simple on the surface, yet the depth of awareness and insights I continue to obtain by working this formula are life giving! I would have to say that integrating this technique has provided a new way of my being in the world. And when I picture the word *being*, I see it as BE-ing. Let's not think of ourselves in the form of a noun – as beings – but as a verb. What are the choices we make and then the actions we take as a result, (throughout every moment of our lives), that creates our BE-ing (the verb)? Just imagine having a newfound awareness of the judgements you have of others, a circumstance or yourself and an awareness that can be held softly. Seeing what forgiveness may be required and through this process feeling the presence of gratitude, love, joy and wonder, is truly grace in motion.

Recently, an acronym for 'grace' popped into my mind: Gradually Realising Abundant Creativity Exists. I see this in us all, allowing infinite possibilities to emerge through our collective creativity as we discover solutions for all of humanity. Now there's a thought, and what may emerge as we sit with that little gem? I can't fully do justice to Lori's work in this e-book, but I will share with you further on a personal story that will help illustrate the power of this lived experience.

If this introduction to TGP has piqued your interest, [here's the link](#) where you'll be able to explore *The Grace Process™* and Lori's work in the world.

On reflection, what I found so interesting was that during the lead in to our inaugural event, even with all the stress and challenges that arose, practising TGP and being fully present in every moment and in my heart, is what allowed me to navigate this space in a more relaxed and trusting way. I can only imagine what a stress head I would have been otherwise, as it was an incredibly challenging and hectic time.

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- when our intentions are pure, support can show up in the most magical ways;
- the importance of noticing what brings you to tears – it's a signpost touching an innate part of you;
- that acknowledging that little voice in our head can create space for self-belief to arise;
- that even if you feel you don't have the time, if something's calling you, don't hesitate;
- that which appears as a simple formula is the most practical and transformative process;
- the daily gifts of the lived experience of TGP are profound.

We Did It! So, What's Next?

In May 2017, our inaugural event, Creating Resilient Lives, was a success. It ran over a period of three days and participants had the opportunity to attend full-day workshops with their gurus, listen to inspiring keynote speakers presenting on the evidence and science behind energy psychology techniques and also to experience EFT/Tapping if they hadn't already. In addition, a successful fundraising campaign ran to support Dr Lori Leyden with Project LIGHT as she brought her humanitarian work to Australia.

Inspired by Lori's work, leading into the event we held the vision to extend the reach of these techniques with plans to work with an indigenous group in regional Victoria. Fortunately, we had been introduced by a colleague who believed the trauma healing work Lori facilitated globally, which included EFT/Tapping, would be welcomed in this particular community. You may wonder how EFT could be of value to these communities, so I feel the following excerpt may assist with a deeper understanding:

Therapists who are effective in working with people who have been traumatised have long recognised that talk therapies are not enough for healing the damage that is caused by abuse and catastrophe. The title of an influential paper and subsequent book, *The Body Keeps the Score*, by Dr Bessel van der Kolk underlines this point. The physiological changes to the body and brain following trauma become "encoded in the viscera" and require

treatments that “engage the safety system of the brain before trying to promote new ways of thinking.” Effective therapies for severe trauma must address the body as well as the mind, and being able to do so is a great strength of somatic therapies.

It is not just tapping on the skin that makes EFT a somatic intervention. Tapping initiates a cascading series of events in the brain and body that, as you will see below, impact hormone production, brain waves, blood flow within the brain, and gene expression in ways that enhance emotional health. And tapping has this impact not just for treating trauma but also in addressing everyday anxieties, upsets, and goals. – *The Science Behind Tapping* - Dr Peta Stapleton

And so it was that we found ourselves in Robinvale, working with a very open group of indigenous elders. It was an incredibly moving and insightful time as we listened to the elders’ stories, heard first-hand about the stolen generation, intergenerational trauma and the devastating impact this continues to have on their lives and in communities. After witnessing participants profound shifts as a result of the trauma healing work Lori facilitated with this intimate group, we returned home knowing there was a desperate need for these techniques in communities like this, and were open to see where this may all lead. Perhaps this type of technique was more readily accepted by these participants as being a body-based approach, as indigenous peoples relate to the body being a conduit for communication and connection, more so than talking. Although not widely recognised, trauma causes brain-based dysfunctions and as such, must be treated with techniques that can release trauma at a physical level – and as you read above, this is exactly what EFT/Tapping does.

Feeling remarkably energised from the past weeks, I had a strong sense that if we truly desired to make an impact in Australia with this technique and more specifically with those who need it most – our indigenous and refugee communities –

a formal body was required to ensure greater acceptance and sustainability in the years to come.

Soon after our return, a small group of friends gathered to farewell Lori as her month in Australia was coming to a close. I must add here, the gifts I received being in Lori's presence for this period of time were quite profound and very much an accelerator for the contents in these pages – what better opportunity to be gently nudged to practise TGP every day by Lori herself! Over lunch, one particular friend, Emma, pulled a notebook out of her bag and started to ask Lori and me questions in relation to the trip we had completed in regional Victoria and what our vision was for the future. Emma had attended the Mind Heart Connect® event and was inspired by Lori's humanitarian work and though not sure what she was really getting herself into, said, 'I'd like to help you to formalise a charitable organisation to support this work'. OMG, you could have knocked me over with a feather! I held the dream in my heart and here was a beautiful soul willing to step in and join us on the next phase of the journey.

With Emma Harrison's warm heart and philanthropic connections, plus an incredible amount of work and receiving some pro-bono assistance from a legal firm, we received the email stating Mind Heart Connect® Foundation was recognised by the ACNC (Australian Charities and Not for Profits Commission) and would be advised in the coming months in relation to the tax status of the organisation. DGR status (Deductible Gift Recipient) was something we were hopeful for, as with this tax status your ability to attract serious donors and philanthropic support increases dramatically.

Peers in the non-profit arena advised this status is extraordinarily difficult to obtain, however, and can take several years – if you're lucky! Not necessarily one to believe what others tell me (especially when feeling in flow and on path), I didn't consider this was going to be the case for us and once again I think the universe was on side. Within two days of receiving our charity status (only six weeks

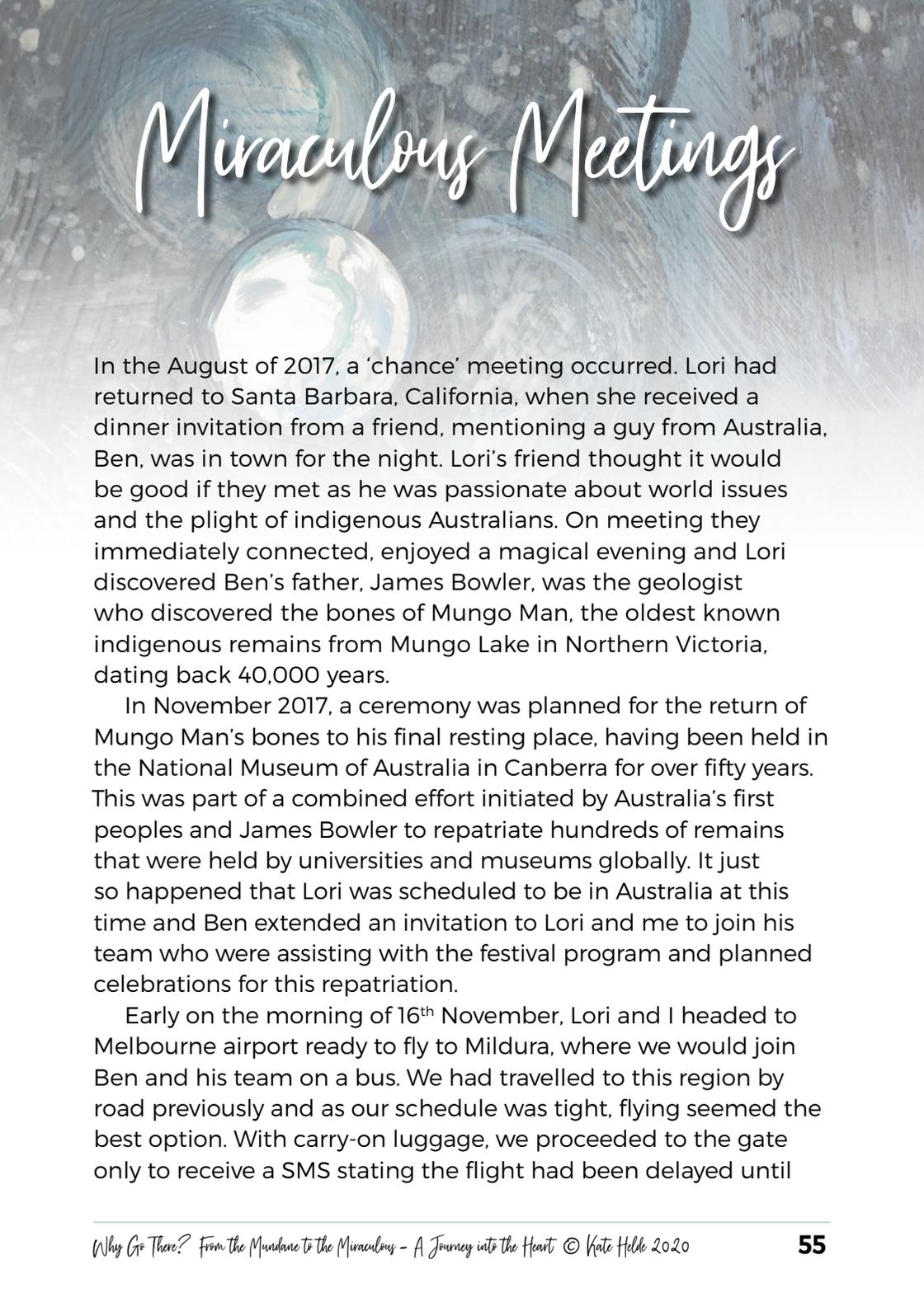
after lodging the application), the email arrived with confirmation of our tax status! I'll say it again, only two days later! It's incredible what can arise when a collaboration of hearts and minds hold a clear intention – and definitely some expertise thrown in for good measure – miracles indeed!

The day we received this news I was holidaying with family friends in a secluded nook in far north Queensland and thought I'd just check emails quickly before we headed out to dinner. As I scanned the email, my heart skipped a beat. I re-read it slowly, just to make sure what I was reading was for real. I ran out to the others playing a game together and was so excited you had to peel me off the ceiling. I was jumping up and down and using expletives that my twelve-year-old son and beautiful god-daughter didn't really need to hear as I blurted out the news I'd just received! Oh well! I'm by no means a puritan or perfect; this was a day to truly be celebrated and I was in complete awe of the events that had led to this.

Witnessing my excitement, the girlfriend I was camping with in December 1999 prior to leaving the family business, possibly caught a glimpse of what's possible, when we choose to follow our hearts.

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- that holding a dream in my heart created a vibration to attract others who would support the dream into reality;
- that while holding a dream, it is important not to be disheartened by others' opinions or what is considered to be the norm;
- we don't need all the detail before we take action;
- notice signposts – they're our navigation system
- if everything is flowing well, that's a fair indicator of where to focus your attention.



Miraculous Meetings

In the August of 2017, a 'chance' meeting occurred. Lori had returned to Santa Barbara, California, when she received a dinner invitation from a friend, mentioning a guy from Australia, Ben, was in town for the night. Lori's friend thought it would be good if they met as he was passionate about world issues and the plight of indigenous Australians. On meeting they immediately connected, enjoyed a magical evening and Lori discovered Ben's father, James Bowler, was the geologist who discovered the bones of Mungo Man, the oldest known indigenous remains from Mungo Lake in Northern Victoria, dating back 40,000 years.

In November 2017, a ceremony was planned for the return of Mungo Man's bones to his final resting place, having been held in the National Museum of Australia in Canberra for over fifty years. This was part of a combined effort initiated by Australia's first peoples and James Bowler to repatriate hundreds of remains that were held by universities and museums globally. It just so happened that Lori was scheduled to be in Australia at this time and Ben extended an invitation to Lori and me to join his team who were assisting with the festival program and planned celebrations for this repatriation.

Early on the morning of 16th November, Lori and I headed to Melbourne airport ready to fly to Mildura, where we would join Ben and his team on a bus. We had travelled to this region by road previously and as our schedule was tight, flying seemed the best option. With carry-on luggage, we proceeded to the gate only to receive a SMS stating the flight had been delayed until

3pm that day – another way of saying cancelled when it comes to low volume regional flights. Sigh.

With the unexpected delay and knowing we would miss our connection with the team by waiting for the next flight, we took one look at each other and said, 'Let's drive!' Making a quick calculation, we knew we'd arrive in time to meet the bus and then join the convoy with Ben's group for the remainder of the trip. Five hours later, arriving in Balranald, we were witness to one of the lead-in ceremonies honouring Mungo Man's remains, before heading off to Mungo Lodge on the perimeter of Mungo National Park in the World Heritage Willandra Lakes Region.

Only 148 kms away, little did we know the dirt road had just re-opened after flooding and was full of hazards – be that roaming wildlife (mostly emus and kangaroos), or massive potholes we attempted to avoid. Just over three hours later with nightfall looming, Lori had earned her title as hazard spotter while enjoying her Australian outback experience. We arrived exhausted. There's one thing I know for sure – spending the best part of a day with someone on a long road trip provides countless opportunities for humour (as long as you're open to it), especially when the day hasn't gone as planned. A quick freshen up and then dinner with Ben and his team concluded a very long day!

The following morning, prior to the main ceremony, we were to congregate on the edge of Lake Mungo at the visitor centre and lookout, encompassing the barren landscape of the lake today. There was no sign of water; just scrub and a whole lot of history. Standing on the viewing platform, Ben introduced us to a family friend, Petrine Mc Crohan, who had travelled from Broome, WA, to witness this pivotal event in Australian history. Within minutes of meeting and briefly sharing some background as to what had brought us there, a heart to heart connection was formed – one of trust, excitement for future possibilities and a knowing this was significant on many levels. It was another full body YES!

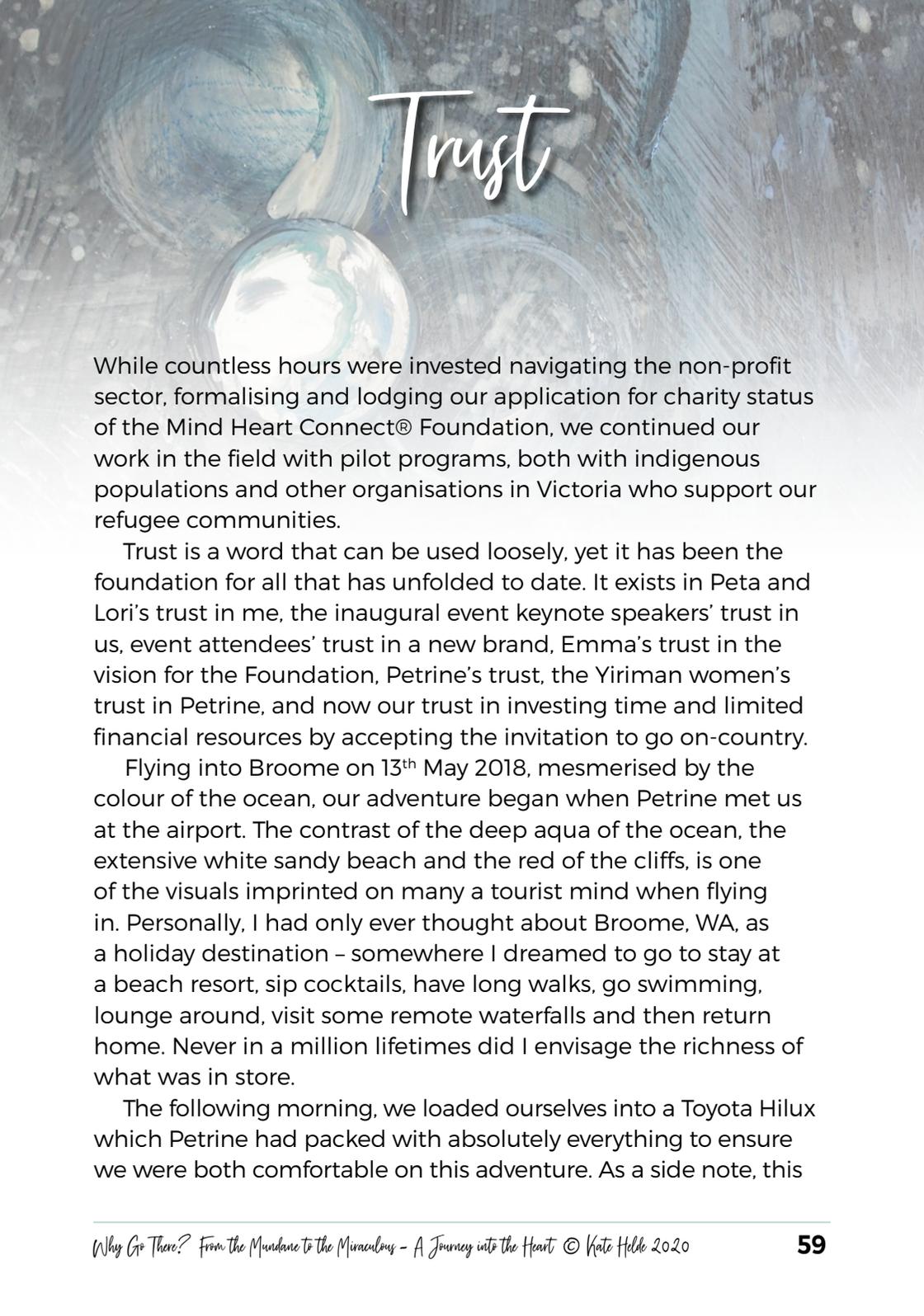
'Why Go There?'

Petrine had been living in Broome, WA, for the past sixteen years, having originated from Victoria. She was extensively involved collaborating with indigenous groups, educating and supporting them with their social enterprises and sustainability in the Kimberley region. Petrine was fascinated by Lori's work and felt there may be an opportunity to introduce it in the region due to the depth of trauma she witnessed in the communities she was working with. She knew intergenerational trauma was a major factor that would continue to limit the opportunity for success of any projects implemented in the region, until trauma was addressed in a substantive manner.

One of the groups Petrine worked with in the capacity of an Enterprise Support Worker, was the Yiriman women. The Yiriman Project, an intergenerational on-country cultural program founded by Annie Milgin, seemed an opportunity to explore. Petrine arranged a Skype call with Lori and me at their next meeting in January 2018, to share some information on the trauma healing work and EFT/Tapping, and to see if there was an openness for us to offer support to their community. With AV tech glitches (very common in remote regions of Australia) and only one-way audio, Petrine did a wonderful job of making the best of the situation. It really was totally disjointed, yet magical at the same time. Collectively hearts aligned and two days later we received an email from Petrine saying the Yiriman women were inviting us on-country in May. As I read the email and became still in the moment, I felt a vision arise for the possibility that these techniques could provide a sense of hope and healing of some of the deepest wounds at the heart of the most ancient civilisation on earth – Aboriginal peoples.

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- the value in taking a breath, getting still and listening to your intuition as obstacles appear;
- the importance of trusting your intuition; it's always there, we just need to ask and listen;
- that synchronicities can be magical if we surrender to the process of not knowing
- that holding an intention in your heart without attachment is a catalyst for miracles



Trust

While countless hours were invested navigating the non-profit sector, formalising and lodging our application for charity status of the Mind Heart Connect® Foundation, we continued our work in the field with pilot programs, both with indigenous populations and other organisations in Victoria who support our refugee communities.

Trust is a word that can be used loosely, yet it has been the foundation for all that has unfolded to date. It exists in Peta and Lori's trust in me, the inaugural event keynote speakers' trust in us, event attendees' trust in a new brand, Emma's trust in the vision for the Foundation, Petrine's trust, the Yiriman women's trust in Petrine, and now our trust in investing time and limited financial resources by accepting the invitation to go on-country.

Flying into Broome on 13th May 2018, mesmerised by the colour of the ocean, our adventure began when Petrine met us at the airport. The contrast of the deep aqua of the ocean, the extensive white sandy beach and the red of the cliffs, is one of the visuals imprinted on many a tourist mind when flying in. Personally, I had only ever thought about Broome, WA, as a holiday destination – somewhere I dreamed to go to stay at a beach resort, sip cocktails, have long walks, go swimming, lounge around, visit some remote waterfalls and then return home. Never in a million lifetimes did I envisage the richness of what was in store.

The following morning, we loaded ourselves into a Toyota Hilux which Petrine had packed with absolutely everything to ensure we were both comfortable on this adventure. As a side note, this

was going to be the first camping experience ever for Lori, and how she had avoided this in her lifetime, I'm still not sure! We headed east towards the Great Sandy Desert via Fitzroy Crossing, to an area known as Ngumpan community in the Mueller Ranges. Petrine and her colleague Janelle, who was the Yiriman Women's Co-ordinator, had arranged our meeting place at the Ngurra Art and Culture Centre. They felt this was the best location for our congregation and facilitation of some introductory workshops to EFT/Tapping as we were literally in the middle of nowhere. Well, that was my perception as a city chick but I soon learned this area was used occasionally as a meeting place for their community and the facilitation of various workshops. We set up tents and got our bearings while youth and elders arrived throughout the afternoon. Our gathering had commenced.

We were so fortunate to also have the company of a beautiful Frenchwoman, Magali, who was a film maker with PAKAM (Pilbara and Kimberley Aboriginal Media) and would be capturing the essence of our visit on film. It just happened to turn out that way and no funding required for the privilege! Another divine synchronicity.

Over the coming days in a very informal way (as we soon learned about Broome/Kimberley time, being very fluid), Lori facilitated introductory trauma healing workshops to a small group of teenage girls who were participating in an on-country experience as part of a program being run by the Department of Justice. We also had the opportunity to explain and demonstrate the techniques to the elders who were curious and quite receptive, which possibly had something to do with the rhythm of the tapping and no words required.

If you were to ask Lori of her vivid memories from this location, apart from the heart-breaking stories of deep trauma and the depth of wisdom the elders shared, I think she would respond with the green tree frogs in the toilet. Truly, if you've not travelled to this part of Australia, it is quite unexpected and surprising to find these luminescent creatures in the most obscure places

and can make for quite a story. After three days camping out in the elements we opted for a warm shower and accepted the invitation from a friend who lived in Fitzroy Crossing. One night with a roof over our heads and phone reception once again, we relaxed amid familiar creature comforts.

The following morning Petrine gave a brief tour of the town, visiting Marninwarntikura Women's Resource Centre, providing women and their families a place for positive change and leadership, and the Marnin Studio, where I was privileged to meet some of the artists and admire their beautifully rich artefacts, as well as some other key places of interest. You'll soon understand why I've specifically named these here. After lunch, car packed once again, we headed off for the next phase of this adventure to Jarlmadangah to meet Annie Milgrin and more of the Yiriman women.

This was my first experience of an indigenous community in Australia with their own school, community centre and, of course, a footy ground. If you don't reside in Australia, it's prudent to say that Australian Rules Football continues to be blessed with extremely talented indigenous football players from some of the most remote regions of Australia. We set up our beds in a very sparse, purpose-built dormitory with communal kitchen and bathrooms (available for pre-arranged tourist groups), and while waiting for others to arrive had the immense privilege of sharing intimate time with Auntie Annie, a beautifully strong and heart-full woman. Communing through the connectedness emanating from the camp fire, with the largest moon I've ever witnessed setting in the west, we listened to her stories of bush medicine, the history of the area with pastoralists and her deep concern for future generations. I recalled a visit to Uluru three years previously with my mother and son, when I experienced a knowing that I would return to the heart of Australia, not as a tourist, but for a different purpose. Could this moment in time be that knowing? I felt a heavy sadness as she painted the picture of the plight of the youth with high rates of suicide and a sense

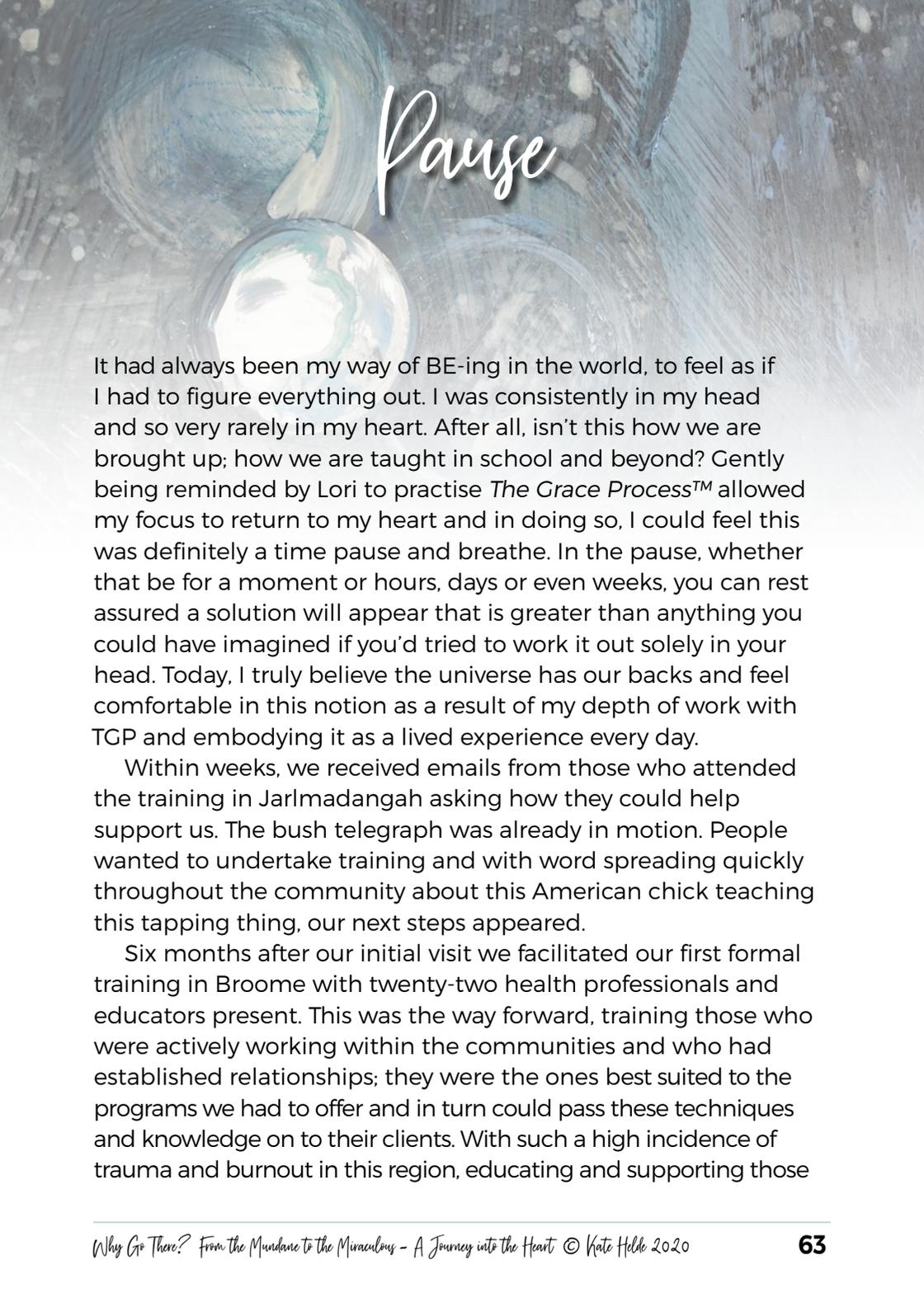
of helplessness; but at the same time, she never relinquished her sense of hope. Hope for a different future, a sustainable future and a new future being led by strong, visionary, indigenous youth.

The next morning Lori facilitated the trauma healing workshop, *Evidence Based EFT® for Trauma Relief and Resiliency Training*, with others present from around the region. It was very well received as we witnessed the immediate relief of those who had volunteered to have the technique demonstrated and of the group included in the process. It's very common to see a volunteer's relief coupled with confusion, as they wonder how tapping on some points and making statements could have such an impact on how they feel in their bodies.

Bearing witness to this always encourages me to pursue this path and follow through with the vision of training in these techniques for those who need it most. We knew we needed to spend time *heart-storming* and finding solutions that could provide the most effective way for this training to be delivered moving forward. Perhaps it was more suitable to train those in constant contact with the local communities – the service providers – given they were the ones who had formed relationships already. How could this be done and what was the best way forward?

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- how beautiful relationships can be built with a foundation of trust;
- the importance of truth telling for first nation's peoples, to be seen and heard;
- it is through open communication and trust, that collaboration can flourish;
- how witnessing the immediate benefits of EFT/Tapping consistently inspires me.



Pause

It had always been my way of BE-ing in the world, to feel as if I had to figure everything out. I was consistently in my head and so very rarely in my heart. After all, isn't this how we are brought up; how we are taught in school and beyond? Gently being reminded by Lori to practise *The Grace Process*TM allowed my focus to return to my heart and in doing so, I could feel this was definitely a time pause and breathe. In the pause, whether that be for a moment or hours, days or even weeks, you can rest assured a solution will appear that is greater than anything you could have imagined if you'd tried to work it out solely in your head. Today, I truly believe the universe has our backs and feel comfortable in this notion as a result of my depth of work with TGP and embodying it as a lived experience every day.

Within weeks, we received emails from those who attended the training in Jarlmadangah asking how they could help support us. The bush telegraph was already in motion. People wanted to undertake training and with word spreading quickly throughout the community about this American chick teaching this tapping thing, our next steps appeared.

Six months after our initial visit we facilitated our first formal training in Broome with twenty-two health professionals and educators present. This was the way forward, training those who were actively working within the communities and who had established relationships; they were the ones best suited to the programs we had to offer and in turn could pass these techniques and knowledge on to their clients. With such a high incidence of trauma and burnout in this region, educating and supporting those

in the field was the key. Providing these techniques would allow greater personal resilience and, in turn, community resilience.

To date, with the generous support of our funders and volunteers, over one hundred health professionals and educators have been trained in *Evidence Based EFT® Field Training for Traumatised Communities* in WA and Victoria. We now continue to build capacity in the region through a sustainable model and broaden our reach working with organisations and communities in Victoria. For those of you interested, please keep up-to-date on [our website](#) as we track our progress and measure the impact in these communities. We firmly believe the wide acceptance of these training programs has been due to the recognition of Dr Lori Leyden for her trauma healing work globally and underpinned by the dedicated research teams and the training model Dr Peta Stapleton has developed within Evidence Based EFT®.

Based on our experience in this region and in an effort to support the wider community with critically needed trauma healing skills, we designed a special one-day training that allows participants to rapidly manage stress, relax their bodies, experience a deeper sense of calm and control and increase their problem-solving skills. We were honoured to be invited to work with Marninwarntikura in Fitzroy Crossing, having formed a wonderful relationship with a couple from their team. I could have never imagined that morning Petrine gave me her tour of Fitzroy Crossing and visiting the Women's Resource Centre, that the opportunity to return so soon after with Lori and our dedicated team of volunteers, would come to light. Another miracle perhaps?

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- not trying to work everything out but just pausing, allows for opportunities and solutions to arise beyond our imagination;
- holding the broad vision and trusting the process will show the way forward;
- word of mouth is the most effective marketing - know it will happen if you are meeting a need and offer value to others.

Miracles Abound

In addition to our focus on the Mind Heart Connect® Foundation, we responded to interest expressed by attendees at our inaugural event in the May of 2017 and ran our first *Spa for the Soul Immersion Retreat* facilitated by Lori, that November. The demand for an immersion experience of *The Grace Process™* was apparent, so I listened to my heart and was excited by the thought of sharing the gifts of a 'TGP lived experience' here in Australia.

An immersion experience of TGP consists of a three to four day retreat where attendees stay on site, are nourished on all levels and provided an opportunity to work with and embrace this seemingly simple formula. Having not only been the organiser, but also an active participant in these retreats, I can honestly say the depth you are able to achieve in a live-in retreat with other like-minded, heart-centred beings is another one of the greatest gifts I've received.

I mentioned earlier I would share a personal story with you to illustrate how implementing this process has deepened my journey into my heart which continues to provide opportunities to heal and miracles to present.

Having had a glimpse through the first section of this book of my judgements in relation to Dad, the limiting beliefs I formed and the pain this caused me for years, let me now give you an example of the freedom I felt – or I could look at it as the healing I experienced – by making a conscious choice to put TGP formula into practice.

In August 2018, I was preparing for an upcoming trip to see Dad in Portugal. I had an inner sense that it was time for me to visit him and his wife in this, his eighty-sixth year. I knew I had released a lot of judgement in relation to his choice to live on the other side of the globe and the gifts that actually provided, but there was something deep within me that truly desired Dad to see me today for who I am *now*, not who I was when I worked in the family business. *That* Kate, who was so desperately seeking love, seemed a distant memory and was not a person I looked fondly upon, yet at the same time I felt deep compassion for her and completely grateful for all the lessons provided by navigating the many challenges she faced. On reflection that Kate of old, in my mind, was actually someone that Dad loved – the daughter who was carrying on the family tradition and living out his passion – as he was unaware of my darker side. I couldn't identify with it at the time, but on my first couple of solo overseas trips for the business he would call me by phone at each new destination, just to check in that I'd made it okay and to see if I had any concerns or perhaps offer a suggestion about a restaurant close by. At the time, I thought he was checking up on me to see I was doing the job properly. Oh, how wonderful fresh insights can be and the forgiveness and love that can emerge as a result!

So, my desire was to be seen by Dad on this trip. Leading up to my departure, I had managed some preparatory work using TGP, so I went with the softly held intention that he would see me as an empathetic, intelligent, wise and heartfelt woman. Implementing TGP brought me to a place of deep forgiveness in my heart for everything and anything that had gone before in our relationship. Forgiveness of his choices, forgiveness of the circumstances this created in leaving us and forgiveness of myself for holding these judgements for such a *long* time and the pain this caused *me*! The freedom I felt in that awareness was incredible.

During my brief stay that September, I kept wondering how I was going to get Dad to see me now. How could I have a conversation with him to express this, or how could I control

a situation to illustrate this, so he would see me in a new light? I was desperate for this to occur as I had a feeling this may be our last time together as he had suffered some strokes, was exhibiting possible signs of dementia and his health was declining. Fortunately, as I know today, controlling comes from a place of fear. In reality, we do not have control of anything in our lives, except *our* choices in every moment. At that very moment, I reminded myself of exactly this, paused, took a deep breath and just surrendered. I chose to get out of my own way of trying to manipulate the situation and surrender to the process. Whatever needed to happen, would. Breathe...

Having surrendered, there was space for a situation to arise where Dad became extremely agitated around our plans for an evening out at a local restaurant. His wife was shopping when this unfolded and I truly understood his agitation as I had witnessed his difficulty in trying to manage himself and keep it all together a few days before. This was so unlike Dad, as he always had his faculties and would normally love the anticipation of an evening out. To cut a long story short, I asked if he would like me to make arrangements so we could eat dinner in. That seemed a good suggestion by the look on his face – one of relief – though his wife was very surprised to receive my call to hear of the change in plans.

Dad wasn't one for a lot of conversation these days. He would mostly sit with me and not say a word, which was so foreign to me as usually I'd be hard pushed to get a word in. Quite often I would find myself trying to overcompensate for the silence, but at this time, I just allowed the relief Dad felt at not having to eat out, to truly integrate. A few minutes passed and he said out of the blue, 'Thank you for intervening.' That was it. Only four words. And in that moment, I knew *I had been seen* for who I am today!

As I reflected later on, tears flowed in gratitude for the healing I received in that moment, and as I write now, I know he has *always* loved me – his love just didn't present the way I thought it should. So, if I've now been 'seen' by Dad as an empathetic,

intelligent, wise and heartfelt woman, how will that translate into my other relationships and life moving forward? It felt so freeing and expansive in that moment in time.

Fast forward to November 2019 and our fourth Grace Process retreat being held in the majestic Yarra Valley in Victoria, where a group of divine souls gathered and immersed themselves in this teaching. Being held so beautifully by the mountain in a purpose-built retreat centre and guided through the process by Lori, there was a meeting of hearts and lives would be enriched forever. One divine soul shares her reflection creatively in the written word:

*We met anew
On the high side of the valley
Mellowing Sun
Clouds afloat

Awash in soft rains - adrift in unknowns

Beguiling creatures beckoned ...
With hands on hearts
Memories surfaced
Thoughts formed
Judgements suspended

Hearts opened
Wrong doings rescinded
Patterns rewoven
Precious life lessons
Fullness & friends

FOUND

HEARD

SEEN

LOVED*

I feel the retreat was an extremely healing experience for all, and the above reflection was expressed by a beautiful woman and

talented artist, Deb Wadeson. It's not my intention to single out anyone, as sharing this lived experience as a group is something I hold very close to my heart. The reason I mention Deb, is that doing so provides an opportunity to share what has been another incredible personal healing experience and miracle.

A few weeks later at an informal get together, Deb was chatting with others and mentioned she wanted to paint a portrait and enter it in the Archibald Prize competition. The Archibald Prize is one of Australia's most popular, prestigious and oldest art awards and has been running for nearly one hundred years. When Deb was asked who the portrait would be of, she replied, 'I haven't asked her yet.' I was sitting opposite Deb and caught the tail end of her conversation. When I looked over, she asked if I'd be willing to sit for the portrait!

OMGrace, this was beyond belief! I was totally shocked. That little voice in my head rose quickly to belittle me, yet I answered, 'Of course I would. I'd be thrilled to!' and felt such gratitude, love, joy and wonder in that moment. Was this to be another phase in my healing to *be seen* as an empathetic, intelligent, wise and heartfelt woman? Was this an opportunity to extend the reach of my passion?

I was intrigued to understand what was it that brought Deb to this point. What had occurred during our time together at the retreat that created space for and planted this seed? Here's Deb's explanation of her lived experience:

'I witnessed complex women, gathered in a safe and loving space, sharing healing, vulnerabilities, determination, true purpose & joy. I was inspired by their stories – I had mirrored back to me the preciousness of our lives, gifts and learnings. Those connections, along with my own powerful retreat experience and experimenting with the practice of EFT/Tapping, undoubtedly enriched my artistic explorations. There was a deep sense of acceptance, belonging... a flourishing.'

For me, witnessing Deb flourish at the retreat was inspiring. One morning I came downstairs to see her sitting and sketching. Little did I know this sketch would form an image depicting the group and our sacred time together. Her ability to capture the heart essence of the environment and audience through the fine lines of a pencil, or the stroke of a brush is a divine gift indeed, and the portrait she has created capturing my essence and story is beyond words. My desire to *be seen* has been taken up a notch and the deep healing I have experienced through this process has been profound. As I write today, due to the impact of COVID-19, the 2020 entries have been postponed to a later date, but I'll be sure to share with you our future adventures and upcoming miracles. The time is now for works like this to be shared with a broader audience. The writing that accompanies the portrait is exquisite and gives voice to a part of my destiny – my calling – through the work of the Mind Heart Connect® Foundation.

Here's a short excerpt for context:

'EFT/Tapping is a profound process that regulates emotions through a body-based approach and encompasses recent discoveries in the science of neuroplasticity. This approach is an emerging 4th wave in the field of psychotherapies & provides an opportunity for individuals to heal trauma, something Kate holds very close to her heart. Today more than ever, awareness of and access to these techniques is desperately needed globally. We hold the 'medicine' inside ourselves.'

This truly is alchemy in motion and perhaps the line above simply articulates what I've innately known to be true during my search for 'more'. We hold the medicine inside ourselves.

AS I REFLECT, I SEE:

- the judgements I held, negatively impacted me, not those I was judging. (*Why do we do that!*);
- that with awareness we have the opportunity for new choices;
- that moving into a place of forgiveness is freeing;
- that holding an intention without attachment to expectations is a form of surrender;
- that integrating at my core my being 'seen' by Dad, has given me the freedom to be seen by others;
- that living our soul purpose with passion gives rise to miracles.

Evolution and Coming Home

So, for the girl who was a disruptive influence in school, held onto the limiting beliefs, Soul Myths of 'not good enough' for decades, had a deep sense of being 'all alone' and separate from others in this lifetime, and felt that 'vulnerability wasn't safe' and that she didn't have 'a voice'; who could have imagined this would be her path? Certainly not me!

Whether it be ourselves or other constants in our lives keeping us stuck, there's nothing surer than the fact that we are always evolving – either through suffering and struggle or ease and grace – and that this is determined by our awareness, choices and actions. The next time you feel as if you're hitting your head against a brick wall or paddling upstream, pause, breathe and be in the wonder of what's possible. What's possible if I get out of my own way, surrender and allow a process to emerge?

Since establishing the flagship Mind Heart Connect® in 2016, as with any new business, we've faced obstacles. Fortunately, with the heart/mind-set and presence we embody, they resolve rapidly and something new and positive always emerges. Today with our focus firmly grounded in providing you with the most up-to-date, effective and evidence-based self-care techniques, we are blessed to have the support of our tribe. We will continue to support you in your life's journey if you're up for it, and know that if we all step into the newfound freedom of living from our hearts and relaxing the firm grip of our minds, we can co-create a beautiful future for ourselves, our loved ones and the planet.

The time is now. I believe mother nature has been trying to give us the message in countless ways over the past few years with catastrophic events and more recently with the effects of COVID-19 impacting billions of lives. Perhaps more of us are starting to wake up, to relinquish fear and to step into the unknown. Surely that's a better place to be, if you're not feeling in flow or congruent with your innate calling? It's different for us all, but you'll know what it is if you value yourself even in the smallest of ways, to just get still and breathe – that's the first step.

Are you willing to step off that treadmill and believe there is another way to BE in your life; another way to navigate every moment of every day, surrender to the process and see what's awaiting you? Is it time for *your* new narrative? How exciting or perhaps frightening is that, just feeling into the possibility of something new, something different, available in every moment with every choice you make? Will I choose to stay in the fast lane, or notice I'm feeling stressed/contracted and choose to pause and breathe? Will I choose to keep on trying to figure it all out in my head, or pause and tune into my heart? Will I ignore the gentle whispers from my heart or even bricks over the head and continue to push through as my way forward, or choose to pause? Will I ignore the fact that my physical being is compromised a lot of the time and showing signs of disease, or will I choose to honour the divine wisdom I hold?

I'm not saying any of this is easy or you need to do this on your own; it does take courage and commitment – commitment to yourself first of all. What's important to you? Your relationships (firstly with yourself), family, the humanitarian crisis, your local community, the environment? Perhaps, if you're not already, explore some of the tools and techniques I've mentioned and find one or two that resonate for you, then embrace them as part of your daily ritual. In every moment, notice in your body: Am I feeling contracted or expansive? This is the primary signal – do you receive a red or a green light in that moment? If it's too overwhelming, *ask for help!* It's OK to ask. It's not a sign

of weakness. It is possible to be safe in your vulnerability and I say this from my own experience and want you to know – the support I received was profound.

Let yourself off the hook; take some time to just BE and stop the constant DO-ing (a wonderful distraction) and who knows, you may feel your passion and purpose emerge. Lean into and follow it and *know* that you will be supported every step of the way. Just trust.

As a result of my life's choices today, I feel energised, totally supported and on path. I feel empowered, have discovered self-esteem in a softer form and choose to honour myself daily with self-care rituals – they're my non-negotiables. I can breathe fully, am comfortable in my vulnerability even in the closest of my relationships, feel extremely connected with my global tribe and rarely feel disconnected. I'm using my voice for good and today feel that I am 'good enough'. Having said all that, there are times though, as I step out in the world in a more expansive way, that I catch myself in the moment when my ego is trying to keep me safe, hijack me and take me out. I notice the contraction, pause, reflect and make choices from my heart rather than my head. It's a wonderfully freeing way to BE and it *can be this way for you too*.

Through my meditation practice, EFT/Tapping, The Grace Process™ and my other little toolkit of *go tos*, aside from leaning more fully into my destiny, I've been able to heal deep internal wounds – wounds that I know if I had remained fully in my head and not found a place of forgiveness, would still haunt me to this day. The freedom in that is there are now words. Speaking of which, I have a final story for you on the following page, as I didn't want to conclude my writing without mentioning my beautiful mum. My limiting beliefs and core wounds can be triggered every now and again, but they certainly don't have the grip they had on me for the first fifty years of my life. They can still hold me back and try to diminish my vision, but I choose 'To Go There' each step of the way.

We all deserve this freedom. You are a divine being and here to BE the most expansive version of yourself. You do know that, don't you? Let's embody this way of BEing in the world and share it with today's youth. Imagine what's possible when future generations grow up with this as their way of BEing in the world. They are our future and there's no time to wait until they're fifty to get it! Let's envision this next generation leading the world as conscious evolutionary Heart BEings, creating a sustainable and wonderful future for those who follow.

With the deepest gratitude to have had you on this journey to witness my Sacred Story, I'm holding you in my heart for the healing you desire and may our paths cross either in this realm or beyond.

Here are some snippets from the numerology reading overview I said I'd share with you too... Do you think there's something in it perhaps? For those of you unfamiliar with numerology, 'it is the study of numbers, as the figures designating the year of one's birth to determine their supposed influence on one's life, future etc'.

"Dear Kate,

I have yet to find so many 7's as you have. The message seems very clear, you are here to gain wisdom – of the spiritual kind.

Much love, Janine."

"7 is the 'perfection of man' and spirituality. Looking for truth.

Analytical, wisdom, isolation, perfection, trust, discernment, sincere, worry, detached, secretive, sceptical, scientific, contemplative, inventive, alone.

The Number 7 indicates a need for rest and mediation. Time to study life and it's mystery, to unveil the perception of truth. You need to be in touch with nature and people of like mind with metaphysical interests. Your ambitions and goals come easily with faith in the cosmos."

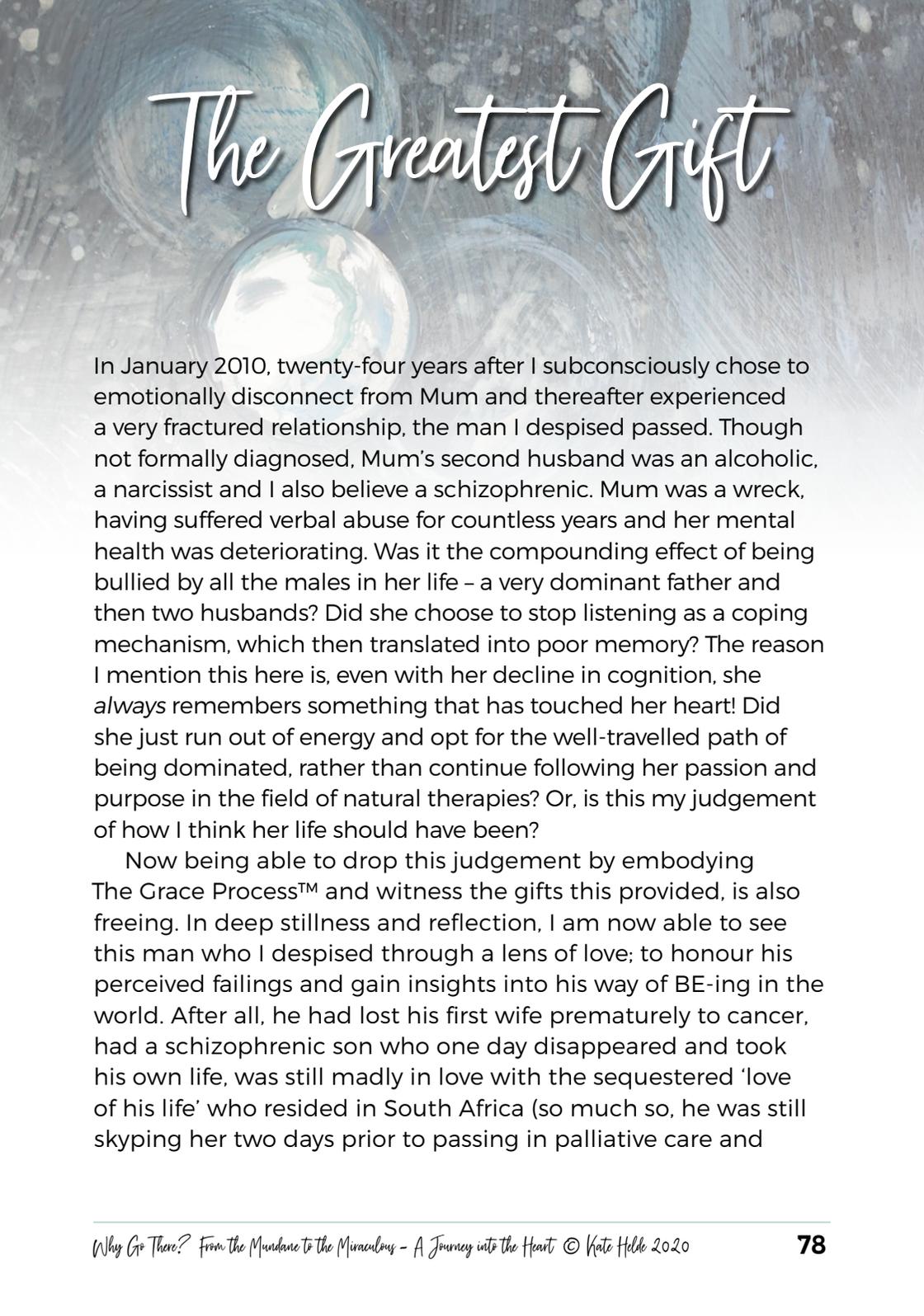
“K = inspiring, can be clairvoyant, ambitious, carries a high spiritual vibration, which may not be used, as habits are formed when very young. Dreamers and extremists.

Soul Urge = 34 7

Learning and working for wisdom. Learn to work in a spiritual manner.

If you are not expressing your soul urge, then you will be out of harmony.”

“You have the ‘line of scepticism’. This indicates a lack of spiritual awareness and need to search for answers. There is a need for you to look internally and learn that there is more to life than what the 5 senses tell us. Learn to rely on your intuition and avoid having to prove things. You need to search out a philosophy on life that suits you.”



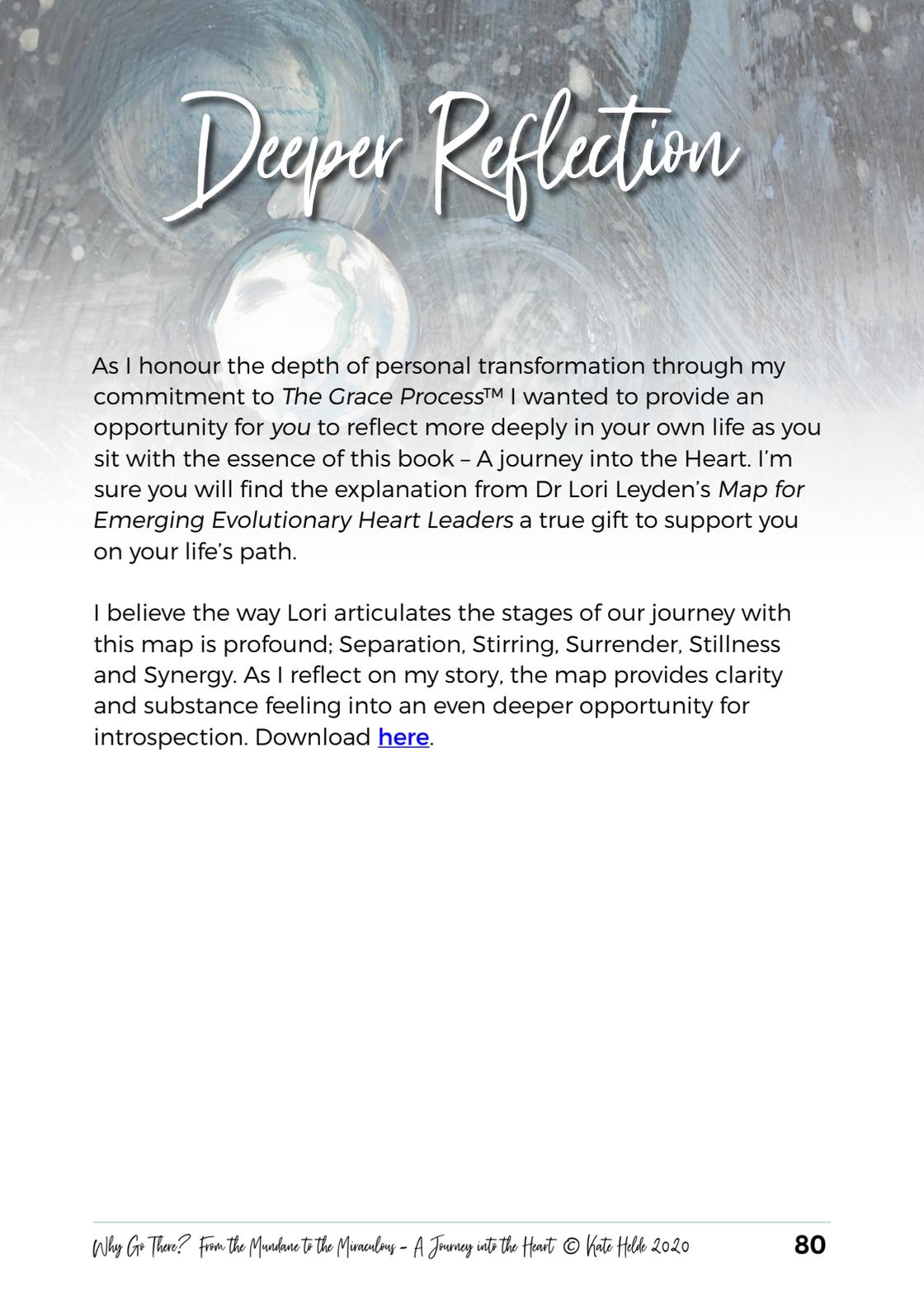
The Greatest Gift

In January 2010, twenty-four years after I subconsciously chose to emotionally disconnect from Mum and thereafter experienced a very fractured relationship, the man I despised passed. Though not formally diagnosed, Mum's second husband was an alcoholic, a narcissist and I also believe a schizophrenic. Mum was a wreck, having suffered verbal abuse for countless years and her mental health was deteriorating. Was it the compounding effect of being bullied by all the males in her life – a very dominant father and then two husbands? Did she choose to stop listening as a coping mechanism, which then translated into poor memory? The reason I mention this here is, even with her decline in cognition, she *always* remembers something that has touched her heart! Did she just run out of energy and opt for the well-travelled path of being dominated, rather than continue following her passion and purpose in the field of natural therapies? Or, is this my judgement of how I think her life should have been?

Now being able to drop this judgement by embodying The Grace Process™ and witness the gifts this provided, is also freeing. In deep stillness and reflection, I am now able to see this man who I despised through a lens of love; to honour his perceived failings and gain insights into his way of BE-ing in the world. After all, he had lost his first wife prematurely to cancer, had a schizophrenic son who one day disappeared and took his own life, was still madly in love with the sequestered 'love of his life' who resided in South Africa (so much so, he was still skyping her two days prior to passing in palliative care and

Mum and I were none the wiser); and he too was doing his best to numb the surmountable pain with alcohol and a life full of materialistic distractions. Was it his deception, manipulation and control that I judged so harshly as he mirrored this back to the shadow side of myself?

When I dropped judgement of how I believed Mum should live her life, I was able to be fully present with her and drink in every moment of grace she showers me with today. Now in aged-care with progressive Alzheimer's, she is one of the greatest gifts of my life. Mum always extended her hand, even when I chose to shove it back in her face for those disconnected twenty-four years. She too has always loved me and I have always been held in her heart. She says I'm her star – her shining light – and is constantly asking what I'm doing in the world, and though not truly comprehending mentally, in her heart she *knows* I'm doing something with passion and purpose. Thank you, Mum, for without your journey into enlightenment, without your never ending love and support, the miracles contained in these pages and my deep desire for a life of passion, purpose and fulfilment, would still be only a dream. You are embodied in this fabric of co-creation.



Deeper Reflection

As I honour the depth of personal transformation through my commitment to *The Grace Process*™ I wanted to provide an opportunity for you to reflect more deeply in your own life as you sit with the essence of this book – A journey into the Heart. I'm sure you will find the explanation from Dr Lori Leyden's *Map for Emerging Evolutionary Heart Leaders* a true gift to support you on your life's path.

I believe the way Lori articulates the stages of our journey with this map is profound; Separation, Stirring, Surrender, Stillness and Synergy. As I reflect on my story, the map provides clarity and substance feeling into an even deeper opportunity for introspection. Download [here](#).



*Mind Heart Connect – Creating Resilient Lives 2017:
(L-R) Brad Yates, Lori, Peta, Kate, Dr David Hamilton, Glenn Mackintosh, Dr Joe Dispenza.*



The adventurous drive out to Mungo National Park – 2017.



Another full body 'yes' Petrine, Lori and Kate
- Mungo National Park.



Kate's mum and son at Uluru - 2015
- an innate knowing of a return to
the centre.



On country Kimberley Region, WA - 2018.



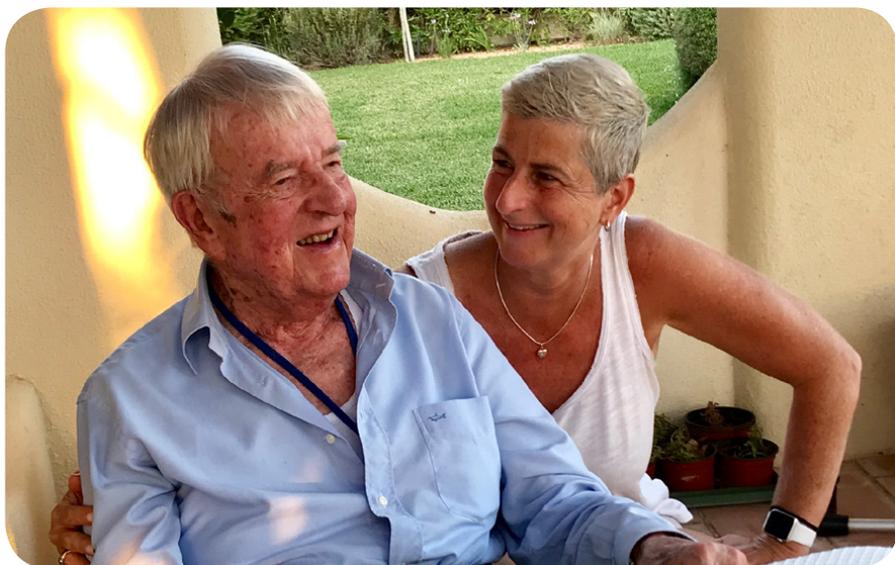
Initial training with Jarlmadangah community, Kimberley Region, WA – 2018
– planting the seed for future training programs.



EBEFT Field Training for Traumatized Communities, Broome WA – 2019
– one of the inspired groups of dedicated service providers.



Petrine, Lori and Kate 'on country' Kimberley Region, WA - 2018.



Kate with her dad, Portugal - 2018.



2019 Event – Foundation Directors: Emma, Peta, Kate, Ellie Colquhoun (Youth Ambassador), Karen Pethard (Combardis mists Foundation supporter), Carolyn Clark (Director).



2019 Event – Emma, Kate and Sarah O'Donnell (Foundation Advisory Board).



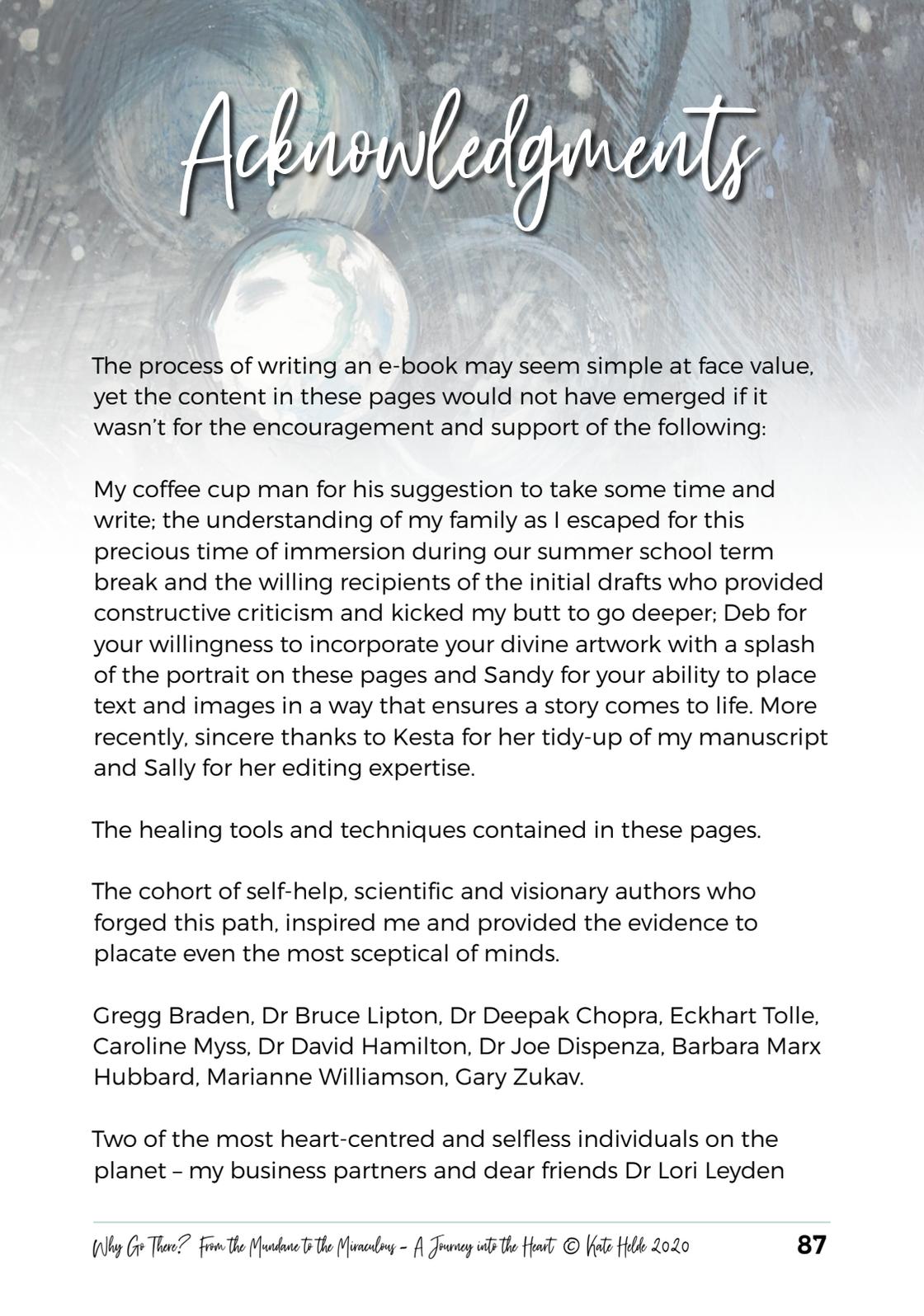
Kate's mum and son – 2016.



Kate and her mum - 2016



The Grace Process Retreat, Yarra Valley Vic - 2019 - just one of our beautiful groups of open hearts.



Acknowledgments

The process of writing an e-book may seem simple at face value, yet the content in these pages would not have emerged if it wasn't for the encouragement and support of the following:

My coffee cup man for his suggestion to take some time and write; the understanding of my family as I escaped for this precious time of immersion during our summer school term break and the willing recipients of the initial drafts who provided constructive criticism and kicked my butt to go deeper; Deb for your willingness to incorporate your divine artwork with a splash of the portrait on these pages and Sandy for your ability to place text and images in a way that ensures a story comes to life. More recently, sincere thanks to Kesta for her tidy-up of my manuscript and Sally for her editing expertise.

The healing tools and techniques contained in these pages.

The cohort of self-help, scientific and visionary authors who forged this path, inspired me and provided the evidence to placate even the most sceptical of minds.

Gregg Braden, Dr Bruce Lipton, Dr Deepak Chopra, Eckhart Tolle, Caroline Myss, Dr David Hamilton, Dr Joe Dispenza, Barbara Marx Hubbard, Marianne Williamson, Gary Zukav.

Two of the most heart-centred and selfless individuals on the planet – my business partners and dear friends Dr Lori Leyden

and Dr Peta Stapleton - without their open hearts, trust, willingness to co-create in such an expansive way, commitment and encouragement, again, this all would still be a dream.

All of you who I've met and collaborated with on this incredible journey, too many to mention individually, but you know who you are. A deep merging of hearts.

YOU, for taking the time to explore these pages, as it is for you they were written.

Throughout these pages I've shared links to the resources and practices that have supported me so profoundly. In the hopes that you too will be inspired on your journey, I offer them [here](#) so you can more readily access them. They include: Mind Heart Connect, our Foundation and social media platforms, toolbovertime, and The Grace Process.

I personally want to invite you to make a difference by joining our [Mind Heart Connect](#) family, participating in our events and following our [Foundation](#) work.

If you feel moved to share how you may relate to my journey I'd love to hear from you - you can email me [here](#).

Deep gratitude
Kate

Resource Links

Kate Helder – <https://linktr.ee/katehelder>
– katehelder@me.com

Mind Heart Connect & Mind Heart Connect Foundation –
<https://linktr.ee/mindheartconnect>

toolboxtime® – <http://www.toolboxtime.com/>

Dr Peta Stapleton –
The Ultimate Tapping Guide – https://petastapleton.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/10/Ultimate_Tapping_Guide_HR.pdf

Lori Leyden and The Grace Process –
<http://www.lorileyden.com/>
www.createglobalhealing.org

Graphic Design – Sandy Coventry
sandy@nittygrittygraphics.com.au
www.nittygrittygraphics.com.au

Artist, Deb Waderson –
<https://www.instagram.com/debdw/?hl=en>