

SACRED POWERS



The Five Secrets to
Awakening Transformation

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Sacred Whispers

Be willing to take the first step, no matter how small it is. . . . Absolute miracles will happen. —Louise Hay

If You Can Dream it . . .

There are times in our life when we need to reset our course, reinvent ourselves, recalibrate our circumstances, and establish a new trajectory. These are the defining moments when we need to draw a line between everything that's ever happened and everything that ever will.

All the words society currently uses to describe these moments don't really do them justice—fresh start, new beginning, second chance. They just don't tell the full story. Because in reality, we desire a total extraction from the scenario we've created—with all its consequences & after-effects— and the chance for a complete do-over—a reentry into a new world where we are whole, pure, perfect, unstained, untainted, and unconditioned.

Sometimes we're not aware that the critical moment has arrived. We have resigned ourselves to the fact that we must live with the cards we've been dealt, and, subsequently, we are blind to the amazing opportunity resting right in front of our noses.

More often than not, we can taste and feel—with every fiber of our being—that the Universe has taken a deep breath in, allowed time and space to pause, announced a special yet fleeting opportunity, and given us the chance to leap into a new, more nourishing dream.

The greatest pioneer of the animation industry, Walt Disney, is credited with saying, "If you can dream it, you can do it." He demonstrated this not just by powerfully manifesting his own dreams but by also awakening the dreams that rest inside each of us. His vast legacy of movies, theme parks, and cartoons taught (and continue to teach) millions of children and their parents around the world that we are beings of transformation, capable of manifesting whatever we desire.

Many people see the concept of manifesting your dreams as a fantasy. A lifetime of conditioning holds them back from taking that bold, transformational step. Fear keeps them frozen, clinging desperately to the old dream, and the throbbing pain of past missteps locks them into a swirl of second-guessing. And so they find themselves with one foot firmly planted in the past and one dangling toe waiting to touch down in the fresh, fertile soil of the newly envisioned future.

Some people spend their entire lives just like that—holding themselves back, trapped in a prison of their own design, deferring their dreams, and accepting a dumbed-down version of their best selves.

I was one of those people until I discovered the Five Divine Secrets and their Sacred Powers of Transformation.

Life at the Crossroads

Sleepwalking through life, the weight on my chest so heavy I could barely breathe, and working an 18-hour day in a business that did not feed my soul, I was stressed out, burned out, unfulfilled, and empty. I was so far from the present moment and living eternally in the past, carrying a knot in my stomach so tight that it could only be washed away by a glass of Scotch at bedtime. I had accepted that this would be my life and resigned myself to the sad reality that one day, I would die, and the nightmare would be over.

But then, in the wake of 9/11, at the four-way intersection of hopelessness, deep sadness, confusion, and lack of purpose, I walked past a row of cardboard boxes that people were living in on a street in downtown Manhattan. It was there that I received the first Sacred Whisper of my life—an unexpected moment in which time stood still and the voice of the divine spoke directly to me through the body of someone I did not know and had never met. This life-changing hiccup in the space-time continuum was a defining moment of celestial convergence that absorbed me into a cosmic stream of timelessness—and ultimately gave me a newfound awareness and the inspiration to dream a new dream.

At first I was startled as I glimpsed a soot-covered hand reaching out from a blanket-covered cardboard structure to grab my pant leg as I walked by. But instead of speeding up and brushing past, for some reason, I slowed down, stopped, leaned back on my left foot, and offered my right leg as if I were in a trance and had no choice. I watched the hand extend farther toward me, gripping a fold of my pant leg right beneath my knee.

And suddenly the moment began revealing itself in slow motion. I gasped, and my throat closed tightly, holding the breath in for a second. Then it felt as though the heavens opened up—everything moved away from us—the sky distanced itself, the other people on the sidewalk vanished, the buildings around us evaporated. It was as if the two of us were the only creatures in existence. All the street sounds and voices around us faded into the background as a high-pitched whoosh! encased my head like the sound in your ears as you lay in bed after you've attended a really loud concert. And the grizzled face of a man, with dirt deeply etched into the crevices of his forehead and hollowed-out cheeks, peered up at me.

He tightened his grip, pulling my attention down with his fingers as he hoisted his body up and inched his face a bit closer to mine. We leaned into each other and matched gazes. Our eyes locked for what seemed an eternity. Those deep-aquamarine pools dazzled me, inviting me into the depths of his soul. And with a raspy whispered breath, he spoke as if forcing me to bear the burden of the words he uttered. His lips parted, and he asked, "What's going to be on your tombstone?"

The Defining Moment

The words swept into my mind and echoed over and over. They cascaded down from my ears, past my throat to my shoulders, dripping down my chest, racing into my heart, each syllable integrating itself into every cell of my body, and then bursting back out of my solar plexus, until they puddled on the sidewalk between us. I remember gasping as our eyes stayed riveted on each other's pupils. And then he loosened his fingers and released his grip, his hand sliding down the front of my pant leg and resting on my shoe.

It was most likely seconds, but it felt like hours. Sensing his knuckles resting on my shoe with his open palm face up, I assumed he was asking for some charity. I reached into my pocket, intending to give him a few dollars. Clairvoyantly, he reached up to stop me and pressed his hand against my pocket, pinning my hand inside it. "It's not about the money. The answer is in the stars," he counseled in a raspy whisper. "Just find your sacred powers."

Suddenly realizing that I had not breathed in a minute, I gasped again. And, as I exhaled back out, all I could utter was, "Huh?" I backed up a few inches, freeing my hand from his pressure, and, as if on autopilot, plucked a few bills from my pocket in slow motion. Again, I took a long, slow, deep breath in and extended my hand to make an offering. He countered with a whisper and a gaze up to the heavens. "Can you hear it? Do you hear that?"

Breathing in the Divine

There was total silence. The whooshing had stopped. No sounds of the city. No sounds of anything. The space between his words was deafening. It was a moment of pure quiet. My heart felt so peaceful. My mind was a serene pond. There was no movement within us or around us. We were merged. There was nothing. It was nothingness. Timelessness. One-ness.

As we remained frozen in this moment, without breaking his gaze or moving his lips, he said, “Now you see me. And now I see you. Will you trust?”

That’s right. His lips were closed. But the words flowed out of him and came into me! Uncontrollably, my fingers opened and dropped the bills on the concrete in front of his box. I stared at him deeply and took another long, slow, deep breath as if I was inhaling his very essence—his words, his sparkling blue eyes, his pain, his heart, his grime, his love, his wisdom, his rapture became mine. And, for the first time in decades, I felt so light, so free, so awake and knowing, weightless, pure, whole, loved, and filled with clarity. Everything made sense. I can only describe it as a feeling of total completeness. I wanted to absorb the moment forever. But awareness of time and space began to creep back into the bliss, and I felt the sensation of slowly moving back into my physical body. Then, there were the sounds of the city again – car horns, traffic, footsteps, people’s voices. Suddenly, staring at him became too uncomfortable—then it became painful. I broke our gaze, looked away, and became aware of my setting. The bills lay on the concrete separating us.

I bent down to pick them up and hand them to him, but he had already withdrawn into the darkness of his cardboard room. I tucked the bills inside the curtain of blankets that acted as his doorway. I stood there waiting for him to reappear, but I never saw him again. I turned away and continued walking. But I had only traveled 20 feet before I felt the need to stop and rest.

My knees were weak, my heart was pounding—and I was having trouble catching my breath. Tears streamed from the corners of my eyes and beads of sweat dripped down my forehead onto my trembling lips. My mind was racing trying to comprehend what had just occurred. My hands were shaking, and my feet became wobbly. So I sat down on a stone doorstep in front of an apartment building and replayed the experience over and over and over in my mind’s eye. The man had spoken only a few sentences, but they were now deeply carved into my soul: “What’s going to be on your tombstone?” “It’s not about the money.” “The answer is in the stars.” “Just find your sacred powers.” “Can you hear it?” “Do you hear that?” “Now you see me.” “And I see you.”

“Will you trust?” I sat for an hour lost in thought as I integrated the encounter into every fiber of my being.

I could have chosen to ignore the whole experience. Even chalk it up to just another kooky interaction in crazy New York City. But it zapped me so deeply to my core, and I couldn’t shake it. I actually felt it changing me cell by cell as it rippled through my consciousness.

Surrendering to the Light of Transformation

I didn’t know it then, but in that defining moment, my entire existence would be transformed forever. I felt the Universe open up and invite me in. My perception began to shift in ways I would only come to understand years later. And, for the life of me, I can't pretend to really even know what actually happened. Was this dear homeless man a messenger from the beyond? Had I just had a conversation with the Divine? Did I have a mini-breakdown? Had I hallucinated the entire experience? Within a few hours—my whole world started powerfully transforming.

By the next morning, all the hair on my head—red since my birth—began to lose its pigment and turn white. The world around me had taken on an entirely different look and feel as if a shroud had been lifted. There was a new, fresh, lightness to each moment – an ease that rippled through me. My thoughts unfolded with laser clarity. My conditioned perspectives of life began to unravel, replaced with innocent eyes and a beginner’s mind. Flickers of peacefulness began inserting themselves into every conversation, action, and experience. I slept deep and restfully like I did when I was a kid. I awoke each morning filled with gratitude and enthusiasm – so excited to be alive. And by the weekend, love-filled light was pouring into my heart, replacing the dark decades of sadness and allowing me to experience joy for the first time in years. In the blink of an eye, I had been transformed.

Weeks later, after an 18-year career in the business world, I found myself trekking through the jungles of southern India, experiencing energetic awakenings that powerfully shifted my physical body, my worldview, and my ability to see beyond the current moment. And, as it turned out, my encounter on that crisp September morning was only the first of many more mystical awakenings that revealed themselves to me over the next decade.

Over the years, I've experienced similar inexplicable encounters, which have gifted me with profound insights, higher states of consciousness, and timeless wisdom to guide me into deeper levels of understanding about life, love, purpose, and decision making. In the deep recesses of my heart, I have referred to these experiences as butterfly moments because each has left me totally transformed from where I was only a few minutes before. I briefly mentioned this very first butterfly moment in my first book, *Secrets of Meditation*. But never before have I revealed the conversation that changed my life, the life lessons that followed, or how I learned to awaken the Sacred Powers that were shared with me as I continued journeying on the Divine Path.

The Power of the Butterfly

On each of these occasions, the heavens part, time slows to a standstill, and I am surrounded by a bubble of silence. My focus zeros in on the other person, and I am aware only of their piercing eyes, which lock me in for what feels like eternity. And then someone I've never met delivers a profound message that has opened another doorway to my personal transformation.

Each time, these butterfly moments rock me for days, weeks, and months as I attempt to integrate their intensity, profundity, and meaning. Each defining moment has acted as a powerful path to deep, personal evolution. Sometimes they occur while I am at a major fork in the road. And other times they come out of the blue, revealing a magnificent crossroads to which I was oblivious up until that moment. But each time they have acted as the stepping-off point into timeless wisdom.

Almost immediately after my "What's going to be on your tombstone?" butterfly moment, I left my career, unplugged from my existence as I knew it, and began a lifelong devotional quest to understand what had actually occurred that day, to discover the Sacred Powers, and to learn the Five Eternal Secrets of Transformation

A Date with Destiny

My next butterfly moment unfolded several months later as I was traveling through southern India after weeks of scouring the Himalayan foothills in the north for answers. There I had been told of a mystical shaman who could see deep into the past and far into the future of those who were destined to visit him. He was known as the Nadi, which means "palm leaf" in Tamil, a language of southern India that has been spoken for more than 2000 years.

I had spent many weeks traveling thousands of miles - from the north to the south - roaming from one village to the next in search of deep answers. I kept bumping into dead ends, and no one who even spoke my language, which made me question whether it was truly meant to be. But I persevered, because somewhere in my heart, I felt divinely directed to find him.

On this particular day, I sensed I was getting closer as I stood in a busy marketplace with my pink skin and white hair attracting a swarm of people who wanted to hug me and take photos with me. I spoke neither Tamil nor Hindi, and no one around seemed to speak English. And then Boom! As soon as I uttered the word nadi, everything went silent. The noise of the market stilled to a hush. I could feel the wings of the butterfly starting to emerge from its chrysalis. The crowd faded into the background as a slender teenage boy approached me and gazed deeply into my eyes. In total silence, we stared at each other for what seemed like an hour, though it was most likely a few minutes. He extended his hand and I took it as he led me past the hundreds of swarming onlookers through a twisting maze of side streets and back alleys. Finally, we emerged at a curbside kiosk, where he ordered two cups of tea. As we stood in the dusty road, sipping from our glasses and staring into one another's eyes, I realized I was on the very edge of another powerful transformation.

We drank in silence, and then he ordered us another cup and began to speak to me in an unknown language. At first I just listened as his words penetrated my heart. But after a while, it morphed into a "conversation," as I began to tell him about my journey and how I was sensing that this was another butterfly moment. Our eyes were riveted, and although he only knew Tamil, and clearly did not understand English, he acknowledged every word I spoke as if he fully comprehended it, nodding and smiling at me with his jet-black eyes.

Stranger in a Strange Land

And so there we stood in the street, speaking at each other and never understanding a word the other was saying. But a sweet vibration seemed to be flowing between us, and we laughed a lot and started to cultivate a comfort. Using some made-up sign language, bizarre body language, and lots of repetition, over 20 minutes, I was able to learn that his name was Rakesh, and he'd heard of the Nadi but never actually seen him. An hour later, he was driving me from the market in his broken-down jalopy on a dirt road that supposedly would take me to meet the Nadi. He kept giggling, and I kept trusting. It was beyond weird, but how could I resist?

We traveled for six hours by car with him chattering nonstop in Tamil and me telling him about my “What’s going to be on your tombstone?” butterfly moment. We stopped to fill the tank once, and he even giggled and chattered away as he pumped the gas. Even though neither of us had a clue of what the other was saying, it seemed we had become fast friends. We laughed, sang, and drank in the amazing scenery as we got farther and farther away from civilization. There were times where the road was so narrow that his car barely squeezed between trees that bordered it, but we traveled onward and deeper into the unknown. At one point, he jammed on the brakes and jumped from the car, pointing in the distance to a long, smooth gray mountain on the other side of a lake. “Elephant rock! Elephant rock!” he shouted, so filled with glee. And, indeed, the mountain was in the shape of a huge elephant lying on its belly—it must have been five hundred feet long.

We drove farther, entering the jungle near a town called Swamimalai, where he stopped the car, turned to me, giggled, and whispered, “Sacred Powers.” I stared at him in awe; he gazed back with delight.

Trusting the Signs

Was this another sacred whisper or was he just repeating the only two English words he remembered from a story I had told him five hours earlier? To this day, I don’t have a clue. But we left the car when the dirt road became an even narrower walking path, and he continued to chatter away as he led me on foot into a jungle. Yes. I know what you’re thinking. Wandering into the jungle in Tamil Nadu, filled with tigers, crocodiles, wild boars, monkeys, and the occasional elephant, being escorted by some kid you’ve just met, who doesn’t speak or understand your language, and probably doesn’t even have a driver’s license in a country 10,000 miles away from home might not be wise.

But I was on a mission. And if this guy was going to introduce me to one of the greatest oracles on the planet who could answer my questions, then I was going to take a shot and follow his lead. I had literally traveled to the other side of the world on the recommendation of the man in the cardboard box, who had asked me, “Will you trust?” My heart said to trust in the moment, so I surrendered and we kept hiking. As we walked through the winding jungle path, we both stopped talking and instead listened to our footsteps, the squawking of birds, and the rustling of leaves.

The Handoff

After walking through the jungle in silence for an hour, we came upon a thatched-roof hut, where Rakesh presented me to a slight man in his 30s named Nannan, who spoke and understood both Tamil and English. They chatted for a while, and I kept hearing the word nadi, but I understood nothing else in their conversation. And then Rakesh pointed to Nannan, excitedly laughing the words, “Nadi! Nadi! Nadi!” Rakesh hugged me, pulling me close and whispering in my right ear, “Sacred Powers, Mr. David,” smiling a huge grin that filled me with such happiness—so much joy, I can feel it right now—and perhaps you can too. Then he spun on his heel and began walking back on the path that had led us there. Within a few moments, he had vanished into the depths of the jungle.

Nannan smirked, rocked his head from side to side, and formally introduced himself to me with a firm handshake. “Are you the Nadi?” I asked. He laughed and in perfect English, with a heavy Indian accent, he said, “No. I am simply Nannan. But I know where the Nadi lives. And tomorrow I will take you to him and translate for you.” I asked if Rakesh would be okay wandering back through the jungle, and Nannan assured me he’d navigate his way back to the car with no difficulty. Then he showed me to a pile of blankets on my side of the hut, where I’d be sleeping that night. He poured me some tea, and we sat on the dirt floor and chatted for a few hours until the sun set.

I shared with him my amazement at how everything had unfolded for me over the past several months. He was unfazed. Apparently, he had brought many people to the Nadi over the years. He calmly told me, “There are no meaningless coincidences, Mr. David. If you are meant to see the Nadi, this is how it happens.” Then we shared some bean stew that he had been cooking in a pot on a bonfire in front of the hut. He tended the fire for a while to keep away the animals, and then we sat silently in the darkness, listening to the crackling of the embers and the amazing night sounds of the jungle. Before long, I was asleep.

Soul Journey

When I awoke the next morning, we meditated together on the jungle floor with nature surrounding us. As we began our trek to meet the Nadi, I asked him what his name meant. He proudly beamed. “Nannan means ‘brave man.’” He flexed his biceps for emphasis. We traveled the rest of the way in silence, and my mind was awash—replaying all that had transpired the day before and the experience now unfolding.

Hours later, I was sitting in a room with Nannan and the Nadi, a very serious shaman, who spoke only in deep, grunting whispers and only in the language of ancient Tamil. Every word between me and the Nadi needed to pass through Nannan, and I suddenly had a deep wave of gratitude for Rakesh, who had so kindly taken care of me, delivering me to this auspicious moment. The Nadi held up his hand and pointed to his right thumb. I offered him mine and he swabbed it in a black liquid. Then he pressed it down for a few seconds on a piece of paper and left the room with my thumbprint.

Nannan and I sat in silence for a long time, as the Nadi meditated in another room. When he came back, he asked me a series of yes/no questions about my life and left the room again. When he returned, he had retrieved an ancient browned parchment made of the dried leaf of a Palmyra palm tree, and he placed it on the table between us. “This is your leaf,” Nannan informed me. “The story of your soul’s entire existence.” The strange, stiff dark-golden leaf was inscribed with tiny etchings in black ink, which had been made hundreds of years earlier from a mixture of the dried lamp soot of sesame oil, rainwater, and the gum of an acacia plant. The etchings were in ancient Tamil, composed of an alphabet totally unknown to me, and mysterious symbols that resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The palm leaf reader started deciphering the document, and began whispering its contents in the language of ancient Tamil. And for 10 continuous hours, as the Nadi relentlessly read aloud, Nannan translated these whispers into English, sharing with me the wisdom of the cosmos, revealing all the details of my past lives, my future lives, and every aspect of my current life—including the moment of my death. He revealed secrets I had never shared with anyone—defining moments from my childhood, ailments, surgeries, major life decisions I had made that set me on certain paths... even confidences regarding my parents, workmates, and lovers. Every so often, when details from my past came out into the open, I would confirm them, and respond, “Wow! You’re really good, Nadi.” But he was unwilling to take the credit for being clairvoyant. Each time, Nannan would reply, “He says he’s simply reading the leaf.” And yet he discussed my life in such faceted nuance that I was left awestruck in every moment.

Deeper into the Leaf

Hour after mind-blowing hour, we explored the sacrosanct and the mundane: from the eternal lessons of the Five Divine Principles, which have guided the heavens and the earth since time began, to the 18-year business career I had just left;

my struggles and challenges with life and love, and the choices I had made to bring me to this auspicious place in my transformation; he clarified my divine purpose here on earth; and explained to me in detail the enduring wisdom and transformational abilities of each of the Sacred Powers.

We explored how I had died in several of my past lives and why I kept coming back to clear my karma. He picked apart every decision I had ever made in this life and how they had led me to this most defining moment of my existence. He told me about families I had been part of, going back hundreds of years; colleagues I had worked with; partners I had supported; friends I had trusted; lovers I had intimately shared with; children I had fathered; people I had betrayed; hearts I had broken. No stone was left unturned.

Then he revealed how my life would unfold from that day forward, the choices that I'd make, right down to how I would die, and when. And through it all, I stared deeply into the Nadi's eyes, listening to the raw truth of my existence coming from Nannan's lips, as the Nadi continued grunting his Sacred Whispers in ancient Tamil. My pen took on a life of its own as I furiously scribbled down the details on nearly a hundred pages of my journal, stopping only when the Nadi had uttered his last whisper and Nannan said, "It is finished."

The three of us were exhausted, and we slid from our chairs onto the rug beneath us. I curled up in a fetal position and began to sob. I struggled to catch my breath as tears streamed down my cheeks into small pools on the worn-out carpet. The raw truth of the experience had cut so sharply into my heart that I continued to cry for days, as I literally integrated 10 lifetimes of information, knowledge, and wisdom into my being. I left the Nadi transformed forever, holding his Sacred Whispers deep inside my soul, and solemnly rededicated myself to living every breath with deeper meaning and purpose.

Divine Guidance

Since that day, I have continued to study the foundations of this timeless body of knowledge with some of the greatest masters and healers of our time—exploring the most potent wisdom traditions of diverse cultures, practicing them with my students, testing ancient theories in real-life situations, and applying them to real-world challenges. I have embraced the Five Divine Principles as powerful ways to perceive and receive the world around me. These consciousness-based principles are the foundation of my core values; they guide my thoughts, decision making, and actions.

I have carved them into every fiber of my being, and they act as nourishing guardrails as I navigate life's twists and turns.

And just as the Five Divine Principles guide my very essence, the Sacred Powers that flow from them, flow through me with every breath. I awaken them each morning to begin my day with gratitude, passion, purpose, and an open heart. And I invoke them in my darkest hours, my moments of feeling stuck or indecisive, and in situations where I don't know how to proceed. Integrating these Sacred Powers allows me to effortlessly evolve chaos into calm, pain into joy, dreams into reality, and an empty heart into one that radiates deeper love and compassion.

Awakening the Sacred Powers every day has consistently guided me from uncertainty and change to a place of truth, clarity, courage, and strength. As I have journeyed to master these powers, I have shared aspects of them in my Teacher Trainings and spiritual healing workshops. But time is precious, the clock is ticking, and I am being called right now to share with you the entire body of timeless knowledge that has been shared with me. If you continue to journey further with me, I'll teach you how to transform darkness into light, the sublime into the practical, and the cosmic into the personal.

The Sacred Powers are as old as the heavens and have guided man and womankind toward powerful transformation as long as the stars have dotted the night sky. Yet so much of this wisdom has been forgotten in the swirl, speed, and complexity of our modern world, which has more moving parts, more people, and more scenarios than ever existed before.

So, if you are finding yourself at a crossroads, a fork in the road, a dead end, or a place of uncertainty, allow me and these teachings to be a soothing balm to your pain . . . a light of hope in your darkness . . . and a whisper of clarity and comfort to your heart as together we awaken your best version.

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## **The Blueprint for Transformation**

In the following pages, you and I will explore Five Divine Paths leading to the wisdom of the Five Divine Principles. Together, we will step through[RE3] the doorways that reveal their eternal, transformational & life-affirming secrets. We will dive deep into the Sacred Powers of Transformation—timeless access points to awakening the life you've always dreamed—that are waiting for us on each path.

As the essence of these principles and their powerful practices gently start to unfold with each thought you have, they will flow into your words, and then into your actions. Ultimately, the transformation will ripple through every fiber of your BEing—nourishing you, fueling you, inspiring you, and guiding you past fear to your best version. You'll be more prepared to take that step, make that move, own your decision, and step into your power.

If you are suffering any emotional pain right now, walls that you may have built around your heart will begin to soften as compassion and forgiveness start to replace your grudges and grievances. No longer will you feel separate from the Universal flow of life. Courage will replace fear, clarity will replace indecision, enthusiasm will replace excuses, and happiness will begin flowing to you effortlessly.

If you haven't ever read one of my books, watched my videos, or journeyed with me in person, allow me to explain a little bit about my style. I'm not a guru; I'm a translator. I've apprenticed under several great masters and studied the ancient texts for decades, but I find greater value in real-world practice rather than talking theory. When it comes to specific wisdom traditions or schools of philosophy, I honor all belief systems, but I am not big on rules. So I have woven my own spiritual tapestry made up of a multitude of threads from many bodies of knowledge, which I find to be more inclusive, more accessible, and more easily translated into practice.

If you are ready to continue with me, I've laid out our journey in a format that will allow you to effortlessly weave all this timeless wisdom into the fabric of your life. The teachings in Chapter 1, "The Energy of Transformation," are the platform for taking our first steps. You'll learn how the entire Universe flows through you and how you can harness that divine energy to manifest your dream life.

We'll then begin our expedition by stepping on to first path of the spiritual journey and opening the door to the first eternal secret:

### **The Divine Principle of One**

You'll learn how awakening the Sacred Powers of Presence, Your Ripple, and Spirit enlightens you to the sacred, precious present moment; flows your impact throughout the world; and merges your soul with the Divine Spirit.

Once you are established in this state of one-ness, we will step onto the second path of the spiritual journey—opening the door to the second eternal secret:

### **The Divine Principle of Awareness**

We'll explore how awakening the Sacred Powers of Attention, Intention, and Action settles your thoughts and calms your mind; clarifies your intentions; and manifests your dreams and desires.

As you become more comfortable with expansive power of your true awareness, we will begin walking the third path of the spiritual journey where we will open the door to the third eternal secret:

### **The Divine Principle of Rebirth**

You'll learn how awakening the Sacred Powers of Acceptance, Release, and New Beginnings enables you to make peace with your past; let go of what no longer serves you; and step into your power, and unapologetically own your impact.

Once you are no longer weighted down by a lifetime of baggage, we will take our first steps on the fourth path and open the door to the fourth eternal secret on the spiritual journey:

### **The Divine Principle of Infinite Flow**

You'll discover how awakening the Sacred Powers of Trust, Abundance, and Shakti moves you past fear; opens your life to infinite possibilities; and accelerates your ability to easily channel the Universe.

With the Universe at your back, as trust is flowing through every fiber of your being, we will step onto the fifth path and open the door to the fifth eternal secret:

### **The Divine Principle of Inner Fire**

You'll learn how activating the Sacred Powers of Your Awakened Heart, Passion, and Purpose fills each moment with unconditional love; stokes the fire of your deepest desires; and crystallizes the deeper meaning of your life.

How you see the world will change, and how the world sees you will shift. You will begin living a life of your own design, making bold, fearless choices and having them validated by the Universe. And with each day, as you become more familiar with the Five Divine Principles and their Sacred Powers, the inner whispers of your soul will naturally become your outer voice. You don't have to "try" or "do" anything . . . the transformation will be effortless. Simply understanding the Divine Principles and awakening each Sacred Power as part of who you are will transform the physical, emotional, material, relationship, and spiritual realms of your life.