

Why I Wrote “The Map”

And What I Will Write Next

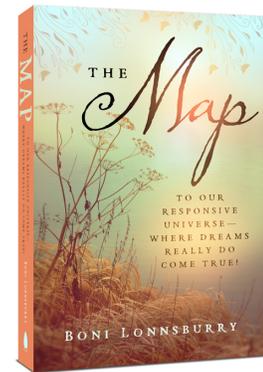
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I’ve Been There

I remember feeling *powerless*. I don’t think there is a more dismal feeling in the world. There were things in my life I didn’t like: I didn’t like my job, but I didn’t know what I wanted to do instead. I didn’t like living paycheck to paycheck, and never being able to buy the things I wanted without going into debt. I didn’t like aspects of my relationship, but I had no clue how to make my husband change. I wasn’t happy. I was often angry and so overwhelmed with hopelessness I would burst into tears out of sheer frustration.



I Was Chasing the Wrong Dreams

Because I didn’t know how to find my *true* heart’s desires, I claimed other people’s dreams as my own. I was the “perfect” wife and mother. I went to graduate school and pursued a joint MBA/JD because I wanted to *prove* I wasn’t *just* a wife and mother. I gave the grandest parties, I baked the fanciest cakes, I got the best grades and I made the most ornate Halloween costumes for my boys. “*Why wasn’t I happier?*” I wondered. I had done everything by the book.

A Woman’s Search for Meaning

I had spent much of my life wondering why we are here, on this planet, living these lives. If there were a god, why would he allow so much pain and suffering? It didn’t make sense to me. As a child I would lie in bed (when I should have been sleeping) and contemplate the universe. I pictured the entire universe existing inside something roughly the shape of a shoebox. “*So if all of physical matter is contained inside this gigantic shoebox,*” I thought, “*well, then...what is outside the shoebox?*”

My mind couldn’t grasp a limitation to physical reality, and it could not fathom that

physical reality could exist *without* boundaries either. I would scare myself with the enormity of it all, and feeling even more powerless, I would leave my bed and seek out my parents with some lame excuse—just to connect with the security of my (albeit tiny) life.

It wasn't until I read my first book on reincarnation (a book by Edgar Cayce) that there was a flicker of understanding within me. Although the concept of channeling was foreign to me, I only had to look at Cayce's track record to give his concepts more than a little credit. His readings had cured thousands of people from illnesses of every kind. I reasoned that he *must* have knowledge above and beyond normal people, not just in the realm of healing but about the nature of reality as well.

And reincarnation made more sense to me than any other explanation of why our world is the way it is. I guess from early on I just *knew* there was more to our lives than happenstance. Once I accepted that I was here for a reason, I wanted to know *what* that reason was. And I began searching for and asking for my “teacher”.

When the Student is Ready, the Teacher Appears

When I read that Edgar Cayce book, nearly 30 years ago, I honestly thought Cayce was the *only* one who had ever written on metaphysical topics like reincarnation. I was like a kid in a candy store when I walked into my first metaphysical bookstore. I poured through book after book, trying various philosophies on for size—Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, Sufism, Judaism, Gnosticism, Spiritualism, and Theosophy, to name a few. I read them all.

But it was the *channeled* books that resonated most deeply within me. For some reason the guidance given by those beyond this earth held more “pure” information, as I saw it. There certainly are exceptions to this rule. Just because someone channels a non-physical being does not mean the being they are channeling is a *highly evolved* being.

But when I picked up my first Seth¹ book, I knew what he spoke was *truth*. And when I moved onto The Nature of Personal Reality², I knew I had come home. The words “*You create your own reality,*” hit me like a ton of bricks. On one hand the concept seemed too good to be true. *We* are the ones responsible for *everything* in our material world? Crazy! Yet, on the other hand, it resonated in a place so deep inside of me, that I immediately *knew* it was absolutely true.

¹ Jane Roberts, Seth Speaks: The Eternal Validity of the Soul (Amber-Allen Publ., New World Library, May 23, 1994)

² Jane Roberts, The Nature of Personal Reality: Specific, Practical Techniques for Solving Everyday Problems and Enriching the Life You Know (Amber-Allen Publ., New World Library, May 23, 1994)

Making it Happen Was Another Story

While I fell in love with the *concept* of “we create it all,” when it came down to actually *creating it all*, it was most definitely easier said than done. But I chipped away at it. Bit by bit, piece by piece, and by golly my life *was* changing.

And along the way I discovered some things I hadn't known about myself, such as I was sexually abused as a toddler (by a family “friend”)—no wonder intimacy had been difficult to come by. I also discovered that I had taken on a lot of my parent's beliefs about money and struggle (no wonder, given the lives they had—one growing up in the depression era, the other being put into an orphanage by her own mother.)

I also discovered that woundings can be healed, and beliefs can be changed. “*Why I could hold the same beliefs as a multi-millionaire, if I wanted to!*” I thought. And I was right.

I healed my woundings. I changed my beliefs. And low and behold, my life *did* shift.

I tackled first one issue, then another...I focused on one part of my life, then, when I got that part shored up, I took on another part, then yet another. First love, then money, then job, then children, then love again (wanting greater love, more commitment, deeper trust, more intimacy...), then money again (wanting more money, easier, more elegantly, less struggle, more fun...), then job again, over and over until...I was living a life I absolutely positively adored!

People Would Ask Me How I Did It

My life didn't just sparkle, it shined! And people wanted to know what book I could recommend, that would teach them *how* to create a life *they* loved, too. And I didn't know of one. Oh I knew of maybe three dozen or so books, but even those books all together didn't explain it easily, in terms anyone could understand. They didn't break it down into tiny baby steps that anyone could apply.

Even I Wanted to Know How I Did it

I wanted to get the process of conscious creation so clear in my mind, that when I veered off track (we all veer off track from time to time) I could go back to some type of a “map” and figure out where I veered off and hop back on again.

And, It's My *Destiny*

I believe I came here to teach this ancient truth, in a modern and easy-to-follow way.

I visited my first psychic over 20 years ago. I had recently quit graduate school and was searching for my “bliss”—for something that brought me so much joy and for which I had so much passion, I would never call another day at work “work” ever again. This woman, who was in her nineties back then, told me in no uncertain terms that I would be teaching and writing and enlightening scores of people worldwide (as have many since).

I wasn't ready yet, to do that, but in the intervening years I have *become* ready. And now it *is* my bliss and my passion. Yes, I believe I *chose* this reality even before I came to this planet.

And those are the reasons I wrote “The Map”

I am super excited to see what *you* do with this material. And I invite you to log onto my website and let us *all* know about the successes you create. Reading about your success may be the impetus someone needs to try it out for themselves. Your successes affect everyone on this planet, directly or indirectly. Visit the Inspire page at <http://www.livealifyoulove.com/inspire/>

What I Will Write Next

I would like to teach people how to apply The Map to different areas of life, such as money, work, love, relationships, happiness and health. These will be the topics of my next six books.

Until then, thank you for reading and for creating a life you love, which will impact us all!

Love,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Boni". The letter "B" is large and stylized, with a long, sweeping tail that curves under the "i".