

Life's Song

by JEANE WATIER



Prologue

Jenna was in the kitchen starting dinner when Geoff got home. “Hi, babe.” He walked up behind her at the stove and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “How was shopping? Did you find a dress for the party?”

“Yes! And we had so much fun,” Jenna laughed. “Gail’s awesome. She knows all about fashion and accessories and where to shop. I’d have been lost without her help. I’m so glad I called her.” She turned the pasta sauce to low and took Geoff’s hand. “Come and see what I got!”

Geoff smiled to himself as he followed her up the stairs. This new Jenna was amazing. She was happy and confident. He’d always thought of her as pretty, but now she radiated beauty. Like a newlywed again, he couldn’t get enough of her. He enjoyed simply being in her presence, listening to her talk, and watching her move. He’d even lie awake sometimes just watching her sleep.

He knew now it wasn’t a phase she was going through; she had truly changed. Jenna would never again be the sad, withdrawn, insecure person she had been for so many years.

In truth, they’d both been transformed, and as he reflected on all the things that had happened recently, Geoff felt immense appreciation. Life was new and exciting, and the Law of Attraction had orchestrated it all.



Chapter 1

The leaves were turning color, decorating the parks and boulevards with their autumn hues. There was a refreshing coolness to the air that, combined with the penetrating warmth of the sun, created the ideal temperature. More people than usual were outdoors taking advantage of the pleasant weather. It was a perfect day in many respects, but it stood in sharp contrast to the way Jenna was feeling inside.

As she waited, surrounded by strangers at the bus stop, Jenna longed to be invisible. She had always been uncomfortable around people she didn't know, and she hated that about herself. Unfortunately, it was just one in a long list of things she hated about herself—about her life in general. The truth was she felt trapped and helpless, and she didn't know how to change.

Even as a child, Jenna had known she was different. Growing up in foster homes until she was nine, when her grandparents took her in, she had learned to keep part of herself hidden away. Most of her time was spent alone, daydreaming. Now that she was an adult, she still had that urge to run away and hide, but she no longer dreamed. *What ever happened to those dreams?* she pondered silently. *I'm thirty-six. I have a husband and two kids. I have a good job, she reasoned. I'm not bad looking. I'm reasonably intelligent. Other people seem to respect me...so why, then, do I feel like something's wrong with me? Why does it feel as though something is missing in my life?*

She was reminded of what her co-worker had said at work the other day: "I believe we create our own reality." Rachael's words had affected her strangely, and now they were reverberating in her mind. *What did she mean by that? If I could create my own reality, my life would be a lot different than it is now.*

Or would it? Suddenly Jenna wasn't sure just what those differences would be. She didn't know what it would take to make her truly happy. Clearly, it was happiness that was missing in her life, but she had no idea what to do to attain it.

A bus pulled away, and Jenna looked up to realize it was hers. With no choice but to walk home, she gladly moved away from the crowd that threatened to suffocate her. Taking Ellington to Fifth, she made her way to Blain and then cut through the park. As she did, the voices in her head quieted momentarily, and she took a deep breath.

There was something about being in nature that eased her inner turmoil, but it was short-lived. *How can you create your reality? Life just happens, she argued as the strange words presented themselves again. You don't have control over most things—maybe some say in who you marry and where you work, but even that seems like a gamble.*

She didn't have a bad marriage. Geoff was a decent man. He meant well, but he was so busy with his work lately, they rarely spent time alone together anymore. They never talked.

And she knew she should be thankful for her job. After persevering with a company through its growing pains, she now had her own private office. She didn't love what she did—some days she wanted to scream over the monotony of it, but she made good money.

They were doing all right financially. Geoff liked to handle money matters, and she was content to let him, having more than enough on her plate as it was. She didn't always agree with his decisions, however. He'd made some rather poor investment choices in the past.

As Jenna turned the corner into their cul-de-sac, she felt that familiar sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. *Home*, she sighed. *Isn't home supposed to feel good?* She felt the sting of tears in her eyes. *I can't even remember what good feels like.*

She scolded herself for being so emotional and turned her mind to the tasks ahead—make dinner, help with homework, do a load of laundry. And maybe later, if she wasn't too exhausted, she could escape into the novel she was currently reading.

Geoff heard the little voice reminding him to call Jenna and let her know he wouldn't be home for dinner, but he hesitated; he wasn't in the mood for her reaction—that quiet, unspoken disappointment that could be heard in the sound of her sigh.

He was determined to see his plans succeed; they were so close now, and he had to stay focused. He and his partner, Jim, were potentially days away from finalizing everything. Geoff had borrowed money from their savings to get the venture going. He'd even taken out a second mortgage on the house without consulting Jenna when it looked as though everything was falling into place. Finally, after years of trying, they had a sure winner; Geoff could feel it. *Deals like this always take more time and money than you originally anticipate*, he rationalized. *Everything will be all right when the big money starts to roll in.*

Jim had been able to set up a last-minute dinner meeting with Arthur Jenkins that evening. Arthur was the last piece of the puzzle. Jim was confident that they could persuade him to get on board, and with Arthur in place, nothing could stop them from achieving their goals.

Geoff smiled at himself in the rearview mirror as he thought about the amazing opportunity that had landed in his lap. He couldn't wait to tell people, especially Jenna, about the deal. He wanted to see her face when he told her how much money it would make for them.

She seemed unhappy lately, and he knew he was part of the reason for it. He hadn't spent much time at home in recent weeks, but all that would change soon. Once things were running smoothly with the new business, he was planning to take time off and take Jenna and the kids on a real holiday. He'd been stressed lately, too, and he knew a holiday would do them all good.

This is important, he reminded himself. *Jenna will understand.* She always did; she was great that way. He saw the hurt in her eyes at times when he got home late or forgot to call, but he was glad she wasn't like some of his friends' wives, always nagging and complaining, even making accusations.

He'd never hurt Jenna on purpose. They had an understanding, unspoken though it was. Things were stressful at the moment for both of them, but that would change soon enough. *Yes*, he smiled to himself again, *our lives are about to change*.

As Jenna put the leftovers into a container and put them in the refrigerator, she tried to quell the rising feelings of hurt and disappointment. *Did he say he was going to be late tonight?* Thinking back to their conversation that morning, she couldn't recall Geoff saying anything about it. She wasn't sure whether it was mere forgetfulness on his part or a lack of regard for her feelings, but it wasn't the first time he had missed dinner without letting her know.

He was working on a big deal, and Jenna preferred not to get too caught up in the details. She didn't like his partner, Jim. She didn't trust him. But Geoff insisted he needed Jim's expertise and his many contacts.

As she tucked the kids into bed and gathered up their dirty clothes to take downstairs, Jenna tried to dismiss the discouraging thoughts. She couldn't help but note, however, that it was the third night that week the kids hadn't seen their father. *This is not the reality I would have created for myself!*

The thought that had introduced itself earlier was now lodged in the forefront of Jenna's mind. She tried to let it go, but it was persistent. *What does it mean, anyway? How do I create my own reality? Is there some way I could have more control over the circumstances in my life?* It seemed like wishful thinking, and yet something deep inside told her there was more to it. There was an element of truth, some memory from her past, trying to get her attention, but she was just too tired; all she wanted to do was sleep. She quickly threw a load of laundry in the washing machine and went upstairs.

As she got ready for bed, Jenna contemplated what she could do to change her life for the better. *A break from the same old routine might help*, she admitted. A possible solution presented itself almost immediately. Geoff's sister had offered the use of their cabin, and they had yet to take her up on it. *Maybe that's what we all need—some time away together*. Jenna felt her spirits lift. *It's the stress of life that's getting me down; I just need a little break, that's all. We could spend the weekend at the lake. It's lovely this time of year. We could have a relaxing family weekend* The idea appealed to her; she decided to talk to Geoff about it in the morning.

Jenna was impressed by her own ingenuity. *Maybe I can create my own reality after all*. A confidence she hadn't felt in a while emerged. Satisfied with her plan, she drifted off to sleep.

The next morning the radio came on, and Jenna reached to turn it off immediately. Geoff didn't move; he was sound asleep, and Jenna decided not to wake him. She didn't know what time he'd gotten home, but it must have been after midnight.

After waking the kids, she went downstairs to start breakfast. She was still thinking about a weekend at the lake and wondered how she should bring up the subject. She knew it would be better to mention it in front of the kids. It never hurt to have them on her side when she wanted Geoff to do something, and they would love the idea.

Geoff and the kids came down the stairs together. Chelsea was hanging on his arm, and Brenton was bouncing in front of him, telling his father about the recent hockey game he'd missed. Everyone seemed to be in a good mood, so Jenna didn't hesitate; she shared her idea.

"Sorry, babe. I've just got too much going on right now."

There was no room for argument in the way Geoff had said it. She'd presented her case; the kids had begged and pleaded, but the discussion was over. Feeling deflated, Jenna dropped the kids off at the daycare down the street and walked another block and a half to catch her bus. *Why do I even bother getting my hopes up?*

The remainder of the day seemed to drag on. Jenna was having a hard time concentrating on her work, so she went to get herself a cup of coffee. *Maybe I should reconsider getting some professional counseling.* Having thought of it in the past, she'd always arrived at the same conclusion. She simply wasn't willing to share her private thoughts with a stranger. Nor was she willing to dig up the painful memories of her childhood that she'd so carefully and thoroughly buried. *No, that's not an option. I'll be okay. Somehow, I'll get through this.*

She was so deep in her thoughts, she nearly bumped into Rachael coming around the corner. Rachael looked at her in a concerned way and asked if everything was all right. Jenna quickly smiled, apologizing for not looking where she was going and then headed back to her desk.

Later that afternoon, Rachael poked her head into Jenna's office. "Jenna, I know it's none of my business, but you seem like you're going through a rough time. If you'd like to go for coffee sometime..." She smiled, and Jenna saw what looked to be genuine compassion on her face. "I've been through some rough times, too. Give me a call." She was gone before Jenna could think of a polite way to refuse.

Oh God, does everyone know what I'm going through? Is it that obvious? Jenna's mind began to race. *Do they talk about me behind my back?* She knew it was a possibility, and the very idea of it horrified her. Yet somehow it didn't fit with what Jenna had sensed about Rachael. She seemed like a very positive person, a kind person, and she was always smiling or laughing.

Jenna couldn't imagine being genuinely happy. Her smile was always for show. She thought she'd managed to play the part well, but obviously Rachael had seen right through it.



Chapter 2

Rachael returned to her desk, a little surprised at what she'd just said to Jenna. It had been totally impulsive—but the impulse had been strong. She could have waited for an answer, but Rachael suspected it would be no. She didn't want to pressure Jenna, but she knew that look—that empty look and the fake smile. Jenna was unhappy. Something may have happened recently in her personal life, but somehow, Rachael felt it was deeper than that. *I can't help her if she's not open to it, but it seems like she's crying out for help on the inside. I'm sure that's why I'm so drawn to her. I think I have the answers that she's looking for.*

Rachael had been there; she'd suffered from depression for almost ten years. She knew how it could eat away at a person, leaving them feeling like an empty shell. But that was in the past. Now Rachael had her life back. She was happy again, and it was because of an amazing teaching she'd come across. She understood now that there was a powerful, universal law that governed what people experienced in their lives, and it responded directly to a person's thoughts. The Law of Attraction had always been at work in her life, but now she was learning to direct her thoughts on purpose, and because of that, she was truly, deliberately creating her own reality!

She smiled as she thought about the astonishing things that were happening in her life. Ever since she'd started applying the principles she'd learned, her life had begun to transform in miraculous ways. She'd started a new job six months earlier, and she really loved it. Money was frequently coming to her from unexpected sources, allowing her to pay off her debts and even buy a house. Travel was no longer a far-off dream. She had a cruise booked in the New Year with her friend Gail. She was still hoping to find that “perfect” relationship, but with so much else going well in her life, she had to trust that it would happen, too.

“Trophies after work?” Gail's words brought her back from her satisfying daydream.

“Of course,” Rachael grinned at her best friend.

Trophies was their favorite hangout. It was the perfect blend of a bar and a coffee shop. With a relaxed, friendly atmosphere and a smoke free environment, it was a great place for a drink or a latte and a bite to eat. The hip downtown bar was called O'Brian's Pub and Eatery, but the name didn't match the essence of the place, and since there were several display cases filled with medals, ribbons and awards, it received the nickname Trophies.

Rachael loved the feel of the pub. It was cozy with low tables and comfortable armchairs set around a large, stone fireplace. There was always great music playing—mellow jazz or sultry blues. They got a table in the corner, and as she sat down, Rachael closed her eyes and breathed deeply.

“You look awfully contented,” Gail observed. “What’s with you lately? You can’t seem to keep that silly grin off your face. Have you met someone and you’re not telling me? Come on, fess up.”

“No, I wish! It’s not that at all. Believe me, you’ll be the first one I tell. It’s just...I don’t know...it’s everything. I told you what my life was like before. Everything’s turned around, and life is so amazing now. It’s good to feel good. Learning about the Law of Attraction has changed my life.”

“You know,” Gail leaned forward in her chair, “I’ve been thinking about that. It makes sense. I think I’ve been using it in my life without even knowing it. It explains so much. I’ve always believed there was some kind of greater power out there, but I never really knew how I fit into the scheme of things. This theory puts me right in the center of everything. It just feels right.”

“Well, you do like to be the center of attention,” Rachael teased.

“And if I’m at the center of my own experience,” Gail went on, ignoring the jab, “that puts me in control; It makes me God—a little part of God, anyway. I’m beginning to see God as the combination of all humanity coming together at the center of the Universe.”

“You really have been thinking about this. That’s so unlike you,” Rachael responded, surprised and delighted that her friend had given so much thought to a topic that was dear to Rachael’s heart. “Okay, so then how have you used the Law of Attraction in your life? Give me an example.”

The server brought their drinks, and Rachael ordered a veggie wrap. Sipping her latte, she looked across the table at her friend who such a short time ago had been only an acquaintance. She was thrilled with how things had worked out. Gail had dated her brother for a while, and though nothing ever came of it, she kept in touch with Rachael and told her about the job opening where she worked. Rachael didn’t have all the qualifications they were looking for, but because of Gail’s recommendation, they hired her and trained her on the job.

“I’ve experienced both good and bad,” Gail responded. “And looking back, I can see a pattern. I had it easy growing up. I was happy, with everything a kid could want. Things came easy for me. But when I was seventeen, my best friend’s mom died unexpectedly. I started questioning life and death and God. I watched my friend’s life go from bad to worse. When her dad went bankrupt, I started questioning financial security. I wondered whether it could happen to our family.

“That got me focusing in a negative direction,” she continued. “For several years, I was really confused and dissatisfied with my life. I went through a series of bad relationships and dead-end jobs. I was miserable. Back then I called it bad luck. But now I can see I attracted it by my negative thoughts.”

“So how did you turn things around? You have a great relationship now, and you make good money. You’re happy and successful. What did you do to change your thinking, which obviously changed your circumstances?”

“I don’t know,” Gail shrugged. “I guess I just got so tired of being broke and unhappy, I was determined to change things. My parents have always been a positive example. They always

encouraged me. I'm sure some of their thinking must have rubbed off on me." She sat back and took a sip of her Purple Haze.

Rachael had to smile. Gail was always ordering drinks with exotic names. She was fun and unpredictable, so different from Rachael's quiet, orderly ways, yet they got along well. They complemented each other and even seemed to be asking many of the same questions in life.

"The Law of Attraction is amazing," Rachael agreed enthusiastically. "It's at work whether we know about it or not, but what excites me is that we can use it deliberately. I've been testing this for a while now, and I've seen consistent results."

"Sounds like you're doing a science experiment."

"It is scientific. Don't laugh. It's a proven Law of the Universe. People have used it to attract wealth, fame, better health, pleasing relationships—there's no limit to what we can attract once we start to use it intentionally. It's not enough for me just to haphazardly apply this and hope for the best. I've been studying all I can about it. I've been keeping journals and documenting the..."

"Girl! We've got to find you a man," Gail interrupted, shaking her head. "You need some fun in your life. All that studying...whoa! You need balance, you need romance."

"I know, I know," Rachael laughed at Gail's theatrics. "You're right, but I'm going to use the Law of Attraction to find the perfect guy."

"Oh yeah, I can see you now." Gail squinted her eyes as though trying to imagine the scene. "In the laboratory with Mr. Milton B. Perfect, the famous quantum physicist."

"No, I don't think he's a scientist. Remember, Mr. Perfect is independently wealthy and loves to shower me with gifts," Rachael joked. She'd shared with Gail once what she wanted in a man, and they'd come up with a comprehensive list. "He's confident but not conceited; talkative but doesn't rule the conversation. He's good looking with a boyish charm. Tall. Never married..."

"Oh yes, I remember. He's in his early thirties. He wants children. He's sensitive in a manly way; loves reading and travel and...oh yeah, dogs," Gail added. "But do you really think you're going to find this exact guy? Maybe you shouldn't be so specific. What if he's everything you want, but has been divorced or is allergic to dogs or gets air sick?"

"He'll be the essence of everything I want in a man. You're right, though. Maybe I shouldn't focus on the details so much," Rachael conceded. "But a guy that gets air sick? Yuck!" She laughed and made a face. "He'd never qualify."

"Well, my dear, speaking of good men, I have one waiting for me at home." Gail reached in her purse and threw some cash down on the table. "This one's on me. Can I give you a ride?"

"Thanks anyway, but I think I'll sit here a bit longer. I'll see you Monday." Rachael smiled and then inquired, "What are you guys up to this weekend?"

"We're going to the cottage tomorrow; we'll be back on Sunday. We have tickets for a dinner theatre, tonight. It's supposed to be good. It's been sold out for a few weeks. How about you?"

"My sister and I are going to a movie tonight. I have some shopping to do tomorrow. Sunday, I have a stack of books I've been dying to read."

Gail rolled her eyes. “Let me know what profound new truths you uncover—but just the essence; spare me the details.” She started to walk away, then turned and added, “Hey, why don’t you read at the park? Mr. Perfect might be out walking his dog.”

Gail could always make her laugh; she was such a good friend, and Rachael truly appreciated her. She noticed a hint of envy, however, as she thought about the great relationship that Gail and her partner, Rob, had. *No, I’m not going to focus on what I don’t have, she silently reprimanded herself. I will meet a great guy one day, but until then, I want to enjoy being single. I want to spend this time learning new things and finding out about myself. Everything happens in its perfect time.*

She ordered another latte and sat staring out the window. As much as Gail teased her, Rachael did love studying and learning; she got so much satisfaction out of it. Overall, she was content with her life. The only time she felt any dissatisfaction was when she let herself think about the lack of a relationship. But with so many other enjoyable things on which she could focus, she was able to maintain her optimism.

One important truth she’d learned was that the mind can only focus on one thing at a time. She understood now that she was in control of what that thing would be. At one time it seemed as if her thoughts were controlling her—coming in uninvited to torture and torment her, but now that she made a conscious effort to think thoughts on purpose, she felt like she was in command.

The day that she’d read about the Emotional Scale,¹ and realized that from depression she couldn’t jump to joy or bliss, was a turning point in her life. She discovered that she could move slowly and deliberately through anger, frustration, overwhelm and hope—and that each movement produced a feeling of relief. Once she reached hope, not only did she feel incredible in comparison to where she’d come from but she also began to see evidence of real change happening in her life.

Rachael was proud of how persistent she’d been. She’d overcome depression. It had been almost three years since she’d felt helplessly and hopelessly depressed, and that was a real accomplishment.

As she remembered with satisfaction her own triumphant journey, her thoughts turned to Jenna. Rachael was sure that Jenna was struggling with depression; it seemed so obvious, and she longed to be able to share the life-changing teaching. But whether Jenna called her or not, Rachael knew she had to find a way to believe in Jenna’s well-being. Someway, somehow, Jenna would attract the help that she needed. She was asking, and the Universe had the ways and means to give her the answers that she desired.