



CHAPTER ONE

Tangled Thinking

Tangled Thinking is at the root of most of the suffering I have encountered in my life. The benefit of knowing this and learning how to untangle my thinking began when I was a child. But it really came into play during a dramatic and pivotal incident when I was able to quickly untangle my thinking and get the clarity I needed.

Though I carried the lesson of this experience with me, I didn't connect the dots until many years later. I was grateful for the reminder, which had me wake up to my lifelong mission once again. The reminder came while I was on vacation in a place that held for me a profound memory.

My Wake Up Call

Back in the mid 1990s, I was visiting my sister Harmonie in Denver, close to where I had been abducted, held hostage, and almost killed when I was 17. (Yes, you read that correctly!)

A thought continued to circle my mind. I had often wanted to thank the man who had saved my soul after I had saved my own life on that hot summer evening in 1974. His name was Charlie. And 20 years earlier, he had been a sheriff in a rural county nearby. That's all I knew about him. But that didn't stop me from calling every police station in the area to track him down.

My hands shook as I dialed the numbers. My heart beat wildly, and I had that odd sensation of not being able to hear very well as a result. I choked out my question to the woman who answered my first call. She barely listened before telling me that "no, she didn't know any sheriff past or present named Charlie." The next response was no more promising.

I have this image of myself in that moment. I was sitting by myself on my sister's couch. Cars whizzed by right outside the house; that sound was my only comfort. I felt so alone, but something in me knew this quest was important enough to face all the negative feelings for as long as I could. So I kept dialing.

I had worked myself into a near panic. My palms were sweaty, and I felt disappointed and ashamed that I had waited so long to make the call. I was afraid that now it might be too late.

I almost gave up, but then I struck gold. The woman on the other end of the phone didn't say no when I asked if she knew of a sheriff named Charlie. We sat in silence for a few seconds. When she spoke, she said she was not allowed to give out that information. My heart was in my throat.

She knows who I am talking about!

I didn't give her the chance to hang up. I told her with all the conviction I could muster that Charlie had helped me many years before and I wanted to thank him.

Her reply came quickly. She blurted out his last name and said, "He lives in Brush." Then she hung up. I didn't so much take in her words as remember the truth of her information. Some locked chamber in my mind opened. *YES, that was his name, alright!* I recognized the name of the town too. Brush, Colorado. A name I could never have forgotten.

I dialed the information operator and pushed "1", the option to connect to the number given. My heart started up its wild beating party again. Without time to chicken out or get my bearings, I now was listening to the phone ringing in the home of Sheriff Charlie.

Second thoughts filled my mind. I often had thought of him and the kindness he had shown. But what if he didn't remember me? What if he *did* remember me and didn't want to talk to me? I had waited almost 20 years to find him, after all. What would I say if he *did* answer?

I almost hung up, but then I heard his voice on the other end of the line. I launched into a speech, starting with my name and "...you might not remember me."

Before the words were out of my mouth, he interrupted with a laugh. "Oh, yes, I remember you," he said. "I could never forget YOU." My fear was replaced with surprise. I hadn't expected this. He told me he had thought of *me* often and had been talking to his daughter about me just a few months ago.

My heart filled with joy and wonder. I had done the right thing in facing my fear and reaching out. Now I wanted to have a conversation with Charlie. Along with appreciation, so many questions had motivated me to make the call.

We met in person a few days later at his home. He greeted me with a smile and a hug. His wife brought us coffee, and my long-awaited quest was rewarded. In addition to delivering my

message of gratitude, that meeting woke me up to why I was here. Not *here*, as in sitting in his living room. Why I was **HERE** on the planet.

The Lesson Was Love

Charlie told me how Richard, the man who had held me hostage those many years ago, had gone on to escape from prison and kill five people and himself in a violent rampage. I was shocked to hear how real my own danger had been.

He then went on to tell me he had been so inspired by **HOW** I had saved my life that night that he had used my story in his program for teenage girls who were in trouble. Countless young women had been awakened to how they too could take charge of their destiny after hearing my story.

What Charlie had been inspired by was how I had kept my head, stayed positive, and believed in myself in the face of what he considered to be evil.

Many things happen to every single one of us during a lifetime. Often we cannot see the thread that strings the events together because we are **IN** the experience and dealing with our everyday issues.

If we pull back and view the big picture of our lives, we will see a pattern—experiences and lessons that bring an understanding of our life’s purpose and how we can serve the greater good.

I had always known that nightmare of a night in 1974 was a big gift. After talking with Charlie, I knew that by being kidnapped and nearly killed I was given the perfect experience to help me live out my life’s mission—a mission revealed to me through a childhood event that set the course of my life. The event gave me the message loud and clear that I wasn’t just a kid playing in the fields of rural Ohio. I was here to do a job. I was on a mission to learn about love.

(Continued in Chapter 5)





CHAPTER FIVE

Real Soulsearh Magic

After I began untangling my thinking and putting my thoughts in order by using *the Soulsearh*, I had an epiphany about that dramatic and life-changing event I experienced as a teenager, which you caught a glimpse of in my story about Sheriff Charlie in Chapter 1: My Wake Up Call. It is an experience that I still can remember vividly, though more than 40 years have passed.

The story you are about to read is true. It is intended to make the point that each and every one of us has a choice in the creation of our lives no matter the circumstance. (And my circumstance was pretty dire!)

Though I didn't know it at the time, an event that would have been considered traumatic by any *normal* standards gave me evidence that we live in a loving Universe. We are all connected and God Is Good!

There are stories within stories that start long before what I am about to report. That's for another book. This particular story, though brief, shines a light on a lesson I learned that has been central in leading me to *the Soulsearh* process and helping me with my mission: teaching people how to get what they want in life and reminding them it is always about love.

First, I will tell you the story in full. Then I will break down the story to illustrate *the Soulsearh* at work.

The Cowboy & My Brush with Death

It was late August 1974, the Friday of Labor Day weekend, and my best friend—whom I will call Ann—and I were on an adventure to see the Rocky Mountains. Denver was our primary destination. I had just graduated from high school in Michigan and wanted to live a little before going to college and forever leaving my childhood behind.

We were hitchhiking across the country (common for my generation in 1974) and had been dropped off near a motel not far from Denver. Ann and I were looking forward to a restful

evening before heading into the city the following day. Next to the motel was a restaurant-bar type of place. Before checking in, we went searching there for our evening meal.

At the bar, we struck up a conversation with a charming young cowboy. He wore what looked like a genuine cowboy hat, with boots and jeans to match. I thought he could have walked off the set of *Midnight Cowboy*. He got my attention.

He told us he had friends in Denver who were always throwing a party, and he could take us there right now. Our dream destination would not be delayed one more day. "We can all go together," he suggested in a way that was hard to refuse. He just needed to pick up some stuff at the place where he lived with his sister.

My gut said No. Ann and I had a rule: don't get into a car without a woman or child passenger. We got into his car anyway.

Here's what happened next, as I lived it.

A couple of kids are playing in the yard on a swing set when we pull up to the cowboy's sister's house. The cowboy goes inside. Ann and I entertain ourselves by watching the kids, though we stay in the car.

We take in the sun setting on this foreign landscape. The colors and smells let us know we are far from home. The colors then fade and darkness sets in.

The cowboy is in the house for a long time, and Ann and I almost change our minds. *Maybe this is not such a good idea to trust a stranger.* Ann and I speak just a few words of doubt and then there he is saying goodbye to his sister on the porch. She calls the kids in for bed. It is a familiar scene, and, even in the dark, we are reassured.

The cowboy gets back into the car and squeals his tires as he exits the long driveway. I notice something different right away. He doesn't say a word to us. His friendly demeanor is gone. He is driving fast, and he is silent. His face is stone. The reassurance just a couple of moments ago has been replaced with fear and uncertainty. I tell him in my very best imitation of a no-big-deal attitude that "it just happens we have changed our minds. We are tired. Please drop us off at the next hotel." *All will be well*, I hope.

He drives by the next exit and then the next exit where a variety of dimly lit hotels can be seen from the freeway. Then a couple more exits. My no-big-deal attitude has evaporated and been replaced with full-blown fear. He finally exits the highway, and for one second I breathe easy.

Then instead of turning right toward the blinking lights of a hotel, he turns left into the dark night.

I look over past Ann and see our cowboy friend has a gun pointed in our direction. “I want to see those clothes fly!” Even through my terror, his words still register as cheesy and practiced. He looks deranged as he instructs us to disrobe and toss the clothes out the window. Every stitch of clothing comes off and out the car window, and into the dark night they fly. The gun remains aimed in our direction.

The cowboy turns down a dirt road and drives for what seems like forever, all the while ranting about something like he is reciting the words of a “life done me wrong” country song. Finally he stops and gets out of the car. He opens a gate, returns to the car, and pulls into a pasture, all the while with the gun in his hand. Many times in my life I have thought that I was in the middle of nowhere. I know now I was wrong.

When he finally stops the car, he has to put the gun down to put the car into park. Ann whispers sharply to me to grab the gun. Is she crazy too! I don’t know how to shoot a gun, he will kill us for sure if I miss, and I know I can’t kill a man anyway—in 10 seconds my mind feeds me all this. Her mind says something much different as she reaches past me, grabs the gun, and leaps out of the car.

The cowboy is out the door just as fast, and I am left sitting in the car alone. I just sit there, and I am in shock, yet my mind is functioning well. I hear one, then two, then three gunshots behind me in the dark. I don’t know who will come back into the car. Just him, just her, or both of them.

As I sit alone, with a gunfight playing out somewhere in the dark, I imagine the headline in my hometown newspaper: “Teenage Girls Found Dead in the Middle of Nowhere, Colorado.” *What a lame way to go out*, I think—my vanity appearing even in these terrifying circumstances.

I feel something rise in me. *I am not going to go out this way*, I think. *No way!* I have come through some pretty tough times in my life, and I know what to do now. I close my eyes, and I pray. “Help Me, God,” I say. A peace comes over me. I do not plead or whine. I simply ask, “What do I do now?”

The answer comes right away. The voice is familiar and as clear as it was when I first heard it as a child: “Be a good friend. You know how to be a good friend.” I hear the truth in this, and then I realize that I also am a good actress. This is my moment to bring my naturally friendly personality into play and act up a storm if needed. I brace myself and decide that if the cowboy gets back in the car, I will act like a good friend to him.

He does come back. But not alone. Ann is angry. There are no obvious signs of injury except to her pride. Apparently it was a stand off, and she is fuming. Her plan failed. The cowboy is riled up as well. His rage now has a clear target. I see how I can make this work to my advantage. I manage my own irritation and direct it at Ann as I tell her she is stupid. She turns her anger on me now. Perfect.

I pour it on thick. I say something about how she is always this way and I am tired of it. Then I turn my attention in another direction. Time to put my plan into play. I start talking to the cowboy as if he and I are the ones who are friends. We bond over our annoyance with the other girl in the car. I notice he likes the attention I am giving him. His rage has softened, and his demeanor is macho cowboy having a good time.

He orders Ann to get out of the car and stand naked in the headlight. “Don’t move or I’ll kill her,” he says, referring to me. She silently makes her way out of the car as instructed.

I am alone in the car with the cowboy.

I know he is sexually assaulting me. It’s called rape.

Yet I am fully in my role now, and so I pretend I am not being assaulted. I allow myself to drift away from my body and use the time to think of what I am going to do next. As separate as I am from what is happening to me, I also feel the invasion. An uncontrollable scream escapes from a part deep inside me.

When it is over, I continue my charade. I know enough to realize this is the moment to play my part to the hilt. I push down my urges to yell out, run, fight, or retaliate. Instead, I cuddle up to him, laying on the charm. My inner scream reaches a crescendo as the radio plays “I Shot the Sheriff” and the cowboy rants excitedly about the prospect of doing just this. Through all of it, I am his friend. I let him know this in words and more.

Very casually, as if it’s an afterthought, I ask him to let Ann back in the car. He lets her back in just as casually. I ignore Ann and keep my attention focused on the cowboy.

I continue to flirt with him. I am wearing his cowboy hat now, and I can hear Ann’s shock at the scene playing out before her. My plan is going so well that she can’t tell whether I am acting or if I have truly lost touch with reality. *It’s working*, I think to myself as I pay attention to everything happening in the car. What I know is that we are still alive and he seems to be having a good time.

Then, I notice a change in his tone. The laughter stops, and it seems that time stands still as the cowboy raises the gun and holds it to my head. Though Ann has not spoken a word since she got back in the car, she now becomes silent in a new way. She is frozen. If a pin were to drop, we would hear it loud as a bell.

The cowboy tells me he is going to have to kill me. He says it so matter of factly that it puts a chink in my I-am-his-friend confidence. I look at him with my very best *how could you even think of such a thing when we are having so much fun* look on my face.

He tells me he has killed other girls. It doesn't bother him at all, he says. It's just what has to happen because I know who he is. I will turn him in. He won't take that chance. He speaks to me again as if we are friends, telling me how he learned to kill in Vietnam. Killing is no big deal to him. I hear just a little regret in his tone. I may be near death, but a small glimmer of hope is still alive as I grasp at this energetic straw.

The conversation goes on for what seems like hours. His telling me he has to kill me while he's also telling me how much he likes me. The fun time is going to have to end.

Now.

I promise him I won't tell anyone. I do my best to say it without revealing the terror that lies just underneath my easygoing banter. I explain my own feelings about the law. I take on my most passionate stance of the times. "The cops are pigs. I wouldn't go near them." I empathize with his Vietnam War experience.

"Besides, we are friends, so why would I tell? I care about you," I say. I want to keep the party going. An idea blooms somewhere in my brain and comes out my mouth. "Let's go to a hotel," I say. "Why not take this party inside where we could really have some fun?" He tells me he has to kill me. Kill both of us, now. I stick to my own gun with the "take me to a hotel" lament. We go around this, again and again.

There comes a point when I know my plan is no longer working. I am going to die. He stops talking just for one second, and I know this time he is going to pull the trigger. I have failed. Game over.

I can feel my heart beating wildly in my chest. I go inside myself again. I ask for help. *What can I do now?* The answer comes as if someone is sitting right beside me: "You have to love him."

I hear the wisdom, and, though my life might end any second, I argue back. *I can't do it. Don't make me do that. Anything but that. He is evil. Awful. Disgusting.* The voice doesn't waver, and once more I feel as if time is standing still.

I hear the voice again, loud and clear: "You have to love him. Really Love Him this time. No more pretending."

And so I do.

I let go of all my trying. I let go of my desire to manipulate the situation. I surrender to this one truth. I stop pretending.

I let go of all my judgments. I even let go of my fear of dying, which has been my fuel up until now. I have to love him.

I open my heart, and I simply love him. I feel a warmth in my heart, and I feel the real connection I am making with him. We continue the conversation much as we have before. The gun is still cold against my skull, but I no longer think about what is going to happen to me. I am no longer aware of Ann or of time ticking away.

I feel a peace.

I don't even notice when he removes the gun from my head, but he does. He stops talking again, but this time he puts the gun down and starts the car and begins to drive. There is a silence in the car, not even the sound of my own breath can be heard. When we hit the highway, he nonchalantly says he is going to drop me off at a hotel. As if this was his plan all along.

The cowboy starts up some chatter and tells me that he can't stay with me because he is going hunting with his dad in a town ironically called Rifle. He talks about his dad and how he can't let him down. He tells me he will call me when he gets back from his hunting trip. I don't think he realizes I have lost my voice and am relying on my face to convey agreement.

The scene reaches a new height of surreal as the cowboy checks us into a hotel seemingly using his real name. How can that be? What does that mean?

He lingers a moment in our room until Ann finds her voice and plays her role perfectly as she firmly ushers him out the door. She says something like, "Kat is not that kind of girl so you better leave now." I once again roll my eyes at her just to be on the safe side.

Ann locks the door, and it takes me a moment to realize we are truly on the safe side of it. We sit in shock for a few minutes before Ann calls the front desk and tells the clerk on duty we need to contact the police. I am ice cold inside and out, so I take a hot shower. An officer gently knocks on our door less than a half hour later as the sun welcomes a new day.

I Knew

What happened that night showed me a truth that went deep into my soul. Though I had certainly been in the presence of evil intent and my physical life was threatened, it was the spiritual shift I felt inside that was most earth shattering.

Now, I don't want to sugarcoat that experience. I was traumatized. To this day, I have the scars. But I could still feel the power of love that had flowed through me.

I knew that something extraordinary had happened.

Even though I was in shock.

Even as Ann and I were treated that morning as nuisances by the police, who made it clear we were the last thing they wanted to deal with as Labor Day weekend was beginning.

Even as I was scolded at the hospital for taking a shower and destroying any evidence.

Even when we were driven to the scene of the crime, down the dirt road and through the gate that Ann remembered in every single aspect.

Even when they found the tire tracks and collected the bullet shells for evidence.

Especially as I was shuffled from a nearby police station to the sheriff's office a county over.

And most definitely when the sheriff in charge of my case ended up being my very own Charlie angel.

I knew. I knew that something extraordinary had happened—to me.

So when I was made to tell my story over and over and to look at a lineup of cowboys, I did not fall apart. Even through my shock when I saw his picture in the album with the other suspects. It was the cowboy, no doubt about it: his name was Richard.

I wavered a bit when Charlie said that this man smiling up at me through the plastic was suspected of killing two local girls who had gone missing. But I knew.

I knew when the police arrested Richard right where I told them he would be: hunting with his dad in Rifle. I knew when they recounted how the cowboy told them we were friends. And that he was surprised I had turned him in, but he knew what he had done was wrong. I knew when the cowboy admitted to everything Ann and I had told the police.

I knew I had experienced a miracle. The pure power of love had saved me.

I knew then that love was not an airy fairy fantasy. Jesus was not kidding! In the midst of all I was feeling and experiencing, inwardly and outwardly, I was grateful. I could never again discount the power of love. To this day I carry that with me.

Looking Back

In retrospect, I saw that I unknowingly had used *the Soulsearch* Way of Thinking to save my life on that night so long ago. I had always known this experience gave me what I needed to trust in the power of love. What became clear to me, in carefully examining the events, was how important it was that I had been able to keep my negative thoughts in check.

One of the most common ways we tangle our thinking is to go to the negative automatically. When faced with a challenge, we usually go straight into fear. This single shift in thought (from negative to positive) allowed me to stay open to Spirit and to my own inner wisdom when I needed it most.

Though I didn't know it at the time, this experience helped me to access a way of connecting to my higher self and the Divine, which is now integrated into *the Soulsearch*.

I'm sure you can imagine how many times I replayed that night in my head. Going over every moment. Every decision. Every detail. Not just because of the trauma but also to uncover the miracle that occurred.

Now that you know the facts of the story, I will walk through an abridged version with added insight from hindsight to help you understand how *the Soulsearch* works in real life circumstances—whether it is a nightmare situation or an everyday issue.

Facing Fear & Choosing Love (Take #2—for the Learning)

It was a hot summer evening back in 1974. I was just 17 years old. I was traveling across the country with a friend, heading to Denver to have some fun before entering college. We were almost there when we stopped off at a restaurant/bar. We met a man, and, in a very short period of time, we were fast friends. He offered to drive us to our desired destination and to introduce us to friends and places he knew well.

A few hours later, Ann and I were sitting in the front seat of the car with this man, whose name was Richard, heading down the dusty highway toward Denver as the day quickly turned to night. I had felt something wasn't right for a while as we drove in silence. I noticed he had stopped chatting with us, and there was a tension in the air. I became alarmed and did my best to act cool. Eventually I suggested that we stop somewhere. Perhaps he could just drop us off at the next hotel and call it a day.

That was when Richard pulled off the highway onto a country road. He pulled out a gun, pointed it at my friend and me, and said, "I want to see those clothes fly." With the gun on us, he drove along the dark road in the middle of nowhere.

Naturally I went to fear. I was terrified. After we had driven down that road, through a gate, and into a field, after my friend grabbed the gun away from Richard, jumped out of the car and a chase ensued in that field, while I was left alone in the car in the pitch black of that night, I have to tell you my way of thinking was 100% negative.

My thoughts were grim indeed: *We're going to be killed and I'm barely 17*. I imagined my picture on the front of my hometown newspaper with the word "MURDERED" underneath.

The sound of gunshots came from just outside my car window, and I had no idea what would happen next. I knew that I was in danger, but I realized a truth in my negative train of thought: I didn't want to die. I wanted to live.

That inspired me to talk to God—just like I had back in another field, the field of my childhood home in Ohio. I asked God, "What can I do to save my life?" The voice came just like when I was seven years old—loud, clear, and loving.

"Use what you have. Stick with what you're good at. Be a friend."

God's words evoked in me a clear desire to save my life using my natural strengths. That powerful desire sent me into my imagination, wondering, *What did I have? What were my strengths? What could I count on from myself?*

I asked those questions and, to my surprise, answers came. I was good at acting. I was good at being friendly. I was a lot of fun. So I decided that, if my friend was still alive, I would pretend to be mad at her. I would act as if I was Richard's friend, and I would show him a good time.

It might only have been a matter of minutes, or even seconds, between that inspiration and the car door opening. My friend was alive and Richard was too. They joined me once again in the car. My fear was gone now, though, and I felt hope.

I Can't Believe This Is Happening to Me!

My friend Ann had taken a different path in her thinking. She had been afraid as well, but her fear turned into anger and urgency. Her thoughts were focused on what she Didn't Have.

She had negative thinking about what HE was doing. She thought that it was wrong and it shouldn't be happening, especially to HER. I am in no way blaming Ann for having this response. It is natural, especially under those circumstances. But many circumstances will present themselves that grab hold of you and seriously talk you into going down a negative path in everyday life. You become ENROLLED in the righteousness, the urgency, and what seems to be the undeniable TRUTH. Ann might have had a negative thought that plagues us all at times: *This is wrong, and it shouldn't be happening to ME!!!*

This is how our thoughts get tangled. We get enrolled in a negative way of thinking and urgently take action. Even when it might seem natural, as was the case here, it still has negative consequences. It was this negative feeling and thinking that led Ann to grab Richard's gun, even though she had no idea how to use it. This action—based on negative thinking and feeling—led to a shootout and the gun being back in a much-angrier Richard's hands.

Negative thinking works like this. It seems logical but is always based in fear, so it blocks us from God and from our own creativity and inner wisdom. When we act from our negativity, we end up like my friend and me...in trouble.

The paradox is that negativity is something we HAVE (don't we ever!!!) and so it needs to be included in our conscious thinking. The trick is in HOW we process and manage this way of thinking. Without good boundaries, the energy of negative emotions will take over and render us powerless.

Yet, there is truth hidden in the negative that will be revealed if we can keep from being enrolled in the logic of the thinking and the powerful negative energy of the emotions that are triggered—or supported—by the thinking.

The One Thing that Saved My Life

Countless hours into that never-ending night in the field with a gun at my head, I realized I had some additional negative thoughts: *My time is running out. He's now threatening to kill me every couple of minutes. His attention on the good time we're having is waning.* I addressed them without going back into fear.

Other negative thoughts jumped up: *I'm running out of diversions. I can't go on.* Then I had the negative thought *Just give up.*

But I felt something stir in my heart. I was once again inspired by the true thought *I WANT TO LIVE.*

This is another step in *the Sousearch* way of thinking. When you release the Negative, Inspiration naturally occurs. An inspired truth reveals itself from that deep place inside to which we all have access.

For me, that truth revealed a new Desire: *I need a new plan.* So, I silently asked God for help. I heard an answer that there was only one more thing to do. Something I had been holding back. I knew it was the truth because of how I felt when this one thing was revealed. I felt Inspired and knew it was the one thing that could save my life...and it did. Next came something beyond what I thought possible. Imagine: *I was challenged to stretch into new territory.*

That clear voice transported me into a place I never before could have imagined. “Kat, you need to express real love toward this man, even though what he's doing is evil...just love him anyway.” It was the one thing I didn't want to do. I didn't think I could. It seemed wrong. I resisted for a few seconds. Then I let go and trusted in the voice and the overpowering feeling of truth that it conveyed.

I don't know what I said or if I even said anything different than before. I knew that I simply needed to open my heart to Richard and God would take care of the rest.

So I loved Richard with all my heart, AND the truth revealed to me in that moment was that love is the most powerful force of all.

Untangling my thinking brought me to the biggest truth in the Universe.

Within an hour, Richard drove my friend and me to freedom. Ann shifted her thinking at this point and took action that helped to secure our safety. Later that day, Richard was arrested by a sheriff named Charlie who showed ME love by opening his heart and his home to me and, in so doing, saved my soul.

Charlie Angel

Do you remember in Chapter 1: My Wake Up Call when I said that Charlie saved my soul after I had saved my life that night? Well, here's the rest of that story.

Charlie invited Ann and me to stay at his house with his family while we were needed to stick around town to make our statements to the police. He showed me love and trust by letting me know he believed my story.

The night after the kidnapping, we were finishing up a wonderful dinner with his family. I was having fun with his four-year-old daughter, Cindy, and making her laugh. Her mom told her it was bath time.

Charlie turned to me and asked, "Would you like to give Cindy a bath?"

In that moment, I felt my heart open wide. Charlie saw the positive in me when he easily could have been focused on the negative situation in which I had gotten myself involved.

I knew I was being taken care of by something much bigger than I. To be trusted on that level shifted me completely away from any thoughts I might have entertained about a negative world. That one act of kindness let me know that I was loved, no matter what. My soul's wisdom was shining through loud and clear.

Love Is the Answer

The traumatic events of *The Cowboy & My Brush with Death* are not ones that I would wish upon anyone—let alone myself. But I believe I experienced those events so I would forever know the TRUTH of how we create our lives with our thoughts. To show me I always have a choice in how I think and behave. That choice would determine the way I experienced any circumstance from that day forward.

With a gun to my head, I organized my thoughts to return to the energy of love. I know, without a doubt, that returning to love is the answer, and I have spent my life learning how to make choices from love and teach others to do the same.

In some ways it may be easier to recognize the importance of the quality of our thinking when we're in dire straits. The stakes are high. We are laser focused. I find the real challenge is to organize the thinking when our own negative voices hold guns to our heads, which happens most days of our lives. That's what makes *the Sousearch* such a powerful tool for daily living.

