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FOREWORD

My sister, the late, great, amazing Debbie Ford, was a *New York Times* bestselling author of ten books who had dedicated her life to her global community of students and coaches, teaching her groundbreaking work on “the shadow” and innovating the life-changing Shadow Process Workshop. Along with raising her son, Beau, her work was her greatest passion and focus. During the last five years of her life, as she courageously dealt with a rare cancer, she found the will and strength to get out of bed and teach for a week and then would collapse for a month to rest up and generate enough energy to do it again.

Now that Debbie is on the other side, her tremendous desire to serve humanity has not slowed down. Whether you believe in an afterlife or not, I continue to receive emails, phone calls, and social media messages on a near daily basis from her friends, students, and coaches and even strangers sharing with me that Debbie is guiding them from the other side via dreams, direct messages, and signs. Her presence after her death with those who are living has made itself known in so many ways. We don't expect this to stop, especially given this incredible account.

A longtime family friend, celebrated medium, and close confidant of Debbie's, James Van Praagh, sent an invitation for a private reading to my husband (Brian) and me, together with my mom, Sheila. We were to visit his new home, located less than forty-five minutes from us, and he would provide a reading with

Debbie and other deceased relatives who were willing to come through time and space to meet with us. Of course—without hesitation—we all said yes. (These days, if you want a reading with James you have to attend his public events—where there are often three thousand people or more—and hope your loved one on the other side is pushy enough to grab his attention.)

On a beautiful, warm, sunny Monday afternoon the week before Christmas, we drove to James’s beautiful home north of San Diego. After a tour of his serene, personal paradise, we got comfortable in his very white and extremely modern office. He began the session. All of us were so excited to hear who would come through as well as experience the gifts of our dear friend James.

Within seconds, Debbie spoke through James with a request for me to write a prayer book with her. It was as if she had been waiting to announce this request for some time. She made a case for how she would help me through the entire process. It could be fun and easy, she said. I didn’t understand what she was talking about and was cringing with every detail. How would this be possible? Would I have to impose on James for daily readings to get the material? I said no as politely as you could to a sister who has passed away. Debbie eventually moved on to other topics.

Next James asked us, “Who is Minnie? She keeps talking about Minnie.”

I explained that Minnie is Beau’s half sister (who almost no one knows about . . . you can’t even Google that information).

“Ah, now I get it,” James said. “She says to tell Beau that when Minnie was visiting recently, she was with them every precious moment.”

Geez, how did James know that Minnie had come to visit

Beau for Thanksgiving (from her home in London) just a few weeks prior?

“Damn,” I thought. This guy is beyond good; he’s truly a master. It seems like the entire cosmos comes through this kind and gentle man.

The reading progressed and Brian’s parents came through with sweet messages; my stepfather, Doc, came through, which made my mother incredibly happy; and a few other deceased relatives came through who had valuable messages to share.

In between visits from the other loved ones, Debbie would break through, continuing to implore me to write a prayer book with her. I had tried to say no, but apparently social etiquette is different for the dead. By the end of our ninety-minute session, I caved in and said yes. Clueless as to how it would happen, I knew my sister well enough that she would never let this go until I agreed. It was hard to believe that even from the other side she could still boss me around! Persistence is her middle name.

As we drove home on the freeway later that day, Brian began talking about all the many meaningful and cherished hours he spent with Debbie at her chemo treatments. He had memories of her talking about writing prayers over the years. He remembered how important they were to her, and he suggested that I contact Julie to see what she might know.

Julie, in addition to being someone we consider family, was and is a vast resource of all things Debbie. She spent seven years working as Debbie’s right hand and held titles that included executive assistant, producer, webmaster, editorial assistant, business manager, and collaborator on many projects. At the end of Debbie’s life, Julie was her primary caregiver and gave of herself tirelessly to make sure Debbie’s every need was taken care of. The love and strong bond between them was a joy and an

honor to witness. Today, she continues Debbie's legacy as president and chief operating officer of The Ford Institute.

I called Julie and shared the details of the reading. I finished the story, and Julie was not surprised in the least. Her response floored me:

“Arielle, Debbie wrote an entire prayer book called *Your Holiness*. Do you want me to send the manuscript to you?”

Within minutes, I was reading the book you now hold in your hands. I was mesmerized. I had completely forgotten that the catalyst for Debbie's total lifesaving transformation from a life of using hard drugs was the extraordinary power of prayer. I had forgotten that nearly thirty years before she passed on, she had fallen in love with God and that she had experienced a true miracle thanks to prayer. As I read each page, my heart continued to expand, and I felt as if Debbie was with me, enjoying each prayer together. Her words leaped off the page, and I could feel her loving energy all around me, her frequency enveloping me with such a comforting presence.

Not only was the book brilliant and beautifully written, it was complete. The book was never published; perhaps Debbie felt the time was not right until now.

I realized immediately how divine the timing of all this was and how many hearts and minds this book would touch. And, of course, I was delighted that I wouldn't have to figure out how to coauthor a book with an angel from the other side. Debbie wanted me to help be the messenger.

When I finished reading, I picked up the phone and called Gideon Weil at HarperOne. I told him about the extraordinary reading with James and the manuscript I held in my hands. He had been Debbie's editor for many years; he is also my editor and James Van Praagh's editor. No coincidences here.

After listening to this crazy story, Gideon admitted—to my astonishment—that he had been feeling guilty for the past few years. Debbie wrestled balancing her hard-hitting psychological insights with a desire to write more about spirituality and how each of us has a divine self. Gideon eventually persuaded Debbie to “stay in her lane” and focus on what she was best known for—the psychological. Debbie, of course, has never given up, and apparently she believes the moment to flex her spiritual insights is now. I sent him the manuscript, and within days he agreed to publish it.

You just can’t make this stuff up: sometimes it’s just better to surrender to the magic and grace of this thing called life.

As the end of her precious life approached, Debbie told me she was completely satisfied that her mission was fulfilled, that she had experienced a great life, and that the last year of her life, despite her weakened condition and constant pain, had been the best year of her life. It’s exciting to have proof that even from her new home in heaven she continues to share her deep wisdom.

Debbie’s love and affinity for prayer carried her through some of the darkest moments of her life. I am beyond thrilled that she found a way to let us know this book existed and that in doing so, her inspiring words are now available to lift and enlighten the rest of us. I hope you enjoy this book as much as we enjoyed the adventure of uncovering this treasure.

ARIELLE FORD

La Jolla, California

INTRODUCTION

In science, technology, medicine, business, or almost any other corner of human invention, there is always new information being discovered.

When it comes to spirituality, however, there is never new information discovered so much as new insight gleaned from information we already have. The great spiritual avatars and source materials have articulated the great religious truths; the journey of consciousness is humanity's evolving to the point of embodying what we know.

The scientist and the spiritual teacher, therefore, are different not only in what they reveal externally but in what they reveal internally. While who a scientist is has little to do with the import of his or her scientific discovery, who the spiritual transmitter is has everything to do with the depth of his or her transmission. When it comes to information of the soul, only one who him- or herself has truly been *in-formed* can pass along spiritual information beyond a mere sharing of abstract concepts. What makes *Your Holiness* such a beautiful book is not only what Debbie Ford wrote on the page, but also the obvious depths from which she wrote it.

To those of us who knew Debbie as a vibrant, generous, courageous woman, it is hard to read these words without some level of sorrow that she isn't here to see them published. On the other hand, the book itself is a reminder of a greater reality than

that of the material plane, a reality of which we are all a part and through which the spirit remains alive forever. Debbie found her own comfort and healing in aligning with that reality, and one of her greatest gifts to the world while she was here was to remind us all that such a power exists.

In this book, she does more than simply remind us. In these pages she wrote of more than God's existence, or even of his power; she wrote of how to *experience* that power by practicing the authentic steps of spiritual transformation: prayer, forgiveness, and humility before God.

Debbie did not pretend that she hadn't fallen down in life, or that she alone had lifted herself back up. Rather, she was brutally honest with herself and others about her problems—the demonic, addictive forces that had laid her flat on the ground and threatened to destroy her life. And she wrote beautifully about the moments of surrender through which she felt God had lifted her back up.

Realizing the depth of the drug hell into which she had descended, she wrote that more than anything else at that time, she wanted to change. She wanted to stop living the lie she knew she was living. Lying desperate on the cold tiles of a bathroom floor at the height of her madness, she called out to God in the midst of her pain:

I wanted to change. I needed to change so badly. I began begging and crying hysterically. With my head in my hands, I sobbed uncontrollably until I suddenly realized that something inside me had shifted. A calm had come over me—a silence that was palpable. In asking God, this higher power, to enter my awareness, something inside me opened up and relaxed. The stress in my body had released, and the screaming voice in my mind had subsided. Peace had enveloped my entire self. Even the filthy, disgusting

bathroom floor didn't look so bad. There was a release inside me, a letting go, a clarity, an expansiveness, but more importantly, there was hope. My God, I had hope. Just what I needed.

That hope was not what just Debbie needed; it's a hope that we all need. Today, her message has particular poignancy for those bound in the hell of drug addiction like she was, many of whom die all too frequently on those same dirty floors. Yet most of us, whatever the form of our darkness, can relate to the pain of a life gone wrong.

Debbie lived the human journey of having been to hell and back, then shared with her audiences how God had done for her what she couldn't do for herself. If even one person reads this book and embraces the thought that "If God would restore Debbie to new life, then perhaps he will do it for me, too," then she will have given a gift in this lifetime that makes her worthy of our eternal gratitude.

What had Debbie done that day, the one key she had never used before but which at that moment made all the difference? What made that the day the clouds broke through at last?

That day, she prayed. She completely surrendered her life to God.

As an addict, Debbie learned that no amount of self-will or self-discipline was strong enough to lift her above the ever-recurring temptations to drag her life back into the downward spiral that had haunted her for years. She would go on to develop not just a life of prayer but a true devotee's understanding of its effects that she now delivers to others for their own healing.

The fruits of her labor are in your hands.

"Prayer is the path that delivers us to our most divine selves," she wrote.

It washes us clean and tills the soil of our consciousness so that more life-affirming, holy thoughts and feelings can take root. When we are in the presence of our power, potential, beauty, worthiness, and light, we are not as vulnerable to critical thoughts of despair, self-doubt, greed, fear, blame, or darkness. When we are connected to our spiritual essence, we feel good enough, wanted, loved, confident, safe, and inspired. And when we are disconnected, we feel scared, small, weak, unworthy, unlovable, abandoned, and alone. As Emmet Fox once said in The Golden Key, "If you are thinking about your difficulty, you are not thinking about God." Through the vehicle of prayer, we come to know God. Through the power of prayer, we come to know our holiness.

Debbie realized, from bitter experience, that only the light of her holiness could keep her safe and protected from the darkness of her ego mind. She was clear that an alignment with the holiness in which we were all created was and is the greatest, most meaningful, and most important pursuit of our lives.

"What does it take to step into and reclaim your holiness? I'm going to assert that it is much easier than you might imagine," she wrote. "Most of us think we have to become something, learn something, succeed at something, or achieve something, but in truth the realization of our holiest self requires nothing from the outer world. Stepping into our holiness is merely a process of acceptance, of being willing to see the totality of ourselves. It is the recognition of the magnificence and grandness of our own potential."

Yet Debbie never sugarcoated the journey that it takes to reach our grand potential. She was never blind to the difficulties or the challenges that go along with spiritual pursuit. There is no

holiness without love, and love is not always easy. We must face the places where we hold lovelessness within our consciousness, and we must root it out; until then, we will always be vulnerable to the toxicity of a spiritually inauthentic existence. Naming steps to the dissolution of our lovelessness, she calls in this book for a Consciousness Cleanse:

You must . . . acknowledge that you have allowed thoughts and feelings that are inconsistent with the vibration of love into the sacred environment of your mind, body, and heart. You must admit that you consciously and unconsciously, intentionally and unintentionally, opened up to these frequencies, and you chose to interpret some of your experiences in negative ways, which is what made them toxic to you. It's important to realize that your interpretations of your life's events are what make them nourishing or toxic.

Debbie was rigorous in her approach to spiritual growth, and she urges the reader to be rigorous as well. She knew from experience that her thoughts could bring her down, and she knew that only thoughts of God could bring her back up. Moreover, she knew that only she could choose which thoughts to hold within her mind. When she chose holiness, the power of her faith created an anti-gravitational pull that overrode all lower forces.

You are the only one who can choose. You are as free to change vibrational frequencies as you are to change your clothes. Your thoughts, your emotions, the images you hold in your mind, the energetic signals that you send out to all those around you—these are the tools that are

available to you in this life experience. Use them to your full advantage. Do not for one more minute deny your holiness, your godliness, and the power of your true self. Because you are wanted, needed, and, more importantly, a holy addition to this world. So open up, commit, and enjoy this journey, your holy ride.

Debbie did rise up from the depths of her drug-induced despair that day, and she did in time enjoy her ride. She became a successful teacher, author, and coach, living happily a life filled with love and abundance.

Even then, though, it wasn't as though she didn't face life's challenges. The idea of one or two eureka moments and then everything is perfect from that point forward didn't hold true for Debbie and doesn't hold true for any of us. She wrote honestly of the lies and prejudices that all of us are heir to while living in a space so permeated by the illusions of the world.

Alignment with our holiness doesn't mean all the sorrow of life then ends, but it does mean the sorrows of life become bearable. What we gain from an experience of holiness is a set of new eyes through which to view heartaches, and the spiritual strength to rise above them:

In the midst of life's heartaches, we must find the eyes to see beyond our current situation. The fact remains that we are going to have tough times. People are going to die. We are going to lose love. We are going to struggle. We can pray until we are blue in the face for things to be different, but most of the time we are powerless to stop heartache, because it is an inevitable part of life. Creation and destruction, life and death, good times and bad times . . . If you have a father who is riddled with cancer, there is a

99 percent chance that he is going to die. Praying for him not to, although you could do it, is a prayer that you can't expect God to answer. But what you can pray for, what you do have influence over, is for you to be the strongest, most centered and loving person possible during those times. You can pray for the courage to love through your fear, to allow love in through other sources. You can pray for enough love in your heart so you can grieve in a healthy way. You can pray for your loved one to find comfort, to have faith, to have an easy passing. What you do have the power over, what you do need, is the understanding that this is life, that this too shall pass, and that an all-loving grace is with you and supports you in transcending the moment, enabling you to see beyond your current circumstances. The mantra "This too shall pass" lifts your consciousness so you can look at your life five days or five months out and know that you're going to be okay.

Debbie's triumph lay not in a long life but in a meaningful life, for herself and for many others. She died way too young from the perspective of those who greedily would have wished to have her with us longer. Yet the life she lived was one of inspiration to so many, and with this book she continues to give of her spiritual bounty. Her inspiration seemed boundless, yet with characteristic generosity she insisted it was a gift that is available to all.

Inspiration is magical, ever-present, and unlimited—you only have to tap into it. You don't have to become inspired. You are inspired. Beyond all limitations of human life, inspiration is the emanating force of the universe. It lives vibrantly in the present moment, when

you are connected to God and know yourself and God as one, when you step outside your intellect, your mind, your emotions, and your ego. Inside your ego structure, you can be excited, motivated, and even driven, but that is not inspiration. Inspiration comes from the invisible world, bringing spirit into matter. You just have to reach up and pull it down.

That, in the end, is what Debbie will always be known for: her willingness, her ability, and her passion for “pulling down” God’s grace from the ethers of spirit into the regions of the earth. She never seemed to forget those still vulnerable to the same machinations of the ego mind that had done so much damage in her own life. It was Debbie’s compassion for the pain of others that drew so many of us to her, and it is the special spark that permeates her work.

There is no greater demonstration of a power greater than the world than that this book exists, through which Debbie can teach and testify even now. Her sister Arielle does more than keep her memory alive: she keeps alive the thought that Debbie is living still, in the Mind of God, in an eternal dimension by whatever name we call it. Debbie called it holiness, and she lived the light of her holiness beautifully. She was a woman, with all the wonderful, gutsy, human dimensions that go along with that. But as she points out so poignantly throughout this book, holiness was the higher, most essential truth of who all of us are. Through her holiness, and through this book, she remains with us now and will be with us forever.

MARIANNE WILLIAMSON

SECTION ONE

*You Are
Drenched in Holiness*

Drenched in Holiness

Dear God, Spirit, Divine Mother,

On this day I ask you to grant this request:

May I know who I am and what I am, every moment
of every day;

May I be a catalyst for light and love

And bring inspiration to those whose eyes I meet;

May I have the strength to stand tall in the face
of conflict

And the courage to speak my voice, even when
I'm scared;

May I have the humility to follow my heart

And the passion to live my soul's desires;

May I seek to know the highest truth

And dismiss the gravitational pull of my lower self;

May I embrace and love the totality of myself—

My darkness as well as my light;

May I be brave enough to hear my heart,

To let it soften so that I may gracefully choose faith
over fear.

Today is my day to surrender anything that stands
between

The sacredness of my humanity and my divinity.

May I be drenched in my holiness
And engulfed by your love.
May all else melt away.
And so it is, and it is so,
Amen.

I was in my fourth drug treatment center, and it was day ten of a twenty-eight-day program. For over fifteen years I had suffered drug addiction and the underlying insecurities and self-loathing that had birthed it. I had been in and out of treatment centers and could never seem to make it all the way through the program. At around the ten-day mark I would begin to feel strong, willful, and hopeful, and convinced that I “had it.” I don’t know what I thought I had, but the ache that had led me into the treatment center would usually fade away by this point, replaced by a desperate need to escape. But on this particular day, I was keenly aware of where my “prison break” would take me. It was no mystery, because it had happened so many times before. I would finagle my way out of the treatment center, claiming I was healed and had found enlightenment and freedom from my addictions. And then, either hours or days later, I would be back in the same vicious cycle of filling my small body with drugs, chasing a feel-good moment, and sinking back down into the depths of hell and hopelessness.

This particular morning, by the grace of God, I was finally able to see where the path of running away would lead me. And I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that I couldn’t do it one more time. I knew that if I ran away, I would either find myself back in the same place or, worse, not survive. Even with this awareness, the urge to escape continued to well up inside me, and the voices in my head grew louder and louder: *Run, Debbie, run! Get out of here! You’re not one of them. You don’t need this. You*

can do it alone! For hours I turned my attention to this inner voice and listened. I wanted to believe it. I wanted it to be the truth. But the harsh reality was, this voice had let me down many times before. So for the first time I decided to resist the urgings of this voice, and I chose to at least explore the possibility that there was some force inside me that could give me relief, that could help me where I clearly was not able to help myself.

So I excused myself from my group therapy session (joyfully so) and proceeded down the dark, dingy corridor that led to the bathroom. I have to tell you, the bathroom of this treatment center was a disgusting place. It smelled like dried urine. The stench was almost more than I could bear. The tiled floor and the grout between the tiles, which probably had started out gray, were now black with mold. I am a bit of a clean freak, and my top priority is beauty. I need it. I crave it. This bathroom was neither clean nor beautiful. But I was so filled with toxic emotions and so desperate for help, I decided to do the unthinkable: I got down on the floor on my hands and knees in a prayer position and began to pray. I asked God—or my higher power, as they call it in the twelve-step program—to come to me, to help me, to rescue me from my pain and my self-destruction. My body was shaking, and tears were rolling down my cheeks. I was desperate. Although I had heard people talk about God in many twelve-step meetings, for me God was nothing more than a concept in my mind. The actual experience or knowing of God did not exist inside me.

For a few minutes I listened to the ranting in my head about how stupid this was, how disgusted I was to be here, and how embarrassed I felt begging some power I didn't even believe in to help me. I felt angry at God, at my parents, and at all those who had hurt me, believing that if it wasn't for all of them I wouldn't be here, stooping to an all-time low. I tried to convince myself

that I could get up and leave, but my fear that I would die if I ran away now urged me to stay.

I thought back to the day before I had entered this round of treatment. I had been living in an apartment at Turnberry Isle Yacht and Racquet Club in South Florida. I owned a thriving clothing store in the Aventura Mall with one of the most prestigious men in the state as my business partner. From the outside, it looked like I had it all: I drove around in my white convertible Porsche, wore the hippest clothes, hung out with the coolest people, and regularly partied among Miami's nightlife until the wee hours of the morning. Certainly my outer shell looked just right. I was the girl who had money, success, opportunities, friendships, and the world at my fingertips. But in the quietness of my inner world, I hated myself. I hated my life. I was angry, judgmental, confused, and disorganized. I was tired, desperate, and lonely, and the only thing that ever took away my pain was the carefully selected mixture of drugs that I faithfully consumed each day.

The truth was that the drugs had stopped working long ago. And although I could barely endure the thought of having to live without them, I knew I wouldn't live much longer with them. Just two weeks before, I had scored a bottle of Percodans from a girl I had befriended who worked in a pharmacy. I thought I had struck gold when I met her. She was the answer to my dreams and the solution to the countless hours I spent trying to round up enough drugs to get me through each week. But on this dark day, this day of reckoning, that bottle was now empty. It wasn't that I had never experienced an empty bottle before, but there had been a thousand pills in this big brown-glass pharmaceutical bottle, and less than fourteen days later they were all gone. I now needed to take at least ten Percodans to catch a feel-good moment, when a few years earlier I had needed

only one. The bag of cocaine I dipped the ends of my cigarettes into, to accompany my Percodan high, was empty as well.

Here I was, face-to-face with an out-of-control, all-consuming drug addiction, surrounded by ashtrays, empty cartons of Salems, and the bottle of 10-milligram Valiums I used to begin each day. I was obsessed with trying to figure out how my life had come to this. I seemed to be a genius at rationalizing, denying, lying, and making up excuses for my bad behavior, but on this day, with the empty Percodan bottle in hand, I knew in the depth of my soul that I just couldn't go on living like this. I couldn't pretend that I was okay for one more day.

All my clothes were thrown all over my room since I had ransacked every drawer looking for pills I might have hidden and dollar bills that might still contain a residue of cocaine. My purses were scattered across my closet floor from my tireless search, knowing there must be something, some residue, somewhere. All the plastic pill bottles in my bathroom, where I would typically hide a few pills here and there, now lay uncapped on the marble countertop.

As I had frantically searched, I felt the desperation, the fear, the powerlessness of needing a fix and being unable to find one. I could have picked up the phone, but I was too ashamed and humiliated to call even my drug dealers. No one could consume this amount of drugs in such a short time. No cute leather dress or outrageous dangling earrings could hide the pathetic nature of this scene. Even my drug dealers would know what a loser I was. When I realized that I would be embarrassed in front of people I considered the scum of the earth, I knew there was no other option. I had to get help. The thought that I was going to die had been second to the sleazy feeling of being a blown out drug addict—the poor little rich girl. There I had been, with everything, and yet with nothing, because I had lost myself.

After recalling this desperate and painful scene, my mind snapped back to the present moment, and I once again became aware of the cold tile underneath me. On my hands and knees, not knowing what else to do, I recited the Serenity Prayer: “God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.” I focused intently on each phrase because I ached for some serenity. More than anything in the world, I wanted a few minutes of peace inside my noisy mind. I whispered the words, just loud enough so I could hear them, over and over and over again: “God, give me the courage to change.” I wanted to change. I needed to change so badly. I began begging and crying hysterically. With my head in my hands, I sobbed uncontrollably until I suddenly realized that something inside me had shifted. A calm had come over me—a silence that was palpable. In asking God, this higher power, to enter my awareness, something inside me had opened up and relaxed. The stress in my body had released, and the screaming voice in my mind had subsided. Peace had enveloped my entire self. Even the filthy, disgusting bathroom floor didn’t look so bad. There was a release inside me, a letting go, a clarity, an expansiveness, but more importantly, there was hope. My God, I had hope. Just what I needed.

That morning I had experienced something very special. Even though I didn’t know what it was, it had lifted me out of the pain of my emotional body, at least for the time being, and brought me to the perfection of the present moment. I knew then that I could make it through another day. And at that point, one more day was all I really needed. Suddenly I was filled with joy and excitement, and I wanted to stand up and shout out to the world, “I can do it!”

I share with you this experience on the bathroom floor of the Palm Beach Institute because it was the moment when

I knew that a power greater than myself existed. It was the moment when I began to heal and transform my inner world and form a deep, loving relationship with the power that I now know as God. Every day for the next eighteen days, I made the choice to find my way back into that bathroom, which became my holy sanctuary—a place where I could reconnect with the all-loving presence that had delivered me to a higher aspect of myself. Through this daily ritual I found the strength to finally make it through all twenty-eight days of treatment.

On a warm summer day nearly twenty-four years ago, I walked out of my last treatment center, knowing that I had tapped into a power and a source that could move mountains, change people's lives, and lead me to a future that I couldn't even fathom yet. I knew in every cell of my being that I needed to further explore, understand, and devote myself to finding and knowing God. Hallelujah!

Dear God,

Dance with me.

Hold me tight like a lover.

Spin me around until a smile covers my face.

Lift me up, and when my feet touch the ground,

Let me know that I am one with you.

As I resumed my life, I was consumed by the need to understand how this shift had occurred. Why had I found the strength this time that I had failed to find so many times before? How had I gone from feeling deep pain, agony, and despair to experiencing peace, joy, and contentment? How had I felt so alone and separate one moment, then, a moment later, completely connected, one with all that is, seen and unseen?

How had I gone from seeing the world through the self-centered eyes of my wounded ego to glimpsing the unbelievable intricacies of my spiritual path?

To this day I remain awed and fascinated by what's available to any one of us when we open ourselves up to the unseen forces that exist within and around us. The quest to understand this powerful source has led me on a long, unbelievable journey, from the depths of darkness and despair to unimaginable moments of light, love, creativity, and joy. And now, excitedly, I share with you what I have learned from the greatest spiritual teachers of our time, as well as the ancient sages and spiritual masters whose teachings continue to live on in our awareness. In the pages that follow, you will find a process that will unleash this power within you, so that you can heal your heart at the deepest level and return to your rightful nature, your truest essence . . . your holiness.