

When I was a little girl, I lived in a magical world. One of four children, living year-round in a small lake-house meant to be a summer cabin, I was raised in what many might view a non-traditional home. I spent countless warm summer days playing in the woods, frolicking in the water with my fish and frog friends, or curling up in the grass with a book. Though I didn't know the value of it then, I was nested in the palm of nature, shaped and comforted by the rhythm of life surrounding me.

In those days, my two older sisters were meant to supervise me while my mother and father both worked one or two jobs. Though never in any real danger, my younger brother and I were mostly left to our own devices, caught in a web of imagination and endless play. We built forts in the woods and became imaginary characters. Our imagination took us anywhere we wanted to go, and we visited faraway places with curiosity and inventiveness.

In many ways, our lives lacked structure. Our overstuffed home was disorganized and messy, full of kids and chaos. We ate when we were hungry, and slept when we were exhausted. While there was never a shortage of love and laughter, it could be said that we lacked the traditional structure and boundaries healthy for young developing minds. We had few major rules and enormous freedom to roam about as we pleased.

These were the conditions in which I flourished as a child for my first nine years. Within these parameters, my free spirit flourished. Fundamentally a good kid, I was always the one keeping my older sisters and younger brother accountable to staying out of trouble. Perhaps I was filling the traditional role as "middle" child. We managed to have a great deal of fun, and learned a lot about life along the way.

When I was 9, the idyllic life as I knew it ended. My parents divorced, and everything changed. I had new challenges; a new place to live, new stepparents, new boundaries. As a child, even then, there was something inside me that persevered. The fundamental belief that life was good persisted, helping me stay positive about the tragedy that became my life.

Everyone has tragedy and trauma in their lives at one point or another; each of us reacting in different ways. What matters is how we emerge from it. While some use it for an excuse to fail, others view it as an impetus to succeed.

Though I had challenges growing up, I was always loved. I knew in my heart that I was good and that I was meant for big things. Instinctively, I knew that I would be okay. As I matured, I began to gain confidence in my value as a person. I began to expect more. I focused on being positive and proactive, attracting good things into my life. Was this an accident? Was it fate? I don't think so. I believe it was the law of attraction and the power of intention that began working together for me as a child, creating possibilities that are still in perpetual motion in my life.

I didn't wake up one day and decide to have a positive outlook on life. It was simply there, deep within my psyche. A friend asked me once "Is the sky always blue in your world?" I answered, simply, yes. When I am met with challenges, my positive view dramatically impacts my expectations and actions for solving the problem.

I believe we are all meant to expect more, and accomplish more. As a business coach, I have dedicated my life to helping others see their unique value. I am a product of the collective universe, bringing my distinctive perspective into the lives of others so that they can clearly forge their path to greatness. I refuse to let circumstance hold me back from what I can achieve.

The law of attraction, harnessed at a young age, allowed the positive energy particles to align, creating in my life the possibility for me to live my dream. Now, after many successful years in other professions, I've found my calling as a coach. I wake up each day, fully engaged in holding onto thoughts that will help me attract the things I want, and helping others do it too.