

# THE POWER OF PURPOSE

## *J* *and* PURPOSE

7 PRESENCE PRINCIPLES AND TOOLS

N I C O L E   M A R T I N

## PRESENCE PRINCIPLE 1

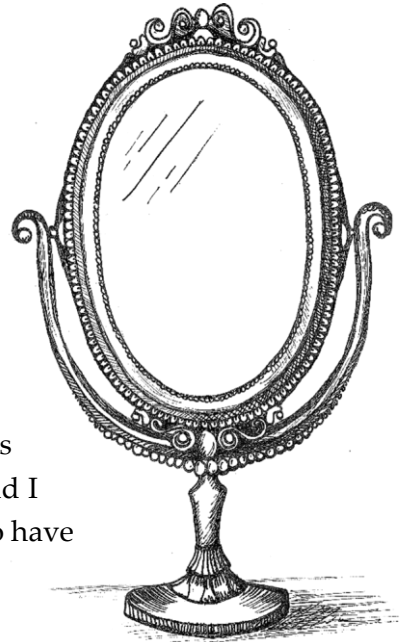
# *What Defines You?*

*"You may encounter many defeats, but you must not be defeated. In fact, it may be necessary to encounter the defeats, so you can know who you are, what you can rise from, how you can still come out of it."*

-MAYA ANGELOU

### **The Unexpected**

It was a Thursday afternoon in southern California. I had shoulder length blonde hair, many freckles, and a sun-kissed olive complexion from fun-filled days playing outdoors. It was approximately 3:30 p.m. and I had just arrived home from school. Back then, I walked everywhere. It was normal to walk to and from school alone. My mother was always gone before I woke up in the morning and I always had a very specific list of tasks to have done for her before her arrival home each evening. I enjoyed the quiet time



after school as the house was all mine. By the early age of nine, I had already come to enjoy the peace of a quiet home. Three years earlier, my younger brother had joined our family and became my mother's second born. I loved playing with him. I used to literally dress him up in my doll's clothes and enjoy my play tea set with a real "guest". But, of course, he was at day care that afternoon when I arrived home. First stop, the refrigerator, of course! After-school snacks were the best and my mother always stocked the freezer with Schwan's® single serve pizza's. We had a massive round sofa bed that served as our living room couch. It was something I could run and jump on, and often did. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm despite being mid-January. Only now, have I come to expect cold in winter. I was enjoyed my free time when I should have already begun my chores when the phone rang. It was my mom! She was in a rush and just explained that a client she had worked on the night prior would be stopping by to pick up his wallet. She went on to explain that "Joey" thinks he must have lost it and she asked me to check around the sofa. She specifically gave me permission and instruction to let him into the home and to expect him to come by soon. My mother has worked out of the house for as long as I can remember. She is a certified holistic health practitioner (HHP) and natural energy healer but, as a single mother, had other jobs as well to help support me and my brother. I hung up the phone and began searching as she had asked me to. Ten or fifteen minutes had to have gone by when I heard a knock on the door. It was Joey. He was in his thirties, stood nearly 6' and had blonde curly hair. He had broad shoulders and I remember he was wearing jeans and a light tan canvas jacket. I greeted him and welcomed him in. I began explaining that mom had asked me to look for his wallet but it was nowhere to be found. I walked him into the living room, pointed to all the places I looked and finally apologized and sat down on the round sofa bed in the corner. He

approached and sat down next me and before I knew it he leaned over and began kissing me. I remember he paused and I wiped my mouth with my hand and exclaimed, "Ugh! Why did you do that?" I was so confused. Things progressed quickly as he lifted me off my feet and carried me to the bathroom. I just went along with his demands. My mind was racing and I simply could not make sense of what he was doing. By the grace of God, he was having difficulty. I was after all, a young girl. I just went on talking, "What are you doing? Before I knew it, he picked me up again and took me to my mother's bedroom. He sat on the bed and by this time I was naked. I remember feeling bad for being in my mother's room and just as I glanced right to see the alarm clock it read 5:12 p.m. I realized in stunning fear that my mother would be home any minute. I became frenzied and frantically telling Joey, "... My mom is going to be home any minute and I have to clean this place up, my chores aren't done! I won't tell her what happened, just go, just go, you must leave!" He looked at the clock and ordered me to my knees. He was very forceful with me and before I knew it there was mess everywhere! He looked at me, said "Sorry!" and left. I was perplexed and had no idea what just happened. I was fearful of the mess that had been made and what my mother would say when she found out my chores weren't done. My heart was racing, I was out of breath and I felt enough adrenalin to dress myself and run out the front door. We lived in a condo well up on a foothill and there were evergreen hedges that bordered every window and sidewalk in the complex. As I dressed hurriedly I knew I was going to find help. I was terrified but hadn't shed a tear, I simply was panic stricken. I estimated it had been one minute since he left. It felt like five. I inched the door open and saw no one. I took a frightful step outside and looked both ways. The only way down to the road were double-width staircases placed every two condominiums. I remember thinking he must have gone down the

stairs as I heard his voice below. I dropped to my knees on the sidewalk adjacent to the front door of my house. Just steps from the door I peered beneath the bushes and I could see a taxi cab on the street below. He hopped in the cab that appeared to be waiting and I watched the taxi drive away. The minute they were gone and without thinking I ran to the neighbor's house. I don't remember their names. I simply told them I had been attacked and the rest is history. By the time my mother arrived home the area had been completely cordoned off. I remember just being relieved that she wasn't mad at me. I recall the shock on her face and the tension in the police car. The policeman that took me in for statement and examination allowed me to sit in the front seat. I gave my statement with my mother likely watching, but I remember she wasn't in the room. It was easier to tell my story without her next to me. It seems the police knew this. We didn't go home that night and ironically, I don't remember where we slept. I vividly remember my mother sitting me down to let me know the police had located Joey before the next morning. My mother explained he was charged with hurting many girls, not just me. She explained I would have to tell my story in a court house and by doing so I will ensure he gets the help he needs and he won't be allowed to hurt another girl. She encouraged me to speak every word of truth and to feel it. She explained that what I feel, I can heal. My mother prayed with me. She explained how I can take my power back and breathe positive energy into the memory. She took the time to not have one conversation that was 60 minutes but rather 60 conversations that were one minute. Are you okay? Do you want to talk about it? What do you want to do to feel happy right now? Are you ready to go back to school? Do you need some time alone? I remember a longer conversation when she asked me if I wanted to talk to someone other than her. I declined and I respect my mom to this day for not making me do something I didn't want to do.

Rather, was not ready to do. She always had a way of treating me like an adult even when I was a child. Likely something from her days growing up in a broken home with divorced parents.

Days became weeks and it was time to go to court. I showed up at the Santa Barbara court house and it was a big place. I remember being staged in rooms, prepared in conversation with a woman I did not know. She walked with me, held me back behind a door, and then leaned over and said, "Don't be nervous, just tell the truth." I walked into the room and was presented from the front of the courtroom vs. the rear as we see on television. I sat myself into the witness stand and peered out over the large room. The chair practically enveloped me. I tried to not see Joey but I could see him. He seemed frail and weak in an orange jumpsuit, not intimidating and strong as I had recalled from my exchange with him. I began speaking and word for word told my story. I was nine years old. I looked for my mother as I nervously quoted things Joey had said to me. I had never spoken vulgar words before but I replayed it like a movie for all to hear. After it was all said and done, many behind the scenes affirmed to me and let me know how brave and strong I was, and that by telling the truth, my actions in turn had helped many. Upon my return home, my mother prayed with me again and asked me to ask God to see it as I would have preferred it to happen. Aloud, I shared I would have preferred that I had found his wallet and that he would have taken it, said thank you and left. I would have liked to have had my chores done when my mother came home and I wish I didn't feel so confused. I would like to feel safe and be understood. After I said all of that, my mother helped me to send all the blessings I would wish for my assailant. She explained that if I don't send him blessings in prayer, then the negative emotions I have felt will stay with me when truly I have the power to release them in the form of blessings. She explained I must will it to God to harmonize to the good of all living things.

Life returned to normal, whatever that is, and my mother had arranged for me to walk to a friend's house after school. This would be the routine for the remainder of the school year. I remember she was working with me to let go of what happened. Speaking my truth and having my mother support me through my truth helped me heal my fragmented feelings I was feeling. At an early age, she taught me that just because this happened to me (A) it does not need to change who God intended me to be. It will not have power to define me unless I give it that power. Something that I couldn't escape was people knowing about what happened to me where we lived. It was in papers; my teachers were notified, and I missed school. In the months that followed, I recall it feeling like a fog. A thick cloud of energy seemed to surround me and it simply wouldn't leave. Girls at school would whisper in corners, "... that was the girl that was attacked". I became withdrawn. I equate it to feeling defunct. I recall my mother gifted me a rose-quartz necklace. She asked me to wear it every day until I felt better. Rose-quartz is one of the most popular crystals<sup>1</sup> in healing. Many regard it as a healing crystal for attracting and keeping love. Rose quartz is also used when it comes to healing one's heart from pain and disappointment. Months later, I recall it mysteriously breaking. The gem literally cracked in half from the pendent on my necklace. I told my mother right away and she simply let me know it has done its job. Days turned into weeks and weeks into months. Despite the positive exchanges with prayer, I didn't believe in the true power of the prayer. By summer of the same year I didn't feel physically well. In fact, I began experiencing physical pain. I remember it was the Fourth of July holiday and my mother was yards ahead of me as we walked to see fireworks. I couldn't keep up. I felt fatigued, stiff, weak and truly unable to walk. My mother took me to the hospital. She was stunned when they admitted me. Even more so when I was there for a week and

despite many physicians and many tests, they couldn't figure out what was wrong. In the end, I was discharged with a diagnosis of Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis (JRA). This is a type of arthritis that causes joint inflammation and stiffness for more than six weeks in a child aged 16 or younger. It affects approximately 50,000 children in the United States. I was still overly fearful about security and fearful in general. I was feeling I may not belong anywhere, and it was hard to visualize my dreams. Thus, I was having difficulty letting go and held onto fear. I had trapped negative energy and despite my mother being a healer, she could not do the healing for me. I had to do the work myself.

During those same months, these events had a significant effect on my mother. She had decided to leave all she had ever known. She was planning to move us out of California to a drier climate as the physicians advised this would help. She took a trip to Montana and fell in love with the Gallatin Gateway. Upon her return and before my school year began, she explained she bought a home in Montana and we were leaving California. It would be a fresh start. I remember the emphasis she placed on this for me specifically. She positioned this move as a wonderful opportunity to go somewhere no one knows you and introduce yourself as only you want to be seen. "Every day is a new day and don't you ever waste a single day", she demanded, "God put you here for a reason!" She would remind me, "You are not a victim just because people say you are a victim." She made it very clear, not only with her words but her actions. She never placed blame on anyone or anything for what happened to me.

As a result, I ultimately learned God doesn't punish us and I cannot change what happens. It was ingrained in me to deal with what happens. Come what may. I learned something more valuable. I can control how I react to what happens. What do I do with it? Do I give energy and power to the negative or do I give



energy and power to the positive? For every difficult and unforeseen event, we are faced with a choice. We can emerge from our circumstance with hostility or benevolence.

I define this; I determine what was taken from me. I chose to claim my personal power, to move through it intimately and to rise from it filled with learning rather than suffering. This is a life-changing principle. I know this now and only now do I know with clarity how pivotal this has become to who I am today.

*Presence Principle* number one is the foundation of what defines you. It is at the core of your being. It may be hard to know all you know about yourself and be able to look in the mirror and not see unresolved pain and hurt masked by rage or fear and even a mask you have created for yourself. I know and love beautiful men and women. Many are still stuck in their past, stuck with "A." If you are one of these beautiful souls that feel pain, sadness, shame, or even hostility, you must take your power back. You must reveal what you have learned and emerge from the experience with wisdom and facts. Let go of the negative energy and feelings. The blessings often can be found in working through the pain to find the healing. If you have a secret, speak your truth. You may not have to declare it to the world but to those most intimate to you. You must speak it aloud. How can you feel the full beauty of divine love if deep down you believe that you are damaged, not worthy or less than? The one that loves you accepts you and loves you but if you believe that could change if they knew "A," then you have not fully moved through to heal. To lend trust to another human is to have trust in yourself and in the grace that you are not alone. You are not alone in anything.

If you speak your truth and find it falls on deaf ears, then that does not change the fact that you still have a choice. If someone fails to hear your truth, the choice has become theirs. If their choice does not help facilitate acknowledgement of your truth,

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well then, the choice becomes yours once more. You retain the power, you retain the choice. What you do with it is critical. It defines you; it becomes the energy you carry with you and project to others. Ultimately, it is in those moments that we either give pieces of our Spirit away or strengthen our soul through presence. It is to be seen fully with all your greatest fears exposed and then to be blessed by another human who takes you by the hand and sees your intrinsic beauty. Know that is a moment every soul can accomplish. To see the battle wounds and yet witness an individual that extends energy with benevolence and grace. If you do the work, commit to yourself to look in the mirror and see eyes of strength. Such strength in personal power lays a radiant foundation for your personal presence. This is work. Anything worth doing is work. By healing our wounds, speaking our truth and allowing ourselves to not be defined by what happens to us, the potential is to ultimately bring you closer to your soul's connection and the truth in your purpose.