

You're in! Thank you for showing up for authentic connection, community unity and higher meaning! Below is my gift to you; the book chapter. Open it, sip it like a transformational elixir, feel the electricity and welcome in the magic of synchronicity and universal alignment.

This book will be a hybrid, part confessional memoir, part creative empowerment workbook so you too can begin your journey toward increased authenticity, alignment and lived bliss!

The Cosmic Seamstress: I Learned, I Stretched, I Changed. So Can You!

Author, Jennifer Showers

CHAPTER 1: Once Upon a Wild Night I Manifested a Handsome Yogi

"If you can dream it, you can do it."

~ Walt Disney

Eyes deep, dark, like warm velvety caramel, the whites of his eyes bright as cotton clouds float in the Miami sky, skin an exotic glistening shade of mocha, hair dark, thick, wavy. "Oh, what just one, innocent run of the fingers might do for a deserving gal like me!" I'd just escaped the warm, sea-salted air and entered this artificially chilled destination, a classy cocktail lounge in a sophisticated hotel, situated on an island, a stone's throw from the bustling cultural kaleidoscope of downtown Miami. City lights comprised the panoramic background just so, magical really, enveloped by dreamy tones of turquoise water as far as the eyes could see. The place had been meticulously set to invoke a warm inviting mood. Wood walls in shades of smooth scotch, bottles of red and bubbly champagnes reflected from the mirrored bar. Wafts of cologne and expensive perfumes, scents of fine leather filled the darkened room. A small, sophisticated crowd had gathered. There were gorgeous women decorated with glimmering diamonds and sophisticated men with sleeves completed in cufflinks and the finest of tailored suits. A sheen glinted off Italian marble which lay beneath designer footwear and sophisticated chatters, both English and Spanish. It hadn't been more than ten minutes since the emeralds of my eyes set in to

scanning that room when we locked into stare. In a mere blink, standing before me was an exceptionally handsome, Latino beauty, the fittest of physiques adorned impeccably beach-sophisticated, linen trousers, white Gauavera buttoned and starched to perfection. Hi, assuming you're traveling solo, would you like to share a drink? This otherworldly man's approach was prompt, *"Might I have dialed Delivery Dudes, quite literally, before exiting the tiniest of single room abodes that I now called home, a mere few blocks away?"*

Since the question of why and what am I doing here has been officially set into motion, allow me to respond by saying, nearly anything would have been a possibility during those early days following the total upheaval and eventual divorce. *Dios mio, que' increible y es este hombre!*" (Oh, my God, how incredible and beautiful is this man!)

Allow me to explain what on earth would've ever possessed me to set out on such a single night, solo adventure. It was my son's weekend to be with his dad so once again, I'd been sitting alone in my apartment, ruminating over the many transgressions made against me during the prior string of months. With a woe is me mindset, I knew I'd attract nothing more than a whole heap of self-defeatist talk and I certainly did not want more of that. The brilliant, highly unconventional download, I'd received earlier that evening, went something like this, *"Think of the wise sages and yogi's you've been reading about as a means to make sense of the rough and tumble times you've recently faced. I mean, their principles sound rather intriguing, wouldn't you agree? A totally different way of seeing and operating in the world, designed to free the mind from samsara, a term often used in Buddhism and Hinduism that essentially means suffering or the cyclical process of birth, life, death, and rebirth; a continuous cycle of suffering and quest for liberation from it."* So, it seemed my higher Self delivered an entirely novel idea out of what seemed nowhere. I mean this innovative thought bubble entered with such outstanding power it was the likes of a cinnamon-frosted Pop Tart ejecting from my grandmother's upright toaster. And, once the notion took full form in my brain, out escaped all negativity, as though siphoned by the trunk of a fully mature elephant.

My rationale self-replied *“Hmmm?! True, there may be something to all of this. These supposedly wise approaches to viewing life, have after all been carried out since the beginnings of time by the likes of great yogi gurus and ascended masters and with much success I might add, at least this is what the books I recently indulged proclaim. For example, there is the wise virtue of non-attachment meant to foster inner peace and liberate the mind from suffering since attachment to that which one cannot control can lead to emotional turmoil and dependence on external circumstances. By letting go of attachments, individuals can cultivate a deeper connection to their true self, experience greater freedom and contentment in the present moment.*

Then, there was the power of now that I’d read about, which involves focusing on the present moment to enhance mindfulness and achieve inner peace by letting go of past and future concerns.”

Once the whole of these thoughts had been fully digested, my brain and spirit shook hands in agreement; this was worthy of further exploration, at a minimum! The evenings high whisper had officially primed my energies for grand experimentations in *“non-attachment”* and *“the power of now”* because what’s life without a little experimental unruliness with a side of enlightenment and because I already had so much disruption in my life, I figured there was only one way I could go and that was up! The time had officially arrived; I’d put these lofty ideologies to the ultimate real-life test.

And just to ensure I gain your trust from the get-go; I best be perfectly honest here. Before I ventured out that evening, I downed a martini to ensure I’d survive the unconventional experimentation.

Dressed to the nines, runway-ready, I fashioned a pair of flared, jet black, vertically pleated slacks, black patten leather heels and a deeply scooped bronze silk top, neckline decorated with similarly shaded sequins. It would be me, my higher Self and I who’d embark upon the experimental practice of these wise ancient virtues; I’d been spending more and more time alone during that time period. This was so despite many friendships I

had forged at the nearby university, both my place of higher academic study and my workplace for at least a decade.

It had been about six months since the finalization of my soul-shattering divorce. I was fully conscious of the fact that wise sages typically carried out the practice of such high virtues in dark caves and ashrams therefore, my approach for the evening wasn't exactly what they'd typically prescribe. Nonetheless, I rationalized this would be good enough to capture the essence of it all. I'd simply throw in a few, post-divorce Jennifer'isms for good measure because I never did agree with the concept of coloring inside the lines.

By dipping my toes into these basic high principles, I could at least steal a quick glimpse, perhaps better determine if this type of spiritual path felt like a good fit for me or a potential approach to living differently. Perhaps this would be a better path for what I sensed lie ahead; nothing short of a very long, treacherous and challenging journey. I mean unconventionally testing the spiritual waters that night didn't feel much riskier than trying on a brand-new pair of department store bikini bottoms. You know what I mean, those bikini bottoms with the sticky, little paper-liners attached to their crotch which you know damn well touched a thousand other crotches before meeting yours. I'd play a little Russian roulette, potentially manifest a sparring mate for the evening, someone willing and capable of engaging in a little Buddha-banter, a sort of manifested platonic blind date if you will. All of this was exactly how I reassured myself I really had nothing to lose in pursuing the evenings adventure, spiritual, bold and slightly whimsical were just my style.

The experiment officially began as I exited the barely 700 square foot Key Biscayne apartment. It was as though I played make believe, waved a magic wand. I'd declared to myself and the Universe, *"You will cross over this threshold, the frame of your front doorway and as you do, you will supernaturally transform in body, mind, and soul. You will enter a higher realm, albeit just for this one single evening. A dimension where only unconditional love and zero judgement resides, an altogether new reality. All current and past masks, labels, pains, shames and blames will dissolve in a snap."*

The first rule for the evenings experiment will be rooted in a practice of the power of now, you will not dare introduce yourself by name to anyone you meet. You are not to share, even the tiniest of details, from your past, not to anyone you meet. Nor are discussions of future dreams or ambitions permitted.

The second rule is in honor of ancient yogic masters since the beginnings of time who have encouraged non-attachment to foster inner peace and liberation from suffering. A test drive of this grand virtue means that even if you meet a man, whom you believe to be Mr. Big and you're certain the two of you are meant to spend the rest of your lives together, you will let him go. I mean completely and totally let him go. Besides, what kind of human would you be anyway to bring this utterly disastrous and tangled-up life of yours into another's world? You must remember, it is a service to all to pass over any offers of attachment. Even if that perfect specimen of a man insists, he's met his match in heaven, you refrain one hundred percent from attaching. These are the rules that will satisfy this evening's experimental yogic journey.

If temptation to falter rears its ugly head at any time, you need only remember that these steps are meant to free you, at least temporarily from the utterly torturous state of samsara you now carry in tow. Now, go forth my fine, faithful and budding yogini. Enjoy the freedom ride!"

So, right about now is when I can only guess you're asking, why on earth would you do something that appears so downright nonsensical? To which I can only reply, I had been caught for way too long in a dysfunctional marriage, an emotional landscape riddled with merciless desperation. I wanted, more than anything, to shed the heaviness of dramas, traumas and low vibrations from my life, not to mention my sons. I knew the energies of my chronic anxiety and sadness, born from everything I thought my life was ever supposed to, now shattered into a million pieces, must surely be seeping into the innocent boy's energy field. Despite my efforts to hide the pain and angst every single day, I wasn't so naïve to think this didn't permeate the little man's soul. Despite a most rigorous effort, I simply had not yet managed to ditch that shit. For one, the marriage and subsequent long, drawn-out

process of trying to save it from falling apart at its shotty ass seams, proved outright wasteful. Then, there were the new, lingering dramas at the office. Together, the pair made my forehead feel as though it were plastered with copious layers of unwanted Post-it notes, not to mention the less than good enough feelings that clung like a giant leech stuck to a juicy steak. The co-parenting responsibilities weren't going away anytime soon either, and my ex had proven wholly uncooperative in my humble opinion. I'd had little to no breathing room for a decade by that point, an Olympic-level over achiever, I juggled a demanding career, two hour a day commutes, part-time master's-level studies, a young son, a household, a high energy Dalmatian-rescue, role as trophy wife and we must not forget maintenance of those uber-crucial wash board abs and iron-clad butt. My son meant the absolute world to me therefore, I was hell bent on rising above the state of trauma that had set up camp in my mind and body, even if doing so required unconventional acts the likes only achievable by the Great Magician Harry Houdini or some unseen ascended master of ancient times. Damn it, if this night's experiment held any kind of promise, I'd try it! Come hell or high water, I would not only make it out of this nightmare in one piece, but I'd also thrive higher and with as little collateral damage as possible to myself and my innocent son.

So, there you have it! I'd officially ventured out solo that evening having set my intentions to the practice of higher virtues in an attempt to heal my life and spare my son from further exposure to damaging low voltage vibrations of my own making. And, poof! Just like that, there the two of us stood in this sexy, Key Biscayne lounge. Lorenzo's handsome spirit quite mystically now sitting alongside mine. We were near immediately intermingled in deep, meaningful, philosophical conversation, as though bridged in an energetic intimacy, otherworldly like we'd absolutely met before, though not during this lifetime. And, the real kicker here wouldn't come until I learned the man was a seasoned yogi, a teacher of Bhakti, often referred to as a Bhakti guru or spiritual guide who imparts knowledge to the principles of love and devotion to God. I swear, if this hadn't truly happened to me, I'd venture to argue it was all just a wildly contrived story. I mean, what are the chances I set out to practice yogic virtues and within minutes of arriving to my destination, I meet the most exquisitely handsome Latino yogi mine eyes had ever had the pleasure of settling

attention to. Nevertheless, there I was wholly feasting on this fantastical eye-candy and the immediate spiritual connection between the two of us was nothing short of ethereal! “*Oh, querido Dios gracias! Oh, my dear God, thank you!*”

So, Lorenzo and I traded deep, meaningful, philosophical conversation with ease inclusive of topics such as, non-attachment, the power of now and the path to enlightenment. We did so into the wee hours of the following morning. And I would be remiss if I didn't share that Lorenzo and I engaged in a delightful array of intimate energy exchanges during our brief time together too. Without delving too deeply into the personal aspects of our fleeting connection, I want to express my joy in saying that throughout that evening, I remained steadfast and true to the heartfelt guidelines I had set out with for my sacred trial run earlier that evening.

He'd only been clued in to my first name, no past nor future stories of my life had been revealed. He fully understood that I was simply there to practice two wise virtues; *the power of now* and *nonattachment*. The most delightful part of it all was how he so easily understood and obliged, given his masters-level training!

Lorenzo openly shared specifics of his life prior to discovering yoga, quite a transformative journey to say the least. A highly successful businessman, married to a beautiful, successful woman, the two shared three adult children by the time he and I met. He'd explain how many years prior to marriage, it was his belief he'd found genuine love, at least from the original lens through which he'd been viewing life as a twenty-something.

However, in actuality he'd been living in extreme misalignment. Plunged into the depths of sexual and emotional deceit, he'd been having an affair with a gorgeous Latin woman for no less than a decade during his marital journey, essentially living a double life. Until one afternoon, while traveling on the busy interstate, he was struck by an intoxicated driver. Following twelve days in an induced coma due to extensive bodily injuries and massive brain swelling, he awoke to the stare of his wife and mistress. In case the life altering accident hadn't been bad enough, this come to Jesus moment would seal the deal on

whether or not he should continue fooling himself or come clean and step into the truth of who he really is. Doctors uncertain he'd ever walk again and definitely suggesting if he did, it would be with great limitation, the still small voice whispered incessantly, *"Lorenzo, this is your second chance to do life differently."* It wouldn't take but an instant before he'd come clean with it all. He spent the following year learning to feed himself and walk again, mindfully ending both the marriage and affair in a blink. Through the long, arduous healing process, he met a physical therapist who suggested trying yoga therapy. One class was all it took to launch him into a space that felt utterly and blissfully familiar as though he'd mastered this at least once before. Like a past life remembrance, his body, mind and soul harmoniously fell into immediate step, leading way to a full recovery. He'd emerged like a rising phoenix from the dust and debris of his own fashioning, newly defined and liberated as a divorced, single father turned wise yogi sage.

I was convinced, "If he can make a comeback from that level of humility, not to mention the narrow escape from death in mind, body and soul then, I too, can surely make it to the other side of my hot mess."

It wasn't until the following afternoon, while lying on the sofa in my tiny apartment that the full nature of the prior evenings experience struck. There I was, once again, forced to return to my real-life story yet now with a much more enlightened perspective and higher plan for the path ahead. Yet, at that particular moment, there was little left but to announce my sincerest thanks to the all-powerful, Almighty. God, *"I want to take this moment to thank you for showing me that I absolutely and positively possess the power to manifest my own destiny. I am clear now, without a shadow of a doubt, that there is a power greater than myself guiding and protecting me and my young son. Thank you for blessing me with that most magical encounter and exercise in enlightenment last evening. Indeed, I feel slightly less burdened and substantially liberated as a result. I accept your offer to once and for all untether from the chains of my past. God, you know as well as I that I've always felt too spiritual for the church and too religious for the world. Thank you for granting me just a touch more clarity about where I belong as it relates to my spiritual practice and relationship with you. Admittedly, my Catholic upbringing led to limited thinking that never*

completely sat right with me. Nonetheless, I bought into the ideology that the only way to honor you was to attend church on Sundays. That's one way and there's nothing wrong with that way but I now understand, thanks to your saving grace; it's not the only way since you, God are all-encompassing and everywhere. Furthermore, I bought into the belief that the only definition of success was to get married, buy a house and shatter glass ceilings in career. Going forward, God, I humbly ask that the way is cleared for me such that I can see what you want me to see, say what you want me to say and meet who you want me to meet. Oh, and dear God, please help me to stay out of your way. In Jesus name I pray."

It was in that very next moment; I reached for my landline to dial my son. And, since the very act of reaching for a telephone mimicked the exact action I took, about two years prior, when my entire life as I knew it was hurled into an utter tailspin, please allow me the liberty of taking you back to that fateful day.

"The impossible is often the untried."

~ Jim Goodwin

Please keep your antenna tuned –transmissions from the sewing-room of the cosmos are imminent!
Join me in stitching a revolution of authentic connection and higher meaning –book, creative collaborations, purpose-driven *Comic Seamstress* socials and experiential empowerment events with intention are all on deck!

Want to host with Jennifer or have a creative, purpose-driven collaboration idea?
Email info@lifedesignlady.com.