

I Was a Yo-Yo Wife

Vivian Probst

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For

Thomas Henry Probst,

the man I dreamed of who became real...and stayed.

Thus, the task is not so much to see what no one has yet seen, but to think what nobody yet has thought about that which everybody sees.

Arthur Schopenhauer, Philosopher, Notable Pessimist

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Foreword

By Thomas Probst, thirty-year veteran of marriage to Vivian Probst

First of all, you need to know that I call my wife, Vivian, by the nickname Ruvi. If I'm going to write something about her, I can't call her by a name that doesn't mean anything to me. For years I knew her by her birth name, Ruth. She can change her name if she wants to (which she did), but it doesn't mean I can make the switch as easily. Just like the time I came home with my mustache and beard shaved off for the first time, I looked so different that she begged me to grow it back. We get used to things.

I remember how close I came to never meeting my wife of more than thirty years. In the old-fashioned world of video dating, we had to travel to an office to see each other's videotapes and decide if we should connect. For both of us, that meant traveling to Milwaukee. (I was living in Appleton at the time—it was a long trip.)

At the time we met (which Ruvi reminded me was spring of 1985), I was divorcing my first wife, living with my sister (where's a man to go when he has to leave?), and running a liquor store for the first time in my life. You could say that I was getting my midlife crisis over with early—I was only in my mid-thirties.

I remember knocking on the door of Ruvi's apartment, never thinking that I was about to meet the woman of my dreams. All I can recall is this beautiful young woman hiding behind big glasses and wearing the most outrageous outfit (which she would tell me later was the latest fashion and had cost her a fortune—Ruvi likes to dress well). We went out to a tavern, traded information, and were both hooked, especially after that first kiss. It certainly wasn't her cooking. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, my wife took a serious detour. After the first meal Ruvi ever cooked for me, I knew I would be doing the cooking if we stuck together. I still tease her about that meal.

She's into health food; I'm not, but since I do the cooking, we've learned to get along about that as well. We occasionally remind each other that one of us is going to die first, and whoever does will lose the challenge about which health regime is best for one's longevity (I call them 'The Vitamin Wars'). Ruvi could retire on what she spends to stay healthy. I'm five years older, so she knows she'll have to make up for that time difference before she can prove she's right—if I go before she does. We'll see.

It's hard for me to imagine Ruvi's life before I met her. Mine had been very different. I was raised most of my life in the same city, went to the same Catholic schools as other kids I grew up with, and tried not to let my parents in on my shenanigans. I was lucky enough to get into college at UW–Madison, where I mostly studied how to drink

beer (is Jingle's Tavern still there?) and avoid attending classes. Somehow I ended up with an engineering degree and made my way to success in a firm in my hometown before going into my own business.

My first marriage gave me three children. I don't like to talk about what happened to end that relationship after seventeen years, except to say that I think I'm a good guy. I had married young and wanted a happy family like the one I had come from. I would do almost anything to make that happen, but you can't make other people love you, and when you marry young, you don't really know what that means. It didn't work, and after seventeen years of trying, I had to give up that dream.

Unlike me, Ruvi's family moved often due to their religious work. She had followed all the rules of the strict society in which she was raised and had even lived in other parts of the world. She married into that world, and I can't imagine what she went through when she had to leave it, but I certainly understood. We had that understanding in common—that there comes a point when you have to act on your own behalf.

My family was supportive of me during my divorce. Ruvi had left her husband and the society she had been raised in, so she was no longer close to her parents. They remained devoted to their beliefs and withdrew from her life. I can't imagine what it cost her to do that.

Even though I barely (or one could say 'beerly' as Ruvi would because she loves to play with words) got my engineering degree, I'm good at what I do. I guess it runs in my blood, back to my grandfather. Even my father was an engineer. We Probst men are practical, logical, rational, and resourceful. We don't get all wrapped up in our feelings. But it wasn't long after we met that I knew I was in love with Ruvi. My family loved her; my kids were OK with her and liked her kids. I was pretty sure that with Ruvi, my dreams of having a happy family were going to be fulfilled.

After we were married—we were pretty poor at that time—Ruvi began leaving me. I didn't get all worked up. We would communicate, usually end up apologizing to each other for whatever had caused her to disappear, and then get on with our lives. We were both busy and felt pretty lucky much of the time. There was so much to live for.

When Ruvi had complaints or concerns, she wasn't shy about expressing them. As I said, I'm a logical, rational engineer, and I'd try to listen and understand, even though they didn't make sense to me. If she tried to tackle an issue with me, I'm a guy, and I'd do what I could to make it go away; I just wanted a happy family. I'd feel like we were so close, and then something would happen to tip us over. In Ruvi's opinion, it was usually about something I was doing wrong. If I disagreed, I had to tell her. I think that bothered her a lot.

I'm no angel. If you asked people around me, you'd probably find out that I wouldn't win a popularity contest, except with many of my clients who like the results of the work I do. I'd say my greatest fault is that I can be unkind and disinterested in things I don't think are important—like when Ruvi would be upset with me over something and she'd want me to change my behavior. I'm an engineer. We have rules to follow, and as long as we do that, things should work well. We're not great change agents. In spite of my fifty years of engineering, water still flows downhill unless you force it to do something else. There are some things that don't change, and an engineer respects that to the core of his or her being.

I know Ruvi isn't a piece of machinery or a wastewater treatment plant—if she were, I might be able to figure her out. She can be illogical, irrational, and completely wacky (in my opinion) because she's so passionate and creative, which I love. She changes course often (she even changes her name from time to time). I think I get her, sometimes better than she gets herself, and I think that part of our problem is that she hasn't been able to see herself the way others do. She's pretty amazing.

But my wife has changed over the past few years. She's happier (and happier with me, which is the best part of all). When she started writing this book, I was surprised. I had no idea that she had been studying our relationship as deeply as she had. I could sort of tell that she was different—she had quit picking on me quite so often. She even started complimenting me and being more kind. I was suspicious at first—I mean, if your wife suddenly started being nicer to you, wouldn't you be as well? But now I get it.

I'm an engineer: I'm not sure I understand “This One Thing That Changed Everything” Ruvi talks about, but I know that it did change her perspective, so it made a difference to me as well. If you read this and find it helps you have a happier relationship, I'm all for it.

Acknowledgments

In my first published work, I learned how painful it is not to remember everyone I had intended to acknowledge. I wisely decided that for this book, I would keep my list short and very broad so as not to repeat such an offense.

I can't do it. Everyone who has been involved deserves to be present and accounted for, so I will do my best, once again, to offer my heartfelt gratitude while begging for mercy from those I might miss. You are in my heart, all of you.

As always, I thank Life¹—that energy we call by lots of names and that answers to all of them. *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife* would not be possible had Life not drawn me aside for a life-changing chat one day. What coalesced for me in mere moments became the basis of this book. My experiences since that day, now over eight years ago, have emphatically underscored that all I learned in a flash of insight is true for my life, and I am compelled to share it with others. I'm so glad I took the time I did to get acquainted with my inner world—that even though it took me years of counselling and research, I finally got it. I believe that most 'enlightenment' is preceded by patiently exploring the unseen world that lives inside.

The following people have been closest to my work on *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife* and have lovingly assisted me in bringing it to life. The list is in no particular order so that I avoid appearing to give preference or weight of recognition unjustly. Every person's influence was deeply felt, and without any one of these people, I would have missed something vital. We are called to one another for unutterably rich reasons that often appear veiled but in hindsight had to have been richly orchestrated (if you think like I do) or were just plain luck (if you think like my husband, Tom). Thank you all!

From my youth, I longed to be a writer. My parents, Sterling and Wanita Theobald, not only brought me into this world with a genetic disposition to explore the depths of life's experiences but aided me by allowing me to take a correspondence course in writing during my teenage years. May we always remember that who we are is, in part, due to the labor of the parents who conceived us and gave us a chance to play a unique role in this world.

My sisters, Cheryl Cook (deceased) and Mary Hunter. Cheryl, while not in earthly form at this time, comes alive for me each time I see a yellow Volkswagen Beetle; Mary, has a bossy confidence that I lack. We three sisters are not truly parted from one another.

My brother, Paul, has been a strong support in my weakest moments. Writing a nonfiction memoir requires far more honesty than fiction and therefore requires more courage. Brothers are good for protection.

Speaking of courage, my first husband had it when he courted and married a young woman who did not yet know who she was or her purpose in life. He fought to keep his family together and cared for our children with great love when we parted. When we can thank our former spouses for all that was good about sharing life with them, we know we have grown into a bigger place in life. Writing this book has taught me that much.

My two children are priceless treasures to me. That they embrace me after my years of being a yo-yo mother and that they have created wonderful families in spite of my absence leaves me speechless with gratitude. Their spouses and children have expanded my world in a way that I would otherwise not have known, as have the families of my husband's children.

My writing team supports my work physically and spiritually with candid humor, honesty, and wisdom. They read what I write; they know when I need to take a break in order to face whatever demon appears to taunt me and suggest I give up. These angels in female form take care of my consulting business and manage my work world, my financial affairs, and my travel arrangements and make sure I show up at the right times and places. Without Anne Wondra, Susan Losinske, Rita Hale, Georgeanne Wilson, (and particularly Beth Holbrook who was the single force that kept me on task in spite of anything I could conjure up to stop the process as I wailed about how painful it was to write my memoir), I would surely have lost my footing. I met my public relations consultant, Sharyn Alden, last fall, through a set of circumstances that still blow my mind. What a treasure!

Dr. Boris Matthew, PhD, and Dr. (Kalpana) Rose Kumar have for many years taken care of my physical and emotional well-being.

This book is being self-published through CreateSpace, a company that is diligent in bringing an author's work into all readable formats that are possible in these days of publishing techno-chaos. They turn on lights in dark places for a writer who longs to share a story but doesn't care one whit about all those necessary details to make it happen.

Vivian Probst

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Introduction

If I tell you I'm crazy in love after over thirty years of a second marriage, will you believe me? If I tell you that the same marriage almost didn't make it—that I spent years coming and going (yo-yoing), trying to change my husband, Tom, and blaming him for the times I felt unloved, do you know what that feels like?

If I suggest that writing the romantic comedy *Death by Roses* anchored me in the laugh-out-loud magic of 'THIS One Thing That Changed Everything' (which I will refer to as THIS in the balance of this memoir), do you wonder how that's possible?

Laughter is not only the best medicine; it's also often the very best teacher and therapist. And finally, if you're thinking the *last thing* we need in the world is another marriage manual, especially one by a woman who is not credentialed except through her own experience, I agree. I haven't transformed thousands of marriages—only my own. I'm writing because Life gave me THIS, and it's too wonderful to keep to myself.

(If it's any help, I do have a bachelor's degree in intercultural ministries from a private religious organization, and I did study culture and linguistics in order to work among tribal people in other countries.)

Did you know that the National Center for Disease Control and Prevention keeps track of marriage and divorce statistics? I don't find that encouraging—do you? They also monitor statistics on disease and epidemics, which could suggest that if marriage is a "disease," divorce would be its fatal consequence. Mon dieu! Shouldn't we all be quarantined? Look at the following statistics and see what you think:

Fifty percent of first marriages end in divorce.² More recent studies suggest that these percentages could be decreasing. Shouldn't that be good news? Yes. However, even these studies admit that it's more difficult to determine because *so many of us are choosing not to marry*.³ Here's the surprise. According to the same federal agency, more than 60 percent of second marriages fail, and the percentage increases from there. More than 70 percent of third marriages end.⁴ Why doesn't the old adage "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again?" work for our most intimate relationships?

What is it that's not working? What are we not getting?

OK. You probably aren't reading this book for its statistical data. If you're like me, you just want to love and be loved. I understand. As I sensed my second marriage failing, I didn't care at all about other marriages—just my own—and to be quite honest, I cared mostly about myself. I had married a man I thought I loved. I was sure I had made the right decision. Why didn't he understand what I needed from him to feel loved?

Certainly it wasn't my lack of clarity! Why were we at odds so much of the time? Why wasn't it working for us?

My yo-yoing stopped when I learned THIS: that the only reason to stick it out was because of my personal (quite selfish) fascination with the depth that my love for myself and my husband could reach if I stayed. After thirty years of togetherness, Tom and I are still discovering new vistas in our post-THIS marriage.

After I understood THIS, I began experiencing such wonderful love with my husband that leaving has never been an option again. You might say I buried my yo-yo—may it rest in peace.

Are you ready to go beyond generally accepted relationship principles, which often do not work, into what I learned inside my failing marriage? Are you open to the possibility that the current partner you have plays such a critical role that even if you are at odds, *you need what that person is showing you?*

I hope so.

THIS isn't a system; it's not a program with lots of steps—in fact, it has no steps at all, only a door. THIS is as unique as you and I are; it's so simple and precise, it might be hard to believe.

Are you excited? Are you curious? I'm also guessing that some readers are camped out in the “Yeah, right. It might work for *you*, but it won't for *me* because nothing ever works for me” zone. I used to live there as well; I can relate.

THIS works for me. I didn't create the concept—I discovered it while I was accidentally doing everything humanly possible to destroy my marriage.

What's a *yo-yo wife*? It's a common question, and I'd like to take care of it right away. First let's be clear about what a 'yo-yo' is. According to *Merriam-Webster's* Internet dictionary, a yo-yo is:

1. A thick, deeply grooved double disk with a string attached to its center that is made to fall and rise to the hand by unwinding and rewinding on the string;
2. **A condition or situation marked by regular fluctuations from one extreme to another;**
3. A stupid or foolish person⁵

I Was a Yo-Yo Wife focuses on definition number two, although my husband doth protest that he was the string in definition number one during my years of indecision. It's quite romantic to think of him in that way—that he was able to stay attached and that whatever orbit I was in, he always caught me, even though I truly believed him to be the reason I left so often.

Neither Tom nor I consider number three valid. Neither of us were being stupid or foolish, although when we are in a disagreement, we can do stupid or foolish things. I recall a vicious argument over pillows at one point, but probably only Tom and I might think of terminating a marriage over something so pathetically small. However, just in case you think it might apply to your relationship, I thought I'd mention it—and, of course, for full-disclosure purposes, as well. Mostly we know that we were very, very fortunate to remain together during those trying years—to get to that “deeply in love and committed” place that we sensed was waiting for us. It just took a while. OK, years.

A **yo-yo wife**⁶ is a woman who gives up and leaves a committed relationship for a wide variety of reasons. Then she comes back. It's also a wife who can't decide to stay in her marriage. She often thinks about leaving and may even talk to others about it but stays for a variety of reasons. ‘Yo-yoing’ can be physical or emotional. I'm quite sure there are many men who deal with the same quandary, but I can only speak from my own experience. A study by AOL with *Redbook* reveals that *I'm not the only yo-yo wife* in the world. In fact, 72 percent of women consider leaving their marriages.⁷ It doesn't make me feel good that I have so much company.

Like oil and vinegar, Tom and I had a hard time getting along together after we were married. And just like oil and vinegar, when things got shaken up, it was either very, very good or very bad. Often, the only way I felt safe was to separate; I left when it hurt too much to stay.

It was Tom who suggested the title of this book be *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife* because he wants to clarify that I'm not that any longer. I love him for being “the string”: for staying and loving me through the yo-yo years, even though I blamed him for so much of our difficulty.

Parts of *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife* will read like fiction because that's the only way I know how to tell a story, but everything is God's honest truth. In her fabulous book *Creative is a Verb*,⁸ Patti Digh saved what could be my only nonfiction work by suggesting that authors should “write like an orphan.” I wanted to be honest about my life, but I didn't want to injure others or distract from the beauty of the message I had received and how it had saved my marriage. Once I got Digh's advice, I was truly able to move ahead; it was

the permission I needed to tell a 100 percent authentic version of my story just like it happened, as far as I can remember.

I Was a Yo-Yo Wife is more than a memoir. It's my life story set in a collage of the most advanced scientific thinking, with roots in the deepest spiritual truth. It's as difficult to believe as it is easy to apply. I hope you will join me in this fascinating journey. It not only stopped me from leaving my marriage, it continues to enchant me with the treasures that my marriage holds for me almost every day. Now, when things get tough—and they still do—I don't have to leave and start over again. No more yo-yoing! (Happy dance!)

Finally, if I tell you that I took the journey to THIS *without* my husband—that I never had to drag him to counseling sessions with me (and what woman who senses that a relationship is in trouble has not tried to convince her husband to take that route?)—can you imagine that? I did not have to “fix” him or “blame” him or myself at all, and we don't have to fight our way into some vague, lukewarm compromise all the time either. I learned the real reason I had married Tom, and that changed everything.

Do you wonder how that's possible? If you do, that's the purpose of sharing this incredible discovery, and it is the reason I'm writing this book. Hey, I'm coming out of the closet with my most intimate secrets, standing naked in front of whoever reads this book. I hope you appreciate that, but mostly I hope you get THIS and that it helps.

What about you? Are you ready to walk out the door of an unhappy (boring, miserable, “where do I begin to tell you all that's wrong with him or her”) relationship? THIS might change that.

Are you miserable but sticking it out with the same partner because of a vow you took years ago? Consider THIS, and read about the only vow that really matters in Chapter 12. See if it puts a spark back into that relationship.

Have you given up, thinking, *this is as good as it gets*? Think again—THIS just might make it better and better and better.

Have you been unable to find love, no matter how diligently you've searched? Is there something wrong with every person you've encountered? Oh la la! You simply must try THIS!

Have you tried and tried again, only to find that it just gets worse? Give THIS a chance!

I am one woman with a simple hope—that what I learned might help someone else. Remember, I am not licensed to practice any form of counseling or therapy; I only know what happened in my own second marriage, and I think it's so gosh-darned wonderful that I will share it with anyone who wants to read or talk about it.

That my engineer husband, Tom, has agreed to be part of this adventure means the world to me. Hopefully, you enjoyed his comments in the foreword above. He has always believed in us. He has withstood everything my trauma and insecurity could throw at him. Together, we have learned to reflect the best in each other; we are both stronger because we have lived and loved through it all.

This is a self-help memoir—it is a compilation of the events that brought me to a new revelation that changed my marriage and brought it back from the brink of disaster to a lifetime of mutual love, respect, and growth. Much of what I learned is already presented in great works by both ancient philosophers and mystics, modern spiritual teachers, scientists, and those who have explored the outer reaches of the nature of our lives on earth. I have been profoundly influenced and am extraordinarily grateful that these truth tellers did not waiver when an entire world condemned them for their discoveries. I would not have arrived here if I had not traveled with many scholars and teachers. Check the bibliography in the back for a list of authors who've had input into my extraordinary adventure.

If you're ready, read on!

“Claras” Notes for the Faint of Heart (or People Who Just Don’t Like to Read)

CliffsNotes® has received plenty of attention over the years in colleges and universities, bookstores, and the like for summarizing documents. I decided that I would create “Clara” notes for my book. *Clara* is for clarity. Being an “equalist” (a woman who believes that men and women are equal in all things and need to be honored as such), I also like that it’s a woman’s name.

For those of you who can’t bear to read the whole book, although I believe that the details are wonderfully helpful to understanding THIS, here’s a summary of what THIS is all about. You won’t get the depth (or the fun), but some of us need to snorkel before we sign up for diving lessons. I understand.

In chapters 1 to 3, I describe what brought me to THIS and then move more deeply into specific aspects in the remaining chapters.

So what is THIS? I call it the Law of Reflection. It’s not a new concept—its scientific origins date back to Euclid in 200 BC or thereabouts. However, it wasn’t until the 1600s that the law was understood correctly, reversing the long-held belief that light travels from the eye to the object, when the opposite is actually correct.

Scientist Richard Fitzpatrick, professor of physics at the University of Texas, is noted for teaching and explaining this law in modern times. He says, “The law of reflection states that the incident ray, the reflected ray, and the normal to the surface of the mirror *all lie in the same plane*. Furthermore, the *angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence*.”⁹

That scientific law packs a powerful punch in our study of THIS. In my nonscientific vernacular, THIS means that everything that shows up in my relationship with my most significant other (who is my reflection) is vibrationally proportionate to how I’m relating to myself in my inner world—and *reflects with equal intensity*. If I like what I see externally, how wonderful. If I don’t, I work things out on the inside, which then is reflected in equal intensity in my outside world with almost miraculous precision.

My external world is proportionately influenced by my internal world; whatever reaction I see in other people (in this case, my husband) toward me is equal to what is occurring *emotionally* in my inner world. The reflection is not one of actual circumstances; it’s a mirror of emotional intensity. I refer to the inner world as “Planet Me” because I believe that we are all unique and that each of us attracts whatever comes to us based on the strength and magnetism of our inner world orientation. Besides, it’s a lot more fun to imagine my own planet; it gives me an entire realm for decorating.

In *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife*, the focus is indeed on the inner world; the scientific and spiritual aspects of THIS help me to see Planet Me through the lens of what is happening around me in the external world.

Just as there are Seven Wonders of the World externally, I believe there are seven internal wonders. (See Chapters 9-18. I know that more than seven chapters but Life gave me ten chapters to explain it all. Thanks for noticing.) In *I Was a Yo-Yo Wife*, we will visit all of them specifically as they relate to our most intimate relationship. THIS is one concept; the Seven Wonders are simply different angles that help us see the whole. For me it's easiest if I further separate these into three categories as listed below.

Section A. The Wonders of My Relationship to Myself (Meology) Chapters 10-14

1. Everything I see around me is intended for me to be able to see what I believe about myself; I cannot help but create what lives inside me in my external world; the external and internal are inseparable.
2. I am creating my future right now. There is no blame; I am not a victim.
3. My primary life purpose is to deeply love and approve of myself, to know who I am, and to allow that profound sense of self to joyfully guide what I create. (I call it Meology and devote considerable attention to it in chapters 12 to 14).

Section B. The Wonders of My Relationship to My Most Intimate Partner (Chapters 15-17)

4. I am in exactly the relationship I need to be in, for reasons I may have yet to discover. If I don't like what I find in my most intimate relationship, it's up to me to resolve what's causing my discomfort in my inner world.
5. Who I am in a relationship with is less important than who I am being in that relationship. I am either being my extraordinary true self or a hideously false imitation that my protective ego prefers.
6. I can leave a relationship as long as I recognize that I take my own issues with me; they will follow me wherever I go until I allow them to share their special wisdom.

Section C. The Wonder of My Relationship to Life (Chapter 18)

7. I am deeply loved and connected to Life, the energy that lives and breathes through me, whether I believe it or not. Life is profoundly interested in me and cares about me to the *n*th degree.

These will each be discussed in more detail as we travel through the only world that matters—*the one inside*.

Part I

How I Got to THIS

One

Yo: My First Marriage

1978, Senegal, West Africa

*Under a mosquito net in a mud-bricked house that cooked us like an oven
at night, I asked God to take my life.*

—Vivian Probst

For those who have served as a missionary to tribal people in a foreign country because it is a call from their souls, such a life nurtures them and feeds their spirits from the deep well of knowing they are doing their true work in life. However, for those who have chosen such a life because they are prevented from recognizing their own soul's purpose, any suffering feels insurmountable.

Such was my case. I didn't know I had to *choose* a missionary's life from the deepest calling of my soul and that my suffering in Africa was my heart in the process of breaking free. I thought that since I had grown up inside a family, a belief system, and an organization that trained people for such service, this was the only true and worthy calling. Even though my young soul had its own ideas about what it wanted for my life, I obediently followed the footsteps of my parents and ancestors in my life's work. How could I know that Life was working to show me my own true path by allowing me to feel so lost and out of place as I forced myself to live a life that wasn't mine?

My husband and I had committed to this life in 1973 and invested seven years training for it. It wasn't like this was some madcap, spontaneous frolic. Bible school, boot camp, jungle camp, and language school; courses in culture, linguistics, anthropology, and field medicine; plus, two years of raising funds for a life of missionary service. We had two young children, and I was twenty-seven when we left for the mission field; we expected to be gone five years. How was it that we were back in the United States in six months? It was all my fault.

It wasn't the heat of the mud-brick home that my first husband, Alvin¹⁰ and I and our two very young children (Hannah, age four, and Lincoln, age two) were living in; it wasn't the snake that greeted us in our new quarters on our first day in our new home, or the dysentery our children suffered; it wasn't the maggots, the mice, or the toads that covered our floor in the middle of the night so that the only way to get to the outhouse

bathroom was to crunch through them; it wasn't even that Alvin's five years' worth of underwear was completely ruined by the African wash women who, in hanging the laundry to dry in the 130-degree heat, stretched the elastic bands as far apart as they could.. (Don't try this at home.)

It wasn't the exquisitely difficult task of putting a meal on the table, the limited options for food, the unsafe water I had to boil even to do dishes, or that I was inept with a pressure cooker. It wasn't the mosquitoes that opened their airport runways in our bedroom as we dashed under our mosquito nets after dark or the worms that burrowed into my children's stomachs and had to be coaxed out with pieces of bread taped over the microscopic point of entry (in this case my babies' bellies) so that the worms would get hungry, come out, and almost literally ask, "Where's dinner?" so that we could remove them.

It wasn't even the poverty, the lack of nourishing food, having to take showers from buckets of water warmed by the daytime heat, the understanding that "running water" was only true if one ran while carrying it, or the villagers staring into our windows during the day, quite in awe of what we considered meager possessions. All of this was hard, but it was what we had been trained to expect.

What I never anticipated was that the heretofore unattended longings of my soul and spirit would feel at liberty to come out and overwhelm me. It was being four thousand miles away from the society in which I had been raised and trained—the society that had told me my work in the world was to save others from hell, that told me women were to be submissive to men, and that counseled me that what I wanted for my own life in the recesses of my being was wrong and sinful.

What got me was the voices of the African women singing as they walked down dirt roads with baskets of food or clothing on their heads. *Were they happy?* It was hearing the traditional dance festival one night—the drum vibrations under my feet that tantalized me until all I wanted to do was run to the village and join in, even as other missionaries stood with me, remarking about the heathenism of it all.

I was not where I belonged—and I could not reach back home to reassure myself (this was long before fax machines, Internet, e-mail, and all that real-time technology that we enjoy today). I was compelled to listen to the voice of my heart at night as I lay beside my husband, tossing and turning, arguing, and trying to avoid the truth.

So I asked God to take my life—to spare me from having to pay the price of being honest at last. Yes, at that time it felt far easier, not just on me, but on everyone who would suffer as I faced the world as an honest woman for the first time in my life, my big-girl panties around my ankles. It was completely my fault that we were sent home and excommunicated with such immediacy that it took our breath away.

From the day I went into counseling with a Christian psychiatrist, I knew my first marriage was over.

How can I describe the guilt, shame, and intense sorrow that weakened me in every possible way in the aftermath? Nothing felt like a victory as I pulled our family apart, as I deserted my extended family's heritage and passion for religious service, or as I released custody of our two children to the man who would soon be my ex-husband because I felt so deeply unworthy—and he was suing for custody. I understood his position: *Who was this woman he had married in good faith, who had broken her vow to him and to God? How could he entrust her with his children?* Part of me agreed with Alvin. In spite of my deep belief that I had to come clean, I couldn't fathom that I was doing the right thing. Leaving my marriage was the worst form of sin, and I still believed with my whole heart that I was committing such a transgression that my children would be better off with their father. I didn't drop all those old beliefs just because I decided to act consciously on my own behalf. It was terrifying to live through them on my way to becoming myself.

But Life had not forgotten me. Even in these dark days, I miraculously found my way to the Women's Center in Waukesha, Wisconsin¹¹, where the work of putting together the real me began.

Two

Yo-Yo: My Second Marriage

2008, Waukesha, Wisconsin

I was stunned to discover that I reverted back to the status of “wife” as I had experienced it in my first marriage. Things that had bothered me about being married the first time resurfaced with even more intensity.

- Vivian Probst

Thirty years after I left my first marriage, I was ready to leave my second husband—for good—even though I truly loved Thomas Henry Probst and had married him as a free and independent woman in 1986. Three life-changing events would hold me fast: the death of my older sister from Lou Gehrig’s disease (March 26), an awakening encounter with Life as I headed off to pack my bags and leave Tom for the last time only three weeks later (April 17), and the arrival of *Death by Roses*, a new story that swept me into its arms for five years and anchored me deeply into the lessons of THIS (May 17).

How I Met My Second Husband

My favorite question to ask other couples is how they met. I believe every relationship is a fascinating and cosmic (you say, “comic?”) intersection between two people, an event orchestrated with divine intent in our time/space reality. We meet who we meet for reasons that we probably won’t fully understand in this lifetime. It is all intended for good, even when it feels bad. In my novel, *Death by Roses*, Art and Mae Rose McElroy are prime examples of this concept. If only we had the ability to see our lives from a ‘higher’ perspective!

Tom and I met through a video-dating service in 1985; we married in 1986. It was love at first sight, sealed with our first kiss under the watchful eye of an owl perched in a tree above us. Magical? You bet! It was pure destiny in all its enchanting momentum. I have never wanted any other man in my life again—ever. Tom was IT for me, even during the years I tended to leave him.

Here’s what’s interesting and possibly true for others besides me. After we were married, I was stunned to discover that I reverted back to status of “wife” as I had experienced it in my first marriage. Things that had bothered me about being married the first time resurfaced *with even more intensity* the second time around. How could that be?

The two men, Alvin and Tom, could not have been more different. I would eventually come to realize (years later) that the cause of my suffering was rooted elsewhere. In the meantime, I fell right back into my old patterns of blame and the need to help Tom see where he had to change.

Tom is a marvelous man of strong opinion, and I adore him. He's fun, intelligent, good-looking, charming, fiercely independent, truthful, and completely able to focus on what he sees as his next goal. What I discovered right after we said, "I do," was that I could be fun, intelligent, charming, attractive, fiercely independent, and completely able to focus on my next goal *until I was in a relationship with a man*. Then I lost my focus.

Something about being married again brought up old patterns. I didn't know how to shake them. More than once, I felt caught between making myself happy by following my preferences and pleasing Tom. That's when my yo-yoing began—those were the times I left. There were several of these events in the first year. While the number of them diminished over time, they continued to occur until at one point we separated for three months under a therapist's care.

Tom is not a demanding, self-centered partner—he's as interested in my success as he is in his own. But he is extremely rational, which put me at a disadvantage as a fragile newcomer to the "real world." I didn't know the culture of being successful, and I certainly didn't know how to relate to a passionately powerful man, especially when he expected me to be passionately powerful as well—which I thought I was until...well...until I said, "I do," for the second time.

In essence, the woman I had grown into during the years after my divorce (approximately 1979–85) was far more capable than the woman I had ever dreamed of being. People mentored and supported my career success and even encouraged me to look for a new relationship. I learned and grew rapidly.

But was I ready for a real relationship? Apparently not—but then apparently so. Yo-yo! After my divorce, I discovered what it felt like to be free for the first time in my life. I had some money; I had talent; I cherished the challenge of becoming the woman I wanted to be, and I wanted to be present for my children in any way I could be.

During those in-between years, relationships with men came and went—my focus was on my career and on helping to support my children. Within those few short years, I rose to higher and higher levels of executive positions, managing millions of dollars of real estate. (Millions was a lot of money back in the early 1980s.) Tom expected that he was marrying *that* woman...so did I. We were both wrong; my old root system still had longer legs than my new one.

Therefore, whenever there was conflict and I felt like I had to choose between acting on my own behalf and relinquishing that in order to please my husband, I would leave; I

felt caught between two worlds. Tom was too strong and convincing; if I followed his ideas, I felt myself disappearing, and it terrified me.

As the years passed, my yo-yoing and my need to change Tom did not diminish. It helped that I traveled nationally so that our issues were not in front of us constantly. But when Tom and I were both at home, these issues would often come up the minute I walked in the door and set my suitcases down.

Life was already challenging financially. Blending our weekend families brought out the worst in both of us; our children bonded with one another much better than we bonded with each other's children. What we both learned was that if either of us attempted to make our partner choose between our marriage and our children, blood was thicker, and our relationship would be over. (Financial stress and blending families are two of the primary reasons second marriages fail.)

It was lonely and hard for both of us. That's when we went for counseling and even separated for three months. But we kept coming back to each other because there was a remarkable bond that held us fast.

Our lives and financial circumstances improved over the years, and in late 2007 Tom and I moved into the customized home of our dreams. Most of our five children were married and producing brilliant grandchildren. Tom's engineering business was doing well, and I owned a successful business as a consultant to the affordable-housing industry at a national level, which allowed me to earn what (tragically) only 3 percent of women in the United States were paid in those days. I drove an Audi TT Roadster and had been writing fiction for eight years in my "spare time." My consulting business took me around the country, where my seminars were in high demand. Somehow, I had become a success by all standards except my own.

And I was exhausted.

March 26, 2008

I was awakened to a phone call from my brother that my older sister had passed away after a two-year struggle with Lou Gehrig's disease. This was the sister who had taught me to read, had kept us together as a family all the years of her life, and had expected more from life on earth than it could deliver—who either sparkled with wit and charm or doubled over with the pain of disappointment. In the end, she was unable to speak, write, walk, or function in any physical way, but she never lost her ability to smile.

April 17, 2008

Death of a family member can cause seismic changes in family relationships.

After twenty-two years of marriage, I was pretty sure the best thing to do was to leave for good. I had suffered panic and anxiety for years, trying to keep everything together: my marriage, my family, my business, and my financial life. I had traveled nationwide, teaching tax regulations for eight hours a day until my body no longer knew what time it was; I couldn't sleep.

Five years earlier, I had been diagnosed with circadian-rhythm dysfunction. The key feature of circadian-rhythm disorders is a continuous or occasional disruption of sleep patterns. Medical science is learning just how important a body's circadian rhythm (twenty-four-hour sleep/awake cycle) is. If it fails, various symptoms—even diseases—appear. I learned firsthand that not being able to sleep was dangerous to my health.

It would take me weeks to heal, mostly without the loving support of my husband, who insisted that I was not having a real experience and that I needed to behave like the strong woman he knew I was. Once again we were in counseling, and my yo-yo was in play.

I'll never forget a particular marriage-therapy session in which our counselor had us stand and face each other with instructions that we were to put our palms together and then each work to get to the opposite wall. My first reaction was that I would have to fight Tom to get to my wall. He was stronger than I was, so I felt at a disadvantage. Imagine my surprise when he simply dropped his hands from mine and walked to his wall. Very telling. Like, "I can get to my goal without you, little wife." Yep, I was ready to make a break on that early spring day, just weeks after my sister had died. I had no idea that Life was ready to have a conversation with me that would change everything and lead to writing a romantic comedy that would underscore what I needed to learn.

Three

April 17, 2008: The Day the Yo-Yo Stopped (Learning THIS One Thing That Changed Everything)!

To be a true explorer is to carry on your exploration, even if it takes you to a place you didn't particularly plan to go.

—Lynne McTaggart¹²

My relationship with Tom was fragile; it didn't take much at all for me to finally snap—just a final incident in which Tom yelled at me, scolding me as if I were a stupid child. (He won't remember the incident, but I do—I kept a journal.) I'll share the incident and leave you to your own opinion.

I was trying to be helpful. Tom needed a piece of paper to write something down, and I saw such an item, along with a pen, in the pocket of his shirt. I reached for them, put the paper up against the wall, and began to write down what he needed.

Tom flew into a rage. He yelled at me in a loud, angry voice. “You know better than to do that!”

Do what? I thought to myself, completely stunned by his outburst. Then I realized that he objected to me putting the paper against the wall. I couldn't believe it—such an innocent and helpful action on my part was being angrily and harshly judged. OK, I got that the wall had been painted only a few weeks ago, but it was dry, and the paper was thick, like business-card stock. It wasn't the first time Tom had reacted to something I was doing by scolding me. In my opinion, it would be the last.

The straw landed on the camel's back. Snap. It was the end for me.

I stomped off down the hallway of our gorgeous custom home to leave for good. Tom had no idea I had planned to do that until he read this book because *I didn't leave*—ever again. In fact, that was the very day I put my yo-yo away for good—after my chat with Life about THIS.

My Conversation with Life

I've been writing fiction for over fifteen years; it's normal for me to hear characters and their conversations in my head. But that day, the dialogue wasn't between characters—it was between Life and me. It went something like this:

“Vivian, hello. That conversation you just had with your husband? It shouldn’t shock you. In fact, it should sound *quite* familiar; it happens inside you all the time. You know, of course, that what just happened was that your husband was simply doing all that he could in your world—he was reflecting you.”

That at least got me to stop and pay attention. “Um, I’m not sure I understand. Can you explain, please?” I asked. I remember how shocked I was.

“Think about it—do you ever speak to yourself in that horrible, scolding, and disrespectful tone of voice you just heard your husband use?”

I hesitated—I didn’t spend a lot of time listening to myself talk to myself. But it hit home. “Well, OK, sure,” I said. I knew I wasn’t nice to myself most of the time. Most of the time a voice inside me scolded me about everything I did, no matter how good my intentions were. I didn’t know how to stop it, so I had learned to ignore it.

“But that doesn’t give him an excuse—” I protested.

Life had the audacity to interrupt me. “You know that nothing can show up in your life unless you attract it?”

I did; I was (and am) an avid student of the Law of Attraction and quantum physics¹³—not that I understand the science. Niels Bohr, a Danish physicist and Nobel Prize winner in atomic structure and quantum theory, is credited with saying, “Anyone who is not shocked by (quantum) physics does not understand it” (Bohr)1999).¹⁴

“Well, yes,” I said, “but that doesn’t give him an excuse to treat me like that, and frankly, I’m tired of it. I deserve to be treated with respect.”

“You certainly do. Want this conflict between the two of you to stop?”

“Absolutely. That’s why I’m leaving.”

“Aren’t you tired of leaving your husband when he treats you like that?”

“I certainly am,” I admitted.

“OK. Here’s what we want you to know...what just happened *isn’t about your husband*; it’s about *you* and how you treat *yourself*.”

Mon Dieu! I was stunned. Could this be true? I knew I was at least unkind to myself. I’d been through enough counseling to know that nearly every waking minute that I wasn’t busy with something else, I was surveying my life, looking for what I was doing wrong.

“OK, I’m listening,” I said, “but my husband needs to apologize for how he treated me. I’m not going to take it anymore.”

“Yes, we know. But please take a moment to consider THIS, because you won’t ever be tempted to leave again if you understand it: *Since nothing can show up in your world unless you attract it, could it be that your husband is treating you this way as a reflection of how you treat yourself? We call it the Law of Reflection, or LOR.*”

“Don’t you mean the Law of Attraction?” I asked. *How dare I try to correct a higher power!*

“Similar,” came the tender answer. “However, you can’t attract anything that doesn’t already exist vibrationally inside you, and that’s where your efforts with the Law of Attraction are failing. You can’t attract to yourself what you cannot tolerate, and right now, you can’t bear a loving relationship because it violates what you believe you are worthy of. The Law of Attraction is an *external* concept that allows you to visualize what you want and to bring it to you with your thoughts.

“The Law of Reflection is an *internal* concept that allows you to take care of your internal world so that it can accept the goodness you are trying to attract. It goes deeper and gets to the root of the problem by using the external world to show you what’s going on *inside* you that determines what you can and cannot attract. Do you understand the difference? You can affirm and visualize and imagine what you want for the rest of your life, but if there’s an inner responder yelling, ‘No, you can’t; you don’t deserve it,’ that has to be taken care of first. How do you know you have that type of negative attitude inside you? Often the only way for you to see it is if it shows up externally like it just did in your husband’s response to you.

“You know this from your years of studying quantum physics, yes? In essence you are attracting Tom’s *reflection* of anger, which really isn’t his at all—it’s yours. It’s how you treat yourself on the inside, which is the real world. You should sit down.”

I did, I remember, on the end of the guest-room bed. I had read Byron Katie’s book *Loving What Is*¹⁵ a number of years earlier; I was aware that the ugliness I thought I saw coming to me from other people was really probably coming from inside me. I had not, however, had such a graphic example and such clarity as I was receiving at that precise moment.

Still, I was aghast. “You’re saying Tom shouldn’t apologize because how he treated me just now was really me doing it to myself? You want me to let him off the hook?”

“Not exactly. You made yourself clear to Tom, which is important. But understand that Tom was actually reflecting *you*, Vivian. He was showing you how you treat yourself on the inside of your life. Not very pretty, is it? Since it’s *your* world that you’re creating, he can’t bring you anything outside of your Vibrational Permission Zone, which we will call the VPZ. You can try to attract the loving husband that Tom can be, but when you are critical and harsh with yourself, that’s all he can reflect. It’s the way the real world works.”

Vibrational Permission Zone? I’d never heard of such a thing, but it made sense.¹⁶ I had worked with the Law of Attraction for years without much success. It’s not that the Law of Attraction only works sometimes—it’s that what I thought I wanted to attract and

what showed up were usually quite different (and disappointing). *Could the Law of Reflection change that?*

The Law of Attraction is about how closely one's energetic focus resonates with what he or she desires. I was fairly good at attracting some of what I wanted in life, except that almost everything that showed up came to me through hard work. Plus, most of the time, once I achieved a goal, something disappointing would offset it as if I had to be punished for success. (Like the time I received an unexpected commission check of thousands of dollars and immediately fell down the stairs, double-breaking an ankle. Guess where my thousands of dollars ended up? I mean, I'm glad I had the extra cash, but you might think I would have chosen to do something different with it, yes?)

The Vibrational Permission Zone made a little sense to me: there was a low ceiling on my ability to attract what I desired without negative consequences because my inner world wasn't giving me permission. I still wasn't ready to let Tom off the hook.

"So none of this is his fault?" I still needed clarification; certainly he was partly to blame.

"Who said anything about fault?" Whoever I was talking to was obviously not a fan of my favorite activity—the blame game.

"Do you blame a mirror for what you see in it?" I was asked.

"No, of course not." I had to smile at the thought of seeing something I didn't like in the mirror and yelling at a piece of glass in my loudest shriek, "This is your fault!"

"So what you see in a mirror wouldn't be the mirror's fault, would it?"

"No. Of course not," I said again. I was sort of rolling my inner eyes but smiling at the same time. I find that Life can be witty while it's working with you.

"It would be good for you to know that your intimate partner is the most accurate reflection of your inner world. That's what we want you to understand. Do you see?"

"I suppose it's possible, but that doesn't make it OK," I said, grumbling. "I'm hard enough on myself; I don't need him to make it worse"

"Exactly! We agree. If the most important world you live in is the world within-- (and that's the way it is, whether you agree or not) -- then can you see that you are creating your external world from the inside out?"

I was a staunch believer in what little I thought I understood about this core principle of quantum physics.¹⁷ I had been studying that concept for several years. "OK, yes," I agreed

"Good because that's exactly what's going on. The good news is that if you want to fix your relationship with Tom, all you have to do is take care of what's going on in your inner world. It's not about Tom treating you badly; it's about *you* treating yourself badly. It's the Law of Reflection, and it's time for you to take it seriously if you want a different experience of life." Boy, did I!

I was instructed to go into the bathroom and look at myself in the mirror.

“Do you know what you look like?”

“Yes, of course,” I said. I couldn’t believe that the intelligent energy that I assumed was speaking to me would ask such an inane question but I kept my mouth shut.

“How?”

“I can see myself in the mirror.” This felt pretty foolish.

“If there were no mirror and no possible way to see your reflection, would you know what you looked like?”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “No.” I couldn’t imagine not knowing what I looked like!

“OK,” the voice went on. “We are applying the same principle to what just happened between you and Tom. Since your husband is your most accurate mirror—and spouses usually are, by the way—did you know that’s the real reason you are attracted to each other? —he has just shown you something about your inner world. When you start treating yourself with love and respect, so will he—he has to.”

“Can’t he go first and show me love and respect, regardless of what’s going on inside me?” I asked. “Shouldn’t he show me love regardless of how I feel about myself?”

There was a smile in the reply. “He’s tried that. Your VPZ won’t allow it in, and your psyche can’t accept it. It’s like when the natives of North America couldn’t see the ships of the first visitors from other continents. They had no experience with ships as visually possible, so they actually couldn’t see them.

“The same is true for you—you can’t see anything that’s outside of your VPZ, so you don’t let it in. What we’d like to suggest is that you focus on what’s going on inside your own inner world and improve it. That’s how you’ll see the external results you desire.” There was a pause—then, “Why not try it—since it works all the time?”

Did I hear a hint of fun in that dialogue?

That’s when the Law of Reflection, or what I call THIS—This One Thing That Changes Everything—became real for me, and I began the most extraordinary adventure of my life. From that moment it began to change my relationship with my husband. There was more to come, but everything I needed to know was already present. That’s how the universe works—it provides clarity even before our brains can process it! And it only took a couple of minutes!

In plain English, if a mirror shows me that I have a big red zit on the end of my nose, do I blame the mirror? Do I say, “You stupid mirror! How dare you?” Of course not. The mirror is doing what a mirror does. It shows me that I have a pimple so that I can take care of it—not so that it can piss me off.

Same thing with THIS. Often, the only way I become aware of something that needs attention on the inside of my life is when I see it as a reflection in my external world, and Tom is a wonderful reflector. All that's left, then, is for me to recognize it and allow it to transform. *How do I do that?* I wondered.

Life would answer that question in a few minutes.

I sat quietly and pondered what my inner self-talk actually sounded like. I would have to take care of the brutal and unforgiving voices in my head; the judging, merciless critics; and the nitpicky detailers with caustic attitudes. *Where had they come from? How could I be so hurtful to myself? Yet how could I break a lifelong habit?*

What I refer to as THIS, Dr. David Richo, PhD, a psychotherapist and author of *When the Past is Present*, calls transference. He describes transference as occasions when “feelings and beliefs from the past reemerge in our present relationships”¹⁸ That is exactly what I'm talking about here. Until finding his book, I didn't realize there was a psychological term for it or that books had been written about what I was experiencing!

He goes on to say, “Transference is a crude way of seeing what is invisible, the untold drama inside us” (yes! yes! yes!) before he hits us with, “No one escapes transference.”

Aha! Life was trying to show me something that had started long ago. It was time to go inside and heal my self-abusive attitude. But how? I didn't have to wait long for the answer. It was as if the universe was saying, “We thought you'd never ask!”

End Notes

¹ “Life” is the term I use throughout this book to signify the inner guidance that is available to all of us—that source of our existence that lives and breathes through us.

² No one agrees on the actual statistics. The sites I referred to are The U.S. Census Bureau and the National Center for Disease Control. I noted that a number of websites use this data. Glenn Stanton, “Sharing Divorce Statistics” <http://winst.org>, (December 6, 2015).

See also <http://www.FastStats-Marriage and Divorce-CDC> (June 13, 2016).

See also <http://www.cdc.gov>. This site indicates that between 2000-2015, the number of marriages per 1,000 people decreased from 8.2 to 6.9, a decrease of 1.3 per 1,000. Divorces decreased during the same timeframe from 4.0 per 1,000 to 3.1 per thousand, a decrease of .9 per 1,000. While this raw data does not translate exactly, it demonstrates that the decline in the number of marriages exceeds the decline in the number of divorces.

³ Ibid.

⁴ “32 Shocking Divorce Statistics” <http://mckinleyirvin.com> (October 30, 2012) “Being previously married markedly elevates one’s risk of divorce.”

⁵ Merriam Webster Dictionary: Dictionary and Thesaurus. January 30, 2017; On-line @ www.merriam-webster.com.

⁶ “*Marriage* and related terms are used to indicate all committed relationships regardless of their legal definition.”

⁷ “AOL Poll Reveals Majority of Married Women Would Reconsider Their Spouses: 36% Would not Marry Their Husbands If They Could Re-DO Their I DO’ and Another 20% Not Sure.

<http://www.prnewswire.com/news-releases/womans-dayaol-poll-reveals-majority-of-married-women-would-reconsider-their-spouses-36-would-not-marry-their-husbands-if-they-could-re-do-their-i-do--another-20-not-sure-53289747.html> (January 2, 2007).

⁸ Digh, Patti. *Creative is a Verb*. (Guilford:Globe Pequot Press, 2011), 175-179.

⁹ Fitzpatrick, Richard. July 14, 2007. “Law of Reflection.”

<http://www.physicsclassroom.com/class/refln/Lesson-1/The-Law-of-Reflection>.

¹⁰ Names changed to protect privacy.

¹¹ Founded in 1977, the Women’s Center of Waukesha, WI has claimed status as one of the leading centers for women in transition. For information visit twc.org.

¹² McTaggart, Lynne, *The Field*, New York: Harper. 2001.

¹³ Define quantum mechanics: physics: a branch of physics that deals with the structure and behavior of very small pieces of matter. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/quantum%20mechanics>

¹⁴ “Webmaster is not alone in failing to find a primary source. Regardless of how widely quoted, the few citations to be found merely reference other books in which it is stated without a valid citation. For example, this quote is an epigraph in Eric Middleton, *The New Flatlanders* (2007), 19, with a note (p.151) citing Niels Bohr, *Atomic Physics and Human Knowledge* (1958), but Webmaster’s search of that text does not find it.” See also Heisenberg, Werner, 1972. *Physics and Beyond: Encounters and Conversations*, (World Perspective Series, Volume #42)

¹⁵Katie, Byron, *Loving What Is*, New York: Harmony Books. 2002

¹⁶ Deepak Chopra has explained the Vibrational Permission Zone this way, “The universe is forced to accept your boundaries.” Chopra, Dr. Deepak, *The Book of Secrets: Unlocking the Hidden Dimensions of Your Life*. New York; Three Rivers Press, 2004), p. 234.

¹⁷ There are many books focused on the study of quantum physics. Some of the easiest authors to follow are Fred Allen Wolf, Pam Grout, and Greg Kuhn.

¹⁸ Richo, Dr. David, *When The Past Is Present: Healing the Emotional Wounds that Sabotage Our Relationships*. Boston & London; SHAMBHALA, 2008), p. 1.