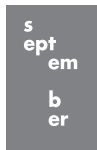


The
SPARK

Sex, Love and Spirituality
in a Toxic Dating World

an extract

Rosalind Moody



1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

First published in 2024 by September Publishing

Copyright © Rosalind Moody 2024

The right of Rosalind Moody to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright holder.

Typeset by RefineCatch Limited, www.refinecatch.com

Printed in Poland on paper from responsibly managed, sustainable sources
by Hussar Books

ISBN 9781914613487

Ebook ISBN 9781914613494

September Publishing
www.septemberpublishing.org

Contents

Part I

- Welcome to the Spiritual Single World 3
- Say Hello to Your Chakras 12
- The Spiritual Single Revolution 13
- The Alchemy of The Spark 17

Part II

- 1** Root Chakra: Supernova 21
- 2** Sacral Chakra: On the Rebound 57
- 3** Solar Plexus Chakra: A Spark of Intuition 97
- 4** Heart Chakra: Chaos Dating 125

Part III

- 5** Throat Chakra: The Man Break 167
- 6** Third Eye Chakra: Conscious Dating 213
- 7** Crown Chakra: Purple Flags 247

- More Ways to Use This Book 263
- Acknowledgements 265
- Index of Self-Help Rituals 267
- About the Author 271

Welcome to the Spiritual Single World

Affirmation: I open my love life up to the Divine, surrendering it to the Universe. I step into my self-loving self with pride, and let my higher self help me speak my truth.

It was a Sunday morning and we'd had another argument.

He refused to look at me, busy packing his bag to go home.

'Look, just calm down, I'm going to take a shower then we can go out. Please don't leave. Promise?' I asked.

'Fine,' his reply came curtly.

I washed my hair at lightning speed, praying I didn't hear the front door go. I quickly wrapped myself in a towel and walked back into my bedroom to find both the bags and the boy gone.

I sat on the bed still dripping wet and called him. No answer – he must be halfway to the train station by now. The voicemail message I left him was the saddest thing I've ever spoken. I sounded as feeble as a dying mouse telling him I couldn't believe he'd left when he'd *promised me*, he'd *said* that he wouldn't go. My voice kept breaking and croaking and I sounded distant, even though I was speaking straight into the mouthpiece. Maybe you've been there too, stonewalled into physical anxiety, expected to know

THE SPARK

what you've done to deserve the silent treatment. Maybe you still hold the trauma in your body.

I felt empty and devastated, anxious and shivering from my toes to my crown. It was just like any other argument we had, where I was chasing the chaos, the anxious lows of each conflict and the dizzying relief of each make-up session. I was 23 years old, but it would take me writing this seven years later, at 30, before I would realise that what I was addicted to wasn't just people who treated me badly, it was this emotional rollercoaster.

'How was your shower?' He strode in.

'You're still ... here?'

'Yeah, I was just moving my bags for later.' I was pretty sure he'd done it to make me assume that he'd left. He never mentioned my voicemail, and because I was ashamed, I never brought it up. I hope he deleted it before he indulged in the desperation and the need I felt for him. Or maybe he replayed it a few times just to remind himself how much this empath-narcissist relationship benefitted his ego so well.

Or maybe it was all in my head.

Freedom after abuse

Supernova wasn't my first emotionally abusive relationship. The same as a lot of us, I had established a pattern of going for the 'bad boy' in my teens, the one who we measured our worth by. The evident lack of self-worth meant when a relationship at university had become coercive and controlling, to the point of him threatening suicide, it never crossed my mind that I deserved better. I felt too guilty for causing suicidal thoughts, though of course I could never have been responsible. The groundwork had already been laid for Supernova to swoop in and love-bomb me into submission, a textbook way to start a toxic relationship. He wasn't the only, or the first, but he was the one who sparked a spiritual epiphany in me, awakening me to a different, more divine perspective on the world.

WELCOME TO THE SPIRITUAL SINGLE WORLD

The beginning of a typical toxic romantic relationship typically consists of love-bombing and grand gestures, showing all too strong feelings and all too fast promises of commitment. Then come the put-downs, gaslighting, threats and intimidation. Some relationships can descend further into abuse such as financial control, violence and isolation. You can never see how bad it's got when you're the one in it, because you're often convinced all these sanctions are totally accidental, or worse yet deserved, for your own good. It becomes a vicious cycle because you can't see outside it, and to dare to try may come across as a punishable act of arrogance.

You may never have been in a toxic romantic relationship; the abusive person in your life may have been a parent, or boss, or a best friend. A classic sign of a toxic relationship is that everything is on their terms; the plans, the concerned emotions, the allowed reactions. But despite the differences between your experience and mine, our resulting level of low self-esteem will be similar. We crave external validation, because another person's word always feels truer to us than our own. We stay submissive, because if we're being 'the good girl', we don't have to walk on eggshells that day, our environment feels safer to us, more conducive to survival. Along with seeking approval, we constantly doubt ourselves and subconsciously wait for permission, because we don't trust our next move will be the right one.

You can take back your permission and make your own choices again. You can give yourself permission to be the autonomous, free and single person you deserve to be. You already are that person, in fact. You already hold all the love you need without seeking it externally. The whole Universe is inside you. Believe in your own thoughts and feelings again. This will help you fill the void that feels so empty when *they're* not paying you attention or texting you back and to quell the anxiety you feel when they're stone-walling or giving you the silent treatment. I can guide you to follow your own intuition and show you how it's already operating, and that the answers are already within

THE SPARK

you. And it will be the best gift of self-love you ever gave to yourself.

Your intuition, higher self and your psychic senses are all already within you. These ‘spidey senses’ might just be dormant and need teasing out. The various practices I’ve included in this book are going to crank their volume right up, so loud you won’t be able to ignore them any longer. But that’s good; you’ll no longer feel alone in your search for your soulmate, because you’ll sense your spiritual tag team with you too. You’ll be *awakened* to them. I believe you already have the ingredients for a life of true self-love and self-respect, and all I’m giving you are the recipes.

Above all, I want this book to act as a confidante for you, which is why I’m telling you my own story too, including the bits where I could have made more conscious choices. If only I’d had a friend like me dating and awakening at the same time, rather than me just stumbling around in the dating pool following the lead of anyone that chose me. Like a form of spiritual CBT (cognitive behavioural therapy), I could have used the resources in this book to activate healing before the damage these encounters caused settled into scars, before I set in mental concrete the false belief that I was single because *I* wasn’t enough, or I was *too* much. I never gave myself the benefit of the doubt that maybe I wasn’t the problem. I never let myself off the hook that our twenties are just for trying people on, and if our relationship didn’t stick, it had little to do with my worth. If only I had had a book like this to make me feel like less of a black sheep and no longer The Only Single Person On The Planet.

Cosmic beginnings

A supernova is the biggest explosion that can happen in the Universe, and this boyfriend was so nicknamed because our relationship burst my heart and soul wide open, like an explosion of light in a life I didn’t know was dark. Your big bang may come by giving birth to your first child, or making your first connection

WELCOME TO THE SPIRITUAL SINGLE WORLD

with spirit after losing a loved one. Supernova's knowledge of the Universe and his love for me literally was the definition of enlightening. But when a supernova explodes, it leaves a black hole behind. My narcissist Supernova may have been the big bang of my spiritual awakening, but in the end, he sucked all confidence, joy and light out of me.

I met him at a friend's birthday that summer, a glorious real-life meet-cute. I was largely oblivious to any kinds of serious spiritual thought before I met him, though I'd always been called the 'hippy' one in my friendship group. Occasionally I'd pick up the spiritual magazine the company I worked for published, *Soul & Spirit*, because in the craft editorial department we liked the oracle card packs that came with each issue, despite not having a clue how to use them. I'd always been open-minded and intrigued by less materialistic, more alternative ways of living life. (I mean, I studied philosophy at university, for goddess's sake. It was written in the stars.)

This book was never meant to be a book; it started out life as a journal that I used to make sense of my confusion and hurt after each break-up, after and including Supernova. It was a document which exponentially multiplied itself without too much conscious effort on my part. I wanted each sad page and every break-up to be my last. My notes were never meant to see the light of day until I realised they might be useful for other people. It's alchemy, I've realised, to transmute our pain into power. As my old wounds become words on the page, I hope they will trigger positive change in your own life. As we slowly move into the Age of Aquarius, represented by the powerful planets that cluster into this humanitarian sign, and what some people see as a time of humanitarian upheavelling, I have decided that now is the right time for that healing chain reaction.

A lot of people begin their own spiritual journey, as it were, not out of choice but out of trauma. It's like spirituality finds *them*, rather than the other way round. It could be the grief of a loved one's passing that makes us question what happens when we die

THE SPARK

and helps us truly begin living, a near-death experience that leaves us psychic or, like me, a trail of toxic relationships that leaves us without a sense of self. Maybe you're reading this book because you went through the same. Maybe your awakening hasn't happened yet, or you're just curious for more meaning where you can get it. Our spiritual journeys can be as varied and as personal as our love stories.

Seeking your soulmate

For me, spirituality was always going to be about love and relationships. I love love. I love being in love. I became aware of the opposite sex as well as my own body quite young, at about six years old, which I'm now told is very normal. I've always thrived off the will-they-won't-they storylines in my own life, as well as being addicted to those Hollywood and Disney 'happy ever after' stories. I'm rarely interested in a story unless there's a romantic plotline in it somewhere.

Growing up, *Beauty and the Beast* was my favourite. Didn't we baby empaths all see ourselves in Belle, who was the only one earnest enough to discover the Beast's inner beauty? As I would learn in Philosophy of Love, my favourite module in my degree, Ancient Greek philosopher Plato defined our soulmate as literally the other half of our soul, separated before incarnation. Since Supernova and my awakening, I've desperately wanted to meet the other half of my soul, no matter how far I would have to travel. I'm going to tell you what I learnt, and it was more devastating, and more divine, than I could have imagined.

I found Plato's theory less than practical. Couldn't we have various soulmates depending on which path in life we take, all equally fulfilling? I used to assume it was my responsibility to search for my soulmate, distrusting that he would find me. I've gradually come to realise that it's literally the Universe's purpose to throw the soulmate our way when it deems us to be truly ready, living on the

WELCOME TO THE SPIRITUAL SINGLE WORLD

right vibration to attract him in. Maybe you've pondered on that, too.

Similarly, I believe it is our astrology that looks after us, not the other way around. Our person will come, whatever life we choose. Call it destiny, call it fate, call it the Universe, even call it God, but I believe we really are divinely cared for. You are never alone when you truly believe whatever cosmic being you believe in has always got you covered. Whether you think of yourself as spiritual or not, labels don't matter here. Opening yourself up to the *possibility* of a higher power is all I ask of you.

Graze from the buffet of spirituality

I didn't just wake up all spiritual one morning and begin singing along with the birdsong like a lunatic, and neither did Supernova shove it down my throat. It was a process of watching him and learning in what ways I wanted to connect with the Universe and what worked for *me*. For example, perhaps from listening to him preach about mindfulness with various meditation practices, I was inspired to look for my own favourite practices, and from his trust in the powerful qualities of crystals, I was open to them, too. I found his way of looking at the Universe so positively, so trustfully, persuasive as hell. So, for me, I keep the Law of Attraction, an intuitive card-reading practice and yoga in my spiritual and emotional toolbox and leave topics like near-death experiences, astral travel and past-life regression on the spiritual buffet table. That's just how my story has gone so far, but I may lean into those things later if they seem useful on my journey to my partner and beyond – hopefully *with* my partner, too.

At 18, my choice to study an abstract subject such as philosophy thrilled the existential teenager in me but completely fazed my traditional parents. To me, even back then, the Universe seemed more secular and even more omnipresent than a male divinity can be, even if He has such a special name. If I get married, I doubt He'll be there – I mean, He's welcome, but we're not really friends.

THE SPARK

I'd prefer to tie the knot at a civil ceremony or a handfasting, as is the tradition of pagans, not that I class myself as a pagan either. See what I mean about spiritual buffet? Take what matters to you, leave the rest available for others. As I, and maybe you, need to rebuild our own identities after suffering within toxic relationships, knowing what spiritual techniques work for us as individuals can really help.

Over the years of dating, loving and lusting, I have collected and created certain rituals, tips and tricks that have presented themselves to me, and tucked them safely away in my mental resources folder. They use a wide mix of wonderful healing modalities, all simple and beginner-friendly, and they mostly centre on boosting self-love, self-awareness and self-confidence. Neo-witchcraft would call this collection of rites a *Book of Shadows*, but I'd call mine a *Book of Light*, and I mostly use pretty floral notebooks to keep them in. Such rituals, however basic and quick they are, have saved me in some dark dating times. However, if you're not into the whole spiritual thing, just know the rituals will boost your self-esteem and make you truly happier in your own skin and soul. If you're really into the spiritual thing, I've also included some serious stuff that you can sink your teeth into.

This book is for you if you folded those paper origami fortune-tellers in the school playground, wondering what answer the cosmos was going to give you as random numbers decided the amount of times the corners were moved in and out. This book is for you if you grew up reading all you could about witches, making up your own spells with sticks, leaves and salt while muttering funny words. And finally, this book is for you if you've lost count of how many times you've quietly asked an unknown entity whether or not you're on the right path, in the right place, or doing the right thing, with the right person, even if you thought you weren't 'spiritual'.

Manifestation is central to this book, so I've got to outline how well backed it is by science. Quantum physics says that our emotions emit energy, and everything in our universe is made of energy. Then, quantum entanglement suggests particles can link up

WELCOME TO THE SPIRITUAL SINGLE WORLD

wherever they're coming from, connecting these emotions to the energy of the universe. Supernova may have been like a guru to me, but he never was that intellectual.

1

Root Chakra: Supernova

Affirmation: I am so worthy of love. I am worth more than how you make me feel. I am worth more than how you speak to me. I know and value myself more than you do. I am worth more than you say I am.

My story must start at the beginning. At its seed, at its root.

Our first chakra is the root chakra, called the *muladhara*. It sits invisibly behind our pelvic bone, at the bottom of our spine. It represents our home, our safe base, how secure we feel in it, and sets our foundation from which we grow. It also represents our physical desire. That all makes sense since its neighbour is the womb, our first home. Well, Supernova was the root from which my heart bloomed open like a flower. He was where I felt at home. His sandalwood-scented musk aftershave, his big smile and energy, all making me feel grounded and welcome in a world where I didn't yet understand who I was as an adult.

Supernova was different. He wasn't a normal fuckboy you can find all over dating apps. (The official term, in fact, is fuckperson, as regardless of gender and age, we are all capable of manipulation, and we are all energy beings, so the term deserves a neutral cover-all pronoun. But as I am heterosexual, I'll refer mostly to fuckboys.) Fuckboys (FB) are normally good-looking blokes who can use their looks to their advantage. This is just the new name for them; you may know them as players, playboys, Casanovas and

THE SPARK

so on. They've taken full advantage of women's sexual liberation for their own pleasure, and their idea of a romantic question is 'does your place have parking?' Their dating profile will probably be blank – they don't even know what they have to offer – and include a ripped body or a pout pic. Their hot-and-cold approach is addictive to people who rate themselves directly by how much attention they're fed. They'll probably expect of you all the perks of a relationship while telling you they're not looking for anything serious right now.

Supernova wasn't even a Spiritual Fuckboy. Spiritual Fuckboys do all the same things fuckboys do in the emotionally unavailable way they do it, just using spirituality to woo. You know the type; the kind of person to write on their dating profile something like 'I'm into the subjectivities of souls that will never be fully captured by unawakened brains' and who show off their six-pack wearing an undone shirt in front of a Balinese sunset. Sanskrit is probably listed as one of the languages they speak. They're a performative, woke mindfuck. And we spiritual single girls can be magpies.

In fact, Supernova would turn out to be the top rung of toxic, way more dangerous than just a Spiritual FB. He didn't just reel me in for sex, it was for love. Ladies, meet my spiritual narcissist.

If you're lucky enough not to know what a narcissist is, they're typically defined as someone with 'a persistent pattern of grandiosity, fantasies of unlimited power or importance, and the need for admiration or special treatment', according to a study in the *Journal of Behavioural Medicine*. If you're immediately wondering if this could be you, the same study tells us that up to three quarters of narcissists are men. If you even have the self-awareness to question if you're a narcissist, you're probably not.

Spiritual narcissists are not like a regular narc; they're a cool narc. By comparison to the classic narcissist, their snobbery is manifested in their 'guru' ego, as if they're a cult leader. They'll have a reverence for their own voice and a vanity for their own look. Watch out for god-like excess, rather than authentic modesty. Take their long hair – they're likely to think this defines them, so

ROOT CHAKRA: SUPERNOVA

it's a mask to hide behind. Take these things and the signs I'm about to show you, and you'll be staring directly at a spiritual narcissist. Knowing them, they'll probably sense your attention and be making sultry eyes right back at you. And they'll probably always choose their love of the Universe over us.

Not all people who seem or look like this will be one. The crucial way to tell is how they make you feel about yourself in their company, which we'll get into in this chapter.

Though I didn't meet Supernova online, his profile might have said something similar. He would make long preachy speeches about his spiritual beliefs (I, the unknowing disciple, nodded and smiled in all the right places). He had dreadlocks he'd wrap up into a man bun, sleeves of spiritual clichéd tattoos, muscular shoulders he liked to show off, a devastatingly gorgeous face with dreamy hypnotising eyes and charismatic energy which crowned him a showman. Like any narc would be, he was completely addictive to me because I couldn't exist without his validation. In turn, he was addicted to my attention.

Zero to hero

When we lack an internal validation system, we use the people around us for external validation. This is commonly where the 'I'm not good enough' issues arise. I had not one iota of self-esteem, but plenty of outer confidence that masked it.

The weekend before I met Supernova, I'd created – or perhaps reinforced – a humdinger of an inferiority complex for myself: that I was only desirable enough to men for a one-night stand. My best friend Lotti and I had been out clubbing in Edinburgh and we discovered the following days that both guys who'd pulled me were, in fact, married or in a relationship. I felt horrid for being lied to, not just once, but twice, in totally unrelated scenarios. I thought I'd really connected with both these guys. Jesus, who can be *that* naïve? I felt like a right loser. Where I should have sent out a 'fuck you' into the ether, hoping that energy reached them both

THE SPARK

remotely, sent not just their ears burning but their souls, instead I internalised it and that message came straight back to me like a karmic boomerang. Fuck *me*, I thought, for thinking I could be chosen for more than a snog or sex. I was 22, fresh out of my uni bubble, and it was a rude awakening into seeing how some adult relationships operated, undermining their own value by opening it up to strangers.

Ah, then here comes our ego, jumping to the safety of the conclusion that we'd end up like the guys' poor betrayed partners if we allowed ourselves to fall in love. 'You can't get hurt if you're never in a relationship!' we assume, thinking we've hacked the system. But that fearful approach keeps us playing small and sours our hearts in the process. While we all need an ego of some sort to have the human experience, it can really be an emotional cockblock sometimes. We need our hearts open.

Brazened like Queen Boudicca, I felt empowered to take charge of my Saturday night the following weekend. I was off to a friend's party, and I'd work the room and refuse to waste time with losers again – there was going to be not another fucking minute of that.

And then fate rocked up, as it always does when we think we're the ones in control of our story. Supernova walked in wearing a blue linen shirt that showed off his sleeve tattoos, a shark-tooth necklace around his tanned neck and a confident smile. His green eyes pinned me happily in the corner of the party for the whole night, and I hardly felt the time go by. So much for working the room, which had faded into background noise as he gently took the piss out of me for spilling my drink everywhere. (Make a girl giggle and her walls will start to come down.) Within a few hours, I'd started to dismiss all the hard resentment I felt for men, plural, because this one man was softening me with just his smile. His alternative look was not my type back then, but his confident, commanding energy was. This was a guy who would never look at another woman if we were together, I thought. And just like that, in one night, someone had chosen me. Safe to say, we had The Spark.

The joy of attachment

You know those smug couples who claim it was by some miracle they met? 'I was off men anyway, and he was meant to be somewhere else entirely that night!' I could have said it to anyone – I probably did. Within two weeks of meeting, we *were* a couple. I had made sure of that, anxious to call him mine officially. In three dates, Supernova had fast become the centre of my universe.

John Bowlby's vastly popular attachment theory explains how healthily and securely we relate to our partner. There are four styles.

- 1 An anxiously attached person feels worthless without communication.
- 2 An avoidant person dodges communication for fear of commitment.
- 3 Fearfully attached people (otherwise known as disorganised attached) don't trust someone would want them anyway, so they hold back entirely.
- 4 Secure people are where communication is honest and free flowing, and is the goal.

How do we get there?

Well, yep, you guessed it, it generally stems from how we were shown love and emotional attention from our primary caregivers in childhood. The most seen duo is anxious-avoidant, when the former craves attention of the other and the latter craves their space and freedom. They both gravitate towards each other because that's what feels familiar, just like an empath and narcissist. In both scenarios, the avoidant or narcissist is the one who can walk away as if it doesn't bother them, so they're the ones ultimately with the power, though I hate that word. It's a dance that continues until someone starts to heal their core abandonment wound, the reason they were anxious or avoidant in the first place.

Review how you often feel in relationships

Do you feel stressed or go into survival mode if you haven't heard from your partner, or if you do hear from them, you feel as though you pull away and get

THE SPARK

easily claustrophobic? Or, might you hold back entirely out of fear or distrust (or you may be secure, and relate to neither scenario. Good for you). We may think we 'swing' one way but in fact we probably swing the other. In your journal, explore the following:

In my current relationship, I ... and they ...

In my previous relationship, I ... and they ...

Here, we can use the principle that we attract our mirrors and attract our opposites. For example, I usually attract avoidant people, relegating me to the opposite, the anxious spot. But if I tackle the avoidant reflection I'm seeing head on, as if it's a mirror, I realise that though I want to find my person, I often drift off from dating app chats, avoiding making decisions on someone either way. If I discover that I may be slightly avoidant towards communicating my honest feelings, then I work through the fear of commitment within my own self – the very fear I might be sensing in my partner. I can empower myself to end the cycle, and become the partner I want and deserve. I'll go into this idea more as we carry on.

Also make a note in your journal of how much you liked yourself in your past relationships, and how much you like yourself in your current one. You will see why this is important later.

Forget panic buying – it's panic committing

When we quickly fall head over heels in love, as I soon did with Supernova, we can lose balance. With a tough history of relationships, we crave love so much, and with an official boyfriend–girlfriend label it can be ours forever, we assume. I admit to it with Supernova, and I send my past self so much love and compassion for thinking that was the best path to happiness. She didn't know what she was getting herself into, and she was too love-starved to pause. When we wear rose-tinted glasses, red flags look pink. Here are a few of the most important red flags not to paint pink, as pretty as you want them to be.

Red flag 1: they love-bomb you to seal the deal

Our age gap was only a few years (I was older), but the clear disparity was in our self-confidence.

Looking back, I went into our early days with my head screwed on and with the right intentions – that is, to be wary. I somehow knew to ‘lean back and stay warm’, letting the guys come to me, which is the approach I now swear by. Especially when someone is coming on so strong and leaning into us, we have no choice but to lean back to steal ourselves a bit of space. There also needs to be space for silence to hang in between, the mystery of the will they won’t they. This is the very intention of flirting, even if you are already in a relationship with the person.

We all love a compliment or a gift, and to finally feel seen in a room full of other people. But too many compliments, gifts and undying messages from someone we barely know can qualify as something you may have heard of as love-bombing. It’s used to reel someone in and make them commit, and it’s addictive as hell.

In the early days, I was still wary when he told me it had been love at first sight for him. These days, I believe in lust at first sight for sure, but only love at *true* sight, which can be months and multiple conflicts later, when the masks have stripped back to reveal the authentic person underneath. How could he see me as so beautiful when we’d met once? I asked him tentatively. Though I hadn’t had this much attention since my university boyfriend, I put aside my nagging scepticism and lapped up his words anyway. Maybe it was my outward confidence at first that Supernova wanted to feast on for himself, and maybe he sensed it secretly housed a low self-esteem that would make me give it up to him. He made the first move a day after meeting and slid into my direct messages. It was my angel number time of 14.08, so I assumed this meant he was The One, obviously.

What's your angel number?

An angel number is a number that seems to follow you. It can be one number, two, however many you like, but ones you spot anywhere, whether that's on clocks, restaurant bills, car registration plates and so on. Most people believe in the power of 11.11 and make a wish because it's seen as auspicious (and if you truly believe it is, it is). Spotting your angel numbers 'out in the wild' are the Universe's way of showing you you're exactly where you should be.

If you don't have a specific time that follows you, set the intention now to be more open to seeing repeated numbers and patterns. Just this one clear choice will invite the Universe in to show you. Some people ask their angels out loud to show them their numbers, so don't be afraid to use your voice to command divine assistance.

Read what each number below says and piece it together as a message from the Divine. Each time the number flashes up in some way, feel the Universe giving you that message once again. For example, the soul message each time I see my particular angel number time – 1, 4, 0 and 8 – I interpret to mean trust in my manifestations, and new ones are always coming true. Once you start interpreting life's signs, you'll start seeing them everywhere.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 0 New opportunity incoming | 7 Sacred spiritual number; spiritual evolution is near |
| 1 Invitation to manifest | 8 The Universe has you covered, so relax |
| 2 Seek balance | 9 A phase is about to end |
| 3 Recognise your life purpose | 10 Work on spiritual awakening |
| 4 You're on the right path – keep going | 11 Make a wish! |
| 5 Transform and renew | 12 Master number: keep pushing! |
| 6 Stop overgiving and restore harmony | |

Journal: every time I see the number ... I believe my angel number means the Universe is telling me to ...