



The Art of Manifestation: Chocolates For and From The Divine



By Dianne Bischoff James, author of *The Real Brass Ring*

Nassim Hamein is a modern physicist known for his unified field theory, "The Power of Spin," in which he presents groundbreaking evidence proving we are all part of one cosmic source. His popular DVD titled **Black Whole** also offers a coherent model for the structure of the space-time continuum in which the Universe is identified as a "self-organizing vacuum."

According to Hamein, if an individual is aware of themselves and their relationships, they can feed information in the form of thought energy into the "vacuum," or "space" as we know it. These thoughts will then be manifested into physical form. Hamein calls this effect "synchronicity." He also notes that since others are inputting their desires into the system at the same time, the final outcome may be slightly morphed or modified from our original request.

Chocolates and The Miracle of Synchronicity

I witnessed the miracle of synchronicity when I clearly wrote down my desire to become part of the theater world. The Universe matched my vision with a singing, dancing chorus-line role and a fluffy petticoat-lined costume. Now I was ready to test Haremei's mental manifestation playground by experimenting with the vacuum deliberately. I wanted to see if I could become a mental Houdini, attracting highly specific items to myself using thought alone.

I crafted a short list of my initial desires: *I want gourmet chocolates, the perfect parking space, and comfortable yet fashionable designer shoes.*

I'm extremely fussy about chocolate and like only the European supremely rich kind. I began my first metaphysical experiment by placing a mental order for a box of Belgian delicacies. I looked up toward the heavens and requested loudly, "I want a box of Godiva chocolates, please." I reviewed the scrumptious flavors in my mind: Midnight Swirl, Almond Praline, and Caramel Embrace. I imagined the bittersweet pool of smooth lusciousness as it melted on my tongue. I cut out a picture from a magazine featuring a bonbon as a visual reminder, and of course, I flatly refused to buy a single morsel for myself. After all, this was manifestation practice. The treats had to come to me.

After placing my virtual order, I promptly returned to everyday life, not knowing how long the experiment would take. Approximately two weeks later, the FedEx man rang my doorbell in the middle of a busy business day. I ran up from the basement and signed for a medium-sized shipping box from an investment banking firm. I closed the door and inquisitively unwrapped the package, discovering a large assortment of Godiva. "Chocolates for me?" I cooed. I examined the box, searching for a note. Oh, no! The box was addressed to a woman named Dianna Devine. "Wow, what a huge disappointment. The candy isn't for me!" I whined.

Incredibly disheartened, I ran to the phone and called the investment company listed on the shipping label. I explained the error and let the receptionist know I had not yet opened the beloved sweets. Her voice kindly replied, "Thank you for calling. Ms. Devine used to live at your address. We will find her new location and send her another box. Enjoy your chocolates." I cheered for my victory.

Play It Again, Dianne

I let one Godiva melt in my mouth every day for the next two weeks. Then I got a little cocky. *If I can do this once, I can do it again, but this time I want another brand: Fannie May.* Using the same process, I focused on the objects of my desire, Fruit Fudge, Trinidads, and Mint Meltaways. I stated my new request to the cosmos. "I would like an assortment of Fannie May chocolate candies delivered to me."

A few weeks later, an old friend from college stopped by our house for a visit. She walked straight into the kitchen and handed me a Colonial Assortment of Fannie May candy. I sprang to my feet and applauded wildly, "These are my favorite!" I graciously accepted the fattening box and strutted around feeling like a chocolate-manifestation guru.

After such success, I turned my focus to one of the city's most desirable acquisitions: metered parking. You might think finding a parking spot is simple, but in Chicago, it's a precious commodity. Two hours in a garage could cost up to forty dollars, but a meter, less than five dollars. Needless to say, competition is fierce. People hunt aggressively for emerging spots by blocking traffic, flashing hazard lights, and driving backward down streets. Chocolates make me smile, but parking stresses me out.

Trust, Let Go, and Relax

My weekly acting class was located in the Loop, so at the beginning of each trip, I looked up and insisted, "Please, Universe, grant me a parking space within one block of the acting studio." As I entered the freeway ramp, I reached inside for a feeling of confidence and tried to imagine myself parallel parking into the perfect spot. Unfortunately, based on my experience, I had one giant problem. I had doubt, and lots of it. I didn't trust the Universe's ability to deliver. When I got downtown, I circled one, two, three city blocks, watching other people grab spaces right in front of me. Late and frustrated, I swung into an obscenely priced garage, cursing under my breath. This happened three weeks in a row.

By the fourth week, I gave up hope. I accepted my unlucky fate and drove down the highway, focusing on the acting script that was not yet memorized for class. Right when I pulled up in front of the arts building, there it was: a perfect rock-star parking space. I screamed with delight and did a victory dance in the driver's seat.

It may have been luck, fate, or even deliberate manifestation, but to me it represented mind-over-matter success. Somehow, when I'd released the urgency and sailed downtown feeling relaxed and secure, my luck changed. For the next month, I intuitively found easily accessible metered spots every time.

The Game of Synchronicity: Request and Delivery

From that day forward, manifestation became an exciting game of Synchronicity Bingo: request and delivery. Every product that I wanted miraculously popped into view. I stumbled upon a hard-to-find hair conditioner in the window of a beauty salon next to my dentist's office. Bingo. I found the perfect pair of comfortable yet pointy Stuart Weitzman patent pumps in a discount boutique. Bingo. And when I asked the Universe for a new Mileage Plus credit card with double miles, an application appeared in my mailbox the next day. Okay, maybe the credit-card application was just excellent bulk-mail timing, but it was exactly what I'd requested. Bingo. Eventually, finding and receiving items became effortless.

It was early 2003 and things were running smoothly. I felt powerful, so much so that I upgraded my manifestation experiments to a whole new level.

We were living in the North Shore at the time, surrounded by palatial homes, and our house looked like the one owned by the Little Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe. We had packed two adults and three children into a miniscule 1902 farmhouse and spent time together in one large room that conveniently played the roles of living, dining, and family room combined.

Our house was crammed with furniture, electronics, and baby gear. I had to put my office in the unfinished basement, a pressboard desk carefully balanced on cinder blocks in between two trails of groundwater seepage because there simply was no other space in the house. Meanwhile, our neighbors paraded around in fancy cars and carried Louis Vuitton bags. They belonged to country clubs, had live-in nannies, and skied in Vail during winter break. *Why did they have so much and we had so little?*

The American Dream and Manifesting More Stuff

I'd always wanted to live across from the lake, drive a red convertible, and wear clingy designer suits to important business meetings. Now it was my turn! The economy was strong and I knew I had the experience, references, and pedigree to create my own version of the American Dream. Well, that's what America is all about anyway, manifesting stuff . . . right?

I stood tall and spread my arms wide and asked the Universe to send me exactly what I wanted: two hundred thousand dollars of new marketing contracts. I needed big clients who managed even bigger budgets. I knew I'd have to buckle down, work long hours, and significantly boost my bank account. I focused my mind, body, and energy on the sales process and remembered the sense of exhilaration that surrounds a large corporate contact.

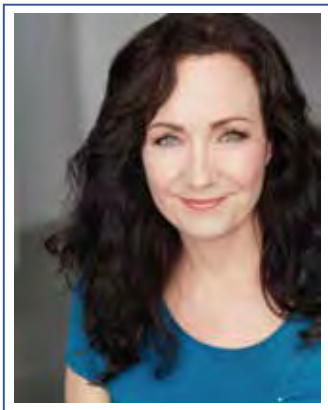
Much to my surprise, business projects marched right in. Within a month, a new client asked me to bid on a rebranding program, a past client reengaged their marketing plan, and a business associate handed me a sizable marketing campaign. Suddenly I had three deals that, when completed, would meet my financial goal.

For the next year, I climbed aboard the work-till-you-drop train. I woke up at 6:30 a.m., got the kids ready, and took them to school. During the day, I ran around like a madwoman, attending meetings and hastily conducting marketing research from my damp home office. When it was time for the school bell to ring, I jumped in my old green station wagon and chauffeured the kids around to piano lessons and Gymboree, dumping something edible on the table for dinner.

As soon as Rob walked in the door, I threw the children at him and ran back into the basement to work. Five-hour energy drinks, Starbucks-stained reports, and midnight client emails were all part of my routine. I was exhausted but earned enough cash to upgrade the wagon to a red-hot Saab '93 convertible. And we'd been approved for a \$965,000 super-jumbo loan. My dream was about to become reality.

I also became inspired by a quote in Jack Canfield's book *The Success Principles*.

When Olympic decathlon gold medalist Bruce Jenner asked a roomful of Olympic hopefuls if they had a list of written goals, every one raised their hands. When he asked how many of them had that list with them right that moment, only one person raised their hand. That person was Dan O'Brien. And it was Dan O'Brien who went on to win the gold medal in the decathlon at the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta. Don't underestimate the power of setting goals and constantly reviewing them. —Jack Canfield, The Success Principles



Dianne Bischoff James is an award-winning author, motivational speaker, and entrepreneur who specializes in life enhancing transformation. In 1995, she launched Core Marketing Solutions, a branding consultancy located in Chicago and received both Platinum and Gold MarCom Awards in honor of corporate branding excellence. Despite her business success, Dianne felt great personal unrest. At forty, she embarked on a journey to find her heart and reignite a childhood passion for the dramatic arts. In 2003 she kicked off an acting career on the community theatre stage and over the course of eight years, became a SAG-AFTRA actor with numerous film, television, commercial and industrial credits. In keeping with her entrepreneurial spirit, in 2013, Dianne also established Live Your Everything, a company that offers products, services and resources to support the path of life reinvention and personal transformation.

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