

# The Power of Feng Shui

Living Proof



Sophie Boswell  
Memoir

*The Power  
of  
Feng Shui*

*Sophie Boswell*



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Dedicated to

*Z*ayid

The man who bought me back to life



# Acknowledgements

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Forth; my sixth sense says that I'm not really the authoress of this book. Throughout the entire process, I've felt that someone else was tapping at the keys or holding the pen. I sensed that my loving parents and maternal grandmother, whom I never met in this lifetime, and possibly her father James Boswell, were putting words into my mind. I have no doubt that my great gifts, which include an innate business sense, an ability to draw and paint and a talent at the piano, mostly by ear and memory, came from my maternal grandparents. My grandfather was a successful businessman. My grandmother, Kathleen Boswell, was a talented portrait painter and musician.

Fifth; I wish to thank Mary Carlisle and all the other clairvoyants for letting me know that destiny is indeed written on an individual's forehead on the day of one's birth.

For most of this mind journey, I was on my own...and it's good that I was. Creativity is born in solitude alongside clarity.

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# PART ONE



## *Another Dimension*

I sat on the floor, staring through a watery film into the orange flames that darted around a blackened piece of eucalyptus. It was all a blur, a mixture of water and fire without one destroying the other. The fireplace was one of my few comforts at this lonely time of my life. My two cats – a Burmese and a half Persian – were never far from my side during this time. Each evening we lay around focusing on the warmth. In my case, I also focused on the events which brought me to where I am. Fires always took me back to reflect on situations; I might have been looking at my reflection in a crystal clear pool and seeing the reality of my being.

A couple of months earlier I'd been sitting in the same room, staring at an annoying man who sat opposite me with his salmon colored cards spread out on the glass coffee table. These cards were his second pack. He had folded the tatty tarot cards up carefully in a purple silk handkerchief and produced another pack, half the size of normal playing cards, which had a picture of shells on the back.

“Your life won't begin until you turn sixty.”

This was one of those sentences you don't forget in your lifetime. This tarot reader, Prem, had come to me well recommended by my hairdresser. He was a sliver of a man whose lime green silk shirt hung on him as if he were a wire clothes hanger. His shoulder bones suggested that there was a chest underneath, his long thin face exaggerated by his pointed black beard. With the benefit of being in my home, Prem had hit on a number of astounding truths but now things seemed to be getting out of hand. I felt that the reading, which was going on for over an hour, had gone haywire. Although I didn't know it at the time, this was the beginning of my journey into the unknown.

He turned the next card over and looked at me as if he were an eagle about to descend on its prey. In an attempt to blot out what I'd just heard, I immediately erected an invisible wall around myself for protection against other stabbing sentences. But before I could say anything in my defense, he continued in his arrogant way, as if he was the ultimate authority on my life.

"Your time is to come!" Reading my mind he quickly added, "Don't worry yourself by this. Vot you should do it is, is to let go!" This all came out as one long word. Prem's Indian English, when spoken so seriously, added to the authenticity of the message.

"Let go?" I said to myself, my two frown lines turning into furrows. By now I was speechless and imagined what a fawn would feel when its mother had just been shot. I saw myself standing in a park with a red balloon on a string and letting it fly away. Prem was suggesting I had to be that red balloon. I had to detach myself from things that were bogging me down. "All very easy to say," I thought as I looked beyond Prem and out through the French doors to the azaleas. I listened to the three note sad song of the neighborhood Kurrajong, which appeared to sense my mood.

The air suddenly become cooler as a gentle breeze picked up the scent from the camellias on the dining table and circled it through the room. A thought about ancient wisdom came to me. I wanted to know about this stranger's background but he was the consultant here and I was the listener.

Listening is one of my better attributes, especially in business. In the past, listening to psychic predictions was always exciting because I was given several incredible insights into my future. I had no reason to doubt what this man was telling me on my home turf, but his last statement seemed preposterous and downright rude. I sat there trying to hide my anger. I wanted to laugh it off and tell him that my life had not been as cushy as it now appears. I had accumulated many scars over many decades, fought for my rights, defended my beliefs and overcome many obstacles to reach where I was. But this thought quickly changed into a mixture of irritation and hopelessness. I felt like a failure – a dismal failure.

“You are going to change your whole lifestyle. You will travel and meet people you have never dreamed of – with velly, velly different names – and visit places that you couldn’t possibly imagine. Your new life will be under a new flag – a flag you are currently unaware of!”

I glanced around the room which was my sanctuary. I loved my house and this big airy lounge room which brought the garden inside through two sets of French windows. This room had seen my family grow from gawky teenagers into confident mature women of the world. It was a lived-in living room with a round dining table set in one of the window bays. We always ate there. Kitchens were for cooking. Dining for hours on end to celebrate birthdays, special occasions, parties, loving, gazing into the fire on a winter’s night, arguing, meeting the first boyfriends, celebrating my business accomplishments and fretting over lost cats – all happened in this room.

Why would I want to change anything?

The fireplace was the main feature. Above the mantelpiece a large piece of artwork by Christo brought a glimpse of Paris into view. On one corner of the mantelpiece sat a china pot holding a cymbidium orchid. On the other corner was a group of sterling silver frames which encapsulated happy memories of the family. My father’s silver sword from his days in the Royal Irish Constabulary, decorated the hearth along with some large pine cones in a basket.

Without a doubt, my greatest treasure was the German grand piano. This occupied the place where most people would set their dining room table. The dining room and lounge room joined at an imaginary seam. I’d made this extension of the lounge a music room. An antique pedal organ, complete with artificial pipes, sat in one corner and a mandolin from Italy hung on another wall. A large white sculptural art work and a potted palm finished it off. Sitting at the piano, I could look out at three thirty-foot high tree ferns which appeared like lace umbrellas filtering the sun and shading the rockery below. I played the piano to retreat, to think and quite possibly, to heal.

I picked fresh flowers from the garden for the dining table daily. Blue irises and pale green maidenhair were mixed with white gardenias on this day which had started out well. But now the tranquility was shattered. I felt as if the flying Persian carpet had been pulled out from underneath me.

If there wasn't one shred of truth in that painful sentence, I would have laughed it off and focused on some of the more accurate statements. There was a nagging thought, which replayed itself weekly, about why I felt empty with an eternal longing for something else. The gradual accumulation of over fifty years of getting every material thing I wanted and money to spend traveling abroad left me feeling empty rather than fulfilled. It all seemed pointless. Perhaps it marked the end of an era. The painful part was that I was stuck. I wasn't happy with my lot and wanted to move on but didn't know how or where.

I loved the best of both worlds, combining luxury and nature. My house was like a private country estate nestled amongst dense green gardens. Apart from glimpses of Sydney harbor from the top floor, one would never know that a city of five million people sprawled westward at the bottom of the Blue Mountains.

The fact that I had invited this man to my home meant that something wasn't working in my life. This is why I was searching for another dimension.

Psychics came to me at various times in my life. I never sought them out. They always seemed to hook up with me just when I needed help. Two extraordinary women had accurately predicted major events in my life. One of them, Margaret Dent was renowned for her work and wrote a book about her gift many years later, predicted that I would be sitting in this very lounge room where the Indian gentleman and I were now staring daggers at one another.

In 1982 at the time of Margaret's prediction, I was living in a small rented two-bedroom house with three little girls. I had just moved to Sydney from Melbourne after divorcing a controlling man and was starting over again on my own. The financial settlement was a disaster for me. It was typical of what happened to women around that time and my lifestyle

had changed dramatically. Australia was in a recession at the time. Being the eternal optimist, I was confident that I would make it, one way or another, but what Margaret was predicting seemed totally unbelievable.

“I see you sitting in a beautiful big house, in lush garden surroundings, not far from the harbor. After 1984 you will never want for money again. Your life is going to be full of people, travel, excitement and your business will ensure that everything you do will also be in beautiful surroundings.”

What didn't seem absurd was that she also saw my being smothered by the Family Law Court and gave me sound advice on to how to handle the situation. I found it interesting that she asked me to take a ring from my finger and hand it to her. This sapphire ring was given to me by my mother. Margaret slid the ring onto her finger. After sitting silently for quite some time she began the session by saying, “This ring was given to you by a woman.” From that sentence on I took notice of every word she said.

“You are having great difficulties fighting lawyers. Stop the fight now. You will never win no matter who is right since your husband is a doctor. When doctors and lawyers bind together in a courtroom you have no hope whatsoever. I want you to go home and look carefully at this business which has been given to you. Put all your energy into something positive and you will make a great success of it.”

This insight into my past, present and future life and how to handle the situation, gave me the confidence to abandon “principles” and walk away from the hope of ever getting the money which was agreed to by my husband of thirteen years.

One hour inside Margaret's small terrace house in an inner Sydney suburb changed my life.

Perhaps because of this experience and having wisdom gained over the years, I felt that psychics should be given a fair go. I think that apart from what Prem had said he annoyed me from the moment he came through the door. He was overconfident and acted as if he owned the place. He suggested that my life was going to change again. But it seemed that this time there was no clear way down the garden path. I had to “let go” of something rather than follow something. It is easy to listen to predictions and

statements which are within one's grasp but Prem alluded to something esoteric, abstract and seemingly beyond my scope of consciousness.

His long thin brown fingers gathered up the cards. I had no doubt that he had left the punch line till the end of the reading. He obviously felt the tension in the air even as I tried to hide my feelings. I felt that he would know exactly what was going on in my mind. I paid him cash for his consultation and showed him to the front door thinking I would never see him again. I never did. He walked lightly up the driveway and out of my life.

"Hmmm!" I thought to myself as I waited for the kettle to boil. With my arms folded—as if I were hugging myself—I looked at the light shimmering on the harbor through the red fire wheel tree where the lorikeets feasted. They often hung upside down to draw nectar from new flowers and occasionally appeared to get quite drunk. I was trying to get my head around the information from the past hour or more. I seemed to be worse off and more unsettled from the experience and nodded my head as I jiggled the tea bag. With my one addiction in a china cup I walked back into the lovely lounge room.

It was 1997. Margaret's predictions, down to the pink color of the lounge room, had all come true. Now the color of the lounge was buttercup yellow. It marked a time when I took back control of my life and my house. I had returned from a trip to Hawaii with overflowing energy looking for an outlet — rather like the burning red lava from the big island's volcano which ended up hissing in the ocean. The lounge room walls seemed a reasonable target. The change of color was a daily reminder to my second husband that I had overcome most of his hold on me. More to the point than the color of the walls was the fact that I had changed.

My business had grown so rapidly that nine years after Margaret's prediction a multinational corporation came along and gave me a handsome sum. Of course it wasn't that simple. I had to fight with every part of my being to ensure that the deal went through. The managing director of the European company, Mr. Smythe, labeled me a gentle giant, colorful and not easily controlled. But he slipped up in the end because he didn't buy me out. He bought 90% of my business which left me with a new chal-

lenge. My loyal customers were only too happy to change products as they liked the customer service and my way of doing business.

During this time, I had no idea that my husband was wielding his wand in menacing ways behind the scenes. My best efforts were being thwarted. This took a toll on my psyche so much that I wondered if something was amiss with me. In attempting to fix myself I sought out all sorts of help. Having a deep tissue massage in my home twice a week was far more beneficial than all the psychologists, medical doctors, and physiotherapists put together. I also attended seminars, walked on burning hot coals, jumped off a fifty-foot pole, learned how to correct my posture and walk straight again, sought out a kinesiologist, meditated and whenever possible, went to Hawaii where the demons vanished. There had to be a message here but it escaped me time and time again.

The remnants of the business which had given me much pleasure for so long were now turning over. No matter what I did sales did not grow as I intended. I was out of energy and was now fifty-five years old. For the first time in my life I actually felt old. I had hoped that Prem would gleam some new light on my perceived state of hopelessness. Instead, he wafted in and out of my life and left me feeling more uncomfortable and overflowing with emptiness as if I shouldn't be where I was. I tried to dismiss his words by telling myself that he was a corrupt guru. That was it!

To match my emptiness there was now stillness in the air. The only sound I could hear was a collection of barely audible high-pitched vibrations like a constant and unchanging buzz. I put a CD on to change the internal and external atmosphere. Prem had not made a cassette recording of the reading. One thing I loved about delving into one's sixth sense was replaying recordings of the many predictions that touched on aspects of one's life. One of my readings had predicted when I would meet my second husband, exactly what he would look like and the outcome. It went over my head at the time. Only by listening to the recording again did I take notice of this specific statement.

There was no re-run with Prem.

Two of my best attributes were moving forward and changing the direction of my life if it was no longer working. I was able to pull myself out of a web carefully designed to control me and start over again. But now, I was not only stuck but also uncertain of who I was. Worse than that, my life was projected on a big mental screen as meaningless. The more I tried to put Prem out of my mind the more he crept back in. Did his insight mean that I had five years to go before I started living? And if so, what was living? Of course, Prem might have a different meaning from mine. He didn't mean to be unkind or to upset me. Perhaps he did know things that I didn't?

There was a lot of sighing, head shaking and talking to myself as I relived my recent past. Logically, I was doing everything I could to stay on top of things, to build up the business and to "get a life"—the annoying expression of the day.

Depression is normal during divorce and I knew the reason for my grayness. After two separations I had my husband evicted. I knew that the relationship had to end even though I loved him. I understood where he came from; his awful childhood; his father's move to Italy; being plopped into a boarding school; his troubled mother and his difficulty in making decisions. I knew many things. But I never knew the real reason for the draining and damaging effect on my nervous system created by our living together. This left me empty and gray. Beige would have been a better color for me but gray and death went together. One liked to rationalize why things didn't work out. There had never been a meaningful explanation.

The light in the lounge room had changed. Shadows outside were longer and the strong afternoon sun heated the western wall of the house. I put my feet up on the sofa and wondered why I was so lost and unable to piece myself back together again. I hadn't blundered along blindly oblivious to what made me tick. It seemed my downfall in life was in my poor judgment regarding mates. The common denominator with both men was a negative energy field that shrouded them. I didn't have much to work with. In hindsight, they were both cold people—uncomfortable with themselves.

At that sobering thought, my cat Velvet, carefully jumped on the sofa and laid on my stomach. He began purring. I stroked his silky almost black hair which calmed me. He was a healer who seemed to pick up on my thoughts before my actions. We both went to sleep.

Some time later, I was awakened by the phone ringing. It was my girlfriend who lived on the south side of the harbor.

“Hello Sophie. How did it go?”

“Oh so-so,” I replied.

“What do you mean?” asked Elyse. She was a spiritual soul with a great knowledge about people and why they did things. Coming from a theatrical background she had contacts that scanned a wide spectrum of people. She had psychic abilities and we often nattered for hours. I told her about Prem and the outcome of his visit.

“Look, don’t bother yourself about it,” she said in a cheery English voice. “Why don’t you call my friend Rupert White? He can unblock trapped energy and point you in the right direction”.

“Who is he?” I asked.

“He is a Feng Shui expert. He only does corporate work nowadays but he might give you a consultation since you run a business from your home. His phone number is 1-9568-9955. Just mention my name. Call me after you speak to him. Byeeeeee.”

“Now there’s a new dimension,” I said to myself as I closed my heavy eyelids. A new door had opened and I let the draft blow away the little horrors of this day.

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