

## Inviting the Unknown In

by Sagar Bohnstedt

One night when I was taking a walk, looking up into the stars, a thought struck me: "My life will begin now." I started to smile and laugh a little at myself. What a stupid thought – I am 34; how can life start now?

At the time I was living with my partner and our four-year-old son. My partner and I had developed a new way of using feng shui and started the Neo Feng Shui Academy in Denmark. During the six years we were involved in this work I had written two bestsellers on the subject and hosted television programs in Denmark as well. I was what you would call a highly successful businesswoman, in charge of my life. I used my work and relationship as my way of personal growth, always inspired by Osho.

But here I was, walking in the dark, feeling that my life was about to start, that I had somehow learned everything needed for me to give without my ego interfering. I took a few deep breaths and decided to wait and see what would appear in the next few days, knowing from previous experiences that when my life changes, it changes radically, and all I can do is pay attention and keep up. I could feel much space and gratitude filling my body in that moment.

The pull inside me to start living my full potential became stronger as the days went by. Could it be that I was finally so close to letting go totally and surrendering into the unknown? I didn't have a clue what that meant, but I did know that I needed to change my life in order to give it space to unfold. The way I was living had supported me for years; it was time to move on now.

Within the next four months I left my partner, sold my businesses, and moved out of our house. The only thing that remained the same in my life was my son. Everything happened very easily, without any struggle, and I used the pain around splitting up to look in and transform old patterns and childhood wounds, and not blame the other.

When I decided to sell my shares of the companies a buyer came along; when I decided to move, a beautiful new house was offered to me; and with the money from the sale of my

business I knew that I could live for some time without an ordinary job. I felt that Existence was giving me an opportunity to live out my dream, although I didn't really know what that was, except that I wanted to share something from within.

I had a feeling that I wanted to write a novel, and all I could see was that the life I lived could make a pretty good story. But I wasn't that thrilled about it. So I decided to give the thought a rest and just see what would unfold when I let go of everything – all my ideas, beliefs, and control. It was as if I had been washing windowpanes in front of my eyes my whole life to be able to see clearer, and now I was wiping the last one, not knowing what would appear.

Long before any of this had started to grow inside me, I had arranged a two-week trip to Pune. I got as much settled about the sale of the business as I could and handed the keys over to the new owners, trusting that we had a deal even though the contract wasn't signed yet. I left feeling that soon there would be space for the new. After a week in Pune I received an email saying that the buyers wanted to change some terms in the contract. After a few mails back and forth, they said that the deal was off and that we could start writing a new contract when I got back.

I started to question myself: Could my feeling have been wrong? Was it right to sell? Maybe I wasn't ready to let go. Up till then everything had gone so smoothly; why this challenge now? What was it I didn't see? I could feel that trust was a major lesson here. I didn't know what was happening; all I knew was that it still felt right to sell and move on.

Many experiences in my life had shown me that when I am about to let go of a pattern or a way of living, Existence will challenge me to make sure I am ready. I decided to focus on my course in Pune and arrange a meeting with the potential buyers when I returned home

As I sat silently on the plane coming home, looking out into the clouds, I felt my body starting to shiver and the energy rising up my spine. My eyes were open, but pictures started to appear in front of me. I could see a woman, a plane crashing, a gorgeous man reaching out for her. It was like watching a movie, and it was so real that I could feel it in my body. I don't know how long it took, but after some time I knew the whole story, and I reached for my laptop to put write down in words what I had seen. I closed my eyes and

felt a huge calmness inside a space of nothingness. This was the story I was going to pass on.

It turned out that there had been a misunderstanding with the business contract, and it was signed two weeks after I returned. The story that had appeared on the plane was still inside me, yet I knew I had to wait for the right time to start writing. First I had to clean up and prepare myself, so nothing would disturb the process. I took care of my financial situation, my living situation, and created a space for writing at home.

I started to look into all the places in my life where I was leaking energy, not nurturing myself but wasting my time, taking the focus away from what I was longing to do. That included everything from reading the newspapers and filling myself with meaningless stories to meeting people who just wanted small talk. One step at a time I closed all the gaps in my life where I was not supporting myself and my soul's longing, asking myself the question, "What do I do for others, and what do I do for myself?"

I already had the headlines and the main characters of the story when I finally sat down and started to write. I had written nonfiction before but never a novel, so first I had to discover how to write a story. Every morning when I sat down to write I would look at the picture of Osho that hangs in my office and ask, "What is going to happen today in the story?" And then the movie would start again. I just had to keep up. After three months the book was completed.

It took me another six months to edit it. I received so much support whenever I asked for it, getting feedback on the story and help to become a better writer. I felt calm knowing that the money from the sale of my business would last for another year or so, giving me time to have the story translated, published, and even start on a second book that continues on with the story.

Then one day, when I was running on the beach, a voice inside my head said, "You have to give the book away for free." A whole idea around how to do it unfolded. I could feel my heart beating faster and the temperature of my body rising fast. What? Give it away? I will run out of money! This is crazy – how can I do that?

I ran a little faster, trying to get rid of the idea. But it kept getting stronger. By the time I was ready to send off the book to a publisher it was clear to me that I had to use the energy of the world to spread the story instead of selling it in the traditional way. I feel that I can't sell something that is not mine; all I can do is pass it on. And so I will.

Sometimes a few small stones are in my way, but as soon as I feel them, I can bring light in and see what it's about. As much as I can, I bring awareness to see clearer, and I keep challenging myself in everything I do.

I have a clear feeling on how to offer this book for free. I haven't got a clue whether I will eventually make any money from it, and that is not important to me anymore. How this will affect my life I don't know. My heart simply tells me to give it away. I invite the unknown in and enjoy the journey to the fullest.