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For me, it started years ago. It appeared my life was full. I was in love, traveling the world, spending time with friends, essentially doing anything I wanted. And yet, something felt missing, I felt incomplete. There was something more I should be doing. Oh, and by the way, I can't leave out the added guilt I felt for feeling that way. I regularly told myself I have everything I want, What more can there be?

For years I was on a mission. Searching for meaning, seeking clarity, and chasing the knowledge that would help me find my answer. My journey took me down the rabbit hole of so many books, so many

podcasts, that mostly said do this, don't do that. If you do this, then you will...

In theory this sounds great. But it felt like a one size fits all approach. And, guess what?

It wasn't working.

Perhaps you are feeling the same way? Just as I imagine you too feel you are here for something bigger, but you just don't know what IT is. The questioning, the doubt, the uncertainty, I get it. Over the next few pages, I hope to spare you from the searching, seeking, chasing hamster wheel I was on for so long. I hope to help you open to what you already know.

It started as a gurgle, a little gurgle I tried to ignore or at least push down. But this little gurgle kept growing more intensely.

In hopes of suppressing it, I began distracting myself as much as possible. First up? Twice a day

sometimes three a day workouts. I loved it! Barry's Bootcamp in the am, JetSet Pilates in the afternoon, and let's toss in a hot yoga class for good measure. I felt proud. My body was better than ever, and I was so strong. I thought for sure when I crashed into bed every night completely exhausted, the gurgling would go down with me. No such luck. The gurgling became a gnawing . It grew louder and stronger as if it were building muscle too!

Around this time I was also being called to be of service. I had been toying around with the idea of volunteering for quite a while, but hadn't. I was always unsure. Wondering, where do I start? I can't tell you the number of times I told my friends how guilty I felt living the beautiful life I live and not pay it forward somehow. Then one day my neighbor invited me to be a part of a global organization that supports women and children in Israel. A group of women would meet monthly for lunch at another member's home. There'd be lots of food, lots of small

talk, and we would plan fundraising events to support the cause. I even got to go to Israel and visit the centers our fundraising built a few times. It was meaningful. But it wasn't it. The gnawing persisted.

Not long after, another opportunity presented itself. This was a grass roots nonprofit that would serve underserved young girls to develop social and emotional learning skills in an afterschool program. This was going to be it for sure! I had the opportunity to put my holistic health and nutrition education to great use by creating nutrition and wellness curriculum. Now this was truly exciting! Not only was I going to put my knowledge to use, I would make a difference in the young girls lives at the same time. This really resonated with me. Seeing glimmers of light in those young girls and their sweet smiles while watching them evolve and grow filled me with great joy. But this wasn't it. The gnawing grew stronger. It was starting to feel as if

there were a baby chick inside of me gnawing away at its shell trying to break free.

Some time passed, and I made friends with an amazing woman who had a similar life, we had a lot in common. However, she was already making a difference in many lives. I was truly impressed by her and the work she was doing. We'd often discuss potential ways we could collaborate on our calling to serve, those moments were really special.. Then one day she asked me to join her on a mission trip she was making to Nicaragua where she was already making a huge impact in the lives of the Nicaraguan people. This trip was a game changer. Something shifted inside of me while meeting with the families. there She and her husband were there building homes, medical facilities, and schools for some communities. It brought such joy to my heart to deliver food to these families who would not have food otherwise. The most pertinent part is how I will never forget despite their immense struggles

and difficulties, most without a roof over their heads and a floor made of dirt, Through all the scarcity, sickness, and danger they lived in, they were so grateful for what they did have and it showed. There was such a light I saw within them, it was so pure. On the outside it looked like they had nothing. But yet, their faith, their sense of community, and connection seemed to keep them going. Although we were there to serve them, they were serving us. I wanted what they had. I wanted that light. How can I get that light? And so I began chasing it.

After that trip, still not knowing what this gnawing was, I filled my day with more distractions. Packing my schedule with anything and everything to try and squash this feeling. I regularly reminded myself “you have everything! What more could you need or want?”

I'd always loved learning and could never satisfy my hunger for knowledge. I thought maybe, just maybe, this gnawing could be resolved by more education. Surely I can be taught the answer!

Keeping that feeling of light I saw in the people of Nicaragua both coupled with the great memories of that trip, I began chasing the spiritual knowledge of that light in countless books, online courses, you name it.

I'd had a meditation practice for awhile, although my consistency ebbed and flowed. So in conjunction with all the learning and chasing of knowledge I was doing, I decided to fully recommit to my meditation practice. I began to feel something inside of me emerging. The moments in stillness began to outweigh the knowledge I was seeking. My days flowed with ease, and rather than being exhausted from the three workouts a day, I felt peace, I was more patient, and more understanding. As I

continued this practice, then all kinds of synchronicities began showing up. The more I noticed, the more I appreciated!

I also resumed writing in my gratitude journal. Everyday I would write at least five things I was grateful for that day, no matter how big or small. And by saying write. I didn't just jot down some notes on a piece of paper like a to do list. My daily entries were felt, not thought. Doing this daily felt good. I could feel a huge internal smile, a light that lit though my whole being while doing this. Not only that, it also felt as though my mornings began a little more peaceful. The synchronicities and feeling a connection to others kept expanding, deepening, and I was in awe. It felt electric! This state of awe led me to take this further. I kept 3thinking, why was I only expressing such heart felt gratitude in my daily journal? Why not for every opportunity I get to show it? From that point forward I began expressing moments of gratitude often throughout

my day. Then one day, out of nowhere, while driving, I caught a green light, and I simply said thank you. But more importantly, the feeling I felt behind it. The vibration of love that ran through me was just delicious! I could feel it in my entire body. And by the way, this is a practice I still do today. Not surprising, but then followed a chain reaction of more and more green lights. Not only the literal ones on the street, but in my life as well. Green lights were everywhere, and the little chick inside that was gnawing away at its shell seemed to quiet down a little.

But yet, I continued the searching, seeking, chasing a bit longer.

Then one sleepy morning, a day where staying in bed felt more inviting and enticing than getting up and sticking to my commitment to my daily practices, I was overcome with resistance. I was in such a resistant state, my mind was trying to

sabotage me. I laid there full of guilt negotiating with myself. I can stay here 15 minutes more and just shave off 15 minutes of my meditation time. Then I can still be on time for the appointment I have scheduled. Or, maybe I'll just skip pulling my daily Angel wisdom card and the writing that always follows it. Hmm... I thought for a minute. What a great idea! Then I will at least keep my meditation commitment. But after some guilt ridden back and forth, the thought shifted to no way! Pulling a card asking your angels for your message for the day is always such a fun part of your ritual. You are always impressed and grateful for how accurate it is. I can probably count on one hand the number of times a card I received didn't seem to make sense out of the countless number of times I have pulled one. And by the way, this delicious part of my morning ritual is another time to express my gratitude for the message and guidance I receive. 'Thank you spirit, please show me more' is how I always conclude that part of my practice . Sometimes with a tear of joy,

but always with a with a huge inner smile encompassing every part of me. But, please know this closing ritual came only after a lot of practice with my cards. It definitely was not an overnight event.

So, after way too long of back and forth covered in guilt, I realized I was wasting time I didn't necessarily have. Plus the fact that all this mental turmoil wasn't even fulfilling my desire to sleep longer, I hastily tore myself out of bed and went to sit at my alter for meditation. Trying to shake off the moments of resistance, I sat and immediately thought it was extra appropriate to begin my meditation by sitting in self love. Meaning to sit and cover your entire body in the feeling of love, trust me you can do it too. Sometimes I also visualize the color pink washing over me as well. Sitting in this love, will wash away all the resistance and guilt I was feeling just minutes ago, I thought. As I was sitting in this love which is delicious might I add, out

of nowhere I received a message in my head that said “lighthouse”. I tried my best to let that message float away like a passing cloud in the sky, a practice I often use successfully for thoughts that pop up in meditation. But this time my mind attached to it. I thought wow, that’s it! Lighthouse embodies the thing I was being called toward! So now what?

Well, as you can probably guess, the searching, seeking, and chasing quest started all over again. This time searching for what this lighthouse will look like, seeking clarity in the message. Was it a project I should start? Should I go to a lighthouse? Read a book about lighthouses? I was so sure this was something, and began chasing the material knowledge to deliver it. It started to feel like a broken record.

Wash. Rinse. Repeat.

This time, I decided to do something different than all my previous attempts to get my answer. I began creating a structure for what my lighthouse project could look like. Maybe it is coaching others toward the light?, guiding others using Angel Cards? I spent several months on this process, but kept ending up at square one and frustrated. It seemed my nemesis, called resistance, had reared its paralyzing head yet again. None of the ideas I had felt right. Maybe this structure I was desperately trying to create isn't it after all.

Something. Had. To. Give.

In a spiritual growth group and course I was participating in, we were learning about and being guided to connect to our essence. The purity, the truth, the love we all are when we let go of judgments, attachments, fears, belief systems, ego, and so on. This essence is Pure Love, Pure Light, and Pure Peace.

During these guided practices in class, the connection I felt to this purity was so beautiful. There really are no words to convey the feeling.

We were being encouraged by our teacher to try and practice this connection outside of our class setting. So I added this practice to my morning ritual. I thought for sure this will get me closer to my answer. Little did I know, I was in for a surprise. I couldn't believe how much more difficult it was to make this connection on "my own". It was so much easier when I being guided there! There were many days of what my mind was deeming as successful attempts and others, not so much. This being said, although there were many days I felt really discouraged, or that I simply just couldn't do it, I was really determined to keep trying. The successful times were just so special, there was just no way I could give up and this kept me going. Eventually the successful times outnumbered the unsuccessful times and it felt amazing.

After a lot of practice, and I do mean A LOT, I was drawn to try and expand this practice throughout my day just as I had done with my gratitude practice. I began practicing connecting to my essence while making dinner and walking my sweet dog. Those moments of connection were pure bliss. It felt as though all of the outside noise and the outside world completely disappeared, and whatever I was looking at or doing appeared so vibrant, pure, and crisp. The colors were so much brighter, sounds were far more rich and seemed colorful as well. I felt as though I was flying so high but yet grounded at the same time. And it felt real good.

I wanted more.

Perhaps I should try this connection to essence exercise with people I thought. With much practice, my interactions with others became different. To connect with another's essence, their purity, felt

delightful and deep at the same time. And really, the description delightful and deep come close to describing the feeling. I wish I could say I felt this connection with every interaction, but I am human after all. It is definitely a work in progress, but so definitely worth the practice.

I was moving through my days filled with love, gratitude, and so many green lights. But somehow I still didn't have a clear cut direction to my lighthouse project which I was so sure was a "thing" I had to do. But at the same time, that feeling of the little chick gnawing away at its shell was beginning to feel closer than ever.

Time passed on and with extreme determination, I continued my searching, seeking, chasing quest to clarify what I was to do about this lighthouse project of mine. I am going to get this answer if it's the last thing I do. I often thought.

Still in a quasi frustrated, yet determined state, one deliciously sunny day in Aspen, my happiest of happy places I was out for a walk. It was one of those extra magical days filled with so much beauty and light. I felt super connected to my essence. I could see and feel love in everything and everywhere. Nature has a way of elevating that for me. The Aspen trees were shimmering as usual and the sun was dancing and sparkling on the Rio Grand River. I was in bliss. I remember thanking spirit for this gorgeous day and the exhilarated way I was feeling. At a certain moment during my walk, again, out of nowhere a voice so loud, and so clear said “YOU are the lighthouse”. It stopped me in my tracks. I looked around to try and see where it came from. I was covered in chills and the energy running through me was an energy I had never felt before. A huge inner smile came though me and I paused and said thank you.

Naturally, as usual, the mind jumped back into the driver's seat and began churning. Hmm... if I am the lighthouse what do I need to do? The hamster wheel of searching, seeking, and chasing was in full effect again. But this time it felt different. My inner knowing was stronger, louder than ever.

The little chick was getting closer to breaking through its shell.

As I continued with my practices the messages, the knowing, continued to deepen. The energy, the vibrancy within me was on a whole new level. Life felt vibrant in a different way than ever before. I felt like I was on a whole new level.

A week or so passed when suddenly I had a click. You don't DO the lighthouse, you BE the lighthouse. Woah. The sense of freedom, of knowing, of clarity, of meaning and purpose that rushed through me was palpable. The lighthouse isn't something outside of you, it is you!

The shell had cracked, and the little chick was born.

This was the answer I was searching for, it couldn't have been more clear. My relentless need to externally search, seek, and chase no longer had the steering wheel.

For so many years, I had been searching externally for the answer to my purpose, meaning, and what I should do to fulfill this emptiness or missing piece I felt within me. When wow. It was with me all along. All I needed to do was to come home. Come home to myself where there are no answers to seek, search, or chase, all of the answers lie there. I am the answer to that quest. There was no lighthouse project to do, but a lighthouse to be. All the searching directed me back to the light that I am. The light I am here to share. There is nothing to do. Just be the light.

In hindsight, it felt as though I was given the key to what was holding me back. My mind kept me

searching, seeking, and chasing, therefore blocking the door of my essence, my purity, my truth, my lighthouse, the key. The key that I was holding all along.

My hope is that if reading this stirred something inside of you, please don't ignore it. Because guess what? You hold your key too. When the mind continues to lure you outwards, go inwards. The searching, seeking, and chasing is the mind's attempt to keep your door locked and in prison. Connect to your key, your lighthouse, your purity, your essence and be free.



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