



JULIE PIATT
FOR THE LIFE OF ME
JOURNEY OF A MODERN MYSTIC MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

A revolutionizing group of life changing books have struck a chord catalyzing life transformation have endured throughout the years:

THE UNTETHERED SOUL ⁽²⁰⁰⁷⁾ Michael A Singer

EAT PRAY LOVE ⁽²⁰⁰⁶⁾ Elizabeth Gilbert

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI ⁽¹⁹⁴⁶⁾ Paramahansa Yogananda

MANY LIVES MANY MASTERS ⁽¹⁹⁸⁸⁾ Brian L Weiss

THE NEW EARTH ⁽²⁰⁰⁵⁾ Eckhart Tolle

SIDHARTHA ⁽¹⁹²²⁾ Hermann Hesse

Each of these books shared a spiritual perspective that was vital to the culture at a certain poignant moment in time. The readers took hold of their words as a lifeline. The power of the wisdom gained from these books spread into the culture penetrating the very DNA of humanity. They were and still are significant spiritual teachings that have given us guidance and support on how to navigate life. They are the stories of the mystical experiences humanity needs as inspiration to light the path to realization. Collectively, we are currently at a defining moment in history where humanity is crying out for real authentic life guidance; a blueprint of transformation that they can model to light the path of their own unique life journey. We are yearning to find meaning in an increasingly chaotic and unpredictable world. We are now truly understanding that the solutions to our life problems are requiring a quantum shift of perspective.

For The Life Of Me: Journeys Of A Modern Mystic Mother eloquently answers this call as the modern day memoir destined to take its rightful place in this lineage of spiritual tomes serving as a much needed guiding light for humanity.

For The Life Of Me is destined to become one of the foremost spiritual tomes of this age and a vital divine offering to join the mandala of spiritual classics available to guide us all on our journey home! For The Life Of Me will be the prominent book that guides any truth seeking individual living in the modern world, to realize the life they were meant to live.

SriMati's life is a divine demonstration of the power of spiritual perspective in the face of anything life can throw at you. A seasoned master of transforming trauma into triumph, she has been married three times where she explored three unique facets of relationship; the dark hell of battered woman, the fantasy and creative growth that later became the prison of fairytale and the true alignment of romantic collaboration birthed from a friction of opposites.

Mother of 4 of her own children by two different fathers, SriMati has acted as a guide and healer to her spectrum child and became a musician alongside her sons to form her own family band. Choosing to homeschool her kids,

she offered them a creative experience of discovering themselves.

SriMati guided and supported her husband, Rich Roll, catalyzing a mid-life transformation which birthed a completely new identity from the man she married. All of this transformation took place in the depths of navigating a seven year financial collapse. Under SriMati's guidance, the family met this experience as a spiritual challenge and they were able to rise from the ashes to serve as powerful wellness leaders in popular culture today. Rich Roll was named one the 25 fittest men in the world by Men's Health in 2010 and has become a beloved figure of inspiration to a growing international community. A celebrity figure in wellness, author of the best-selling memoir "Finding Ultra" which he dedicated to SriMati, and host of the celebrated Rich Roll Podcast, his story has already transformed millions.

SriMati has co-authored two cookbooks with Rich, creating plant-based cuisine offered in devotion to discovering our true nature, and to our beloved planet. Foundational to this heroic journey, there is an intricate mandala which served as the divine design, inspiration, courage and heart for this rebirth. Many have been waiting for years to hear Julie aka SriMati share her inner process of this alchemy of transformation she catalyzed for her man.

For The Life Of Me presents a complex painting of the complete life as an intricately connected journey of self discovery. It takes a life to become. SriMati has lived a lot of life and she has treasures to share.

It is a Universal truth that the feminine energy holds the spiritual awareness of life to truly guide, lead and heal humanity. But to date, even in spiritual realms or mystic orders and religions, women have suffered suppression, abuse and have been hidden or stripped of their power to lead. Women are diligent and wise keepers of the flame as they have the emotional maturity and discernment to make compassionate and wise decisions. In light of the recent #metoo and #timesup movement, it's clear that the world is primed and ready for the female leaders in spirituality on this planet to step into the light and share wisdom to lift us higher.

SriMati's words make deep impressions. They enlighten in their candid delivery encompassing what it means to be humanly divine. There is a gift of transcendent communication described in Vedic traditions as "having the goddess Saraswati on the tongue". Such is the quality of SriMati's word. Sharing her life experience in transparency and raw honest humor, she offers the reader an open invitation to pull up a cushion and sit down next to her. Her naked admissions of her humanity float off the pages with ease, disarming the reader and offering a certain redemption from shame. Inviting them into their own sacred journey where after a large exhale, the reader can relax with the assurance of their transcendence.

SriMati's vast tale, travels and twists through rocky life terrains of highs and lows where spiritual perspective served her time and time again to transform metal into gold. SriMati's accessible style of storytelling delights, surprises, stuns and entertains. This juicy page-turning read ignites a state of awe and wonder, followed by a true recognition of solidarity. One where the reader relates SriMati's story to their own life circumstance and by seeing themselves reflected in her experience, can identify a clear path through their own similar life trials.

Free from tips and life hacks, For The Life Of Me is the best variety of self-help; a living example of a meaningful



life. A spellbinding story told with origins in the unseen world, finding its way to fruition of an entire spectrum of a very human life with no purpose other than soul evolution and expansion.

Filled with gems of life wisdom, this book has something for everyone.

It is relevant for individuals seeking to:

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- FIND THEIR PURPOSE
 - NAVIGATE FINANCIAL COLLAPSE
 - FORGE A NEW PATH PATH IN EDUCATION
 - CREATE A SAFE SPACE FOR THE SPECTRUM CHILD
 - LEARN THE POWER OF PERSPECTIVE TO CREATE A QUANTUM LIFE
 - EXPERIENCE RELATIONSHIP AS MIRROR AND TEACHER
 - SURVIVE AND THRIVE AFTER DIVORCE
 - HEAL AND TRANSFORM ADDICTION INTO EXPANSION
 - MANIFEST THEIR DREAMS
 - LIVE THE LIFE THAT WAS MEANT FOR THEM
 - RECONNECT WITH THEIR SPIRITUAL SELF FREE FROM ISM'S OR RELIGION
 - FIND THEIR CREATIVE VOICE AND EXPRESSION IN AUTHENTICITY
 - AGE ETERNALLY CULTIVATING NATURAL BEAUTY
 - HEAL THEMSELVES FROM DISEASE
 - FACILITATE DEATH IN PRESENCE AND BEAUTY
 - LOVE THEIR PARTNER AND CHILDREN INTO BEING THEIR GREATEST AUTHENTIC EXPRESSION

SriMati's life experience speaks for itself and is living proof in action of the fruits of her approach to life.

By choosing a divine perspective she has achieved great levels of awareness in her own life. The stories she shares in this book are an account of her perception of her own life experience. Every life form is unique and the path to return home will appear in total individuality like no other life path. However by observing her experience, the reader can gain valu-

HOW IS THIS BOOK ORGANIZED?

SriMati has read only spiritual texts for over 25 years. She rarely reads a book from beginning to end. Instead she opens the book intuitively and trusts that this act of surrender will lead her to the message that is relevant for her in that moment. And it works. Every time.

In spiritual awareness, there is really no beginning or end. Life is a multi-dimensional energy which flows in around and through itself. This book is crafted with this perspective as a foundational core for its use. Rather than a linear story, it's a mandala or sacred pattern of words that form the divine design that makes up this vital life guide.

Every chapter stands alone and can be read in isolation as a deep spiritual life teaching. The reader can enter this life journey at any chapter. This structure or divine design makes for a practical bible or tome of invaluable guidance for the busy, modern woman or man trying to make sense out of their chaotic, stressful and crazy life. They can easily commit to reading one chapter and find immense support and comfort on the pages. Or they can choose a chapter that is on the subject they are struggling with in their own life.

This book is a spiritual tome as it's messages deepen as the reader becomes "seasoned". For The Life Of Me is a book that will be a trusted and cherished companion for the reader as they journey along their own life path home.

Overflowing with incredible story telling, the messages inherent in the life circumstance highlight the power of intention. Where when met with spiritual perspective and extreme faith, the life will present the most exquisite experience, uniquely crafted for learning, transformation, celebration, and deep meaning. In each chapter of this book, this presence is felt. By reading these stories, digesting and absorbing the transmission of wisdom, the reader will find a useful expansive way to apply perspectives, techniques, and tools to their own life so they can get to living a more expanded life experience no matter where they live, what they do, or where they find themselves to be.

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"Looking forward to Memoir. In an earlier episode of your podcast, I heard that you were writing a memoir that describes the financial dismantling you and your family went through. This book is something I am greatly looking forward to. I appreciate you so much for giving me a new perspective on life and for all the work you do in hopes it will help another person. You are truly an amazing soul/ spirit/ human/ angel and we are so lucky to have you on this earth in this lifetime. "

"A universe of gratitude to you, as you are a reflection of me. I would have never gotten to where I am today had you not gone through your sacred time. Your ability to endure and embrace your dismantling showed me the strength and ability for me to go through it."

"DIVINE GIFT. SriMati is a divine blessing! Her spiritual wisdom shines through brilliantly as she shares her profound insights and healing techniques. She is a divine gift to all of us."

"BEAUTIFUL TEACHER. JULIE IS MY TEACHER. Although we never met in person, I have learned so much from her. I am so blessed to have her in my life through her podcasts, books, and programs. I am thrilled to be able to develop my spirituality through this beautiful podcast."

"FULL OF WISDOM AND LOVE. SriMati is so honest and real, she's like a breath of fresh air that has come to clear the pollution out of the Earth's energy field. Please continue to breathe your light into the world."

"SriMati taught me the true meaning of Quantum Physics as I observed her masterfully demonstrate this scientific principle over many events within her life. She held a vision with

"LOVE FROM ALASKA. I feel like I'm receive therapy listening to Julie's podcast. I share many things in common from the heart of being a mother. Thank you Julie for putting time and love into this for your listeners."

"SO WISE! Our world needs this podcast! Everyone should listen to this."

"INCREDIBLE. Fantastic message- so eye-opening and love the courage to share your experiences- thank you."

"GREAT HEALING. Thank you SriMati! This technique is an affirmation that we have the power to find TRUE freedom. And!! I am trusting the process of sucking first before discovering my greatness in whatever I do. Thanks so much for what you do!"

"AMAZING, INSIGHTFUL, AND NECESSARY PODCAST. Finally issue we all think about but don't necessarily want to talk about are tackled! Thank you Julie."

"JULIE IS AMAZING. Julie aka SriMati, is my spiritual teacher from afar. Her Jai Meditation program is the most transformational meditation I have experienced throughout my years!!! As a male, I look up to her. She exhibits the true and divine feminine I hope to one day find in a amte. She is humble yet powerful and knowledgeable that I totally trust to her for spiritual and divine guidance."

"I CAN HONESTLY SAY I CHANGED MY LIFE when I started listening to this podcast along with the Rich Roll Podcast. I often listen to Divine Throughline while making meals out of the Plantpower Way. It's a great addition to my days! Thank you, SriMati."

"FASCINATING. These podcasts continually fascinate me. Her life experiences are so rich and her wisdom very deep. Her authenticity and willingness to share deeply about her life are profoundly moving. This is my favorite iTunes podcast by far."

RELEVANCE

Why is SriMati the relevant modern mystic of our times? Because she is a real authentic woman who has experienced a full range of life experience. She is accessible and transparent and has lived many lives within this current lifetime. She has suffered pain and heartbreak, experienced financial collapse, played in multiple creative modalities, manifested businesses from nothing, and created realities without evidence. She mothered four children and raised five and she has been married three times.

SriMati is one of the foremost relevant women to lead us into the remembrance of our true Self. She sets the stage for us, not as a cult leader or religious messiah spouting doctrine, but as a living example of the same light held in the heart of each human being. She represents the divinity of what it means to be a human being awakened to her natural essence. No one is coming to save us. The modern way to self realization is going to reveal as a living example of awareness, compassion and love fully embodied in a modern life. SriMati is a rare form of this type of living example.

Now is the moment in history for women to resume their rightful place as “keepers of the sacred flame” , to rise up, gently take back the reins of the chariot, firmly hold a responsible boundary, and say no to the violent games of young boys. She says, “Watch closely, this is how it’s done. This is how we transcend adversity, this is how we turn trauma into triumph, this is how we hold another in their darkest night in sacred vision, this is how we give birth to a loving world.”

SriMati’s awakening wasn’t delivered on a mountain top with an experience of immersion with all that is, (although she has had many mind blowing, paradigm shifting mystical experiences that speak to her true divine connection) instead, the core of her enlightenment has been experienced through multitudes of moments that make up the events of the actual human life. Experiences shared by every human being. These are the experiences of child, sister, daughter, mother, artist, singer, seeker, lover, and human. Many of these life experiences were seeped in loss and traumas which provided her the friction and alchemy to become more of herself when received from a divine perspective. Others have been given in an effortless immense beauty and miraculous blessing that result from a life lived with pure heart, courage and vision. It is the quantum life.

People are looking for guidance more than ever before in history. They are starting to see that many systems they held in high regard are failing them. The bottom is falling out of nearly all existing systems as we know them, ranging from finance, food, culture, education, health care, social security, environment and media.

We will be required to create new and better ways of living on the planet and this will take courage and faith to see us through. The solutions needed for the problems and challenges we are facing are quantum solutions. A modern spiritual path has never been more mandatory than now.





SUMMARY

Born in Colorado to a Chilean proper mother and Texan Indiana Jones father, SriMati, the youngest of five children felt her awareness at a very young age. When the family moved to Alaska, she was thrown into a wild west world, where there was no separation between social class or choice of occupation. She was attending school with a population where she was the minority and was threatened often, and credits her survival to the bandmates of her rockstar brother who stood as her protectors. At the age of 11, unbeknownst to her family, she became a "born again Christian" When her family refused to send her to Christian school, and realizing her predicament of being stuck in a family that didn't share her spiritual perspective, she did a complete flip and experimented with drugs in a dark world of free-basing cocaine amidst the backdrop of exquisite nature and pristine natural elements.

Her search for love led her into promiscuity with many young boys and men as she tried desperately and unsuccessfully to fill the void of her distant father --the prominent theme and wound of her life to resolve. She ran with people ten years her senior falling in love with a man name Bryant who was a singer and keyboard player in a club band touring from Seattle for a month. They spent wintery filled afternoons making snow angels and love. At night, they snorted cocaine and held each other tight in the local strip club. When his tour was complete, she was heartbroken and devastated. Julie wore Bryant's scarf 24/7 just to have his scent near. Amidst her deep sense of mourning, she created her first altar to him in her room. This practice later becoming a "thing" in her life. Her parents laughed off her heartbreak as she was only sixteen, but it was real for her. The whirlwind of first love, experimental drug use and high school came to a close as she graduated drug free and complete with the experience. Having existed in the gloom of Anchorage Alaska with months of darkness and few and precious days of summer, she found sunshine and happier life at Arizona State University in Tempe. Adding to the light in her life was a young man named Douglas, an architecture student with a well defined mullet and a deep affection for her. She spent hours intertwined with her newfound love who became her world. They made love for days locked in his college room only cracking the door to grab the take out food they had ordered. Through the experience of his deep love for her, her trauma from misguided sexual exploits was healed and she learned to love herself. She studied in Paris for a semester before returning to ASU where she dated a french model named GG and worked a summer at Club Med in Cancun.

Yet her life changed once again as a mysterious older man appeared on campus. They met in a dance club. where he announced that he wanted to marry her. Caught off guard, cocky and unimpressed she replied, "You don't understand, I'm not even attracted to you." but the manager of the world-renowned rock band courted her relentlessly and soon she softened and was lured her into the den of a monster who gave her a glimmering hope to fulfill her dream of becoming a musician. She became prey to this sick insidious energy, acquiescing into a dark hell of abuse. As a shadow musician, she had known herself a singer since the age of 6, and this deep unfulfilled desire, overrode her loyalty to self. In episodes of violent rage, she was beaten and spit upon a

contrast to fancy grammy parties attended with Kitty and Jose Menendez (who would later be murdered by their sons), world tours, limos and proximity to the famous musicians she so admired such as Tina Turner, Sting, Yes, Tears For Fears, and David Bowie.

It was after seven years of a emotional roller coaster of trauma, Julie left her monster and never looked back. As fate would have it, on Valentines Day in 1989, she met Lou Piatt who would become the father of her two sons, Tyler and Trapper. . A chance meeting arranged by her then sister in law, resulted in love at first sight -or for her, a remembrance of a deep love that merged from another timeline forever shifting her storyline. Rescued by a living “knight in shining armor”, Lou was a partner of the largest real estate company in the nation. Seventeen years her senior, He nurtured her with all the best qualities of an adoring parent. She was able to heal her relationship with her father and blossom expressing her creativity as she became a fashion designer and manufacturer of her own women’s collection. Appearing in Women’s Wear Daily and dressing the power elite women in real estate such as Valerie Fitzgerald and partnering with Priscilla Presley for a six month stint for Home Shopping Channel, she was on track to make an impact in the fashion world.

Julie worked with fashion designer Anselmo Felleppa the then secret lover of George Michael. They became close friends hanging out at George’s house above Sunset Blvd. Anselmo invited her to try on George’s gorgeous clothes as they joked and marveled at the quality and beauty of his couture threads. Anselmo was heartbroken that he and George had to hide their love. He wore a gold rolex watch, a gift from George that was engraved with a loving message. After a short trip back home to Brazil, Anselmo arrived to the design studio with sores on his face. He confided that he was HIV positive and that the sores were Karposi Sarcoma. Heartbroken for him, Julie cherished her time with this beautiful, kind soul as they created new designs together. Anselmo passed away within 8 months of their meeting. Julie reached out to George’s management to offer her condolences and sent George flowers. She really never knew if the love affair Anselmo described was true or if George had many lovers. Many years after his death, their love was confirmed by George through his music. “Jesus To A Child” was written for Anselmo and George featured Anselmo prominently in his recent documentary “Freedom” edited by George and released just after George’s passing. It was a very satisfying for Julie to see the footage of her friend Anselmo in love with his George as he had described to her so many years before.

She gave birth to her two precious boys just seventeen months apart, breastfeeding in between meetings, while designing her next collection and walking down runways pregnant while holding her baby. Lou gifted her a surprise trip to Milan to attend the Giorgio Armani Fall Fashion show. They were invited to a sit down dinner at Giorgio’s home after the show. Self funded and under staffed, she soon decided to close her company after

working 14 hours days for over three years which broke her heart. After suffering a mini collapse and recovering for a month, she poured her creative energy into building a home from raw land which overlooked all of Malibu. This build took two years and she designed and oversaw every detail. The process took her back to her childhood and spending time on construction job sites with her Engineer father. She adored the smell of the earth, the fresh wood framing and the sound of the churning cement pouring into the rebar foundational forms. Even though the process was exciting, it was a let-down compared the the manic pace of fashion. She suffered boredom and wondered if she would ever be able to replace the incessant and frantic passion that she had lived as a fashion designer.

Here, she was overseeing one concrete pour, while in fashion, her hand was in a multitude of elements operating at the same time. Just five months after moving into her castle on the top of the hill, she left the man of her dreams to embark on a life alone. It seemed impossible, that she could be in this place. She had the world in her hand or so it seemed, a fairytale husband, two precious little boys and a dream home and yet, deep internal conflict left her feeling she had no choice but to leave. Concerned and shocked, family worried she was in a yoga cult as they could not understand her decision. She tried to explain as she fielded their judgement. “Don’t you understand that what I am going through must be immense and absolutely irreconcilable? Wouldn’t it be so much easier for me to stay in my beautiful home with my beautiful family?”

Lou had already lost two boys with his first wife. Born prematurely at 28 weeks, they died shortly after birth in consecutive years. He arranged the burials alone for each without a funeral or even dealing with their loss. Instead of tending to his wife in her grief, he returned to work and like the decorated marine corp infantry officer he was, pushed ahead. His marriage soon ended and he became one of the most eligible bachelors in town. Julie later realized that traumatized by this experience, Lou never believed their baby would make it home from the hospital. When Tyler, their oldest was born, he had the umbilical cord around his neck and had turned blue and SriMati was allowed to hold him only for a short moment after his birth before Lou went with him to ICU where they worked on stabilizing him. Lou managed 1000’s of real estate agents who were aware of his loss of his first two babies. When the new parents arrived home safe with their healthy baby, they were met with so many gifts, they could barely enter the room. Seventeen months later, the second boy, Trapper was born and the boys becoming the lights of their lives. Lou was devoted adoring them beyond any imagination of what a father could be.

Unforeseen circumstances left Lou with a forced sale of his company, robbing him of his financial coup he had planned for over 25 years, sinking into a deep depression, he clung to the boys. He pushed Julie away and monopolized time with the boys. She started to feel like a stranger in her own house feeling they didn’t like her as much as they liked him. Feeling the need for separation, SriMati sought counsel from a head therapist at Cedars Sinai, well into her 70’s

who advised she was doing the right thing. She told her she could see his pain overtaking the boys and inching her out. She reminded Julie that the boys needed their mother and of course, loved her. This guidance was an invaluable support for SriMati during this time.

This marked the end of her fairytale marriage, or as Julie's views it, the completion of their contract in this life. It took about two years to heal from the divorce. Even 20 years later, the reality takes her breath away and she sometimes still can't believe that it's gone.

Julie met Rich Roll in a West LA yoga class where the young, famous and beautiful gathered to flow through asanas against thumping R & B tracks and rock classics. After a year of practicing in the same room, they finally met on a weekend hippy yoga retreat near Ojai, California. After kissing in a "kiva" a cave 50 feet underground, Rich inquired if he should contact her post retreat by asking, "Was that a real kiss? Or just a yoga kiss?" Their meeting ruined both of their assumed criteria for their next phase of life. Rich desired to meet a young girl with no baggage after a failed attempt at marriage and being newly sober. After a marriage for 10 years, Julie was looking forward to dating freely and not getting involved with anyone.

Despite all this, they were drawn to each other and dated every other week for nine months as Julie didn't want to parade a series of men in front of her children. She was also in the process of building her own home from raw land. JAI House, the post modern architectural jewel designed by world famous architect, Lorcan O'Herlihy would end up being one of the most photographed homes of the decade. Gracing the covers of Architectural Record, Robb Report, Italian Vogue, British GQ, Elle Decor with expose's in the NY Times. Rich's history of swimming influenced the signature design of the pool slicing through the middle of their home.

Julie Piatt and Rich Roll were married on July 12, 2003 on the land in front of 300 close friends. Julie was four months pregnant with their first daughter, Mathis and was escorted down the aisle with her two boys holding her hands instead of a bouquet of flowers. It was a ritual and ceremony of spiritual world proportions. Bhagavan Das the legendary yogi who led Richard Alpert now Ram Dass to Neem Karoli Baba in the 60's performed a Vedic wedding fire ceremony along with mystic channelers, while African wedding singers and gospel musicians led by her brother Stuart Mathis, guitarist and singer for the Wall Flowers and Lucinda Williams played. Julie and Rich danced to Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah" with their boys, family and friends watching.

Soon their love, connection and creativity inspired mutual collaborations. Julie invited Rich to travel the world with her as she produced yoga retreats in exotic locations. She wrote the first draft of a movie script for a satire of yoga set in the West LA yoga culture entitled, "Downdog". Recognizing Rich's talent at writing, she asked Rich



to re-write it and make it into a film. Julie supported them working in interior design while Rich took 2 years to write a feature script. Later Rich adapted the script and directed it as a short in efforts to set up a feature. Julie financed and executive produced this film. Inspired by one another, the couple dropped the film off at Universal and then drove to Cedars Sinai to give birth to their first daughter, Mathis indigo. This proved to be the perfect relationship for the trifacta in what "SriMati" classifies as her life mastery in love and marriage. In her relationship with Rich, She has experienced a divine union coveted by the deepest human desire, true intimacy. This has been achieved through spiritual acts of devotion and holding the highest vision of Rich's potential.

Their marriage is a union of opposites. The friction of their differences created a field of potential for reconciliation and transformation fruiting deep intimacy. Julie would later hold this vision in the midst of complete financial collapse where the family lost all ability to pay their mortgage and barely had means for basic human needs such as food and electricity. Their cars repossessed, they had to turn to family and friends for handouts and loaner cars to get them through. Without health insurance, they were viewed as deadbeat parents and losers by many outsiders, but a select few close friends could sense something else was afoot. Julie held this to be their sacred moment and not one of lack or loss but one of true alchemy. One that would prepared them to be worthy teachers in the world today. Many of their friends would leave after visiting with the family scratching their heads and wondering how to make sense of this situation. Some wanted to believe in Julie and Rich's resolve and hoped they would find success, but they had serious doubts about whether the planets would align and allow them to live the lives they imagined for themselves.

For Julie and Rich, there was no certainty-- only repeated tests of how committed they were to live out their dreams.. Emotionally breaking down in Starbucks from the relentless financial pressure and friction, they had to lay their life down at the feet of something greater than their own ideas for their dreams. They were traversing the razors edge and in their estimation, things could have gone either way. They were either on the verge of realizing their dreams or they would be completely annihilated and they had to be committed to their heart, no matter the outcome.

Julie held the vision for their emergence from this fire. She refused to accept any opinions of status quo and instead chose to hold her highest vision for her family. Relentlessly, she had to weather opposition and hardship. All of her appliances broken, she had to perform housework old-school, hanging clothes to dry on the line, and scrubbing floors on her hands and knees with products she made with baking soda and apple cider vinegar and herbs. A perpetual creative and terribly challenged by organization and house work, SriMati decided to approach the housework as a love offering to her home. As she scrubbed, she saw her efforts permeating the walls of her home and transforming the energy into divinity. She would find figures of buddha in the spilt milk, and shapes of guitars in the mess, proving to her that God finds you in the details of any situation. She met this

experience as a test and used the events to further her development as a realized being.

She turned to mysticism and ritual, performing fire ceremonies, meditations,, offerings to the land, chanting and mantra. Severely beaten down by the material play of the world, she turned to the unseen energies to co-create an alchemy which would birth them into a new way of living on planet Earth. She used every trauma and challenge as an opportunity to learn and refine her warrior stance. Every resistance was met in observation and without emotional response. In neutrality, she led, mentored and coached Rich through the experiences, gaining mystic knowledge that with the least resistance and attachment to the event at hand, challenges could be overcome more easily.

Mother is a core energy signature for Julie. She holds safe unconditional love and acceptance for many. She began cultivating this role first with her relationship with her two boys by being a devoted mother and creating a safe and open field for the boys to grow and evolve. The boys were happy, energetic and easy-going giggling their way through life's discoveries.

When Mathis arrived, Julie soon learned that her energy was nothing like the boys and ways of living that worked for them, didn't work for her at all. Mathis was handling an extreme amount of energy and trying to fit it all inside a little body. With Mathis Julie was forced to discard her suitcase of parenting tools and start from scratch in order to to to surf the energy of Mathis. She sought out the guidance of healers, researched foods and followed a very specific diet. Mathis was basically attached to Julie all hours of the day. She slept next to her for 8 years refusing to sleep anywhere else. Rich ended up sleeping in countless configurations of princess sheets, remnants of failed efforts to get Mathis into her own bed. Julie performed daily energy clearing and worked with flower essences to help Mathis balance what was going on inside of her. Mathis processed other people's energies through her own physical body which was very challenging in social situations. This manifested in countless vomiting sessions and refusal to enter into rooms or restaurants. Julie met with the boys and Rich and asked to provide a life experience to say "Yes" to Mathis as much as possible. She homeschooled her so she could be free from processing energies that were not her own.

Certain that Mathis was on some spectrum of Autism, she chose to keep her undiagnosed as she didn't want Mathis to have to deal other's labels for her life. Of any relationship Julie has experienced in her life, Mathis is the one who has transformed her the most. "Being Mathis' mom required an immense amount of awareness, energy and physical commitment thus proving to be her greatest teacher". Julie created and developed a homeschooling structure for a new way of educating called Jai Seed or Victory to the seed. When Jaya her fourth child was born, all of the children were present and were able to hold Jaya in their arms just seconds after her birth. It was a family birth fitting of a movie. This tribe of family is something Julie valued and she established JAISEED



Homeschool to support learning with mixed ages. For many years, Julie tried to get other families to join her in a new way of educating failing up again and again. In 2010, JAI SEED homeschool was the education for three families. This included seven children ages 4-13 plus one rescue puppy Bruno that they found on the side of the road on the verge of death. They nursed back to life and enjoyed hiking, cooking, art, meditation, singing and math through building geometric structures and their own play houses.

In 2008, Julie developed a golf ball sized cyst in the front of her neck. She turned to the science of Ayurveda and predominantly a plant based diet to heal herself. She shocked Rich and her family as she took sacred herbs under the guidance of an Indian physician. The smell of the herbs sent the family running from the kitchen. She had hundreds of pus filled pimples on her face every morning for three months. She kept her resolve and dedicated her energies to healing and miraculously, the cyst completely cleared and has never come back. Through this experience of disease, she learned about the power of food as medicine. an invaluable gift in her life.

Seeing Rich struggling with addiction and suffering in his life, Julie tried in vein to share her experience with food and spirituality with her husband. But Rich was closed and every time she reached out her hand to him, he seemed to become more and more paralyzed. He was simply unwilling and unable to accept her help. Their relationship was suffering and she asked him to leave when Mathis was just over a year old. The breakup lasted less than 24 hours, but in that time, Julie was able to become clear about her feelings for Rich. She decided she wanted to spend her life with this man.

She attended a spiritual satsang by an Indian master where he spoke to her about divine love vs. human love. He explained that human love is simply a business arrangement where love is agreed upon for an exchange--where divine love is like the sun and is simply shining on all life before any titles are earned or success achieved. SriMati was able to receive his teaching and this embodiment of knowledge shifted the trajectory of their lives. This release of energy freed Rich to step into his own experience and take responsibility for his life. He could feel that she no longer cared or was involved in what he decided to do, but that she loved him unconditionally and completely. She was given a spiritual name by this master who explained that a spiritual name is three fold, 1. the being of who you are, 2. your path to enlightenment, 3. your goal of enlightenment. Ma Ananda SriMati was born. As "SriMati", she released Rich to his life experience in unconditional love and a deep knowing that life had him exactly where he needed to be. If she knew she was God, then he was also God, even drinking liter cups of coffee and downing burgers.

Soon after, Rich suffered a health scare as he attempted to scale a simple flight of stairs. He felt he was having a heart attack, which got his attention. Activated by SriMati's new found unconditional love and compassion,

and transformed by what Rich had witnessed in her process of healing, he reached out to her for help. She was there for him, supporting him in his transformation through food, energy and spiritual support. This support and focus on food would eventually translate into becoming the author of 3 best selling plant-based cookbooks-- this is mentioned earlier but not until the Universe had a bit of fun with them. After years of offering up spiritual advice and healthy eating tips, SriMati kept forgetting to get Rich the support he was asking for. He would ask repeatedly and she would agree happily and then her mind would go blank as if it had been wiped and she would forget until he asked again. By the fifth time he asked, Rich was exasperated and she was dying laughing. Finally, the herbs and cleansing program found their way under the Christmas tree and on 12 /26 he began his transformation. From this point on, she fueled him into becoming one of the 25 fittest men in the world and largest personalities in wellness today.

In 2008, SriMati suffered a breakup with a spiritual teacher, which broke her heart. She had been a devoted student to him and had done countless past life regression sessions over a two year period in an effort to realize her life. After spending a week with him at his community in Canada, she was served a legal document accusing her of trying to steal his flock and impropriety. She was devastated to the core and had nowhere to turn to process her experience.

She was drawn to play a harmonium she had purchased at a silent retreat at Yogananda's ashram in Encinitas some months prior. When she had arrived at the retreat, she walked in the store and a harmonium seemed to grow larger and then smaller trying to get her attention. She ignored these signs as she was not looking to buy a harmonium. But when she meditated, it held in her inner vision rotating. After hours of trying to make it stop, she left the retreat and purchased the instrument.

Month's later, in the wake of this trauma, she awoke in the early dawn, to play the harmonium in an effort to clear the hardness in her heart using the sacred sound. For months tears flowed like a river. Then songs started writing her. On one full moon night, she would hear the strum of a guitar join in with her. She opened her eyes and saw her son Tyler, age 10 had gotten out of bed to join her. This experience was one she treasured and she had no idea that it was but a small window of what would become her experience over the next seven years of becoming a musician alongside her sons, Tyler and Trapper and later including her nephew Hari. They would record two albums together under the artist name SriMati. This music healed her and it kept her alive and creatively connected. The experience was worthy of coming into a body for. It blessed her beyond belief. Besides her children, the music was her reason for living.

On SriMati's 45 birthday, she woke up to find that Dr. Sanjay Gupta, medical correspondent for CNN had

featured Rich and his story of transformation on national television! It was one of the first signs of redemption from their exile. As Ayurvedic vegetarian at the time, she decided to go vegan in solidarity of Rich and their journey. During Rich's transformation, SriMati pleaded with him to do what he loved, to train as an athlete. This made no intellectual sense whatsoever. There was no clear trajectory for him to make money or be successful as an everyday athlete in his 40's without any huge natural talent for winning races. But still she knew within her soul that the way through this alchemical experiencing of becoming was via the hearts' deepest desires. There could be no other truth and this was Rich's truth.

SriMati began creating vegan meals as love offerings to Rich after he returned from a day of training. She had always been good in the kitchen and she felt she could really support him in realizing his dreams. She would try out new recipes and asks the children to weigh in. After about a year and a half, she had close to 50 recipes. As the family was still struggling to buy basics for the family, she begged Rich to create an online cookbook. They included photos of their life and their kids as they had no money to hire a food photographer or style a shoot. The sales from this book bought the family groceries for quite a few years and would lead to three best selling cookbooks, *The Plantpower Way*, *This Cheese Is Nuts!*, and *The Plantpower Way; Italia*.

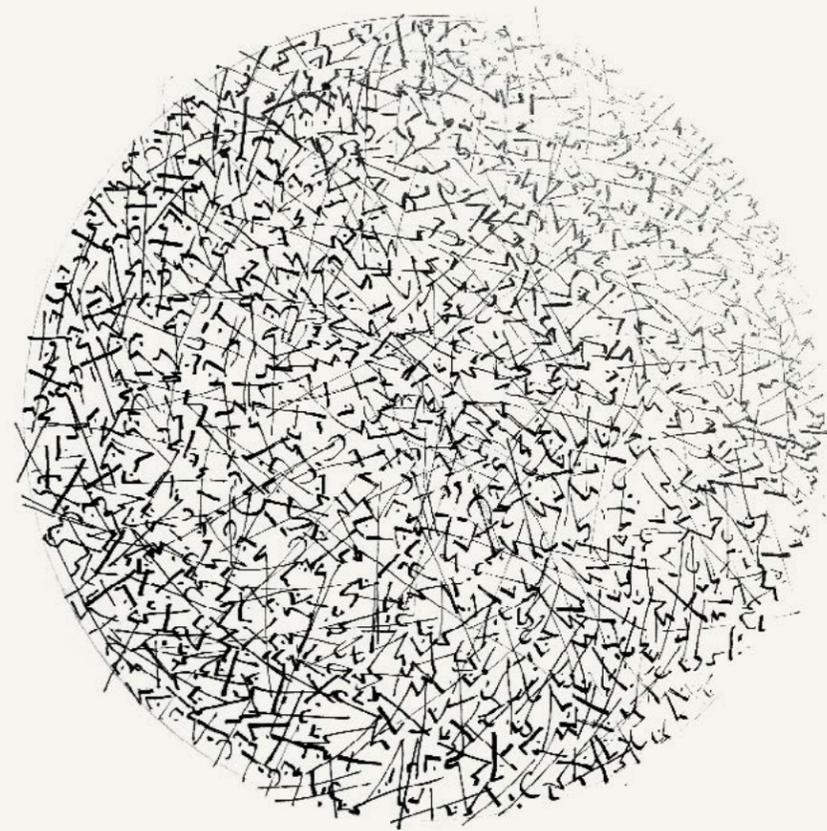
Riding on the wave of her books, SriMati created her own Podcast, *Divine throughline* life and continues to lead retreats and inspire her forever growing audience of devout e listeners. She continues to inspire through her devotion to health, spirituality and creativity while caring for her house and family. She now exists firm in her power as her infinite self, one whose continuous goal is to inspire and create with one common focus to awaken all who come into her gaze to their own divinity.



SAMPLE CHAPTERS

PHOTO CREDITS: MACLAY HERIOT, STACIE ISABELLA TURK FOR RIBBONHEAD & DANIEL JOHNSON





WHALE CALLING

In the depths of
destruction, there is
renewal and an expansion
of something miraculous.

I kept watch as the October sun disappeared behind the mountain. It was hours closer to the time when I could finally pull the shades down on yet another brutal day of trying to make ends meet. "Thank God", I secretly whispered to myself. All I had to do now was get through dinner. Better get moving. I poured the rest of my tea into the garden, and holding firmly onto the modern aluminum rail, I hoisted my tired body up the five stairs that led into the kitchen. I prepared to grill some veggie burgers that I had made from organic rice, black beans, cumin, barbecue sauce, salt, pepper, and a portion of a red beet. As I approached the stove, I noticed the pink shut-off notice from the gas company lying open on the dining room table. "Oh yeah, there's that", I remembered. Had we been able to pay the bill in time this month? I scanned my memory for evidence of compliance. I could visualize myself caught in the florescent lights of the local Albertsons market and a peculiar music track fitting of a Quentin Tarantino film, playing in the background. I was in a lineup to pay utilities in cash like all the other trailer trash. That's how it goes when you're a delinquent. You have to pay in person. But was that this month? Or last? Unclear, I turned the knob on the stove. The tick, tick, tick of the pilot ignition was game-show mesmerizing. Which would it be this time? I wondered in anticipation. Flame? Or no flame. The burner caught fire and I smiled like a criminal.

Sautéing an entire bag of chopped organic potatoes in coconut oil produced a hearty home fry. By adding extra sea salt, fresh ground black pepper and smokey paprika, a souvenir from a bygone trip to Spain, they became unordinary. Keeping the flame stoked, I began grilling the veggie burgers. They looked surprisingly like real burgers colored by the red beets. I seared them on one side to get a good brown base which helped them to hold together. Then I only needed to flip and grill them for another minute to seal in the juices. This meal was a favorite of all four of my kids and my husband. It was real comfort food and it made them feel nourished. As I stood over the cast iron skillet, I imagined all their beautiful faces along with my favorite qualities about them. The deep friendship I had with my oldest, Tyler. The unconditional compassion of my second son, Trapper. The sparkle of adoration in my daughter Mathis' eye. The pure joy in Jaya's laugh, none more precious, and the dedicated love of my husband Rich. I loved them all so completely that I felt that especially in these times they were my very reason for living. My love for them was the secret ingredient in my cooking. A precious and rare resource, it was a commodity money couldn't buy and no creditor could take from me.

It had gotten to the point where, on most days the only relief I got from the relentless friction of not being able to pay my bills was when I was sleeping. Unlike most people who experience stress due to money or the absence of it, I never lost any sleep at all during my entire financial collapse. Of course there were periods when I was awakened to receive a message or song in the dark hours just before dawn. But never for fear of "What If's". What if I lose the house? What if I become a crazy cat lady? What if I end up living in a trailer park? My freedom from being haunted by insomnia was a direct result of my very choice to perceive our financial collapse as a spiritual challenge of sorts. This perspective allowed me to disconnect from the all consuming commentary that comes from losing all your money and the things like health insurance, retirement accounts, and credit lines that most people count on for "security" in their lives. Even though I had bravely accepted this challenge, I was tired and beaten. Sleep gave me entrance to another world where I could be free from my war for at least a few hours.

Losing financial security demanded total surrender along with the mastery of my emotions. I learned the sweet spot in the game of dismantling is in complete neutrality and non reaction. A Jedi warrior never loses his shit. You won't find him crying, blaming or complaining after taking a hit. He is emotionally balanced. He knows the force is with him. I found after some trial and error that the entire point of the game was not to react. And if we could keep shortening the length of our emotional freak outs to smaller and smaller increments of time, we could simply observe our foundation of material life crumbling in neutrality without identifying with it. This observation allowed us to gain the lesson and deliver us ultimately to experience real freedom from the money terrorizes most of us even if we try not to think about it.

To maintain this neutral state demanded maturity and responsibility from me. I was coaching Rich to get the hang of it. But it was much harder for him. When the repo man arrived in the thick of night shining his flashlight into our kitchen window, seeking to seize our leased vehicle that we had failed to make payments on for over six months, I caught Rich's eye just as he was ready to lose it. I called him to attention. "Look at me and listen to me very carefully. We do not have the luxury or bandwidth for you to lose your shit. The fall out from you freaking out makes it all even worse for me and the kids. The car repossession means nothing. It's a fucking car. Nobody died. It's not your fault and it is not your identity. Don't lose your balance. Please babe, I need you to stay neutral for me. For us." As I opened the door, I met the repo man with my humanity. I asked him his name and offered him a cup of tea. He was unsettled by my actions expecting me to run or fight or at least be angry and humiliated. I tried not to make him feel badly for having his shitty job. This process may have taken all my money, but it was not going to take my spirit.

It felt as if we were traveling along the razor's edge of realizing our dreams or being entirely snuffed out of existence. We felt most times that it could go either way, literally our life destiny hung in the flip of a coin. We had to remind each other to refrain from comparing ourselves to our friends who were touting 800 credit scores, paying for private school, investing in second homes and taking their kids on expensive vacations.

It was hard to understand it all. What was so wrong with us? Why couldn't we make money anymore? We were not deadbeats, or losers. We were in the midst of our sacred moment. The way I see it, is that if you are lucky, then you will experience one at least one major sacred moment in your life. A sacred moment can come in the form of death, divorce, natural calamity such as flood or fire, serious illness, or as it came in our case, as a complete financial collapse. Sacred moments are designed to dismantle or strip away every construct of who we think we are, revealing something greater beneath. Many of us during these times, are completely reinvented and undergo a total transformation. If you survive your sacred moment, it is your duty to share your journey with your family, friends, community and sometimes with the world at large as a gesture to give something back to someone else coming up the path behind you. You will likely want to share because you felt like you almost didn't make it. It's the classic hero's journey as described by the late American Mystic, Joseph Campbell who said. "You have to be willing to give up the life you have to live the one that is waiting for you." One could argue that we are all actually living the same life. Every human is going through one version or other of this poignant journey home.

We were writing a new way of being in the world. But this required the loss of what was. Were we going to end up as successful business entrepreneurs or serve as spiritual warriors? Which would it be? We had to decide because we couldn't be both. One cannot serve two masters. I once heard enlightened master Eckhart Tolle state the following about achieving enlightenment at UCLA's Royce Hall. "Of course it's entirely possible that you might self realize with one million dollars in

the bank" he paused and giggled inaudibly, his shoulders moving up and down like jelly. "but it isn't very likely." Every time we forgot that we were spiritual warriors, we were suffering terribly from self judgement comparing ourselves to our contemporaries. When we remembered who we were, we were able to embrace our experience as a divine blessing, even if we were repellant to any form of capitalism.

In the aftermath of losing our health insurance, getting our cars repossessed, having my bank account closed, and my cell phone turned off, I often asked myself the million dollar question. "What would Buddha or Jesus do?" I mean would Buddha freak out because he didn't have a 401 K or a savings account or insurance for a rainy day? Would Jesus start crying because his car was repossessed by the repo man? I understood that this world and all the modern capitalist trappings of it were not my source. I knew that my source was something much greater than all of that. I felt my directive to be not a person or messiah, or anything religious in form, but a force of immense cosmic power and raw natural beauty. I felt the force with me, only it was working on me with the deliberate intention of refinement masked in financial collapse which entailed relentless poking at my open bleeding wounds. I had to learn to bear that part of it.

For in order to become this expanded version of myself, I would need to be stripped down to my bare essence and freed from all of my personality programs with all my imperfections excavated. "A true healer brings you down." That was a heavy concept to accept. I had always thought that healing was supposed to make you feel better. To grasp that real healing brings you down to your knees gives choosing a spiritual path in life an entirely unique quality. Admittedly we had not chosen this life experience at least from our station of identity that is the personality. No one would willingly ask to lose all their money. The constant scraping and friction of spiritual alchemy made me feel at times that I just couldn't bear another moment. An image flashed in my mind of my dead body lying in a heap on my closet floor discarded like a worn dress.

I just needed some sleep.

It would only be a few hours now and I would be able to opt out of my life for some much needed rest and rejuvenation. The reality was that this part of my life was not a dream, and it would be waiting for me in all its ugly destruction once again when morning came. Rich was struggling terribly with immense guilt over not being able to provide for me and the kids. It was me who was encouraging him to focus on athletics which was his natural talent and what he had loved as a kid. Like so many others in our society, he was trapped in a career determined by family and societal expectations. He had become despondent, resigned and defeated. His law career had never actually provided anyway, even that was an illusion. He hated being a lawyer. I knew that if he didn't make a move, his life, our life, would be unauthentically trivial.

I cleared the dishes from the dining table and set them in the sink to be dealt with in the morning. Rich and my eyes met over the laughter and excitement of the kid's ongoing chess tournament. He could see the fatigue in my face. He walked over and wrapped his arms around me. I lifted my head to kiss his lips and lingered there for a while inhaling his scent and allowing myself to be momentarily swept up in the illusion that he would be able to make everything better for me. Then I kissed the kids good night and headed upstairs. I slipped between the extravagant softness of the 1000 thread count Italian silk sheets, now torn and tattered though still in my possession. Remnants of my old world, they reminded me that I had known a life with money and abundance. And I dreamed that one day, I would experience that relief again, only this time in purity. Overflowing with gratitude for this opportunity to unplug, and wrapped in pure luxury, I jumped like a flyer in a

bird suit, off a cliff into relief. Sleep.

It came in the form of an irresistible hunger to submerge myself into the 75 foot lap pool that intersected our home, a modern day architectural sanctuary situated beneath the mountain. It was completely out of character for me to swim in the pool at all except for a few weeks in summer when it was on the warm side of a soothing bath. I hate being cold and although I have lived in California for over 25 years, I have braved the ocean only on special occasion and after being dragged into to the tide by one or more of my children.

Awakened from a deep sleep, I rose out of bed in a trance-like state. I examined Rich's form curled like a fetus on top of the sheets and twisted blankets with the calculated observation of a mother. I confirmed he was breathing and peaceful. Hypnotized like a Stepford wife, I slept-walked down the staircase and pulled loose the strings of my nightgown, releasing it to slide over my shoulders and land in a heap, gathering around my ankles. I stood naked on the deck for a moment reading the direction of the wind. I felt comfort under the stars in the black of night with everyone asleep. It was completely silent. The world seemed so deceitfully peaceful here and I longed to disappear into the absence of sound. Then I carefully lowered my naked body into the ice cold water.

The pool only existed because of Rich. We started dating during my search for the land that would become the site for building my dream home. Rich swam for Stanford in college and he teasingly asked me if I would consider putting in a pool to accommodate his training requirements. I laughed off his request, focusing on my vision, the design of the house in relation to the land with the intent to bring nature inside wherever possible. When I received the final geology reports, I discovered that there was but a narrow surface area on the property where we could build with the standard footings and foundation necessary to stay on budget. My architect Lorcan O'Herlihy called me down to his office to show me a model for his design proposal for my home. "Julie, I know the geology results are very disappointing, but I had some inspiration from it. I have something very special to show you." Lorcan's design of my dream home revealed Rich's dream within it, a competition length 75 foot lap pool slipped right into the middle of intersecting glass boxes and a cantilevered volume which defined post-modern. Things had gotten very serious between Rich and me. I stared down at the miniature toy house in awe. I felt the design to be completely extraordinary. "Let's build it!" I said. The entire office cheered, and my dream was conceived.

Under the water, I felt as if I was floating in a womb of sorts. Sonogram images of my young babies Mathis and Jaya flashed inside my mind. Somehow I felt an embryonic connection to them in this state. Slowly, movement came upon me and began to animate me with some primal force. I started a few times the way a newborn baby jolts itself awake from its slumber. The movements were like reflexes. Soon my body began to undulate very slowly and deliberately much like a dolphin or large whale pulsing to swim with the currents. I was lucid observing myself, intrigued by my present condition and excited to see what might happen next. A high pitched tone emerged from the back of my throat. The water acted as a conduit sending a focused whalish frequency of sound traveling- "eeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii" Giggles erupted amidst a thought of how entirely ridiculous and incredibly absurd this circumstance was. What would someone think if they saw me swimming this way, naked in my pool in the middle of the night, undulating through the water, and making sounds like a whale? My mental protest was swiftly erased by the sheer power of this mammalian yet cosmic energy, and then very suddenly, I broke loose in the water. Swimming and toning with the sounds and movements of a whale, I had shape shifted into this magnificent being. I was overcome with an immense joy that can only be described as pure delight. I felt, in every cell of my being, purely whale.

For a two month period, I had shape shifting episodes similar to this. It would strike me at intermittent and seemingly random times -my favorite being in the void of 4:30 am with only the vast stars hanging in their constellations and watching over me. But, I was also called at completely inconvenient moments- once with the kids loaded in the minivan and ready to go to a movie. I had to turn the car off and tell them I would return in 30 minutes after my "sets" in the pool.

Thirteen lengths is what was mandated. Thirteen is the number of unity and oneness. It's the sacred twelve integrated altogether into one. My arms created their own sweeping stroke which completed in front of my stretched out body and slightly overhead. Raised 4 inches out of the water, and finishing with a certain mudra or yogi hand gesture evoking a certain power and framing the tip of the great mountain in the center, the stroke was complete.

I considered the raw purity of these episodes. Allowing my body to become one with nature demonstrated a real ability to surrender as life was having its way with me. I had experimented merging with nature before. I had my body painted like a tree when I was seven months pregnant with my daughter Jaya for my first album "Mother of Mine" cover art. As the paint brush strokes came up over my face, I felt it to be a spiritual transformation, as if I was no longer myself. I had truly become a version of a tree or at least something not human. But this experience was entirely next level.

My life dismantle and financial collapse had stripped away much of my personality providing me the ability and emptiness in which to shape shift. Without its alchemy, I would not have been open to allow my body to follow the energy in such an uninhibited way. My obedience to this energetic flow was also informed by my hearts deep desire to protect my home. Unable to pay my mortgage for almost five years and yet feeling my home as one of my very own children, I was devoted to finding a way to save her. I was given the knowing that somehow by allowing the whale energy to pulse through my own body while submerged and inside the pool water, the centerpiece of my sacred temple and home, the house was being activated, blessed and transformed beyond the limitations of mortgages and money systems.

After two months time, the calls stopped coming. I stopped swimming like whales. The transmission was complete.

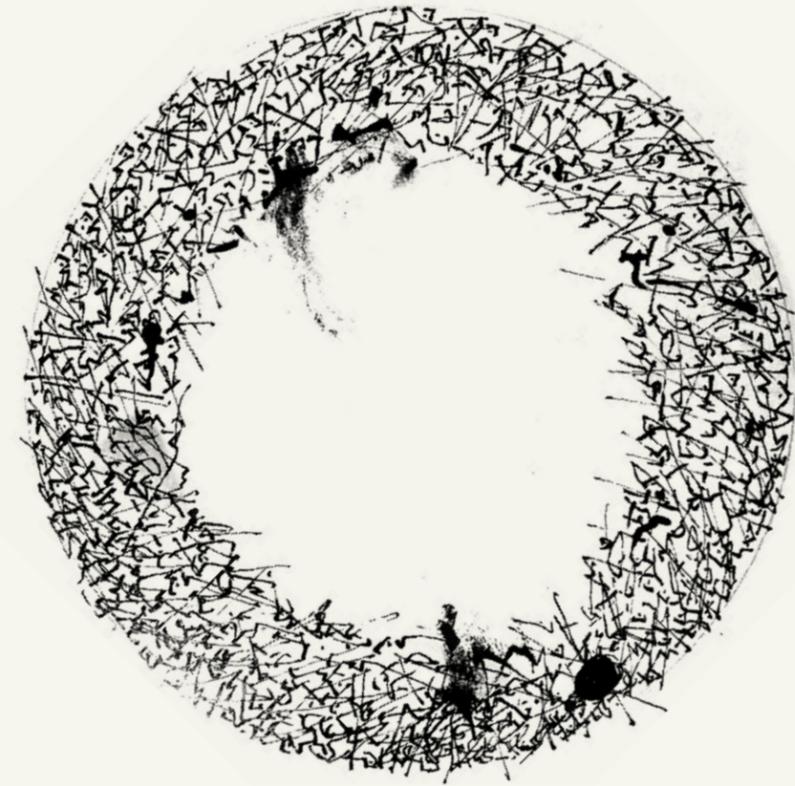
Some months later, I was invited to a private audience with a Himalayan Yogi named Gurunath Siddhanath. or Yogiraj. Yogiraj hails from Pune in Indian where he trekked the Himalayas as a young boy. He was born into royalty and chose instead a life of spirituality. He married and had two children but continued his spiritual life as what is called a householder. Mandated by the great Mahavatar Babaji to initiate in Kriya yoga, he left his wife and children to oversee his orphanage and ashram while he traveled to the US and Europe a couple times a year. This night, he would be hosted at a friends house in Sherman Oaks. I ran down and clipped some white sage off the guardian bush that grows in the south point of my land and added a red rose to make an offering for him. As I arrived at the home of Jane and Ammorea, I saw him radiant, with brilliant white mane, lounging like a great white lion on a raised platform so he could be well adored. He spoke in proper english with a refined elegance. Guiding 80 or so seekers in an open eye meditation, Yogiraj said he was going to share some energy with us. Sitting in lotus with my spine straight, I prepared to receive his transmission.

That night as I gazed at this glorious white haired regal man, I saw with my own physical eyes the entire field of visual experience transform into pure celestial light. Everything and everyone in the room was pulsing with cosmic energy. It was

stunningly expansive to see everything in the room glistening with a golden vibrancy, permeating and pulsing with the frequency of another dimension. I literally could not believe my own eyes. I had "seen" many things in my years of spiritual experience, but this was happening very physically and viscerally in this time and space. It was entirely unique to anything I had experienced before. As a test, I closed my eyes for 30 seconds and then reopened them to the same celestial world. No, this was real. This was happening in my very body at this very moment.

I continued observing in neutrality. I remained completely calm and grounded. I was neither excited nor impressed. I just sat there watching what was. Clearly I was having an otherworldly experience, a spiritual expansion of sorts that I had chased my entire life and yet here it was and I didn't need it at all. This is likely why it happened. The experience came when I didn't really need the experience any longer. I was mature enough to hold it. I considered the possibility that perhaps, when I didn't need money any longer, or when I was free from the fear and control of it, maybe it would appear again in my own life and I would be able to save my home.

Yogiraj completed his transmission and my vision returned to normal. My celestial glasses put away in their cosmic case, I got up to stretch my legs and relieve my bladder. I headed up the hallway and took my place in the bathroom queue. Finally it was my turn. I entered the bathroom, locked the door quickly and rushed to make it to the toilet. After finishing, I stood up and arranged my flowing white dress. Washing my hands, I stared into the mirror examining my eyes from different vantage points. Glancing left and right, up and down. My vision seemed fine now. In the reflection of the mirror, my eye caught a glimpse of a brochure lying on a side table across the powder room. I turned, dried my hands and picked it up. It was a brochure about Yogiraj. I felt the heavy glossy layout between my fingers. It was beautifully designed. I carefully turned it over and gasped. There on the back page of the brochure was a photo of Yogiraj taken from behind. He was standing in front of a group of children with his arms lifted over his head, about 4" with his hands and fingers forming the exact mudra created by my own hands at the completion of my stroke during my whale shapeshifting sessions. I laughed out loud. Goosebumps covering my entire body, I knew with absolute physical evidence that something greater was at hand. An expanded cosmic play was holding my entire life experience. And I knew once and for all that I was a spiritual being having a human experience and not the other way around.



BLOOD, GUTS & GLORY

Love your enemies, as
they are the masters for
your cause.

The court calls Julie Piatt, case number 1:12-bk-16472-MT. I approached the bench alone. My lawyer was running way late as usual. But who could blame him? I could hardly pay. I wasn't really upset--I understood I was not a great client for him. I had been forced to file bankruptcy after being unable to pay my bills for over four years. Now, I was facing foreclosure on the home where I lived with my husband Rich Roll and my four children, Tyler, Trapper, Mathis and Jaya. For better or worse, Michael Parrel was my lawyer. He often had to drive up to Woodland Hills from Orange County in horrendous traffic. This commute, depending on the time of day, could take upwards of three hours. I wondered how many times he'd secretly never even planned on appearing at our scheduled court dates. Often, after I was already sitting in the court room, he would text me to let the judge know that there was an accident on the freeway and he was doing his best to get there. He was overloaded with so many cases that he was stressed and harried most of the time. I tried not to add more insanity into his life. If I was cool to him I thought he might try a little harder even though I wasn't really worth the effort at least in a bottom line sense.

This is the way it is in life. Often the people who are really in need of help can't pay for it. And that was me. I needed a good lawyer, but I had no money. I had managed to retain him for next to nothing. Just a small bit of cash along with a promise and a song. No. Really. I actually gave him a song. My sons relentlessly teased me about my attempt at establishing a new paradigm form of exchange as I had done the same with a certain pool guy some months prior. I was three months behind on my pool service and I had no money to pay my pool guy. When I learned that he had just adopted his second son from Russia, I was moved to gift him a song that boys and I had covered and recorded called "The Greatest Discovery" by Elton John and Bernie Taupin. This rather obscure song about the birth of a baby brother is in my opinion some of Elton and Bernie's best work, and I had made it a part of my second son Trapper's birth announcement many years before. The announcement was sent out along with a cassette tape of the song and a photo of Tyler looking at his brother Trapper only days old through the slats of his crib. The photo was overlaid with a sheet of onion skin paper complete with the lyrics printed on it. The announcement was from Tyler who was only one and half years old at the time. It read: Announcing the birth of my baby brother, Colin Trapper Piatt, 5 pounds 11 oz 19 inches.

I had been reminded about all of this just a few years prior when the old birth announcement floated out of a box and onto the floor during a spring closet clearing. I suddenly realized that the boys had never seen it as they were just babies when it was created. I called out to them to download the track and meet me in the car so I could play them a song. I showed them the announcement as we all listened to Elton's voice in awe. It was then we decided we had to cover it. Filled with emotion and beauty, it made me cry every time I heard it. "The Greatest Discovery" was then and still is now one of my all time favorites. But pool guy didn't really get it at all and certainly thought me crazy or at least extremely annoying. Like everyone else, he just wanted his money. The boys and I all found this to be very humorous in the scheme of our financial collapse. I mean we had to laugh at the absurdity of our situation. And they had so much fun teasing me about my creative approach that they never missed an opportunity to give me a playful jab. When we needed to pay for something the boys

would jokingly suggest "Mom, Here's what you could do, You could just pay him with a song!"

I believed that in his heart my lawyer did really want to help me out. But I was projecting an intentional skewed perception of the reality that I wanted. I knew if I held this vision long enough, along with a fair bit of resolve, that he would have to come along with me. This is the power of vision with positive intention. Energy flows where attention goes. Of course there was no way to know how long it will take. Sometimes I wondered if I would have to wait forever or at least until my next life. If so, that obviously wasn't going to help me now.

Then one day, it happened. He told me he had never had a client like me. He was clearly intrigued and amused by my resolve in fighting to keep my home. But he told me that it wasn't likely going to happen the way that I saw it. "Julie, this is how these things go, you've been lucky, I still can't figure out how this has gone on so long. But It's only a matter of time before the bank steps in. You should consider a short sale and see if you can get out." I talked to him about God's hand in the greater play in life. I told him that the house was not just a house, she was like a child to me and it was my job to protect her. I told him about the transformation that my husband Rich and I were going through. And how the house was an integral part of the entire play. She was the flagship for all we had created in our lives. We had been married on our land on July 12, 2003 in a spiritual sacred ceremony as she stood over us in divine grandeur. She had been with us since the beginning.

"Michael, I see your point and I'm sure you do know how this all goes down, but I know that there are powerful energies working behind the scenes that are pulling for me. I can feel them. I just know they are helping me. And with every day that I stay in my home they are getting stronger and stronger. Please think creatively and let's do everything we can to save her?" Over time, he grew to respect me. I think there was a part of him emerging that really wanted to see me rise up out of the ashes and come out of this thing on my feet. My vision was working on him.

"I'm fine to continue without him your honor;" I didn't see any reason to wait, in the end, he might not be coming at all. Anyway, I was anxious to get my case heard. I was even optimistic. That's a quality that I have, I can always find a seed of heaven even in a huge steaming pile of shit. My case was total "textbook", a slam dunk for approval by the judge. I had no money and no assets so there wasn't much to assess. And I had been through a crushing financial collapse that included getting my car repossessed, losing my health insurance, and not having a bank account. I had managed to function without having a bank account for four years. But today, it was time for a fresh start. It was my "begin again" day. I was honestly somewhat relieved and ready to give up on my burdened past and welcome in a new bright future. I expected to be granted my bankruptcy after answering just a few quick questions and then be on my way to my new life and an early dinner with Rich and my kids. Chapter closed.

A door opened from behind the bench just off the to left of where the presiding judge had sat all afternoon granting bankruptcies and sending people on their way to their new lives as if we were all in line at a fast food drive through. The trustee came into view

as the door swung wide. Her skin was luminous and her large crystal like eyes were a striking clear blue peering out from behind her walnut brown shiny sexy- bangs. She approached the bench in long deliberate strides that showcased her sculpted calves. Her suit was appropriately sharkskin and held her will to kill in a determined and directed trajectory. She was beautiful in a very dangerous way. A femme fatale on a mission to conviction. And I soon to be the prey in her jaws. In the few split seconds that it took for me to realize this the bottom of my stomach fell out and my legs disappeared. Something was very wrong here. There had been no opposing counsel for all the other cases that went before me. Unable to inhale or exhale, I was suspended in terror and it felt as if something was literally trying to strangle the very life out of me.

Screaming in silence, I tried to assess my options. I had an overwhelming case of déjà vu, and felt that I had certainly been here before, which made the situation seem catastrophic. Lurking in the shadows, horrific memories of previous lifetime annihilations darkened any path through. Strangely similar sensory impulses bubbled into my awareness and left me dumb. Feelings of betrayal and the utter shock of surprise smothered any distant feelings of hope for my survival. The intensity of my fear was so palpable that it felt layered with other lifetimes where I had been put to death. And the worst part of it was that the debilitating shock shook me into total paralysis. I had been ambushed and taken completely by surprise. It was clearly the end of my existence. I was fucked.

The faces of my children emerged in my inner vision. I saw them clearly in their perfection. I remembered the beauty and unconditional love with which they had held me through all of our trials. Everyone always spoke to me about how hard it was to have four children but the truth was that they were never hard. They were the light in my life and they stood with me in solidarity. They knew that I would persevere. I was their Mom. They could see me clearly in my unbridled creativity, loving strength, and spiritual power. I thought about the way they had completely trusted me and believed in me, even when no one else did. I remembered the look of unconditional love on their faces and how they loved me even with all of my eccentricities. I saw my beautiful husband Rich radiant on our wedding day, beaming as he looked at me with immense love and commitment. As a family we had bonded closely together building our creative dreams collectively. I saw my beloved "Jai House" our dream home that we had built together. I had named her "Jai" the sanskrit word for "victory" as she stood as living proof of the power of creating with your heart. Lawyers and accountants had cautioned me against building. They figured out that I could live in an apartment in Santa Monica for many years on my stock investments. "Why take the risk?", They warned me. "Building a home is very difficult to do and it is expensive. Just buy a small condo and you will be able last longer on your reserves". But I didn't take their advice and I instead decided to find a piece of land and break ground on my dream home. Live in a condo? No, I decided that I would go for it. And I triumphed. I finished the build on budget in just one year and three months. She was in fact a veritable victory and she served as the incubator for everything beautiful in our lives. She had become a living being to us as dear as any of our children. A living temple that healed us and whomever walked inside her sacred walls. I saw the great mountain which she sits beneath. The ancient and wise elder that had called me to this land. This was the place we were to live out our days of existence sharing the beauty of a modern kind of tribal

living. We were out of the box no doubt, but we were ripe with the promise of building a meaningful, connected life together, of being better for ourselves and in that pursuit being better for everyone else around us.

Now all of that was seemingly coming to an end. The house would be taken from us by a bank, an institution, who didn't really know her or love her at all. How could this be happening?

Had I done something wrong? Because by the look on the opposing councils face clearly I had. Gravely wrong. And it felt like she was going to kill me. Just moments prior, I had felt like everything was going to be fine. I was in a tight spot for sure. We had experienced what we had heard called "the fall of the ivory tower" or complete financial collapse, but I was optimistic and determined to face the wreckage and find a way to wholeness. I could envision a reasonable solution and I believed that I would be supported in my vision. I was so convicted in my belief that I did not see the ambush that was about to occur. The element of complete surprise produced a bottomless pit which marked my demise. It felt like I was spinning into a black hole, or rather as if someone suddenly pushed me hard and fast off a building. My body hurtling like a rag doll, it's neck dangling to one side, I had lost all relation to space. Permeating the massive fear were memories and images of tragically lost lifetimes where death came too soon, my head severed and paraded on a spike or hung desperately in the noose of grave misunderstanding.

Being misunderstood has been the greatest pain of my life. I was always sort of a black sheep. The youngest of five children, I was ever the odd man out. The one no one wanted to include, the one no one wanted to share a room with. Later, in my adult life, to be regarded as trite, irrelevant and uneducated for being spiritually inclined and for speaking for what I feel is right and true has caused me great pain. To know that I came here to contribute in a meaningful way by sharing my perspective and my artistic expressions while having to sit in the utter destruction of financial collapse had seemed a cruel sentence life had given me. And to be regarded as the crazy, woo-woo freak hanging in the fringe for sharing a vision whose time has yet not come, has been at times, a desolate road. Predictably, here I found myself again in the midst of a massive misunderstanding with what felt like my very existence in peril.

In Bankruptcy Court 229, room A, the space had turned to liquid and every sound and visible thing was seemingly underwater. I couldn't feel myself any longer as the density waterlogged all my senses. Was I right side up? Upside down? Inside out? I wanted to vomit but I couldn't seem to find the mechanics of that reflex. I was suddenly aware that I had cotton mouth worse than any cannabis high had previously produced in my memory. And then I registered the voice of the opposing counsel muffled and distant. Blinking my eyes I struggled to regain my bearings. I heard the question again and I knew the judge and everyone was waiting for me to "Answer the question! Answer the question! Answer the question!"

But, wait. What was the question again?

Kim Metzinger was my best friend in 9th grade. We shared stacked perms that made our heads look like stealth fighter jets and faces painted with way too much makeup which oddly complemented the triangular volumes on our skulls. Ninth grade geometry was fourth period which happened immediately after lunch. That was not great timing for learning. Our lunch typically included leaving campus in a borrowed vehicle, fast food drive through and a nice bong hit of “Matanuska Thunderfuck”, the moniker for a very red sticky and hairy marijuana grown only in a place called The Matanuska Valley. This valley in the land of the midnight sun, is located in Wasilla Alaska, home of the one and very infamous, Sarah Palin. Here, vegetables grow into gigantic specimens super fueled by three months of around -the- clock sun. The results are formidable with cabbages the size of small polar bears and carrots that look like something out of Alice in Wonderland. These conditions also produced a very powerful variety of pot, thus the name, which rendered us “totally wasted”.

I remember the teacher going through an elaborate blackboard explanation of The Pythagorean Theorem that looked to me like basically the theory of everything. I found myself fixated on the draw and scrape of the chalk on the board with his voice warbling on beneath it. High, this was incredibly intriguing to me. I was intoxicated by it. I just couldn’t quite leave it. When my attention made its way back to the present moment and the professor’s voice came online. I had clearly lost the thread. The truth was that I hadn’t even been able to stay with him through the first equation, but it didn’t matter because I had experienced that other super creative thing that I couldn’t quite remember but that I knew was fucking mind blowing. I didn’t let on that I was lost in outer space. I just sat quietly in my own private Idaho, traveling with my thoughts and decided that I’d figure it all out later. “Act cool.” “Maintain.”

But Kim had a different way about her, and without fail, every single time, at the end of the professor’s entire drawn out presentation complete with two full chalkboards filled with what looked like star language coding symbols, Kim would tilt her stealth shaped head to one side as if banking for a fly by, raise her hand and peering through totally bloodshot yet perfectly made up eyes, sweetly ask “ Professor, I’m just not following, can you please say that all over again?”.

Here in the courtroom, I thought of Kim and about how she had asked for a repeat of the question. Well, if she could ask, why couldn’t I? Could I get a life line in this situation? Where was my lawyer? I could feel the seat under my legs and finally I was able to squeeze the tiniest amount of breath into my lungs. I could feel the fear in my jaw muscles as I gathered a small bit of saliva into my mouth and licked my lips. Preparing to speak. I heard it in the distance, like a herd of angry rhinos coming at me again.

What was your involvement with Jai Enterprises? Answer the question.

Just give me a fucking minute! Can you just wait a minute? My mind was scream-pleading in my inner silence. I felt like my son Tyler when he was about eight and I wanted to check his blood type. He was deathly afraid of needles and I remember

sitting with him for hours coaching him and pleading with him and even after presenting many logical scenarios, and using multiple numbing agents, it was clear, he was never going to be ready for the said “needle”. No matter how much coaching, preparation, or reasoning occurred, It would never be the right moment, for him to get a needle jabbed into his skin. And this was certainly the case for me in this instance. I knew I had to answer the question, I was under oath. But I wasn’t ready yet. I had to get my head on straight.

Why was all of this happening? I was so confused. Did my lawyer make a mistake and had I broken some obscure law that I didn’t know about? I had asked around town about what happens when you file bankruptcy. According to my friend Janice, who had filed some months before, you simply appear before the judge, verify your identity and tax returns and within five minutes, you are given a fresh start. It’s cookie cutter, like a prepackaged cake mix a sort of “fresh start in a box”. I think it’s common knowledge that Donald Trump files once a week, and he’s not in jail, in fact he’s President. And many, many businesses make this move as a tactic or strategy in their global fiscal approach. Why was it that the little people have so much shame around having to file bankruptcy? I was raised in a family where my parents paid their bills early. They paid their credit cards off every month in full and they followed the rules set up by the banking system like good middle class folks. When my brothers and sisters and I came of age, we joined the “charge it now, worry about it later” religion. And when you are young, hopeful and dangerously optimistic, you think that you are going to make a ton of money and pay off that huge car loan and pay down your credit cards. And then life happens. You were overly optimistic and you find out that 98% of us have bought the bullshit dream that we too can be one of the 2% of the people on earth that have all the money. But in the majority of cases, you never recover from the early years of playing in the illusion of the credit game. Layered on top of the credit debt, college loans keeps you shackled in debilitating debt energy and it starts to eat away at you, slowly but surely.

For some reason, we like to judge ourselves against a different set of rules than a Donald Trump or the 2% play with. We find some twisted pride in buying into a fixed game system that preys upon our souls and renders us unable to live our dearest dreams that lie deep inside our hearts. Instead, we settle for a crumb and follow the rules of a banking system that is using us for its own gluttony.

The thirty individuals who went before me that day in Bankruptcy courtroom 229, simply showed their drivers licenses, confirmed the authenticity of tax returns and were sent on their merry way. I hadn’t really noticed that I was the last to be called. My lawyer still had not arrived. That’s when they called me up and the anti-christ appeared out of nowhere ready to kill me.

I had come into the hearing feeling clear and ready to face this final step of the seven year financial collapse and dismantling of my world. My hearing was set for October 26th, 2012. This would have been Lou Piatt’s 66th birthday, I felt it was a sign of the completion of a certain karmic cycle. In fact the money that had built Jai house was money that I had received in the

dissolution of my ten year marriage and partnership with the father of my boys. Ours was a love affair that lasted eight and a half glorious years. And when our relationship came to completion, we took a slow exit with every care and consideration of our two precious boys whom we both loved and adored more than life itself. If you asked anyone who knew us during our marriage, they would tell you that we were deeply and magically in love. We had eight and a half years of a beautiful union, and committed loving relationship, and we brought our sons, Tyler and Trapper into the world and into our lives. It was a period of time when I was also born creatively. I became a fashion designer with my own collection and built a home on top of the mountain overlooking all of Malibu. Lou held me in a safe and loving space with the support of a wise and adoring guardian. There were seventeen years between us which I struggled with for awhile, but Lou held me tight and told me he couldn't do anything about the seventeen years, but that he would give me all that he had. We had fallen in love and in the end, love had its way.

The opposing counsel asked me to verify the list of musical instruments that I had provided the court. "Is this list complete? Please verify for the court that this list is in fact correct and lists all the equipment that you have currently at Jai House." I affirmed that to the best of my memory, it was in fact correct. She then walked over to me and presented a print out of my music website and asked me to read out loud for the court, the liner notes for my album where it says, "This album was recorded at JAI House and Swansound Studios".

I had to ask this question again. Where the fuck was my lawyer?

I was on my own in my fight to keep my home. I had visioned, designed and built it, and she was my baby. It was my name that was on the mortgage. Jai House was mine and this was my karma to burn through. Rich was dealing with his own very tenuous transformation and I was to be solo on this one. I was breaking through belief systems and endeavoring to persevere against all odds. I needed complete and total conviction that I would prevail and we would find a way to keep her. Rich did not have the vision for this. Every smart business person around us simply smiled to my face and then behind my back declared that I would be defeated. It was certain, that the house would be auctioned and a lock put on the door. Some suggested that I move my furniture out in preparation of the take over. But I refused to entertain such ideas and I instead held fast and true to my vision for my expression of love. Energetically she was my house. She belonged to me. So I had prayed and meditated to protect her and to find a way to somehow come out of this financial train wreck with her still in our care and in our family. Many begged me to walk away from her. They viewed her as a ball and chain around my ankle. "Imagine how much energy you will have when you release her, they echoed." "Walk away, walk away, walk away..."

But I could not. She was not just a house. She stood for everything dear in our lives. She was as precious to me as one of my own children. I felt the energy of the land and the beauty of her walls infused with the spiritual grace and healing of a loving spirit. She was my temple. Temples should not be bought and sold, they should be beautified for all to experience.

This was my dream for Jai. To be a public, place of healing gardens, music, art, yoga and a spiritual children's school. I traveled in my meditation to a scenario where I listened to the prevailing advice and walked away from her. I asked myself this question. "If you take this road and walk away from Jai, can you live with yourself?" The answer was, a clear "No". I could not. I also traveled in my meditation to the scenario of a prison cell as I realized that this was also a possibility for me if I chose to take this road of trying to win my house. At this point in time, there had not been any programs on 60 Minutes or The Today Show, highlighting the banking fraud nor the bailout that would leave the bank executives vacationing on yachts and many people financially devastated and homeless. I was pretty much on my own. But I felt spiritually protected and I knew there were great beings that were with me in my cause.v

She printed my fucking website pages out? Not one of the people who presented themselves to the Bankruptcy Court had had their website pages printed out. It was clear that I must really be in big trouble. My lawyer still hadn't appeared and here I was in a Wild West type shootout with no protection. Finding an opening to explain myself, I suddenly realized that she had misunderstood. This piece of familiar context provided a faint outline for an escape route out of this nightmare. She had misunderstood. That's all. Maybe I was not going to die after all. I was not hiding any money or assets but she obviously thought that I was. As I reflected upon it, I realized that I couldn't actually blame her. I mean if you googled Rich and me, our internet persona seemed completely incongruent with financial collapse. How could people like us not have money? It was a joke and seemed an impossibility. I mean come on. We had more going for us than most people have in their entire lifetime. Seeing us living in our modern architectural digs while smiling in happy lifestyle photos with our beautiful children presented people rich in life. And in truth we were. We just didn't have things like cars, health insurance, savings, or in my case a bank account. It was a fact that I hadn't paid the mortgage, property taxes nor home insurance in four years. That's why she was here in the first place. She was the bank trustee after all. The truth was that Rich and I were scratching our heads for years in disbelief that this life reorganization had taken so long. There were many times when we felt like losers, Illiterates, trailer trash embodied. Why had it taken so fucking long? We were being dismantled.

Dismantling is a sacred event that if you are truly blessed will happen at least once in your lifetime. It is the course of your soul calling you home. And during this time of having your personality and bits of your excess ego, stripped from your very bones, you will lose some huge aspects of yourself that you have mistaken for security. It could come in the form of financial collapse like it was for us. But it can also show up in illness, divorce, heartbreak, death or natural calamity. Nothing external that your personality will try to do to stop it, will. All attempts prove futile. You are powerless against the tsunami and you may as well sit down for a bit, travel inside your soul, have a look around and endeavor to connect with something greater than your ego personality. Because you're being "dismantled" and the sooner that you recognize this as your sacred moment the better and easier the dissolution. In other words, you must not resist it and instead allow it to have it's way with you. If you can see it as your sacred moment. Then it will be the most amazing experience of your life. Note that I said "amazing", not "easy or comfortable or even bearable in some instances". In our case, what we learned is that when the universal faucet

is in the off position. You could send out 10,000,000 resumes, create 10,000,000 new business ideas, try to get all your friends and family to hire you, and none of it will result in a stable situation that produces money or security. If you were to force something in a usual business manner, you will find yourself in a certain karmic hell of lawsuits and the like.

She was a very pretty girl the bank trustee. She had light brown shiny hair, gorgeous blue eyes, sculpted cheekbones, full plump lips and pearl white teeth. During our first meeting, she had been very nice and seemed to be sympathetic to my situation. When she asked if I received child support, I told her that my sons father had recently passed away. Lou Piatt suffered a heart attack while kayaking in Malibu on a sunny December day in 2011. He called 911 with heart pains in his chest and was never found. As there was no body, the boys had received no social security assistance at all. We were desperately in need at the time, and we really could have used the support. Lou had paid millions of dollars into the system in his lifetime and in his death, the country had nothing for his boys. The grief that the boys and I experienced with Lou's passing was immense. I experienced my son's grief as my own. As their mother, their pain passed through me and I had to process the agony of the loss of their father. At the time, I had been with Rich for fourteen years and Lou had had his own subsequent marriage and relationships, but as I was their mother, it was as if the timelines reversed and my old life returned and was sitting in my living room. Objects from my marriage with Lou were carried through the front door and placed in my hands to be held with present nostalgia of times gone by. It was Jai house who hosted the memorial service as I welcomed Lou's current girlfriend and his ex-wife along with business executives whom he had called close friends while we were married into my home to bid him farewell. The boys and I looked upon the service as an opportunity to heal in the wake of his death. If we could do it this way, we could truly honor him as the magnificent presence he had been in our lives. Lou and I had always loved each other and this fact was never in question. We divorced each other in good form. We held the children in our hearts first and there was never a time when one of us said we could not step in and take the boys while the other had a business trip or social engagement which conflicted with the current custody schedule. And although there were surely some things that he did that I didn't like, I was always able to separate the action from the wonderful, loving man that had rescued me and nurtured me as I blossomed into my creative self. I always told my friends that my loyalty to him was such that I would take care of him in sickness if he ever needed it. I was always there for him in the big things. And this was definitely one of those times.

Relieved to uncover the misunderstanding at hand and seeing how I could easily clear this up, my voice returned to me and I finally started to speak, "Yes, I see now where there has been a misunderstanding, please let me explain. I convinced my recording engineer, Brad Swanson from Swansound Studios, to move his equipment into my house from December 26th 2011 to January 2, 2012 to record my band, SriMati, during this time. So to be clear, he brought his equipment into the house, recorded us and then he removed it. All the recording equipment belongs to him. No recording equipment exists in my house".

It was December 26, 2011 and it was finally my time. I had spent years supporting my husband Rich Roll to realize his dream

of training and racing an endurance race called Ultraman. Ultraman is a crazy double-iron man race that circumvents the Big Island of Hawaii. Rich attempted it first in 2008 after experiencing a health scare, adopting a plant based diet and going through an amazing physical transformation at age 42. With my support, he returned to the athletics he loved as a child and had thrown away for a life of alcohol addiction in college. Rich became sober with the help of a long stint in rehab at a facility in Oregon that forged a devoted relationship with Alcoholics Anonymous. In his first Ultraman attempt, Rich surprisingly clocked an 11th place finish and subsequently was voted one of the 25 fittest men in the world by Men's Health and Fitness magazine. Sanjay Gupta, CNN's medical correspondent picked up his "every man" story and kick started the beginning of our family's redemption from a long dark night of transformation. The second Ultraman race was in 2009, followed by a race called Epic 5 in 2010 where he completed five iron mans on five Hawaiian Islands in under a week, and finally his third attempt at Ultraman in 2011. All of the races took place during the period of our dismantling and complete financial demise. We had our cars repossessed and lost our health insurance and we hadn't been able to pay our mortgage, property taxes or insurance for many years. We tried everything humanly and spiritually possible but nothing was working for us except that which did not produce money. For Rich it was training and for me and the boys it was music. And even though these endeavors produced no money, it was these two disciplines that in fact kept us alive during this very difficult time. We could feel the power, energy and pure life force that was created by this authentic connection to our heart's deepest desires. And somehow deep inside of ourselves, we knew we would be redeemed. We just didn't realize that it would take so long. We suffered through the utter destruction of our lives and ultimately were lifted out of the ashes. But it took nine years and during this period, we had to surrender ourselves to a greater universal force time and time again.

We had loaded in the recording gear and had blocked out the following ten days to lay down songs that the boys and I had written, arranged, and played together throughout their childhood. This would have been impossible any other time of the year as our engineer, Brad Swanson, was booked for months in advance. But I had long dreamed of recording at Jai House. And in the same way that bands like the Rolling Stones go off and rent huge estates to record their latest work, I longed to capture the energy of my beloved Jai House in the recording of my music. She was such a special place and I pleaded with Brad that it would be a worthy adventure. And since nothing really happens the week after Christmas, he finally agreed to record us in our sacred space.

Rich had just DNF'd from his third time at the Ultraman World Championships on the Big Island of Hawaii. He was spitting blood on day 2. He pulled over and flagged me down to say he was finished and needed to go to the hospital. I considered my role as his wife in this situation. Then I considered my role as his crew captain. The entire family had sacrificed all year long in support of this race. Any money that came in which was scarce went to support him. The kids and I went without anything extra except food and minimal expenses. It had been years since I had any self care funds and none of us had been to the dentist in five years. Race day was upon us, and after all of his preparation, which was formidable, and all of our sacrifice which was at times grueling, we had come to Hawaii to crew for him and see him through with every stroke,

stride and pedal. Was he really going to drop out? Really? After all we had sacrificed? I just couldn't believe it. We had more support for this race than we ever had before. While training for the previous races, Rich had even eaten food out of a dumpster to finish a training session. His account was overdrawn and we had no money. At a low point, the ATM machine ate his card and he had to walk over ten miles back to the condo the night before his start. This was supposed to be the race where he excelled. He finally had all the support he needed to achieve his ultimate race. Rich had more than put in the training, his numbers reflected his increase in speed and endurance. He was primed for a top finish. And yet there he was in front of me spitting blood. Of course he should go get checked at the emergency room, I reasoned. But a part of me just couldn't accept it. Not after all we had put into this race. It wasn't like there was another one. This was the race. Rich wasn't a professional athlete who had a slew of races coming behind this one. He was an amateur who put everything into this one. This was it. And if he DNF'd. It was over.

Anyway, wasn't I supposed to yell at him and get him back in it? Isn't that what every great coach does for their athlete? I imagined myself hysterically screaming at him like a crazy woman, spit flying off my lips in projectile threads, veins popping out of my neck, eyes bulging like mean bull, "Get back on your fucking bike! Get back on your bike! Do it! Get it done! You're not finished yet!".

Something snapped my focus back into the present moment, I shook it off and I realized that I was not going to do that. If Rich said he was done, well then he was done. It wasn't worth him getting really hurt or dying. But still. Fuck.

We drove him to the hospital in some small Hawaiian town. The diagnosis was gratefully unimpressive. He was going to be fine. Of course we were glad that he was going to be fine. But it made the prospect of the past and what could have been more amplified. We stayed on the island for a couple weeks in a rented house on an organic farm and tried to help him heal from his defeat. He was bummed and grumpy but we tried to make the best of it. Then he relapsed on a sunny day by a resort pool Hawaiian style. This was the first time that I had seen Rich drunk ever in our thirteen years together.

I was completely devastated. Seriously, after all we had sacrificed as a family to support him in living his heart. We had all barely survived the pressure, and the relentless friction of our transformation. The financial pressure was almost unbearable. We had all risked everything that we had and finally we had a chance to break free and make something of our lives and this was his choice at this stage of the game? It was unimaginable to me.

"Really? I agonized. This is what you choose, after all we sacrificed?" I was in utter shock and angry as hell. I had been with Rich for over thirteen years, and I had never seen him use save one time when he drank a bottle of mouthwash after we split up for one day when Mathis was two. Of course drinking wasn't his choice, it was the entity that lives inside him, called alcoholism. In his extreme pain at his disappointing race result he fell into darkness. With all eyes upon him, the expectation that he could win was

too much for him to handle. He DNF'd and the let-down triggered the emergence of the beast called "Alcoholism". He wrote a very well crafted blog post about how his life wasn't about a race, and then he drank the next day. In the face of this disappointment, in his extreme humiliation, he turned to his old demon friend. And for the first time, I met Rich, the drunk.

We had snuck into a resort near near the beach to use the pool. The entire thing was so odd and out of character for Rich. He was acting rebellious and mischievous and he told the kids that he knew how to get into the pool area of this resort. Tyler didn't really want to sneak in at all. But we were trying to go along with whatever made him happy. We knew he had been through a huge disappointment. So he convinced Tyler to go with him first and suss out the situation. If it was clear, they would come back and get me and the girls. They got in without issue and Rich told Ty to go back and get us and he would hang at the pool.

When we arrived, Mathis, our daughter, wanted to get something at the bar to drink. Rich volunteered to take her over and I got into the jacuzzi with Jaya, who was four at the time. When Rich returned he was acting a bit gregarious, and he really got my attention a bit when he started throwing the girls in the air in the pool. It was feeling reckless and a bit odd, but I still hadn't gotten it. He threw Jaya and somehow she cut her lip. I called the girls back into the jacuzzi with me. Shortly after, Mathis told me and the other people in the jacuzzi that Daddy was drinking beer. I quickly corrected her and said, "Oh no honey Daddy doesn't drink". Realizing that something was amiss, she told me the same thing over again and finally the light bulb went on and she got my attention. I gathered the kids and let everyone know we were leaving. On the walk back to the car, I asked Tyler to take the girls ahead so I could speak to Rich. Rich managed an attempt to shrug it off with an off handed comment to them. "Oh it looks like I may be in big trouble now!" The kids were unamused. I couldn't believe what was happening. I was so angry at myself for believing in us, and in him. What had I done? How could he do this now? After all we had risked. We had been traversing the razor's edge for almost nine years and at any time we could have fallen to our complete demise. We were only starting to see some relief and I could not understand his choice at this stage in the game. I was completely crushed. We had sacrificed everything as a family. I was reeling. Rich's sobriety had become second nature to him and to all of us. Except for his Wednesday night meetings and occasional grumpy moods, we had hardly remembered his alcoholism.

Within one hour, he was on the phone with his sponsor and connecting with his LA AA men's support group. We had taken his sobriety for granted. And this was a huge wake up call to the truth of what Rich and all the family lives with on a daily basis. I suddenly understood in a completely new way, the hell that was lurking right on the other side of having your shit together, maintaining balance, and working the program. When it saw an opening and a weakness, it made its move. The person I thought was my husband, soulmate, and partner disappeared with one drink that turned into two, three, and then six. Without the help of his friends in AA, who got him sorted out and back on program, he may have dived deeply into the dark life of this disease, all over again. Tyler was forced to grow up that night a little bit faster than we wanted him to. He took Rich to his first AA meeting after his relapse. He made him accountable. Tyler was only 16, but he had to stand as the

guardian for his stepfather in the face of his disease.

Ramana Maharishi was a great Indian Saint who lived from 1879-1950 in the south of India in Tamil Nadu. According to many, he was one of the most powerful realized beings to ever walk the face of the earth. Awakened in his early school years, he'd fully realized and become enlightened by age 16. He quit school and left home for Arunachala, a sacred mountain where he would dwell for the remainder of his life. According to one story, a devotee asked him why he bothered to chant incessantly "ram, ram, ram", a name of God, when he had already achieved realization. And to this he replied, "because you can lose it all in just one instant"

We learned that day, that such is the way with sobriety.

When we arrived back in LA, I tried to put this incident behind us. Rich was safely back in AA rooms fortified with his amazing network of sober buddies. In reality he had relapsed for one afternoon in the company of his family. There was no great wreckage, DUI's, or blackouts to reconcile. It was a pretty gentle wake up call in the land of relapses. At some level, I knew that he wanted us to find out soon or he wouldn't have chosen to do it outwardly in front of us. I regarded it as a cry for help and I chose to perceive it as a blessing and put it behind me.

It was December 26th, 2011 and I was finally going to get my chance to document the single most important creative expression of my life. My music. I had become a musician with my two sons Tyler and Trapper over an 8 year period. This experience has blessed me a million times over for many many years. Because with every step of the process, I was overflowing with the fulfillment of an artist and the pride of a mother. Every time we wrote music and worked out harmonies, it was a triumph. Each time we played together, if even only in our living room, was a joy. Every rehearsal, recording session, and eventually live performance wrapped me in the beauty of life and the gratitude for consciousness knowing my heart better than I had known it myself, and for giving me one of my greatest dreams realized through playing music with my own boys.

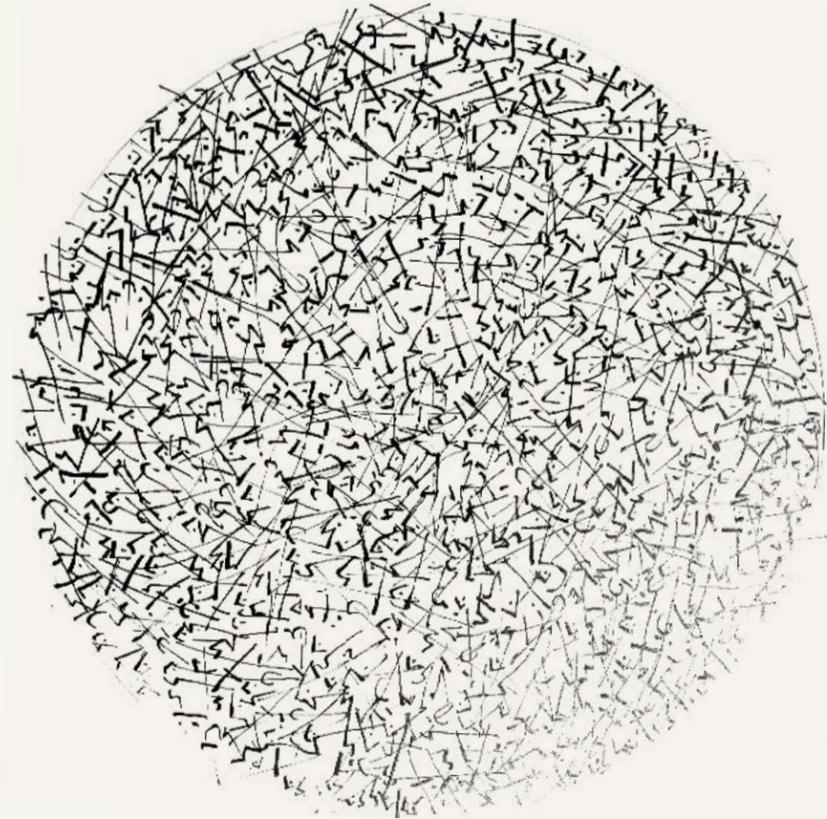
It had all started in 2006, when I suffered the loss of a dear spiritual teacher of mine. It happened in a violent and ugly manner that included being served a legal demand letter along with an accusation that I was trying to undermine his organization. I was devastated. I felt betrayed and I was wrongly accused. I had hosted this man at my home, and done countless healing sessions with him. The only thing I had done was give my power away to someone outside of myself. Thus the universal correction and my great opportunity to learn through extreme pain. Rising in the wee hours at 4:30 a.m, I was desperate to release the suffering that had hardened my heart. It's walls were tomb-like and created a fortress to protect whatever childlike essence remained. If I did not face my pain and somehow transmute it into a state of peace and understanding, it would be as if I turned a dangerous weapon against myself. So I sat for meditation in the predawn darkness

seeking healing from something greater. And after rivers of tears, the healing arrived in the form of songs.

I had wanted to sing since I was six years old. In fact I thought myself to be a singer at this very young age. My pitch was not as good as my older brothers and sisters and I think that everyone in my family had written me off as not able to sing. My older brother Stuart, had already started playing guitar at age 7 and he was getting pretty good. So I chose to differentiate from him by choosing other creative expressions. And I did many throughout my life, painting, sculpting, interior and fashion design, food, but never music. I was a shadow artist and I overly adored musicians. In my early life, I was a classic groupie hanging around clubs after hours trying to meet the local bands that passed through the dismal Anchor town I called home. Now here I was at age 44, receiving songs with melodies and lyrics in entirety. As I was not a trained musician, I made rudimentary charts on pieces of paper and found my way to the chords, notes and keys in my own organic, childlike way. This was the journey that had produced the two albums recorded at my home which were now in question by the opposing counsel.

Seemingly satisfied with my answer, the femme fatale trustee turned to the judge. "Your honor, we are aware of a certain cookbook that is being sold on a website connected to a Mr. Rich Roll. We would like to know the extent of the defendant's involvement in this property and if the defendant has received any compensation from the sale of this cookbook. Further, we request tax returns and financial documents for Richard Roll be submitted for review."

A particular aroma preceded him. It was a certain smell that violated my nasal passages and deposited a toxic residue in the back of my throat. Reminiscent of the suffocating perfume of duty free shops in the international terminals of airports and mall size cruise lines, I gagged. Then I felt a presence roll up on my left side. My lawyer had arrived.



MATHIS

It's just energy.

Black heavy liquid slapped against my face as I treaded water. My chest heaved against the constriction and weight of the waves, coming at me in staccato. Adrenaline rushing through my veins, I felt my eyes widen in full alert. My heart thundered inside my chest like a large tribal war drum sounding its call. The beat was forging and completely out of my control. I was surprised when I noticed that I wasn't cold. It defied logic, I was immersed in the black waters of the deeps. But the water was actually warm and soothing, like a Mother's womb, yet also bottomless as a vast eternity undiscovered. In my 360 degree simultaneous awareness, I could clearly see that I was surrounded by majestic white lions. Or maybe I only knew it. Fifteen or so radiant beings who were my companions and also my guardians. They were swimming with me on my mission, only not too close. The regal warriors stared straight ahead and didn't make eye contact with me. It was understood at a deep cellular level that I had to hold my own, take full responsibility for my journey. But just the same, they were there, holding a space of protection, like an all loving and protective Mother who knows ultimately that her child will rise. I had to dig deep just to keep up with their physical prowess and supreme state of being. But, I would not fail, this was an initiation and I was more than ready for the task at hand.

Something faint in the distance was calling. The cry drew me out of this world and slammed me back into my bed. As I started to come to, my mouth was dry and my throat sore. My body felt heavy as granite. I leveraged myself up onto my forearms as I struggled to gain consciousness from my astral travels. I have to get back. My eyes narrowed to pull focus as Mathis came into view. She was standing by my bedside in silhouette against the light of the moon. A thin lanky form with lioness hair. I managed to slur some words to her, "Hey baby, what's up, you ok?" Her eyes were wide open, her body stiff, and she was non responsive as if in a trance. "Mathis, Hey! You all right angel?" Seeing her this way frightened me. I threw the covers off, jumped out of bed, and scooped her up in my arms. My lips pressed against her baby soft skin as I carried her body stiff and cold. I kissed her and brushed her silky hair away from her face. "Mathis, sweetheart, where did you go? It's me baby, Mommy's here come back." I made an effort to sound somewhat casual so that I wouldn't scare her from coming home to me. Suddenly, she jerked, the whites of her eyes flashing as they rolled back into her head. And then she started heave and wretch. By the time we reached the bathroom, we were both soaked in vomit and standing in a pool of excrement. Her whole-body purging continued for longer than seemed reasonable for such a young soul. She seemed to be expelling from the depths of her being. I had never heard anyone vomit this violently. Finally the eruptions subsided and she turned her face and recognized me. I let out a huge sigh of relief, thank God. She was back in her body. Mathis swiped her face with the back of her hand and managed a little smile. "Hi Mommy," she cleared her throat, "it's just energy." "Yes I know baby, it's all over now." We both stripped our vomit soaked clothes and got into the shower. I kneeled in front of her and hugged her tight, as the warm water washed over us carrying her pain, and my panic with it as it vortexed, down the drain. As I felt her damp flesh in my arms, I silently wondered if she was going to be ok. Shaking it off and staying on task, I carefully washed her little body inch by inch, kissing her all the while. Then I drew a warm bath for her. "Mommy, put the salt in and get the shiva lingam?" "Yes, my love, I have it right here, it's all ready for you." She slid into the the warm bath and fully submerged herself under the water, where she would finally experience some much deserved moments of relief.

This was the most intense of the purging episodes Mathis experienced from the age of 3 through 6 years of age. She taught me to surf her like a wave. I learned to never expect her to be any certain way and if I did, I would be in a world of pain. She was not adapting to me or anyone else. She was clear about that.

Mathis transformed me more than any other human relationship in my life as she required more of me than sometimes seemed humanly possible. She defied any structure or idea that had existed in my experience as a mother. All my previous experience wasn't just obsolete, the truth was it had never even been applicable to her.

If I had taken her for medical assessment, she would have been diagnosed somewhere on the spectrum. But I chose to embark on the journey of my life with her as she pushed and dragged me into realms of emotional extremes I had never touched. She was a vast and great soul but not in a blissful way, she had gathered all the intensity of life and tried to process it through her little body. Her birth chart had astrologers gasping at the intensity of what she had chosen. I figured that she was dealing with enough just living her design and I decided that adding any diagnosis or judgements from other people's fear would not serve her. I was her mother and it was my contract to protect her and guide her the best way I knew how.

I stayed in my own process with her and tried to design her life so it would be kinder for her and allow her to celebrate that magic sparkle in her eye that took my breath away. She showed me that the patience I had was immature and I had so much to learn. She drew out every part of me that I was hiding from. She kicked my ass. Over and over again, until I started to become a more compassionate and expanded being.

I was fiercely protective of her and I rarely shared her physiology of vomiting to transmute other people's energy. These vomiting episodes happened hundreds of times and I learned to stand with her as she completed her unique manner of processing. We had our ritual, I would stay with her, my hands softly on her back as she purged. As she completed, she would always say, "It's just energy mommy" as if to reassure us both she was all right. Then I would wipe her face and start the water to fill our egg shaped Italian Agape tub. Then I carefully lifted her inside the warm soothing water, adding salt or baking soda to help her clear any remaining energetic residue. Then she wanted her stone to help her ground and balance. "Get me the shiva lingam Mommy". Yes, baby it's right here"

She was always moving, the child that couldn't sit still. There was constant motion happening in her body moving around in bed, during a movie, kicking chairs in front of her, dropping things, breaking things. You would have loathed the day she sat behind you on a plane. I patiently moved her legs again and again and again so she would not kick the chair. But she kicked it for a long time just the same. She wanted to be next to me every moment of the day. She found my energy to be soothing to her. She refused to sleep anywhere but right next to me. I wondered if she was ever going to be able to be independent and imagined she may never leave me, opting to live with us into our older years.

She had an ability to access anger that seemed as if she had opened the Earth's core, reached down and connected with some primal scream. The sound and level was formidable and often she would stop us in our tracks as we took pause of its enormity. It was impressive and not something to respond in kind to. However, it was clear she had chosen me to be her mommy for my ability to lay a boundary and call her to task. She was born an adolescent and she has demanded boundaries since the beginning. We have cultivated an honest and fiery love between us, the river is deep but the currents are wild and cannot be tamed. As Mathis reached the age of three, the energy was starting to overwhelm her. She was having feeling of electricity running up her legs and I spent hours every day facilitating healing for her. We envisioned soothing pink and blue light running up her legs and transmuting, balancing and harmonizing her system. Every night before bed, she asked me to help her perform a healing to seal her energy field and speak a meditation to help her drop into sleep.

She was a natural artist and I supported that in her by getting her very large canvases to work on along with legit artist paints and brushes. A perpetual night owl, she never went to sleep before 1 am. She would tuck in her parents and retreat to her art studio to create some magic. I was blown away by her artistic eye, along with her courage to layout a piece without thought spontaneously making her mark. She was naturally gifted and she sold her first pieces when she was less than seven.

I reached out to a modern day shaman and ally of mine to help me with Mathis. During the session she was able to see Mathis' timeline for her energetic makeup. She assured me to persevere. Everything I was doing was right on point. And at the age of eight or nine years old, she would be able to synthesize the energy and experience integration and harmony in her being. This information was a lifeline for me. I was going against the entire culture and creating a new way of parenting that worked for her. I had to find my way. I lost my temper many many times and became immensely overwhelmed. There were times I literally had to peel her grip from my body to just get a break. My system would become overloaded and I needed to be free of her touch or needs. But I adored this being to the core. She had such a magic and sparkle in her eye and I knew she would be destined for great things.

I considered Mathis an oracle. She had the ability to bring forth medicine that people needed, even if they didn't know it. On one occasion, I was meeting with a solar company about installing panels. We were sitting in my living room discussing the proposal. All at once, Mathis walked between us and from four feet in the air, she dropped a heavy book on my lap. I found this demonstration extremely annoying. After the drop, Mathis kept her stride and left the room. As I watched myself begin to react with a correction for her rude behavior. I remembered my mantra, "Oh, wait, it's Mathis! What is she saying to me with this experience?" My fingers found the edges of the book, I took a deep breath and I turned the book to face my solar agent man. His eyes widened in complete surprise. "I've been thinking about that book all week?" I handed it over to him. "This is obviously for you." The impressive thing was that we didn't have a bookshelf in the main room and I am prone to mess. Mathis actually retrieved this book out of a cupboard, hidden under stacks of paper. We didn't know this man. How was it that she could tap into this ability to know something. It wasn't even psychic, it was multi-dimensional awareness.

Mathis' multi-dimensional awareness episodes would come into my awareness at the most random of times. One day I was in my car alone speaking to my sister about my therapist in my early 20's. "Her name was Mary Lou", said my sister. "No, it was Mary Leigh!", I replied. That night when getting ready for bed, Mathis brought me a book off of her bookshelf to read to her. This book was a hand-me-down from her older brother's collection gifted to him at his baby shower. I had never read the book before. As I opened the book to read to her, there on the page was the exact passage that my therapist Mary Leigh had read to me every time I went to therapy. Mathis was not in the car with me, and I had never spoken of this woman before to her.

The knowings, were not amazing to Mathis at all. They were completely natural. She didn't do any of this from her ego will, it was simply the way her system worked and it wasn't special or interesting to her at all.

Mathis was not only sensitive to the energies of people, but sensitive to environments and buildings. In Mallorca, my friend took us to a local healer who had helped her son. Mathis refused to cross the threshold of the door into her office. She was three at the time. Similarly Indian Master Swami Nithyananda held a discourse at my home, Mathis sat down with her plate of grapes in front of him to watch him speak. She and I had watched eighteen discourses on the Bhagavad Gita every night before bed from the time she was two until she reached the age of four. She understood many story's of battles between the hindu deities and she would correct my yogi friends about the plot lines. . She called Paramahansa Nithyananda, "Hami TV" as she couldn't say "Swami". Here he was in the flesh and she grabbed a great seat. Later when he was giving darshan or a blessing where he would transmit into the third eye, she refused him, shrugging him off and walking away.

When eating out, Mathis would refuse to sit at certain tables. At first I tried my authoritarian parenting command, "You'll sit at the table we've been given!" This didn't go over so well and soon I was in the middle of WWII with dinner ruined for us and anyone in earshot of Mathis guttural screaming. From then on, I learned that I had to choose my battles. Changing tables wasn't the end of the world. I had to remind myself. "This is Mathis".

I called a family meeting with Rich and the boys. I asked them to consider that Mathis was wired differently. I wanted to provide an environment to say "yes" to her as much as possible. If we didn't shift out of our normal cadence a bit, then she would have lived in a world that couldn't receive her at all. They all agreed and it was not easy for them all the time. But we did the best we could.

Mathis was the inspiration for my homeschool "JAI SEED" as she didn't fit into any existing school structures. She did fine for a short time at a local preschool where she recognized an older Indian woman to be an old friend from another lifetime.. She would call out to her from across the yard as if they had known each other for years. We also tried a couple other "progressive" schools in 1st and 3rd grade but ultimately, she just did much better at home.

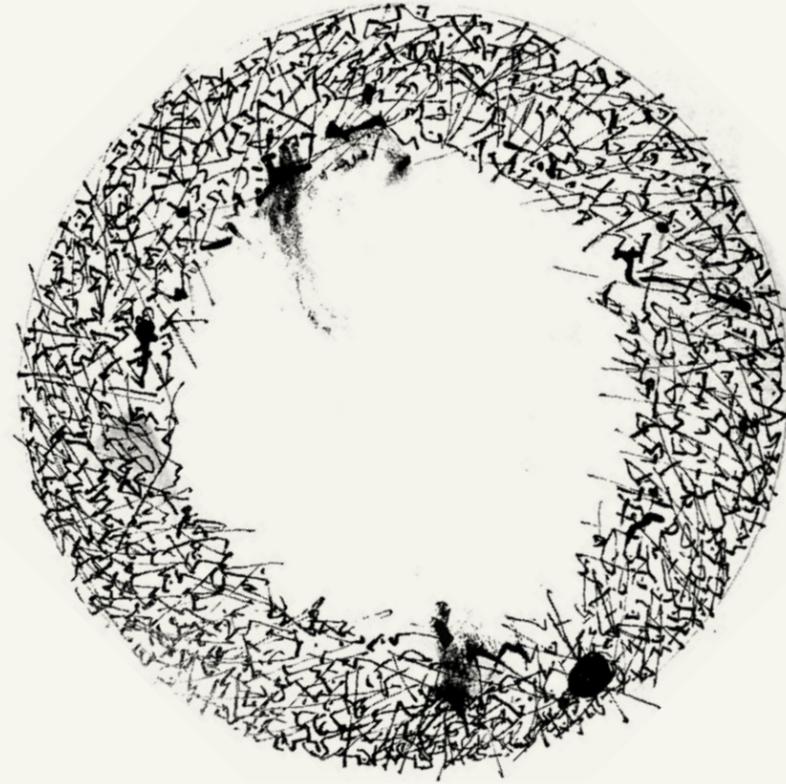
"JAI" means victory in Sanskrit and "SEED" carries a multidimensional meanings as it stands for the potential of life, but also that

these new kids incarnating onto the planet are coming in many forms and that they are "STAR-SEEDS", the ones who came to lift us higher. SEED kids don't fit into any box and if you have one, you will recognize what I am speaking to.

Mathis came into my life like a surf breaking on the shores. She transformed and shaped me with her power and waves relentless crashing down on me.

At the age of 8, her energy seemed to stabilize and she became independent. She finally left my room and my side for her own space and new relationships. She is a master of self avocation, knowing exactly what she needs and who she wants to spend time with. She gets what she wants nearly every time.

She has fierce and loyal qualities and a focused drive and commitment to the things she cares deeply about. She still has the sparkle in her eye and big alligator tears when touched by deep feeling. She can be unforgiving as a hurricane leaving destruction in its wake. But one could argue that is solely for the opportunity of renewal and growth. She is extremely social and has been accepted at a four year art high school where she will study in pursuit of a career in art. She has her sights on attending college. Mathis recently told me she doesn't believe in God, psychics, or homeschooling. I take her perspectives with a smile and great pride with an immense knowing that we did some incredible work together as mother and daughter.



FINDING GOD

One thing I know for
certain is that I can count
on my devotion.

Living a life of devotion gives deep meaning and a juiciness to my time here in this body. The smell of incense drops me right into my God place. I adore essential oils, specifically Frankincense, grapefruit, and jasmine. The smeared cum cum on my third eye reminds me of my divinity, the spices of cardamom, coriander and turmeric light the cosmic flame in my recipes. Practicing yoga, meditating and chanting make me feel connected and alive. And when I sing, it is for the beloved that is breathing through me.

From the time I was a little girl. I always knew that life was about something much greater than acquiring stuff. I also understood that religions were like languages or culture and while all religions have deep beauty and truth at their core, there was something even greater from which they all originated.

At age 6, I started hitching a ride to church with the neighbors. I was the fifth child and by the time I came along, my parents had stopped attending the local church at least on a regular basis. It was a Methodist Church and I received my first bible there by reciting the 23 psalm in front of the congregation. I'm sure my parents did attend the recital.

A PSALM OF DAVID.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD;
I SHALL NOT WANT.
HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES:
HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.
HE RESTORETH MY SOUL:
HE LEADETH ME IN THE PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.
YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL
FEAR NO EVIL:
FOR THOU ART WITH ME;
THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME.
THOU PREPAREST A TABLE BEFORE ME IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES:
THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD WITH OIL;
MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.
SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME
ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE:
AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD
FOR EVER.

With all the "eth's" and "Thy's" I little understood what I was reciting. It was heady and weird language to be sure. But I showed up and performed the task to get my shiny red bible. I loved the stories of Jesus at Sunday school. I freaking loved that guy. He was awesomely inspiring to me.

When I became a born again Christian at age ten without my family (how does that happen?) or parents, I was ecstatic. I always hung around with older people when I was young. My best friend was six years older than I was. Bonnie Marx was a lovely girl with the shiniest brown hair and milky white skin. Her two front teeth formed a perfect "V", and her smile was warm and sweet. Bonnie was in high school and driving. We met at the roller rink and became fast friends. She adored me. She picked me up at my house in this amazing ride. It was 1967 firebird with baby moon hub caps, a small velvet steering wheel, and baby blue flocked wallpaper interior. We listened to Marvin Gaye on her 8 track, snapping our fingers in unison to "Let's Get It On". I would often stay the weekend with her. She would go out on dates and I would stay home with her mother watching TV, waiting for her to come home. Then early Saturday we would hang out, bake cookies and make three layer jello. She wore the bluest eye shadow I had ever seen. I would sit on the bathroom counter and watch her coat her eyelashes with thick black Maybelline mascara and then separate them with a bobby pin under the fluorescent glow of the light on the mirror. She had this way older super scary brother who would make the most incredible braided jewelry. His work was a truly breathtaking extrapolation on macrame. He was always very sweet to me but I couldn't escape the fact he looked like a demon and had this booming voice. I think he rode a motorcycle. I was always relieved when he left. His energy made me tremble. One weekend when I went to stay with Bonnie, she told me she had found God. She took me to church with her that night. It was like a massive rock concert lacking only in stage fog. The energy in that place was blowing the doors off anything I had ever experienced. When the minister invited anyone who wanted to get "saved" to come on down! My legs were moving before I even knew what was happening. Then, there I stood, down to the front of the 1000 person congregation being applauded by a heavenly thunder. I had committed. Fuck it! I was getting saved!

The minister led us into a small room where we all gathered in a circle and prayed to accept Jesus into our hearts. I was sporting my age appropriate mouth of metal, and as my eyes made their way around the group taking stock of who exactly was doing this thing with me. Dorky Dad, hot blonde with a very short skirt, was she wearing underwear? ,nondescript couple, woman with Farah Faucet do - hey,I know her! Much to my surprise, I recognized my orthodontic assistant in the circle directly across from me. Suddenly, she spontaneously started channeling some other worldly language, it was literally spewing from her mouth like a fire hose and she looked really freaked out. I later learned that it's called "speaking in tongues" in this kind of church. It was authentic to her and really intense. It was gushing through her so violently that she had tears streaming down her face. There was no way in hell, she made it up. It was wildly mind blowing and pretty excellent to witness. Later on a few different occasions, the church elders tried to baptize me in the "The Holy Spirit." I was told that this would open that energy in me and I would be speaking in tongues eminently. I earnestly gave it my very best effort but it never worked for me. I concentrated really hard, clenched my fists and started to utter something like "shanna kela kika tika..." Defeated, I dropped my fists, exhaled deeply and shrugged. "I'm sorry", it's just not happening." I knew in my case, I would just be making it up.

I loved being a Christian, loved it. I felt happy all the time. Being devoted to Jesus was beautiful. I even begged my parents to send me to Christian school. They refused. I was so bummed at first as it ruined my spiritual life trajectory plans, but soon some things just didn't feel right. First there was this unnatural focus on the spontaneous actions of children. I was dissecting my every move, which killed the magic of the unexpected nature of life. I started to worry about my "sinful" nature. At camp that summer, I was yanked into a private room with a priest along with two of my friends and he proceeded to scream at us louder and more violently than I had ever witnessed. He flattened me with his violence. I was literally shaking. We had passed a note to one of the preachers sons, who was a wayward drug addict. He had mouthed, " I want to get saved" directly to us. We excitedly took him at his word like a tribe of eager missionaries and offered our support in the form of this note. In hindsight, he was totally fucking with us. Anyway, the preacher didn't ask for those details. He just lost his shit and spewed all over us.

Later the preachers daughter showed up pregnant at sixteen. Obviously, she was not following the rules very well. Then there was my camp counselor who was thrown out of the church for being "possessed by demons." She had been really cool and balanced that summer at camp. I couldn't imagine what had happened to her. It all was starting to feel fanatical and kind of crazy. Even as a young girl, I could sense that condition in operation which is present in my experience in all spiritual organizations. The presence of humans and their imbalances. Finally I asked an elder in the church a burning question, " Ok so if a child is born into Buddhism in China, then they are going to hell?" He answered with determined conviction "Everyone will get one chance to accept Jesus Christ into his or her heart and if they accept him, then they are saved, If they don't, then they are lost." I stared at him in disbelief. That made no sense to me at all and more like dialogue from a future episode of "South Park".

On the evening after I accepted Jesus into my life and became "born again" forever, I ran home and up to my friend Danny Debenham's house for our evening round of kick the can. "Danny! Danny!" I yelled ecstatically, as I traversed the dewy fresh green lawn. "Guess what! I got saved! I accepted Jesus Christ into my heart! I did it! " I was so excited to share my triumph with him as he was devoted to God, the son of many in a large Mormon family.

I'll never forget the way in which Danny calmly gazed my way, wryly smiling like a real cowboy; his finger ready on the trigger, and said. "Well Julie, that's reeeal nayce, but guess what? You are still going to hell because you aren't a Mormon, sorry, that's just the way it is," The bullet from his judgment exploded my happy baby Jesus bubble into a million pieces. My world was reeling as I fell in the abyss of a fiery hell. Finally as I came to. I could hear the pull and release of my breath as I locked crosshairs on him. Then only silence. Except for the pounding of my heart, and the word "Asshole" boldly written across his forehead. It took me more than a moment to shake off the shoot out. But then we resumed our game. Soon, we were in the moment once again, having a really great time. Not heaven, hell or any version of religious dogma could keep us from our fun. The gospel that night was that playing "kick the can" was a blast. Clearly, despite our religious incongruence, God still found us in the game.

BIO



A true spiritual wellness warrior, Julie Piatt aka “SriMati” is an author, podcast host, plant based chef, motivational speaker, meditation guide, yoga teacher, and singer. At the core of all of Julie’s offerings is an opportunity for an expansion of our perspectives; a gain of cosmic view so that we all may realize our divine blueprint or life purpose.

Julie has spent decades expressing divinity in all her life experiences. Living from a deep place of devotion SriMati guides others to remember their spiritual nature so that they too can experience the full presence of existence: the eternal consciousness breathing all life. Julie is an effective spiritual life guide and mentor as she is extremely relatable and reaches many through her transparency and willingness to be vulnerable in her own life pain and trials. She is so easy to sit close to, to open up with, because she is so disarmingly human and imperfect. Julie embraces people with open arms and truly embodies complete non-judgement. She holds space for others to realize their highest divine directive while employing what she calls Extreme Faith. SriMati recognizes God in all life experiences inclusive of the seemingly dark, and painful events that make up half of the human journey. Julie is committed to stand for others and hold a safe place for them as they traverse their way along the darkened path of their own journeys.

Through embracing a plant based diet, and simultaneously embarking on a deep meditation practice, SriMati healed herself of a large cyst in her neck, which doctors diagnosed as an incurable ailment. This experience gave her an intimate connection to food, and proved to her the miraculous ability of the body to heal itself when supported with

pure whole living foods and a connection to the soul. She has created and tested countless plant based recipes inspired from her journey, in her kitchen studio at her home in Malibu, California. Her dishes are fresh, creative, easy and full of flavor specifically designed to nourish and nurture hungry families.

Julie co- authored the best selling cookbook “The Plantpower Way”; 120 recipes and lifestyle guidance released in April of 2015 along with her plant-based endurance athlete husband and best selling author, Rich Roll. Julie authored her first solo book, the best-selling and paradigm shifting “This Cheese is Nuts”. “The Plantpower Italia”, the follow up to “The Plantpower Way” was released in the spring of 2018 to international accolades. SriMati is currently launching her own in-store plant-based cheese line called “This Cheese Is Nuts” - arriving in stores 2019.

On her five star, internationally acclaimed podcast, “Divine Throughline”, Julie shares deep wisdom about the spiritual aspect of what it means to live life divine. With one million downloads in just 2.5 years, Divine Throughline is gaining wide popularity in hundreds of countries around the world. On the show, Julie offers musings in her approach to food as medicine, what it means to live a life of devotion, how to experience deep intimacy in relationships along with her transcendent, healing and soothing music. Julie is also a frequent guest on her husband’s top ranking health and wellness podcast, the Rich Roll Podcast, where she shares her spiritual wisdom as an integral part of wellness, vitality, and vibrant health.

An ancient “humming” meditation technique that she learned from a beloved teacher carried her into the deepest chambers of her heart where a body of original songs were waiting for her to sing them into creative form, a dream she had kept hidden even from herself, since the age of 6. Julie released “Mother of Mine”, her debut album in 2010, and its’ follow up “Jai Home” in 2011 which she recorded and produced with her musically prolific sons, Tyler and Trapper.

SriMati is currently recording a solo project which is a spiritual transmission of sacred sound integrated in the modern genre of alternative music.

Srimati is emerging as a lifestyle brand whose mission is to transmit spiritual frequency through all that is beautiful in life. New offerings will include: ceremonial clothing, medicinal art, an expanded food line, and musical performances. What you get with SriMati in all her endeavors, is a sermon or prayer which radiates the vibration of MOTHER, an energy that comes through her essence, her words and her music. After experiencing SriMati, you will feel blessed, healed and seen.

REFLECTIONS

Becoming spiritually embodied requires physical alchemy.

Heightened creativity is present within limitations. It's often when you find yourself without solutions in the form of money or outside help, that your genius can be revealed.

A warrior training is perfected in finding neutrality in the face of continued adversity, relentless challenges, setbacks and explosions. The shorter the freakout, the faster it dissolves as if it was designed simply as a test of passage. D. F. O. Don't Freak Out.

Your life is relevant only in its relationship to your own evolution. The perspective you take and meaning you choose to apply to the experience is what shapes your experience. Asking yourself these questions, "Why did I call this experience in to reveal to me? What wisdom do I wish to collect as a souvenir, Who will I become in the face of the experience?" allows us the move through in awareness and consciousness.

Taking responsibility as conscious beings that are walking through self created tests or initiations frees us from being victims of our life circumstance.

There is always an opportunity to meet the GOD in everyone.

In these meetings, you will meet the miraculous.

You may not feel you can control circumstance but you can choose to show up in your Highest Self and be willing, ready and available to transform and be transformed.

We are both significant and insignificant- completely. Your dreams are both important and completely unimportant. That's why we serve the source as us in pure creativity, joy and dedicated responsible action, held in a wide open field of non attachment.

Give your life over to something greater...

let me be a open, clear, harmonic instrument for the ONE as me.\No one outside of yourself can live your life for you. We are born alone and we die alone.

Romantic love is a beautiful illusion and a worthy experience to discover, "not this".

Laying your life down to something greater than you is wisdom and maturity in action. Do you really think you have control over anything? It's fine if you do, as life will continue to teach you, first with a nudge and later with a hammer if needed.

You can't serve two masters. Don't coin yourself a spiritual warrior and then judge yourself by the rules of the system. Does Jesus have a 401k just in case? Is Buddha saving for a rainy day?

We are spiritual beings having a human experience and there is a lot of energy waiting to interface with you. If you take one step towards that force, it will rush to meet you. In order to manifest on this plane there are unseen energies collaborating with your creations. Understand that your mind cannot know all things. Be open and available to the entirety of creation both seen and unseen energies.

Often the plans your personality has can be drastically different from the ones your higher self has for you. The higher directive of your life always wins. Even if you are kicking and screaming.

If we listen, life is speaking to us. Being open to the flow allows us to experience the universe exists within us. We are all shapeshifters.

You get it when you no longer need it and when it comes, that thing you have dreamed of, imagined, and coveted above all else, will feel as natural as the wind blowing across your cheek. And that huge event will be transpiring in front of your very eyes, and you will be relaxed, watching it in complete awareness and neutral recognition and know, "Aw there it is, the wind is blowing"

A life experienced from this devoted perspective fruits miraculous synchronicities and surprises which after many years and seasoning of character, you will come to receive them as obvious. As you now understand that life is like this.

It takes a lifetime to become.

MARKETING



This is not a pitch for pitch's sake. The moment for awakening is here and women, men who support women and millennials have already chosen a new path to a new life. For *The Life Of Me* is the lantern to light their path on their journey home. The story will draw readers to its wisdom magnetizing seekers from all over the world to buy it, read it and then share it with their friends and family.

This book is way beyond being powered by a formidable marketing plan and looking to sell hard through affiliates, free gifts and incessant pestering emails promising enlightenment to anyone who clicks through to purchase. Everyone can smell a marketing gimmick or hard sell. There are billion dollar corporations trying to figure out how they can manufacture "authentic". They will find it impossible to authenticate that which is manufactured. True authenticity takes purity of spirit and a willingness for transformation. Burning in the fire is required for real alchemy. SriMati's truth is part of her DNA. No one can take it from her or make it invalid. Truth does not defend, it simply is. SriMati's message is an expression of life experience and she has earned it's awareness through her dedication to know herself over many many years and even lifetimes beyond this one.

This book is the real deal because SriMati is a true and authentically accessible wayshower or living example of how to live a life of meaning. The truth is that the awarenesses gained by digesting her wisdom and life experiences, will become a part of the readers own inherent energy signature. This energy is constant and eternal. What we mean is that wisdom and knowledge that has these qualities is invaluable because it's impact will be integrated and experienced beyond even this lifetime.

The turmoil and uncertainty of the current landscape has dissolved any illusions for security in societal systems and structures. This sea change is happening rapidly in every area of life; food, health, wellness, education, spirituality, religion, relationships, gender, diversity, government, environment and international relations- literally every single are of life as we know it. That is why the authentic, grounded and transformational message of this book is so sought after. The only thing you can trust is your own connection to consciousness. The world has been so externally focused on worshipping money, that we have lost our ability to connect with our divinity. Shame, guilt and demons from our ancestral history haunt us to repeat the same mistakes lifetime after lifetime. With this book, SriMati offers a way out of the rat race, a clear path to embrace your own life, take responsibility for your choices and live a life of meaning which in turn blesses everyone around you. She does this not by giving people lists and tips but by sharing her own deeply moving experience of how she traversed the razors edges of her life by choosing a spiritual perspective. This raw, honest style of storytelling is the preferred and most potent channel of awakening people on the planet at this time.

SriMati is a spiritual teacher who is in the world but not of it. She is masterful at creating beautiful, meaningful and often humorous content that promotes her message powerfully but with grace and neutrality of offering. SriMati is living today to shift consciousness in every being who resonates with her message and who desires to awaken to their true nature. Every action she takes in is support of this mission.

She will continue to build her own audience via her podcast, frequent appearances on *The Rich Roll Podcast*, as well as guesting on other relevant channels. For *The Life Of Me* will be the calling card for her entire brand which includes plant-based cheeses, food products ,sustainable clothing, and sacred music. There is no end to SriMati's offerings.

It's the timeless spiritual truth and power of Autobiography of a yogi, evolved for the modern age, by an accessibility and

PODCASTS

SriMati is a powerful channel of communication. Her presence is total and her transparency thin as she engages in lively, open, and honest conversation. And then there is often a moment when a space opens up and a message comes through delivered with a resounding impact. The effect is deep and profound, and often invoke's deep emotional response and recognition from the listener. It's almost as if an energy behind the words is transmitted into the listeners very being and catalyzes transformation on the spot. Her words on the page are delivered in kind. Make no mistake this book is a revelatory transmission for the modern age. Author of three best selling cookbooks, her social presence is growing, steady and true. This book is her brand calling card which will put her on the map as a life guide to the masses. SriMati creates beautiful food and she is a culinary master creating a revolutionary new technology for making creamy, tangy cheese with nuts!. Her in store brand of plant-based cheeses, "This Cheese Is Nuts!" will be distributed world wide and is a massive offering. The reason behind the cheese is it's spiritual transmission which will activate the masses into remembering their own divinity. For The Life Of Me is the heart and core of the energy of SriMati. Many more product lines will come in addition to cheese. This is only the beginning. As her brand grows, the masses will always return to this book to get the story behind her empire.

GUEST APPEARANCES

Julie has been featured on more than 40 episodes on one of the world's most highly acclaimed podcasts, The Rich Roll Podcasts, which has 40 million downloads:



120+ EPISODES
95% 5 STAR RATING
190 RATINGS ON ITUNES
1 MILLION DOWNLOADS
IN JUST 2.5 YEARS

SRIMATI HAS BEEN FEATURED ON:

THE ROBCAST
ROB BELL

THE GOOD LIFE PROJECT:
JONATHAN FIELDS

FINDING MASTERY:
MICHAEL GERVAIS

MELISSA AMBROSINI PODCAST

THE LIFE STYLIST PODCAST
LUKE STOREY

MIND BODY GREEN

ONE PART PLANT

ONE GREEN PLANET

RUNNING ON OM

LET IT OUT

THRIVE ACADEMY PODCAST

NAMELY MARLEY

OUR HEN HOUSE



SOCIAL

INSTAGRAM

FOLLOWERS: ~45K

AGE RANGE: 25-45

WOMEN: 75%

MEN: 25%

FACEBOOK

FOLLOWERS: 8K

TWITTER

FOLLOWERS: 8K

With a strong social reach, SriMati has cultivated a devoted international following. Her audience base is growing daily, with increasing engagement and interaction.

