



JAN DESAI'S
COMPASS ROSE

A Roadmap to an Authentic Life

Get Your Bearings and Stay on Course to the Life of Your Dreams



IN THIS ISSUE

- Look out your window
- Deep gratitude for YOU
- The freedom of feeling all emotions

The Window of Gratitude

Everything out your window has the potential to be an epiphany, demonstrating the miracle in the mundane. What you see depends on your attitude and the gratitude you have for the truth of life in all of its imperfect beauty.

Will you do something for me? Go look out your window. It's okay, I'll wait.

It doesn't matter where you're located. It doesn't matter what time of day or night. Go to that window and look out...don't glance. Even if it's a view that you've seen hundreds of times before, take the time to slowly drink in everything that you see. Don't filter the results or categorize them. Simply look with open eyes.

What will you see? It depends. You might see a neighbor walking their dog or the push and pull of traffic on a street or even just the bricks of the building next door. What you are seeing, in some sense, doesn't really matter. *It's how you are seeing that makes all the difference.* When you look out with eyes that are truly open, what you will see is life - real life, raw life, life in its purest form, replete with *possibilities*.

Everything out your window has the potential to be an epiphany, demonstrating the miracle at the heart of the mundane. Yes, the neighbor is walking his dog, but a sudden gust of wind can make fallen leaves spin around him like an *enchantment*. Yes, it is only the gridlock of traffic, yet a *small tree* blooming in the scrub of the road's edge is *trembling* with tenacity and chance. Yes, there is nothing to look at but the bricks of the building next door, but if you *crane your neck and look up*, you can see Orion's Belt *glittering* in the night sky.



Very few windows have a perfect view. So what you see depends on *how you look* and what you *want to see*. If all you choose to see is the **absence** of miracles, then all you will see are the things that appear to **disturb** your view - the things you wish *weren't* there or *were different*. However, if you can look through that appearance of disturbance and see things **as they really are**, I guarantee that you will see the godhead waving back at you in that little bird, that fall of sunlight, or the shape of a cloud in the sky. When you do **look**, when you do **truly see**, you will fall to your knees in gratitude for this *greatest* of gifts wrapped up in the *simplest* of things.

This is gratitude. The deep gratitude that changes your life. It opens your eyes and your heart and allows you to appreciate what you **have** rather than what is missing. It is the **single most powerful source of inspiration to which you can align**. You only need be

willing to stop and pay attention to the plentitude of miracles that are unfolding all around you, willing to *retrain your perception* to see the beauty and blessings...in everything.

Retrain your perception to see the beauty and blessings...in everything.

This week, I have the *deepest* gratitude for all of you who have reached out to me with words of support and encouragement for this segment of my journey.

I am *overjoyed* that so many of you see yourselves in the words of the Compass Rose - from young mothers trying to be the *best* that they can be, to those who deeply desire to create a life of *meaning* after challenging times, to those who simply are *worn down* by playing by *long-accepted rules* and living a life of seeming *mediocrity*.

In opening my heart and my inner world to you, I wish you to know this truth: **I am a direct reflection of you.** A reflection of your light and your love and your limitless potential.

In all ways, ***we are exactly the same.*** I am no more special, no more accomplished, and no more intelligent than you are! I've experienced **decades** of challenges. Yet, today, I am able to see **beyond** the veil of what was unfolding to know this: Each perceived heartache and each unexpected tragedy was an *invitation* from a higher presence to ***break free of my perceived limitations.***

Real life is messy. Can any of us deny that? It can feel brutal. But it can be *breathtakingly beautiful* as well. The relentless inner call to a life of authenticity, underpinned by spiritual practices and rituals, is not a guarantee - or a free pass - from the messiness or the brutality of life. ***But it does deliver something much more valuable.***

You see, I *still* argue with my husband, Panache. My kids *still* have epic meltdowns. I have *sleepless nights* where I *deeply regret*



something I've done. But I don't *remain* stuck in these episodes, living in the shadows of their illusion. I am having these external experiences but I am not *getting lost in them*, so I am able to maintain a sense of connection that allows me to *return* to increasing moments of peace with it all as it is unfolding. In other words, I'm okay with the current view out of my window because I can look and see *the power of the universe that suffuses everything it touches*, even the things that I don't want to see and that I don't want to happen.

I can see the power of the universe that suffuses everything it touches, even the things that I don't want to see and that I don't want to happen.

When I began to embrace my spiritual path as my top priority more than a decade ago, my goal was simple. I wanted to distance myself from my *perceived brokenness*. I wished to transcend, once and for all, my *emotional pain*. I wanted to move *beyond the heartbreak*

of my divorce. I needed to move *beyond the regret* of losing my father before I had time to reconcile my perceived hurts. I deeply desired to look at my reflection and *not be repulsed* by what looked back at me. And more than anything, I wanted to find a way to *stop the bad things from happening to me*. I wanted the dog-walking neighbor and the traffic and the brick wall next door to suddenly vanish.

Spirituality became my allegorical **necklace of garlic** that I meticulously donned every morning to keep the world's monsters at bay. I believed that if I prayed hard enough, meditated long enough, studied deep enough, and practiced loving kindness diligently I would somehow be **immune** to the knockout punches that life is known to throw.



And oh my God, was it a tough go.

Every time something bad would happen, I would beat myself up believing *my spirituality*

was somehow defective. I was unbelievably harsh toward my inner being – *more of a bully than a saint*. I would berate myself for not doing a good enough job at my practices. I saw myself as a flawed sinner, a "special needs" spiritual seeker.

And as Murphy's Law decrees, the bad stuff continued to roll in. *A traffic ticket. A car accident. Ugly fights with my husband. Health scares. Troubles with my teenaged son. A failed pregnancy. Business challenges.*



The magnitude of the challenge no longer mattered. Dropping a glass jar of pickles and having it shatter across the kitchen floor upset me as greatly as a dreaded abnormal mammogram. I had fallen victim to the wrongheaded belief that *life had singled me out*. I beseeched God: *"It isn't fair...there's a double cross going on here. I'm doing the work. Take it all away."*

The longer I held onto this belief - the greater

I suffered. In fact, over the years I had adapted so completely to my victimhood that I used to take great pride in telling people that *my survival mechanism was refusing to feel anything*. I had earned the nickname "Ice Queen."

But through my work to move closer to authenticity and my commitment to an evolving spiritual foundation, that ice around my heart began to melt. I slowly opened myself up to the *emotion of everything* that had happened. It was, at first, a profound and an overwhelming experience. I *relinquished* every habit that *kept me numb* to my experience. I stopped *self-medicating*. I gave up behaviors and choices that had *hijacked my attention* from the painful memories and the even more painful present moment. I began *taking responsibility for my own choices*. And in doing so, the dense blockages within my being to begin to move.

I began taking responsibility for my own choices, and the blockages within my being began to move.

And this is what I learned:

If you live long enough, you are going to experience some significantly stressful events. A loved one will die. You will get sick. Heartbreak will happen. Someone will mistreat you. Your child will experience challenges. You will make mistakes – and some of them will be *horrific*.

Armed with a **commitment to self-awareness, personal integrity, spiritual practices, and the acknowledgement of grace**, the nature of your questions to the universe will change. It is no longer, "I'm a good person, why are bad things happening to me?" Instead, you begin to accept reality for what it is. You're mantra will become "*I am a human being living in a world that is chaotically evolving into its inherent perfection. Life will constantly change and evolve. Tragedy will strike. Bad things are going to happen...to everyone!*"

Bad things are going
to happen to
everyone! We can
accept what is...or
suffer.

And when adversity does strike, there are only two options. *Accept* what is...or *suffer*.

Don't get confused about how "accepting what is" translates. Caring, compassionate, and heart-centered people often confuse it with indifference. However, it doesn't mean throwing your arms into the air and doing nothing.

It means taking conscious action to support your own evolution. It translates to a deep inquiry each time something painful arrives. "What is the deeper message? What wounding exists within me that has me responding in this way? What can I do to bring about wholeness in myself so that I can find some degree of peace with what I am dealing with today?"



And most importantly, "Where are the things that deserve my gratitude?"

- Every time my husband and I fought, I am grateful that he stayed in the face of the ugliness. He remained steadfast in his knowing that I was in a deep state of pain.

- Each time my son would make a choice that was 180 degrees from what I wanted him to do, I was grateful that he still came home every night and found safety and security in our presence.
- With every health hiccup or scare I received, I was grateful that I woke up every morning with another 24 hour extension on my life.
- And with every cathartic emotional outburst, I was deeply grateful that I had given myself over to feeling and allowing the blocks to move out of me, thereby ensuring that they wouldn't evolve into chronic negativity.

If we open our hearts
with deep and
abiding gratitude,
any travesty can
become our greatest
teacher.

Life will never unfold the way we think it should. We simply don't have all the details or the perspective. We can't see the greater picture. We can't know our greatest purpose. But if we can learn to open our hearts with deep and abiding gratitude, any travesty can become our greatest teacher.

All we have to do is look out our windows. There, no matter the season and no matter the weather, we will find the truth of life in all of its imperfect beauty.

Until next time,



JOY, MEANING & AUTHENTICITY

Click below to sign up for Jan's
audio teaching:
**How to Reclaim
Your Dreams!**



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

See Jan Desai live at the
Omega Institute in Rhinebeck,
New York, July 6-8, 2018 as
she teaches you

**The Courage
To Do Things Differently!**

[MORE INFO](#)