

The Law of Perpetual Transmutation (Law of Attraction)

Perpetual: Eternal; permanent; seemingly ceaseless as often repeated
Transmutation: The act or instance of transmuting
Transmute: To change the form, substance or character of

Ask a religious person to define God and they will reply that God is an omnipotent force made of energy. God cannot be created, cannot be destroyed and is eternal. Ask a scientist what he or she perceives to be the cause of creation and they will say energy. Energy cannot be created, cannot be destroyed and is eternal.

Same thing, different words. Either way we all understand that there is a creative force greater than we are and whose infinite energy force operates in the Universe and this is an orderly Universe. Regardless of what you might think, nothing - no thing - operates by chance, there are no coincidences and no accidents for the Universe - or God - operates via a system of perfect laws.

As we need laws on earth to stop things getting chaotic and to instil order in our world, so too does the Universe. The Universe operates on 7 Laws. These Laws work in perfection and they are impartial, which explains why good things happen to bad people and bad things happen to good people, and these Laws are thought and emotionally driven. When we learn how to operate within these Laws we begin to understand how things *really* work.

I reiterate the following explanation from last week because the more you hear these words, the more you understand them to be true, the more you allow them to sink into your subconscious mind, the easier you will understand the Laws and how they work.

Today we are going to talk about the Law of Perpetual Transmutation, also known as the Law of Attraction. Whenever you say 'like attracts like' or 'he got what he deserved' whether you know it or not you are acknowledging the Law of Perpetual Transmutation.

This Law states that energy (and thought is energy) moves into physical form, the image you hold to most often is what materialises for you. In other words you attract what you think about most. This seems deceptively easy if taken at face value but so many times we think of the opposite of what we want and seem surprised when it appears in our lives. For a deeper understanding of this Law it is wise to examine our thoughts. What are we *really* thinking? How do we talk to ourselves? Are we positive or do we dwell on:

- *I would hate it if (fill in the blank) happened*
- *this is just what I did not want to happen*
- *this always happens to me*

There are so many of these seemingly throwaway statements that we make constantly throughout our day and each time we think the same thought it edges deeper into our subconscious self and manifests right on cue.

So what's the answer? Simply change your thinking. Easier said than done, you say and you are quite right. Hoping for the best but expecting the worst is a facet of our upbringing. We are taught to be wary, careful, to keep ourselves safe from all real or imagined terrors. We live in fear of so many things and while it is quite right to display a certain amount of caution (no kudos for being foolhardy), for this Law to operate successfully in our lives we must learn to change the negative into the positive.

Ask yourself what you are thinking right this minute? Perhaps your thoughts will surprise you. If you discover you are in a negative frame of mind then actively change it, replace that negative thought with a positive one. The Universe abhors a vacuum so you will be unsuccessful in dissolving a negative thought if you simply try to push it away, you must replace it with a thought that is positive. As with all things this becomes easier with practice...

A Parable to Explain the Law of Perpetual Transmutation

When she was thirty-six years old and the subject of two divorces (in neither of which she came off particularly well) she decided she wanted nothing to do with men ever again. She took up windsurfing, running, tennis and golf and these activities, along with her job, filled her life sufficiently for a number of years.

When she woke up one morning and found herself to be forty-six years of age she had already given up both windsurfing and tennis although she still ran (more accurately power-walked) and played golf.

When she became fifty-six she realised with dismay that golf was all she had left. She decided to take the early retirement option from her job and to give marriage another go.

But what is the best way for a fifty-six year old female in a small town to meet her potential Mr Right? She had no idea but she was determined to find out. She trawled the small ads in the local newspaper but declined to call, declaring to herself that she'd be too embarrassed if it were discovered that she knew the man in question. She tried a dating agency, one located in a city 30 miles away (just in case). She was given the names of 6 potential Mr R's but she chose to call none of them. 'Why not?' her friend (and the only one privy to her secret quest) asked. 'No idea,' she replied trying to be glib 'but it just feels wrong.' 'Pity you didn't think of that before you parted with the exorbitant fee,' the friend quipped and was duly ignored.

One night while she was lying in bed she fell into the half-asleep/half-awake state we sometimes find ourselves in and it came to her then to write down all the qualities she wanted in her Mr R. With her eyes barely open she wrote and she wrote and as the list became longer the more she thought it was an impossible task but she kept on writing. When she was absolutely sure she had finished writing she put the list away without reading it over and settled down to sleep.

The very next day she was accosted in the local swimming pool by a man she had never seen before. Well perhaps accosted was too strong a word but she definitely felt as though she was being stalked as the man appeared to ambush her from various places: in the pool itself, in the foyer afterwards, the offer of a coffee in the snack bar, even in the car park she was not safe and as she drove away she glanced nervously in her rear-view mirror incase he was following her. He wasn't.

'He must have the hots for you,' friend laughed when she relayed her swimming pool experience over a glass or two of wine that evening. 'I don't know why,' she replied glumly, looking at her fifty-six-year-old face in the mirror. 'Me neither,' friend agreed with her own brand of peculiar loyalty 'but there's no accounting for taste eh?'

When friend had departed she went into her bedroom and came across the notebook in which she'd written her long list of required attributes of the potential Mr R. Feeling like a thief at worse, a voyeur at best she furtively turned the pages until she came to it:

The List of Requirements for the Potential Mr Right

He should not be shorter than I am (condemning her to low heels)
He should not be younger than I am (nothing in common)
He should not be of scruffy appearance (she abhorred trainers and t-shirts)
He should not be too pushy (she deplored over-confidence)
He should not be a coffee-drinker...

There was more - much more actually - to the list but she stopped reading here, realising that she had successfully attracted the swimming pool man - in reverse! He was definitely shorter than her even when they were both standing in bare feet, he was definitely younger too, and she had noted with some disdain when he invited her for coffee and he was both a scruffy dresser and a coffee lover. And pushy - he was definitely that!

'More rubbish,' angrily she tossed the notebook aside, wondering now whatever madness had come over her that she'd thought, in the dark of night, that all she had to do was write a list of attributes to find her potential Mr Right. But wait a minute, she retrieved her notes and read again. It was as if

the word *not* had been removed for had she not attracted a man who was all the things she particularly did not want? She moved to throw the book a second time but stopped. After all it was too exacting wasn't it? All the things she did not want... Maybe she should write a list compiled of all the things she not want... she scratched her head in disbelief when she realised that that is exactly what she had done.

She scabbled in her bedside cabinet for a pen. 'Maybe if I rewrite the list...'
And she did.

The New List

He should be taller than I am
He should be my age or older
He should be of smart appearance
He should be quietly confident
He should prefer tea to coffee...

When she finished the list she turned out the light. She'd already decided to visit the swimming pool again tomorrow...

Whatever we place our thoughts on we attract to us.