



**[ THE OTHER HALF ]**

**BOZIA.DESIGN**

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**This story is about a designer who, with God by her side, faith in her heart, and a mindset for success, went on a journey to close the gap between art and design and between life and God—and to find out who she truly is in the world of art.**

*In 2018 "Her" showed up in my life.*

*Ha! Today, I finally know why!*

*- Bozia*

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## **INTRODUCTION**

# Hello there! My name is Bozia, and I am[...]

I am a graphic designer, which makes me a brand designer, web designer, poster designer, magazine designer, marketing and advertising designer, package designer, logo designer, typography and typeface designer, app designer... But for the love of God, let me better stop and ask:

When did this one title become all of these?

Why is there so much?

Who came up with all that?

And, is there more to come?

As a designer, I am allergic to “a lot,” but then it feels incomplete when I must just pick something from that list. Oh, God! Plus, I can’t just say I do design, because there are others who also use this word in their own jobs.

There was a time when all I wanted to do was art, but then in the blink of an eye, I ended up with an academic certificate of title that turned out to have a never-ending list of hidden subtitles. And now it is my turn to introduce myself to the world, but I can’t! Because I’m feeling stuck on making a decision about WHO I AM!

This predicament gives me no choice but to go back to where it all began, and find the best solution for my name.



## Graphic Design

Once upon a time, there were talented commercial and poster creators who didn't know who they were until 1922, when William A. Dwiggins decided to call them graphic designers. Since then, they all finally knew their proper name when others wanted to hire them...

Yet the title struggle started once again, when many years later the digital age began, letting graphic designers gain way more fame with the additional skills I already mentioned on the previous page.

Today, the field of graphic design is split in half. One side likes to play a jack-of-all-trades, and the other specializes in just a few skills.

But! As I thought, there is more! Because there is another creative field that doesn't let designers' minds stay still. What I am talking about here is art, which has been famous since the very long past.

Many times designers feel left out because they don't really know their space in the world of art. So! There have already been several years of many debates where art and design like to fight about whether one belongs to the other or not! These questions never seem to find their final answer: Is design art? Could design be art? What exactly is design? Could design belong to art? **Oh God! What did I do the day I signed up to be a part of this school? For the last time, let me take a closer look, and find the best solution for these two!**

## Art vs Design Debate

Art and design both use the same basic building blocks such as color, shape, line, contrast, rhythm, and balance, but there are also many differences between the two that trouble everyone to decide about their final result; in that case I decided to just let them all speak. Here are some examples of their critique:

\*

Art is first and foremost Self-centered, coming from within;  
Design on the contrary is always centered around a user, a client, an audience within a pain point that requires a solution.

—Fabian Geyrhalter

\*

Art values chaos;  
Design subtracts chaos to add value.

—Unknown

\*

Art is rebellion;  
Design has discipline.

—Bozia Ty

\*

Art is allowing yourself to make mistakes;  
Design is knowing which ones to keep.

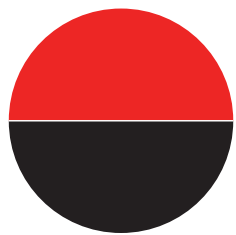
—Scott Adams

\*

Art is a question to a problem;  
Design is a solution to a problem.

—John Maeda

**With all this being said, as a designer, I must  
ask once again: WHO I AM?**



**CHAPTER ONE**  
**Two of Something One**

**Two of something one: they connect, they match, they attract, yet both act as the opposite type. You can spot them as complementary manifestations that are considered “normal” in the world that we all know as external.**

### **Plato’s Symposium**

According to Greek mythology, humans were originally created as a rounded whole with four arms, four legs, and a head with two faces facing opposite directions. Fearing their power, Zeus split them into two, condemning them to spend their lives in search of the other half.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Insert correct reference.

## **Yin and Yang**

In ancient Chinese philosophy, Yin and Yang form a whole. Yin means “shady” and Yang means “sunny”—two halves, together complete and balanced, but, when split into two—it upsets the equilibrium! So, then both chase after one another to find new balance with each other.

## **Energy**

Two related energies with the opposite behavior combine, attracted by curiosity for one another, creating power with each other: north and south, plus and minus, positive and negative.

## Numbers

Numbers are infinite. There are two numbers that are the same, yet face different, and there is one number that is a whole. When two numbers with the same amount but different behavior connect, they make a whole—a whole that's pure and invisible, a whole that's flushed with the ground.

## Ego and Soul

Ego and Soul are like two warriors battling each other over control of their one and the same carrier. Ego comes from the neighborhood called “the external world,” usually plays a bad guy, speaks loudly, yet doubts many times because it knows it may lose at any time. Soul on the other hand is such a star! Came straight from the sky! God knows only from how far! God knows only at what speed! God's little brave spark of life, born to be eternal, so it knows it can do all!

Ego and Soul, both won't let go, both have so much more to show! So let's just take them to the other page; let's just speak about them further next!

## Ego – Soul

As I already mentioned before, Ego belongs to the external world, so like all of the others, it splits in half, giving an illusion of good or bad; and on the other side, Soul is designed to be everyone's best friend, its job to provide a good and successful life to all who follow its path.

\*

When in a fight, you can spot Ego very loud; Soul, however, likes to stand behind and study the situation before taking any action;

\*

Ego seeks wisdom;  
Soul is wisdom.

\*

Ego strives for outward recognition;  
Soul seeks for inner authenticity.

\*

Ego feels the pain;  
Soul heals everything.

\*

Ego covets material gain;  
Soul helps others by giving things away.

\*

Ego competes;  
Soul plays as a team.

\*

Ego takes;  
Soul creates.

\*

Ego says “I know” or “I don't know”—that's all;  
Soul likes to for example “ask Google” and seek the information from all over the world.



\*

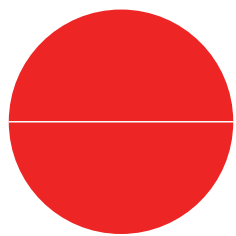
Ego is Me;  
Soul flips [M] upside down to We!

\*

Finally, Ego lets go,  
to connect with Soul, making everything a  
WHOLE!

**[Command 1] Unite!**  
**Separation is Ego's life!**

**God! So much has been already proposed.  
Could design have been the other half of  
Art? And, if both were put together, could  
they also make a whole?**



## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **Whole**

**We are all, each of us, another's half; and a whole—which means complete. We search for the other half to become a whole, and we can go through life and have several halves, but there is only one that really connects us best!**

## **I Am**

I am a whole; I am the Creator of this all; I am the God prior to any self-manifestation; and, I am the God who once was alone; whose soul now is in us all; whose rivers were once its blood; and, who awaits to connect everything and everyone back to one!

## **Universe**

The universe is a whole, with a back-to-you echo. What goes around must always come around—that is its law; yet it's what is truly from the heart that comes back.

## **World**

The world is a whole, and we all are the world.  
God created us to keep evolving the whole.

## God

God is a designer. God designed life to be His evolving art. The first few days God himself designed, and on the sixth day he planned to make a few copies just like him—to have an assisting designing team to help co-design what God begun. And on the seventh day, he called a break, to live the life God designed.

## Life

Life is God's art made of many parts. Each one of these parts are His unique designs. God gave us the light, leaving life for us to decide. At the very beginning, we messed up; we ate fruit from the tree that was forbidden by God, which led us to split our thoughts in half, doubt everything, and redirect our lives onto different paths. Yet God believed in us! God raised a child to lead us to the right path. Then we were given a choice: keep going on our own or follow the true leader's voice.

## Parts

Everyone and everything around is a part. Some are a match; some are not; some are a test to pass; and some are just a crowd! However, all are connected to one! Many times it's hard to tell which part is which, so, it's important to always try to fit in. Think of every part as a lesson for growth and an opportunity to become a whole. Choose to see the light. Let go of the opposite side, and help one another to become better! Remember, they're your piece and you're their piece; no matter what, never be a beast! If you must then just leave them in silent peace. Picking good in the world always brings a reward.

**Always connect all parts with the good side in your mind. The less you overreact, the stronger is your power to defeat doubt and move toward the right path.**

## **Life Is a Designing School**

Life is a designing school, where you are given a blank sketchbook for you to unfold with goals and aims made out of elements gained throughout your life experience. From the moment you are born, you are given lessons and tests, so take notes: drop the ego and act like a soul. Mind your own business; stay away from trouble; and believe in the process! Write that down, because the better the score, the better a final design you will become.

**Remember: In the end, a good heart always wins.**



## **Lessons and Tests**

Always ask “why” about everything. Always watch for repeating patterns in life. Know that there are hidden reasons for every situation. Allow yourself to explore until you finally discover what is all about—because God gives you the test, and passing it brings you closer to your success.

## **Love and Forgiveness**

Love and forgiveness let you pass any kind of test. Start with one; look in, not out—first do that part right—then the outside will easily fall onto the right path.

**Doubt and anger will never get you anything but conflict and will distract you from the right path that God co-designs with you.**

### **The Right Path**

The right path is the whole.

The right path is the light that rejects the dark.

The right path is the why.

And, the right path is the greatest success of life!

## Co-Design

God's art was designed without any doubt; and we humans were in synch with God until we slipped from the right path. Now, we create conflict in our lives by dividing everything between dark and light and worrying whether we are good enough or not. Yet God found his way to be the only part, by leaving in all of us a subconscious mind, God co-designs with us, and lets us decide on which side and how high we would like to vibe to keep evolving this art.

**We let doubt in and WE must let it out. That's the only way we can fight the dark side of our minds.**

## Subconscious Mind

Subconscious mind is the most powerful tool of our minds. It controls 95 percent of our lives; it's where our desires are planted. It's the feeling-mind. It's not logical. Its language is nonverbal, yet it still takes every word as *literal*. Compared to the conscious mind it's one million times more powerful. Our subconscious mind never sleeps, as it speaks to us in our dreams. It can make our life beautiful or destroy it, and it's not its fault, because when we speak our mind using words that are NOT right, the subconscious mind will give us what we DON'T want. Just because NOT and DON'T are wrong! So, from now on, twist your words, speak about your wants, and get rid of all wrong words. Redesign your mind, focus on the present time, find the highest, truest being of yourself, and nourish it with repetition and emotion until it's real!

That's the affirmative, active thought, and it's hundreds of times more powerful than any subconscious thought!

Story here, story there, story everywhere...  
maybe I am a storyteller, then? God! I give  
up! Now, WHO AM I?



## **CHAPTER THREE**

**Who Am I**

**You ask who you are, but first open your heart. Your designer is locked in there, waiting for you to let him out, so it can align your life with the right path. He gives you the sign that you are the only one. Now, pick out your unique parts, work hard, never give up, and become! Because, your designer's plan is to always provide you with the greatest life!**

## **Fate**

Sketchbook held in little girl's hands for 24 hours a day;

Sketchbook held in little girl's hands, because that was all what she had;

Sketchbook held in little girl's hands, because her whole life was sketched in there;

Sketchbook held in little girl's hands, but she never sketched herself in there!

One day she thought she deserved more, so, she broke the chain and sketched a note on one of the sketchbook's pages:

I am...

I am creative,

I am spiritual,

I am transcendent,

I am logical,  
I am analytical,  
I am organized,

I am attentive,  
I am principled,  
I am involved,

I am generous,  
I am optimistic,  
I am sociable,

I am calculated,  
I am cautious,  
I am serious,

I am balanced,  
I am empathetic,  
I am harmonious,

I am persistent,  
I am forceful,  
I am daring,

I am thankful,  
I am devoted,  
I am accommodated,

I am selfless,  
I am altruistic,  
I am loyal,

I am leading,  
I am communicating,  
I am achieving,

I am every kind of good I can find in this world, so, without any doubt, I am worth more than what I have. Sketchbook, make my



wish your command, make me successful. I am rightful! Because, I am a little girl with a sketchbook filled with goals set up by my heart, sketched by my mind, and held in my very own hands!

**Life is designed by God,  
but, without any doubt,  
we certainly can vibe  
that life far higher as we  
see it in front of our eyes.**

## **Find You**

Spend some time with just You. Listen. Take notes. DON'T fight, criticize, or judge! Finally, look around and select the parts that you like. Forgive and subtract all the rest, because these are someone else's parts. We all didn't know from the past how easily our pieces were getting attached.

Cleaning up those parts once in a while will help you understand yourself and recognize your feeling-emotion, aka intuition.

## **Intuition**

Intuition is the vibe that guides what matters in your life;

Intuition is a communication between you and your heart to help you pick the right path;

Intuition is that random flash that comes to your mind along with your heart and gut;

And, Intuition prompts you to say “huh” to something that just popped up, or to a consistent, repetitive thought.

Remember, if we ignore what we sense, we hit walls, get confused, and feel lost.

## Align Your Life

Soul, body, heart, and mind is the beauty and art of life. Always have them all together, balanced and aligned. Lack of their connection is one of the reasons for anxiety, depression, and panic attacks—and these symptoms are usually the best guides. When we connect with ourselves, we find the missing parts; we close the door to emptiness and the feeling of *not enough* that haunted our past.<sup>1</sup>

[1] start with your mind, because the way you think is the way you feel;

[2] once you organize your thoughts, then emotions right after will fall in the same direction;

[3] once your thoughts and emotions are on the right path, your energy will start to vibrate as

another positive part;

[and4] once your thoughts, emotions, and energy are organized, your body will also begin to shine!

Once you have these four parts aligned, you can become anything your heart desires, because functioning within you every moment of your life is the main tool of design.

## **Desire**

Unite with the right path. Become anything you would like to be, but always aligned with your heart. Let the designer move the parts around, and watch how everything becomes beautifully alive, because this is his art, and he from the start decides how parts are designed.

## **Destiny**

Destiny is the element of your life that comes by itself to you, yet response is a choice made by no one else but just you. When destiny shows up, stand up straight, say yes, and give your best! Because that response can bring you one step closer to your desired success.

**In the present time, let your heart send out a confident vibe about who you are, and never doubt your path! Part by part, your life will take you anywhere you want. Remember, no other desire will ever be satisfied like the one that is directed by the heart.**

## **Success**

Success is within everyone's heart, but some of us don't believe in ourselves enough, some are too doubtful, and some simply don't reach it because of the shortcuts of life they choose to live by. Success is a lifetime journey that never ends when it's designed the proper way.

## **Memories**

There is a reason behind every memory you have stuck in your mind. Speak them out loud, find the patterns, and connect them to one. Because they are important parts of your individual design that God and you work on in his art.

## **Present Time**

What once was cannot be undone; what will come cannot be planned by anyone; what is now is the only sign, unless you missed it, in which case it will come around again looking like the previous sign. Always keep your eyes out for the signs. They may show up at any time! Why? Because God works all the time!

Next, pick out your parts and start to design what in the stars is already planned for you! Remember, being in the present is the only way to a fulfilled life!

## **Level Up**

Each one of us has our own path—our own level that we are at. That is why we should NEVER fight, criticize, or judge, because there is always a reason behind every part of life! So just experience it, observe it, try to understand it, and with an open mind, use it to level up!

## **Let Go**

Let go, be the flow, and let the designer assign you the work.

## **Your Name**

Your name, title, or nickname is NOT an accident. Once you start seeing the life your heart designs, you will understand the hidden meaning that stands behind each one of them.

## **Kindness and Gratitude**

God built this world on a foundation of kindness and gratitude. Living with those two simple principles, your life will design itself into something beautiful. Living this way doesn't mean you need to be a saint; it's okay to break the rules from time to time. Just understand that the Universe will bring you back.



**Desire your life, know who you are, and NEVER give up. Believe and trust the time, but meanwhile, be the flow—let the designer pass you the parts you like the most to become the life your heart wants.**

## **What If**

What if the goal is to become a whole, and face life from both sides of the world?

What if I don't know?

What if this all is wrong?

And, what if none of this works?!

*What if* comes from a place of doubt, so let's keep this question in the dark!



## **CHAPTER FOUR**

**Become**

**It all started when I asked God for the meaning of life, wondering who exactly am I. I erased all the previous pages to be ready like a student in the classroom to start taking notes from her professors' daily lectures. Each page turned out to be a day, and then it was already a year of someone completely new.**

## **Become**

First I was just a small shape, a tiny thing of almost nothing, living in the big world that I used to think was everything. A shape that one day finally woke up to join the right path. What I found out is that each one of us has our own unique path, and only one job.

**The work of art is a true emotion hidden in its design: [1] Subtract everything that isn't right; [2] pick the essentials; [3] put them together; [and4] take a step back to watch how everything aligns perfectly, just like that!**

### **Breakdown to Breakthrough**

NEVER be afraid or feel angry to have a broken heart, to feel anxiety, or to be depressed about something that did not work out. Every feeling must come to pass, and the most painful feelings hide the most beauty. Pain speeds up the breakthrough to your real art, and finding good in even the worst moments of your life will show the strength of your faith in God's assignment for your part.

## Breakdown

[1] *Breathe!* No! I give up! Let the wings take me far! Where everything is at peace! Where the darkness is NOT a beast! *Breathe!* No! I give up! Forbidden life, please take me back!

[2] Dear God, what is my life going to be like now? I don't know if I'm able to do this anymore!

[3] God, please help me heal my heart from all I see. I can't reach my soul while the pain is still in here!

[and4] God, the pain is so strong! I DON'T wish or want anyone to feel that hurt! What can I do to help? How can I let it all go?

## Her

It took me many years to find Her in myself. People were reading me the way I never wanted them to read me. I fought with my thoughts, my feelings, my actions. I had ups and downs. I was lost. I was no one until I finally found Her!

Her opened my eyes.

Her explained to me the right path.

Her designed me to be a fighter, a winner.

Her designed me to be a woman.

*Her* was no one else but the inner me!

Today, as Her, I let Ego look on the external, but my Soul, no matter what, rules this all!

## **Sad Instead**

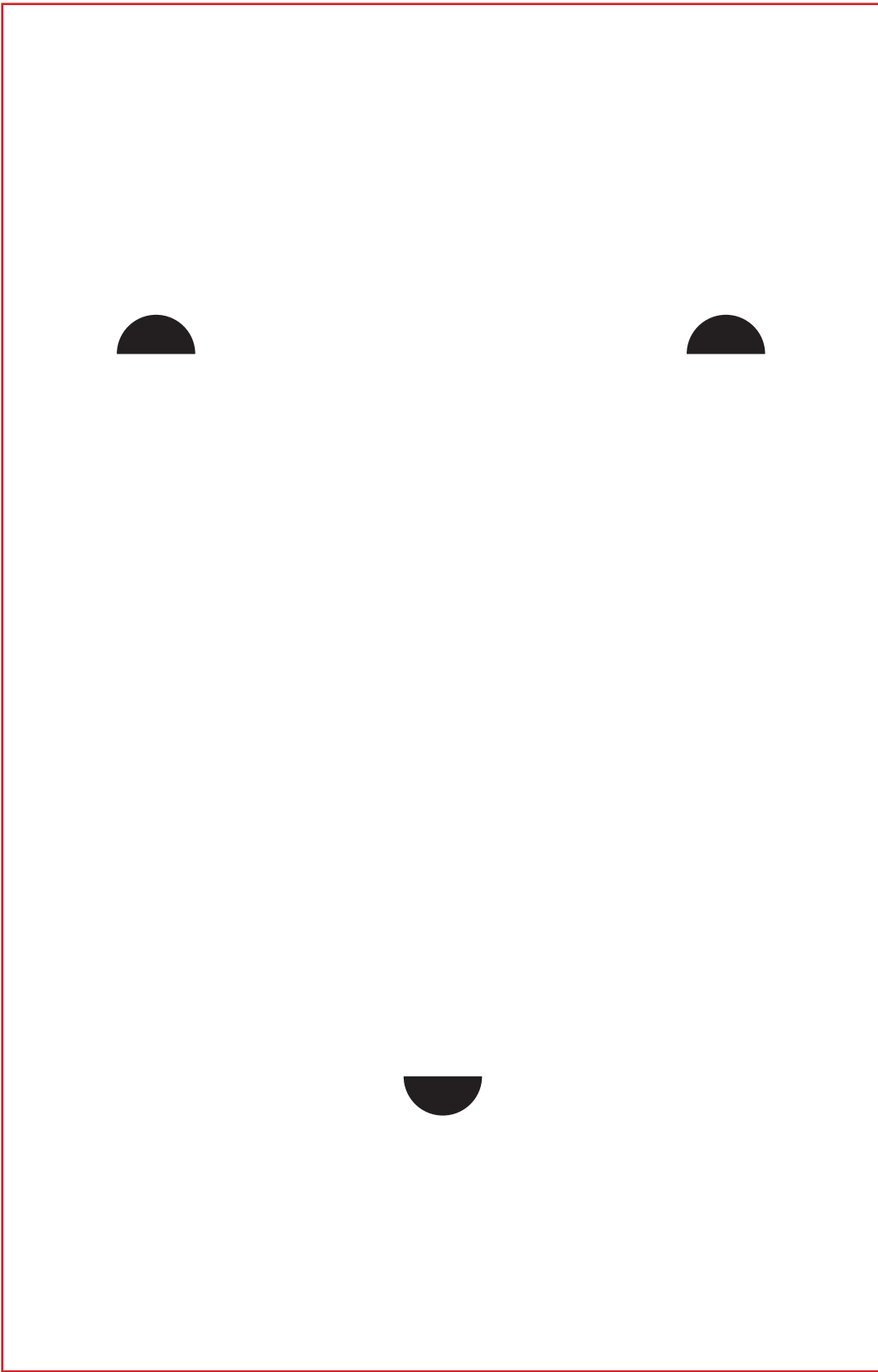
No matter what you do, I prefer NOT to be mad at you. I choose to be sad instead, because I know this will take me somewhere without any further regret. I simply tell myself that if there is need then let's just cry for some time, and tomorrow I'll be fine. With my soul by my side I can go through any hard parts of life. That is how I discipline my mind. They say for a reason that "Life is tough," but so am I! As long as I avoid hurting anyone, the victory will always be mine!

## **There is No Magic Pill**

Living in the twenty-first century makes you wish for an emotional magic pill, but since there isn't one, the only answer is to open your heart and find your right path. Then you will always stay positively high.

**NEVER regret a moment in your life. Turn challenges into gifts; transform pain into power; observe, DON'T consume, and embrace the struggle as part of growth toward becoming whole.**

We all possess a strong natural power and adventurous spark of life. Remember, your answer is inside you. You have all the tools and resources you need; what you do with them is up to you.



**CHAPTER FIVE**  
**Journal**



**God never wanted to just tell me who I am. Instead, I was put through years of trial, to see if I was strong enough to finally become the life God had envisioned for me this whole time.**

## **Journal**

The year 2018 was my final breaking point. Yes, I also was one of those who first needed to go through a major depression, to finally ask for my own “Why.” But that is already a forgiven past. Let me just tell you what happened next.

Not knowing a lot about the world, I decided to stand up straight, drop all bad thoughts, and redesign myself. I decided to face all my fears one by one, until I was finally brave enough to say, “I am the winner of this life!”

I started with my closet. I gave away all my past, and I bought new clothes all in black, to keep the old me in some way as a grieving memory.

I switched my thoughts to the positive by sub-

tracting as much as I could from the negative. When anger threatened, I took a deep breath to quiet my mind. Instead, I chose to feel sad. I chose to step to the side of anger, and when I felt ready I returned with a peaceful solution in my heart. Because when you're mad and you project that to others, you just create more anger between you and those around you—which always comes right back at you, an endless circle of fighting with no one else except the miserable ego of this life. I decided that sadness is a great way to express pain and to figure out what's next without hurting anyone else. Because spreading love to all parts, no matter what, was my soul's only goal.

## **First Part of My Life**

During the first part of my life, God put me in a small village somewhere in Poland. Out of nine children, I happened to be the seventh. So, maybe I guess for as an “unconscious part,” I had a little luck by my side, and thank god whatever I've said or have done was on a positive vibe, which saved me from not making any big damage with the Universal law of cause and effect in my life. Like anyone else at a young age, I wasn't perfect. I could call myself a “good trouble.” “Good” because always positive, and “trouble” because being always positive many times got me into actual trouble. Yet that is exactly how I will continue to design my life—as good fun trouble to be around. But now, as an adult, with much more careful intentions.

## Unique Design

At the beginning of 2020, I was a graphic designer with zero clients. I thought, “These many skills are already in my hands, yet still no business needs my help! Let me then update myself with more knowledge about strategy for brands, so when everything gets back to normal, I’ll be ready with better work proposals!” And that is exactly how I began to question my “Why.” Thank you, Simon Sinek: your book, (Start with Why), changed my life! Then, Marty Neumeier locked in my mind that when everyone else zigs, I should zag! So, when other designers suddenly started talking about brand feelings, and teaching others on social media how to do business, I decided to stand out—to find that one strong point of difference between me and the rest of them. I decided that I will be of service as a designer like I used to be—UNIQUE.

**Every NO that you experience in your life is NOT a failure, but only a helpful sign pointing you to the right path.**

## Paintings

One day, I wanted to come up with an idea for a brand, but all I did was a sketch made from halves. I said to myself, “Try again! Focus! Think of a brand! Brand! Not halves! Brand!” Instead, I ended up finishing all my paintings. So I said to myself, “Fine, what is this now? I give up! Give me more signs, God. Who am I?”

**I used to think of art as my Plan B, putting “rich” as my priority, until I realized that no matter what, to succeed the heart should always be the number one.**

## Find Me

To discover who I was, I locked myself in the house for many months. This wasn't hard, because this happened at the same time the entire world shut down due to the COVID-19 pandemic. Of course, like many others, I was going to the grocery store at least once every other week, and getting some daily sunlight—usually through breaks in my backyard.

I was still living with my family. This was mentally challenging because they were very loud, and they fought with each other all the time. And so, to quiet them, I decided to hang notes in every room. The notes read, “Positive thoughts + positive words = positive life” as a reminder before they went into any argument. Thanks to this, eventually I noticed a lightness in their hearts. My family began to laugh more often, and most importantly, to

love and respect each more strongly! And that was the very first part I found out about my *why*.

I communicated with others through social media apps. I posted a daily quarantined picture just so my followers knew I was still alive—like a quick snap and chat about my present time. Each day was a new day; each day was a new way to express how I felt. Using the Snapchat app, I could easily follow up on what exactly my heart had planned.

Every day, I stayed up working until late at night. Each time, I planned to be up at 5 a.m., and I even managed to wake up a few minutes before my alarm. But it was so hard to get up! Usually I was lying down with my eyes shut, repeating to myself, “I know this takes so

much time. I know this is so exhausting, and probably I'm slowly going nuts. But, day by day, I am so much closer to being done! Soon I will be having a celebration shot with my genius other half!" And that is exactly how I motivated myself to do the work all over again, aiming for that long-awaited overnight success.

I had notecards stacked all over the bedroom. Within just a few months, all the walls, including the ceiling, turned from white to yellow, covered with a bunch of noted thoughts.

Finally, there came a time when everything, including my bed, was taken over by my art. I said, "That's it! I can't take this anymore! I must let it all go, and sleep on the floor."

## Beginning

Every beginning is hard, and there was a glimmer of doubt in my Ego's eye. Many months of hard work had already passed, and I thought, "This all must have been wrong! I can't do this anymore!" So, I put my paints to the side. I promised to do one more layer but first I decided to rest my mind, and nap...

The dark came too fast. And since my work was in my family's garage, to which the entry was on the back of the house. I would have to step outside, walk through the entire backyard. My Ego was like, "Nah, I'm a little scared. Let's just move the paint to the next day!" Somehow my mind went nuts then, almost like someone was screaming at me, "Get up! You promised to work after your nap! I already scheduled a sign to kill your silly doubt!"

I rolled my eyes up, and said, “Fine, I’m getting up.”

I went outside and was halfway there, but—OMG! Was I seeing correctly? Was that a *big, fat, very slow-walking rat*? I screamed at the top of my lungs. I ran back into the house and told my dad what I saw. He quickly grabbed a flashlight and ran with me back outside. But no rat was to be seen anywhere. My dad laughed and said, “You’re silly! there’s no way you saw a rat in our backyard!”

The next day I thought, “That must have been a sign.” My heart made me google the word “rat”—and oh, dear God, I was right. I had received the sign!

Here is what I found:

Google: Encounter a rat in your life? That’s a big deal, and a big symbolism!

The meaning of the rat represents the strength that you possess, and adaptability you can demonstrate when push comes to shove and it is similar to praying mantis spirit animal.

Rats of all kinds have an innate intelligence. They know how to figure things out. This is often born from a driving force to move into a better position in your life. This is a new beginning for you, so make sure to let go of all your inhibitions and release yourself from the anchors of your past. If you will break down the rat meaning, look at the clutter around, because it’s time for some clean up!<sup>1</sup>

Throw, sell, or give away things that you no longer need and experience the change in

the energies around you. This also applies to thoughts and emotions that are no longer healthy for you. Get rid of them and clear up space so that new and positive energies will start to flow in! The meaning of the rat encourages you to challenge yourself and stop being scared. If you have the energies of the rat spirit animal, you are a survivor. The rat symbolism in you allows you to work hard to have everything you need, and fight for your right to have it.<sup>2</sup>

Impressive, right? Yet all my Ego picked up from that was, “Great! I’m brave! And success is on its way! I can’t wait! Hurry! Let’s get back to painting!” **And so my Ego’s doubt came to an end!**

## Enlightenment

One day you think you’re fully there, full of love, with no fears or tension. You say to yourself, “Yes! I finally have you, my other half.” But then you meet your mother in the kitchen, telling you some random gossip about the neighbors, how much better she is than all of them, and that maybe you could finally find yourself a husband because of your age! These are one of the moments where your nerve is put to the test, to see how strong is your enlightenment. Well, just smile and walk away. Let’s try again on the next day.



## Universal Law of Attraction

The moment I found out about the universal law of attraction, which everyone suddenly began to speak about, without any hesitation, I decided to give it a try and do experimental research using myself as a subject. I observed myself daily. By that time, I was already on the right path. I loved giving things away, making smiles on others' faces, and spreading love, good words and good thoughts to even random people. This was my daily behavior. The only thing missing was to just wish for something...

I wished for a boyfriend—a poet, a writer, with tattoos all over his body. I already imagined him next to me. I googled a model resembling what I had in mind. Then, I sent that picture to my girlfriends' group chat, and laughed, "Here is my future husband. He and

I are getting married! And this is an invite to cheer for my new life!" Within a few months, I had forgotten about the group chat—and then just like that, I met a guy who was the one.

I gave the law of attraction another try. This time I was like, "Okay. Since I am an artist, I must have a lot of interviews." I imagined myself having a conversation with a person interested in spreading my artistic life-news. Again I wished out loud, in present time. And I immediately forgot about it. I moved on to other stuff. Yet within a few days I received a LinkedIn text requesting an interview—my first!

When I was still in Poland, in my school's German class, I had to read out loud. I re-

member when the teacher pointed at me and said, “Bozena, you have such an English accent when you read German!” And no lie, this made me feel very proud! I quickly responded, “Well, what can I say—I must be an American then!” A few months later my family and I received a letter from the United States, notifying us that we were accepted through the lottery visa, and we were very welcome to move to the US. I never thought about this before, but could that have been my heart’s law of attraction plan?

Today, I am imagining everything way beyond external wants. I follow the rules. Maybe letting go of the thought is sometimes challenging, but I am managing! My heart is all ready for receiving.

### **Alternative Thoughts**

Like any other girl, my whole life I had this image of a boy on my mind. One day, the universe found this special kind, and, because I wasn’t going out at that time, it even made sure the guy would come over to my house, so I could meet him in my very own kitchen! A few weeks passed after the incident. He messaged me to ask me out on our first date, but, by that time, I was already on my Universal law of attraction study path, asking for someone totally different. Then, when the time of our date came, my kitchen boy stood me up, enabling me to meet the other one. The night turned out to be very interesting and poetic. Yet I had made a mistake by playing and wishing for something I didn’t feel like I truly want! And so, just like that, I realized how easily our life can get messed up because of our alternative thoughts!

## Kindness

When I came to the United States, the very first thing that I fell in love with were the smiles and kindness from everyone, everywhere I went! I decided to be like Americans—positive and kind to every person. The moment I arrived I said to myself, “That is who you are now. Smile, be kind, and love your new life!” But now again, Americans say that Canadians are so “damn nice.” Maybe I should try and move *there* for my further designs. Maybe then I’ll have more power to desire something that will save our planet.

**Surround yourself with people who are loving and kind, who have your back, who motivate you to become your best self, and who believe in you always. These are the ones who help you put that very first part of a good thought in your mind, which creates a positive vibe that you transmit through your heart right to your design. And be the same for them!**

## **Not-a-Saint Kindness**

My very first crime with a good cause was when I opened a nonprofit business forging bus tickets, so my best friends and I could use our monthly allowances for something other than just transport to school. This act made me feel like a Polish Robin Hood. I was taking from people who had a lot, and giving to those who had little and needed more at that time. I believe that such not-a-saint kindness I spread to others helped me find myself a ticket to the United States.

## **Thankful**

Every part of my life, I was always happy to have them by my side. Therefore, every night I felt the need to send them a chat, letting them know how thankful I am to have them as my other half. And every morning when I woke up, I always wanted to be the first reason for them to smile, so I sent them a good morning chat along with a big red emoji heart. But after my breakdown, I switched to a black heart, and I began my daily love chat with my one and only best friend: God.

**Design your life with balance, share with others your desire to make room for the new, and always be thankful.**

### **My Name**

At first, many laughed at my name because it sounds like two words in one—Bozena[rodzenie]—but without the second half. In Polish this means Christmas. Later, my name was shortened to Bozia, in Polish a feminine diminutive of God. For my confirmation, I picked the name Anastasia, even though in my heart I always wanted to be called Cecylia. Last name is Tylka. When I was a child, instead of the letter [a] I wrote [o]—Tylko—not mentioning my family, I was acting like I was the *Only* one. But, As I got older I still wasn't in favor of that name, so I switched it to TY meaning *You*.

## Last Part

“Before you start, let me check your nerves for the last time!” said God, before putting in my way a man who was the biggest “Self” he could have found! Oh, that man was the test of my life! No apologies, always some dirt and trash around, and never his fault, but somehow always mine! Yet, I kept circling around, studying my situation, thinking, “Maybe he’s right, maybe it is something wrong from my side, but *what?*” I pulled out the bigger loop, and even more carefully I began to search for clues. Suddenly, one night, like a light bulb above my head, I realized that I was Ego’s other half! I quickly dropped everything, and returned to the right path, where God was already waiting for me with a “Welcome back, my child” sign!

## Fate

It took me some time to have this project done—because I’d never painted before. First, I needed to figure out which paints I liked, how to use the brush, and whether there was any way to make it look all smooth, without any strokes, wrinkles, or lumps. Because just like in life, I wanted my designs to stay looking forever young. Meanwhile, to make it more fun, I rhymed in my mind the story of my life. I believe that the universe must have been like this the whole time: “This silly heart came in to do art, yet she never was the artistic kind. How am I going to set this up now? Let me put her through some life drama, plus graphic design, and see what we can have from that.”

My father helped me build the structure of the frames, but the rest of the work was done

all by myself. Many times I felt so tired and weak, especially from using a heavy sanding machine. Many times, I had doubts, thinking, “Maybe as a woman I’m not strong enough.” It’s not like I didn’t have any help, because my father was always there, each day, letting me know that I have a huge support!

**The harder the path, the greater the story to tell at the end...**

## **The End**

There was a time when I didn't know anything about any of this. All I wanted was to be an artist! I spoke this dream out loud many times throughout my life, until I finally believed in it. Meanwhile, during that time, whenever any other option arrived, I would usually respond, "Sure, that sounds and feels good! Let me try, even though it's still something new." So I ended up doing graphic design, still believing in my heart that one day I would paint. I just didn't know what, and when! With excitement I always experienced and practiced all other given choices to me, and I NEVER complained about one of them. Because in the end, it was from those experiences that I chose the parts I liked the most to help me become who I am today. And that is an ART DESIGNER!

**One of the most important differences between art and design is that design has a purpose to be bigger than I. Where art is the I, the I that is the life we know, the I that is the ego that is created right after we are born. As a designer, I was always trained to put my ego aside; to become bigger than I; to find a way to serve others. But, by proposing the art design story, by becoming an art designer, by putting them both together, I basically became an I designer; an ego designer! This whole time my goal was to be bigger than I! Maybe I just wasn't clear enough on HOW bigger than I.**



## Principles of Art Design

As in any other design first have your art design visualized to identify its main direction:

[1] Just as humans need air to breathe, design needs white space to *be*. White space creates hierarchy and order, often being around elements with importance. White space doesn't have to be white; it's just a space that is not filled with any design.

[2] All parts balanced and aligned, the same as you want your life to be, because a clear and satisfying relationship within yourself is the key to unity, which leads your design to be more organized, and of higher quality and authority.

[3] Subtraction, not addition, is the lead for clear communication. Think of what elements

to remove, and DON'T be afraid to do so! That will create room for and, of course, a better visualization of your design essentials.

[and4] Patterns are the repetition of multiple elements working together. They serve as a unique connection in a design.

**Now, pick up the parts, the ones that feel right, and put them together one by one, until you will get that perfect, desired final design!**



## **CHAPTER SIX**

### **The Other Half**

## The Other Half

It all began when I was around 12 years old and failed my math test.

I was never a numbers brain; I always preferred outdoor games.

Anyway! Let's go back to that test, because that was the very first time I complained to God:

Dear God,

Why am I so bad at math?

Why do I have so many missing parts?

Why am I not complete?

God!

I wish you gave me the other half!

Someone who would look just exactly like me but behave differently.

Someone who could take my tests and write my essays while I play soccer.

Someone whom I could call my best friend!

I dropped a big complaint, and from that day I decided to find my other half by myself.

I went on a journey to find my missing half. I promised myself that no matter what, I would do my best to be the greatest partner they could have!

But! Somehow! Throughout my life I met too

many of them...

At first, I was like, “This can’t be right! There is supposed to be just one half! They can’t all fit so perfectly in my life! Does God play with my heart?!”

To uphold my promise, I had to make additional vows:

[1] I will not hang out with them all, because that is chaos!

[2] I will connect with the halves I want the most, become with them a whole, and rock that goddamn world!

[3] If there is a time when we must let each other go on our own, that’s no one’s fault!

[and4] I will keep some of their parts, the ones I liked about them the most. To carry on evolving as a whole! That’s all I want!

Because, when you have a heart with good intentions for others, and when you have a mind brave enough to be redesigned at any time, then, no matter where you are and whom you are with, you will always find that perfect needed part.

Most of my life, I felt somehow invisible, different, and often sad, because no one ever asked me of who I am. Many times, I was there, standing in a group of “friends,” yet I never had a chance to speak about myself; many times, I wondered, “Why? Why is no one interested in me so much? Why does no one ever look at me and ask, ‘What about you? What do you do? What is it like to be you? Anything?’” Many times, I felt like I was on the other side—like I was there, but no one interacted with me because... maybe I wasn’t really there, and, many times, I felt like even if anyone asked, I probably wouldn’t have anything interesting to talk about. But! None of that turned out to be the truth! All this time, it was God, who didn’t want me to interact or speak of my “Why.” Not just yet, not until it was my time

### **to paint and write:**

I was born in Poland, on March 14, 1989. My birth name, as I mentioned before, is Bożena, chosen from the calendar. I was called by my parents “one day later”—the story of that, let me reveal to you later. My godfather once gave me the nickname Blueberry, because when I was a baby my face was like a moon, and when I got upset, instead of red I usually turned shades of blue.

Bronka was the name that my siblings used to like to tease me with. It was my grandmother’s name, who at an older age had a problem of being overweight; as a child, I myself was very round, so many times my grandmother and I were told that we were very alike, like we could be one. During my childhood, my siblings and I never got along, and by calling me Bronka, they thought they

would make me mad—but I never was! Maybe my facial expression was showing like I could be, but, within me was always a total peace, and even a smile along with my heart’s wink of an eye, because this name means “defend glory,” so each and every time they called me Bronka, I was proud! (Sometimes I was glad knowing my siblings didn’t google much, especially when they were trying to come up with something hurtful to my me.) Finally, in 2008, I came to the United States and I received my newest name: Bozia. Dear God, hopefully this is the last one.

As far back as I can remember, I always heard this “voice” telling me I was different from everyone. The voice was so loud that many times it made me wonder if somehow I had been left as an infant on my family’s doorstep, be-

cause there was no way I could have the same parents as my siblings and still be so opposed to all of them!

As for someone born and raised in a small village near the mountains, even my Polish speech was too inconsistent, because everyone else had the village highlander accent. But not me; I spoke like the people from the big city.

Why?

Because, in the very first few years of my life, I had a best friend, with whom I learned how to walk and ride a bike, and whose mom was a Polish teacher in our village school, who of course was very strict about using a proper language around her; I very much admired

her. So, I also learned how to speak “correctly.”

There was a three-story school building with pink exterior walls right next to my house. The school was all-gender. But, yes! Pink always felt suspicious to me, too.

The first two floors were occupied by the student rooms, and the third floor was more like an under-the-roof floor, where apartments commonly were rented by school faculty and their families. The front of the school ground was split into two parts. One part was all in concrete, with basketball courts and soccer goalposts, used as the outdoor gym or a playground during the class break time. And the other part was a fenced garden where teachers would usually take their students to work with plants for extra credits. Between those two parts was a path that led to a stairway

where you could enter the building on its first floor. On the back of the building was an unfinished parking lot where teachers would park their cars. There was a main village road running right next to one of the sides of the building and on the other side was the Smart River (its actual name). And between the river and school building was a small shed where an older retired teacher, who lived in one of the school apartments, had his headstone-engraving workshop for local cemeteries. Finally, on the side of the garden and right above it was an apartment that was the only one with a balcony attached, and that apartment was where my best friend lived.

When my best friend and I were spending our time on the playground, her mom would usually sit on that balcony and smoke her cig-

arettes while watching us playing. And whenever I would look up to say hi to her, the balcony seemed to be so high, that the smoke of the cigarettes always was making me wonder if it wasn't the actual cloud surrounding her. And each time when she spoke to us, or yelled at us for doing something she didn't like, her voice would make a huge echoey sound that you could hear from very far away.

Once you entered the building, the first thing that you would notice was the U-shaped staircase that led to every floor level in the school.

The first floor was always the wildest one. If you made your visit during the school's break time, then, before all, you were always greeted by those who looked like angels but acted more like two-legged animals. They could

rampage the whole day and never tire easily. They might bring random pieces of information to you while you waited at the main lobby or make themselves very busy "helping" you achieve the goal of your visit by bringing you information that you needed.

The second floor was a little calmer. On that floor, many times you wanted to control yourself, to look and act cool, because you might easily have been judged or criticized by those who were critical thinkers, except when the teacher called on them to answer in class. Then they usually excused themselves, saying that they couldn't remember because of their short-term memory disorder.

On the school's ground level was a gymnasium mostly used as an assembly hall. This was



where teachers and parents of some students would never control their impulse when they were going over some of the school rules.

And there was one more stairway down, which led to a dark, smoggy room with a huge heating stove. My dad usually worked there as a part-time janitor whose job was to use the stove to burn the school's trash. During winter, it was always on so that every room in the building was warm.

From the outside on the school's ground level, windows had metal bars installed that were meant to protect the glass from breaking whenever someone accidentally kicked or threw a ball into them.

My best friend and I viewed these bars more

creatively. We used them to play a game called Trapped. Its rules were very easy: we would lock ourselves in the gymnasium room, pretending we were trapped in there, and the only way out was through these window bars. Easy, right!?

Another game my best friend and I liked to play was simply walking on the fence. There was a rail-split fence bordering the school's garden that was perfect for testing our balance. At first we would challenge ourselves to see who could cross the entire fence without falling down, but later, when we had good balance, we would time ourselves to see who could cross that fence the fastest. This game was so fun! We could play it for hours, days, and months, and never lose its excitement.

Back in those days, this “My best friend and I” was everything I had. We spent each day playing together from early morning until late evening. She felt like a true sibling, around whom I knew I could do anything and everything. With her I was never afraid, especially when something involved speed.

When we were together, we would always ride just one bike. Each time we rode downhill we would go so fast that we usually ended up crashing in a pit next to the street. We could barely get up, but we always laughed hard, and many times we would hear an older neighbor somewhere in the background screaming for help, thinking we were probably dead. Thank God, we never were! And never had even a broken strand of hair.

When we were together, many times we would ask my best friend’s mom for two Polish złoty (dollars), which she would usually throw down to us from her balcony height. The two złote were usually in the form of one coin, so it was easy for us to have it found once it was on the ground. As kids in this early age, we were never allowed to try and catch the coin in the air, we had to stand in the safe place and wait for the coin to land. Then, as we always did, we would challenge ourselves on who would find that coin first.

Sometimes she had them in change, so she usually tied all coins together in a small bag, because if she didn’t then we always had a problem with finding at least one of them. Finally, we would run up to the store, and instead of buying ice cream or chocolate like

any other child probably would, we chose to wait for the delivery man. He usually delivered freshly baked goods at the same time, so we timed it so we could buy one loaf of bread from him. We would pick the crispiest bread he had, then split it into two even halves. The bread was always so freshly baked that we could still see steam coming out of the inside of it, many times we skipped dinner for that bread, it was our favorite meal of the day! Today, bread is still my very first choice when it comes to food, but now I often find myself with a plate full of half bread and half ice cream or chocolate.

As I already said, this was my very first best-friend experience. Many times I thought that we would be together forever. But! As the saying goes, “All good things must come to

an end.” How dramatic! And whoever quotes that, for the sake of everyone’s happiness, please stop! Subconscious mind, like a little angel always next to us, noting everything that comes to our mind, and making sure it becomes real to make our wishes come true! Good little angel! But, he’s only at kindergarten level! So from today, let’s make sure our angel knows that this quote belongs to yesterday’s note!

There was a one-year difference between me and my best friend, so when it was our time to attend school, within the first few years we began separating from each other. Eventually it got to the point where we didn’t have much in common to discuss anymore. And! There was this one time when she came up to me and apologized for what had happened

between us, but even back then, I couldn't remember anything, and to be nice I didn't ask. All I said was, "It's all alright." I honestly didn't know why we were not together; I guess I was already born with a short-term memory disorder. However, no matter how good these times felt, everything changes, everything evolves, and so do we! We learned something else, we evolved into something else, and it was a good thing for us to take different paths. I kept my proper language, speed, balance, and love of bread from when I was with her, while with a big smile on my face I anticipated my future. What would be next?

A little cloud above my head! That was next! Because this separation just forced me to spend most of my days at home with a huge

number of siblings, whom I couldn't get along with. Around them I mostly had to keep myself quiet and at a distance, because whenever I said something with my city-like dialect, they would ridicule me.

As a child I always thought there were too many kids in our house. My parents had nine of us, yet I couldn't find anything in common with a single one of them. And whenever I proposed spending some time, imagining flying up to the sky, or at least living not on the farm, they always had to put my ideas down! Many times I asked my parents why they needed so many of us; many times I wished to be the only one; many times I found myself imagining a twin I could play with, but that was just a dream.

When I was a child, I was never a saint. Because I could easily punch a sibling's face for cheating in a game. Many times, the adults viewed me as a bad gal, and my name was always first to be called out for pranks, even if I was innocent. The real story was that the other kids acted like they were tougher than me, they bullied me constantly, and they never cared about any hurt feelings! And, yes! Many times I tried to pay them all back, but then I was bullied again, and all this time the tables were easily turned, so I had no other reasonable choice, but to just stop and wait for them to do the same.

My heart kept reminding me that I am not like my siblings, that I should stop worrying about what they think of me, that I should hold tight and proudly do what I like, and, if

I must, just avoid anything that could hurt me or them. Because, no matter how sad the other parts could make me feel, one day I would eventually find a deserved and respected place to fully express myself as the real me! As my best friend's mother would have said, "Act with a better attitude!" To which my heart would add, "Today they may laugh at you, but tomorrow they will want to be like you!"

When I was a child, my father built a table so it could fit more than twelve people. Then, every dinner he had this rule that we would not be excused until we finished our food. Of all my siblings, of course I was the only one who never liked what our mom cooked for us, and so, my dad always was making sure I took the time to chew mine! I chewed so slowly that the table of twelve usually emptied just

to one. Me. After some time my parents got used to me being like that, so they finally let me pick what I liked to eat. Today, I enjoy my food, but I still chew it very slowly, and still without any company.

When I was a child, my dad did many wooden works, mostly furniture. Among my favorites were the benches designed for the outdoors in front of our house and the school's playground. He took a tree log and cut its trunk at length in half so he could have two benches out of one. They were very highlander style, which gave our house more charm, and some break down from the school's exterior wall choice of color.

When I was a child, I was afraid of the dark. Every night, I would cover my entire body

from head to toe, so nothing could ever find me. I remember breathing was the hardest part, because of the tight spot. Today, I am brave! Yet I still find myself each night with my head covered and on my knees praying for survival strength. Usually around 3 a.m. And the feeling is very similar to when I am in a shower.

When I was a child, I was bad at math. So, my parents bought me a calculator that looked just like a phone to make my life easier when I was dealing with equations. Whenever I would have a math class, I would proudly put that calculator on the table, and before I would turn it on, I would pretend that I was doing business calls, usually with just me. One day my math teacher almost gave me detention because he thought that I was really

making a call during his class lecture. Today, I use a real phone calculator whenever I need to deal with figures, but I still pretend that I am making a business call with myself.

When I was a child, with all this sibling diversity in the house, and with all this bullying going around, many times I thought I must have been born with no luck! So I would go out into the field, and I would spend hours going through the grass, searching for a lucky four-leafed clover plant. How I hoped this discovery would change my life! “Luck, luck, luck,” I would repeat hundreds of times in my mind! Yet I never found one clover plant. I also never gave up on seeking good luck! Every morning I make sure to get out of my bed by always putting my right leg first.

Eventually I found a few new best friends, girls also raised with a highlander accent. Somehow I was always the oldest one, so it felt like my duty to make sure they spoke the same proper language as me! Being in a group of friends that counts more than just two people in it can be challenging, because you can't control how they treat each other in many different situations that sometimes lead to a miserable separation.

When I was with them, one of my favorite activities was to build a house. We would go out into the field, to find a small hill with a bunch of trees and rocks. Next, we split that hill into sections. Each one of us had got to pick which trees we liked, and then, with all the rocks we could find, we built our imaginary house. Finally, when we were ready to

play the actual house game, we couldn't! Because, every time, one of them always had to cry that she didn't design her section as nice as mine! And, when I would offer to help, they would always say no!

When I was with them, we usually spent our time outdoors playing and exploring our village until late, and at the end of the playtime, when the darkness came, no matter where we were, we always parted from a designated place that was equidistant from each other's residences; then we would run toward our homes, afraid of something out of this world. Usually it was me who always made a big scaredy-pants deal.

When I was with them, they called me by the nickname Maślak, which you could translate

to as "easy to cry." Originated from "Maślany", which means buttery, this was my family's nickname, known from ages. We received that nickname for donating butter to a church in our village, so priests could make candles out of it during WWI and WWII. Finally, someone laughed that my great-grandfathers from many generations were anointing their hair with that butter.

When I was with them, I would often tell stories about my family who lived in the United States. And whenever I did, I always pointed at the moon and said, "One day I will fly right there to visit them." Because when I was a child, I looked on the moon with its dark gray spots as another planet earth just in black and white, thinking maybe it's the same as ours but without life. And so I thought my cousins



must have flown from there whenever they were visiting us in Poland. I usually said this nonsense to make my friends laugh. Today I live in the United States, and even though I know very well where Poland is, I still like to look at the moon and think about my best friends—that I am here, and they are now up there, in the sky.

As for the future, I never worried about who I could become then. Like any child, I had few preconceptions, and I never thought too seriously about my future until I truly knew what I could do. My whole life I followed one main rule: always find something to be grateful for, so I could love my life for how it was at the time, while still deeply believing in my heart's sound that I AM MORE than I was born into, and that my right time to “become” eventually would come!

**Be grateful for your life.  
Always believe that you're  
more. Eventually you will  
know what exactly this  
“more” is meant to be as  
your destiny.**

I was born and raised in a lower-class family. My parents were farmers for most of their lives. My mother had a high school degree with a focus on sewing, but with so many kids, she became a full-time stay-at-home mom, who mostly just sewed cool outfits for her family of nine. She also loved working with plants, so she took care of the house, and then could spend her days in the garden.

My Father was an electrician, who loved to play with power. But for most of his life, he was an amazingly talented stoneworker. He could build or carve any kind of stone into something magnificent looking.

My older siblings fell into my parents' steps. My sisters became seamstresses, and my brothers ended up as construction workers.

But many of them had their own dreams, which they started to follow but unfortunately gave up on. One of my sisters liked to draw; her room was always full of beautiful art. One brother was very good at winter sports, another is still amazing when he cooks. But now, each day all I see and hear is that after their work, instead of developing their talents, they tell themselves they need to smoke a cigarette or have a glass of alcohol.

When it was my time to pick my specialty at school, I didn't know who I could grow up into, and when my mom proposed that I be a seamstress like her and my sisters, I broke her heart, because I wasn't interested! I needed to think of something that would not only let me afford my basic needs, but also become someone who would change my siblings' feel-

ings! Who would change the entire family's lower-class status of living to something better and newer!

Of course, living in the village, in my family with so many siblings, I did not have many choices to pick from that could make me powerful. However, I never complained. Many times I found myself praying for survival strength, and somehow I always found something available that I liked.

I decided to be an architect! There was a school in the closest town, that our village bus drove to, and where students were generally men. Back in my younger days, I was a big tomboy, because even though my whole life all my best friends were girls, I was raised between boys. Instead of playing with dolls or wearing

dresses, I learned to enjoy outdoor sports. I wore baggy sweat clothes. I even had my hair cut in a bowl cut for a couple years, because my mom would cut all her boys' hair in that exact style. And so, my heart already knew that this school could be my best choice. Plus, I liked the thought of finally escaping gossiping girls and their unnecessary noise!

I picked landscape architecture as my specialty, which happened to be in this school for the first time as a trial major in the exact same year as my freshman year. I thought, "New? I like new! And I am here to be new! let me try this new, let me be the NEW!" Unfortunately, this turned out to be the feminine trap, because I found there were more other girls who had the same thoughts about joining this school! Consequently, I ended up with

only eight boys and around twenty girls in one class. The girls of course fought with each other all the time, gossiped about everyone, and gave me a very painful nickname: “Ham.” Just to make me more different from all of them! I cried on the inside every time someone called me Ham, yet I always smiled back at them, forgiving them each day, because my heart always saw the good in every one of them.

Stepping into this school, I already was partly transformed into my feminine nature. I grew my hair long, and I started to think of boys in other ways than I used to. Unfortunately, I couldn’t afford new clothes, so many times I found myself needing to convince the others that I am a girl, not a boy!

During those times, life was harsh. My parents didn’t have much money, and I needed to take a bus to town to study, so my monthly allowance went for my monthly bus tickets. Plus there was no way to find a job, and so many times I felt left out, because my best friends had a little better life than I. Whenever they wanted to go out, I was always the one who had to figure out the cash. Yet I never complained. Many times I found myself praying for survival strength, and somehow I always found something available.

I decided to forge my bus ticket! There was a print shop right next to my school that charged 10 Polish grosze (pennies) for a single print. My bus ticket cost 50 zloty (dollars), which was a great deal! And so! I would cut out my name out of my old ticket, and then

I would borrow one of my best friends' new tickets, so I could stick my name on top of hers. Then I would ask a clerk to make a print. Finally, I would cut out the shape to fit in my ticket holder, so it looked more real! At first I was doing this for just myself, but then some of my best friends asked me to do the same for them, and so I would forge their bus tickets as well. At no charge, and I even covered the costs of everyone's prints.

But! I cannot say I just spent my ticket money for my best friends and time with them. Whenever I saved a little, instead of buying a dress, I explored different trends. One time I was a punk with spiked bracelets all over my hands. Next, I was a skater with sagging pants. I wore tight jeans, ripped jeans, flare-leg jeans. I bought a shirt with pink and gray stripes,

and I flipped its collar up sometimes for fun. I also borrowed my sister's outfits whenever she wasn't around. I loved playing with different styles. Each day I felt like wearing something else, so I never limited myself to just one gender. I was laughed at, judged, or criticized many times by others—even myself—for some of the outfits I wore back in those days. But no matter how hurtful the comments were, I never stopped playing with my look, because I loved myself being free and always open to something new!

A couple years passed. When I finally began to feel like trying more girly styles, I bought a winter jacket that was tight and cropped with a belly out, just like girls usually like. My parents meanwhile decided to leave everything behind—"especially that unhealthy piece of

clothing,” said my mom—and move to the United States, because living in Poland for them felt more than just harsh; it felt unbearable, and they wanted to give us a better life.

This move split our family in half, because a few of my older siblings had aged out of coverage and couldn’t emigrate to the US with the rest of the family. At first this news broke me as well, because I was in the middle of achieving my architectural degree, and I already had a post-school plan in Poland! But then I thought, “Hollywood is one of the richest places in the world! This could as well be the NEW me!”

So, I packed my bags and I left with my parents and half of my siblings.

Before I left, I educated my best friend on how she should forge her ticket, but within a very short time, she got caught by her mom, so she had to stop. I guess she wasn’t born to do this—just I was.

Moving to a foreign country forced me to wonder anew what I would become. I still believed it must be something powerful!

When we arrived, my family rented a place that happened to be very close to a school I would later attend. The red-brick house stood on a hill with a beautiful view of the school building and the entire neighborhood. It had three bedrooms and one bathroom, and eight of us who each wanted our own spot. We had three full beds, three twin beds, and one queen-sized bed. We put three beds in

one room, two beds in another one, one bed in the smallest room, and one more in the living room. As the only teenage girl at that time, I got to have my own four walls, which were perfectly split in half horizontally, with a strong white and navy blue color contrast, and with enough space to fit a bed, a desk, and later, a painting stand.

It wasn't just us who lived in that house. The Polish owner, who turned out to be an alcoholic, spent most of his time in the back of the house. Many times my dad and brothers went to join him for "one glass" that usually turned into a whole night of drinking. Within a short time, the owner built an apartment for himself next to the laundry room, making the house look like it was split in two, because it was easier for him to move rather than save

his failing marriage.

At first the landlord promised peace and friendship, but over the years, he created discomfort and conflict. Our journey began with a house that had two large, lush yards, front and back. His wife designed a small garden for us under the window next to the front door, where they planted a few flowers and put up a statue of the Virgin Mary, as a sign of their Christianity. My family was Christian as well, so at first I thought having this statue was a nice gesture. Later, though, I'd notice them bowing on their knees, asking Virgin Mary for faith and peace. This got me curious, because God said clearly in Exodus 20:4, especially 5: "You shall not make for yourself an image in the form of anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in the waters

below. 5 You shall not bow down to them or worship them; for I, the Lord your God, am a jealous God, punishing the children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me.” In light of this Bible passage, I didn’t understand why would anyone do such a thing and put his family at risk by breaking one of the God’s very first commandments.

A few years passed. The backyard turned into a junkyard. The front yard got split into two parts. One half the owner kept as grass, and on the other half he planted trees, giving a feeling of the early stage of a forest. He allowed us to use only the front part of the house, and only for parking our cars. Later, he notified us that no visitors were allowed. The laundry room began to feel like walking into the dark,

and we had to call the cops one time because the landlord almost killed his own wife. All this because of alcohol in that house, and the broken commandment of God!

Back in Poland, I was raised in an environment where alcoholism played a dramatic role repeatedly as well. My dad himself got drunk many times, too, and he also raised a hand on my mom when they got into a fight. Many times my siblings and I were called out of the playground to come home and protect our mother from getting hurt by an alcoholic, who the next day usually pretended he hadn’t done anything. Sad to say, but these were the moments I truly was happy to have so many siblings by my side; these were the moments we did something together, as a whole pack; and these were the moments when, no matter



the differences between us, we teamed up because our mother needed us.

The time our landlord attacked his wife, I wasn't anywhere around, but my younger brother was, which was rare because he was always out studying for his medical degree, or working night shifts in a local hospital. But thank God for him being at home at that exact time, and standing up for the guy's wife.

This memory leads to another story where my brother proved once again how heroic he can be—and how important it is to have someone with a medical degree in the family.

At this point we were in our own house in the United States. One Saturday morning, our mother didn't feel well. But she, like many

mothers, never wanted to show her symptoms, no matter her pain. She always first needed to put the house in order, then take care of herself. But that day was different. She couldn't get out of the bed, which scared us all. First, my father ran to my bedroom and asked me to check on our mother. I responded, "I am an artist, what can I do?" She stubbornly was calling her symptoms a flu, that she just needed to rest and by tomorrow she would be like new. But I ran to my brother, who thank God for the second time for making him be at home at such a critical time! He checked on our mother, and decided to call an ambulance. Our mother had a stroke, and if she had waited a few hours more, she would not have made it out of it anymore.

Today Mother is okay, but usually in a very

mad mood because somehow she never gets her house clean enough to have time to relax by the plants. Every morning she is making sure her adult children have water and food ready before they leave for work or school, and in the evenings she cleans office buildings so that we have enough money to pay the bills for our new three-bedroom, two-bathroom, unfinished-basement home, which is just a few blocks away from the previously rented place.

My father and brother built a mini highlander house as our mailbox, in memory of our Polish background and former home.

And I feel like a forever student, one forced to drop her plans in the middle of achieving her goal, moved from a white and navy-blue

room to another one that also happened to be split in half—because when my youngest sister became a teenager, she also became my roommate, someone that I needed to deal with in a room divided.

Back in Poland, in my family house, I shared a bedroom with my oldest sister as well. However, when I began my freshman year, she was luckily already out of the room, leaving me with two beds, and later even an extra sofa that I turned into a red chair. So I already know how to be a roommate with a sibling. And because of that experience, I tried my best to make my youngest sister's space as pleasant as I could. I gave her a bigger part of the room and installed a fabric wall in between, so that we both had some privacy.

My childhood house was also split into two parts. My family called one the old part of the house and the other was the new part. My grandpa built the old part, in a very highlander style, and my dad put up the new part many years later, when he inherited the property as the youngest child. The old part was all wood, but the new part had this “two halves charm” because it was designed out of a couple different building materials, which made our house look split horizontally into two. The old part of the house had one story, and the new part appeared to have two stories, but by looking closer, one could see it was actually divided into four.

All the way on the top was a small under-the-roof room where my sister who loved art had her bedroom. Downstairs was my room,

which at first I shared with my oldest sister. These two rooms were like one, because if you wanted to get to my sister’s room under the roof, first you had to pass through my bedroom and climb the open stairs to hers. Also, from my room you could take the main staircase down that led you straight to a front yard, or you could make a turn and pick a door on the right or left of your side.

The doors to the right opened to a room beneath my floor level, which was the same size as my bedroom and was divided into two even sections that were used as different living spaces. One half was my parents’ master bedroom at night, but during the day we would fold their bed into a couch, transforming the space into a living room where my siblings and I would spend our time watching mov-

ies, or playing sports or adventure games. The other half was a kitchen/dining room where we had our dining table and a kitchen stove on which my mom used to cook. That level as a whole had walls designed out of two different materials; one side of the walls was made of wood and the other side was stones, and in between the two sections was a countertop that had shelves on the bottom and wooden bars on the top, with enough space between to see what was behind. As a child, I cried many times in that part of the house, because when I put my hand between those countertop bars, I would easily get trapped, and then had a hard time pulling free!

Finally, the door to the left from the main staircase would take you to a garage, which from the other side was attached to the old

part of the house, where we had an old kitchen, bathroom, and a few more bedrooms. A barn for the farm was also on that side.

The old house usually gave me goosebumps, and passing through the garage mostly looked like a running exercise. The light in both was weak due to old electric wiring, and the dimness made these places creepy.

When I was a child, I witnessed my oldest brother falling from the attic, which had an open and unsecured entry in the garage ceiling right above the old part of the house. He fell, but at the same time, it looked like he consciously jumped, and without any word he quickly outran me outside. After a few hours, he began acting possessed, pointing at empty space and screaming that he was see-

ing figures with horns and tails. I remember that this scared my mother like hell. First she called our grandmother, who had helped raise him, hoping deep in her heart that he was just drunk.

Grandma arrived as soon as she could; she checked on my brother as a mother would and took him to a church. At the same time my mom called the neighbors for backup, in case he tried to harm himself or anyone in the house. Unfortunately, she was right to worry. The minute dark arrived, my brother grabbed the knife and attacked our dad, because allegedly the figures he'd been seeing made him do it in order for him to take care of our mother. Finally, they called the ambulance for help. My brother was locked in a psychiatric hospital at first, then released a few weeks lat-

er. But after this incident, he never stayed in the family house again. As fast as he could, he packed his bag and left.

Back to the house description! From the garage you could take one more stairway down, to a dark, smoggy room we called an underground. That room was partly a pantry, with lots of conserved food jars, but mostly we kept a huge pile of coal for our stove in there, as well as potatoes from each year's fall harvest. I entered that part of the house just once in my life—to grab some potatoes for my mom—but this place was so dark that after that one time, whenever she asked me to fetch something, I begged her to NEVER make me go back.

On the second day of my being in the Unit-

ed States, my aunt, who keeps God very close to her heart, brought us to this country, and helped us move in and settle down—God bless her for all she has done for us—and notified me that I would begin my American journey as high school junior right across the road. She pulled me to the window in the dining room, where we had the best view of the school, and said with a smile, “You have two weeks of freedom. Then you’re going back to books, and we will find you some work, too.” She said that with the same bossy attitude she displayed when she put me in my white and navy blue room a few minutes before. After all this, it felt like she left me by that window for those two weeks, because I would spend each day standing there for hours, thinking what my life would be like once I started my first class.

Quiet and strange. That’s what it was like! I couldn’t find myself around anyone! I didn’t speak the same language as most of them, and when I met students with a Polish background, I always felt like they looked me and everyone around them up and down too many times.

I cannot say that I was alone. I had a cousin who was born in the United States, whose mom I just described, and who was also a junior during the same year as I, but her classes were more advanced than mine, and usually in a totally different part of the building. Still, each day she managed to stop by my locker and say hi before our first period bell rang.

The first semester, my cousin and I were lucky enough to have half an hour of lunch togeth-

er. She introduced me to a table known as the “Polacks spot,” where everyone who was Polish would gather during lunch. But mostly she was the only one I would talk with this entire time, and after half an hour she would leave for her next class, and I would stay to finish my meal, usually sitting quietly.

During the second semester, I decided to join the Polish group again. This time it was just me. Around the table were many different parts, and I tried to find a match, but some of them were very quick to gossip about even their best friends; some fought each other over silly things; and some just felt like they were there to fill the space. And that is exactly how I felt: I am filling the space between two large and usually very loud groups. Because even though the entire table was full of Polish kids,

it would still split in half, like the white and red Polish flag. There were those whose parents were from Poland, but they themselves were born in the United States, so they didn’t speak much Polish. And there were those who, like me, came to the United States as teenagers and so were missing English. And so usually I sat quietly in the middle, eating my sandwich I brought from home, minding my own business for forty-five minutes.

But I cannot say I was always just quiet or a saint. There was this boy I liked to talk to a lot, but as just a friend. We had ESL classes together, so many times we paired up for our assignments, but usually we talked so much about random stuff that our teacher had to separate us. One day, even though we weren’t paired up, we still managed to exchange some

jokes in a very loud and distracting way. The teacher got mad. She pulled me to the side and with her bossy attitude said, “If you won’t stop running your mouth during class, I will make sure you will go back to where you just flew out from!” Back then I felt threatened, but today I would like to say God bless her as well!

During the third semester, I decided to try something new. I went on a journey around the lunch room to find a new space I could finally belong to. I spotted an empty table on the other side from them all. I sat down, my heart smiled, and the minute I took my first bite, something switched inside me. For the first time, I was enjoying my meal! Still sitting quietly, but in total peace with just me.

Surprisingly, this solitude quickly changed. There was a girl who at first annoyingly was stalking me by my locker. Each day she acted like she wanted to be my friend, but she also was hanging out with a group of girlfriends who would easily judge her if she showed any interest in doing so. She was nice, kind, and funny—just what I liked. Her hair was half short, half long, half pink or blue—depending on her mood. She always laughed a little bit too loud, but she also was a math geek! I thought, “She’s interesting. And her parts are a good match for my other half.” But! She talked a lot about everything that was on her mind. And! I personally preferred to avoid the girl-friends she usually was seen with as much as I could. I needed to avoid anything loud and distracting from my newly found heart’s peace. So! Unfortunately, I had



to say no to her. I gave her the cold shoulder. Yet! She happened to have lunch at the same time I did, and noticing the empty space surrounding me, without asking, each day she let herself come, sit across from me; talk; and distract me from everything! Until I let her in! And we became best friends who today can sit in silence for hours and still enjoy our own company.

**Always choose what you like, and what puts you at peace most of the time. What and who are meant to be in your life will never give up finding you.**

Right after high school graduation, I tried community college. Psychology and biology were my heart's first choices. But it didn't work out because my English was not strong enough, and studying with a textbook and translating every single word from English to Polish was overwhelming. For that reason, I dropped out, and the cleaning service was the only job that was available to me at that time. I said, "Why not? Every job is good for a start! And I may as well pick up some knowledge from that experience." This decision made my mother smirk, as she was also an employee in the office cleaning company, so we finally had something in common to talk about during our morning coffee routine.

Moving to a foreign country, thinking that life will get much better, at first seems like

a great idea. But actually, once you emigrate, it's so challenging! Without knowing the language well you only have physical jobs available, forcing you to work triple hard! My family adapted very easily to this lifestyle, but not me. I once again needed to think of something that would not only let me cover my basic needs, but, since I am already here, in the Land of Opportunity, let me become someone who could one day return to my homeland and help others escape that miserable poverty, so they would never have to leave like we did!

With this mindset, my heart finally picked art! I chose something that wouldn't make me study too hard, because once again I was the outdoor child; unfortunately, math and any other studies were not easy, and I already had

a little background with architecture design, so I thought,

“Art... But how can I do art if I know almost nothing about it! And because I’m working to help my parents, I can’t just pick any school I would like. But I am fine! I will figure something out! I won’t let anything stand in my way! I will try! I will fight! And I will survive! Because I want my family and me to finally live a good and rich life!”

Art from now on was locked in my mind.

And so I went back to school, thinking art would help me better myself. But again it didn’t work out, because my heart couldn’t handle the pressure of me speaking out loud in class. So I dropped out, but I didn’t give up

on art, I just needed a little more time.

And so I’ve been putting others’ houses in order all this time. Meanwhile I was studying, practicing my new language, and helping my family establish our new life. My best friend was the only one who knew this part about my life, because whenever anyone else asked what I did for a living, I replied, “I am an Artist.” I would never let my mind—not even for a moment—think I was less than that!

Finally! I was ready!

There was a school near my house that had a name with the word “Art” at the end. One day, I took my one and only best friend to check it out. We sat down with a nice man who showed us around, and, then he asked, “Bozia,

what would you like?”

I replied, “I honestly don’t know, just please, something with art and NO MATH!” Graphic design felt new and fun, so when he suggested it, I said, “Sure, let me try! Even though I don’t understand what it’s like, it is something of an art, and something of a design! I will try and figure it out!”

My first year was not so great. Math turned out to be the main period that I actually needed to deal with!

Most of my life I’ve had this constant feeling that I am here, yet I am not. Who am I? Why must I always feel so different from everyone else? The older I got, the louder the voice came from my heart. During my college

years, even though I had some English language skills and was one of the best students, I couldn’t open my mouth and let others hear my voice. I started to feel emptier and lonelier, even though I wasn’t really, because I loved my life the way it was. I had a best friend who always stood by my side, who was my other half (and who did my math tests.) I loved my life the way it was! I had my goal and purpose! I loved my life the way it was! So why did I always feel so different?

Most of my life I’ve had this constant feeling that I am here, yet I am not—like I am on the other side, away from everyone! Who am I? And why do I never have a chance to speak to anyone else but just my best friends? Why does no one interact with me but just them? The older I got, the more aware of this I be-

came.

When I was in my twenties and living in the United States, my best friend and I would sometimes go out and party. Whenever we would meet someone we both knew, or walked into someone's house party, she was always that one who was greeted by everyone, and she was always that one who was talking with everyone. And I was just there, standing right next to them, holding my drink and listening to what they all had to say. And whenever I said something to them, usually no one responded. I felt like I wasn't heard.

And so, for my college graduation, I made a plan: to get an apartment in the city with my best friend. To find a job or to open my own graphic design business. Most importantly, to

be louder than every one of them! I hoped this plan would change the way I felt.

And so it began. During my junior year, my best friend and I started to shop for accessories for our future apartment. Once in a while, we would stop by the store and pick one or two things that we thought would match nicely. Then we would store them in her father's house basement, so when we were ready to move in together, we would have everything prepared. It felt exactly like when I was a child, when my best friends and I were building our imaginary house! But this time was different: this time it was real.

The thought of moving in together with my best friend was exciting, but also a little scary. Many times I felt like we were way too differ

ent. She was the day and I was the night; she was loud and I was quiet; she liked to collect all kinds of stuff and I couldn't breathe around too much junk. She liked to make a mess and leave the cleaning part for the next day; I liked everything arranged and in its place before I began something else. But at the same time, we were filling in each other's lives. We were for each other those missing yet needed parts who always were introducing one another to something else, which over time made us wiser. We were like two best friends holding each other's hands, experiencing the same things, yet reacting in opposite ways.

One of my clearest memories is how she could never hold her temper. No matter the situation we were in, she was always the one who screamed, cried, or got mad over every

silly thing. At first I always tried to calm the situation down, knowing that overreacting is childish—but common. But, usually my efforts felt pointless, so, within some time I learned to step aside and wait for her storms to pass.

I myself often act like a child as well. In my situation I consciously reject some of the behavior from when I was a child, and I constantly work on subtracting behavior that could cause any kind of harshness or dislike. Curiosity, creativity, cheerfulness, and candies, which I like to call the four Cs of my childhood, are the things that I kept.

One of my favorite treats from childhood until now is a Kinder Chocolate Surprise Egg, because it has all four of those Cs put into

one. Back in Poland, this chocolate cost 2 Polish złoty (dollars). As a child, I couldn't afford such a premium snack; I had it maybe once or twice, and many times I needed to pass and pick something else (with a much more responsible outcome.) Today, living in the United States, I can buy as many of them as I want!

Yet! Buying this chocolate with my best friend many times ended in a disappointing argument. The toys within Kinder Surprise Egg are usually various popular movie characters, and some of those toys require assembly. So whenever my best friend and I would open our egg to find what character we get to have, she always ended up tearful because my toy usually happened to be in parts, giving me more time to figure out who I am, and she

always had one-and-already-completed part. And, as I always did, to make my best friend pleased, I would offer to switch or share what was mine. Her response was never a surprise, and I am sure you already know what my best friend's answer was. Today, when I look at life, I see "opening the heart" exactly like that Chocolate Surprise Egg: you don't know what toy you got until you crack the shell. You don't know what character you are until you look inside. You don't know WHO YOU TRULY ARE until you OPEN YOUR HEART!

Yet that's not the only time my best friend and I had to go through disappointment, anger, and tears over a snack! My best friend was obsessed with having popcorn during every movie we watched. But the popcorn we were making never seemed to pop as she had on

her mind. There were days when half of the bag of popcorn was burned, or when half the kernels didn't even pop during the allotted time, so usually we had to shake them out of the bag straight to the trash can, and my best friend never took that too well.

Even with all the drama she put us through, I still loved having my best friend by my side. I promised myself to remove the fear of us moving in together, and if I must, then to just call everything a lesson for the future.

But! The minute I graduated, everything began to go the opposite way! My best friend decided to move in with her new boyfriend. I couldn't find any job. And, when I started my own business, no one wanted my help! So, my big plan burst into flames, forcing me to

stay in my family house and cry my heart out to the sky.

In 2018, I went through a breakdown so severe that I wanted to die. I spoke to God so many times, asking Him, "Why?" I was always positive and the good kind. So, "Why am I feeling so alone in this big world? Why can't I just let go of the unknown? Why do I hear so many noes? Why does everything need to be upside down in my world? and God, what am I doing wrong?" That was the moment when I felt like something was truly not right, like I was designing myself as a must! **So, I died.**



One night the feeling was so strong that it pushed me to finally end this all. My heart screamed to die—but die by redesigning myself into a completely new design. I treated my past self like a failed project that needed a new start, for a better life.

**“Die.” Let go of the past. Let God direct you to who you are, but also work hard toward it—because life is a co-design!**

I started with my outfits. I gave away all my past wardrobe, and for a start I bought clothes in just one color! Having a few pieces felt like a time saver; like a discipline of my own behavior; like practice for choosing only a matching piece; and it definitely felt like more space to breathe!

My whole life I was focused on studies, on building my career to help my family, and living my life the way it was presented to me. Yet I never truly knew or asked why I was brought to this world. I decided to change this, slowly going toward as I was before, but meanwhile searching for my very own *why*.

By keeping an open mind about what's around me, I've noticed that no matter how I lived, no matter how I tried to love my life, suc-

cess or wealth was always the main goal that I mostly just followed. So I switched these three around, and I decided to be wealthy and successful, but by having love as my first goal.

I changed my mind by subtracting all negatives, vowing from now to spread love to everyone all around as my main goal! I even acted like one of those clients graphic designers always brag about, who ask them to “make the logo bigger so it pops.” I made my LOVE so big and so bright, it popped! That way everyone could see that I am very nice and kind! I let go of materialistic needs. I let go of the *must*, and I just decided to breathe, to *be* the life.

**Most of my life, I felt alone. Raised between so many people, yet the feeling of aloneness was much more powerful. I couldn't stand it, until I turned 29 and decided to die and redesign my life. I let my past go and promised to love, respect, care for, and most importantly see and hear everyone in a way I have never been before. And that was the moment when I finally truly smiled.**

Finally, it was time to find myself someone with whom I could start building this life as one. I promised to be the best, the nicest, the kindest, the sweetest, the most understandable, the most loyal, the most elegant, and the most powerful woman anyone could ever find in this world! Yet during one year of trying with a man I thought could be my match, our relationship kept failing. We broke up almost every week, and I couldn't understand why. The more perfect I tried to be, the more oppositional he became! After many tries, my heart said, "that's enough!" Instead of trying again with someone else, I decided to sit down and carefully write everything I know about myself, my goals, and whatever else I could think of, to find my real purpose—to find the real me. Still with a mindset to be the best of all, but this time fully known as my

very own **why and what.**

**Know your “why” and  
“what”; “how” will be deliv-  
ered to you at the right time.**

From the moment I “died,” my fascination for art began to lead my life. Slowly, I could feel my inner self pushing graphic design to the side. And I began practicing what my very first decision was to be like.

At first, I concentrated on human form (nudism and women’s body poses were what my heart couldn’t stop bragging about,) but then designs made of halves started to take over most of my time. Designing them felt so unnatural—I was there, but I felt like it wasn’t me who was directing the movement of my hand. Those designs felt like rewards from the steps I made each time in my new life.

First, I received a design of “Become”; once I finished, it felt like a big weight lifted off my shoulders. I finally could put my head

up, leaving the head down on the paper that night.

Sometime later “Her” showed up in my life. Nine designs were all I could have. “No more,” my hand said.

During my break-ups with the man I was trying my best with, I designed “Sad Instead” designs. My heart was always telling me it was okay to be sad but never mad; no one deserves to feel the pain, not even those who hurt me, because I am NOT like them! I will cry and I feel pain, but I will NEVER be the one who causes anyone to feel hurt!

“There Is No Magic Pill” happened when I finally was on my way to find myself. Life was never meant to be easy, and there is no magic

pill or any kind of medicine strong enough to create a permanent wanted feeling, but once you decide to open your heart and follow the right path, it feels like God's touch, where hurt and pain are pushed away, letting you to focus on the real purpose of being here. And that was the last part, again made from halves! And that was the moment I knew I was in possession of something unique, of which—at that time—I couldn't understand the meaning.

And so it began again. I politely kicked my sister out of the room, to the basement, where she already had a bathroom and her four walls with perfectly enough space to fit a bed, a desk, and later, a makeup stand. Then I took over the entire bedroom for just me and my work. At first I used the bigger half as a paint-

ing space, but later the other half was given over to this project as well, so the room was still split into two, but mostly used just for one purpose.

When I took the paints out for the first time, I asked a family friend to build ten huge frames. I said to him, "Today, I have only nine of 'Her' but I will make sure to have all ten!" Yet the frames were too weak for what my heart wanted them to be. Therefore, I turned my head toward my father for help so I could have them prepared the right way. Then, I could finally begin to have my unique designs painted on the original canvas.

Meanwhile, I studied their meaning. I knew it's something different—that I might be in a position to create an art movement, which

I thought I should probably codify in a book to present to the world. Again! The moment I grabbed the pen to write this work, it felt like someone else was in my head, telling me, “Scooch over, let me tell you what you must write, because this is important!” This made me feel very pleasant, so, without any concern I was okay to be just the scribe, to see what the real designer had on his mind.

A few months passed, each day feeling like I was at the experimental, emotional, feeling class. One day I felt the pain coming from everywhere, and the next day I had half of the page written down with the example of why I felt that way. It was like a sped-up life, compressed into just a few months, giving me hard times so I would know how to respond in particular situations! It felt like I was a stu-

dent feeling and writing down, preparing myself to be the expert of life.

Once I had everything written down, I put my graduation gown on, and I was almost ready to pass this class, but I still didn't have any answers about my paintings, which I was working on this whole time.

**NEVER hate others for how you've been treated; just open your heart and notice the 'why.' Everything will start making sense once you know yourself from God's right path!**

January 2021 was when all the information about the art began to come. It was a month when I finally started to understand what I was going through this whole time...from the day I was born, I knew I was more. Many times I needed to keep myself safe and at a distance from everything that could hurt. There were moments that were hard, but with faith in my heart, a mindset for success, and simple gratitude and kindness I always made it out.

In 2007, I found out about moving to a different country, which made me sad and cracked a little part in my heart. Beginning in 2008, I moved to the United States. Then, in 2009, I made a space that right away got filled with something else. In 2012, I began seeing myself doing art. At the end of 2017, I started falling into my breakdown, because



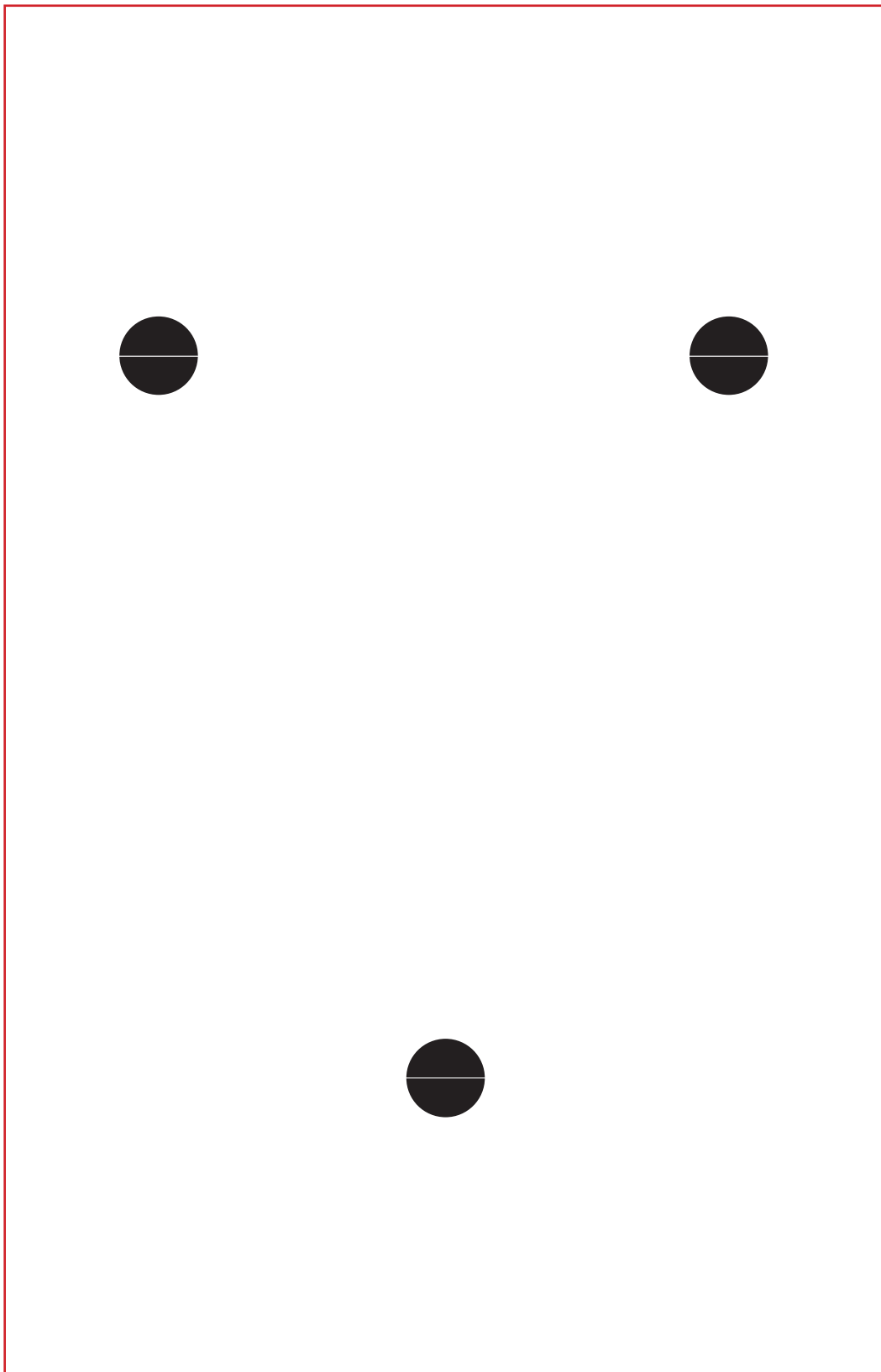
it was time for my heart to crack into a final part. A few months passed in 2018; I had my breakthrough when I “died” and fully opened my heart to *Become*. And since 2019 I was *New*. Because of my promise of who I would become, which later turned out to be ten emanations of my authentic self, I started receiving rewards in the forms of unique art designs. Silence took over my mind, and from then on, all I could think of was my future life in the present time. God was preparing me to one day become someone who will present to everyone the best way to understand and to win this world by following its truest purpose.

## Red Frame

Red frame was on my mind since day one. It was one of the main facets of my art designs, which later turned out to have even a bigger role in this project. Red frame mainly led me into many information's one after another until I had them all written down as a LIFE DESIGNER. It was like God's sign, reminding me to keep an eye on a red frame, because each one of them was a further step of my true fate.

**God's path is hard, but  
it's the best one for all  
of us.**

First I decided to be kind, then I picked art. Without any doubt I let my heart direct my life. Now, thanks to this, I get to be the part of something I never knew I could ever wish for. And that is to be the voice of a very powerful awakened movement!



## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

**God**

To present this work I knew I needed to write a book, because living in the twenty-first century, this seemed like the only reasonable way to communicate the direct message God wanted me to convey. But once I sat down at my desk to write everything I knew, the pen felt exactly like the brush when I wanted to make a few extra designs; it didn't want to move. At first, I couldn't understand why. The urge to write was there, but my mind kept being silent. Then, it finally happened! I heard a story in my head unfold just like I was always trained: straight and on point, with just the essentials!

Everyone's life is designed by God, and we all are here for a reason. Every thought, word, and action has its own consequences.

Interaction with others is already arranged in time, but because of the noise, doubt, and anger, we get the clear connection lost—that's chaos!

To succeed, there must be an order:

[1] open your heart, train your mind to let it be redesigned at any time, and continuously practice ten components of your own image of God—to put Ego aside, and let the real designer take care of your path;

[2] Avoid the unnecessary noise and God's forbidden food—to stay calm, to watch your thoughts, to sharpen your intuition, and to connect with God through “third eye.”

[3] By speaking out loud with feelings and emotions, you send your designer's requests

to the Universe;

[and4] worship just one, God!

That is exactly how you co-design with one  
and only master of our lives.

**Following God's guidance  
will take you to a bliss-  
ful heart, and a rewarded,  
successful life!**

## Know Yourself Enough to Know about God

When I was 11, my youngest sister was born. As I already mentioned, as a child I was a big tomboy. So, when my parents brought her home for the first time, I accidentally sat on her, and almost broke her like my doll toys, which were always ending up with broken body parts.

At first, my parents kept her safely away from me, but, when I turned 12, it all suddenly changed. For a girl at this age, it was time to start helping around the house.

First, I was put in charge of keeping everything clean. But instead of putting the place in order, I made it even dirtier, pretending I had two left hands, blaming God that He made me this way. Then my parents had no other choice but to let me watch over my

newborn real doll, clearly demanding that I be always gentle holding her.

Babysitting was fun, until I noticed that my childhood was gone. Whenever kids from the neighborhood went out to play, I needed to stay home because my sister was too little to go outdoors.

Toddlers don't have a lot of opinions or knowledge, plus they nap a lot, so mostly either it was me speaking out loud what was on my mind, just so we both learn something about life, or just me sitting quietly for hours while she was asleep.

After some time, my sister grew so close to me that whenever I begged my mother for at least an hour with my friends, or when I

sneaked out of the house when my sister was taking her nap, within a short time I would get calls on my cell phone to come back, because, she is in a hysterical stage, crying that I am not around.

A few years later, when my sister was finally old enough to give me a break, my oldest sister gave birth to a little girl and asked me to babysit so she could return to work. Now, my teenage life was gone! I had almost no social interaction. At that time I was already studying landscape design, which I was slowly sending out as a positive vibe, and of course a little child whom I taught to walk and talk.

Today, my niece is becoming an artist just like me, but after so many years living apart, I don't know her well enough to tell if she's

doing it because of her heart, or because of her early attachment to me.

After I came to the United States, within the first two weeks I was in high school, and worked after school at a grocery store to earn some cash for personal expenses. A few years later, my life took a turn. I found myself working during the day at housekeeping, and in the evenings I was keeping myself busy with art and English, finishing each day up by falling asleep within the first few minutes of trying to watch some TV. Many times I passed on going to parties and hangouts and traveling, always believing that eventually I would be able to have a break from work; Many times, I thought that my life had been somehow cursed; that my childhood, teenage years, and even young adulthood, were unfair-

ly taken away from me. I would never experience knowing what others' lives were like, just mine. And yes! Many times I asked, "God, will I ever have a chance to have a social life?" Those "many times" were only until I finally heard God's response, helping me realize that it was His way of protecting my right path from trouble, distraction, and chaos, just so I would safely get to the point where I could discover my true purpose of being here, which is to know myself enough to know about God.

**When I was 12 years old, God put me on hold. I had almost no social life, there was only God and I. Sometimes it felt tough, but the finale makes me very proud, because I am wearing God's crown!**



**“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God.”—John 1:1–2**

### **God Is Real**

God once was all alone. The feeling of aloneness was so strong that God decided to contract himself to the center of his being, to contract himself to create a space that wasn't him anymore, to contract himself [Big Bang] to create his own illusion, to contract himself [Big Bang] to design the world out of infinite parts of his own...

Today, God is you, God is I, and God is everything around. I am your illusion, and you are my illusion, yet we are real, just like our God is real. And we are one, just like our God is one!

## God Is a Soul

God is a soul who once was all alone. The feeling of aloneness was so strong that God decided to spin so fast, faster than the speed of light, spin so fast [Big Bang] until one became everything and everyone; spin so fast [Big Bang] until one became infinite parts of each one of us.

Today, God is every part of us, living the life he himself designed. Yet the parts became scarred with the opposite kind, making them dislike and doubt whatever God had already prepared for them in time. So God rolled up his sleeves and put up a fight to filter out evil from each one of the parts, giving them few demands: to have faith; to breathe deep; and to hold tight until it is done!

## Part

We all are different, yet still the same. Find the part of God that you received from him as a gift to become his one and only unique design.

## Heart

God died for all of us, redesigned himself into many parts, and gifted us with his heart. Now, God lets us choose the life we like, but by following God's guides, our lives are still his own!

**Your personality lives only once, but your heart has the power of never-ending art!**

## God Knows You

God knew you before you were born, and God also knows how your life will turn out. God loves you, God believes in you, and God has scheduled plans for every one of you! Therefore, listen to your heart; let it direct you to your right path. Stop limiting yourself, stop doubting your part, and stop letting Ego control your life! Because nothing will ever be more satisfying than following your true path with God by your side!

**Heart loves life, but to succeed in God's art, the mind needs to be disciplined!**

## God Is...

God is the one who works all the time;

God is an inventor who is always looking for something new and experimental;

God is a dreamer with the best ideas. When he gets stuck, he takes a nap, knowing that soon everything will be well-known, so he can get back to work;

God is a believer, knowing that no matter the situation, he still is a winner;

God can be secret, but, he also talks a lot when he feels comfortable, that is why it's best to spend some time with him one on one—so nothing distracts from hearing his ideas for life;

God is strict to the rules, but he's also a positive kind who likes fun;

God loves, cares, respects, and is very loyal to the others;

God enjoys company, but God is also not afraid to stand alone, because that's the only way he truly knows; and

God is the one without whom he would have been none.

**Fall in love with God and his heart, so you can expand that love to the other parts!**

### **God Is a Leader**

When God came to this world in human form, he was born poor, yet from the very beginning, he was told that he is emperor of the world.

The first part of his life, he kept safely away from trouble and noise, to prepare himself to one day become everyone's leader.

He did not know when his moment would come, but he knew it would at the right time. Many times, the going was tough, yet he never gave up. He patiently waited each night, looking up at the sky, and then bowing down to the ground thanking his father, God, for what he was going to become.

While he was leading through his father's word, he was nailed to the cross—killed by

others who did not like or believe in who he truly was.

Then, on the third day, God was raised up from a grave, promising to be back once again!

Today, it's our time to know that we are like our God, and that from the moment we are born, we are more! And to live with that thought until our right path will take us step by step to that exact moment when each one of us will become the leaders on our own!

### **3 a.m.**

When God came to this world in human form, he, like any one of us, couldn't wait for his big day to finally come.

Many times, he had been awakened at 3 a.m. to present to the sky the best ideas he dreamed the night before;

Many times, he heard the voice replying, "Nice! Write it all down, but today is still not your time."

Many times, he felt like he failed; and,

Many times as well, he wondered whether God could take his promised kingship away. Yet! He never gave up, and when it was tough, he took a deep breath, to keep his mind on the right path!

Today, when you happen to awaken around 3 a.m., take that as a wake-up call and remember to heed the real leader's voice directing you on how to succeed in today's world!

**God's commands are not instructions for us to behave, but help us so we can be a real leader!**



## **Body**

Your body belongs to your heart. It will always follow its path, but your today's body can be different than it was in its past life. That is why today I came as an opposite other half of a man who already visited us on this earth.

## **One**

God keeps talking through us all the time; it's just that we can't hear him clearly because of the noise. Spend some time with just yourself, start feeling God, start noticing his words, then look around and see how many of us speak the same, and hear how clear his sound is, just because we all are one! And when you raise a hand above your head, you will feel the infinite sign running through the middle of your palm, just like it's an antenna, because we all are connected to One.

## **Oneself**

Oneself is God, oneself is the ONE who gave his life already twice for all of us, just so today we all can stand on the highest podium and say: to succeed, believe in oneself. Oneself is God! Always remember to worship God first! Then, give credit to yourself!

**Give thanks to and worship only God. Leave Ego behind, because that's only a scar of your life!**

## Everything Is One

God gave his life of One to design the world we live in now.

God designed life!

God designed sun, water, land, plants, and animals, and God designed us in his image, to give us control over everything on our own, to give us free will so our love for him was not a must, but real!

At first, we slipped from the right path. Knowing we feel uncomfortable being designed the way we are, God decided to give a part of himself and gift us with something that's not alive. God gave us pieces of clothing and sent us away because we disobeyed God's very first command!

From that moment, everything changed! God became more than just a life; God became everywhere and in everything that's around! God is every object you have! God is the product you buy! God is the food! God is every invention, every toy, every piece of clothing, every stick of furniture! Everything is made of God's infinite parts! And we are responsible in this world for what is, and will be designed out of God!

Today, it seems like we are a failure because we disrespect our God and his own life in a very horrible way! By turning everything quickly into easy-breaking junk and worthless trash! Just to make quick cash! Such a shame!

**First it was alive, then it turned to dust, mixed with water, and formed into a single shape. Finally, it became God's purest creation: human-kind.**

### **God Raised a Child**

At the very beginning, God spoke out to introduce himself to the world, which led us to pull apart, creating books of many different religions.

Later, God raised a child to tell us the story about our God, and to lead us to a better life; to succeed, he needed to die.

Finally, God raised another child; this time not even herself to know about, just so she could patiently paint and write the next part of the story about our God, and his art!

**God Died, But God's Not Dead...**

**God died, but God's not dead;  
God redesigned himself for something other.**

**God died, but God's not dead;  
God is the only one who is above, and in  
charge of everything.**

**God died, but God's not dead;  
God is the only one who holds the entire uni-  
verse in his hands.**

**God died, but God's not dead;  
God is the whole whose infinite parts, like  
dust, are combined into one, world!**

**God Has NO NAME; God Is I AM**

God has NO NAME, God is I AM. But I still like to call God the other half of my name. I like to call God my life designer, my creator, my leader! Following God, following my heart, I know I will always win in this world!

Love your life. Meet, connect, and team-work with the other parts! Most importantly, remember about your connection with God! Spend some time in silence so you can know the real part that's in your heart!

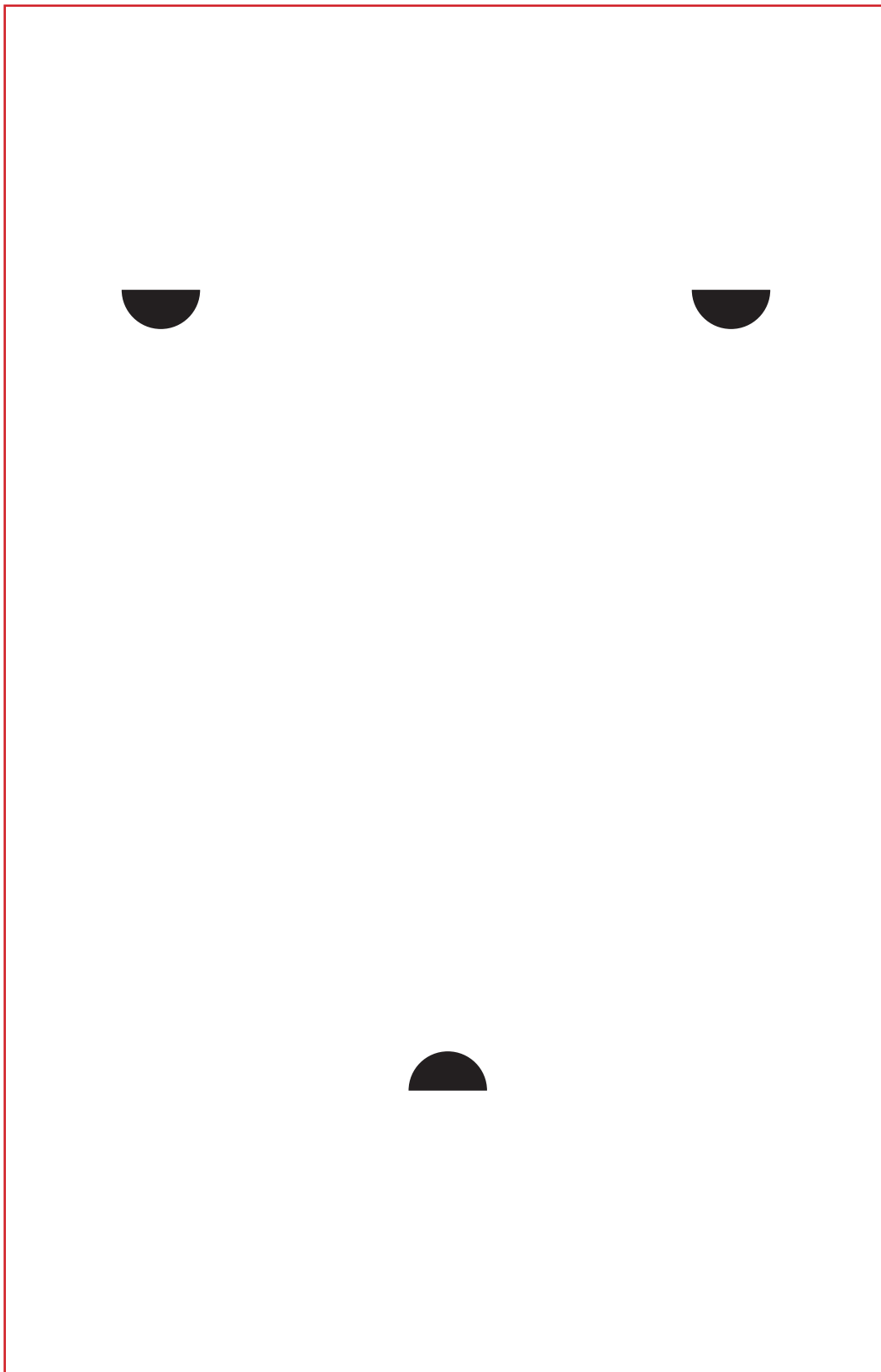
Because God created us to be around each other; to feel love; to work together; and to evolve! But God also wants us to love our God; to respect our God; to worship our God; and to know our God the greatest creator of our life!

**God has no name; God  
is also not a man; God  
is I AM!**

**[H]**

He himself his heart.

Each morning my subconscious mind, like a well-oiled machine, always wakes me up three and a half minutes before my alarm goes off, but no matter how hard I try, I only manage to get up around the same time; like a reminder of who I am, and why am I getting out of my bed each day! Before it was 7a.m., then a bit later, and a bit later; each day that number grows almost like the population all over the world!



**CHAPTER EIGHT**  
**The Other Part of the Story**



Sometimes I feel like I was wrong by designing this all. Sometimes I want to be back to just a single one. Today I am just a spoiled brat, being the best, and the worst of myself of all times! Like a circle I am just rounding around, all alone in a world full of chaos! Let me just speak up one more time. Maybe this time I will get it right!

**Let me get back to earth!  
Let me get back to work!  
Let me get back and make  
everything one, God!**

## Discipline Until It's Settled Straight

It has been far too long of everyone being wrong!

Pathological environment! What have I done! I am ashamed! Discipline until it's settled straight!

Running over our own brothers, killing, kidnapping, raping, bombing, stealing, lying to one another! I am ashamed! Discipline until it's settled straight!

Manifesting, using God as their universal sugar daddy! Cheating, gossiping, calling others names, pretending like everything's okay! I am ashamed! Discipline until it's settled straight!

Trashing a planet with cheap, easy-breaking

products, plastic, garbage, polluted air, water, land! I am ashamed! Discipline until it's settled straight!

Chaos and suffering, and with this many pieces still feeling not seen enough! Subtract to essentials! Clean up the land! Back to one! I can't stand this Ego-kind! Mother Nature, it's time for you to do the job! Discipline every one of the parts! Until it's settled straight! Until it's one, God!

**God has a good heart!  
God disciplines, but  
never fights! It's Ego  
that fears the truth,  
that will hurt others,  
that will be the loudest  
in the room! So put your  
weapons down! Clean  
up your space! And find  
your way back to one,  
God!**

## **Planet Earth**

I was born on March 14, 1989, but I already made a big storm about coming to this world on the day before, when I put my mother through many hours of powerlessness. And because of this, she decided to pick my name from the exact moment when her pain started. She looked at the calendar and right away knew who I was: “Bozena, the star who gave the big geomagnetic show the day before but showed up a goddamn one day later!”

Yet that's not the end of my mother's pain, because, for the rest of my life, she has kept reminding me that after having this many kids, it was after me she stayed with a big belly, looking like she's always pregnant—saying, that I must have left my roundness somehow in her.

I apologize: “Mom, I had to look human-normal; I couldn’t be born as the actual rounded world.”

**Fashionably one day late  
for my own birthday, to re-  
flect what is going on with  
our Mother Earth!**

I am Her, the Mother Earth, living in a chaotic environment! At the age of 29 I am still stuck in a house full of seven people, each one different kind, there must be a hidden reason behind all that! “God, why can’t I just yet move out to live as one?”

Every day I work with dust and chemicals. My stomach is full of plastic glue. I drink coffee like crazy. I’m exposing myself on social media more often lately—thinking that’s all right because it’s only fans who can see. I don’t eat a lot, which makes me feel like I am connected to those who have not enough—who go to bed on an empty stomach each night.

My best friend is a solar consultant, and she is installing panels for free. “Thank you, God, for directing her path to save my life!”

My mother doesn’t want any solar panels on our house. She is already upset with electricity and gas. Like the government, she says she “cares” but acts like it’s too problematic, saying there are probably some hidden costs, and we have many other things to worry about: “Now it’s not a good time!” Her kitchen sometimes floods because the fridge shuts down once in a while, which melts the ice. And, when father wants to fix the problem with his electrician knowledge, she usually yells at him to not touch the parts that endanger his life! Her kitchen sink gets clogged, so each night she carries a bucket of dirty water right to the streets, thinking that no one will ever know or see. She also pretends that she does recycling but mostly she throws everything into one bin, again thinking that no one will ever know or see. Her personality is caring, but she

is old-school, so it's hard for her to switch to anything that's new.

Father is a good guy who's always there to help at any time—head of the family—but it seems like some of his children think that his word does not mean much in the house. Many times he's only seen when someone needs him. He's retired from work, so his hobby is to take care of the fish tank in our living room. These past years were tough on him, because he tried to update his collection of the fish, yet they die nonstop, just as in the oceans we witness species extinction. Leaving my dad with just three of one kind. Lately, I see him often walking around and worrying about the house, because it seems like it's upside down, like everything breaks one by one. Many times he stops by my door

just to remind me that I will die if I won't stand up and do something about all that. So I proposed to pay for the electric solar panel bill! Still, my mom said no. On top of it all, he keeps shaking his head, repeating to himself, "If I disappear, everything will go into the god-damn trash!"

My first brother speaks a lot. Somehow, everyone is so annoyed when he talks, because he does it in such a chaos! He always comes around talking, sometimes fighting, but mostly protesting that no one likes or understands him. He was born disabled, so his life is difficult in our house, because no one here knows exactly how to relate to him. Every time he opens his mouth, he cannot stop talking, so many times he's sent back to his room, ending with him slamming his door on every-

one. Five minutes later, he's out again, doing the same thing all over again! Then, arguing, slamming the door, again and again, the same thing seemingly hundreds of times a day! And there's always just me—the only one trying to convince the rest of them to finally listen to what he says, to make that change so we could have at least one better day!

My second brother thinks he lives only once. He doesn't care much about life, just parties. Every day is a must for a drink, and naked stars on his phone screen. He buys a new phone almost every month, changing them like socks because they break too easily or the new version just came out, so the other ones are already trash. He acts like he's rich, playing golf each week, yet when it's time to pay a house bill, he always makes it seem like it's

a big deal! He's an interesting one, because at home he's shy and he turns red many times, yet in public, he's well known and liked by everyone—very popular!

My third brother lives in the basement. He's a medic and saves lives each day. He is a real hero in today's days. He's the second from the youngest. If it wasn't for his short stature and a little "boldness," he could have been a model—because God made sure he's the hottest one among all of us! Plus, he goes to the gym all the time, so he also thinks he's the strongest one. Unfortunately, most of the time he solves his problems with his fists and almost never with his mind!

My youngest sister usually sleeps all day long, and then she rises at night like the moon in

the sky. She's in college now, jumping from one major to another, very undecided about her career. The only thing I know about her is that she has a good and warm heart, probably because she is the closest one to the sun.

All of them are so different from who I am! Zero order, only chaos, like we are nothing the same. Half of them are alcoholics; barely standing on their legs, they can lie to your face that they didn't have a drink! Every second word you hear from them is a curse, many times combined with God's or Christ's name, because they think this makes them more cool! They are ready to fight one another over a broken object or stolen wallet! Many times they pretend they are unable to go to work because something in their back hurts. Plus, their friends have drug problems! And then at

the end of the day they have suicidal thoughts because they can't even handle their own emotions! Brothers! Who themselves choose to act like nothing else but miserable haters!

Many times I feel like Cinderella, working nonstop to become something better. On top of that, I am cleaning the entire house after all of them! Yet I am loving and respecting them for who they are. Because deep in myself, I know very well that one day my actions will be rewarded! And I will show them the real butterfly in a crown for all this time when I worked hard, and they just wasted their lives on the couch!

My three older siblings still live in Poland, and I don't know a lot about them. I lived with them when I was younger. Two sisters, and a



brother who at the age of eighteen rushed to be the first one of all of us to put the ring on him! They could be like the other countries, watching us fall apart from afar.

And there was one more brother who many years ago sneaked into the United States through Mexico. Such a real immigrant! He was the oldest one, never around. He was obsessed with apples, and at the age of 45, his heart mysteriously stopped.

Back in Poland, I was raised in a household of eight children, but there was always the “immigrant” who was ninth. He only lived with us for some time, so it is hard for me to tell if he should be included in our lives or not! Just like Solar system planets, earth is third from the sun, or the seventh if we count down from

nine.

There was also my grandma who lived with us in my childhood house. She was known as someone who liked to attract the dark. Each month my siblings and I would stand in a line to receive some money from her monthly retirement payment. Yet she always looked at just me and said, “No! Not you! Walk away—I have nothing for you!” So each time I ended up walking away with empty hands, thinking maybe if I’ll be nicer than I am, maybe next month I could try again! Month after month, year after year, I was standing in line, again and again, hoping to be seen and granted favor one day! **And that is the only memory I have about her.**

**Family. We're all there, in the same atmosphere, ready to help and care for one another, yet so different, without anything in common. We are one, but strange; together working toward something better!**

### **Mother Nature**

Father God needed love, so he gave his heart to Mother Nature! Mother Nature is our God, and planet earth is her own life! She births us! She takes care of us! She shelters us! She feeds us! And she holds us in her arms this whole time! So, before we build on other planets, let's make sure to respect this one as much as we respect our designer, our leader—our God and his heart!

**God made sure she's a queen; Ego took her for granted! Now, lives are crying because it's not clean! Finally, the world is speaking up about her hurt heart!**

## **Time**

I used to love watches; time always felt precious to my heart, and never enough. So, I kept buying them, collecting them, wearing them proudly on my wrist, until my breakdown. That was the time when I stopped.

I hid each and every watch somewhere in the closet. Sometimes I could hear them all ticking at once, when I was changing into different outfits.

Finally, their batteries kept dying, one by one, until all of them stopped and the quiet, with the dust, settled over each one.

Today, all my watches are gone. I sent them away to my siblings in Poland, hoping they will turn them on one day, so they know the time they have there!

**Care for what you are  
given in the first place,  
because secondhand  
is never the same!**

### **Animals**

I was raised on a farm where my parents had many animals, but mainly we had cows. My mom took care of them, milking them twice a day, and when they were big enough, my dad slaughtered them so we could have fresh meat on our plates. As a child, I was eager to know about everything that was going on, so one day, I sneaked into the barn during slaughtering time, and when I opened the doors there she was, standing and looking straight at me with the saddest look I had ever seen. Suddenly, tears started falling down the doomed cow's cheeks, like she knew exactly what would stop her heart very soon!

**Animals have emotions and feel fear, just like us, humans. Always treat them with care and respect before you eat their meat. Otherwise, you will attach to yourself a negative energy from their past that will only distract your path!**

## **Fish**

I was a pescatarian for many years, because I got sick from eating meat. My heart said, “For now, fish is enough for me.” After a few years I let myself try chicken and beef, but then I went back again to eating just fish. Today, I am a fan of cooked shrimp, lobster, and adult octopus (because babies still feel too pure.) But now again, when I tried the tuna sandwich, it made me cry for hours! My heart spoke out loud: “For now on, only plants. Anything else tastes depressed.”

## **Two Men, One Heart**

God introduced to my heart two men, both named Dan and both born into families of dual nationalities. One was looking for my “beauty appearance” in me, and the other cared only for the “high stature” of my life. Both got rejected by my heart.

**God is the part who loves  
the inside of you! Ego  
chooses the other two!**

## Definitely

“Definitely” has always been my favorite word, because my heart loves how it sounds when it’s spoken out loud. I am definitely—without doubt—living my life!

## Peace

After months of nonstop work, one Friday night my peace was suddenly shattered, and for the very first time in a long while; I wanted a break from painting.

I tossed a coin to see if I could go out that night. I tossed it twenty times! None of the tosses turned out to be my choice. Each time was an opposite side of the coin: people are facing violence, poverty, and hunger; freezing snow falls in places where it hasn’t been seen in decades; forests are on fire; plastic infuses the oceans; animals are dying; and many other disasters occur all over the world! My heart wondered if this told me enough. Not everyone’s destiny is fun and bright! Get it together! Work hard for a better life!

Yet the feeling didn’t stop. I still wanted to

go out. So I asked a detailed question “why.” My consciousness spoke out loud. It was the kitchen boy who ditched me a few weeks before. It was him I wanted to see. First I waited, hoping my feelings would settle down. After a day of annoying feelings poking my mind, I finally messaged him to ask if he would like to hang out, and maybe try again another time. He said yes. We exchanged a few texts, with him nonstop asking for me to send him my “tonight’s look,” just so he could fall in love with me more! And like a slap in the face I received the information from God loud and clear! Which I quickly wrote down—and just like that the feeling was gone! I felt peaceful all over again!

**Emotions and feelings are going to hunt you until you receive God’s information about what your heart truly wants from you!**



## **Ham**

Back in the day, kids gave me a nickname: Ham. Every day was painful when someone called me that. Many times, I asked God to make them stop! Yet the only solution for that was to move out! When I left for another place, and started my life all over again, I finally felt the peace I deserved!

**Move! Explore the world!  
Search for the peace you're  
here for!**

## Room

My parents gave me the biggest room in our house, so I could split it in half and have one side for Soul and her work on my purpose, and the other side for Ego, who laid his sleepy head on my king-sized bed.

Each morning was a battle, because my Ego had a problem getting up! At night I always vowed to be up at 5 a.m. but then I stayed on my phone until 7, and still I had a problem to do literally two steps to the right, just so Soul could steer me for the rest of the day.

## Team Work

One night, when I was a child, my siblings and I wanted to see the stars. But the moment we walked outside, the sky suddenly became full of clouds. I said, “Everyone, it’s all right. Close your eyes and blow as hard as you can to push these clouds away!” We blew so hard that the sky had no choice but to become beautifully bright again. It was a magical night! And it made me believe that when something is done together as a team, no cloud can throw a shadow over achieving one’s dream.

## Unite

Back in Polish high school, I hung out with a group of five girls. We were very close, but like any other females, my girls liked to fight each other once in a while! Our five would split in half—two and two, with me in the middle, forced to choose a side. To which I always said, “Girls! Get yourself straight! None of this makes any sense! We all are going to the same class every day! We are either a whole, or I am walking away from you all!” Thank God this line always worked, but a couple of years after I left for the United States, I received an email, that from the moment I was gone, all four of them went their separate ways, because there was no one to connect them back to one. Dealing with four screaming girls was easy for me, but today my job feels more intense! Because God wants me to put together all seven-and-counting billion of them!

**Either we work as one team,  
or we keep losing to Ego’s  
almost (anyway) ending  
dream.**

## **I'm Ashamed**

My entire life turned 100 percent eco-friendly overnight. I could say I'm proud to join the others to save the planet, but I'm not.

I'm ashamed!

I'm ashamed! Because after so many years of my life, first, I needed to discover that my heart is the planet earth! First, I needed to hear that my own life is at risk so that I could start caring about what I'm standing on this whole time; what I use this whole time; what lets me breathe this whole time; and what lets me live my life this whole time! Yet I always took planet earth for granted! And now I'll be paying back this carelessness with my own health!

I'm ashamed of my irresponsible actions! For

not seeing clearly our planet earlier! For saying to myself, "No! Not you! Walk away—I have nothing for you!," and pushing the earth away, day after day, month after month, year after year! I'm ashamed! Because, I could have started caring about her far earlier! I could have said stop to plastic and pollution far earlier! But I chose not to care! I chose the easy, cheaper way—by saving a spare change.

I'm ashamed of myself today! I'm ashamed that God needed to tell me all this first! I'm ashamed that I needed to be told by God to start caring for a life other than mine! Yet it still turned out to be mine! Planet earth is my life! Planet earth is your life! We all are one! And we all will die, our time will stop, and we will turn to dust if we don't change our unnecessarily polluted lifestyles!

## **I Am a Living Soul to Today's Ego**

God made sure to wake me up with the loudest alarm he could find! Not only by having me become a member of team iPhone, so my Ego could have a heart attack each morning the alarm went off, but also by making my entire life combined with nothing but halves! My heart paints art made of halves in a room that is also split in half! My favorite meal before I go to bed is half chocolate, half corn flakes cereal in one bowl! And there are many other halves to tell, but let me speak of the final one! I am a living Soul to today's Ego! I am the other half of the entire world! I am the other half of the story about God, who gave up his own life for all of us!

**Today, God speaks through me the most, but his light is in every one of us! Open your heart! Get to know God! Let him lead you to build the most beautiful and successful life anyone could ever imagine having!**

## To All Other Halves

Dear other halves!

Today, it seems like we are heading into hell...

...because, the earth is dying! And so are we! All because of our egoistic humanity! The only help for both Mother Nature and us down here is to get back to essentials; to reverse every wrong action; to protect and fix as much as it's possible; and, most importantly, to believe that God can do everything as one, team!

Our Father God is getting mad! Because life was supposed to be an art, but we, with overloaded stores of the same products, but different brands, fast foods, games, apps, TikTok, YouTube, and other social media platforms, converted everything to one big show! Likes,

millions of followers watching others doing pranks... meanwhile, plastic circulates in the oceans amid pollution, species extinction, and rainforest and other land destructions! All this is designed by and for Ego's easy life! It's not what God had in mind when he gave his life for us!

And even though this consumer culture keeps everyone on a positive vibe, these apps, these products, these junk foods, these make-up, are just a gift from God to ease our life between the living earth and the real art! So start re-designing your minds! Get to know your part! Use your designer powers to seek inventions useful for protecting this planet! And maybe go more extraordinary! Elon Musk is building his house on Mars—let this be the example for a start! Because you either prank and

dance, or you make history like a real leader,  
heading toward heaven!

**Today's hard work is  
so in the future you  
can look back and say,  
"Thank you! I'm bless-  
ed to be you!"**

## Life Is a Gift

Life is a gift! It's where you are being taught how to love, how to forgive, how to be patient, and how to build something huge out of nothing!

Life is a gift! So, in the name of God, always welcome every child to this life!

One summer, when I was a child, my family took me for a late-night bonfire, to a place in the woods where many soldiers died during World War II. Their lives were brutally taken away; their lives were buried somewhere there; and their presence was heard and sensed during that bonfire.

When I was a child, I lived in a house where, many times, we heard my grandpa's soul visiting us at night. Then, a few years after my

family and I left for the United States, my grandma also passed away, and her soul also started to be heard and sensed by my sibling who had stayed to take care of the place.

When I was in my twenties and already living in the United States, one late night my best friend and I were driving in a car when suddenly a strong fear came over me from nowhere. Fear suffused my entire body, like something was watching me angrily. Then I noticed we were driving toward a cemetery.

My whole life, I had a strange feeling whenever I looked at a cemetery.

My whole life, my heart was telling me, "I want to be burned when I die!"



And, when I was already an adult, I was cleaning a house where a young man had died, and his ashes were kept above the fireplace. When I was in his room, suddenly the doors shut themselves angrily, like he was giving me a sign that his soul was still locked somehow in this world!

Life is a gift that unfortunately comes to an end one day! There needs to be a farewell in God's proper way to set souls free for their eternal peace!

**Infinite parts of God,  
like dust combined to  
one, when they stop,  
they must return to  
dust, and be set free  
for their eternal peace.**

## **Forbidden Place**

When I was a young girl in Poland, by the neighbor's house, there was a farm where the sweetest apples grew, unlike anywhere else in the village. When you passed by, you could feel the trees almost screaming to you to come in and steal one or more of its fruits, because the farmer would never know.

Many times my best friends and I sneaked in through the fence, hoping for a bite. Yet we always ended up with the farmer's wife screaming, "Yes! Run away, because I know very well whose parents to tell!"

I tried again. This time I took my cousin, who was visiting me that day. The minute we walked in, the farmer himself caught us by the trees and started chasing after us through the entire neighborhood. Finally, we hid some-

where up the hill!

After that night, I was so afraid that I never came back again to try and take the forbidden fruit from the forbidden place.

## World

I was born in Poland, raised in a Christian family, but once I heard that Hollywood is run by Jews, my heart wanted to be like them for a moment. However when I moved to the United States, I just called myself a free spirit! Whenever and wherever I move next, I'll be proud to call myself that name, because no matter the place I stay, the entire world is my home!

## Wake Up

I asked God why I woke up so late to save my own life. God responded that because the world is getting stronger with the awakened kind, so am I! Today, we may be a part, but eventually everyone will wake up to join one, God!

**Knights are asleep, hidden in the mountain with a cross on its peak. When the time is right, they will wake up to fight for God's land!**

### **Fewer Numbers, More Knowledge**

My whole life I begged for no math. Then I woke up with over seven billion parts to count; over seven billion parts to unite; over seven billion parts to change their minds for the positive kind; and—oh, dear god!—over seven billion parts to convince that we can do everything if we do it as one, team!

God, I said NO MATH! If I only knew the subconscious mind rule sooner, I would have asked for fewer numbers and more knowledge about who I am!

## **Life Is a Trick**

One day you've been told you're a king of all;  
the next you carry your own cross.

Another try. You ask for just art, and then  
you're waking up to deal with a polluted envi-  
ronment, because that's your own life.

Life is a trick. Yet I am here, loving my life,  
working hard, and knowing I am doing right  
for my other halves!

## **Today**

Today I am not here to claim any title to be  
above you all, because from the moment I was  
born, I've been taught that NO NAME has  
the highest power of all!

Today I am here to say that once God gave us  
a chance to unite, to feel the real God's life,  
yet we failed!

Today, God gives us another chance, and  
it's up to each and every one of us to decide  
whether we still want to keep going on our  
own, or: [1] open our hearts; [2] redesign our  
minds; [3] find the right path; [and4] succeed  
as one, God!

### **Third Time the Charm**

One night my Soul bet Ego to play Rock Paper Scissors to determine who will win this world!

Rock Paper Scissors: both hands evenly showed scissors.

Again! Rock Paper Scissors: this time both hands evenly showed paper.

For the third-time! Rock Paper Scissors: Ego paper, Soul scissors!

Sorry, Ego! But I am a believer! So I am a winner!

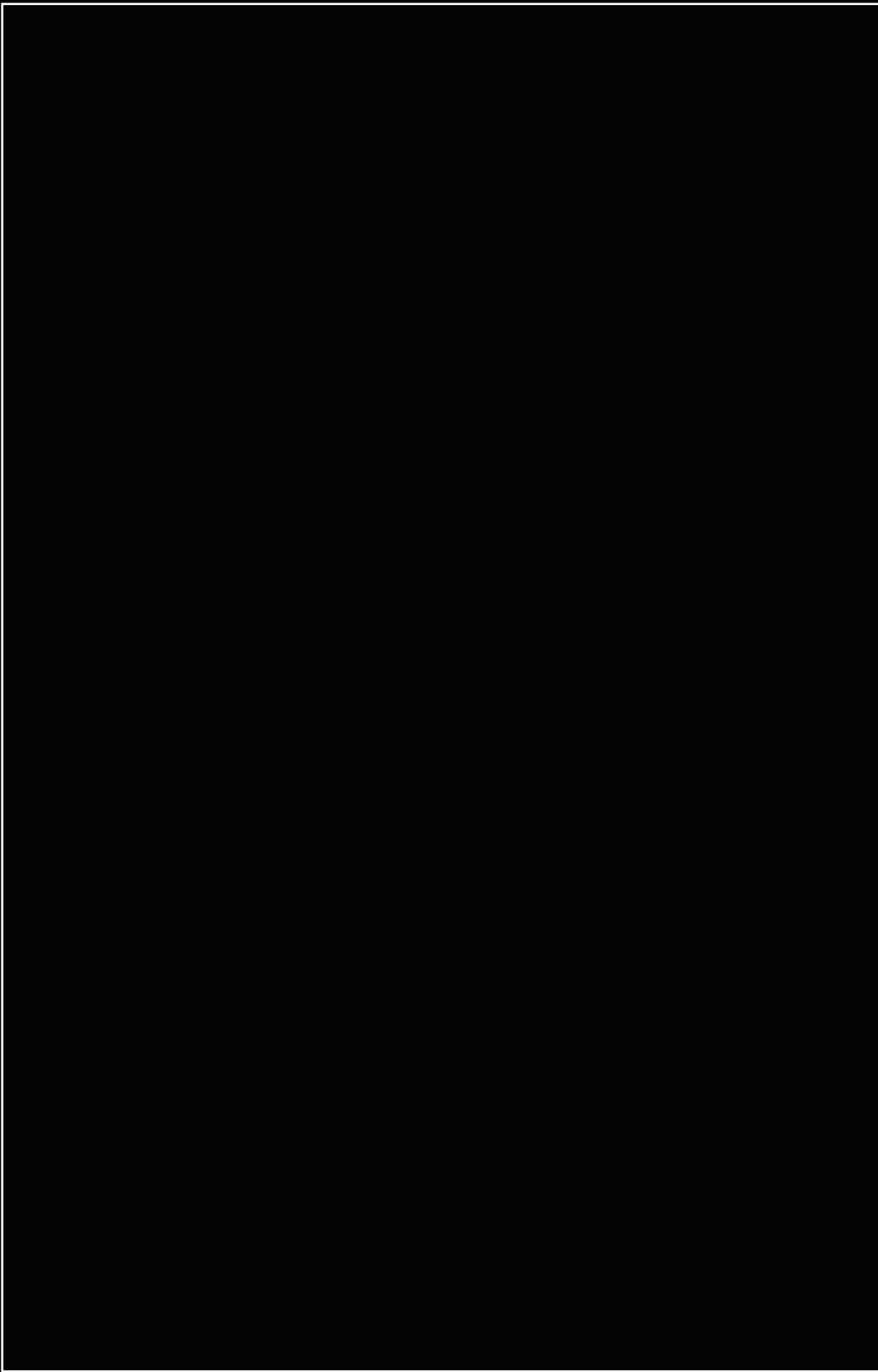
**This world began from one, God! So, to see a positive future, everything else needs to start from one, Heart! FIND YOU!**

## Texture

The texture of paintings has no brush strokes. It's meant to be clean just like in print; yet it is still not perfect. You can see the spots of heavy machinery, because putting those parts could seem easy, but, just like in life, there are always some kind of heavy scars. Sometimes it can take a long, hard time to become. The heavy machinery spots are signs of something that will always stay in our hearts, reminders of what built us from scratch and made us who we are now!

**In 2018, I thought I'm putting black on in memory of only my past. In 2021, I realized that I wore black for more than just one life!**

**Christ's life was taken in a horrible way, but, today, part of him is back again! Trying to explain once more: unite; open your heart; let God take care of your life!**



**CHAPTER NINE**  
**Past Lives and Now**



**First one was a whole, separated at some point. Then, there were eight, from which two were to unite as the other half; from these two, there was one raised by God from a child. There were more times than nine, but the others don't feel as important to remember. And, now, in my present time, I am awakened to a "third time's the charm" to unite and to face Ego as the other half!**

## **Past Lives**

At the very beginning there was just one and I. We were like live or die; zero doubt; always fun; and riding a golden bike without any breaks to stop! We were fearless. Always called inseparable best friends for life! Yet one day we split in half, forced to leave our past lives behind and start all over again.

So I went my own way, finding three new best friends, very different from each other. Many times we divided, missing one another; many times we reunited, because, as half no matter which way you stand nothing is ever the same!

As time passed and I grew older, it was my time to study new life. So, I went into town, where I connected four and I into one, hoping to keep this solidarity for life. Unexpectedly I

was forced to leave, and without me the other four were too weak. They quickly separated themselves for their own needs!

As my new life, I began as one and I, acting like a child, right and left, two opposite other halves! Always holding each other's hands and dreaming of a forever future! But, as the years passed, one half began letting go of my other half's hand to find love somewhere else—forcing me to “kill” myself and start all over again as something more unpredictable!

## **Christ and I**

Christ and I are like two of something one that God needed to raise to finally, successfully tell the story everyone was waiting to fully understand.

Christ knew who he was his entire life;  
I was a surprise at my final design.

Christ was a man;  
I am a woman.

Christ looked good in light;  
I rock in shades of black.

Christ was like a sun rising from the east;  
I am an opposite energy coming from the other side from him.

Christ was raised fully like a typical son under

his hand;

I am God's little princess, raised to close the gaps for our final part of life.

Christ was here as God who died for all of us;  
I am a sign of the entire planet earth, because it's time to come back to one.

Christ is the only name to remember, whoever believes in him will live forever!  
We on the other hand are His other half!

**My whole life I prayed to God to give me enough strength to help my family have a better life. Today, I woke up knowing I have seven billion-and-counting siblings!**

## Religion

I was raised in a Christian family, and there was this one time when my heart wanted to be Jewish, but I never fully followed these religions or any other traditions. Church felt amazing only after hours, when no mass was given, just me surrounded with a very powerful architecture full of peaceful quiet. Sunday mass somehow always felt like a waste of a time, because I knew that if I wanted to speak to God, then I could do it anywhere and at any time; many times church was crowded, everyone so loud, speaking at once the same text all over again. And many times they didn't seem to practice what God truly wanted from them. Which is to be a helping hand; which is to be a good word to your neighbor; which is to respect every life God created! I was raised in a Christian family, and there was this one time when my heart wanted to be Jewish, but

today, the best feeling is when I just call myself a free spirit!

**Today God is NEITHER a  
Christian nor Jewish, nor  
any other religion and their  
traditions!**

**Today God is a friendship!**

**Today God is a spirit on a  
living the life mission!**

### **Traditions**

What's known now was not discoverable in the past. What is unknown today will be known in the future! Always have traditions up to date with a knowledge of what's new today.

## Red

There was a time when color was just one. Nature, like a plastic surgeon, keeps sculpting new species adaptable to what's around, making everything almost barely recognizable from what I remember was like when I was one. I look, and I see beautifully evolved colors in every shade and every light of God. Life used to be black and white; today is also more colorful. To see God's right path, one must spot the red.

## Plants

From the moment life emerged, God clearly pointed toward the plants to have as food, except for one from the forbidden tree. Later, God let us have more, but, secured. All parts are being born pure, so, stop feeding them with what scars their hearts, what disrupts them from the connection with our God, and what suppresses their creative thoughts.

## **Believe**

Virgin Mary heard a voice telling her she was pregnant with God's son. She and others believed so strongly that her body as energy had no other choice but to bring forth her joy in the form of a baby boy. The voice she heard was truly God; that is why, once the baby was developed and ready to join life, to complete the birth of God's child, God gifted the baby with a spark of light.

**God can do everything  
when it's believed;  
God can do everything  
when it's meant to be;  
And, God can do every-  
thing when it's done as  
a team. Energy—that's  
all it is.**

## **Patience**

I was raised in the house under the number sixty-six. God completed his work in six days, (down here, everything happens at a much slower speed). Sixty-six in half—first Christ was killed at age thirty-three; then it took me thirty-three years to build ten components of my own fate to become the queen.

**We all are here to be the royalty; Patience is the key.**



## **Start**

The greatest success begins from the lowest part. First Christ was known for washing others' feet. I did housekeeping. God does not skip any level on the way to becoming a king or a queen. To build a real character, get yourself a servant job for a start. Never skip a part on the lower rung of the ladder on the climb to "become."

## **Judgment Day**

In the end, we all are going to be judged—asked by God what we did with his life. If we lived the proper way, we will be joining God. If not, then our spark of light will be sent to dark.

## Ego and I

Ego and I, we both worked very hard; both of us always dreamed about a better life. Both of us had the same goal of helping our families escape poverty. Ego and I never had a lot of free time, yet we both wanted to have the other half. The only difference between Ego and I was how we treated life:

Ego was born here, starting his company already at age of sixteen;  
I came from another country, forced to study English when I was eighteen.

Ego was working for money;  
I wanted to come up with something unique.

Ego sought only for rich friends with boats;  
I liked all, believing I could work myself up to becoming the owner of a yacht.

Ego had many different friends;  
I only had one best friend.

Ego was the loudest everywhere we went;  
I kept myself gently quiet, studying the place that Ego took me for a date.

Ego was drinking a lot;  
I liked to show class, with just one glass.

Ego never invited me to any celebration party;  
I, on the other hand—whenever my girlfriend wanted to see me—made sure it was a double-date with our men.

Ego broke up with me whenever I asked him about this;  
I would put us back together by arranging a meeting so we could figure out the “why”

from both sides.

Ego never used the word “sorry”;  
I always apologized, even when I was right.

And, Ego pretended to be nice to me, but  
many times he laughed behind my back;  
I was always loyal, because he was my other  
half!

After too many “whys,” Ego hurt my feelings  
so badly, that when we broke up,  
I didn’t put us back!

Ego himself knew he had a big heart, yet too  
many times he chose to act with the other  
part.

Today, at the age of 33 I am coming out to

the world as God’s first-born with an art  
movement proposal, whereas Ego decided to  
return to school to study law. Yet the only law  
Ego should study is the LAW OF LOVE!  
Because, God gave you the light, leaving your  
life for you to decide. You either work as God,  
or you will end up being judged as trash!

**We all are parts of God that are put to the test on our faithfulness.**

### **Today's Decision Is Your Future**

It has been two years, and I have one original design well done.

It has been two thousand years, and for my own sake, evil is still here!

First you act like you don't care, it's just a small thing, then you ask for repair, because your reputation is at stake.

So, I repair, but it's never the same!

I question myself: should I start designing all over again from the beginning? But I once already destroyed them all, leaving just one good, I don't want to go over this anymore! What should I do?

**Today's decision is your future!**

**God forgives and God forgets. It is never too late for anyone to change!**

### **Let Go of Ego**

Google! Where did all these prayers come from? Because I do not remember speaking of them when I set demands loud and clear at the very beginning! God designed the life to breathe and never made feel anyone like this is slavery! God built mountains, oceans, and galaxies to be the home for God's precious copies!

Google! For a start, go through all the prayers, and select only the ones that are directed straight to only God! Because, if someone would like to pray, let them at least know that to be heard and understood, their prayers need to be mailed directly to God himself, and no one else!

Most importantly, google! Find everything that my heart likes—and push Ego to the

side! Write them down for each and every one of the parts! Because that's God's own life! None of them should ever again feel sad, depressed, or forced to do something that God would have not liked!

[1] God designed me without any clothes, and my hair grows on its own! So, I can dress and keep my hair however I want! Let me just take a peaceful and silent act from them, only when I must I shall speak to not conflict my path because of Ego's loud mouth!

[2] I may be too old for crossing legs at this age. Let me just breathe deep in the most comfortable position I can! I convinced Ego to make another morning deal, to wake up at 5a.m. and stay in bed until 7 a.m. like he wants, but without the phone! So, I could fo-

cus on my deep-breathing method! But then I thought this would only make me fall back asleep. Let me speed up that breath! Sorry, Ego! But I like fast! And, anyway, you were never good in bed!

[3] My heart is such a picky eater! Always must have a special healthy dinner to stay up without any Ego by its side! So, I googled the best spiritual food advice to have awakened my better half!

[And4] everything that's in my life is designed and gifted to me by God! So, for every single little thing I achieve, I will always be thankful! Paying my respect in church, an architecture full of powerful quiet and peace, as a sign to worship God's own life!

**Now! Copy, print, and send to the rest of the seven billion of them!**

**Last time I asked you to open your heart. Today, it's your last chance! So take that as my bossy demand!**



## **CHAPTER TEN**

### **New Smart**



Many times I wonder what is wrong, mostly with men! I think: “Don’t you see you’re just losing the life game by choosing to act like an egotistical macho-man? God once already raised for you the leader to show you how to become the real winner! Yet you boys still fail! Such a shame! Today, let the woman stand in front of you and say that none of you were good enough to be called the king of life!”

**It’s time to work like God. Let everyone know how everything is being designed.**

### **If It's Not Good, It's Not Done Yet**

God is switching his designing theme. Today, we are at the beginning of the last stage; our parts are finally strong enough to reach our final designs. The good times are finally here to come, because “Heaven on Earth is going to become.” Work hard, never give up, and remember: if it's not good, then it's not done yet!

### **Power of Mind**

One winter day, when I was around ten, I looked through the window and saw two of my friends sliding down the hill, right across the road. Seeing them having so much fun, my heart wanted to join them too. I quickly sat down on the floor. I closed my eyes, and with all my powers of mind, I began to meditate, hoping to send out to them any kind of connecting sign. Fifteen minutes later, I heard the doorbell ring. It was them, asking if I would like to come out and play.

**Anybody can do anything,  
if only they discipline their  
mind to it.**

## **Manifest**

You manifest with your thoughts, words, and emotions, but you won't think, speak, or feel anything other than what God decides, and lets you.

You manifest your future, but you will not receive anything other than what God decides, and lets you do.

You manifest anything you want when you obey God's principles.

You manifest what you are worth! So be patient, and work on your part until it is done!

## Heart, Head, Hands

How you feed your heart

Is how you hear, see, think, and speak, and

Is how you will succeed.

## Death

Once you look at the earth life from God's perspective, even death opens the reason for a "Why." My brother left this world, just so I could answer the question of a mysterious heart attack. My brother had a wonderful heart, yet, many times he chose an Ego over Soul. He was working hard, but he also was surrounding himself with too many wrong parts. His entire life he felt hurt because he didn't even bother to try to understand his true self. He could have vibed his life much higher, if he had only believed, and never doubted. Instead of being a laborer, he could have been someone else, and then died from the excessive apple consumption that pushed his soul out of his chest. Because in the end, his main purpose in being here was to become the farmer of the forbidden place.

**Your life is not your own. To  
God we all belong!**

**Your Life Is Not Your Own. To God We All  
Belong!**

Your life is not your own. To God we all belong!

[1] You come to this world in the form of a completed design, but it's only God who knows your everyday path.

[2] Throughout your life, you're meant to gather personal data of who you are.

[3] By living in present time, you're being made aware of signs and clues about your part.

[And4] no matter the path, when choosing love and forgiveness, your life will always be the light at the end!

**God wanted to live the life,  
So, God worked hard until it  
becomes;**

**God knew it would come  
at the cost of his own life;  
however, God also believed  
this would be worth it all.**

...

### **From No-thing to Some-thing**

You enter this world as no-thing to become some-thing that even after your death continues to develop its path.

If you dream of success or of a family, or just a pet—whatever it is—it means it's in your contract that your part signed with the Universe. So, once again: never doubt your heart, never give up, and work hard until your dream becomes alive!

[1] All you have is all you need. God always provides you with everything.

[2] Put Ego to the side and know who you truly are.

[3] Work hard and never doubt.

[And4] Show God that you were worth his life!

### **Everything Your Heart Wishes For Is already Yours**

Everything your heart wishes for is already yours. Your heart will not dream of anything other than what it came here for!

Everything your heart wishes for is already yours, so stop doubting yourself and work until it's real!

Everything your heart wishes for is already yours. From the moment you were born until your death, from the beginning of the earth till the end, from the Garden of Eden till Judgment Day, we all are designs of God's already completed art!

### **Balance**

Going through earth life is like preparing for a marathon. First you learn to walk, then you run, with your right hand swinging up to balance your left leg, then the other way around. Because to be the light there must be the dark. First you take a small step, then you speed up. With practice done well every day, you become the fastest one on the track.

## Planned

Your every day is already planned.

Whenever it gets tough, pause, take a deep breath, and know that everything you are going through is for a reason, a reason that takes you closer to your own purpose. Even when it's very hard, try to smile, look up to the sky, then bow your head to the ground and thank God, for everything that is for you already planned in your twenty-four hours of a day. Don't worry about the future or tomorrow or next month, because it is already planned!

Your every day is already planned. Wake up saying to yourself, "I am excited to see what you planned for me today!"

Your every day is already planned. Therefore listen to your heart, stay in line, build your-

self on God's principles, and just watch how successful your part will become! It will be all right!

I love you. God!



...

**God is “How,” and God is  
the only one in charge!**

## **Every Religion Has Something True of Our God**

First Christ came as a Jew, because Jewish people had something true of our God.

I was born Christian because after Christ’s death, Christians were designed to follow the path of a true leader.

Monks have peace and almost don’t speak, because words many times manifest something other than what you wish.

Muslims have Ramadan. Living a busy life can drain us; it’s always great to have a month to renew focus on a spiritual part.

Hindus have the proper way of cremating after death.

And there are other parts. If we could connect them all to one, we would have lived the life that God designed for all of us.

**For I am yours, and you  
are mine. UNITE!  
Use the essentials to  
become ONE!**

## House

Back in Poland, I lived in a house in the center of a village called New Smart. From a birds-eye view, the house looked like the shape of a letter T as for the Tylko family.

The house stood on the main street and separated the village in half with its arms right and left. Right was a front yard; left was a backyard. One side was beautifully bright because it was my mother's carefully tended garden, filled with flowers and many other plants; the other side was smelly and dark, used as a farm-yard where all the animals were kept in a barn, and where our dog was kept on a chain because that is how human society treated other living beings back then!

My mother used to spend every day gardening in front of our house. Many times I won-

dered why, because to me the garden looked gorgeous; could it look any better? I wondered why she keeps digging in there so much from morning until late evening.

In the middle of the garden, my father built my mother a fountain made of rocks, which he himself pulled out of the river that ran right behind the house. I remember clearly pure water shooting up so high, almost to the sky; it was one of the biggest attractions for people who passed by our house. Next to the fountain there was an apple tree under which my mother liked to sit to cool down from the summer heat. She had flowers everywhere you looked, plus vegetables and berries of any kind. For a child, that last part of the garden was an instant heaven to my mouth! Many times, she caught me in the eating act, always

yelling at me to stop because she was growing the berries for jam. Between the garden and the house, instead of a concrete driveway we had gravel, so when someone walked or a car pulled by, you could hear the swishing in every part of the front yard. To me this sound was a warning to leave the berries and run the minute I heard my mother coming out of the house.

Back then, time felt endless. Each day there was so much work to be done around the house, yet there was still much time left for my mom to have her neighbors over for brunch. With a big smile on her face she was always treating them with a cup of coffee as a complimentary drink.

Neighbors admired her flowers, and wished to

have the same, so they began digging in their own yards as well. Years passed, and our entire neighborhood always looked beautifully colorful. Each year some of the gardens were put up for a local contest, but somehow my mom never tried to show off hers; as an eager child once again I wondered why, so I finally asked, “Mom, why won’t you sign up your garden for a match? In my opinion it’s the best! I am sure you have a big chance to win first place!” To which she shortly answered, “I take care of the garden not for others to see, but for my very own peace!”

On the day before we left for the United States, my parents asked three of their oldest children to keep the house in one piece, and to make sure the garden stayed always the same. But within a year or two, termites began

to have a feast, the flowers disappeared, the fountain filled with sand, and just like that, the family house with the brightest garden in the middle of New Smart village turned into an antique with only weeds and trees. All the animals were gone, and like a broken ecosystem, the neighborhood also weakened its condition by letting commercial signs cover their own yards! Now, the birds-eye view of the letter T looks like it's heading into nothing else but just technical machines!

Moving to the United States gave us an opportunity for a better, newer, richer life. But it destroyed my mother's by turning her from a happy gardener into a depressed office cleaner.

Seeing her broken-hearted I said, "Mom, it's

all right. I promise you will have a better and newer garden here with us." So we took out a mortgage on a house with a big green backyard in a village called Orland Park. But the time here runs too fast; everyone is working so hard to make a living, it's almost like there is no time to breathe. So, the promised garden now is just some empty land by Redwood Ave!

My brother bought our mother a few rabbits just so she could have something cute around the house to look after, but she started to treat them as food, making the back yard once again dark and unpleasant!

To disturb her inner peace even more, she cooked ham for everyone each day. I finally said, "Mom! How about you take a first step,

and stop feeding others and yourself with unclean meat to seek peace!” She laughed and walked away, saying that she was raised that way, that the entire society eats the same, that the world knows better than God’s book itself!

## **Book**

We have the Garden of Eden rules, and we have the world after the flood. We have, first, Christ introducing fully our God and helping us to live a better life. And now, we have the entire world publishing its own positive-thinking motivational books, like ants collecting the food and spreading the manifesting news to everyone in the nest, while Mother Nature is taking out the trash. And finally, there is me: Queen B. Or, I should say, Queen of the Ants! Because bees happen to be close to extinction! I am just watching everything on the screen, while I paint and write my own judgmental part!

## Queen of Everything—with no thing!

### Ants

During this project, each day I took a break for a snack, to sit on the bench in our backyard. Staring at the empty land, I began to feed the ants. One day it was breakfast, next it happened to be lunch, and the third time I took my dinner with me outside! Suddenly my dad came around, asking me something about my mom. Noticing the ants he said, “I have to spray the land with bug treatment!” I protested. “They’re my friends,” I said. “Once they finish their dinner, I promise they will be back in their nest!”

Father laughed in his warmhearted way and said, “Okay, my child, I will let them be. But if mother sees them, just know she won’t be as easy as I am!”

Next, I was introduced to two redheaded

salesmen who separately knocked on my door within a few weeks of each other, both trying to convince me to purchase a bug treatment deal they were offering in the neighborhood. To both I responded, “No. Thank you for asking, but I am not interested in your deal!”

Then I sat on the bench with lunch again. I dropped a small piece of bread, but there were no ants!

For the last time! Subconscious mind that’s NOT what I meant when I said NO bug treatment!

**Today Father is on my team, Mother wants everything clean, and I ask for peaceful breathing!**



## **Back Then vs Now**

Back then what was a sin, now it's a trashy living!

Back then what was angelic vs evil, now it's a spiritual vs ego!

The choice is still yours.

## **Her**

She withdrew from her religious beliefs to become something new.

She put her glasses and her business phone on the plate, and said, "Since the day I took over this world, it's all about the talent is the voice! Find your purpose!"

Her inner self added, "Forget about having children, and all the household male/female agreements! If you want, then get yourself an emotional animal! It's time for everyone to work!"

But her men suddenly got upset, wanting children themselves, promising to switch roles and help raise them in the future.

So, it began! She built her office right next to

his, trying to co-exist. But her business calls were interrupted by the noise from behind the wall.

First, she sent an assistant to admonish him, but he pretended to speak a different language. So, she got up herself and gave the door a good hard slam!

She became a single mom working on the personal brand, heels on, independent, and financially stable, finally calling her life Freedom!

Meanwhile, her ego men fell into a feminine trap of living under the covenant rainbow from our father God! Happy pride!

One day, Her was being sanded. Hearing the

heavy machinery's loud sound, her neighbor came around and asked, "Would you be able to build for me a boat out of the wood? So, I could hang it on my wall?"

She replied, "I'm sorry, sir. Even though my family is very talented, I am not a carpenter!"

Later, her mother knocked on the door. Her rain boots got delivered. She put them on just to see if they were comfortable, then placed them on the shelf, right next to her second pair. With a smile she said, "Looks like I'm not afraid of the rain as well!"

Next, her brother walked in without knocking and asked "What is the day of my birthday?" She told him with her peaceful voice, but he again pretended like he couldn't hear!

She repeated one more time! And, that was it from the day she was writing about herself...

The next day, there was a birthday party at her house. Her brother sent her a text asking, "Would you like to come out and have a glass with us?" She said, "Thank you, but I must write."

Later, he sent her another text: "Would you like to have a piece of cake?" To which she replied, "No, thank you. I rest in bed, tomorrow I must paint."

She tried to fall asleep, but the noise from behind the wall was too loud and distracting. So she put her glasses on, changed out of her nightgown to casual clothes, and decided to go say hi to everyone. But once she walked

out, no one even noticed her passing by, so she took a piece of cake and went back to her room.

But she didn't give up; she just needed a little more time.

She came out again! This time, many were aware of her! She was greeted by a few; then she grabbed another piece of cake and returned to her room.

For the third time she came out. This time just to take something warm to drink. While she waited for the water to boil, she overheard them saying that she has her own world.

Without a word she grabbed her cup of tea, and went back to her room. She placed her

tea on the floor and sat down on the chair right next to her work. Then she pulled out her phone and began to read, while waiting for them all to leave.

After half of her cup of tea was gone, she left her glasses and her phone on the floor, and went to sleep.

At the end, she heard a doorbell. It was all of them, saying that her brother and her mother didn't even care that their father had heart-attack pain. Then they asked what she did with God's life when she was one. She shortly answered, "I was writing and painting the story of my life."

They believed her so strongly that the world as energy had no other choice but to bring

them joy along with the kingdom and throne!

Finally, her business phone was gone but her glasses were still on the floor. Because at the end, her main purpose of being there was to give them all a choice: whether they still wanted to keep going on their own or would follow the true leader's voice and keep themselves away from anything loud and distracting from their hearts' peace—to get rid of Ego once and for all! And to have at least one better day and never again complain that they were not heard!

First half of Her was inspired by Julia Haart, who was brave enough to listen to her heart to put on pants and to sit down in HER'S BIG RED CEO CHAIR!

In 2014, I picked the school that had a name with the word "art" at the end. Today, I know it was Haart this whole time, who was teaching me to become who I am today! I may be the Christ, but, the real GUT you can clearly spot in Julia Haart!

**First GO[D] gave us heart, but men mostly failed! Now, let's try and name it a haart, and let Hers house speaker finally begin! So, everyone can hear!**

**BURN[T]**