

This is a sample for your preview of

Pursuit of Light

An Extraordinary Journey

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Carlsbad, California

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Cover photo by Andreas Koessler

ISBN hardcover: 978-0-9796554-4-9

LCCN 2007928723

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INTRODUCTION

Life is about choice.

Victor Frankl lost his family and freedom in the Holocaust. Yet, in the midst of that horror, he discovered within himself an emotional perspective—an attitude or core awareness—that sustained him through his darkest hours. He chose that new attitude and managed to survive both physically and emotionally. He changed the way he viewed what was happening to him and with that shift created a new emotional reality. He saw and experienced himself as something greater than his circumstance. So great was his internal change—the way he viewed his reality—that when he emerged from the hell of a concentration camp, he established a second family and founded the branch of psychiatry known today as existentialism. Now that’s an attitudinal shift!

Like Victor Frankl, we all must choose. Choice requires picking a point of view and understanding that one inherently has the capacity to do so. It is a birthright that we all need to claim. In fact, consciously choosing is imperative because once any individual changes a point of view, that person also changes his or her reality. Contrary to popular opinion, reality is not carved in stone. It’s based on personal opinion. That’s how three people can be in the same room at the same time, dialoguing on the same subject, and yet be experiencing three different realities all based on the exact same factual data. Simply put, personal reality—or how one experiences what we call reality—is not limited to a narrow definition of the facts, but rather depends on the way one emotionally experiences them.

Choice impacts every area of our lives. Being a victim is a choice. Living life in the constant melodrama of a tedious soap opera—not that there’s anything wrong with that—is a choice. Happiness is a choice.

The secret to establishing a sense of joy, possibility, and freedom is pretty basic: Dissolve the attachment to pain and suffering—that knee-

jerk reaction to think “but I’ve been hurt, and I’m entitled to feel this way.” Of course you are. Yet, heartless as this may sound, it really doesn’t matter how difficult personal backgrounds and situations may have been or may still be. The facts surrounding us don’t have to change in order for us to embrace the peace that “surpasses all understanding,” the peace that transcends circumstances, the peace that is inherent within us.

No, the facts don’t have to change, but the way we identify with them does.

Personal reality is created by personal attitude. Bottom line? Attitude—the way we frame the conversations in our head—is everything.

Attitudes notwithstanding, however, let me warn you ahead of time that in terms of detail my story gets worse before it gets better. For mine is the tale of a little girl who was disenfranchised in so many ways—a tortured, abused child who found a way to survive and grow into a woman with humor, joy, and a love of life.

The moral of this story is not about man’s inhumanity to man or some parents’ inhumanity to children or even how the light at the end of the tunnel can make things even out—sort of. If it were, then this historic tale would have little value except to those who like to suffer by association.

So, if the focus is attitude, why even go into stories of abuse? I struggled with that a lot while debating what I wanted to write. It is not my desire or intention to relate personal dramas for the purpose of evoking pain or emotional responses in others, although I am well aware it is a risk I take.

“Then why do it?” I asked myself and others who were mentoring me.

“Because if you don’t share the journey—or at least parts of it—on an openly personal level,” came the answer from both within and without, “how can you inspire the recognition that no matter what transpired yesterday, it is insignificant when compared to what lies within the core of one’s being today?”

I love this story for the potential it can serve and the light it might help to rekindle. So, I made my choice to share some stories of trauma, with the intention of using them to promote the attitudes of hope and change. I’m not saying that the whole process of choosing a new attitude over popularly accepted interpretations of drama and trauma—like good guys/bad guys, “he done me wrong,” and other sad tales of victimization—doesn’t require a bit of swimming upstream. Going against the

mainstream is always an upriver battle. But think of it as a nice river on a sunny day.

This is about choosing to change core and culturally accepted belief systems. No one is limited to genetics or chronological history.

What if it is true that we are not what happened to us? What if it's also true that we are one with an ever-ongoing universe that is constantly birthing and rebirthing its essence in us?

As Albert Einstein said, "Once you can accept the universe as matter expanding into nothing that is something, wearing stripes with plaid comes easy."


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HELL HATH NO FURY

When Tom first sojourned from that poor dirt farm in Tennessee to the bustle of a big city where, while making chocolate in a local sweet shop he ran headlong into the seventeen-year-old Ginny, he had no idea he was cementing the direction of his life. His attraction to her certainly didn't appear to be foreordained or even a matter of personal choice. Maybe it was just dumb luck.

But I don't think so. I don't even think it was merely happenstance that I ended up being their kid. That would make life simply random, although perhaps what might be interpreted as randomness is more accurately described as life in its multitude of possibilities. And in those possibilities we have what Victor Frankl had. We have what is at the very core of our being. In those potentials we have choice.

That's where the road to all inner healing and self-awareness begins. Although my mother and father came from relatively common, albeit dysfunctional backgrounds, together they succeeded in creating something greater than the sum total of their parts. Only they opted for the dark instead of the light. They made decisions—initially small and then quite large—that plopped them right into the pitch-black side of their weak characters. Together they managed to mutilate opportunities and unleash Darth Vader-esque life choices that were so much darker than their individual histories would appear to have indicated. I've been a therapist for thirty years. Trust me, on paper who would have thought their backgrounds were harsh enough or stupefying enough to have laid the groundwork for the aberrant tag team they ultimately became?



I am alone in the house with my mother. Her name is Ginny. My name is Sandy. Everybody else has already left. It is the first day of school, but I'm not old enough to go. I have to wait three more years. It's hot. I plop down on the floor in the kitchen with my paper and crayons. It's cooler here. I pick the red crayon to draw a circle. My mom is standing at the kitchen sink washing dishes and wiping sweat off her forehead with the front of her arm. Pieces of her hair poke out at all angles, escaping the tight round thing she had pulled her hair back into earlier this morning.

Oh-oh. She's starting to talk under her breath. She's mad. The veins on her neck are popping out like pieces of my pick-up-sticks game, tied together and sewn in under her skin. My belly is doing somersaults, turning over and over. I'm scared, and I want to look away. But I keep looking back at her like I'm one of those nasty old moths that can't stay away from the light bulbs. I hate those things.

Her voice is getting louder. She seems to be looking at something I can't see. Maybe that's a good thing. If she looks at me, she'll bug her eyes out, showing the whites all the way around them. Like two eggs with blue yolks and a black dot in the center of them. She does that a lot when she gets mad.

I had a doll with eyes like that once. I poked them out, but then the black holes scared me even more. So I hid the doll, and now I can't find her.

Ouch! Her voice has climbed to that real loud, high place. It hurts my ears. I must not breathe or even blink my eyes. I am sitting perfectly still, trying with all my might not even to move a muscle, trying not to draw any attention to myself. If she notices me, something very, very bad will happen. I know it will.

Don't breathe.

"If that goddamn kid hadn't been born," my mother yells, "I would have been home where I belonged."

I am the "goddamn kid" my mother is referring to.

Oh, no. I see it, but I am too late. I'm only a few feet away from her. That's too close! She can reach me with her arm. She can reach me with her foot. I feel my whole body jerk as if I have just been poked hard with a fork. One of those long, sharp ones that farmers use for hay.

And then it happens. She looks down at me with her egg yolk eyes. I can't move. Something has me glued to the spot. I barely see the flash of movement as her foot rises a second before it kicks into my ribs.

And then she picks me up and flings me into the air—although, in truth, I don't fully understand what has happened until after I have crashed into the wall and bounced hard onto the floor.

I lay there limp and dazed, staring into the black square of the checkerboard linoleum upon which I landed. My head has such a sharp pain, like a knitting needle has been shoved into it. But I am too scared even to cry.

I am two years and four months old.



My mother stepped over her fallen daughter—that would be me—and stormed into her bedroom that was adjacent to the kitchen. She slammed the door loudly behind her and sat in front of her large vanity mirror, automatically reaching for her brush. She was livid beyond livid. If she could have gotten hold of her bastard husband, Tom, she would have gladly ripped him apart rotten piece by rotten piece.

Ginny sighed angrily. She had set her sights on Tom from the minute she first saw him almost eight years ago when she was seventeen and he was a suave older man of almost twenty-four. She saw him as a handsome fellow, a true gentleman made even more attractive to her with his southern drawl and “yes ma’ams” heavily peppered throughout his speech. And he liked the look of her, too. As a teenager, she had mooned over his story about how he, the youngest of the family, had migrated from the armpit of rural Tennessee to the bright lights of Chicago to escape the clutches of his God-fearin’, Bible-thumpin’ mom. Evangeline—all 4’11” of her—apparently went around in the midst of summer’s one-hundred-degree heat garbed daily in a black floor-length, high-necked, long-sleeved dress, under which she wore full petticoats and ankle-length bloomers. There was no doubt in Ginny’s mind that Evangeline, already well into her seventies, ruled her brood with an iron fist or, more specifically, an iron cane, with which she seemed to have amazing dexterity.

Tom had more stories, too, especially about his first wife, the infamous Elizabeth. Ginny was convinced that the guy with whom she was so enamored had been abandoned by evil Elizabeth and left to raise his daughter all by his little ol’ self. Tom had somehow failed to mention his deal with Allie. Besides, it was part of Ginny’s theatrical flair to play the magnanimous damsel who had taken in another woman’s child. She got

a lot of mileage out of that initially, but Molly had always been a prickly thorn in Ginny's side. She was way too much competition. The child had matured early, and with her dark hair, deep blue eyes, and hourglass figure, she now looked more like something out of the movies, for chrissakes, than the no-account hillbilly she really was.

And then this morning Molly had come to her with some horrific tale about Tom stalking her, kissing her, and touching her in all the wrong places. Ginny, of course, slapped Molly across the face for telling such outrageous lies and then proceeded to probe and prod until Molly finally blurted out that it had all begun on the night Ginny had had her own near-death experience giving birth to that total nuisance of a child, Sandy.

Ginny glared into the vanity mirror as she continued to readjust her hair absently. Of course, Molly was lying. Of course, she was. Goddamn bitch!



I am still lying on the floor. I know that my body hurts, but it's odd. It's here, but it also seems far away from me. I can't really feel anything except that I feel too frozen to move.

My mother returns to the kitchen. My eyes move with her, but no other part of me does. She pushes me aside with her foot and reaches into the refrigerator for a beer. She opens the cap, takes a long swallow, and continues to glare at me like she's throwing darts from her eyes. She gulps down the rest of the beer and reaches for another. Under the pressure of her stare, I finally look down, but all I see is the same deep, black hole of the square of floor that has become the hard pillow upon which my head still rests.

I stay curled up and try to pretend I am not here.



According to my actual memory, the scene in the kitchen is a composite although it may have happened exactly as I've described it. But my memory of this time is not as cohesively consecutive as I've just told it. I clearly remember my mother's voice, the abrupt change in my world, the sense of always being under siege. I remember the hitting and kicking and that split-second sensation, frozen in time, of flying through the air

on the way to hit a wall. And I recall being too scared to remember any of it with feeling. Had I let the pain come in, I would have died. That's how much bigger than me it seemed, and that's how, even at such a tender age, I instinctively protected myself by separating into two. The ability, unconscious as it was, to buffer myself from the physical pain was a gift that would become a life-saving grace in years to come.

Historically, I do know that my stepsister confronted my mother shortly after my second birthday, and it brought my mother to a crossroads. She was going to have to make a choice. And she did. Rational, linear thinking, which Ginny had trouble holding onto on a good day, rapidly gave way to what had always been a predilection to self-centeredness. Like her mother and her mother's mother, Ginny's world, when not directly revolving around her, revolved around her image. "What will the neighbor's think?" was a credo more dear to her than any Bible she had ever, albeit briefly, opened.

Lost in her own ego, Ginny flushed away her remaining values and potentials—the batteries that might have been a life-line to the spark of light within her—and plunged headfirst into the dark. Her indifference toward me turned to hate, for my mother had finally found a target for her embarrassment at being married to a jerk like Tom.

It was my fault.

It was the beginning of the end of anything normal for me. It was the beginning of the end of anything redeemable for Ginny....

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DANCING TOWARD THE LIGHT

The secret of The Secret is that all things and all people are, at their essence, transmitting a frequency, a field of energy, which is the creative source of all that we are and all that connects us. This frequency can be perceived as a light. It is this light of our own intentions and dreams that moves toward us as we move toward it. Initially, it can seem to be a very distant light or even a non-existent one. But there is no darkness without light at its core. To know and experience this, we have to lift ourselves out of the limited and limiting world of pain and suffering as an ultimate reality. That, too, is a frequency that makes us feel like we're walking barefoot across broken shards of glass and the light, if it exists at all, is in a galaxy far, far away.

Years ago, I had a thirty-something client named Suzie. She had fabulous, penetrating hazel eyes and a perpetually turned-down mouth. An accident had ended her very promising athletic career in her twenties, and, in spite of her many other successes, from Suzie's angle her life had been nothing but a mudslide ever since. For months I'd been trying to get her to consider a point of view that transcended her moroseness. But she was locked into the cavernous vault of her own mind—locked into her history, her genetics, her habits of thought. One morning, as she sat across from me in my office dabbing a Kleenex at those now tearing, beautiful orbs of hers, she pleaded, “Will I *evvvvvvvvveeeerrrrr*” (dragging the word “ever” into sentence-long proportions) “be happy?”

I watched her closely and with tongue-in-cheek answered somberly, “No dear.”

Startled, her head shot up. Suzie looked into my eyes and saw the humor sitting there. I observed her hang in the quagmire of indecision for a nanosecond. And then she did something that was out of character for her at the time. She burst out laughing.

Light comes in many forms. When Suzie embraced the lightness of laughter, she also initiated a profound change in herself.

Like Suzie, I get to choose. That's easy for me to say now—I've been around a long time. It's supposed to be easier by now. But it wasn't always so. There was a time when a light heart and ironic humor were separated from me by a world of hurt. This is funny? Cosmic joke? Look for the light?

Get out of my face!

But with time and a lot of practice, I eventually came to understand the value of humor, ironic and otherwise. I found that the lighter my heart got, the more connected I felt with an energy or force (a frequency) within me that wasn't bogged down by my painful past. I found there was an interaction—a dance of sorts—I could do with this part of me that in my mind is the heart and soul of my being. And as I reached for this lightness, an amazing thing happened. I felt that this force had been hanging around for some time, waiting for me to show up. Because it wasn't just that I wanted to dance with it. It wanted to dance with me, too!

It's a power dance involving this force—this ever-ready battery of choice—that moves us into the light and away from toxicity, darkness, and suppression. It's the movement of lifting oneself out of the abyss of knee-jerk reactions into conscious, self-directed choice. It's like being stuck in a pitch-black space and slapping a waning flashlight against the palm of one's hand, trying to eke that last flicker of light out of it—then holding your breath, hoping like hell that, dim as the shadowy light might be, it'll stay on for as long as it's needed. Until, at last, the electricity comes back on.

Or not.

It's up to each of us as individuals.

Inherent in experiencing the power of choice is the awareness of the power of the mind. It's rooted in the principle that I'm only a victim if I give someone else my mind.

So, in the early days, the discipline was to teach myself to stay in charge of the focus of my thoughts. That became my definition of discipline—the ability to be in charge of the focus of the mind.

No small task, especially when there were so many times that it felt like a clanging cacophony of some deranged mechanical beast had been turned loose in my head with screeching under-used brakes, popping massive springs, and blowing pistons. Belching black smoke while it endeavored to control my mind and body. There were weeks—or was it months?—when my only prayer was, “Show me another point of view.” I would barely get the words out of my mouth when my head would once again become encased in the god-awful sputtering and spewing of some story of how wronged I had been or how hurt I was or how unjust something was or yadda, yadda, yadda....

Through trial and error, I met the challenge of lifting myself out of the density of a wounded emotion into the possibility of a new thought. A new emotion. A warrior’s dance of self-determination, intended to quiet the jangling noise in my head of needing to be right and to silence the voices of the past that scream about my lack of value and insist that pain and suffering are the only options in life. Beating the drums of the fearful, angry rapper’s litany bombarding my head, screeching that life sucks and never, ever does it get better.

But with years of effort, braided together with a passion for discovering within me something greater than my pain, I began to hear—underneath all that internal noise—a different sound, a new drummer, and to feel an expanded movement from a resonance deep within me. I call it the dance of a potentially dying light.

Potentially dying, because if I had remained unconscious of the power of choice, well, this little light of mine, it would never have shined. The pressure-cooker environment that seemed to thrive inside of me wasn’t simply the trauma of my past, although that was a large part of it. When I asked for change, in fact, fervently searched for change, another part of me, greater than the pain, also responded. The light of consciousness knocked at my door, responding to the subtlest of invitations, as it prompted, pressed, cajoled, and, on occasion, shoved me into expanded awareness, challenging the status quo, challenging the density of conflict and pain.

So, here’s the dance. It’s a four-step. Begin by picking up that wavering flashlight—that tiniest glimmer of potential or hope, no matter how vague it appears. Picking up the flashlight is picking up the potential. It’s the choice that says, “Yes, I can.” It’s choosing that, all emotional evidence to the contrary, today can be greater than yesterday. Today, I can reach for a point of view that is not rooted in my chronological history.

Today, I can use my mind to begin to create the part of my life I have not yet experienced. I am not limited to my genetics or my past. I am a pioneer. Today, I can choose with love, because today I am not only enough, I am more than enough.

Now here comes the light....

Put on your favorite music—I'd go for Elton John or Jimmy Buffet. Grab that flashlight and move to the count of four. Slap-slap (across your palm—the light's there), flicker-flicker (let go of doubt—choose the tiny spark of light), cross your fingers (don't give up), try to breathe (it always helps to breathe). Twirl twice. Now once again: slap-slap—if you can't see the light at least think the thought of the light being here; flicker-flicker—don't focus on the doubt; cross your fingers; try to breathe. Twirl, twirl. Keep it up. Don't pay attention to the head noise. Do the dance. With practice, the cacophony will dwindle to a simper and then morph into a harmonic—a gentle, restorative hum of possibilities.

With practice—lots of it—I learned that I could skip the crossing my fingers part. I don't have to hope the light is here. It's always here, even when I can't see it.

By the way, I lied about the twirling. There is no twirling in this dance, but it sounded like fun. So, if you want to twirl, go for it.



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A BRIEF REVIEW

Let's have a brief review.

No true change is going to happen without choice. And no true choice is going to be implemented without will, heavily laced with more than a little courage. One of the gutsier choices has to be the willingness to give up one's story. A story is: My mother plotted to kill me, and so I am screwed forever. Too dramatic for our daily lives? A story is: The clerk in the store was rude to me but not the skinny blonde next to me, so it must be because I'm fat or drab or that the wart on my nose hasn't fallen off yet. Or maybe all three. A story is: My partner just yelled at me and now I have to be a victim because, after all, people always yell at me.... Nobody *ever, ever* treats me right. I never get *any* breaks. It always *rains*.

Basically a story is anything we get attached to—and play and replay—in order to validate that we don't have any worth. It's the addictive drama—the head noise of inner war. Even if everyone is doing what we think they're doing, we still have to detach from the story—the idea that our value is on the line. It's not. So, our persistent three-act plays, with all their good guy/bad guy dialogues, have got to go. I know that doesn't seem fair. And it's probably not. But it's required anyway.

These are the choices necessary to achieve change:

Take a moment, breathe deep, and remember this is only a list. Do with it what you will.

1. Adopt a living-philosophy/point of view/passionate belief system that is greater than your history and/or pain. Mine is: God and I are one.

2. Make the choice that you are not a victim. I don't care who did what, when, or where. There's a good chance I've got a story that can top yours, and, trust me, I am not a victim. You, too, are not a victim. Not unless you give someone else your mind, and you are *always* in charge of that. No excuses. Adopting the consciousness and lifestyle of a victim is a choice. It is not a result over which you have no power.
3. Let go of your attachment to drama. It's theatre, and not very good theatre, played out on a stage in a cluttered attic. Change your mind. Constant drama is a way of trying to be special; it's a way of trying to validate that you are alive and important. It's based on the perspective that you don't feel special and don't really feel alive or connected in your core. If your life is a freakin' soap opera, then chances are that you are compensating for a shit load of unworthiness. You're really not unworthy, but you're building a life based on your fear that you are.
4. Do unto others.... Life is in many ways a mirror. The ways in which you repeatedly, both overtly and covertly, criticize/judge others are *always* a reflection on yourself. If criticizing and judging others is a reflection back to yourself (and it is), that's not a kind way to treat someone with whom you're supposed to be falling in love—namely you.

Well, I think that's enough listing for right now.

Is this list doable?

Absolutely.

If you haven't already done it, can it change your life?

Indubitably. In the doing is the undoing.

Will it take devotion, commitment, effort, and work?

Yes, but we are all worth our own effort.

Is the list simple to understand?

Relatively.

Easy?

Not on your life.

But don't forget, it's very, very doable.

If we have the courage to reach for change, life will find a new way to dance with us, leading, gliding, tripping, and bumping us into new pathways. New lights. New potentials that let us unfold a life greater than the stages of our past. Greater than the stories that keep contracting us into the limitations and darkness of our fears.

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MY SONG

Stella, a close friend of mine, called me early one morning several years ago. She told me about a lucid dream she had just had and asked for my take on it. I closed my eyes, as I always do when asked to interpret a dream, and listened closely to my friend's story. A gypsy woman with a long red scarf was the main character in her dream. In my mind, the elderly, gray-haired gypsy sprang to life. It was as though I could actually feel her. She was seated, as if on a bench. The long red scarf that was looped around her neck draped down into her lap. Her skirt touched the ground. I could see her so vividly. I looked into her soft, blue-gray eyes and realized with surprise that the garb and heritage with which she presented herself were just window-dressing. She was actually a shaman.

I was explaining this to Stella, when all of a sudden, in my head, the gypsy woman/shaman of my friend's dream turned to me and said, "You think your life has been about pain and suffering. You are wrong. It's been about resurrection."

What a profound teaching. It rang inside of me with such truth that I was blown away. It helped me own and release attachments to duality and pain that I had still been holding onto. My need to use my world as a reflection of me—which I had been working to eradicate for so many years—was cracking and chipping away right before my eyes. Her words registered within me in a way that none had before. They brought me closer to owning and valuing the different aspects inside of me that are me. I didn't have to be at war with any parts of me anymore. It's the pieces of the whole and the whole of the pieces.

A merging was forming inside of me. A oneness that was beginning to hum in harmony within me.

The different parts of me were no longer segmented in private, disjointed compartments. They were just aspects of me that I could take out and express and experience at any time. Like outfits in my closet. But they were no longer separate from each other. They were part of the whole. I could be funny, smart, the teacher, the student. I could be technologically challenged, never able to remember my zip code, bull-headed, stubborn, and on occasion just plain stupid, and still not be separated from the all of me. I realized that life is not about yin and yang. It's about yin in yang, yang in yin. It's the gentleness of strength and the strength of gentleness. It's about the flow that is the song of the spirit of me, moving through all of its segments. Moving through me.

I looked at the shaman and felt as though an orchestra were tuning up inside of me....

My life had not been about pain and suffering. I *lived* for God's sake. It's been a celebration, a symphony—a resurrection unfolding. It's been an opportunity to experience in this lifetime a soul's truth so much greater than pain and isolation and aloneness.

To be resurrected, I reflected to myself. To breathe life into that which I thought was dead.

My sojourn is to remember that the darkness is a part of the light, but it can never fully obscure it. To search out that light every day—and if I don't find it today, to be doubly determined to discover it tomorrow. To let the wisdom of the laughing Buddha have voice in me.

And that's my song. The cracking open of a once-wounded heart, the experience of love. The journey of rising from the ashes of that within me which I once felt was surely dead. The discovery of the light in the midst of darkness, the resurrection of hope, the healing of pain, and the promise of a new day.

For with each dawn comes the light.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Sandy Brewer is an author, speaker, therapist, coach, and humanitarian. For over thirty years she has helped and inspired thousands of people to move beyond their own personal tragedies in order to explore and embrace the possibilities in their own lives. Her work has been featured on NBC's *Nightly News* with Tom Brokaw and a nationally televised documentary.

The abuse Sandy endured as a child was so horrific that many would not have survived it. But she did survive it and more. As Sandy examined her abuse, along with the resulting crippling depression, she began the work to untangle and dismantle the pain of her past, bringing light and hope into it and emerging a victor over it. Along the way, she developed seminal techniques that enabled her not only to overcome, but also literally to gain strength from these experiences. Enlightened and empowered by her journey, Sandy began to share what she had learned with others. She has worked with countless individuals, leading them out of the darkness and into the light. Over the last thirty years Sandy has taught her vision and techniques through workshops, seminars, counseling, and speaking engagements across the nation.

Now Sandy has memorialized her innovative work and techniques in her memoir *Pursuit of Light*, an entertaining, frank, soul-gripping, inspirational book that gives her own personal account of abuse and how

she came to “find the light” and how you, too, can look at your life from a new perspective and create new choices.

Sandy Brewer is an exceptional woman whose time has finally come to get this story told. She has a loving husband, John, three children, and five grandchildren. She recently retired from her counseling practice of thirty years and moved to Carlsbad, California, to focus on her writing and speaking.

You can learn about her current appearances, programs, and other product offerings by contacting her at: Sandy@PursuitOfLight.com or through her publisher at: www.PeachTreeHouse.com.

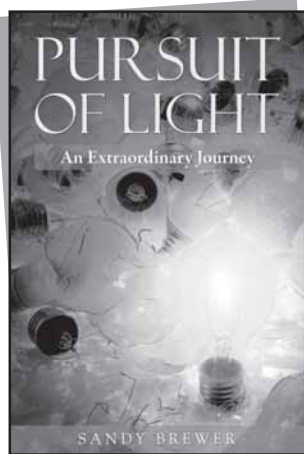
*“A stunning, inspiring, powerful book.
It stayed with me. I couldn’t put it down”*

—Paul Antonelli, Two-time Emmy winner

Pursuit of Light

An Extraordinary Journey

Sandy Brewer
Transcending the Past



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