

Love Yourself First & Let Your Higher Self Show Up

By Lais Stephan

How I fell in love with myself & why you should marry yourself first before getting married to anyone else (read with a pinch of humour).

I used to be a corporate chick, working in consumer research for a big FMCG company in their detergent department. Heard of Ariel & Co?

However, I realised I wasn't interested in researching whether a detergent bottle would sell better in green or in blue. I also understood that an open space office, competitive colleagues and an incompetent boss wasn't for me. Instead I concentrated on going up and down the different floors and making new friends while catching up over several coffees.

One fine day, my boss and the director of the consumer research department asked me to come join them in one of the huddle rooms.

"Uh-oh," I thought, as it dawned on me that this would be my last meeting with them. After one year of not seeing me at my desk I guess they had enough.

That meeting was very much like: "Either you quit, or we have to let you go, which is not in your interest." Me: "I guess I'll quit!" (while thinking a combination of "WTF how dare you?" and "Jesus, what on Earth took you guys so long?")

Finding a more creative job in a kinder environment would do the trick I believed. I started working for a branding agency. I still didn't like having a boss (though this one was very competent), or being in an office. This time around the office

had to close because of the financial crisis in 2009. And I felt relieved.

I was 29 years old and profoundly confused. Here I was with a Business Honours degree from a reputable British University, speaking five languages. Where else if not in the corporate world should I be able to make it?

Naturally I thought: "Maybe my fate is to just get married and have a family." I had been dating an Azerbaijani diplomat for a few months. When he was sent back to Baku, I took my new role very seriously: the soon to be wife of a diplomat. I packed my suitcase and moved to Azerbaijan. The relationship went from bad to worse and after 6 months I ran away from a crazy, on-off relationship.

"Now what?" I thought. I felt like an unloved, ugly worm. And what was worse: An ugly worm without a damn life purpose. Corporate world hadn't worked out. And neither had my love life.

"Can it get any worse than this?" I wondered as I collapsed in the bathroom, crying deeply. I did the only thing I thought could end this madness: pray to God – which went something like this:

"Oh hey there, sorry for disturbing you with my problems, surely there are worse problems than mine out there. But, I've had enough of this life. I need change. You tell me what to do and I will do it."

Suddenly I felt a sense of peace spreading in my body. I calmed down. My head was empty. In the days following that melt-down, new thoughts were forming in my head: "I need to heal myself. I need to take care of my well-being. NOW!" For some reason "Reiki" popped into my head. I had never had a Reiki treatment in my life, nor did I know what it was.

“Bye everyone, I’m moving to Thailand for a while to balance my chakras!” I told my friends and family, even though I had no idea what chakras were, let alone how to balance them.

But that was my intuition – I needed to reconnect with myself again. I firmly believed that everything would fall into place once I followed this curiosity of “what would happen if I healed myself?”

In Thailand, the transformation started a few weeks later. All the meditations, the yoga, the Reiki healing, the nice weather, countless massages and the healthy food made me feel like a reborn version of my old self.

“My God, this shit is real, it really works,” I thought. I was in love with Reiki, balancing my chakras and other people’s chakras. I started having past life visions for myself and others and became increasingly psychic.

I learned I had spirit guides and how to communicate with them. Every time I felt their presence and their love, my body felt warm and peaceful, and I would shed a few tears of happiness, that they would come and talk to me. I felt so honoured.

At some point, though, one of them told me: “Lais, we are deeply honoured that you love our presence so much, and will even cry when we arrive. What we need you to do now is to sit in your own energy, and to cry because you are so happy that you exist.”

Why on Earth should sitting in my own presence cause me to be so happy that I need to cry?

I thought they were crazy, but nevertheless I felt it was worth a try.

First it was weird. I would sit there, visualise my higher

self (that version of me that knows all the answers and is super wise), and would wait for something to happen. Yes, I was happy when I saw her, and sitting in my own energy was ok, but nothing spectacular. Until one day I realised our relationship was becoming stronger.

I started to look forward to my higher self showing up, until one fine day it happened. I was so happy to sit with my own energy and to be deeply connected with my higher self, that I had tears running.

That was the moment I fell in love with myself. It's the most beautiful love one can feel. It's when you realise that you are enough. You are more than enough. You have everything you need deep within you. You don't need outside approval. You don't need attention, praise or constant signs of affection from those around you.

All you need is a big portion of your own magic energy, mixed with your heart's wisdom, three spoons of charm from your higher self, and a pinch of humour.

Fall in love with yourselves, dear ones. Don't get married until you are in deep union with yourselves first.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#) .

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