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Manifest Soulmate Love: 8 Essential Steps to Attract Your Beloved

**Embark On A Journey of Inner Transformation to Prepare for
Your Ultimate Spiritual Partner**

By International Spiritual Coach & Healer

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Introduction

“All the particles of the world are in love and looking for lovers.”

~ Rumi

Beautiful Beloved, before I share anything, I must congratulate you on your decision to manifest *soulmate love*. The desire to find our beloved is a spiritual call, because it is the eternal inner call that propels us to return “home” to our true state of perfect divine love and bliss. The call is one soul’s sacred intention to experience and express its own essential nature of pure, unconditional love with another matching soul that is ready for the same.

However, I know from personal and professional experience that until we recognize, heal, and transcend our greatest inner barriers to such profound love, we will continue to experience painful patterns that keep us stuck in confusion, frustration, longing, and loneliness. My own journey to soulmate love is a testament to this.

My Journey to Soulmate Love

In spite of a tumultuous childhood and teen years filled with every form of abuse, I always believed in the magic and power of true love. But I also knew that I had to first become my own heroine, as I faced many battles throughout adolescence.

Because of the depression and post-traumatic stress symptoms that resulted from my parents’ physical and emotional abuse and the sexual abuse from “family friends” - I started my healing journey at the age of fourteen.

In the midst of my immersion into spiritual therapies and books, one day I came across Rumi’s beautiful poem:

“From the moment I heard my first love story, I started looking for you, not knowing how blind that was. Lovers don’t finally meet one day, they are in each other all along.”

Even though I was fourteen at the time, I felt like the Divine had whispered that poem right into my heart, assuring me that as I find my way back to wholeness and light, there would be a great love waiting for me on my path.

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I spent the rest of my teens and early twenties becoming a peaceful warrior and fighting many religious, cultural, and parental barriers to take a stand for myself and my siblings. I was able to end the cycle of abuse, refused to be forced into an arranged marriage, fought to pursue post-secondary education, and paved the way for my three younger sisters to do the same.

In addition to these triumphs, I successfully graduated with an Honors Degree in Psychology with distinction from one of Canada's top universities and two years later, I earned a post graduate certificate in corporate communications with high distinction.

After launching my career at one of the world's best PR firms, I decided I was finally ready to meet “the one.” Instead—from seemingly nowhere—I was hit with a second major bout of depression.

This came as a huge shock to me, because I had already done so much transformational work to get to where I was. But I very quickly realized that while I had overcome a lot of challenges, there were much deeper unconscious and even karmic patterns that I still needed to confront and heal.

Ideally, I would have had a loving partner by my side to support me through this second dark night of the soul. Instead, what I manifested was a very disempowering relationship with a long-time friend who was in an even darker place.

He had bipolar disorder, an alcohol problem, a mistrust of women, and a deep fear of intimacy and commitment. In spite of his mental illness, he had been a warm, sweet, and thoughtful friend. But as soon as we entered a relationship—which he himself initiated—his fears surfaced in full-force, and he became cold, distant, and disrespectful.

I ended up feeling far worse with him than I already had on my own. Eventually, he confessed that he had just wanted to “explore” being more than friends, but realized that the relationship—or as far as I saw it, *I*—wasn't for him. I was completely devastated. His rejection left me feeling utterly unworthy and abandoned. I hit complete rock bottom and felt entirely alone...until I realized I wasn't alone at all.

In the depths of my despair, I heard the clearest call from Spirit that *It* was the rock I fell on. *It* was holding me. Realizing this, I knew that I would find all the strength, guidance, and tools I needed to build a new foundation for myself, one formed from my own divine truth and power. I made a pact with the Divine that I would spend the next three months doing everything I could to completely transform my life.

That very night, I attended a Kundalini yoga class where the teacher shared specific *mantras* (sacred sounds), *mudras* (sacred hand gestures), *pranayama* (breathing techniques) and *asanas* (yoga postures) that help to treat depression. I knew this was the Divine's blessed initiation. It was the beginning of the rebuilding.

I spent the next ninety days absorbed in intensive spiritual healing and practices, no matter how new age some of them first seemed: past life-regressions, working with angels and goddesses, cord-cutting, sage smudging, karmic healing, Akashic records healing, inner child healing, chakra healing, crystal healing, daily meditations, affirmations, mantras, yoga, Reiki, aromatherapy, feng shui—you name it, I did it.

In the process, I realized that I wasn't just healing from the deeper effects of the trauma and abuse

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of my past: I was uncovering and clearing karmic patterns that stemmed back many lifetimes. Layers upon layers of pain and untruth were shedding away. And the deep, heavy darkness that had consumed me slowly started to lighten.

By the end of the three months, I was no longer surviving: I was thriving. I was glowing. I was frolicking. I had healed my inner girl and unleashed my inner goddess. I was centered in my inherent joy, power, and truth. I had reconnected with my infinite, eternal, sacred self-worth and value. I was in love with myself and with life—with every little thing and with the entire universe.

That's when the magic happened. I was busy buying myself flowers, taking weekend trips with friends, and learning everything I always wanted to (painting, fencing, swimming, belly dancing, etc.). I was also training and being certified in spiritual healing methods, spending time in service to others, and relishing every moment like it was a sacred gift. And then I saw Eric.

I had actually seen him around before, as he was a friend of a friend's, but I never really *saw* him until I was ready. In fact, I later found out that Eric had a crush on me for the entire year I was dating my old friend and then working on myself. But in spite of his charming and respectful attempts to pursue me, I was just unable to connect with him.

I realized only later that, while he had already done so much spiritual work on his own journey and was ready for soulmate love, I had not been ready for it or for him. He was so connected to his joy, his power, his wisdom and true self, that my heavy energy was not yet in alignment with his light. It wasn't until I had elevated my inner and outer states to where his already were that I finally saw him, noticed him, felt him, and opened to him. And as soon as I did, the magic unfolded and has been flowing ever since.

We watched the sun melt into the sky over the lake on our first date, and shared our first kiss under a full, golden-pink, autumn blush moon. We were connected in mind, body, heart, and spirit in that sacred moment; and it truly and completely felt like we were in heaven. Eric proposed at the same spot two years later, and we were married exactly a year after—on the third anniversary of our first date. We kissed for the first time as husband and wife on the same rocks where we shared our first kiss.

Since our lives were blessedly joined, we have loved, cherished, and adored each other every single day. We have supported and empowered each other to do and achieve things we may never have dared to dream on our own. This includes leaving toxic corporate careers to fully commit to our true callings and moving from frosty, fast-paced Toronto to enchanting Chiang Mai in tropical Thailand.

Our life here is beyond anything we could have envisioned. Eric greets me every morning with a garland of jasmine flowers and marigolds for my altars. He has warm lemon water, a fresh cut coconut and breakfast prepared for me to start the day. We spend our days doing the work we love, supporting each other through the challenges, and celebrating every little success as if it were a huge milestone.

We have our own spiritual practices and regularly take on forty-day ones as a couple. We give each other time and space to pursue our own passions, and love to share anything and everything as well—from tantra classes to traveling the world. We always communicate with love, affection, and respect. We feel safe in sharing our deepest insecurities and fears, and hold each others' vulnerabilities with compassion and tenderness. We still can't keep our hands off of each other,

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much to the chagrin of those around us. We are both equally committed to expanding our personal horizons and living out our highest purposes, both as individuals and as a couple.

Of course, we have had growing pains along the way and experienced challenges. But because of the spiritual work we did before and continue doing each day, our commitment to our personal growth and each others' highest good always prevails over the dramas and fears of our egos.

Eric makes me feel like a goddess every day. But it was *I* who first had to become the goddess he adores. I had to recover my spiritual self and reclaim my sacred feminine strength as a fully realized woman—not just the self-love and sensuality of Aphrodite, but the power of Kali, the wisdom of Sophia, the compassion of Kuan Yin, the strength of Sekhmet, the confidence of Hera, the intuition of Isis, the independence of Athena, and the focus of Artemis—and so many more.

It was only once I healed my deepest wounds and became not just the heroine of my own story, but unleashed the endless goddess gifts within, that I was blessed to manifest a man as equally his own hero and centered in his own divine masculine power.

I know with all my heart and soul that we were, as Rumi so eloquently said, “in each other all along,” and that the love we are blessed with is the heavenly reward for the hell we came through before we could unite. Still, it was through our own personal journeys—all the growth and lessons we gained independently—that led to the triumph of the love and life we have come to share and build together. We both learned to become our own beloveds before becoming each others'. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

So, Beloved, no matter where you may be on your journey to love—no matter how many heartbreaks, tears, or dark nights of the soul you may have faced—I can assure you that if you are willing to do the inner work, face your darkest fears, heal your deepest wounds, release your most painful patterns, cultivate true self-love and partner with the Divine to manifest your soulmate, you will place yourself in perfect alignment for mastering the sacred keys to inviting divine love—which, once found, forever uplifts and blesses our journeys as we continue to heal, grow, and flourish together.