



THE EXCEPTIONAL WOMEN'S COACHING PROGRAM



Lucky and Luxurious

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I love baths...long, hot, steamy baths.... luxurious smelling salts and oils...bubbles optional.

Cut to my old bathroom: dingy, off-white, shallow tub peeling on the sides; yellow-brown medicine cabinet with flowers etched into the mirror. Not exactly a vision of bath time perfection, but what's a girl to do? I did not have the slightest clue how to manage construction of a new bathroom.

Just because a desire seems completely out of reach doesn't mean I can't enjoy the wanting of it, right? At least that's what I learned in my Tiara program. So, I rang up a dear friend who's an interior designer. My jaw almost hit the floor when she told me this new bathroom would run me \$15-20,000. My bathroom is small and I wasn't going for the ultimate oasis with steam sauna and rain shower capabilities. I just wanted a human sized tub, some new tile, and a fresh coat of paint.

Well, just cuz I couldn't have it now, didn't mean I couldn't dream about it a bit. So I dreamed about how I wanted to feel in my bathroom... like Brigitte Bardot, Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor. This bathroom had to fit my retro femme fatale mood. Maybe some bright white subway tile and pink paint... wait a second... pink? That's preposterous. I certainly was not going to paint anything pink. But the dream bathroom now had a life of it's own, so I let it be in peace.

A few days later I was flipping through a magazine when lo and behold, a photo screamed off the page at me. "Melissa! It's me...your dream bathroom! Make me happen!" This dream bathroom was as much a diva as the women that inspired it. So I ripped out the photo and left it on my table where I could bask in its glory even if it didn't exist.

A few days later my Dad calls. I mention that I wanted to revamp my bathroom and silly me, I had no idea it would cost that much. Dad informs me that his good friend is starting up a little contracting business and might be able to help me out. And he did...for maybe a third of the price.

How lucky is that? In less than 2 months from deciding that I wanted a new bathroom, I was soaking in my fantastically deep sparkling white tub staring at my pink walls. And did I mention my retro-style vanity had the wrong sticker price on it so I got that dead cheap?

The whole process felt like one stroke of luck after another, but I was basically practicing what I was learning in Tiara. Once I have a clear vision of what I want – whatever it is – momentum builds, synchronicities occur, and it feels like luck. I only needed to voice what I desire and let the universe conspire with me.

Now I look for luck everywhere in my life. I find twenty dollar bills on the street. Parking spots open up when I'm late for the movies. Best of all, I've come to realize that Tennessee Williams is right: "Luck is believing you're lucky."