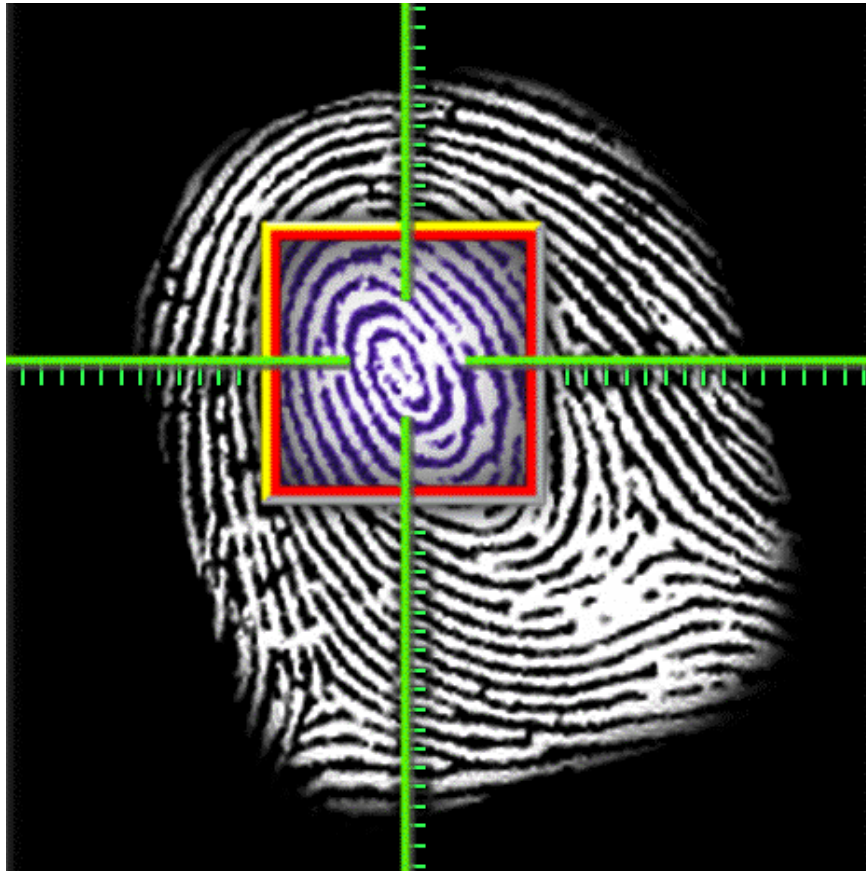


LIFEPRINTS De Luxe:

Mapping Your Life Purpose

By Richard Unger



Encyclopedia and Manual for Life Purpose Analysis

Including the fingerprints of Albert Einstein, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Lee Harvey Oswald, Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, Amelia Earhart, Susan B. Anthony, Booker T. Washington, Malcolm X, J. Edgar Hoover, Walt Disney, Carl Jung, Ted Bundy, Charles Manson plus the hands of Pablo Picasso, Jacque Cousteau, Robert Oppenheimer, Janis Joplin, Dennis Rodman, Sai Baba and the Dalai Lama

LifePrints: Mapping Your Life Purpose

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Foreword

Not quite ten years ago, while I was working on the manuscript for a book considering the evolutionary connections between the human hand and brain, a friend urged me to meet Richard Unger, “a person who looks at people’s hands and says things about them.” Palmistry was nowhere on the list of research topics for my book, but since I was very much interested in people whose working lives are strongly dependent on the hand, curiosity overcame my professional misgivings; I contacted Mr. Unger and we arranged to meet. A soft-spoken, thoughtful man brimming with Brooklyn wit and enthusiasms, Richard answered a number of questions about his background and work; then, during a moment of quiet when I was trying to account for the somewhat unexpected feeling that I was talking to a highly intelligent man with interesting things to say, he asked me, “Would you mind if I look at your hands?”

Of course you *know* he unmasked me in a trice, but as I subsequently learned, any hand reader worth his or her salt can do that in their sleep. What mattered more, and what explains why I eagerly accepted his invitation to write this *Foreword*, was that he also agreed to an informal, private test of his interpretive system by reading the hands of a few of my close friends. I was surprised when he said they would not have to meet with him personally; he would only need to see their handprints and fingerprints. He showed me how to prepare an ink-print of the hand and its individual fingerprints, and told me to bring these to him for a reading as soon as I had collected them.

I returned with the prints about a week later, full of anticipation but totally unprepared for what happened. It was as if I had delivered a medical school quiz on chest x-rays to the chief of the radiology department. Richard didn’t tell me who was happily married or who owned a yellow

T-bird; instead, he told me what each person was instinctively good at, and for each person how a chronic nemesis in his or her life might behave. When he was done, I told him briefly about each individual, still slightly disoriented by how accurately in each instance he had described something essential and distinctive. For one of the five he looked puzzled, shook his head and said, “I really missed that one.” But I had withheld a piece of extremely personal information about this particular person, and the truth was that Richard had hit five home runs.

At this point I decided that I could not simply dismiss this demonstration; the readings certainly *could* have been a fluke, or a clever charade, but the tables had turned and the burden of explaining his “trick” was now mine. I would have to take my time and learn more about what this man was doing.

Ten years have passed since our first meeting and Richard and I are now not only close friends but professional colleagues. What I have learned from him during the decade of professional interactions we have enjoyed since our first meeting has both refreshed and intrigued my sense of the hand as both an emblem and an instrument of the human spirit. What he has taught me has also had important consequences for my thinking about a whole class of perplexing disorders regularly encountered in both neurological and psychiatric practice, and ultimately convinced me that there was at least a limited role for hand reading in my own practice. As you might guess, I was not merely dubious about offering hand readings to patients in a neurological clinic; there was good reason to expect criticism, or worse, from colleagues. But after the first timid trials I realized the method was an easy fit with my own style of history taking, and in fact could be a powerful catalyst for the airing of personal issues; understandably, patients tend to be cautious with a doctor they do not already know and trust. Yes, a few people balked at having their hands read, but as I gained experience the readings were increasingly welcomed by patients who, once

they recovered from their surprise, expressed gratitude that a doctor would actually take the time to tell them what their hands said about them.

At the center of Richard's work is the astonishing assertion that every human hand bears a unique pattern of fingerprints that can be read or "decoded" in a psychologically specific and meaningful way. I have been a reluctant, incomplete, and at times extremely difficult, convert to this claim, but I now largely accept it as fundamentally valid. We have had a number of discussions about designing a "scientific proof" of his method, but since the world is still waiting for any such demonstrations for a host of interpretive systems widely used in clinical psychology and psychiatry, I am content for now with the empirical evidence. Based on a decade of observation, I consider Richard Unger to have produced an objective and straightforward analytical tool with a breathtaking capacity to unmask the sources (and the potent, insistent dynamics) of many of the common frustrations and failures all of us experience in our daily lives.

The single overarching theme common to modern psychology, classical mythology, fairy tales, great novels and movies – and it is a theme that *everyone* understands – is some version of the narrative concerning what we like and do not like about ourselves. What Richard has found in fingerprints is not simply a fresh way of referencing this inevitable inner dichotomy – what we commonly think of as our "strengths and weaknesses" – but a compelling argument for treating them as complementary, inseparable, and in fact equally essential agents for healthy psychological development.

As a physician, the most impressive benefit I find in Richard's readings is the implicit invitation to discern in our most intimate and intractable frustrations (and, for some, in unexplained physical disabilities) not bad luck but a unique and intimate code of personal meaning. Learning

to read that code can yield entirely unexpected self-understanding and a clear vision of what any particular person, irrespective of life history, can do to move toward a life of real and progressive fulfillment.

Richard's use of fingerprints to unmask the healthy dynamism of inner conflict seems absolutely unique to me, and I think it is not an overstatement to suggest that he may have developed one of the most accessible and fruitful constructs in the history of human psychology. Although I am utterly at a loss to explain how fingerprint patterns could possibly provide such a compass, I am satisfied that the interpretive system he describes in this book is not only psychologically wise but profoundly constructive.

This book represents an extraordinary effort, and achievement, by its author. He may have been working at this for decades, but he is the first to say that it is a work in progress. So be it: if only a beginning it is already a very mature beginning.

I promise you that if you take Richard at his word, your sense of wonder and appreciation for your own life – not as a sugary confection but with all its foibles, its clumsiness, its retreats, and even its most spectacular crashes, just as they were and are – will grow enormously. Some of you who will read this book will even find, to your great surprise, that your appetite for your own life has become insatiable.

Frank R. Wilson, M.D.

Author, *The Hand: How its Use Shapes the Brain, Language and Human Culture* (Pantheon Books, 1998); Clinical Professor of Neurology, Stanford University School of Medicine (retired).

Notes from the Author

Writing *LifePrints* was a vast enterprise spanning a total of sixteen years from first hand-written drafts to final publication. Along the way, *LifePrints* went through several incarnations. This manuscript is cobbled together from several of them.

I like the final version of *LifePrints* as published by Ten Speed Press. My editors Julie Bennett and Laura Kennedy added enormously to the clarity of the book. That being said, I miss my original manuscript(s). Two thirds of what was written was edited out along the way. The current version in bookstores is better for it. Yet...some of what was cut was so close to my heart. I am delighted to re-read it and bring it to you.

Chapters come from different eras of *LifePrints*' gestation period. Parts I like a lot and parts I don't like as much, but I decided to leave the original chapters as written. In particular, you will read a lot more life purpose and life lesson stories (with significantly more detail) and quite a lot more on the three axioms of soul psychology. *LifePrints de Luxe* contains many extra pictures and hand prints as well.

Autobiographical references that did not appear in the published book appear here. Laura Kennedy's husband, Ken (who helped Laura edit) reminded me several times to respect my reader's time and patience. John Ward cautioned me to tell the world only what I would say in less than a one hour talk. Others gave me their critical perspective (as I requested) and all of these supporters added to the quality of the published work by subtracting from its bulk. Here, I decided to leave more rather than less. Please be your own editor.

In putting together *LifePrints De Luxe*, I assumed only those actively reading and studying hands would be interested. To you, my special friends and colleagues, thanks and best wishes as we walk the palmistry path together.

Richard Unger, August 26, 2008.

LIFEPRINTS De Luxe:

YOUR LIFE PURPOSE IS IN YOUR FINGERPRINTS

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER ONE: DO YOU KNOW YOUR LIFE PURPOSE?

What am I doing with my life? Where am I headed? Does my life have significance?

Young Geronimo had no answers. Troubled, he went to the wilderness seeking guidance. After fasting and praying naked for days on end, dehydrated and near exhaustion, a dream deity appeared to him, promising battleground invincibility if he would lead the Apaches. Geronimo accepted his call to duty, invoking his spirit guide for strength and stamina many times throughout the rest of his life.

Robert Goddard, father of modern rocketry, found his mission in life without such extreme exertion. At the age of nine, sitting in a tree, he saw himself building machines that would fly into space. For the next fifty years, on each birthday, he sat in that tree to re-invigorate the vision that had given his life passion and direction. But if *you* are twenty or forty or sixty and have not had any such revelation, how in this world can you find *your* Life Purpose? And suppose you did, would you have the courage and good sense to follow where it leads?

Luckily for you and me, we do not have to be as smart as a world class scientist nor as brave as Geronimo to find and pursue our true path. Instead, we can start by joining a dozen fellow Life Purpose explorers at a workshop in San Francisco.

Saturday Morning at the Life Purpose Workshop

“Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.” - Oscar Wilde

"Welcome to the Life Purpose Workshop. We're all here to get a better handle on our Life Purpose so let's jump right in. Does everyone have a pen and a yellow pad? Good. On the top of the page, in big letters, write 'My Life Purpose is...!' Okay. Now for the next several minutes I want you to put on paper whatever comes to mind about your Life Purpose."

Ten minutes later: "Okay, pens down. Let's see what we've got. Mary, would you please read out loud what you've written about your Life Purpose."

"Ahem, My Life Purpose. My Life Purpose is to grow and serve, to love and evolve, to teach and to be...to be a good mother and daughter, to help the environment and to work for world peace." Mary is glowing, proud of her work. The room is warm and fuzzy. Heads are nodding with approval and understanding. Mary takes a deep breath and sits down.

"Mathilda."

"My Life Purpose is to love everyone and to shine my light."

All is smiley and nice.

"Sally."

"My Life Purpose is to be a good wife and mother and to do everything I can to make my community and the world a better place to live...oh, and to visit all the continents before I die (except Antarctica)."

"Thank you, Sally."

Smiles abound except for Fred who sits curmudgeon style, arms folded.

Frieda has her hand raised. "How about you Frieda?"

"Yes, okay. I'm a little nervous, ahem, uh...My Life Purpose is to live with integrity, learn something new every day and to always have good friends."

"Fred?"

Heads continue to nod, albeit with a bit less verve, and smiles are beginning to look like what happens when the photographer says 'cheeeeese' and poses need to be held two seconds longer than expected. Still, the room is pleased with itself as Fred, somewhat above it all, rises into a Bill Murray stance. Everyone is curious to hear what he has to say.

"My Life Purpose is to just once beat my brother at chess."

Nervous laughter ricochets around the room. No one is exactly sure what to do about Fred.

"Gina."

"My Life Purpose is L-O-V-E, LOVE."

"Nelson."

"My Life Purpose is to be a good person: at home, at work and in the world."

"Carol."

Carol is also loving, growing and being a good person. Phil's number one priority is his family. Bob wants to go public by March of next year and canoe the entire Yukon River. Donna is a multi-dimensional evolving enterprise. Jean is just trying to be happy.

The room is no longer nodding and the warm fuzzies have been eclipsed by what psychologists would call 'cognitive dissonance.' It is definitely a bit edgy. What can it all mean? Each person's statement seems sincere enough, but when you put them all together they sound repetitious, pleasant but vague, like a Junior High School essay contest. Michael goes last. He is growing as a person and supporting his twin daughters no matter what life brings. He reads his notes quickly and takes his seat. People are fussing with their hair, cleaning their eyeglasses, rearranging themselves in their chairs.

The discomfort is expected since this is what happens whenever I lead a Life Purpose Workshop. The responses you have read are a composite from classes in California. New York participants tend to include more business goals; not as much being and evolving in the Big Apple. Texans often focus on family and religious themes. I get a slightly different set of answers in Europe, but overall the effect remains the same.

By the end of the opening exercise it is clear that no one has really given his or her Life Purpose that much serious thought, at least not in any practical way. Nothing against shining your light, Mathilda, but exactly what kind of light shining did you have in mind? We all want to continue growing as a person, to have healthy finances and loving relationships. That being said, is there any particular reason you are on this planet?

Yes there is.

Thirty five years of reading hands has taught me that each person has an individually designed Life Purpose, that this Life Purpose can be discovered by decoding one's fingerprints and that knowing one's Life Purpose absolutely changes a person's life.

When you think you are ready to learn your Life Purpose - and live it - read on.

CHAPTER TWO: THE ACORN AND THE OAK TREE

Whether hidden or known, your Life Purpose is the guiding principle behind the events of your life, the voice of your destiny calling out to you from your soul. Your Life Purpose lies within you, always seeking expression, always seeking to awaken you to the power of its message. It is illusive, it is always there; it is oceanic, it is concrete; it is real, it is a dream.

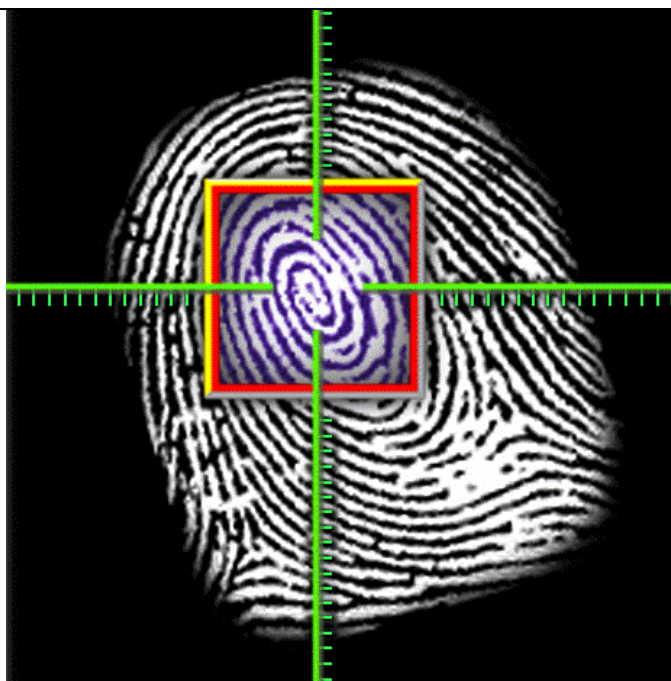
To illustrate, let me tell you about a man I recently met, a well known healer and shaman from South America, Divaldo Franco. At the age of sixteen, long before his special abilities had surfaced, he had a dream in which he was shown a photograph of an old man surrounded by smiling children. He was told to look carefully at the photograph and remember it because this was his Life Purpose: to assist those who have no one else to help them. Although deeply moved, the young man could make no sense of the dream and it soon receded into a corner of his mind.

Five years later, while walking down an alley, he heard an infant's cry from inside a garbage dump. There, wrapped in rags, was an abandoned baby boy. Shocked and confused, he picked up the child, and looking into its eyes, remembered the dream from years before. Not knowing what else to do, he took the baby home. Months passed. Incredibly, he came across another infant in similar circumstances. What else could he do? He took this child home as well.

Word of his caring and compassion spread, and within a few years his household of orphaned children had grown to five, eventually evolving into a Center with dozens of abandoned boys and girls. Now, over fifty years later, that first child from the garbage dump has become the doctor of that Center and the boy who dreamt his Life Purpose is the “old” man in the photograph surrounded by smiling children.

A shaman, a warrior and a scientist: one found his heart, another his power, the third a clarity upon which to build a career. But let me ask you a question: if you knew a similar Life Purpose dream lay dormant in you, would you be willing to dream it? If there were a Life Purpose Map and it had your name on it, would you be willing to follow it? Besides, where would you find a Life Purpose Map anyway?

Your Life Purpose Map can be found in your fingerprints. Like examining the acorn to see what kind of oak tree is possible, your fingerprints have a coded picture of the person you may become if and when you reach your full maturity.



Buried in the Archives

<p>Before we learn how to decode fingerprints, let's take a trip to the Jessie Jones Medical Library in Houston Texas where this book was born. It is late December, 1979. I had already read over 12,000 pairs of hands and tested out the information in pretty much every palmistry book written in the English language. Despite holding an honored place in the great universities of Europe through the late 16th century, though taught by scholars from Aristotle to Paracelsus, by the time I got to the literary legacy of this once grand study, what remained was a hodge-podge of outdated opinions, wrong guesses and intermittently accurate observations. I longed for a palmistic Rosetta stone to make sense of it all but it felt like I was working on a giant jigsaw puzzle without a box cover picture for guidance.</p> <p>The problem was not a shortage of data, quite the contrary. I had discarded or confirmed numerous interpretations of line formations and hand shapes, adding the feedback from those whose hands I had read to my growing database. The problem, it seemed, was that everybody I met was a mass of contradictions. Whenever I thought I had accurately correlated another hand marking with its specific character trait, the next client's life story would ruin my carefully crafted theory. Either there was another variable in the mix or hands did not offer a full and accurate model of human behavior. Could it be I wasn't playing with all the puzzle pieces?</p> <p>I had long been curious about what medicine had to say about hands and with no clients on the agenda until well after New Years, my unquenchable thirst for hand data brought me to Houston's huge medical center complex. There, nestled in my cubicle, lab coats and green scrubs passing by in my peripheral vision, I eagerly pored through the extensive literature on hand morphology, palmar lines and fingerprints.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Alone with History</i></p> <p><i>The two concrete lions guarding the 42nd Street Library stared straight ahead, unconcerned with the passing traffic or the heavy New York City rain. Gaining the entranceway, I proceeded to the main hall, my wet shoes slipping and squeaking on the polished marble floors. The enormous vaulted ceilings always brought out the reverential in me, so I tried to unload my jacket and notebooks as quietly as possible. Serious thinkers, aged philosophers and sleeping street people shared the reading tables as I settled in for another day in the archives.</i></p> <p><i>The eyes of Katherine St. Hill, founder of the London Cheirollogical Society, stared back at me from the 19th century when a woman older still interrupted my reverie. The folded note said I had received permission to view the rare Indagine Book of Palmistry and Physiognomy from 1676.</i></p> <p><i>1676!</i></p> <p><i>To enter this special reading room in the bowels of the library, I had to fill in a three page questionnaire, wait a day, then swear in writing to not bring pen or pencil with me. I faced possible search and seizure and, I suppose, a lifetime ban on reading if caught 'in delecto.'</i></p> <p><i>I made the appropriate vows and signed on the dotted line. The ancient woman, choosing from among fifty two-inch keys, opened the wire caged doors that allowed me into the sepulchral chamber.</i></p> <p><i>I was alone with history.</i></p>
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It wasn't long before a growing city of haphazard piles sprouted up around me; medical books and genetic journals, anthropological studies and JAMA articles in dizzying towers that

threatened to tumble down with each new addition. I moved quickly through article after article (there were thousands, including tantalizing titles not translated from German, Chinese, etc.). Fingerprints and lupus disease, Alzheimer's, tuberculosis, heart disease and cancer; fingerprints and mental disorders, hyperactive children, retardation, schizophrenia; twin studies in abundance. Various medical and psychological conditions were found to have certain fingerprint traits in common. Lobbying for an expanded role for dermatoglyphics, researchers proposed more studies with larger subject groups.

Dermatoglyphics (*dermato=skin, glyphics=carvings*), a name coined by Dr. Harold Cummins in 1926, is the scientific term for the study of fingerprints and related line and hand shape designations. Its main uses are in population studies, genetic research and medical diagnostics. Dr. Cummins is commonly referred to as the father of dermatoglyphics, and his seminal work with Dr. Charles Midlo, Fingerprints, Palms, and Soles, is considered the standard in the field. Examining embryonic hands, Dr. Cummins documented the emergence of eleven ball-like structures at the eighth week after conception. These "volar pads" will later become the thumb, fingers and palmar surface. At the fourteenth week, the skin corrugations (fingerprints) begin to appear, forming a topographic-like map of the developing fetal hand. This map is soon complete, and will remain unaltered throughout life.

What? Fingerprints are arranged like a topographic map? I almost fell out of my chair.

Let me explain my reaction. Modern hand analysis is divided into two areas: the interpretation of line formations (chiromancy) and the study of the comparative size and shape of the fingers, palm and thumb (chirognomy). Line interpretation has many points of controversy but hand analysts are more or less in agreement about chirognomy and, overall, it is quite accurate. Each portion of the hand represents a different section of the personality: proportionally large areas reveal traits in abundance, small areas the reverse. Now, in the medical stacks, I was reading that a second size and shape map lay hidden in the fingerprints. Unlike the lines and hand shapes which change over time, this map never changes. If it followed the same hand logic as chirognomy, the present day fingerprint patterns would reveal the percentages and type of the original ingredients of its owner; sort of like reading the side of a cereal box. An unchanging fingerprint map and a constantly shifting lines and hand shape map: the nature vs. nurture controversy came quickly to mind.

Dermatoglyphics and hand analysis both derive from comparative hand topography, each seeks the inner condition based upon outer signs; but there the similarities end. One employs the scientific method, the other is based on folklore and thousands of years of anecdotal experience. One is high tech, the other, ancient wisdom. Arising as they do from such divergent cultures, could a marriage of the two disciplines be possible? It turns out they were made for each other.

As you will soon find out, LifePrints posits joining the Fingerprint Census and the Arch, Loop, Whorl Sequence of medical literature to the mythic interpretations of chirognomy. The result of this union is a tool as precise as a scalpel and as meaningful as a philosopher's stone: a Life Purpose Map that can be used as a daily compass to life-scale meaning and fulfillment.

After years of searching, my jigsaw puzzle picture was finally beginning to come into view. I had to know more. Hours passed in an instant. I couldn't believe the library was closing and I would have to wait until 7 am the next morning to resume. I would be at the door at 6:45.

Down to the Core

Reading on, I learned that each fingerprint is composed of between fifty and one hundred lines, each line having its own signature. There are stops and starts to the lines; forks, bubbles, etc.; a series of easily classifiable formations called pattern minutiae. The FBI does not need all ten of your fingerprints to identify you. Comparing the pattern minutiae of one line of one fingerprint may well do the job. The fact that each fingerprint is unique, unalterable and the patterns so regular is what makes fingerprint identification the useful tool it is.

As it turns out, the same patterning system that appears on fingerprints also shows up elsewhere in nature; on sand dune ridges, for instance. Sand dunes are not smooth, they are ridged; and the ridges of sand dunes have stops and starts, forks, bubbles, etc., just like fingerprint lines. So too at the beach. When the water recedes we see a ripple pattern in the sand with markings matching those on sand dunes and our fingerprints.

The medical literature revealed an entire series of natural phenomena with similar characteristics. Here's another example. Electricity is passed through a chemical suspension. As the solids of that suspension drift slowly downward, they collect on the bottom of the beaker in roughly parallel lines with forks, splits, bubbles, etc.; just like fingerprint lines. The experiment is repeated with different electrical currents. The results: each type of electrical current leaves its distinct pattern on the bottom of the beaker.

As each of these examples suggest, wave energy is capable of leaving its imprint in a denser medium and we can tell the nature of that wave energy by the pattern left behind. At the beach, the sand is the denser medium imprinted differently by each wave, and in the floating suspension, the chemical fallout carries the imprint of the high frequency wave energy of the electrical current. Could it be that a higher vibrational energy leaves its imprint on the denser medium of our physical bodies before we are born?

At that moment, looking at the photograph of the electrical current's unique 'fingerprint,' a wave of energy went across my shoulders and up and down my spine; a total body shudder. The experience was similar to waking in the middle of the night from the power of a Technicolor dream but without the disorientation. I felt sensationally calm, profoundly alert, like I was remembering something long forgotten. The entire system of fingerprint identification appeared in my brain whole, intact. And I knew; I knew in my bones that **fingerprints are a soul imprint**.

Five months before we were born a pattern appeared on our body, a pattern matching high frequency wave energy imprinting. Call it soul energy, holographic imprinting, or DNA, the biologic legacy of our ancestors. Think of it as an unfolding of the implicate order, remnants of a phase transition. Consider it a karmic map; our transcript as we begin a new semester at the Earth University. There are many ways to think about fingerprints, but it doesn't matter how or why fingerprints operate as a map to our core psychology. The fact is they do. The LifePrints system works. It works for me. It works for the hundreds of people who have learned it already. It will work for you as well. Years after my experience in the medical library a student told me that the Navajo Indians have a saying about fingerprints: "The Great Spirit breathes in the breath of life and the tracks of that breath become our fingerprints." How elegant.

Our Life Purpose Map is literally at our fingertips.

Wave/Particle Duality

Is this the human equivalent of the wave/particle duality of quantum physics? When looked at one way we are three-dimensional beings, discrete entities in space and time; looked at another way, we are spirit, the wave energy that leaves the frozen imprint of our fingerprints.

Ice Skates

When I was thirteen I got my first pair of ice skates from a friend whose feet had grown too big. I was proud of my skates, speed skates with elongated blades, swishing on the ice, carving swirls in the quiet cold of the night.

Swishhh.

*In my mind I feel the laces tight around my ankles.
I see the blades golden, still holding the light of the now departed sun,
Burning lines in the fresh ice;
My solitary moonlit shadow etching a portrait in the frozen lake,
Visible through the telescope of years gone by –
Reflections in the cosmic pool,
Like an image caught in a mirror.*

In that icy mirror my face looks back at me, imperfections clear to my eye, as if the mirror had cracked somewhere in my distant past and the cracks had yellowed and grown deeper with time. Captured within the mirror, maturity and frailty twirled around each other, like a double helix, circling, again and again. There is my captive face now. I track its ancient lines with my fingers; the child and the man dancing together forever, my cosmic dance.

Child and man, particle and wave, reality and the dream; where is the line of demarcation? And who gets to draw it?

The night is late, the boy is finished skating. As he disappears in the distance, skates slung over his shoulder, the frozen lake now quiet and undisturbed, a thought ripples through my mind: can it be I see him now only because a part of him had seen me then?

CHAPTER THREE: THE NEXT EXTRAORDINARY MAP

A map of your soul's imprint, what could you do with that? Stephen S. Hall knows the power of a good map. In his book, *Mapping the Next Millennium*, he points out that every major shift in human history has been preceded by a new map. Leif Ericson comes to North America, no map, the world stays the same; Columbus comes to North America, brings home a map, and the rest as they say is history.

If Hall is right, if new maps indicate major shifts in human events, all evidence suggests that, as in the time of Columbus, today's world is in the midst of revolutionary change. From the mapping of the large-scale structure of the Universe, super galactic formations over 500 million light years in diameter, to the genetic code and subatomic particles, current maps are "bumping up against the unknown" and "redefining our frontiers." As Hall explains:

"[We are now in what] is arguably the greatest explosion in mapping and perhaps the greatest consideration of 'space' (in every sense of the word) since an anonymous Babylonian first attempted to organize human knowledge...by drawing a map of the world on a clay tablet twenty six centuries ago.

Like the best of old maps, however, these new maps [from the atomic...to the cosmic] are surprising, beautiful, revelatory, disquieting. They orient us not only spatially, but conceptually, culturally, historically, philosophically. They provide a record of where we have been and what we have believed, an inspiration to visit places we have not yet explored.

A map above all else is a world view committed to paper, a world view endlessly challenged and ultimately forced into retirement by *the next extraordinary map* of which there are likely to be many in the coming decades." (italics mine)

Hall continues:

"Perhaps the next extraordinary map is not of galaxies or the interior of atoms but something quite different, something Thoreau called 'home cosmography.'

'It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats of Zanzibar,' says Thoreau. 'Be rather the Lewis and Clark...of your own streams and oceans, explore your own higher latitudes...be a Columbus to whole new worlds within you....'

With this metaphor, Thoreau extends the purview of mapping, of geography, and of knowledge to the self and solitude and the soul...Melville said that these destinations [the soul] are 'not down on any map; true places never are.'"

Perhaps Melville was right in his era; there was no map of the soul territory then. However, *I propose that there is a soul map*, it can be found in the form of your fingerprints, and doctors and other scientists have already explored it in detail. But, like a pirate's treasure map resting comfortably in someone's old pile of letters, its significance has gone unnoticed.

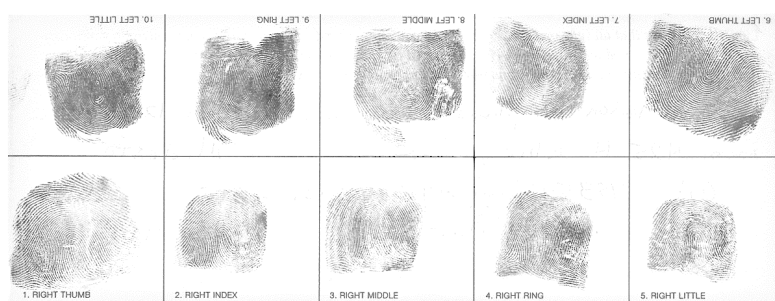
Two Psychologies

As explained, there are two distinct topographic systems in hands, each associated with its own psychology. The unchanging fingerprints contain what from now on I will call our ‘Soul Psychology,’ while the lines and hand shapes map our ‘Personality Psychology.’ The interplay between these two psychologies is responsible for the dynamic tension that is the essence of life.

The Soul Psychology is permanent, indelibly hard-wired into the psyche. Its goals are life-scale. Meaning and fulfillment are its prize. Conversely, the personality is ego driven, as well it should be. With its shifting motivational patterns and learned behaviors, it is constantly in flux. Like Flatlanders, fictionalized two-dimensional beings, there is another dimension it can only imagine but cannot see. When the two psychologies unite in common cause, life is good. Oftentimes, however, the outcome is a frustrating tug of war, two forces pulling in opposite directions.

My last client today is a case in point. Her Life Purpose, as encoded in her fingerprints, was Innovative Leader, but her concerns were more immediate. She felt stuck in a bad marriage, she told me, unable to leave for fear she could not support herself financially. “Should I stay or leave?” she asked, as I looked into her hands. “What does my future hold?”

Her hands, of course, did not reveal her future. It is not as if some line under some finger insists upon a fixed number of inevitable marriages, awaiting only the passage of time for destiny to arrive. Instead, her hands mapped out her two psychologies in detail.



There, in her fingerprints, was the Innovative Leader, one of thousands of Life Purpose possibilities. There also, in the lines and finger and thumb shapes, were her wants and needs, her relationship profile, a series of talents and capabilities. It is her life's work to unlock the Innovative Leader that resides within, but the Innovative Leader has its own instructions: it is to emerge only when the personality is properly trained for the task at hand.

During the reading it became clear that whether she stayed or left the marriage, the deeper issue was and always had been claiming her personal power. In this context, could she possibly see her marital battles as a training ground secretly designed to bring out her best? Was her husband (and the power issues he instigated) truly an Ally, an Ally in Disguise? Maybe someday, when the Innovative Leader had become fully operational, she would look back upon this time of her life differently. “It forced me to see myself more clearly, to deal with my own mask of powerlessness,” she would tell her interviewer. “That was a turning point for me. It led me directly toward my Life Purpose.”

To repeat: the psychology revealed in fingerprints is not another level of personality. It is a separate, though interconnected aspect of self that has its own calculus. Events and life choices often look completely different when Life Purpose and Life Lessons are taken into account.

LifePrints will help you examine your own life from this perspective, giving you the axioms and principles of Soul Psychology in Part Two and tracking their sometimes surprising implications in Parts Four and Five. Right now, however, we need a few more definitions and a better overview of Soul Psychology before we are ready to make best use of the Life Purpose Map sitting in our fingerprints.

Your Life Purpose, Your Life Lesson and the Delicious Dilemma

In a few pages, you will unfold your Life Purpose Map, and when you do you will quickly notice that it is made up of two components, similar to longitude and latitude lines intersecting on your Mercator projection. These two components are your Life Purpose and your Life Lesson.

Your Life Purpose is you at your best, your highest potential expressing itself naturally and obviously in everything you do. Life Purpose is bigger than matching your inclinations and capabilities to the marketplace; it goes deeper than finding a set of core values to live by. Life Purpose is you arriving in your Right Life. There is a soulful joy that comes through, an un-self-conscious aliveness that is immediately visible when someone is On Purpose. Ray Charles singing, Stephen Hawking calculating, your Aunt Mathilda baking her apple pie – like true art, it is hard to say what it is but you know it when you see it.

Life Purpose is not about improving your circumstances or even improving yourself, although those often occur on the road to Life Purpose. It is not about understanding your strengths and weaknesses, though honest self-appraisal is necessary to bring Life Purpose forward. No, Life Purpose is about finding meaning in this all too mortal existence. Finding and living your Life Purpose is the single most important thing you can ever do.

Perpendicular to Life Purpose is your Life Lesson. By definition, your Life Lesson is your area of greatest resistance and avoidance, your biggest blind spot, largest obstacle, tallest hurdle. It is your ‘stuff,’ your ‘old baggage,’ your ‘dirt,’ visible now that the corner of your rug has been lifted. Your Life Lesson is your weakness exposed, your worst fear(s) about yourself fully personified. There is no way around it. You must consciously and continually contend with your Life Lesson for your Life Purpose to flourish.

It is not easy to keep your bearings when your Life Lesson acts up, as a recent client can attest. Her Life Purpose was The Artist and her hands were loaded with creative line markings; a perfect equipment package for her life goals. But not so fast. Her Life Lesson, loosely translated, was Family Service. According to the formula in her fingerprints, without first learning to be a supportive family member, her creativity would bring nothing but frustration.

Why? Who knows? Perhaps in other lifetimes she had been a great star but her single-mindedness had estranged her from her family, fame and success only emphasizing her loneliness. In her Soul’s wisdom, this life would not be worth living if only to repeat the error of her past.

Past lives? Karmic influences? Regardless of its actuality, the past life scenario is a convenient way to frame her current circumstances. The truth is she feels a creative urge too strong to

ignore. Yet, in some mysterious way, whenever she runs away from those she loves, she invariably gets bogged down. This was her story as she told it to me: a series of events held together with this common thread. Now in her thirties here she was, pulled in the same two directions, just as she had been many times before.

Lights...Camera...Action. The Director is pleased, all the props are in place. Act Two: the Delicious Dilemma emerges. Carnegie Hall is on line one; they want her to do a one-woman show and they need an answer today. But Dad is on line two. "Mom is sick and we need you to come home." What to do?

A Moment of Truth has arrived; another defining moment in this young woman's life. Without a Life Purpose Map as her guide, it appears as if her circumstances have put her in this terrible bind, but from the fingerprint perspective we can see that it is one more inescapable iteration of her Soul Psychology expressing itself in still one more disguise.

The Delicious Dilemma carries no automatic solution. It is this woman's destiny to face recurring choices of this kind, with slightly less melodrama perhaps, but with absolute certainty nonetheless. Circumstances will continually conspire to place the Delicious Dilemma in front of her. The choices are hers to make, the consequences real. The only question is: how will she handle it? New people come and go, new jobs, etc. enter and leave the stage, yet her Delicious Dilemma remains despite her most ardent attempts to alter it. So it is for each of us. We too have a Life Purpose and Life Lesson; we too wrestle with our Delicious Dilemma. Such is life in human form. Whether we are aware of it or not, our drama unfolds, our life takes place, following the Soul Map printed on our fingerprints five months before our birth.

CHAPTER FOUR: FIVE ASSERTIONS

Just one minute, who says I have to deal with the same issue again and again throughout my life? Are you saying there is no free will, that all is Destiny? And speaking of meaning and fulfillment, isn't that my own business? Maybe there is no meaning, or at least no meaning other than that in which I choose to invent and invest in. Who is to say otherwise?

In the face of these cosmic questions, this book makes the five following assertions:

- Assertion One: Hidden Variables
There is a hidden level of human psychology opaque to the psychological radar in use today.
- Assertion Two: Defining What Is Important – Context Is Everything
Pre-dating one's birth, this core psychology sets the context that defines what is important.
- Assertion Three: Breaking the Code
The fingerprint map is a code book and entry point into this world.
- Assertion Four: Benefits of Soul Psychology
Bringing this level of one's being into conscious awareness offers huge benefits.
- Assertion Five: Putting it to the Test
Soul Psychology is pragmatic and testable.

Let's take a closer look at these five assertions and their implications.

Assertion One: Hidden Variables

If you take a Meyers Briggs Personality Test you will learn that you fall into a certain category and that your reactions and motivations will in large measure match others in your group. Millions of tests have been performed and at this point the Meyers Briggs is considered 'scientifically proven.' It yields usable results. It has society's sanction. However, what does MB say about the search for meaning, what Victor Frankl calls humankind's ultimate motivator?

Nothing.

As far as MB is concerned, this spiritual level of one's psyche does not exist. This is in no way to fault Meyers Briggs. It would be like faulting a Geiger counter for not picking up ultraviolet light. However, the fact that a Geiger counter does not 'see' ultraviolet light is in no way proof that ultraviolet light does not exist. Nor does it prove that it does. It is just not within the scope of what the equipment is designed to detect. My point is that spiritual based psychology has not been taken seriously in the same way Meyers Briggs has, in part because no one has had an adequate instrument with which to observe and measure it. I have heard that this Soul business is too anecdotal, you cannot prove any of it anyway, that it is too new-agey, just projection, nothing more. I have heard all sorts of critiques in thirty five years of reading hands.

True, journeys to this non-three-dimensional territory are, by definition, subjective. They take place inside one person's individual consciousness, and as such, there are no detailed satellite

photos to examine as evidence. Should we then count the number of living Zoroastrians and compare our census to the number of Christians on the planet to determine the validity of one spiritual view over another? If not, is everything only what any person chooses to believe?

Simultaneously and conversely, spirituality is sometimes deemed too universal. If all Zoroastrians share the same perspective, the same non-personal call to cosmic duty, at best we have a mass produced Life Purpose without the individual utility of the Meyers Briggs test. Fingerprints bypass these two obstacles by offering a map into the psycho-spiritual territory that is person specific yet independent of personal experience. Zoroastrians, Christians and Atheists are equally free to use this map to gain a greater sense of meaning in their lives.

Assertion Two: Defining What Is Significant – Context is Everything

“There is nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come.”

	<p>Who am I and what am I doing here? Even before Ziggy uttered these immortal words, others more ancient and wise pondered the meaning of life and their place in the cosmos. Whole civilizations were born, grew up, and died around their answers to these questions. From the ancient Egyptians through the Renaissance, from Romeo and Juliet to you and me, each person and each society defines for itself what is important, and hence how to order life and resources.</p> <p>Context is everything.</p>
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Imagine the commitment of time and energy necessary to build the pyramids. Did the Egyptians (or their captives) gladly march to Cheops, eager contributors to their Pharaoh's immortality, or were they coerced, baking miserably in the Saharan Sun? For one each day is slavery, while another exalts in the culmination of a life's dream.

What about you? Are you baking or exalting? On a macro-scale, it is the governing ethos that controls the context that defines a civilization; on a micro-scale, Life Purpose defines what is significant. The macro and micro scales are synergistically interwoven, spilling into each other, evolving together over time. It is no accident that so many people today want to find their Life Purpose. It is part of the march of history.

Context on a Macro Scale

Before 1687, one was free to offer whatever explanation one wished for gravity. Then, Newton's *Principia* changed everything. Throwing back the curtain of ignorance, Newton revealed a clockwork Universe in which all events proceed logically from earlier causes. God, if there was one, must be He who had wound up the whole thing, the prime mover. With the new science came a new governing image: mankind as a cog in a giant machine. The Industrial Revolution and democracy was soon to be born. The divine right of monarchies was soon to die.

By the 20th century, Newtonian physics had lost its hold over the public imagination. Newton's formulas were found to be incomplete; good approximations, but not as good as Einstein's. Quantum physics emerged and, along with Darwinism, a new governing ethos was forged: all is chance; there is no ghost in the machine. Chaos Theory flapped its butterfly wings and soon God, and any non-random based causality, was dead (or at least not the subject of science).

This world view, like Newton's before it, has had its time, made its contribution and is creating the foundation for its successor. As I see it, the new guiding vision will not reject cause and effect; it will not argue against pure chance. It will subsume these truths and add (or revert to) a hidden, non-material variable as prime mover: consciousness -- and consciousness implies intention or purpose. Lamarke and his teleological friends will be happy.

Look around you. A new world view is aching to emerge, and with it, a new definition of what is important. Like all preceding world views, from Cleopatra's to Newton's, our current version, advanced though it may be, has been found confining and incomplete: confining in that too many people live lives with little or no connection to Life Purpose; incomplete in that it has disregarded humanity's universal hunger to contribute to something greater than ourselves, to connect to Soul, both collectively and as individuals.

Adapt or perish. Any country, company or person that cannot or will not adhere to this emerging spiritual reality is doomed. The Information Age will self-destruct, stillborn, choking on a glut of lifeless data if it cannot help individuals better define and manifest that which has life-scale meaning, help us all to a higher standard of Self-realization.

It is time for humanity to get to its Right Life before it finds that it is too late to do so.

By the way, Einstein never did feel comfortable with the idea of pure chance at the root of things. "God does not play dice with the Universe," he said in response to quantum physics. Perhaps consciousness is the hidden variable he sought but was never able to put into formula. If matter is actually congealed energy, maybe energy is congealed consciousness. Regardless, this book suggests that Soul Psychology is the hidden variable in understanding human behavior.

Context on a Micro Scale

Let's shift gears from the ever changing images that drive human history and set our sights on a more intimate scale, to the pictures inside one's consciousness that animate an individual life.

James Hillman, psychotherapist and author, makes the case that like physics at the end of the nineteenth century, psychology today is incomplete. "[I] am not so much trying to attack therapy

as extend it, reveal its blind spots, and begin the enormous task of redefining its premises.” Speaking of Picasso’s *The Young Painter*, done at age 91, Hillman tells of his breakthrough vision:

This haunting, simple image turned out to be the initiatory experience for my theory of life lived backwards. Here is the invisible Picasso caught on canvas, a self-portrait of the daimon that inhabited him all his life. At the end it emerges and shows itself...**Here was a portrait of the acorn painted by the oak.** (my bold)

...If [Jung is right and] at the soul’s core we are images, then we must define life as the actualization over time of that original seed image, what Michelangelo called the *imagine del cuor*, or the image in the heart, and that image - not the time that actualized it – is the primary determinant of your life.

Do you see what this means?

It means that our history is secondary or contingent and that the image in the heart is primary and essential. If [this is so]... then the things that befall us in the course of time (which we call development) are various actualizations of the image, manifestations of it, and not causes of who we are. I am not caused by my history - my parents, my childhood, my development. These are mirrors in which I may catch glimpses of my image.

...[T]his way of thinking suggests a completely different method for psychotherapy...instead of starting with causal problems and external blames that determine what is to come...we should study essential psychology...life lived backwards...[which] sees in the mirror of childhood the traits, the wounds, and the wonders, but it sees them as fundamentally *uncaused*. (italics his)

As Hillman points out, certain behaviors are developmental (personality based) and require one type of intervention if problems arise, but other ‘problems’ are uncaused, they emanate from one’s Soul Psychology. As such, these ‘problems’ can be reframed as Delicious Dilemmas; not something to be changed or overcome as much as to be integrated, accepted, used as an Ally. This book is full of stories of people doing just that (or failing to). As you have read, your Life Lesson does not go away, it just morphs into new forms as your life story continues to unfold. Dealing with the challenges this part of you sets in motion is how you get to your Life Purpose. Go ahead, battle the dragon before you, but no matter how well the campaign goes, take good notes because there are bound to be more encounters before your story is done.

Assertion Three: Breaking the Code

Whether eternal or merely the result of bio-receptors triggered by chemicals in the brain, there is a level of self that yearns for spiritual connection and deeper meanings. Fingerprints are a code book and entry point into this level of human meta-psychology.

As I write these words, a scene from the movie, *The Robe*, comes to mind. It is the 18th century. A half dozen Native Americans and three Europeans are taking a break from canoeing. The elder Native American asks one of the white men about the Jesuit priest fellow: he does not seem well

suited to the hardships of their journey, he can't even paddle as well as the women. And that thing he spends all his time looking at, what is that all about?

The white man tries to explain writing, books and the Bible but decides a demonstration will do a better job. He asks his Native American friend the name of his mother and writes down his response. "Hey Fred, come over here for a second." Fred comes over, is shown the piece of paper and says, "Two Bears' mom is Smiling Eagle." "Thanks Fred." Fred shrugs and walks away. Two Bears looks astounded and after a moment of intense concentration says, "Can you teach me to do that?"

Two Bears never did learn to read as other happenings stole his attention, but he knew in a flash he had been witness to a coding and decoding instrument of extraordinary value. Fingerprints work in a similar fashion, one level up the spiral. The fingerprint map is a coded information system that creates an alphabet and vocabulary for self exploration. Like all good maps, it affords an overview of a larger territory and a reference guide for navigation.

It is not the final map of this spiritual domain. When the relationship between body and mind is better understood, when human consciousness has been mapped out in scientific detail, any current perspective will no doubt seem quaint and childlike. But if fingerprints are indeed one of the next extraordinary maps that Stephen S. Hall was referring to, then looking at our fingerprints today is like looking at the mid 15th century European world maps. Remnants of these can be found in Barcelona museums, early maps that included what would soon be called the New World. These first generation maps were based as much upon imagination as precise information. They are both surprisingly accurate and grossly off base. Lands of unknown riches and dangers awaited discovery. Soon, things would never be the same.

It was the wind that gave them life. It is the wind that comes out our mouth now that gives us life. When this ceases to blow – we die. In the skin at the tips of our fingers we see the trail of the wind. It shows us where the wind blew when our ancestors were created.

Navajo Saying

Assertion Four: Benefits of Soul Psychology

Since those weeks in the Jesse Jones Library I have talked to over 40,000 people about their Life Purposes but I am still surprised when, on occasion, someone asks me what good is knowing your Life Purpose? Isn't it self evident, I wonder? Apparently not.

For me, knowing the Life Purpose in my fingerprints has confirmed my own sense of who I am and what my life is all about. The more choices become available to me, the more often I check in on my Life Purpose Map to keep things in perspective. Knowing my Life Purpose has afforded me a certain grace under pressure, made it easier to take responsibility for life-sized errors without being crushed by paralyzing self-criticism. Feeling On Purpose has been a blessing, a golden anchor, my guaranteed safe harbor no matter what is happening in my life.

Without getting too far ahead of ourselves, let's take a closer look at how knowing one's Life Purpose can improve a life.

Direction and a Sense of Purpose

Finding one's Life Purpose has obvious benefits for one's sense of direction, ask Geronimo, Robert Goddard or Divaldo Franco; but there are some not so obvious directional benefits as well. Three different types of Life Purposes will serve as examples.

One group of Life Purposes is dualistic in nature: Tycoon doing World Service, for instance. In a case like this, completely different skill sets must be used in tandem to gain life-scale fulfillment. All Tycoon No Service or All Service No Tycoon is bound to frustrate such a person. It is like rowing with only one oar in the water, I tell clients like these. No wonder you feel you are going in circles. You are. Rowing faster is not going to get you to your destination. That which you seek is not where you have been seeking it.

Another group of Life Purposes is singular: The Teacher, The Artist, or let's say, The Therapist. Often, The Therapist will spend hours on the phone with his or her Aunt Mathilda, providing therapeutic services but without the life-scale satisfaction promised by the fingerprints. Water cooler amateur psychiatrists may find themselves in the same boat: already doing what their Life Purpose asks, but on the periphery instead of at the center of life. Maybe all you need to do is make it official, I suggest. You are on the brink of your Life Purpose. What will it take for you to make the leap?

For some, the life question is not what but how. For example, if Live Your Passions is your Life Purpose, it doesn't matter what you do. Do whatever you want. Just make sure you really want to be doing it. (If you think this is a piece of cake, you obviously do not have these fingerprints. You will find more about this and the other Life Purpose possibilities in Parts Four and Five.)

Independent Verification

Lots of people tell me they know their Life Purpose. Checking the fingerprints, hearing the life story, sometimes I completely agree. “You could not be more On Purpose,” I report. Other times, my client is mostly On Purpose, a bit of tweaking perhaps all that is called for. More often than not, however, those who tell me they are On Purpose actually mean that they have a goal they are after, like Bob in the Introduction who wanted to canoe the Yukon, or I hear something lacking in directional value, like Mathilda shining her light. Fingerprints point the way to the real questions at the very base of one’s existence.

Another issue I see in my clients is the chronic underestimation of Life Purpose. “I am the fellow who couldn’t find my keys the other day. I have messed up X, Y and Z in my life. What right do I have entertaining such a grandiose image of myself. Anyway, it would be egotistical to think I could... Besides, I am too young, too old, too tall, too short....”

Marianne Williamson put it nicely:

“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate, our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be?”

Independent verification means having a source outside your inner dialogue with which to measure your own picture of yourself. If you have not misinterpreted or underestimated your Life Purpose, good. Here is your confirmation.

Personal Accountability without the Blame Game

As you will see in more detail in Part Three, you cannot get to your Life Purpose without making Life Lesson errors. Not only can you not stop yourself from making certain types of miscalculations, it is actually in your interest to do so. Learning to turn one’s Life Lesson from Nemesis to Ally is the secret passage to Life Purpose satisfaction, the essential skill needed to orient through life’s biggest difficulties.

For example, our Innovative Leader from 18, the one with the marriage crisis dominating her life, this is not the first time power issues have been a problem for her. Nor will it be the last. Exercise insufficient independence, exercise too much; too little and too much, again – but this time not as far off the mark as before. This is how it looks as she takes her Power Issues Training Program at the Earth University. How long her marriage difficulties will continue, that we cannot know but, given her Life Purpose and Life Lesson, crises of power, debilitating or life affirming, are bound to be what is encountered on her life path. Knowing this, perhaps she will not be so hard on herself. As Hillman states, this is one of those acausal moments, a chance to catch her Soul’s image peeking out at her in the Truth Mirror.

Knowing Your Life Purpose Can Save Your Life

Over dinner the other day, I told a physician about a friend of a friend who was facing a life threatening illness. Hearing the diagnosis, she replied that the condition in question has 100% mortality in under a year. “100%?” “Yes.” I wanted to know if alternative therapies had been tested, whether there were any miracles in the medical literature or in her experience. She reported that she knew only three cases out of thousands. “What happened in those?” I asked.

She told me that each patient had undergone a complete personal transformation, rearranging all facets of life from the top down and the bottom up. Somehow, they had climbed out of their doomed existence and survived. My physician friend was quick to point out that others who had done the same had died on schedule. Yet there it was, three cases.

In the movie *As Good as it Gets*, Jack Nicholson tells Helen Hunt that being with her made him want to be a better man – maybe that is the true benefit of knowing your Life Purpose. Shortly, you will gain your own Life Purpose Map. You will track its path over prior events. You will consider your future possibilities. Come to your own conclusions.

Assertion Five: Putting it to the Test

Do the tenets of Soul Psychology sound preposterous to you? Acorns and oak trees; Delicious Dilemmas; your destiny reaching out to you from your Soul? OK, don’t believe it. My suggestion is to put it to the test. As Irwin Yalom, noted psychotherapist and author, says who cares about the model being used, the question is: Does it have utility?

“The superego, the id, the ego, the archetypes, the idealized and actual selves...none of these really exists. They are all fictions, all psychological constructs created for semantic convenience and they justify their existence by virtue of their explanatory power. They all act by the same mechanism: they are effective to the degree that they afford a sense of personal mastery and thus inspirit the dormant will.”

Yalom goes on to list what he believes is necessary for a psychological model to be effective:

1. It needs to make sense.
2. It must be logically consistent, with sound supporting arguments.
3. It needs to be bolstered by empirical observation.
4. It needs to ‘click’ with the internal experience of the patient.
5. It can be applied in many analogous circumstances.
6. It presents a novel explanation from an unusual frame of reference.

Soul Psychology, as you will see, meets all the above criteria. Joined with traditional psychology, we have something significantly greater than the sum of its parts.

In Part Six I relate my experiences using fingerprint analysis in a business setting, in an inner city High School and in a psychiatric clinic. In each of these arenas, Life Purpose analysis offers an opportunity to re-examine the basic premises that define a culture and the individuals within that culture. Part Six also suggests six tests capable of proving or falsifying the main points of

this book. It is too much to get into here in the Introduction but I expect, as you apply what you learn to your own life, you too will find Soul Psychology pragmatic and accurate.

Ready?

LifePrints is a how-to manual that will teach you to map out your Life Purpose from your fingerprints and put what you learn to good use. Part Two: The Three Axioms of Soul Psychology, serves as your Map's Legend, giving you the information you need to put your map to best use. Part Three shows you how to construct your own Life Purpose Map. Parts Four and Five have case studies of sixty-four Life Purposes and Life Lessons. As others are seen grappling with their Delicious Dilemmas, your own hidden under-story will be mirrored back, creating a new framework for looking at your life.

LifePrints is also set up to be an encyclopedia. Listing all the common Life Purpose Maps and some of the less common ones, it is designed to be used as a reference work, looked at again and again as you enter different phases of your life. Although it is possible to read LifePrints from start to finish, it is not expected that most people will use it that way. Probably, you will first want to find your own Life Purpose and compare the stories presented to your life experiences. I expect you will next want to check your spouse's fingerprints, your children's, etc. Or just browse the stories, coming back to Part Three when you are ready to delve more deeply into your Life Purpose. Whichever method you use, knowing your Life Purpose will change your life in ways you cannot at this time imagine.

Part Two: The Three Axioms of Soul Psychology

Overview

In Part One we looked at the two kinds of psychology relevant to one's Life Purpose: Personality Psychology and Soul Psychology. Personality Psychology, as revealed in the lines and shapes of a person's hand, is developmental in nature. It reacts to circumstances; it grows over time. Soul Psychology, visible in the fingerprints, is unalterable from before birth. It addresses the hunger for meaning deep in the center of one's being. The interplay between these two is responsible for the dynamic tension that is the essence of life.

In Part Two we examine the three axioms that comprise the infrastructure of Soul Psychology. Knowing these three basic Soul Psychology concepts will help you to understand your Life Purpose Map which you will construct in Part Three.

Axiom One of Soul Psychology: Experience Required

Soul Psychology is based on the premise that the earth plane is an arena for advancing souls to grow in consciousness. In order to accomplish this goal, advancing souls seek experience.

This is not a new idea. Many religions and philosophical systems take the same position, in whole or in part. If your worldview differs, please adjust *LifePrints'* language to suit your own. I like the "advancing souls" description because it offers a convenient way to picture what fingerprints are saying. Instead of calling fingerprints a map of the soul's journey, we could simply label them a code book to one's core psychology. That works just as well.

Advancing souls seek experience: simple enough; but a closer examination reveals seven key principles that will make it easier to understand the Life Purpose Maps that follow.

Principle #1 - The life goal is the experiencing process itself.

Principle #1 states that the life goal, from a soul level, is the experiencing process itself, not a specific outcome. As stated earlier, if your Life Purpose is Leadership, it is not necessarily your life assignment to become President of the United States, or president of anything else for that matter. Then again, perhaps a presidency *is* in your future. You will find out as your life movie unfolds. The important thing is to inhabit your Leadership Consciousness, dealing with whatever comes your way. That is where your deepest meaning can be found.

This is a central tenet of Soul Psychology: your Life Purpose is not about creating results that match an idealized picture of how your life is supposed to look. Your Life Purpose may very well surprise you. As a matter of fact, it would be surprising if it didn't. So what does it mean then to have a Leadership Life Purpose? It means two things: first, it is in your interest to gain in experience so that your Leadership Consciousness has full opportunity to emerge; and second, if and when it does, you are challenged to live with a wide range of experiences in this realm.

Principle #2 – One’s experiences always seek to unlock one’s Life Purpose.

To continue with the example of Leadership as the Life Purpose, then, given time and opportunity, the leader element within you will naturally find a form of expression just by you being you. This is not necessarily as easy as it might sound, as we shall see. Nonetheless, The Leader is inside you and always has been. It merely awaits sufficient experiential material to reach a kindling point where its presence becomes obvious and everyday. When this happens you can say that you have reached the main sequence of your Life Purpose. To illustrate, let's look at two people reacting in their own way to a similar set of circumstances.

Bob from Boise has a Leadership Purpose and a history of abuse. His father beat him, physically and emotionally. At school, Bob got bullied by the bigger kids; even his parakeet showed him no respect. Twenty five years later, while accepting the Citizen of the Year Award, Bob credits his early experiences as pivotal in his development. Having been on the wrong end of the stick in his early life, his threshold for stoic resignation gone, he could not sit idly by watching one more instance of injustice.

This time, someone needed to set things right. Surprising himself with his assertion, Bob rose to the occasion and took the actions that led to this award. Now that he has gained some standing in the community he would like to dedicate himself to community service. Bob becomes Boise's mayor (Why not? It's just a story.) When he exercises his Leadership Consciousness, the application is appropriate to the circumstances. Others' needs are taken into account in the context of the larger picture. Considering Bob's prior experiences, how could he do otherwise?

Fred from East Frasalia had a similar childhood. However Fred moves in the opposite direction: he becomes a power abuser. He is too controlling in relationships. He has power battles with legitimate authorities in the world and at work. He treats his parakeet badly. Then an incident occurs that changes his whole life around. Fred learns first hand what too much power applied unconsciously can do. The details are not important here. The important point is Fred's awakening.

"Oh my God, what have I done?" It hurts Fred deeply to realize the pain he has caused. He makes amends where amends need making. He becomes particularly sensitive to any possibility that his actions may cause discomfort in others. When life presents Fred with leadership opportunities, having learned from past mistakes, Fred (still assertive but now empathetic as well) is better qualified for the bigger role on the larger stage that was outlined in his fingerprints before he was born.

In our illustration, similar circumstances yielded different experiences but both led to the emergence of a Leadership Life Purpose. Of course, there is always the alternate possibility: Bob and Fred learn nothing from their earlier experiences. Unconsciously trudging through life, they make no progress towards the Leadership Purpose they share in common. If this were the case, Bob and Fred would both live in their Life Purpose Inverses (powerlessness for Bob, tyranny for Fred). If they live this type of life long enough, maybe they will eventually gain some momentum forward on their life paths, but there are no guarantees. The planet is plenty big enough for any person to stay in The Big Gaping Hole (life without meaning) for an indefinite period of time.

The more likely outcome for Bob and Fred, however, is some combination of the examples given. Life being the messy business it is, rarely does a straight-line diagram describe a person's life. In retrospect, we can see The Leader slowly going through its developmental phases in both Bob and Fred, while in the short term each zig and zag seem random and all consuming. The thing to remember is that any experience can serve a person's progress. Too much power applied unconsciously or too little power employed when more would have been better: either option is capable of generating uncomfortable outcomes while still advancing a person's Life Purpose. Conversely, either could become a life-sized trap lasting for decades. In a similar vein, if Bob and Fred have wonderful parents and wonderful bosses who use power fairly and effectively, these experiences could also be models to work from on their leadership life paths. Or, alternately, Bob and Fred might each miss the point, ignoring the opportunities laid before them.

Being alive creates opportunities for experience. It is up to each of us to gain from our experiences and, in so doing, move our Life Purpose forward.

Principle #3 - Living your Life Purpose means experiencing all that life brings your way.

As stated before, a Life Purpose is not a position to get into; it is a consciousness to inhabit. If you quit your desk job to become a painter does that make you The Artist? Maybe. Maybe you are a hack. As we have seen, the actual role you play, your title at work, is not what is important



Let's say that you do learn from your experiences sufficiently for your Life Purpose to clearly emerge. Like Picasso discovering his passion for art, you have opened the door into the main sequence of your Life Purpose. You are gaining satisfaction points on a regular basis. Congratulations.

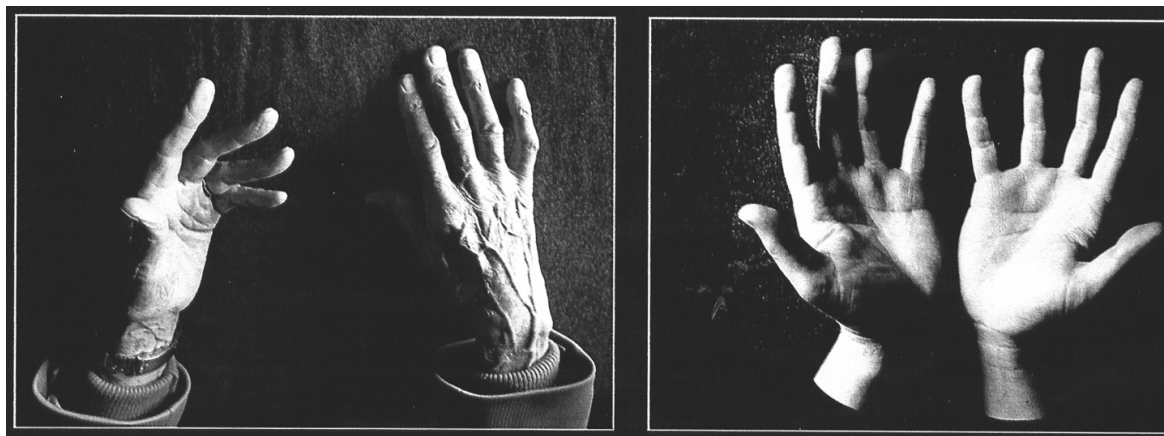
Does this mean that everything is now automatically rosy? No way.

You have problems (or you do not) like everyone else in the world. However, now (if you are Picasso) when you have problems you have *artist* problems, the exact problems you are supposed to have.

I love using Jacques Cousteau as an example in my readings. I never got to read his hands but he seemed to epitomize a person who knew what he wanted. For Jacques, boats, the oceans, the whole undersea world was his life. QED, nothing else to say. If he had won the lottery, how much would have changed? Not much, I suggest. He could have afforded a more expensive sonar package for boat number two, that's all.

Let's put Jacques into our illustration, assuming he is right On Purpose with his life. Was Jacques Cousteau's existence trouble free? What do you think? As the world's top ocean explorer he got to explore the toughest ocean environments, to address challenges beyond the scope of anyone else. Difficulties abounded. Nor did Jacques want a life free of all difficulties. When he got to the Gates of Heaven (however you interpret that phrase) Jacques would have wanted a good story or two about how tough things were in his day so he could hold his own with the ancient mariners already there. "We had to make our own boats," one will say. "That's nothing," an even more ancient one will suggest, "We had to invent sailing itself."

The point is that for Jacques, boat problems were the type of problems that he was supposed to have. Not factory problems: the foreman is a real idiot; I can't take another day on this assembly line; these are not problems that would have moved Jacques' Life Purpose along. If he were lucky, an old salt might have set him straight. "The problem, Jacques, is that you are in the wrong life here. Go find you a boat."



Cousteau's super long little fingers indicate a Code Breaker Personality

So *you* find *your* boat. Are you done, is your Life Purpose complete? Not at all. You are just beginning. Welcome to your Right Life. Now, what are you going to do about the mutiny in the Miami office? The hostile takeover? What about time for your family now that you are so busy? And so on. Similarly, when Picasso unlocks The Artist within, when he fully inhabits his artistry, has he finished his Life Purpose? Of course not. Now it is his job to have a lifetime of artist experiences and express this life on his canvas of choice.

Life Lessons work the same way. If your Life Lesson is Guilt Issues, it is not your assignment to get over guilt so as to never feel guilty again. It is your assignment to be conscious of all experiences pertaining to guilt, hopefully learning from them. If your Life Purpose is Family Service it is not expected (nor even hoped) that you will do only service for others. It is to be expected that you will experience a full range of possibilities in the service realm.

As your experience level increases, your ability to make choices improves and your outcomes will be more in your favor. However, you cannot get experience without trial and error.

Let's apply the Experience Required concept in a hand reading. A client will ask whether to stay or leave a relationship, whether to keep or switch careers, or something of this sort. These are important life-defining questions. Clients want some perspective. But the information revealed in fingerprints is both as direct as a sledgehammer and as subtle as anything can be.

If Leadership is a person's Life Purpose, does this mean that signing up for a Harvard MBA Program is the best option available? It is hard to say. What it certainly does mean is that on a life scale, satisfaction will be greatest as one's Leadership Consciousness is accessed and expressed. But life is twisty-turny. Maybe the best road to leadership and influence is by attending PTA meetings for years until one day, roused by the school's apparent lack of concern for the children, you stand up and take a position. Others agree and align themselves behind you. You alter the course of your child's high school curriculum; and even more: a new attitude starts to pervade Smith High. How could one plot such an outcome on a life graph? Was staying at home the best route to leadership?

"What course of action should I take?" asks my client.

I answer: "No matter what you choose to do, the challenge is to make your choice (and future choices) from inside The Leader that lives in you. If you can do so, your fingerprints indicate that you will feel On Purpose with your life. The question is not so much about choosing the right action today. It is about recognizing this part of yourself; learning to recognize it in its ever-changing disguises; learning to access its potency as a compass pointing towards life-scale satisfaction. I cannot so much tell you to do this as I can bring the possibility to your attention so that The Leader that has been there all along may be more obvious to you on your next encounter."

All your experiences are already arranged to teach you the skills and bring you the opportunity to express your Life Purpose. If you stay conscious, your life begins to evolve of its own accord into the Life Purpose shown in your fingerprints five months prior to birth. You do not have to arrange it any more than the acorn needs to take classes on proper oak tree development.

In summary:

- **The more consciously you gain in experience, the more your true self emerges.**
- **The more your true self emerges, the more your Life Purpose blossoms.**
- **The more your Life Purpose blossoms, the more you will like the life you are living.**
- **Knowing your Life Purpose allows you to** better interpret the events and relationships that already exist in your life, **to enhance the experiencing process**, so you can move in the direction your life wishes to go.

Principle #4 - You must be conscious of your feelings to gain experience.

I have been talking about experience as if you and I mean the same thing when we use the word. Perhaps we do, but let's check this out in more detail. Webster says experience means

- a: direct observation of or participation in events as a basis of knowledge
- b: the conscious events that make up a person's life

c: something personally encountered, undergone, or lived through

d: the act or process of directly perceived events or reality

Thank you Daniel. Experience comes right after expensive in Webster's *Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*, an apt position I might add.

Notice if you will the emphasis on being conscious. In Soul Psychology, you gain experience as you go through an event with consciousness. You do not gain in experience; you do not bring your Life Purpose forward, by staying unconscious. What is so challenging here is that to bring your Life Purpose forward you must consciously experience your Life Lesson which, as you have already learned, is (by definition) the hardest thing in the world to stay conscious for.

This is worth some further exploration.

For about a quarter of a century now I have been using the movie *Ordinary People* as an example of what it means to be conscious or unconscious. You don't have to watch the movie to get the gist. A boy is in a boating accident. His brother drowns just beyond his reach. He gets amnesia. Everyone in the audience understands the problem. The trauma of his brother dying right before his eyes is so great the young man cannot cope with it. Actually, to be more accurate, he is coping with the calamity by giving himself amnesia. As a matter of fact, this may be the only and most elegant solution available. To consciously feel the pain and helplessness surrounding his brother's death is more than the young boy can bear.

We all know that he will have to deal with his feelings at some point or he will not be able to get on with his life. He sees a psychiatrist. Bit by bit, as his therapy continues, he gets little glimpses of the accident but not the full picture. He is straining against his unconscious, willing the scene to play in his mind's eye, the better to end the amnesia that has put his life on hold. We in the audience strain with him, but we have the larger view. We know what he is straining against. Finally, in one fateful therapy session, the floodgates open and it all comes pouring out. Two months earlier, awareness would have been premature, but now he is strong enough to bear it. He lets out the guttural cry that has been frozen in his throat since that day on the lake and we know he is on the road to recovery.

This is not a how-to book on the appropriate expression of feelings. That may be way too big a topic for any one book to cover. But humans are emotional creatures and there is no way around this fact: it is axiomatic in Soul Psychology that **you must become conscious of your feelings in order to fully process experiences.**

When our young man became conscious of the boating accident, he had his authentic reaction in its delayed form. At this point, the worst was over and the rest of his life could begin. He'll never forget the boating accident that took his brother's life. The pain will never dissipate completely. But at some point he will be able to move on. Take away the melodrama and it is easy enough to see that we all have some amnesia to various degrees. It is our challenge, everyone of us, to awaken and allow our lives to unfold.

Earlier, you read that given time and opportunity, The Leader within (if that were your Life Purpose) would naturally find a form of expression in your life, just by being you. A more complete description would have been: just by you being you and **consciously experiencing your life**...though as the *Ordinary People* example indicates, this may not be as easy as it sounds.

Principle #5 - Experience is the best teacher.

It was not a popular success, but I liked it. *Jeremiah Johnson* is a 1972 movie starring Robert Redford as a disaffected Civil War soldier AWOL in the remote Rocky Mountains. Whether it was the beautiful scenery, the heroic quest of a lone hero, or my own military imbroglio of the times, I found myself identifying with the neophyte mountain man struggling to survive against the forces of nature. Somehow, Robert Redford standing knee deep in a freezing mountain stream, flailing frantically, his prospective dinner laughing back at his feeble fumbling fishing foray made me consider my own foibles in a more noble light.

Luckily, Redford's character is taken under the wing of a mentor willing to share the secrets he has garnered through years of experience. Will Geer is the irreverent master of mountain wisdom who ushers Redford, the initiate, through his first winter, saving his bacon and getting a laugh or two to boot. Geer seemed to particularly savor the hot coals scene: a campfire in the wilderness, warmth, a hot meal, safety—Jeremiah's prospects are looking up. He watches as the master spreads some embers on the ground, covers them with a layer of dirt, then lays down his bedroll for a cozy night. Jeremiah copies the master's behavior and settles in, satisfied with himself, a maybe-things-will-be-all-right-after-all look on his face.

Some time passes. Jeremiah leaps awake, his bedroll smoking, half aflame. The master rolls over and calmly states "Not enough dirt. Saw it right off." No further comment is forthcoming and none is needed. Jeremiah has learned his lesson better than any lecture could have accomplished. Another demonstration will not be required. So it is with most of life's learning opportunities: experience is the best teacher.

Colonel Mustard (In the Conservatory with the Wrench)

Colonel Mustard's story gives us the opportunity to further explore Axiom One: Principle #5. Colonel Mustard is my nickname for a broker, approximately thirty-five years of age, whose hands I read several years ago. (His fingerprint chart can be found in Appendix I, page 455.) He came into my office well dressed, hair slicked back so as to present the sleekest aerodynamic profile. We shook hands and as he sat down I got the impression of an owl silently swooping off its perch at midnight to catch its prey. I didn't get a sinister feeling. It was more an appreciation for an efficient, clean machine. He was smooth but not oily. I found myself liking him more than I wanted.

The reading was moving right along and at an appropriate time he told me his story. He was in the mustard business, he began. Right now he controlled a half million ounces of the yellow herb. "Where is your warehouse?" I asked, wondering to myself what so much mustard must look like. Was it stored in huge vats, like wine? "The Rothschild '76 is particularly excellent," the connoisseur of my imagination was saying, preparing to partake of the perfect Nathan's hot dog. "So refined, yet slightly vulgar."

But I had little time to indulge myself in further detours. I sat in rapt fascination as my client told me the details of the business. No warehouses, he explained. It is all on barges offshore. He never even gets to sample the wares. Everything is on paper: brokers, mustard futures—a high stakes poker game. If the price of mustard went up one half cent next week he stood to make a fortune.

He went on; "I have made two fortunes in my lifetime only to wind up broke both times. I do not intend for this to happen again. The first time I lost my money to a freak of nature, an impossibly late snowstorm that wiped out a crop that caused a chain of events, the effect of which was to leave me over-exposed and bankrupt. The recovery was slow and painful, but I did it with the help of a partner. I was the brains; he had the cash; and we were a great team, or so I thought, until he disappeared on me without a trace and I was broke again. This time I have left nothing to chance." He went on to describe the details of his current mustard gambit, leaning forward in his chair, eyes super alert. I was mesmerized.

He sat back; my turn to speak. "Before I tell you your Life Purpose I would like to ask a question." "Shoot." "Are you in a relationship?" "Three," was the surprising answer. He described his three current girlfriends, each a beauty queen he assured me, whom he controlled like a card shark. None of them knew about his plotting ways, he cleverly suggested. They were all on his string. That is how he came to my office. One of his girlfriends had seen me a few weeks before and he had decided to try it for himself.

Then it hit me. He was the guy "Mathilda" was talking about. Not only did she know of his other girlfriends, the three of them had met several times and were banded together with plans of their own. Ooh la la. Things were getting interesting and interesting as the reading moved to a discussion of his fingerprints.

"You are a Master of Manifestation," I told him, "a man designed for success in the world. Your entire purpose in coming into this lifetime was to experience material success in the truest sense of the phrase. The line markings and shape of your palm and fingers are also so arranged. If I needed to make a million dollars by next Thursday I would pick hands like yours at the cosmic hand store. They are the perfect tool for the job."

"However, there is one catch, the same catch that everyone faces: we each have a Life Lesson. The only way for any of us to reach our goal is to make progress in this particular challenging arena of life. Without progress on your Life Lesson no amount of effort will produce the Life Purpose satisfaction you seek."

"Tell me," he said. "I will do whatever it takes."

"Okay, but you may not want to hear it," I said. "Your Life Lesson is Surrender to Love. Until you can let go into a relationship, share yourself with a life partner, you will never reach the success that is your birthright."

"What are you talking about? How can sex with Mathilda or sex with Camille affect the price of mustard? You are crazy. I have left no stone unturned. When the price of mustard goes up next week, and it will, I am assured my fortune."

"I know nothing about the price of mustard," I replied, "but I do know about Soul Psychology and the laws of fingerprints." I described his Life Lesson in greater detail and he agreed that he was "intimacy challenged."

"So what? I'll make my fortune and worry about it later."

The owl was flapping its wings *agitato* but his eyes were bulging and he was straining with all his might to get the connection.

"Maybe in a past life," I suggested "you had succeeded in the world, only to feel isolated and abandoned. 'What had it all added up to?' you wondered in your post-life review. Who knows for sure about such things? But I can say that in this lifetime, in your soul's wisdom, your goal is to avoid repeating such errors. Remember Scrooge? He had money but no love. When the angels visited he begged for another chance to put things right—and he did. Your Life Purpose asks the same of you."

Most with this Life Lesson spend decades (at least) with too much surrender as the governing theme. Colonel Mustard's girlfriend, whom I had read for, was one such example (Her fingerprints are in Appendix I, page 455. Mathilda, coming up shortly on pages 40-42, also has the same fingerprints.) The Mustard Man was on the other side of this coin: too little surrender. I invented a story of a woman suffering in an uncaring relationship as we discussed the flip side of the surrender skills training program.

"I would never sacrifice so much for a relationship. She is such a sucker," he replied to my veiled description of *his* girlfriend's dilemma.

"But she is in the same classroom as you, seeking the same skill you are. Her Life Purpose differs from yours, but the banana peel under the foot of each of you (your Life Lesson) is exactly the same. She surrenders too much, you surrender too little."

"Why doesn't she just dump the jerk? I would," suggested Colonel Mustard, not realizing who the jerk in question was.

"You would, but until she actually goes through the experience, no amount of logic will convince her." I turned the tables back on him. "Why can't you let go enough to love anyone?"

He started telling me the joys of his playboy lifestyle, but for such a deft salesman he made a weak case. He sensed this as well, or so it seemed, his argument fading out mid-stream. I borrowed a poker story, figuring I could use it to segue way back to his mustard business. "This man loved poker," I began "but he continually lost money. His losses were mounting up so he decided to get some help, hiring an expert to teach him the secrets of winning." The tape clicked off; we were half way through the session. Colonel Mustard was nervously tapping his feet as I flipped the tape over and reinserted it into the recorder.

"The man goes over to the expert's house and hands over his five-thousand-dollar fee and is told 'Wait a bit, I'll be right back.' The expert leaves the man alone in his living room for ten minutes. The man gets antsy, wonders what is going on. Has he been ripped off? He leaves the living room to find the poker expert in the kitchen reading a newspaper and having a cup of coffee."

"'What's the deal?' he asks."

"'Your first lesson is patience,' the expert replies 'and obviously we are going to have to work quite a bit on that one.'"

"Interesting," my client said with growing impatience. "But what's your point?"

"The point is you can tell somebody something until you are blue in the face, but until they experience it, it is just words. If the poker expert had said that patience was a key principle in poker it would not have sunk in the same way. In your case, Mr. Mustard, you came into this

lifetime to learn how to love and be loved, without which any material success will leave you the same empty shell as Scrooge before his resurrection. Your rules for this life are love first, succeed second. All attempts to go in the reverse order will not work, but this is something you must learn for yourself."

Colonel Mustard was nothing if not quick. He countered my pawn to Queen Four with his own *en passant*. "But when mustard goes up next week and I make a million your reading will be all wet, won't it?"

"Not really. I have seen it again and again. Unless progress is made in the Life Lesson, the Life Purpose Inverse shows up, not the Life Purpose. I don't know how it will happen. It may take you losing ten or twenty million dollars before you finally open up to another, if you ever do at all. But until you do you will not gain the satisfaction you seek. If however, having experienced the pain of repeated failure, you eventually open your heart, you will find your life shifting of its own accord. True Success will come your way, material success a likely component, but not until you grapple with your intimacy demons."

I didn't really expect Colonel Mustard to get it. Not that he was especially hard headed or anything; his skepticism made total sense to me. His questions were appropriate. But his pattern with women had been ongoing his entire adult life. I thought maybe his reading could possibly be a seed that would start to bloom some time later. But he surprised me.

We spent the rest of his session talking about other factors regarding "success" in love. I could see his mind replaying past relationships and coming to new conclusions. As he left my office he gave me a sincere hug and told me he felt like a new man. Of course, he may have been "seducing" me. Seduction came so naturally, he could be doing it and not even realize it himself.

We'll revisit Mr. Mustard at a later point, but for now, let's go to Principle #6 of Axiom One.

Principle #6 - You need all your experiences to become the advanced version of you.

Looking back, weren't some of the biggest growth spurts of your life in response to discomfort? As a matter of fact, it is absolutely clear you could not have gotten to where you are today if things had been hunky-dory day in and day out. Of course, that doesn't mean it is in your interest to seek out pain and displeasure.

Loving our children we want only the best for them, but we also know that we do them no favor if we take away all pain possibilities (as if we could anyway). Parents must draw their own line. It is one thing to take away a privilege for a missed homework assignment, it is another thing entirely to let a child flunk out or allow one to get hit by a train. ("I told him not to play near the tracks. I guess now he'll listen.") Nietzsche said, "That which doesn't kill me makes me stronger," but how far should we press the theory?

I don't know either, but consider this perspective. Imagine you have a Guardian Angel, a cosmic personal trainer whose job it is to get you ready to live your Life Purpose. The advanced being in question watches your life at the Cosmic Bar and Grill on Earth TV. More your advocate than any person could be, he will be standing at your side at the Gates of Heaven when you take your entry exam. "Hmm, how tough should I make this next Life Lesson incident?" your GA muses. "I don't want to discourage this precious human but I don't want to make things too easy."

Let's take the analogy one step further. Your Guardian Angel can make all your dreams come true. (Did I mention that all GA's have genie-like powers?) Maybe it is the big promotion at work, maybe it is the prince(ss) you have been praying for night after lonely night. Of course your GA wants nothing more than to bask in your happiness, but in your current state of consciousness, you would only botch it. Maybe after another experience or two you'll be ready, your GA concludes, ordering another ambrosia from the cosmic bartender. The point is you need all your experiences to become the advanced version of you, even your apparent failures and mistakes.

Which leads us to the Goldilocks Rule.

The Goldilocks Rule: Too much/too little leads to just right

**Learning involves trial and error, including the annoying consequences of error.
You are not supposed to get it right the first time.
Progress is the key.**

You know the fairy tale. Goldilocks is lost in the woods and comes upon a house. Going inside, she finds a table set for breakfast: three bowls of porridge, steam rising (what, no cappuccino?). Hungry, Goldilocks tastes the first porridge: too hot. The second is too cold but the third is just right. She goes into the next room where she finds three beds. The first one is too hard, the next is too soft but the third is just right. If you don't know what happens when the three bears come home to find a dumb blond asleep in their bedroom, you can look it up on the internet.

However, far from being a dumb blonde, Goldilocks is a true master of this three-dimensional plane. Look at her experimental method: she tries something out, it is too this or that. She tries again, this time going to the opposite extreme. Again she goes too far. But she perseveres and finds that which is just right. Too much, too little, just right—that's the master's formula.

Have you ever watched one of those black-and-white World War II movies? The GI's are in a foxhole; a mortar shell lands in front of them; another shell lands behind them; they leap out of the foxhole just before being blasted to kingdom come. They knew they had been bracketed. The enemy had found out what was too much and what was too little. Just right could be expected momentarily.

These exaggerated scenarios were designed as a memory device to remind you of this central tenet of Soul Psychology. To gain experiences, humans go too far and not far enough on their way (one hopes) to just right. The trick is to learn from one's experience, to follow Goldilocks' example and not to get stuck forever playing ping-pong between uncomfortable extremes that represent inappropriate responses to circumstance. To make this as clear as possible, let's see if we can spot the Goldilocks Rule at work in the next story.

Mathilda

Mathilda is totally infatuated with Fred. I guess that is why she agreed to give him the money she had been saving for college. The plan is for Mathilda to meet up with Fred in Alaska in a few weeks where he will be building a cabin for them to live in. They will start an organic farm and live happily ever after. Arriving in Alaska, Mathilda finds no cabin, no Fred, no zucchinis. Maybe next time she won't be so trusting with someone she just met.

Fast forward fifteen years: Mathilda has not had a serious relationship since Fred. In effect, she has locked the barn door after the horses have gone, but she's not complaining. She has become a therapist and has helped lots of people get their lives together. "I don't need a man to be happy," she says, and who wants to argue with that? Then Phil shows up. Mathilda helps Phil to sobriety. Phil is grateful. They fall in love. They move into Mathilda's townhouse. Somehow, Phil loses his job. UH-OH.

Mathilda's jewelry is missing. They have a fight. Mathilda shows up for work the next day with a black eye. Things get worse. Phil gets arrested, not for the first time it turns out, and Mathilda uses her life savings to bail him out. She comes home to find him in her bed with some ex-girlfriend or other. It only gets worse from here. Take out the zucchinis in Alaska, rearrange a few details, and you have the life story of thousands of people with fingerprints like Mathilda's.

Mathilda's GA could have just whispered in her ear "Don't surrender inappropriately," but would that have been sufficient to get the message across? Apparently not. Experience was required. Maybe in a past life she had been the unavailable playboy, breaking hearts and not feeling a thing. A semester or two on the other side of things might be just the tonic. After all, Love and Closeness is Mathilda's Life Purpose. (Mathilda's fingerprint chart can be found in Appendix I, page 455.)

Did you spot the Goldilocks Rule working its inevitable (and usually invisible) influence over Mathilda's life? Since Mathilda's Life Lesson is Surrender Skills, early attempts at surrender will be the attempts of a novice. Big errors are to be expected. So, fifteen years old, she surrenders to

Fred. Sex, drugs, rock and roll; I guess Mathilda surrendered too much. Phase II: fifteen years without a serious relationship (she finds she cannot say the words "I love you" to any man). Here is surrender error #2: surrender too little. She meets Phil: surrender error #3: surrender too much again. This is the Goldilocks Rule in action. Too much, too little. Repeat as necessary.

If Mathilda can raise her awareness to a C+ in the surrender skills training program her Life Purpose will flower. Said differently, if she can be at all conscious as she goes through these events she will learn enough from them to enter into the main sequence of her Life Purpose. "Think of these experiences as part of your therapist's training. Healer heal thyself, Mathilda."

Two years after Phil, Mathilda has resumed dating again. At least this time she didn't need a fifteen year hiatus. She is still looking for her first good relationship, but the barn door is neither carelessly flung open nor is it nailed shut. This is progress and progress on one's Life Lesson is what opens the door to Life Purpose. After all, how is Mathilda going to learn except through trial and error?

Principle #7 – You Have Permission to Learn

When people are in the throes of their Life Lesson, when things are looking the most bleak, sometimes the best I can hope for in a reading is to hold out the comfort that, as humans, we have permission to learn. Mathilda came into this life to learn advanced surrender skills. The experiences garnered by going through such a difficult training program are necessary for her Life Purpose to blossom. Of course, she may self-destruct, her Life Purpose remaining hidden, out of reach. That is up to Mathilda. With her fingerprints, either outcome (or some combination of each) is possible. However, there is no way she can avoid surrender errors entirely. The only question is, can she learn from her mistakes and move forward on her life path? Easy enough to say from outside the battle, but if you are Mathilda and you have just withdrawn your life savings to bail out Phil, words to this effect may have a hollow ring. It would be like telling someone who just lost a child to leukemia that all is right in God's kingdom. True or false, at that moment it may not be the comfort the speaker intends.

Mathilda knows full well she is in danger. She remembers what happened with Fred when she was fifteen. But Phil has been sober for a week now and when she saw him yesterday at the jail, their love for each other filled the room and everything else disappeared. Her logical therapist's mind knows his relapse possibilities are high but her heart wants to believe. And there she is in my office, hands outstretched, hoping there is a sign that will allow her to do that which she knows is not in her own interests.

Instead, Mathilda hears that this is exactly the type of circumstances one could expect if one had a Life Lesson like the one that appears in her fingerprints. The challenge is to recognize the surrender issue for what it is, to choose consciously, taking responsibility for whatever may be the outcome. Again, so much easier to say than do.

My Fingerprints

Let's continue the permission to learn theme by using an example from my own fingerprints. (My fingerprint chart is on page 455) Dealing with power politics is part of my Life Lesson and one particularly pertinent incident comes to mind. I was being marginalized, outflanked in an organizational setting. Looking back, I had vague feelings about this early on, but Life Lessons imply blind spots and I refused to take my suspicions seriously, the better to avoid having to confront my adversaries. As with all Life Lessons, however, things just don't go away.

Another incident occurred and I could no longer lie to myself. So and so had deliberately done such and such. I decided to confront the situation head on. "Tomorrow, yes tomorrow would be a better day to do this than today," a voice inside my head said.

Good. I didn't want to have that conversation today anyway. I let it pass. A few weeks later it all boiled over again. I was in a meeting and so and so said such and such. "Hold it one second. What about my proposal last week that we all agreed to?" I was being bypassed again and it would do no good to bring it up here. The problem was with the Big Poobah, not this underling.

I decided to talk to him as soon as possible. I was scared (he was after all the biggest Poobah this side of the Rocky Mountains), but was I a man or a mouse? I called up Poobah the Big and, reaching his secretary, set an appointment to get all this handled once and for all. So there. The

appointment was twelve days hence (Poobahs are busy, you know), so other than a bit of stewing, for the time being there was nothing to do.

Twelve days hence came and I was ten minutes early for my appointment. I figured I'd start with an acknowledgement of how much Poobah had helped me and why I respected all he had accomplished for the organization. Then I'd let him have it. Why was he undercutting me? We had agreed to my plan. Why was it not being implemented? Why wasn't I even told about this? I had it all written down. I took a deep breath. I was ready. Forty minutes passed. Poobahs like to do that, I thought; a power maneuver. I can see his game a mile away, hah. "Mr. Unger, Mr. Poobah can't see you today. Something big has come up. He asked me to reschedule with you for next month. He regrets any inconvenience."

I exited: half furious—half relieved.

Next month ensued, during which time all sorts of minor incidents occurred that validated my suspicions. Discussions had definitely taken place behind my back and I had been relegated into an untenable corner. I was ready for my confrontation with Mr. Big. Again I was ten minutes early. Again I was made to wait, this time for almost an hour. Finally, Mr. Big came out of his office with a smile and handshake, welcoming me into his office like a long-lost brother. He had to leave for an important meeting in only five minutes but he was so glad to see me. I launched in, starting with the two acknowledgements (he had taught me that tactic himself; people listen better if you start that way) and worked up to my complaints. He listened ardently. Hmmm. "Yes, I can see you feel upset by what happened. Look to yourself and the answer will be clear, Richard. Gotta go. Nice to see you again." He almost said let's do lunch. If he had, maybe I would have punched him in the nose like I had wanted to from the beginning.

But I never did punch him in the nose. I hadn't even got to my biggest point: that he was the source, the decision maker whose dictum was now impinging on my territory. Of course he knew what he was doing, making me wait and leaving five minutes for our meeting. Of course he knew why I was there and what I was going to talk about. He had orchestrated the entire deal. I know that now, now that I am not in the throes of it all. But at the time I couldn't be sure of anything. I was so worked up. I was angry, scared, unsure, guilty, and who knows what else all rolled up into a ball of confusion and frustration.

I stomped out into the parking lot and sat in my car for who knows how long until a voice inside my head popped up: "Richard," it said. "Three months ago you blatantly disregarded the clues and your feelings on this mess. Two months ago you recognized what was going on but you did nothing about it. Last month you tried to do something but let it get away. Today you confronted him and got about half of what you wanted to say off your chest. That's progress young man. Not too bad. This is your Life Lesson here. It is as tough as anything gets for you. You're not supposed to be good at this. You have permission to learn. Keep it up and you'll be OK."

I felt a little better. Not a lot mind you, but a little was a lot if you know what I mean. Three months later I left the organization and as I look back, I learned so much while I was there and, whether Mr. Poobah saw this or not, I needed to move on. Mr. Poobah had helped me to do so.

Back to Mathilda in my office wondering about Phil. Well, you read her story. She feels worse than ever and as the reading unfolds it is clear that she has already made up her mind what she is going to do. I hoped that the message "You have permission to learn" would help her to keep her self esteem more or less intact through the morass.

Other times, people like Mathilda come in after the storm has passed. Phil is gone and they are never going to make a mistake like that again. I agree. They have gained in experience. But these are fingerprints we are talking about and fingerprints do not change. We can expect another round of surrender issues to emerge in Mathilda's life at some time or another. In a new disguise, to be sure, but expect the same dragon to attack another wall of the castle. Of this you can be certain. However, if Mathilda can learn from prior errors the attack will be less effective and her Life Purpose will continue to blossom.

Twenty years from now, when Mathilda is asked to be the Chair Person for the National Commission on Therapy and Health Care, surrender issues will work their wiggly way right back into Mathilda's life story. Should she let some Big Poobah pressure her to put so and so on the Commission or should she stand her ground? If she has been paying attention to her experiencing process, the lessons garnered dealing with Phil, and Fred, and their ilk may provide the guidance she needs to steer an appropriate course.

My Red-Headed Daughter and Long Division

"Daddy, I'm never going to become a functional adult," sighed Andrina. "What's up?" I asked a bit tentatively, not having a clue as to the subject at hand. "In class today we were working in our math book and John was doing long division and I can't remember the first thing about it. I'm never going to get out of fourth grade." She was a full two days into fourth grade at this point.

"Oh," I replied, relieved. How many functional adults remember long division anyway?

"Let me check your math book. Aha! You didn't cover long division in third grade. I thought so. Is John that kid that just moved here from Minneapolis? He must have covered long division in third grade. You haven't started it yet." I rose to emphasize my point.

"Remember, dear one, when you didn't know how to tie your shoes but you practiced and now it's easy? And your bicycle, remember..."

"Thanks Dad." I was being interrupted just as I approached my final summation. "Hold the speech," she declared as she left the room. "That's all I needed to know."

Each of us has come to the Earth University with something to learn and something to do.

We empathize with our children as they struggle with their lessons, but can we be as kind to ourselves as we go through the training program printed on our fingerprints before we were born?

Axiom One of Soul Psychology: Experience Required (summary)

The earth plane is an arena for advancing souls to grow in consciousness. In order to accomplish this goal, advancing souls seek experience.

Principle #1 - The life goal is the experiencing process itself.

Principle #2 - One's experiences always seek to unlock one's Life Purpose.

Principle #3 - Living your Life Purpose means experiencing all that life brings your way.

- As your experience level increases, your ability to make choices improves and your outcomes will be more in your favor. However, you cannot get experience without trial and error.
- The more consciously you gain in experience, the more your true self emerges.
- The more your true self emerges, the more your Life Purpose blossoms.
- The more your Life Purpose blossoms, the more you will like the life you are living.
- Knowing your Life Purpose allows you to better interpret the events and relationships that already exist in your life, to enhance the experiencing process, so you can move in the direction your life wishes to go.

Principle #4 - You must be conscious of your feelings to gain experience.

Principle #5 - Experience is the best teacher.

Principle #6 - You need all your experiences to become the advanced version of you.

- The Goldilocks Rule: Too much/too little leads to just right

Principle #7 - You have permission to learn.

Axiom Two: The Rule of Paradoxes

Stated briefly, The Rule of Paradoxes says that the earth is a paradoxical environment filled with paradoxical creatures.

The Universe is purpose driven *and* totally random.
 Humans are personalities with ego systems *and* spiritual beings
 with a soul-based Life Purpose.
 As paradoxical creatures in a paradoxical environment,
 it is not surprising that everyone is a study in contrasts

Axiom Two of Soul Psychology states that these apparent opposites are really just two sides of the same coin. As with Axiom One, The Rule of Paradoxes has several principles that work their way into every person's life.

Principle #1 – Both Free Will *and* Destiny offer true versions of reality.

It is not as if the debate began with fingerprints (the Random vs. Non Random, Free Will vs. Destiny debate that is). Even in the world of science, where there is certainly no room for a “Ghost in the Machine” (or soul), the battle continues. From Lamarke and Darwin to Einstein and Bohr, so far the momentum of history has come down on the side of the Random Faction. But the war is far from over. Here is what reading 52,000 pair of hands has taught me.

People come into my office. I read their hands. They tell me their stories. Inevitably, each story follows the line laid down in the fingerprints before birth. Not an event-by-event pre-biography if you will, but as I listen to my clients' description of their lives, I hear either a rendition of the specific Life Purpose or a rendition of the Life Purpose Inverse (or some in-between, pendulum style version of the two). That's it, each and every time. Incredible.

Whether male or female, Borneo or Brooklyn, each life follows a prescribed possibility formula. Clearly, specifics vary. Randomness intrudes. But the outcome menu is already printed. It is as if we are playing out our lives on a giant personal game board with the game squares pre-printed. Your personality is like the top hat, race car, or other token. You roll the dice, move forward nine spaces. Boardwalk and Park Place, Go to Jail; as you circle the board the squares stay the same and your chosen Destiny, one of its good-news versions or one of its bad-news versions, comes into focus.

For example, look at someone with a dualistic Life Purpose, say Businessperson + Artist, who is born into a wealthy family. The progression of events in this person's life will differ markedly from someone else with the same Life Purpose born into poverty. MBA from Harvard, corporate connections—this is certainly different from growing up in the carnival. But give it time. Sooner or later the fingerprint theme emerges. Ms. MBA seeks escape from the doldrums. She finds her artistry, blends it with her business acumen and fulfills herself (or does not). Ms. Carnival lives a more raucous lifestyle but eventually settles down, finds a way to make some serious money with her creativity (or does not). In both versions, after enough time has elapsed, the two-pronged life path is easily visible. Switch locations: must the last Borneo mask-maker work in a widget factory to support his family of six? If the fingerprints match Ms. MBA and Carnival

Woman, the life theme remains the same: Business and Creativity—can they combine or not? In all three cases events conspire to bring this issue to the fore. In each case, life satisfaction depends on it.

Or take this example from a therapist's hands I recently read. "You're right about that behavior pattern of mine; interesting that it shows up so conspicuously in my hands. It all stems from a childhood trauma when I was in third grade." True enough, as far as it goes. But if I can see the same issues in her fingerprints and her fingerprints preceded third grade by eight years, then the events of third grade were not quite as random as they appear to be. This is not a matter of simply finding an earlier causal event that created the foundation for third grade's trauma. The therapist and I batted that one around for a while. We are womb dwellers when our fingerprints take form. There have been no random events yet.

Again and again I see life story and fingerprints match up perfectly, tens of thousands of times by now. The parameters of possibilities were already listed before we left the starting gate. Take Colonel Mustard. He can bask in his success or ache for it. That will be his story one way or the other. And Mathilda, our Prisoner of Love; she will gain the love and closeness she yearns for and life will be good. Or she won't and life will be bad. My students report the same with their clients as well. There are no accidents. It all fits.

But the opposite is equally true: it is all random. Coincidence: that's all it is. Coincidence plus a dash of wishful thinking, the skeptic would say. "If I hadn't cancelled that flight, I wouldn't be here today. If I had stayed home that evening I never would have met your mother, son..." The list goes on. Every life is an endless series of forked roads. Evolution itself is a random chain of improbable events. So is human history. Who could argue otherwise?

And yet, there are the fingerprints and here is one more person in my office with a life story to match. The entire idea of fingerprint analysis, the acorn containing the picture of the oak tree, the personality and the soul linked together, is based upon this paradox. It is not one or the other: random or purpose-driven, free will or destiny. It is both at the same time. Either side of the coin is visible depending upon your point of view. In quantum physics, you can measure either the wave or the particle aspect of an electron. Both exist. You just can't see them simultaneously. The Rule of Paradoxes is a bit like this. Those who prefer the concrete tend to be opaque to the wavy and vice versa.

Two Camps

The world we live in seems to be inhabited in the main by two rival camps: let's call them the Rational Camp and the Intuitive Camp. Each group appears to claim the high ground over their rivals who are, at best, short sighted and at worst the scourge of the planet. Like Democrats and Republicans, each group is subdivided into splinter groups that include more moderate factions and extremist elements. Currently, the Rationals are in charge of things like government grant money. They base their credibility on scientific methodology and proof positive (just like the dastardly no-goodnicks they are, claim the Intuitives). The Intuitives have faith and a stream of anecdotal evidence that the Rationals will not accept until verified by double blind studies.

To the Rationals, what you see is what you get. You just have to accept the Universe the way it is, like it or not. To the Intuitives, there is a plan (even if not visible), a higher reason behind the apparently blind irrationality of life. You can't prove it scientifically; you just have to accept it. Two divergent schools of thought: one sees a series of random events with no directing intelligence, the other sees the reverse: the hand of God visible in every detail. My experience with hands impels me to this view: coexistent with randomness is a purpose/consciousness driven Universe. Both Camps have it right.

Looking Back

Looking backward at our lives, sometimes we can see a thread that had been there all along, even if it had been invisible at the time. When Mathilda met Phil at the dance she looked deeply into his eyes and thought to herself, "What a great opportunity to learn more about surrender skills." Hardly. But the pattern was operational just the same. Similarly, when I bought a used palmistry book for \$1.50 in the summer of 1969, little did I realize my whole life had changed. By the time I had returned to college that fall, I was hooked on hands. I would carry around *The Laws of Scientific Hand Reading* by William Benham, cut classes and read hands in the snack bar for hours at a time. I didn't know much but I was already convinced there was something to it and, in the proper spirit of collegiate inquiry, I wanted to learn as much as I could. I looked at hands as often as possible. I would tell people a thing or two and ask them to fill in the blanks about their interests, relationships, etc. I would compare what they told me to the differing versions presented by different palmistry books

In my early years of reading hands I approached the subject as a solid member of the Rationalist Club. I was upset that I had to go into metaphysical bookstores to get palmistry books. I was appalled at the titles of the books on the next shelf. I would slink out hoping no one had seen me in such a place. "This is a science," I explained to those who would listen back then. I still believe it is.

It wasn't enough for me if I found a marking to correlate with a certain personality trait. I needed to understand *why* it meant what it did. And that wasn't enough either. It needed to fit into a larger picture of why things meant what they did in hands. Is there any connection between a straight Head Line and a straight Heart Line? Does straightness mean the same thing no matter which line we are talking about? (Yes, as a matter of fact it does. Straight lines are mental, curvy lines are more emotion-based). There had to be a logical base to all this or there was no reason to do it. It had to work every time, not nine out of ten times, or something was off.

While looking at hands, I was also busy learning about symbolism. "Why does Telemachus wash his hands?" I remember my Literature 101 Professor asking the class. Telemachus is Odysseus' son and Odysseus is the fellow who helped sack the city of Troy and took a long time getting home. Homer wrote about all this over two millennia ago and his epics, *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*, are standard fare for Introductory Lit. classes. "So why does Telemachus wash his hands?"

It was the first week of class and we were all neophytes at this. "Because his hands were dirty?" the guy next to me said to a roar of laughter. The Professor laughed too. She probably heard this same answer or its equivalent with each class. "No," she stated when the laughter had subsided, "the author didn't add this detail without reason. It means something or it wouldn't be here." The rest of that class was a discussion of symbolism and its importance.

"Even if the author did not mean for it to be interpreted that way?" "Yes, even then." Some students argued this point. It seemed too much to believe, but the further I got into literature, the more obvious it was that my Professor knew what she was talking about. Telemachus, by the way, felt guilty. At least some critics think this is what Homer meant. It is hard to prove anything for sure in the symbolism business.

Character is Cumulative

Rationalists like evidence, however, and my tiny database of hands was slowly enlarging. One of the first things I noticed was how eerily the hands and a person's life matched up. If someone's Fate Line was a mess (the vertical line that moves up the hand toward the middle finger, a line associated, among other things, with discipline and completing tasks), missed deadlines were a high likelihood. There was always a good reason: an emergency with a boyfriend or girlfriend, the dog had eaten the homework, whatever. But wasn't it interesting that those with straight down-the-middle, clear unbroken Fate Lines ("straight arrows") almost always got their papers in on time? How did the dogs know whose homework to eat? Dumb luck? Sure that happens. But, as Emerson said, "Character is cumulative." Bit by bit the straight arrow takes a straight path and his or her life looks that way; the zig-zag guy, the same.

The more hands I saw, the more it seemed as if each person I read was author and star of a symbolically laced psycho-drama like the classics I was reading in Lit. Class. I could respect the cumulative effect of character, but there seemed to be more at work. Could my rational side accept fingerprints as indicators of a guiding theme that trumps character and affects the overall outcome in a person's life, something built in before birth and unalterable, a pre-ordained destiny (so to speak) albeit with numerous option clauses? That is a leap of faith I have since made, but I didn't start out believing such possibilities.

Walking on Glass

Looking back, the earliest incident I can recall that led me toward the Intuitive Camp was watching the Sonny Fox Show when I was nine years old. That's the show, by the way, where I first came upon the Great Randi, resident magician and current member of the Extreme

Rationalist Camp (more about him later). My hobbies at the time were collecting baseball cards (and memorizing the statistics on their reverse side) and astronomy (I'll leave it to the psychiatrists among you to analyze that in terms of my profession today). I also loved playing sports. And watching the Great Randi. He was truly great. But I remember only one incident from one Sonny Fox show so I'm guessing this must be significant.

A man comes on who walks on glass. He shows the audience how sharp the glass is by cutting a piece of paper with a shard, then proceeds to walk across about six feet of broken glass without any ill effects. The in-house audience of children applauds. Then Sonny Fox calls for a volunteer. A girl comes forward, the man whispers something to her and she proceeds to walk on the broken glass, unharmed as well. She was returning to her seat when Sonny Fox called her back and asked her what the walk-on-glass guy had told her. She said he had told her not to worry, it was all taken care of. She took her seat and Sonny turned to the guy. He said "I looked in her eyes and knew it would be OK. She believed nothing would happen so nothing did."

I don't know if something like that could appear on TV today but it did then and nobody sued the show or anything. Of course, it was TV. I was nine years old. The whole thing could have been a trick. All I know is I believed it then and I still do.

The Other Side

I won't go through every incident in my life that bit by bit convinced me there is more to this Universe than meets the eye. Suffice to say, it took untold number of incidents and thousands of hands before I came to believe the Intuitive Camp's half of Axiom Two. I'll tell you just a couple of stories that I consider evidential and two others that could be just coincidences.

Early in my hand reading career, in the mid 70's, I was reading for a couple after dinner at their house. I don't remember the reading itself but the incident afterwards sticks in my mind. They thanked me and affirmed how valuable the reading had been. "You are so intuitive," they told me. I started to argue. "Each statement I gave you has a good reason behind it, based upon a logical system of analysis." True as my statement may have been, the Intuitive Camp was starting to get more and more of my attention. Even so, I was not at all ready to give up my membership card in the Rationalist Club.

My host and hostess decided I needed some convincing of my own intuitive powers. The wife took off a ring from her right middle finger, handed it to me, and told me to close my eyes and tell her what pictures came forward in my mind's eye. I wanted to object, to tell them that hand reading is not like that, but instead I kept my mouth shut and took hold of the ring. I closed my eyes. Nothing happened. "How long should I keep my eyes closed in order to be polite? At least a few seconds more," I figured, so we sat in silence for about forty-five seconds. "That's long enough," I thought, but just before opening my eyes a picture appeared on my screen. Long wooden boxes (like the ammunition boxes I had seen in my military service) in the back of a wagon (like a Conestoga wagon from cowboy movies). The wagon travels over bumpy unpaved roads and across streams, shaking the cargo in the back, and... I didn't want to watch anymore. I told my hosts what I had seen.

The wife was jubilant. "This ring belonged to my grandmother," she explained. "She and my grandfather rode around Europe in a covered wagon. Grandfather made caskets, long wooden boxes that he sold as they traveled from small town to small town. Tell me what else you see." I

made one more visit to my mind's eye with similar results. It was getting harder and harder to claim I had zero intuition. I had met intuitive types before and I was sure I was not one of them. But incidents like this one were starting to pile up.

Aaron and Arthur

Like the reading I did in Bellingham, Washington. I was looking at a damaged little finger and reporting to its owner the implications. There was a connection, I suggested, between the circumstances around her current love life and what had transpired between her and her father. A mental picture leaped into my mind: a woman's hand going through a phone book, trying to point to Aaron and the finger slipping and winding up on Arthur. I told her it was as if she wanted Aaron as her father but got Arthur instead. I was merely trying to illustrate a point. She reported to me that her biological father, Aaron was divorced from her mother and her Mom had remarried Arthur. Her new step-dad had taken the role of the abusive father figure that I was referring to in her reading. Aaron and Arthur; how strange I had used exactly those names to illustrate a point. You can roll your eyes and play the woo-woo music now if you are a Rationalist.

The Vikings

Soon afterwards I got another shove in the same direction. I was attending a seminar in L.A. and one of the participants wanted a reading afterwards. We had no place to go for the reading so we went to a diner nearby. The diner, empty except for two hippie types at the counter, was quiet enough. We chose a booth, ordered a cup of coffee, and I began to read her hands. Things were moving along swimmingly when that little TV screen in my brain flashed on and I saw her in a Viking outfit with long yellow braids. Her three braids were affixed to a five-foot-round wooden board with her head protruding through a hole in the middle. The drunken Viking men were taking turns throwing axes at the board; the point of the game to sever her braids. With each toss of an axe barely missing her face, the Viking maid winced with excruciating fear as the men howled in delight.

I wasn't sure exactly what to do. As I hovered between telling her what I was seeing or just integrating its information into the reading without letting her in on the details, one of the hippies jumped up at the counter and yelled loudly at his friend, "The Vikings, goddamit, the Vikings!" They were arguing football, it turns out. The incident left its impression on me and I shifted course and told her about the Viking woman. The story made only partial sense to me, but my client's shocked reaction told me it made complete sense to her.

Harvest Moon

She almost bowls me over as she storms in: late, breathless, a whirlwind of disjointed communications. Thoughts, excuses, tears and explanations come belching out amid gulping breaths interspersed with histrionic chirping noises. She paces, talking to no one in particular. I put my hand on her shoulder; she temporarily remembers my presence but cannot hold the thought. Her ranting interrupts any attempt at dialogue and simply listening to her seems to elicit nothing but an avalanche of meaningless panic stricken fragments. She is over the edge, accelerating toward the jagged rocks below. I want to slap her across the face. "Thanks, I needed that," she would say and her sanity restored, we would begin her reading. But she is beyond such a thing. Like a frantic 911 caller who cannot give her address to the fire rescue team, she is beyond redemption.



Okay. I can handle this, I say to myself when I finally get it that I am not here today to read her hands - that is way too much to hope for. Let's see if we can just make some human contact and take it from there.

So I opt for Sponge Rock Strategy #2. She can pour it all out, I think to myself. I will soak it up while remaining steady and solid until she gets to the bottom of her barrel. Meanwhile, I will see if I can reach the intelligent/sensitive part of her on a telepathic level. Fifteen minutes of this produces absolutely no progress. She is just as she was when she came in. So much for the full lotus approach, the face slap scenario gaining votes in the strategy room of my hand reader's brain. Maybe I'll just sit out the hour. If I cannot soak up all that is gushing forth, maybe it will be a small contribution, a penny in a wishing well.

Instead, I find myself asking if she will take a walk with me to an imaginary bench and we will watch the moonrise together. I am surprised when she agrees and even more surprised as her breathing smoothes out. Moonrise/Bench Strategy #1. I make a mental note to add this to my strategies list, though I have never used it before or since. So for ten minutes we watch the moonrise from our bench, chatting, comparing impressions, conversing like normal people.

"Well, I guess I'll look in your hands," I say. There were only a few minutes left to her session, but I picked out some key points and she was able to receive the message. She is eternally grateful she tells me, gathering her things to leave. I'm feeling somewhat positive as she exits. It is hard to tell, though, what impact if any her session would produce.

Three days later: a Hand Analysis Intensive begins. The new students are entering, completing registration and getting their workbooks. Moon lady arrives. I didn't remember she had signed up for the course and I wonder if she will hyperventilate the entire class into a tizzy. She immediately corners me and says she wants to talk in private for a moment. My concern increases. What now? She has something in her purse she wants me to see. It is the postcard you see printed on the previous page. The day following our session it arrived from overseas in her mailbox. As you can see, it is a beautiful rendition of the moon and a bench and it matches the imagery from our session a few days back. A friend just wanted to say hello, she informs me.

Of course, it had been mailed days before her hand reading, but its arrival seemed to validate for her the possibility that she is being watched over and that all is right in God's Kingdom. Amen to that.

One more coincidence, like the thousands of coincidences I have seen when I tell my clients the message in their fingerprints and their matching life stories are conveyed to me. I give up. Either I am imagining all this or someone is playing a cosmic shell game with we humans here on planet earth. As ridiculous as the latter conclusion seems, I prefer it to the former and day by day my conviction/irrational belief grows.

Spiders, Drilled Holes and The Goddess of Love

I don't know about you, but whenever I see a title like this one I can't help trying to figure out the connection. It's like listening to a joke: "A nun, a rabbi, and a lawyer walk into a bar"...hmmm, what are the possibilities? But I digress. I was reading hands one day when an obviously overwrought young woman came in for a reading. At first glance it seemed that any breeze might knock her over, but as she took her seat it became apparent that she was made of sterner stuff. She opened her hands, I turned on the tape recorder and entered the sacred space I am so privileged to have entered so many times before and since.

As my eyes adjusted to the map of her inner world, my focus was interrupted by an intruder: a spider walking across her palm. Not a scary, tarantula-sized beast, more a cute lady-bug-like sweetie pie out for a stroll. My client gently directed our eight legged visitor to a nearby windowsill and returned her hands, palms up on her lap, to resume her reading. But my eyes refused to register the lines in her palm and I remembered Palmistry Rule #16: Everything that happens is part of the reading.

OK, so what could a spider on the Mount of Jupiter (the area immediately below the index finger) possibly signify?

By this point in my hand-reading career I had already read over 20,000 pairs of hands and it was no longer surprising when seemingly accidental anomalies appeared. As a matter of fact, I had come to expect them. It is not as if I can explain the mechanism employed, but after so many cases I no longer doubted that if it is in their hands when they come in for a reading it's my job to tell them what it means. Like the woman in Seattle with the raw stitches in her Venus (Goddess of Love) Mount who was just recovering from a painful divorce. Or the Mill Valley man whose mother-in-law moved in (despite his protestations) and who, within minutes, drilled a hole (accidentally of course) in the family turf section of his power finger while at his workbench. Each person tells me the story of how the marking accidentally and randomly came to be—yet there it sits in the exact location of their hands that precisely mirrors the inner state.

Who in Heaven's name is in charge of such occurrences? Who keeps the books? The answers are beyond me, but I can say, with the same degree of certainty with which I know that I am currently seated in this chair, that this has been the case in thousands of hands I have read.

So, a spider walks on Jupiter, what can this mean? I scanned my dream and literary symbolism data banks for clues but drew a blank. Not unresponsive, merely blank, like a blackboard newly cleaned. I asked my client if the spider held any special significance in her life and she told me her story.

Nature's Master Weaver

She was a waitress, she said, or at least that is how she earned her living. It took a twelve hour day, five-plus days a week, just to cover her expenses. Her drudgery left her too exhausted to pursue her true calling: weaving. Not just weaving, she explained, shamanic weaving. She made one-of-a-kind works of art expressly for each of her clients. One eventually graced my living room wall. That was why she came for her reading, she went on. She wanted to weave and had not had the time. The spider, nature's master weaver, was her power animal, and as such it meant a lot to her. And here she was having her hands read and her reading begins with a spider walking on the Jupiter Mount - the zone of ambition. Why, maybe I am not really necessary at all, I'll just stay at home and let the animal kingdom do the readings for me.

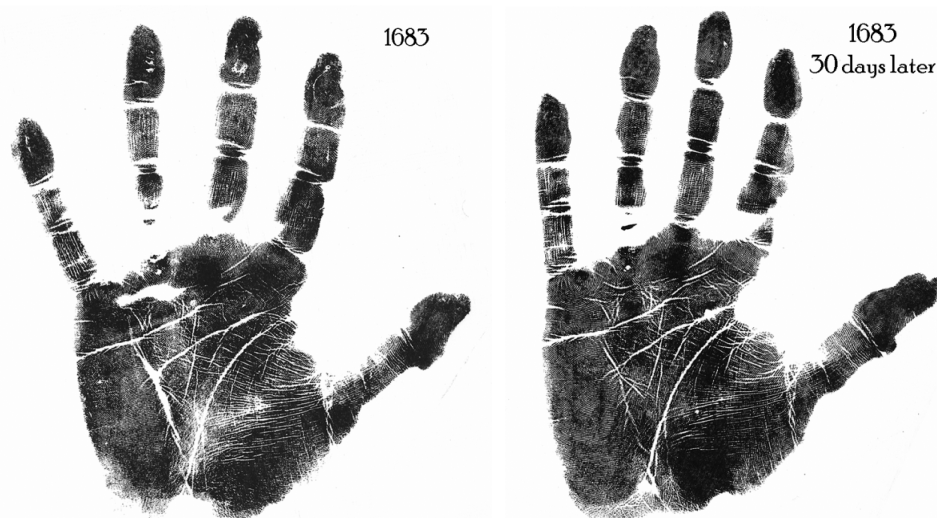
Lines Change

It is 1995. I am in St. Gallenkappell, about thirty kilometers outside Zurich. Marianne is translating and I am doing a group session. I'll read about twenty pair of hands tonight, out loud in front of the group. As the evening progresses I cannot help noticing the strange-looking woman in her twenties twisting uncomfortably in her chair. Her eyes move around seemingly without control and she is extra fidgety. I can't do anything about it now so I just keep reading hands. In the back of my mind I wonder what will happen when it is her turn.

Her turn arrives and she comes forward, accompanied by a sharply dressed woman in her fifties with a strict military bearing. They sit in front of me and Marianne tells me that this is the mother. Her daughter is retarded and she has to take her everywhere. The mother wants me to help her daughter and instructs me to begin. (I don't need Marianne to translate that.) I try to begin but her daughter's hands are a mess. Lines are going every which way with no pattern whatsoever, as if someone had dropped a mirror from ten feet up and this was the result. Never before had I seen hands with no major lines visible. I took a few deep breaths, stalling for time. I didn't know what to do next so I said a few calming words and asked the daughter and her mom to take some deep breaths also. The daughter's strange eye movements and squirming slowed.

Nervously, I looked back and saw a normal pair of hands. Too many lines to be sure. Troubled. But normal patterns I had seen before. Marianne and I looked at each other. "Do you see what I see?" I asked. "The lines have completely rearranged themselves," said Marianne. "Yes they have." Three days later the daughter had a full session at my office and her hands had retained the discernable patterns from the prior evening.

To better understand the significance of this, take a look at the following hand prints:



The hand prints above are the hands of a policeman taken thirty days apart. In the intervening time he shot and killed a young boy in the line of duty. Note the line moving up the hand towards the little (Mercury) finger. On the left, the earlier print, the line is wide and the finger above it is slightly curled. In the later print the line has gotten more clearly defined and the finger above it has straightened. The middle finger has also elongated on the later print as the entire hand has narrowed. The hand on the right is more introspective (narrowed), more honest with itself (Mercury line and Mercury finger changes), and has a higher set of standards of self judgment (middle finger elongation). The lines have also gotten a bit more unsteady during the thirty day interval. In summary, the policeman has increased his self awareness but lost some confidence.

Obviously, the policeman went through a great deal of stress during the interval between which the two handprints were taken. It makes me wonder how much must have shifted for the retarded girl from the previous page to make her hands change even more than his did in only a moment.

Palmese is a Foreign Language

I never did give up my membership card in the Rationalist Club, but as time went by a second membership card for the Intuitive Club joined it in my wallet. (I still have my 'I Like Ike' campaign button too.) So despite my anecdotal tendencies I am not an Anti-Rationalist. Some of my best friends are rational. After all, it was in a Rationalist cathedral, the Jessie Jones Medical Library, while I read *Fingerprints, Palms and Soles* by Drs. Cummins and Midlo, that this book was born. A person could read hands with membership in either club alone but that is not what we teach at the International Institute of Hand Analysis. Both approaches applied in tandem is the IIHA way. It is like learning a foreign language; an elegant language, both economic and information-laden. If The Great Randi learned the code he could tell you your Life Purpose. But he probably won't.

Following in the footsteps of Houdini, The Great Randi has made debunking psychics a career focus. As a professional magician, he is particularly good at revealing the clever but non-paranormal secret behind various 'psychic' phenomena. No quarrel there. However, to watch him at work is to watch someone who has already reached his conclusion before his investigation has begun. On one show Randi interviews a man who used to read hands and confesses on camera that he made it all up. People will believe anything if you say things a certain way, he suggests. There you go, hand reading is revealed to be a sham..

It reminds me of the Journal of the American Medical Association article of Sept. 1974 in which doctors measured the Life Lines of cadavers and "happily concluded" no correlation with age at death. The article further suggested that whatever else palm readers may say can be equally disregarded "as blessedly free of scientific worthiness." Like the Randi TV show, the assertion goes way beyond the facts presented. By the way, no hand reader I have ever met predicts the age of death by looking at the Life Line.

Testing the accuracy of fingerprint analysis is too important to be approached in such a manner. The verification issue will be discussed more thoroughly in Part Six.

Is Random Really Random?

There then is the first half of the Rule of Paradoxes: that which appears random (and certainly is from one level of observation) is anything but when viewed from another. You have to stand far enough away from the mosaic to see the pattern. Of course, each one of us is free to come to whatever conclusion we wish. The Great Randi would say that I am seeing patterns where none exist. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. I agree: every flat tire is not a message from the Universe to slow down. But sometimes it is.

Destiny? Preordination? I think not. But totally random and without meaning or purpose? The hands have taught me that at both the micro level (spiders and drill holes) and the macro level (Life Lessons and Life Purposes) our lives march to an often unheard drum beat.



Principle #2: As paradoxical creatures in a paradoxical environment, it is not surprising that everyone is a study of opposites.

Are you old enough to remember the TV show 'What's My Line?' It was kind of like the game twenty questions. Some ninety eight pound weakling would come out from behind a curtain, sign in on a blackboard and his profession would be put on the screen for the live audience and the viewers at home. Bennet Cerf, Dorothy Kilgallen, Bill Cullen and what's her name were the clever panelists trying to guess his profession before time expired. Surprise. He was a wrestling champion or a bouncer at a famous club. It was entertaining to watch the intelligent panelists get sidetracked by their biases. Are you a jockey? A contortionist? Well, you had to be there. It seemed entertaining at the time.

This leads me to the pair of hands I read today. He was about fifty, well dressed, partially bald, wearing glasses that were so out of date he must have bought them over twenty years ago. He looked like a CPA, so when he told me his profession (CPA) it didn't exactly surprise me. Consistent with the theme, his hands looked like CPA hands: the clear, straight headline of an organized thinker, a big knuckle on the middle finger, square fingertips. Nothing strange to report...yet. But on closer inspection, there staring back out at me from the lines in his palm was a Blues singer, Hell's Angel, Harley ridin' anti-hero right out of the James Dean posters from the 1950's. All he needed was some Brylcreme and a worn leather jacket (which I suggested to him

was probably hidden in a locker in his basement). His wife (also present) laughed uproariously and told me she had thrown it out (the leather jacket that is) only last year.

This is not as rare as it may sound. I see this all the time: dualistic hands built for a dualistic Life Purpose. People, the beings that populate every nook and cranny of this planet, are quirky. Have you noticed? Oscar Wilde said, "Everybody seems normal enough until you get to know them better." Seems right to me.

The Principle of Paradoxes is just like that. I'm like that. You're probably like that too (at least to some degree); a study in contrasts. You want the convertible but the wagon would be more practical, this job is more fun but that one offers more advancement possibilities, etc. forever. The Principle of Paradoxes says that this is not the exception. It is the rule.

Principle #3 - The quest for any Life Purpose puts one into direct contact with its opposite.

The second half of the Rule of Paradoxes starts with the statement that the quest for any Life Purpose puts one into direct contact with its opposite. Colonel Mustard needs to visit failure and bankruptcy to learn the true meaning of success. Mathilda, his Prisoner of Love girlfriend, needs to learn what love and closeness are *not* before she is ready for a fulfilling relationship. These are not isolated phenomena. The path to power implies bone-crushing bouts with humility, healers must deal with their unhealthy behaviors, teachers teach what they most need to learn. The list goes on. As these examples suggest, the Rule of Paradoxes pervades our lives just as assuredly as does the law of gravity. Perhaps an illustration will bring the point home.

Dora

I met Dora when she was 96 years old. Bright, energetic, she proudly announced her age without my asking, a twinkle of childlike impetuosity in her eyes. Half of what I saw in her hands matched the delightful woman in front of me: curious, intelligent, etc. But coexistent with the optimistic was a dark cloud of equal size: emotional abuse, victimization, melancholia. How could these two personas share the same pair of hands? She told me her story.

Her marriage to Fred had been one living hell until he died over thirty years ago. No need to dwell on the details. Divorce was not an option; she had survived. But here is the irony: her Life Purpose was Don't Worry Be Happy (Her fingerprints are in Appendix I, page 455). Since Dora's goal from the soul level is to enjoy her life, what can we make of her troubled marriage? The Rule of Paradoxes holds the answer.

As a student at the Earth University, Dora was not expected to start her journey at the Don't Worry, Be Happy culmination point. Where would the journey go? To learn the true meaning of happiness, Dora and other owners of similar fingerprints must battle with any and all forms of unhappiness. Her life question is: What is it in *me* that keeps me from being happy? What is required of *me* to live a happy life? Getting the right answer necessitates visiting the worry-and-don't-be-happy zone (her Life Purpose Inverse). No bed of roses, DWBH.

For some with these fingerprints a large inheritance seems just the ticket, yet it soon becomes clear that money cannot bring happiness. For others, deprivation is the theme: I would be happy if only....For Dora, the training had been to recognize her own role in her misery making.

Though it took decades, she had been a good student. Like a prisoner stumbling out of solitary, Dora now found every detail of life suffused with unlimited joy: the smell of a flower, the smile of a child, the pattern of rust on the side of a condemned building. It was all so beautiful. She could live with life on its own terms.

Dora enjoyed hearing about her Life Purpose. I felt enlivened having met her, my own Be Happy Department more front and center than before. But it is not only this life path that traverses its way through its opposite number. All life paths follow this route, as we will witness time and again throughout the remainder of this book.

Principle #4 - No pair of hands is without its saving grace; no hero or heroine without his or her Achilles heel.

Let's visit with Celia for a while and see another aspect of The Rule of Paradoxes at work. It is a sunny afternoon as she walks into my office, or should I say floats in. Staccato lines race around her entire palmar surface, her fingertips extremely tapered. An etheric personality: a poetess, a wood nymph, a muse sits before me. Her hands appear wise, super aware yet painful, bursting in sores, blistered, as if the oxygen in the atmosphere were too much for her delicate self. Standing in stark contrast is her pair of Murderer's Thumbs, a round bulbous thumb top that, once encountered, is hard to forget.

I have seen maybe fifty of them in over 50,000 pairs of hands. Owners of this thumb type have a most intense obstinacy, an excellent attribute when put to good use: the person who will stop at nothing to run a marathon, learn piano, etc. Somehow, in palmistry's distant past, someone with this thumb must have lead a more sinister life. For Celia, a muse with attitude, her paradoxical personality was what kept her on the planet—this noisy, busy, impossibly insensitive place for a woman with her thin skin.

"I just opened a counseling practice," she informed me, "but every little thing seems so difficult. Printing a brochure is so expensive and...and...When does it get easy for me?" Until Celia could become Self Reliant in the World (her Life Lesson) her service-based Life Purpose would remain elusive. (Her fingerprint chart is the same as Wayne's on page 94.) She wouldn't need to become a millionaire mind you, but paying the rent for six months in a row would be a good start. Celia's blistered hands were testimony to the difficulty involved.

Owners of the Self Reliance Life Lesson struggle mightily for any semblance of stability. Those with pointy fingertips always wrestle with the practicalities of life. The challenge presented by these two in combination is almost too much to imagine. But Celia was guided by a fierce determination (as indicated by those thumbs) that stood in direct contrast to her advanced sensitivity. I had a good feeling about her prospects.

This is not to be our last encounter with the Rule of Paradoxes, but for now, let's move on to Axiom Three of Soul Psychology

Axiom Two: The Rule of Paradoxes (summary)

The earth is a paradoxical environment filled with paradoxical creatures.

The Universe is purpose driven *and* totally random.

Humans are personalities with ego systems

and spiritual beings with a soul-based Life Purpose.

Principle #1 – Both Free Will *and* Destiny offer true versions of reality.

Principle #2: As paradoxical creatures in a paradoxical environment, it is not surprising that everyone is a study of opposites.

Principle #2 - The quest for any Life Purpose puts one into direct contact with its opposite.

Principle #3 - No pair of hands is without its saving grace; no hero or heroine without his or her Achilles heel.

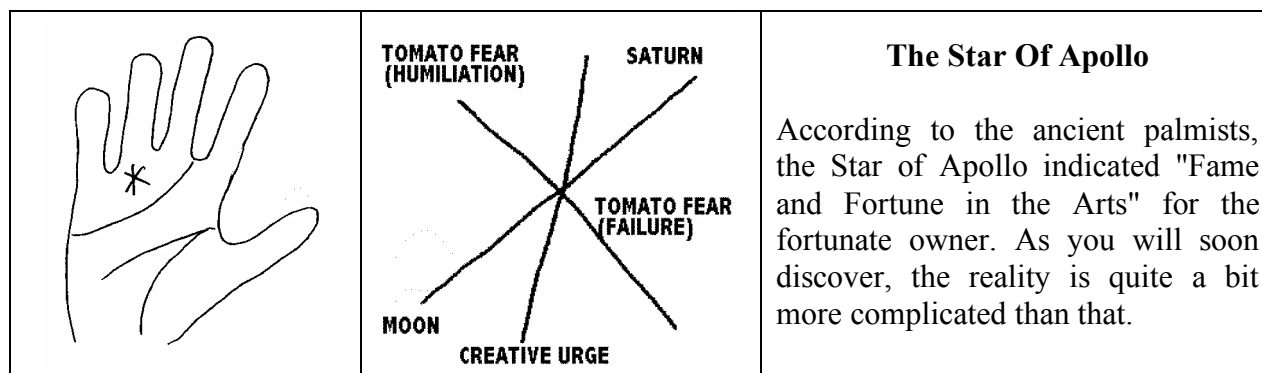
Axiom Three: The Validity of the Personality

Stated briefly, The Validity of the Personality is as follows:

The soul sets the agenda for our lives. The personality is the vehicle for fulfilling this agenda. It is incumbent upon each of us to let our personality emerge in its inherent form, to work with *this* personality on the goals that from a soul level we have selected for this lifetime. Errors arise when we either attempt to ignore the personality completely or when we seem to forget that it is only the vehicle for our Life Purpose, not the Purpose itself.

Three Peas in a Pod

Recently, I came across three pairs of hands, one right after the other, that highlighted the deeply ironic and paradoxical nature of Soul Psychology. Each was totally different in appearance from the others, yet each contained the same key line marking—the Star of Apollo—and the same Life Purpose—The Artist. This curious juxtaposition of three personalities, divergent but on parallel courses in life, brings Axiom Three into stark relief.



Principle #1 - The personality is the vehicle; the soul sets the agenda.

Neither can exist here in this three-dimensional plane without the other.

Pea #1

The first pair of hands belonged to a slightly-built woman, angular in appearance and serious in manner. Clearly, all unnecessary fat molecules had disappeared from her body years ago, banished in disgrace. A trace of mirth remained behind her eyes, slightly amused at the process of having her hands read. The rest of her face seemed haggard, as if she alone were responsible for taking inventory at the world's largest Wal-Mart.

According to her fingerprints, Ms. Wal-Mart had one of the artist-type Life Purposes. Her hands revealed a Star of Apollo, the perfect marker for high creativity. According to the ancient palmists, the Star of Apollo represents "Fame and Fortune in the Arts." Modern day hand readers more or less agree, seeing the Star as a sign of the inclination and capability for self expression on a grand scale. However, the Star of Apollo reveals quite a bit more than simply artistic intent. Let's take a closer look.

The prototype Star of Apollo has six points with a common center and is located midway between the Heart Line and the beginning of the ring (Apollo) finger (see above). Each of the six points represents one ingredient necessary for the creative urge to turn itself into creative output. The condition of each spoke (clear or broken, evenly spaced or not) and how it interacts with other line formations as it radiates outwards over the palm allows the coding system of the hands to convey a large amount of information without undue complexity.

When the Star of Apollo appears it is often the dominant line formation, the entire hand seeming to revolve around it. Ms. Wal-Mart had a nice, big Star of Apollo but one of the six spokes was missing. It is not easy to earn a Star of Apollo and to find one in your hand, even an imperfect one, is still good news. Finding an imperfect Star would be like finding a Lamborghini in your garage only to learn it needs engine work.

Usually, when a spoke of the Star of Apollo is missing, the owner lacks (or suffers a significant shortage) of the quality in question. This particular five-sixths Star of Apollo was being towed to the garage because the line that represents discipline and due diligence (the Saturn spur) was apparently in need of replacement or repair.

Like sexy but finicky Italian sports cars that spend half their lives in the shop, this is a common malady for Stars of Apollo. When was the last time you met an artist-type person precise in appearance and perpetually on time and under budget? The irony in this case was that the woman in question couldn't be more exacting in her personal accountability if she were head timekeeper at Greenwich. So what, if anything, was the problem?

Her Fate Line was deep, clear, and uninterrupted, ranging from the wrist all the way up to the middle (Saturn) finger. This is the marking of the straight arrow, the completer of tasks, the type of Fate Line seen on the hands of those with the strongest sense of duty and responsibility. The Saturn finger itself had a large middle section and an unusually large knuckle (The Knot of Order): needs of security would predominate in this highly organized individual. Here was a person with all the discipline one could possibly need, yet none of it was devoted to creative endeavors (hence the absence of this one-sixth of the Star of Apollo).

As a matter of fact, in a creative twist, she was using her Responsibility Department as a hiding place to avoid the performance anxiety also visible in her hands. "I'm too busy to pay attention to that creative stuff. I'll get to it when things settle down. Besides, it's kind of frivolous anyway compared to the big responsibilities I must attend to. Excuse me. That's my beeper..."

This might all be fine and dandy if her Life Purpose were not to express her Apollo nature. As long as this aspect of her self was ignored, the door into her Right Life would remain shut, satisfaction would elude her, and she would spend her days in The Big Gaping Hole (life without meaning). Her Star of Apollo held the key to her Life Purpose, but would she use it?

Principle #2 - We are neither all soul nor all personality.

The dance between the two is what makes life the interesting drama it is.

The Cosmic Laboratory

I can just imagine her at the Cosmic Laboratory, mixing the ingredients into the cauldron that eventually would be her personality makeup for this lifetime. "Let's see, I'll pour in a lot from the Jar of Creativity (after all, I want to devote myself to creative pursuits), but let's add a solid dose from the Jar of Responsibility (that last lifetime was such a waste: all that talent never amounting to anything). Oops, maybe that's too much responsibility. Oh well..." Next thing you know, she is walking through Wal-Mart with a clipboard, light years away from the art classes that energized her in high school.

In this case, the personality had taken over. Instead of being the lieutenant to her creative side, keeping her studio neat, cleaning her brushes immediately after use, the conservative side of her nature was acting like the General in Charge, making the big choices, defining her life. Her Life Lesson required that she make progress in Vulnerability Skills, but would she be able to overcome her need for security enough to do so? It is still early in her life movie, plenty of time for breakdown and breakthrough. We'll just have to wait and see how this one turns out.

**Principle #3 - The personality is both attracted to and resistant to the task at hand.
As the personality gains experience, only then can the soul accomplish its mission.**

Pea #2

Next up at the seminar was Sponge Lady. Her hands looked as if they had been soaking in water overnight: not quite bloated, but getting there. The fingers had a sausage-like appearance and her body, although still attractive, seemed poised to add on thirty pounds at a moment's notice. Consistent with the wideness theme, her Mount of Moon, the zone of imagination and spirituality (the fleshy mound on the opposite side of the hand from the thumb) bulged wide dominating my field of vision. She smiled with extra-genuine sincerity as she leaned forward, hands slightly too close to my lap, ready to hear what her hand reader would say.

Spongy-looking hands are not all that common, but they do show up occasionally. Sometimes they are advanced sponges: persons who soak up information, keenly-aware fonts of wisdom. Other times they are from the less advanced sponge group: a bit lazy (or more than a bit), short of backbone, too easily influenced by everyone and everything. The consistency of the hands often tells the story. Springy-feeling hands most often are of the first category, marshmallowy-feeling hands the latter. My subject was somewhere in between but verging to the softer side of the ledger.

I couldn't miss the irony, however, as her Star of Apollo stared out at me, also five-sixths present; her fingerprints revealed another Live Your Artistry Life Purpose. Borderline bon-bon queen and ascetic disciplinarian; one right after the other. Each pair of hands had the same key marking; each had the same Life Purpose, yet each possessed a personality distinct and apart. Could Pea #1 use her discipline to focus her creative skills? Could Pea #2 take her wisdom to the level of art form? Here were two souls in search of their creative voice: they couldn't be more different; they couldn't be more the same.

Going a step further with the irony, Sponge Woman's missing spoke on her Star of Apollo was the Moon spoke. Like Pea #1, full of discipline but none (as yet) devoted to her creativity, for Pea #2, imagination was rampant, but would it fuel her Star of Apollo or would she spend her days staring out the bay window, immobilized, lost in a private domain? That was the question.

Principle #4 - Only when the personality is sufficiently prepared will the next phase of the Life Purpose emerge.

Pea #3

Two readings later, the third pea of the pod showed me her hands: the hands of a tortured poetess. Was she sixty years old but looking forty, or was she forty years old looking sixty? I couldn't tell. Visible in her hollowed palms was the Star of Apollo, this time all six points in proper position—creativity poised for action.

I was reminded of a reading from years earlier. A fourteen-year-old boy, unusually creative but not the happiest camper, was the client back then; his reading was a birthday present from his mother, who was also present. Unlike so many other teenagers who are dragged into my office, this young man was eager to claim his gift. Parental coercion, at least that day, was not the cause of his discomfort. Like Pea #3 who was sitting in front of me now, this boy's hands had had a degree of torment easily visible in both lines and hand shape: Cup of Tears, discoloration on the Mound of Venus; no need for all the details here. Neither life was peaches and cream. Also visible in both cases: the Star of Apollo, with all six points in proper position—creativity poised for action.

The mom had wanted only the best for her son. She had introduced him to meditation and the like in every attempt to cure him of his apparent morbidity. The son, to his credit, had not turned into a total misanthrope—he seemed more like the Cookie Monster from Sesame Street: personable, interesting, but with an edge. I told them both to revere that edge, because without it, his Apollo Life Purpose could not sustain itself. Would Bob Dylan's songs have been so popular if he were pleased with life? Should Barbara Streisand get a nose job? The apparent flaw is the very beauty of it all. "Nonetheless," asked Mom, "Don't you think he would be happier and more serene if he just did some yoga with me every day?" The teenager gave me one of those smiles that cartoonists convey with a wiggly line.

Now, in the hands of the Tortured Poetess in front of me, Pea #3, the melancholic seemed to have taken over. I took her back to the Cosmic Laboratory to watch as she had built her personality for this lifetime, reminding her of the reason she had included such a dark side. "Well, so much for the Creativity Jar...let's see what else shall I put into the stew. OOH, the Dark Side Jar. YES! I just hate all those goody-two-shoed-pollyannas. I'll have an edge this time." "Careful," her Guardian Angel might have said, "too much of that edge and your creativity may get buried." "I think I can handle it," was the reply. So far, at least, she hadn't, but...only time would tell.

Principle #5 – The personality can serve to animate the Life Purpose or suppress it.

These three women (and the young man) bring the Validity of the Personality into focus. In each case, the personality could serve to animate the Life Purpose or suppress it.

For Pea #1, her Responsibility Department could lure her away from her Life Purpose or it could be the main ingredient in her success. However things turn out, this much is clear: she will never get to her Life Purpose through hard work alone. Her Life Purpose (like yours and mine) depends upon making progress with her Life Lesson (in her case: Vulnerability Skills). If Pea #1 learns to open up, the process of doing so, with all its twists and turns, would both support and give structure to her creative voice. There is no other route to her Life Purpose. Of course, at her best, she stands to become a highly disciplined creative type.

Again, in the case of Pea #2, the Sponge Lady, her Moon-ish personality could either lead her toward her Life Purpose or it could lead her astray. Imagination (the Moon) connected to The Artist (her Life Purpose) is the life goal. However, for her to succeed, Sponge Lady would have to learn to protect her boundaries (her Life Lesson). If and when she manages to, she won't have to search for her creative self, it will find her.

Nor does Pea #3, the Tortured Poetess, need to change the type of person she is in order to achieve her Life Purpose. Staying away from people forever because she is too depressed to have company is not the ultimate solution, but neither is swallowing some happy pills to dispel her angst. It is her life challenge to work with her own dark side, to somehow give it expression through her Apollo Star.

In each case, the personality is just fine the way it is. It is the person's job to connect that personality to the soul's agenda by doing combat with the issues of growth shown in the fingerprints. These are permanent issues that we at the IIHA we call a person's Life Lesson.

Principle #6 - To become the advanced version of your personality type follow these two rules: Rule #1 Be Your Type, Rule #2 Integrate Your Opposite.

The three Peas in a Pod indicate how important it is to Be Your Type. Attempts to suppress your true type inevitably fail. We will see several examples of this error in the fingerprint charts that follow. But for now, let's look at this last section of Soul Psychology: In order to be the advanced version of your type you must Integrate Your Opposite. This is not a radical jump from standard psychology but Soul Psychology offers an interesting variation on the theme.

Thumbs are a good place to go to illustrate this principle. (See Appendix I for more on thumbs.) The thumb's structure reveals how a person gets things under his or her thumb. Thumbs can be big or small, curvy or straight, stiff or pliable, etc. One variable to check is the Angle of Opposition. Some thumbs naturally make a ninety degree angle with the fingers, other thumbs stay in close. The wider the Angle of Opposition, the greater the industry of the owner. Generals and CEO's tend to have big, wide-angled thumbs, those in the mailroom have the opposite type, all factors being equal.

But all other factors never are exactly equal. While it is true that at the convention of CEO's we see lots of big, wide-angled thumbs, not all those with this thumb type become CEO's. After all, these are just one's thumbs. You still have to do the work, get the breaks, etc. to succeed. But this I can say: big, wide-angled thumbers not succeeding are *crankier* big, wide-angled thumbers; generals without an army.

Nonetheless, if you are bitten by a snake seven miles from nowhere you are fortunate if your hiking partner has a thumb sticking way out. One way or another you will be brought to safety. Given a specified outcome to accomplish in a specified time, wide-angled thumbers rise to the occasion. But you can't have it both ways. Yang as they are, the yin side of the equation is not their best suit. "We'll just have to wait a few hours and see how the anti-venom takes," says the emergency room doctor. Nothing to do, our Mr. or Ms. Big Thumbs paces uncontrollably.

The point is that each do-do-do individual must integrate the opposite function (do-nothing) in order to be the most advanced version of this type. The advanced Doer has learned from experience that sometimes not doing anything is the best thing to do. Advanced Generals know when to wait and when to attack. Advanced CEO's have learned to let go and allow others to shoulder some responsibility. The same principle holds true for small, in-thumbed individuals whose focus is inward. These poets and meditators are at their best when they can balance inner awareness with occasional worldly doing. One needn't become one's opposite, this would be in violation of Rule #1, but if you can do what your opposite number is so good at you multiply your possibilities for Life Purpose satisfaction.

The Lazy Workaholic

Real life can get considerably more complicated than simple illustrations. A few months ago I read the puzzling hands of a woman in her late thirties. She had a series of markers in her hand that indicated the driven workaholic personality, intensely motivated to succeed. Her thumb fit all the yang criteria listed above except one. It sat there limp, as if the tendons had been severed. Her palms were conic bottomed (pear shaped) and had an exaggerated marshmallowy consistency reminiscent of Sponge Lady from a few pages back.

Super soft hands are inertial: everything, just brushing one's teeth, seems like a monumental task and hardly worth the trouble. Conic types are not noted for their industriousness either. I wondered what it would be like to be a lazy workaholic.

Workaholics come in two types, I like to tell my workaholic clients: advanced workaholics and their less advanced cousins. Advanced workaholics love their jobs (jobs that match up favorably with their Life Purpose) and know how to rest, have fun, and relax. They have successfully Integrated Their Opposite. Less advanced workaholics have not. In the hands in front of me, the woman was doing what she loved (she was a therapist), but her hand shape, skin consistency, and thumb condition indicated a lack of energy bordering on the extreme. In the past, when I had found tired workaholics, they had either been in the wrong work or were overworking, not smelling any roses. Neither condition seemed to describe my client. What was going on here?

Instead of being confused or upset by my observations, I was surprised to hear her tell me how delighted she was to learn her hand's story. She told me she had Epstein Barr Syndrome and was incredibly tired for weeks at a time. Then, for no apparent reason, she would wake up a super-charged Doer. For years she had been beating herself up, thinking it was a lack of character, not having eliminated the "lazy" side of her nature. Now she saw she was built that way, the EBS merely an exaggerated expression of her true dualistic nature. "If I had accepted this part of me," my therapist client suggested, "maybe it wouldn't have needed such an insistent and draining method to get my attention." She could give herself permission, she told me, to use her downtime in creative ways, to consciously utilize her caving periods. She would create a sanctuary for hibernation. She had several ideas on how to decorate it and what to do there, her ambitious self taking over. No need for self-blame.

"Nice reframe," I replied, impressed at how well she had made immediate use of the Integrate Your Opposite Principle.

Axiom Three: The Validity of the Personality (summary)

The soul sets the agenda for our lives. The personality is the vehicle for fulfilling this agenda. It is incumbent upon each of us to let our personality emerge in its inherent form, to work with *this* personality on the goals that from a soul level we have selected for this lifetime. Errors arise when we either attempt to ignore the personality completely or when we seem to forget that it is only the vehicle for our Life Purpose, not the Purpose itself.

Principle #1 - The personality is the vehicle; the soul sets the agenda.

Neither can exist here in this three-dimensional plane without the other.

Principle #2 - We are neither all soul nor all personality.

The dance between the two is what makes life the interesting drama it is.

Principle #3 - The personality is both attracted to and resistant to the task at hand.

As the personality gains in experience, the soul has a chance to accomplish its mission.

Only when the personality is sufficiently prepared will the next phase of the Life Purpose emerge.

Principle #4 - Only when the personality is sufficiently prepared will the next phase of the Life Purpose emerge.

Principle #5 – The personality can serve to animate the Life Purpose or suppress it.

Principle #6 - To become the advanced version of your personality type follow these two rules:

Rule #1 Be Your Type, Rule #2 Integrate Your Opposite.

Epilogue: Papillion and The Big Gaping Hole

There are only a few lengthy books I have read in one sitting. *Papillion* is one of them. I don't know what is more amazing: that the protagonist survived his incredible prison ordeal or that he wrote his entire book in only a month's time. Papillion is one of my favorite heroes, a man who kept to a vision and let no circumstance weaken his resolve.

The movie version of *Papillion* was on TV last night so I stopped in to visit an old friend. Steve McQueen, Dustin Hoffman, Devil's Island. I thought I remembered each scene, but as McQueen lay delirious in his cell, I watched a dream/delusion sequence that had somehow not imprinted itself in my memory. Although I must have seen the movie five times before, I felt like I was watching this scene for the first time.

Footsteps appear in the sand. No one is making them, they just appear—in sequence, as if someone is walking, but no one is. After several footsteps, the camera (in the position of McQueen's eyes) looks up and Papillion (and we in the audience) are staring at a dozen or so judges, a Supreme Court of sorts, out in the middle of the desert.

"Papillion, you stand accused..." a voice echoes across the dunes.

"I am not guilty. I've been framed," says Papillion.

"Not that crime, Papillion. You stand accused of the worst crime any person can commit. You stand accused of wasting your life."

"Guilty as charged," sobs McQueen.

The scene shifts back to his puny cell and there he is, curled up in a ball on the damp floor bawling his eyes out. Even though I know that he will go on to redeem his life by telling his story to millions, right now Papillion is crying uncontrollably and I feel it. It touches someplace deep in me. Have *I* done enough? Did I love enough? Have I been honest enough? Did I do good? God, please answer me. Like my younger self in college, opening my mailbox knowing my final grades are inside, I sweat it out as I play "Meet Your Maker" in my inner sanctum. Will I be condemned to spend my life in The Big Gaping Hole?

Next morning the judges are still staring down at me as I sit at my desk. Oh yes, I have made mistakes. No need to list them here. I could have done any number of things better. And what haven't I done? I cannot waste this lifetime or what will I feel when the actual Meet My Maker Moment arrives? Those are my judges holding court, holding the mirror to my own life.

The doorbell breaks my reverie. Time to read another pair of hands, another set of hopes and fears. I dissolve into the pattern of the hands before me and start to sense the life revealed. Usually I am the one to talk first but today is different. She is crying before anything is said. When she catches her breath she tells me her story. The particulars are not important right now; my focus is on the wave of feeling sweeping the room like a tsunami. Her dam has broken, words come flooding out and I feel the overarching ache of her life—not lost love, as painful, utterly painful as that can be; not lost direction or overwhelm at life's difficulties, as deeply troublesome as those can get; not the death of a loved one. No. It is The Big Gaping Hole that is

consuming her: life without meaning, life without purpose and the feeling that it will always be thus. Nothing will amount to anything—a wasted life.

That is what engulfs her and fills my office and half a city block for all I know. It is the pits. I let it wash over me and hold onto my chair, like Ulysses tied to the mast, driven crazy by the Siren's song—then it subsides. The storm has passed though it will surely come again. I don't want to be glib; what use are words in the face of such emotion? But she has come for a reading and it is my turn to speak. I tell her her Life Purpose, her Life Lesson, and her Delicious Dilemma. Her circumstances match up she informs me. She has incarnated to face exactly what she is dealing with today, this week, this year, I reply.

“Look at how neatly everything lines up,” I tell her, “every detail perfectly in synch with the fingerprints. You couldn't escape some circumstance of this type taking over your life. The question is: this time, this life, what will you do? Here you are at your moment of truth. The challenge is to not run off. You win by facing it, experiencing whatever its outcome will be.”

"But it feels like hell," she says. "Maybe I can..." she plays out one scenario that she has obviously given considerable thought.

"You could do that, but..."

She interrupts. "Actually I knew what I had to do before I came in. I was just scared."

"Scared?" I say. "You would have to be a zombie to not to be scared given what you have told me. If it weren't scary you would have already done it. If it weren't this scary it wouldn't be your life-hanging-in-the-balance moment of truth that it is. You didn't screw up your life at all. You got born to face exactly this dilemma. Here it is. Be strong."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

We complete the reading. I wish it had been on video so she could see her before-and-after pictures. She looks ten years younger. Now that she has got confirmation on the perilous path she must take, she is resolved to take it, and she is at peace; she has escaped The Big Gaping Hole. Is this how Papillion appeared when he finally returned to the world and saw his book on the New York Times bestseller list?

The thought brings me back to my first year as a full time professional hand reader. No, I am sliding further back. It was the last year of my financial planning career (although I didn't know it yet). I had been in the business almost five years and had seen untold rookies come and go. I was only thirty years old, but felt like an old pro already.

I had been somewhat successful as a financial planner. I hadn't gone broke so I must have been doing something right. But I needed to re-invigorate my career. My sales had gone up twenty per cent every year prior, but for the first time they were flat. I had hit an extended plateau. After some wavering, I decided to shift focus to the small business market. These were the clients I got along with best; it was potentially very lucrative; I was ready for a move.

So I did a little research, interviewed around and found the best company for what I wanted to do. If I could work for X, I would triple my income the first year, but they weren't hiring. I applied anyway. I interviewed well and got through a difficult three-interview process. I was set to start on Monday. I just needed to meet the owner and not do anything stupid and I was in.

I liked the owner right off. He told me that if I had gotten this far there was no need to try to impress him. He was already impressed. So we just hung out for a while and talked about life and then he said "You are going to hate me for this but we're not going to take you on."

I was stunned.

"You are going to break our hearts. You'll work here for a few years, be very successful, but eventually you will leave because you have something else to do with your life."

He was right. I hated him—not exactly, but it was one of my biggest disappointments ever. Of course, he was right. I did have something else to do with my life. How did he know that? I guess that is how he got to be the boss.

I went back to my old job but six months later my plateau had transformed itself into the Great Plains. I was showing up for work, paying the rent, but there was no fire. My boss called me in for an unscheduled meeting. "Richard, you can't serve two masters," he told me. "Take a week off, get out of here and clear your head and come back Friday and we'll talk about your future." I had read the hands of most everyone in the office by then, including my boss. He knew I loved hands but figured it for a hobby and that it was time to put it away—to focus on work—to get back on track. But I had to decide that for myself. He was right, of course. I guess that's how he got to be the boss. So I left after making an appointment to see him at nine on Friday morning.

All week long I was a mess. I couldn't decide what to do. I loved hands but they didn't pay the rent. *Couldn't* pay the rent I thought when I got practical about things. But it was true that I was stale at work and it wasn't getting any better. Friday came. I put on my best suit and headed in to the office, my head swimming—no clue at all what I would say when I got there.

Traffic seemed to part for me as I drove the freeways, conspiring I figured, to speed me to my date with destiny. No putting things off this morning, Richard. I was curious myself. What would I tell him when I got to my 9:00 a.m. meeting? For a moment I knew I would quit; follow my dreams. Next moment I would be practical. Get serious Richard. What are you going to do? Put up a sign on Westheimer? "Babaloo Unger, solves all problems, \$10 special."

I pulled into the parking lot, got out of my car, walked towards the office—head still abuzz—watching myself almost as if I were in a movie. I climbed the stairs. I put my hand on the brass plate, the Push Here point on the glass door and pop, I was clear as a bell. I can still see my hand as I open the door, I can see my suit, my shoes, my tie and when I do the same surge of current goes through me that I felt at that moment.

I was perfectly clear, clean, confident. I smelled the new carpeting, saw all the faces in the front office. No waiting. I walked in smiling, shook hands with my boss, said my thank yous and resigned.

Whew! I left a free man.

My boss would keep me on the books for a while in case I changed my mind; my friends told me it was the right thing to do; my father asked me if I was crazy giving up a good job like that. Six weeks later I found myself reading *Fingerprints, Palms and Soles* in the Jessie Jones Library.

But there is another little piece to the story. Six months later and money was tight—very tight. I had to decide between necessities and having stationary printed; fix the car or mail out fliers to drum up some business. I had already gone through the couch, fishing for change to use as gas money, so I couldn't do that again too soon. I was at a low ebb when I opened the mail to find an application for the renewal of my Texas Securities License. I could send in twenty five dollars and probably make a thousand or two this year just from old clients. A few hours work: no muss, no fuss.

I tore up the renewal notice...not before carrying it around with me for eight hours, mind you. It was touch and go there for a while. But in the end I decided I was not going to take even one step in that direction. This was it. I was on my Life Purpose path come hell or high water. I might be drowning but if so, this is the way I would go down.

The day after I threw out the renewal notice I got a break which led me to another stroke of luck. One successful lecture led to another and pretty soon my days were filled with paying clients. Either my hard work of the last six months just needed one more day to finally pay off or God heard my prayers or I got lucky. Take your pick. But circuitous route and all, here I am today.

Every life has its own story. Whether or not you got through seven years of solitary like Papillion, each of us faces a personal drama of life-scale proportion—a *battle royale* in the inner theatre of mind and soul—a battle no less spectacular for the absence of prison guards. No one, it seems, just waltzes through life. Or maybe some do. I just haven't met them yet.

And the by-a-fingernail escapes from death, the perseverance in the face of the impossible—we are all wrestling each day with such matters. On a different scale perhaps, but the battle is just as real. Great men and women of history get their biographies written but where besides our fingerprints are such epic tales told of victory and loss?



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