

The First Law of Paradise

*Maria
Semprericca*



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This book is dedicated to Unhappy women throughout the world who work tirelessly and sometimes thanklessly without seeing any future or light in their lives. For the mothers, who support their children financially, emotionally and in every way, even when they themselves may feel unsupported.

For women who feel challenged with weight problems, low self-esteem and are shameful of their appearance. For lonely women who feel they have no hope of love. This book is for you!

Maria

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With heartfelt thanks.

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CHAPTER ONE

Introduction: Six Years of Inspiration

I spent the night in my car, parked beneath my balcony, and had neither the desire nor physical strength to go inside my home. I was just sitting there aimlessly and hating my whole life, work, body — all of it. I hated it all with such fierce, relentless intensity that I wanted to scream like a lunatic, roll on the ground and bang my head against the wall, or perhaps even die.

It was not about the end of another love affair. After a stormy, passionate night, he told me that overall, I was cool, almost a superwoman, but my physique was unappealing, and thus he could not fall in love with me.

No, it was not about him. This simply became the last straw in a long-drawn battle called ‘My Failed Life’.

“Do you remember the movie *They Shoot Horses, Don’t They?*” asked a nasty voice in my head.

“Oh my God!” I shuddered. “This movie *is* about my life.”

For decades, I had been slaving away, doing grueling work without any days off just to survive. I shouldered all the problems,

including family and financial responsibilities, grew fat, became exhausted, and could not climb out of anxiety and depression.

At some point, the suffering was so overwhelming that it seemed there was no way out. But I believed that my guardian angel was still there, and I prayed with all my heart.

I spent the rest of the night appealing to God and asking for forgiveness for all my terrible thoughts, for the resentment I felt towards myself, for being ashamed of my body, for my contempt towards all men and my wish to take revenge on them.

I prayed for God to help me become better, purer, to remove all the bitterness from my heart so I could understand why I was living like this and why I was suffering so much. I wanted relief. I prayed that my life would change by some miracle and that I wouldn't have to keep sitting in my workshop from early morning till late at night.

I prayed that I would be released from day-to-day work and have lots of money, free time, and opportunities to travel, that I would be surrounded by beauty and good people, and that my reflection in the mirror would bring me joy. I wanted to relax under a palm tree, eat a banana and do nothing else. I suddenly felt that I could have it all, that I was worthy. After so many years of hard work, study, and self-denial, I was ready to accept complete well-being; I was prepared to transform from a draught horse into a real Queen.

Early in the morning, in a semi-fainting state, I walked into the bedroom and fell into a deep sleep. And then the search for myself began. One evening a few months later, I was resting in a hotel room after 'The Coaching School' and thinking about the meaning of life.

At some point, I had a vision of an enormous open chest filled with jewelry. Necklaces, rings, and chains glimmered playfully, emitting bright multi-colored light. The light radiated heat and permeated my whole being. I felt at peace, in a state of complete bliss and tranquility.

‘This chest is my life,’ I told myself, and this new awareness filled me with happiness. Tears of unordinary, conscious, and passionate gratitude flowed down my cheeks. My whole life flashed before my eyes, and I saw EACH event as an invaluable jewel. Everything became clear to me: THE MEANING OF LIFE IS LIFE.

At that moment, love-struck me — not the love you feel for a man, a parent, or a child; it was Love for Oneself, for one’s own life. And then I wanted to write. I wanted to leave a legacy, my invaluable experiences of Hate and Love — the life of an ordinary woman.

I told myself that I would write a book that would address serious women’s issues and resolve them in a light, humorous style. It would be a debt of gratitude to Life and God, which I would repay by helping those *draught horses* who want to change and need support.

‘The meaning of life is life itself,’ I told myself, and since the book is about my life, then the book itself is the meaning. By giving to others and sharing my innermost convictions, I will reap invaluable benefits because, as I write, I will grow intellectually and spiritually, which will help my development. My prosperity will be boosted by the precious emotional energy I will receive when this book helps someone. And if I achieve success (and I will) and the book sees the light, then I will benefit financially as well. After all, this is how the world works.’

And I began to write. I didn’t do it all by myself, but with the help of my new wonderful and supportive environment. The more I wrote, the more my

life improved. Six years have passed since that night. Six beautiful years of inspiration. My first book is complete, all my wishes have been fulfilled, and now I can lie under a palm tree with a banana and do absolutely nothing. However, wishes are like clouds; they float and drift, changing their shape and colour every now and then.