



Trisha Jacobson



Trisha Jacobson is passionately committed to helping people breakthrough fear, overcome blocks and heed the intuitive whispers and heart's wisdom along the path to self-discovery. She is an intuitive and compassionate teacher, a certified success principles trainer and best selling author who engages her readers, audiences and coaching clients; teaching conscious, subconscious and heart-centered tools to raise confidence, connect with purpose and create results that lead to more joy, happiness, success and fulfillment. She is also the founder and owner of Ripple on Silver Lake, a wonderful, heart centered retreat center nestled in the beautiful lakes region and White Mountains of New Hampshire.

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Moments in Time: Discovering the Riches Within

By Trisha Jacobson

*“The key to abundance is meeting limited circumstances
with unlimited thoughts.”*

— Marianne Williamson

The Christmas season has always been a time of joy, family gatherings and a side of magic for me. I remember going shopping with Mom with the list she had for a family we didn't know. How excited I felt hiding in the bushes to watch as they discovered the gifts we left at their door. I remember the magic I felt. I found the perfect gift for each person on my list; each gift showing up when, where and in ways I least expected. I remember the joy I felt as I wrapped each gift with special paper, ribbons, bows and an extra dose of love. I remember singing Happy Birthday to Baby Jesus on Christmas morning and having cake for breakfast. I remember the feeling of anticipation as me and my four brothers waited at the top of the stairs for Mom and Dad to wake up. Then, they would get up and lead

us down to the living room to see if Santa had come. I remember dressing up and going to church as a family and later, visiting with friends and family. I even remember the feeling of coming down off the sugar high after a day of eating way too many Christmas cookies.

Christmas had always been a season when the spirit of giving and love flowed through me, but this year was quite different. I was immersed in a whirlwind of difficult emotions and not in the mood to celebrate much of anything. I was struggling to navigate a few major life transitions. I was in the process of selling my property, packing up my life, closing my business and giving up on a dream I had held for a long time. I would be moving to Florida to care for my eighty-seven-year-old Dad who needed support. In a few months I would be turning sixty-five. My life was changing so much and so fast that it felt as if it was becoming unrecognizable.

I was tired and overwhelmed. I knew that when I was in that state, I was prone to being swept away by powerful waves of emotion. I've also learned to explore my emotions rather than pushing them away. This year the emotions seemed to all be connected to unresolved grief. Grief from the loss of my mother, the heart-wrenching loss of my younger brother to cancer, and the impending loss of my life as I knew it. I knew that in the midst of it all lay hidden treasures. These were moments of pure joy, gratitude and connection to a power far greater than I. I clung to those moments as my guiding lights, helping me to navigate the darkness.

As Christmas approached, my heart wasn't in it. There were glimmers of joy and gratitude, however the spirit of the season eluded me. The thought of celebrating seemed almost alien. My brother Paul and his wife Debbie were hosting a family gathering. The excitement coming through the family text message chain was fun to witness, however I just couldn't get myself excited about attending.

Two days before Christmas Eve, something stirred within me. It was an urge, a sensation, a whisper of the spirit. I felt a bit lighter and more open to the magic of the season, but I wasn't sure what to do next. I had not done any shopping and had no interest in heading out to do so. Determined to focus on the present moment, I took a deep breath. I made myself a cup of tea, settled into my favorite chair and

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powered up my laptop to check email. And there it was!

I had received a last-minute marketing email from a website called Storyworth, aimed at getting last minute shoppers to buy a gift subscription. The email gave me goosebumps.

I always pay attention to goosebumps.

I had given my father a subscription two years ago for his birthday. Storyworth is essentially a bank of questions designed to inspire recipients to answer with stories, memories and facts about their lives. Once a week, Dad received a question by email. He emailed his response to Storyworth, which stored his answers in an online file. Over the course of a year, his responses had woven a rich tapestry of memories, anecdotes, and wisdom. Storyworth also offered the option of creating a cover and publishing a hard cover copy of the content Dad had written.

Buried in the busyness of my own life, I had scarcely paid attention to the stories my Dad had written. I had every intention of publishing a hard cover copy for my family. However, a year had passed since Dad finished answering the questions and I hadn't published anything.

The goosebumps told me it was time. I logged into the website, delved into his words, and laughed and cried my way through his stories. I found myself rearranging the questions into a chronological order, creating a narrative of Dad's life. I edited it for grammar and punctuation. At times I felt inspired to add a note to enhance what Dad had written by including what I remembered my Mom sharing with me about their lives.

The process took the better part of two days. It was cathartic. It led me on quite a journey. I was looking through Dad's eyes and seeing the world as he did as a child, a teenager, a young adult, a grown man, my mother's husband and my father. It connected me with moments in his life that brought him joy, struggle, fear, victory, loss, hope and love. For two days, I immersed myself in the manuscript. I felt connected to Mom, to Kevin and to my whole family. I connected to the legacy my parents and grandparents had created. I learned so much about my Dad, my Mom and about myself in the process.

I titled the compilation "Moments in Time." I created a cover, downloaded the PDF and headed to Staples. I printed nine copies, one for

each of my siblings and one for each of my nieces and nephews. I'll definitely go back to the manuscript and add photos and print a hard cover version. But for now, I knew that the PDF was the perfect Christmas gift for my family.

With the books printed and wrapped, I made the journey from northern New Hampshire to our family gathering in Rhode Island. It was a magical day.

I met Charlotte, my great niece, for the first time. The room was full of people with lots of activity. She was adorable and sitting on the floor in her Mom's lap, looking around and taking it all in. I'm not the kind of aunt to demand attention from my nieces and nephews. I respect their boundaries, stay open to them and let them come to me when they're ready and feel comfortable. I sat down on the floor across from where Charlotte was sitting, still attached to her Mom. We made eye contact. I smiled and reached my hand out toward her. She smiled back, reached out to me, took a few steps toward me and landed in my lap with a smile and a hug. That moment, I thought, was literally the best gift I could have received. However, it only got better.

As we exchanged gifts, I watched as my family unwrapped the books and started flipping through them. The room was filled with an array of emotion, along with smiles, giggles and tears. Dad's stories became a conduit connecting us all. They revived forgotten memories and revealed facets of our parents' and grandparents' lives we never knew.

As I looked around the room, abundance took on a new meaning for me. It was not about the amount of money spent on gifts, or the pretty ribbons and wrapping paper, or the lavishness of the celebration. It was about the richness of shared memories. It was feeling connection, the wealth found in our family's history and the priceless treasure of understanding where we came from.

I had received a second wonderful gift.

However, the pinnacle of the evening came next. My youngest brother Scott, with a sense of ceremony, led us through a walk back in time. We went back to our teen years and into our parents' bedroom. My Mom had a nightly after-dinner ritual. After cleanup was underway, she would make herself a cup of tea and escape to her

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bedroom. It must have been a welcome rest after a long day of raising five children. Some of my favorite times with my Mom were spent during those quiet moments in her room while she lay propped up on her bed and sipped her cup of tea.

Scott asked us to recall the times we went to my parents' room seeking Mom's advice or to share something special that had happened that day. He asked us to describe how the room was furnished. He masterfully directed our attention to a seemingly mundane object from our past — the bench that stood at the foot of my parents' bed. I remember sitting on Mom's bureau and putting my feet on the bench and facing her as we talked over her cup of tea. My brother Keith recalled that it was often covered with folded laundry; one pile for each of us to take back to our rooms at the end of the day.

My brother Scott asked if we knew where that bench came from. I didn't remember. However, my brother Paul told us that it had been made by our late brother Kevin in his high school wood shop class. The bench, a simple piece of furniture made from a six-foot slab of white pine, held extraordinary memories. It was a silent witness to countless family moments. As Paul told us that Kevin had made it, I looked over to see tears rolling down the eyes of his two grown children.

Scott asked us if we knew what happened to the bench after my parents sold our childhood home and moved to Florida twenty years ago. None of us knew. He told us he moved the bench to his house in Maine, which he had just sold. As he was packing and moving, the bench was the last thing remaining. It was old. It was well worn. It had been painted and upholstered and repurposed so many times over the years. It was heavy and would be difficult to move. But as he looked at the bench, he could feel my brother Kevin, my Mom, each of us and the memories that lived in the wood. He knew what he needed to do.

Scott opened the large bag that was sitting on the side of his chair. One by one, he presented us each with a wooden bowl. He loved working with wood. He described the physical and emotional process he went through transforming the wood of that old bench into beautiful bowls. Each bowl was unique and specially turned for each of us. He had not just included Mom and Kevin in our celebration, he had

encapsulated the essence of abundance. From a simple slab of worn, old and weathered wood came these bowls. They were symbols of love, infused with memories, and a powerful connection of past and present.

As I held my bowl, tears streamed down my face. I looked around the room. There was not a dry eye, except for Charlotte, who exuded pure joy. I realized that abundance had been with me all along. It was in the stories of my father. It was in the memories of my mother and brother, in the bonds that held our family together, along with the meal we shared during our Christmas celebration.

I understood then what Marianne Williamson meant when she said, “The key to abundance is meeting limited circumstances with unlimited thoughts.” My circumstances had indeed been limited in the days leading up to Christmas; marked by transition, loss, pain, grief and uncertainty about my future. However, the thoughts and memories they evoked were filled with immense love, joy, and gratitude. Abundance is not always visible to the eye. Sometimes, it resides in the depths of our hearts, waiting to be discovered. It is waiting to transform our lives, our moments, and our connection with something much greater than ourselves. ❄️