

K R I S K R O H N

with STEPHEN PALMER

The

CONSCIOUS
CREATOR

6

LAWS FOR MANIFESTING

YOUR MASTERPIECE LIFE

SBTM
PRESS

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First Edition



For my wife, Kalenn, who put her faith in me when these laws were still unproven in our life, and for my children, who (I hope) will be among the greatest beneficiaries.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book reads a lot like a work of fiction. But while the characters and the situations are not real, this isn't a novel. It's a parable, a story that teaches principles. And this parable will help you become who you were meant to become—it will help you live your True Purpose.

Millions of people are unhappy in their job or career, and would be much happier and of much more value to other people if they were doing something else. Some people know what their True Purpose is; others don't. But everyone can learn from the experience of Shaun Porter, the main character in this tale, as he applies the Six Laws of Conscious Creation and becomes a Conscious Creator.

ONE

Shaun realized he should have seen it coming. Amanda had seemed aloof and distracted for weeks. Still, nothing had prepared him for her devastating e-mail. Hadn't everything been going smoothly? Wasn't he a model of dependability, financial security, and faithfulness?

He wondered vaguely if he would have taken Amanda's parting words better in person.

His accounting firm had sent him to a three-day conference, and he'd endured two long, boring days of meetings. Though Shaun appreciated the job security, being a CPA was hardly a passion for him. He did it out of a sense duty and a belief that the "good life" is the product of sticking with a reliable job and company and saving religiously. That's how it was done by the people he looked up to, and he had it all planned out. But after four years of number crunching, he was beginning to wonder how long he'd last. On top of the daily grind of his job, there was this tiresome conference and now Amanda's devastating e-mail. The foundations of Shaun's world were shaken.

He sat alone and numb at his lunch table, staring blankly at the floor.

His fellow attendees were long gone, sitting in various breakout sessions. He lifted his cell phone and reread the e-mail for about the fifteenth time.

Dear Shaun,

I'm truly sorry for not doing this in person. The truth is that I still love you, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to follow through with it. Please know that this hurts me as much as it hurts you.

I need to move on. I can't wait any longer for you to decide. I want to be with you. I want to have a family with you. But after two years of you avoiding even a conversation about this, I've come to the sad realization that it's never going to happen. You know my life's motto, and I worry that if I don't do this now, I will regret it. If you're not ready for marriage now, I doubt you will ever be.

When I first met you, I was drawn to your sense of responsibility. I felt like I could really depend on you—and that was true. But what really made me fall in love with you was the passion you revealed to me that night you told me about your trip to Europe. You were so energetic and alive. I saw a light in you I'd never seen before. Sadly, I've been waiting ever since for that passion to resurface.

I know you're afraid of what might happen in the future. So am I. Life is risky. Marriage is risky. But some risks are worth taking. You're worth the risk to me, but you obviously don't feel the same.

I appreciate your sense of duty, your thoughtfulness and planning. I just wish that sometimes you'd live a little more for passion and a little less for duty. I need you to be truly ALIVE, to go for what you really want, to accept whatever consequences may come and just keep moving forward. But as long as you're just following your plan to the

letter and worrying about any slight deviation from that plan, you and I can't progress.

I wish you the best. I sincerely hope you'll find someone who fits your plan better than I do.

Amanda

As the shock wore off, anger set in. *Aren't I what every woman wants—a reliable guy with a secure job and a promising career?* he thought. *Haven't I been good to her? Can't she see what a good life I can give her—someday?* He felt betrayed by the very qualities he thought she should appreciate most in him. *And why is she in such a hurry? She's seen what spontaneity has done to my family. Doesn't she know that passion is just a nice-sounding word for escaping responsibility, that chasing dreams just leads to dead ends?*

Shaun stood abruptly, shoved his cell phone into his pocket, and strode into the hallway. He needed something to distract his mind, and suffering through more dry presentations by stuffy CPAs was the last thing he wanted to do. As he walked down the hall, not knowing where he was headed, he heard a boisterous crowd in an adjoining conference room. It was the same group he'd been hearing the whole time he'd been at the conference, and he wondered again who they were and what they were so excited about.

On a whim, he ducked in, took a seat in the back, and surveyed the room. An energetic, middle-aged man commanded the stage. His silver hair and warm smile gave him an almost grandfatherly appearance, but his angular features and dark, piercing eyes hinted that there was steel in him. His audience hung on every word and cheered frequently. The atmosphere was electric.

But when Shaun's eye fell on the sign at the entrance, which he had

missed in his distraught stupor, he groaned inwardly. *Great, a network marketing party. Just what I need right now: another reminder that Amanda wants me to be more like my footloose and fancy-free father.* He started to leave, but something the speaker was saying held his attention.

“Our ancestors handed us a feast of economic possibilities on silver platters. They laid the foundations. Their blood, sweat, tears, and sacrifices have become our privileges, opportunities, and blessings. All we have to do is show up and partake of that feast.”

Ah well, thought Shaun, it's not like I have anything better to do. He settled in to his seat and listened to what seemed to be a stirring speech.

“But most of us choke down the stale bread of compromise, mediocrity, and security,” the man continued, “because we’re afraid. We’re afraid of sticking our necks out. We’re afraid people will make fun of us. We’re afraid of failure. We’re afraid we don’t have what it takes. We somehow think that dutiful work for corporations is safer than following our bliss and living our dreams.

“You think succeeding in business *today* is hard? Try suffering through Valley Forge. Try swimming through bodies and blood on D-Day. Try hacking out a farm in virgin wilderness, with no government subsidies, with nothing but your muscles, your tools, your livestock, and the vision of a better life beating in your heart. The freedom we were handed is worthless if we don’t exercise it. Those who went before us gave us the opportunity to be free, but if we don’t take that opportunity, we’re not much more than well-fed, comfortable slaves. Their sacrifices were in vain if we cower in our corporate cubicles, waiting for others to lead, to build, to innovate, to dream.”

The crowd raved as the speaker paused for a breath and a drink of water. Shaun, too, was mesmerized, and for the moment he forgot all about his heartache.

The speaker continued, slower and calmer now. “Today you’ve been given the Six Laws of Conscious Creation to help you live up to your heritage, achieve your dreams, and become truly free. But you must live those laws with faith, courage, and persistence. They aren’t a magic wand you can just wave over your life and suddenly, with no effort, everything becomes just the way you’ve dreamed it. Living your passion and achieving your dreams is not an easy path. It’s a path full of struggle. It comes with its share of heartache. But it’s what you were born for. It’s the only path worthy of your heritage. And with all my heart and soul, I promise you this: The journey is worth it.”

With that, the speaker left the stage, and the crowd erupted. Shaun remained seated, the only one in the room who was not standing. He was stunned by what he’d just heard. He felt personally accused by the speaker’s words, and that was exactly how Amanda’s e-mail had made him feel too.

And then it dawned on him why it hurt: It was true, every bit of it. Amanda’s e-mail and what he’d just heard from this charismatic speaker—they both hit the bull’s-eye. He had always considered his views about how to live *wise*. Now he knew he had just been living *scared*.

TWO

As Shaun drove home that night, the shock and anger he'd been feeling turned to grief. He prepared for bed, staring long and hard in the mirror, deep in thought. Ordinarily, his blond hair, blue eyes, and quick smile made him look younger than he was, but tonight he looked older, worn out from his distress.

The next day, he dutifully returned to work, and grief settled in to depression. Days crawled by, a grim sludge of pointless numbers and oppressive forms. The long-term vision that had upheld him in his methodical work had deserted him along with Amanda, and now he was seriously questioning not only his career choices but also his core ideas on how to live life. He felt uprooted. Without the clarity and assurance he had always felt, what was he left with?

A week later, as Shaun listlessly pecked at dinner while staring at the TV, a light pierced his clouded mind. *What were those six laws the speaker mentioned? And could they help me get out of this funk?* But still too drained to act, Shaun let the thought pass without taking it too seriously, and the light dimmed. *Besides, he thought, what could a network marketing guru teach me? To end up like my father? No thanks.*

Two more weeks dragged by. The thought of the six laws periodically pestered Shaun's thoughts, an internal voice trying desperately to burn through his self-absorbed fog. Finally, he responded to the voice by sitting down at his computer to do a Google search. The term *six laws of conscious creation* brought up nothing on the laws specifically, and he didn't know where else to begin his research. He couldn't even remember the guy's name. What was the company name he'd seen on the sign in the conference room? He wracked his brain, tried a few searches, and came up empty. At last he found something that looked familiar: a marketing company selling health and wellness products. He navigated to the FOUNDER page and saw a picture of the speaker he'd seen at the conference: Stewart Baker. *One step closer*, he thought.

But how could he contact this Stewart Baker? He must be insulated by layers of handlers. It would be futile to try the company's CONTACT page. Shaun Googled *Stewart Baker*, which predictably generated tons of results, but not what he was looking for. He jumped back to the company website and sifted through a few pages, almost ready to give up, until he landed on the EVENTS page and saw it: Stewart Baker was scheduled to speak at an event in Phoenix on an upcoming Saturday, one month from now. The venue was just a half hour's drive from Shaun's house.

Coincidence? Luck? *Nah, just plain chance*, thought Shaun. He wondered if they'd even let him through the door or if he'd have to join the company just to get a shot at talking to Stewart. He scheduled the event in his phone and continued searching. Thirty minutes later, the event was still his only lead on what these six laws were all about. He would have to do it.

Shaun decided on a plan: to endure the event, then see if he could approach Stewart afterward. He smirked and thought: *If only Dad could see*

me now. He'd be so proud of me, going to a rah-rah, follow-your-dreams, be-all-you-can-be manipulation fest.

Feeling relieved that he had at least made a start, Shaun spent the next month burying himself in work. In the evenings he exercised, and on weekends he went mountain biking or hiking to resist the undertow of self-pitying thoughts—and to stop thinking about Amanda's laugh.

Above all he cooked. Although it wasn't nearly as much fun without someone to share the meals with, he became increasingly engrossed in doing what he loved most. He never would have called cooking a "passion"; to him, it was more of a hobby. But cooking brought him the peace and joy he never really felt while doing anything else. He was mostly unconscious of those feelings, though, because they were just so natural. He felt at home in the kitchen, and when he was cooking, he lost all track of time.

The evening of the Stewart Baker event arrived. Shaun dressed business casual and arrived fifteen minutes early. He maneuvered his way past the greeters at the door, taking advantage of a moment when they were distracted. He took a seat in the back and braced himself for the cheerleading session to begin. He impatiently hung on through the first hour of awards and minor speakers, amusing himself by counting how many times the crowd applauded.

Finally, Stewart was up. Once again Shaun found himself opening up to this man's persona and soaking up every word. Stewart seemed to him a rare mix of zeal and authenticity, charisma and substance. Strangely, the man didn't seem as though he were born to be on stage, yet he captivated his audience with depth and honesty that disarmed Shaun.

Stewart shared a classic rags-to-riches story of being raised on the wrong side of the tracks in Oklahoma City, a single child of a single mother.

He spoke of going hungry, fending for himself, wearing holey shoes and patched jeans, being mocked at school. Stewart's eyes glowed as he spoke of his mother, a fiercely independent woman who pounded integrity into him. He said he grew up with a chip on his shoulder, which led to frequent fights in school.

At age sixteen, Stewart started working for a local organic farmer, Wayne Christofferson. Wayne was a gentle soul, full of love and wisdom. He took Stewart under his wing and mentored him through his high school years. Stewart developed a love and respect for nature, and he got interested in growing food. Learning the rhythms of nature helped calm his anger, and he stopped fighting at school. When Stewart graduated, an anonymous donor paid his way through college. Stewart had always known it was Wayne, and he had never forgotten that profound act of service.

At age twenty-two, Stewart had graduated with a business degree. He worked at a few companies for a couple of years before realizing he just wasn't cut out for corporate life. At age twenty-seven, he scraped together \$5,000 to start his first company, which crashed and burned, as did his next three entrepreneurial attempts. But his next two businesses, including a natural foods company, were wildly successful, propelling him to cofound his direct sales company to share his passion for natural health with others.

Shaun was disappointed that Stewart did not list the six laws, but he thoroughly enjoyed Stewart's presentation. He admired Stewart's perseverance and the down-to-earth manner that reflected his legitimacy. Here was a man who had come through some fires. Shaun realized this wasn't smoke and mirrors; Stewart really knew how to succeed.

Stewart closed his speech. Once again, his sincerity and earnestness had captured the hearts of his audience. He stepped off the stage, and Shaun craned his neck to see through the crowd. Where was Stewart

going? When he left through a side door, Shaun's heart sank. *I've waited a month to see him, and now I'm losing my chance*, he thought. He rushed out into the hall—and was relieved to see Stewart there.

“Mr. Baker!” Shaun called, breaking into a jog to catch him. Stewart turned and smiled as Shaun approached. “Mr. Baker,” Shaun said again, and then he launched into his prepared speech. “You don’t know me from Adam, and I’m not even in your company. But I heard you speak at a conference several weeks ago. I was at another conference in the same event center, but I stepped into yours on a whim and caught the last five minutes of your speech. You spoke of six laws, and ever since, I’ve been dying to know what those laws are. I tracked you down through your company website and saw that you were speaking in Phoenix tonight.”

Shaun paused for breath and then continued, “I need to know what those six laws are. I just have this feeling that they’re what I need in my life right now.” Shaun’s initial idea had been simply to ask Stewart to tell him his six laws right then and there, but now he found that the words gushed from his mouth almost involuntarily: “I know this is crazy, since you don’t even know me, and I’m sure you get requests like this all the time, but . . . will you teach me your laws of creation?”

Stewart smiled graciously and extended his hand. “And you are?”

“I’m sorry. My name is Shaun Porter.”

“Shaun, I can teach the six laws to anyone. But the real question is whether or not you’ll pay the price to live them. Knowledge *in your head* is cheap. The real value comes from living truth *in your heart and actions*.”

“Yes, sir, I understand. But I think I’m ready. I’ve just . . . been trying to figure out a lot of things lately. I had my whole life planned out, but things have changed. I need some help to see more clearly and find the right path.”

Stewart listened patiently, then said, “Shaun, I have one question that

will tell me whether or not you're ready: Who are you, and what do you want to accomplish and become in your life?"

Shaun stammered, "I . . . I don't know. I mean, I thought I knew. I thought my plan was solid. Now you've got me thinking that it would be a huge mistake. But can't you help me figure that out?"

"Sorry, Shaun. No, I can't help you. No one can help you if you don't know who you are and where you want to go. If you don't know your destination, I might as well just point in any direction, because it doesn't really matter, does it?"

"Well, can't you at least tell me the six laws, and I can figure it out from there?" Shaun pleaded.

"No. I'm sorry. You're not ready for them. It would be a waste of my time and yours. But I truly wish you the best." Stewart shook Shaun's hand again and turned to leave.

Shaun stood there, deflated. He'd been waiting so long for this moment, and the rejection compounded his sorrows. "Mr. Baker," he called out in desperation, "isn't there *something* you can tell me to at least get me started in the right direction?"

Stewart stopped and turned. "Well, there is one clue I can give you. But after that, you're on your own. You're the only one who can know who you are and what you want." He pulled a card from his breast pocket and handed it to Shaun. "Good luck, Shaun."

Shaun looked at the card, which was stark white but for one strange word in black letters: *Satcitananda*.

"What the hell?" he muttered under his breath. When he looked up, Stewart was gone.

As Shaun walked to the parking garage, his frustration mounted. By the time he was on the road, he was downright angry. *What is it with that*

guy? Is he just not willing to talk to me because I'm not in his precious company, making him richer? The last thing I need is more mystical mumbo jumbo from selfish charlatans. These guys know just how to string you along, taking your money bit by bit until you're left with nothing but hollow platitudes that you repeat desperately to your family and friends, as if saying them enough times will actually make them true. Just ask my father.

Disgusted, he grabbed the card from his pocket and flicked it out the window. He drove on, trying to convince himself that the card was nothing but a silly rabbit hole that would ultimately just lead to making more money for Stewart Baker. He didn't remember what it said, and he didn't care. But he couldn't ignore the soft but urgent voice inside: *What do you have to lose?*

It was true. What did he have to lose? What if the clue actually led to something important?

Shaun slammed on his brakes. The car behind him swerved, horn bellowing, narrowly avoiding a collision. Shaun flipped a U-turn and drove back to the spot where he thought he had chucked the card. He pulled off the road and parked, then got out and began searching desperately on the road and in the weeds along the shoulder.

After fifteen minutes he returned to his car, feeling defeated and mentally kicking himself for his stupidity. His one clue was gone.

THREE

Monday morning lumbered into Shaun's gloomy consciousness. He lugged his body out of bed, performed his morning routine robotically, and headed off to work. He sagged into his cubicle, late for the first time in four years. He stared at the imposing stack of papers on his desk, lost in thought.

This is what I have to look forward to for the next thirty-six years? he brooded. *How did Uncle Frank do it? Did he ever have days like this?*

Frank was the exact opposite of his brother, Robert—Shaun's father—and Shaun had admired him since his teenage years. In fact, he had chosen accounting because of Frank's example. Frank was studious, meticulous, methodical, patient, and wise. A hard worker and diligent saver, he retired after working for the same accounting firm for forty years, and now he spent his days golfing, traveling, and volunteering in his community. His had been a stable and safe life throughout, and Shaun had tried to emulate that.

Shaun pulled the top folder from the pile and willed himself to open it and subject himself to the work, dutiful as always. *Back to the grind . . .*

Thus passed two weeks, Shaun's only reprieve being his evening experiments in the kitchen. Every day he was tempted to call or e-mail Amanda, but his pride kept him from doing that.

One Wednesday morning, Michele, a fellow accountant, approached his cubicle. “Hey, Shaun, you got a minute?”

Shaun glanced up from his stack of folders. “Sure, what’s up?”

Michele seemed nervous. “So I’m kind of new at this, but I wanted to tell you about an opportunity. I’ve been taking this health supplement for the past three months, and I’ve had a lot more energy, I’ve been sleeping better, and I’ve even found that I remember things better.”

Oh, great, thought Shaun, *here comes the oh-so-predictable pitch.*

Seeing Shaun’s face change from curious to smug, Michele rushed her prepared speech. “But what I’ve been even more excited about is the opportunity to sell the product and earn extra income. In fact, I’m hoping to completely replace my job income within six months.”

“I’m sorry,” Shaun said, “but I’m going to stop you right there. I’ve heard it all before. I respect what you’re doing, but it’s just not my thing.”

“Okay,” Michele said, trying to remain cheerful. “Here, can I just leave you with a card in case you change your mind?”

“Sure,” Shaun said. He tossed the card onto his desk without looking at it.

Michele left, and as Shaun turned back to his work, he glanced at the card. Written on it, he was astonished to discover, was the name of Stewart Baker’s company.

Shaun grabbed the card, scrambled out of his cubicle, and scurried down the hall. “Michele, wait!” She paused and turned. “Hey, is Stewart Baker one of the founders of your company?” he asked.

“Yeah! How do you know him?” Michele asked.

“Well, it’s a long story,” Shaun replied. “Let’s just say . . . I think he has my keys. Listen, I know this is a long shot, but I don’t suppose you have any contact information for him, do you?”

“Actually, I do,” Michele said. “I’m in his downline, and I have his e-mail address. In fact, he just responded to an e-mail from me last week. I’ve even been to his house.” Misreading Shaun’s interest, she continued, “He’s been so helpful and generous as I’ve been starting out. That’s something I really appreciate about the company. You really should check it out.”

“Maybe I will sometime,” Shaun deflected. “Can I start by getting Stewart’s e-mail address?”

Michele wrote it down, and Shaun rushed back to his desk to compose a message.

Mr. Baker,

You might not remember me. I caught up with you after an event in Phoenix a couple of weeks ago and asked you to mentor me on your six laws of creation. You said you couldn’t help me, but you left me with a card that had some weird word on it.

Unfortunately, I’ve lost the card and I can’t remember the word. Would you please e-mail me the word? I’d like to figure out what it means.

Sincerely,

Shaun Porter

Shaun was surprised to find a response in his in-box the next day.

Shaun,

Of course I remember you—the desperate young man in search of a new

path in life. I'm guessing by the fact that you lost my card that you don't actually want a new life that badly. I'm sorry, but I can't waste clues on dabblers. My time and effort are reserved for those truly committed to a masterpiece life.

Regrettably,

Stewart

Shaun wanted to be angry, but he knew he couldn't blame Stewart—especially since he hadn't been exactly truthful in his e-mail. Crestfallen, he tried to get back to work. But now he was plagued even more by the mysterious word.

Inspired by an idea, Shaun went to Michele's office. "Hey, Michele, have you ever heard of Stewart Baker's Six Laws of Conscious Creation?" he asked.

"I've heard people in the company talk a little about them, but I haven't learned them yet," she responded.

"I heard about them when I walked into the last five minutes of a speech he gave a few weeks ago," Shaun explained. "Then, two weeks ago, I went to one of the company events and spoke with Stewart after the meeting. He wouldn't share his laws with me, but he handed me a card that had a weird word on it. It looked like it was in another language. He said it was some clue. Would you know anything about that? Have you ever heard anyone in the company talk about anything like that?"

Michele shook her head. "No, it doesn't ring a bell. Don't you still have the card?"

"Uh, no," Shaun admitted. "I actually asked Stewart to mentor me, and

he turned me down. I got mad, so I threw the card out the window on my drive home that night. I know, it was stupid.”

“I wish I could help you,” said Michele, “but I don’t know anything about it.”

Shaun had struck out. He would have to find guidance elsewhere.

After work that day he drove to a bookstore and browsed the self-help and business sections, choosing a handful of books that looked interesting. He started reading that evening, and it became a habit—he would read every evening for an hour before going to bed. Because of past experiences, Shaun resisted much of what he read. But some of it started making sense.

The recurring idea that stood out to him most was living life on purpose. Previously, had anyone asked, he would have said yes, he absolutely lived on purpose. After all, he had a plan and was steadfastly carrying it out. But as Shaun was slowly realizing, his plan was basically a script written not by him but by others. He had been doing what he thought he *should* be doing instead of something that he really *wanted* to do. He had been wanting what he thought he should be wanting—instead of wanting what he really needed.

Shaun knew he needed more clarity. Just as Stewart Baker had said, he needed to know who he was and what he truly wanted. As the days went by, he began to be much more introspective than he’d ever been, taking long walks and journaling. A few weeks passed, and although he was continually discontented with his job, he was enjoying learning more about himself.

He arrived home from work one evening, flipped on the TV, and went into the kitchen to cook dinner. As usual, he lost track of time and wasn’t paying attention to what was happening on TV. But suddenly, a strange word from the TV program pierced his consciousness. He dropped his

knife, grabbed the remote, and turned the volume up. A bearded and robed man was saying something about enlightenment.

“As I said earlier, this essence of Universal Consciousness is expressed in three Sanskrit words: *sat*, *cit*, *ananda*. As you achieve *satcitananda*, you transcend duality and become your highest spiritual self.”

“That’s it!” Shaun exclaimed. “That was the word on Stewart’s card!”

But the program had come to an end, and Shaun was left hanging. Frantically, he jumped online and Googled several spelling variations. Finally, he got a hit, on Wikipedia:

Saccidānanda, *Satchidananda*, or *Sat-cit-ānanda* [pronounced suh-chit-ah-nuhn-duh] is a compound of three Sanskrit words, *sat*, *cit*, and *ānanda*, meaning *existence (truth, the eternal)*, *consciousness*, and *bliss*, respectively. The expression comes from Hinduism and is used in yoga and other schools of Indian philosophy to describe the nature of Brahman as experienced by a fully liberated yogi or saint . . . Yoga describes the essence of Universal Consciousness as *Satcitananda*, which means existence, consciousness, and absolute bliss.

Shaun was befuddled. He had no interest in becoming an enlightened yogi or a saint; he just wanted to live a happy, fulfilling life and to make a difference. And Stewart Baker hadn’t struck him as particularly mystical, but rather much more grounded. Still, there was no doubt that this was the word he’d seen on Stewart’s card.

Shaun wrote the word *satcitananda* on a 3 x 5 card, along with the three-word interpretation: *truth*, *consciousness*, *bliss*. Yet despite stumbling upon Stewart’s clue once again, Shaun felt more lost than ever.