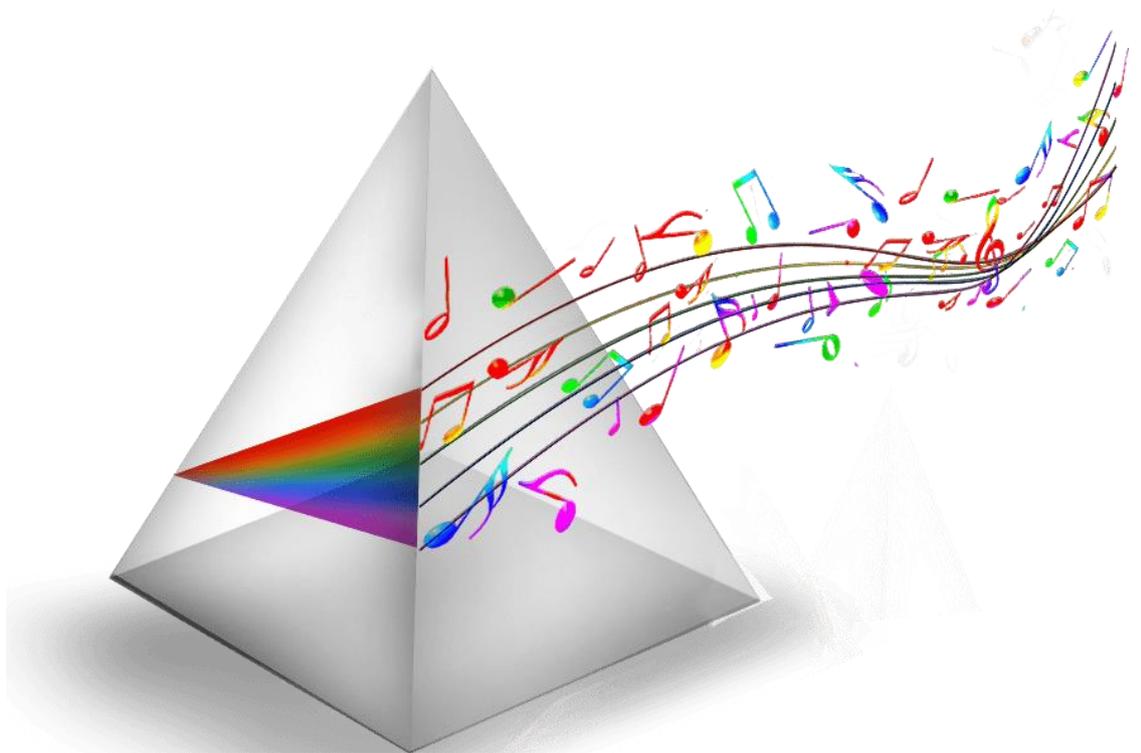


THE MUSIC INSIDE

Inner Techniques to **Tap** into Your Potential,
Change your Beliefs and **Create** a Fulfilling Career.



JENNY CLIFT

Are you in the ‘wrong’ job?

Do you feel stuck, fed up and unfulfilled?

You don’t know how to move forward or who to turn to?

I’ve been there too!

This book is about my journey, in the field of music. It is about how I went from working at a job that wasn’t right for me, and how, using inner techniques to make outer changes, I moved into the job that I love.

You will discover here the tools and techniques that can help you on your own journey.

Learn how to:

- Move into the life and career that you really love.
- Use EFT (‘Emotional Freedom Technique’ or ‘Tapping’) to change your beliefs about yourself and become successful.
- Meditate easily, quickly seeing benefits in your life.
- Use writing exercises to discover your ‘passion’ and feel great about your life and yourself.
- Make a ‘blueprint’ – set your goal and create a 1 Year Action Plan.
- Access outside support and inspiration

To pick up all the free resources which you can access as you read through the book go here:

<http://abetterlifetapping.com/the-music-inside-free-resources/>

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my husband Alfonso, and my daughters Elisa, Emma and Silvia, my greatest supporters and my 'here and now'.

And to my parents and to my sisters who started all of this.

And to Brad Yates, my EFT Life Coach, without whom this part of the journey would have been very different.

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To pick up all the free resources which you can access as you read through the book go here:

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Foreword

by Brad Yates. C. Ht.

Author of 'The Wizard's Wish', coauthor of 'Freedom at Your Fingertips'.

Since you have picked up this book, it is quite possible that you, like most people (if surveys are to be believed), are not entirely satisfied with your life... particularly when it comes to the work you do. And like many people, you may feel you just don't know what to do about it, and so it has seemed easier to just keep going along. Not because there's something wrong with you, but because that is how most of us are trained to do it.

Fortunately, you now have in your hands a fantastic guide that can help you find your way out - a way to create a life you really love.

For many, whether the work they do is enjoyable doesn't factor into the equation - it's all about the expected outcome. More often than not, that is about the money - whether it's an impressive income or just enough to put food on the table. But there are other results that drive people, including the perceived prestige of certain careers or maybe just to make someone else happy (often a parent). And there's nothing wrong with any of that... but there is a more enjoyable way, and you deserve that. That fact that you are reading this book might suggest that you already know that.

I'm one of those fortunate people who actually loves the work I do. I greatly enjoy the process - right there in the moment. All the wonderful outcomes are icing on the cake. Including the opportunity to see my clients flourish, as Jenny Clift is doing. It's an immense pleasure to celebrate with her as she achieves goals that she had once doubted were possible.

I've often told clients and audiences, "I don't really do this work for you... I do it for all the people that you are going to touch in a positive way as you allow yourself to be free from what stops you." It is very rewarding to see that not only has our work together allowed Jenny to share her music with more people, but that she is also now sharing her journey in this book, which will help you share yourself in a more joyful way with the world. Because even though many of these tools and suggestions have been offered before, Jenny's unique way of sharing them is going to be the best way for many people to receive them.

Just as you doing what you love - sharing the music that is uniquely inside you - is going to be a gift to others.

Thank you for being willing to do that.

Be Magnificent!

Brad Yates

PART 1. The Set Up.

1. 1. INTRODUCTION

“Most people die with their music still locked up inside them.”

Benjamin Disraeli

‘Oh my God. I’ve got to get out of here or I’m going to end up killing one of these four year olds...’

Picture me, violin in hand, a classically trained musician, sitting on the floor in the corridor of a private English school, surrounded by four little kids who were half lying, half sitting, and half paying attention.

I was coming up to my 50th birthday...

I was making great money. I’d built up my teaching practice from only two to sixty students over twelve years. I was with the violin all day. I was my own boss....and yet...I was miserable and fed up.

Bored, frustrated and totally stuck. I knew there was something very wrong here but I didn’t have a clue how to change things.

Maybe you can relate. Are you too in the wrong job?

Are you working at something, which, in your heart of hearts, you know is not what you came here to do?

It may be a rubbish job or it may even be a great job...but you know it’s not *your* job. Maybe you just slid into it to satisfy someone else’s idea of what you ‘should’ do. Maybe it felt right for you once or maybe it’s all you feel you deserve or that you aren’t good enough to do anything more rewarding.

Whatever the reason, you don’t feel good. You feel unfulfilled, unsatisfied, fed up, and downright angry. The time is ticking and yet you don’t know how to make a move, what steps to take, or even if you really should do this. After all, don’t most people work at a job they don’t really like...?

And who am I to 'follow my bliss'?

That moment sitting on the floor at school was a smack upside the head for me. I remember thinking, *'I'm going to be here for another fifteen years, then I'll retire, and I won't have done what I really want to do in this life.'*

I knew what I had always *wanted* to do.

I wanted to be performing; practicing, rehearsing and playing. Up there on stage sharing the music that I could feel so strongly inside myself.

At the weekends I was concertmaster (first violinist) of a semi-professional (I couldn't bring myself to say amateur) orchestra; and with them I was playing a concert each month in Madrid's National Auditorium. I was performing beautiful classical repertoire that speaks to me so much, and I was even invited to play solos with the orchestra from time to time.

For me, absolute bliss was a three hour rehearsal on a Sunday morning, two hours practicing at midday (my husband kindly looking after our three daughters back at home) and another three hours of rehearsal in the afternoon. I didn't get tired, I didn't see it as work, I didn't care that it was Sunday. I loved every moment of it.

After all, I was doing what inspired, energized and fascinated me.

So, yes, I did know what I wanted to do, **but I didn't know how to turn that passion into a living**. It felt impossible and I had a laundry list of reasons why I couldn't be a professional violinist –

I'm too old,

I'm not good enough,

I started too late,

It's just not 'me',

How can I rock the boat?

I don't have anyone to help me,

How can I walk away from a perfectly good job with the economic situation the way it is now?

I really didn't see that it was possible for me at this stage, but at the same time, that life was eating me up from the inside. Looking back I realize that's exactly what had to happen – I needed a change from the inside out.

And so I *did* make it happen. **Not overnight**. But I started the process that has led me to where I am now – a new place of possibility and job satisfaction. A place where I know that I am doing the right thing at last.

Along the way I have met many new people and have made friends and found mentors who have supported, guided, and taught me many things throughout my journey. I have even improved the relationships I already had, as I have become a happier, more confident, and fulfilled person.

I wrote this book to share my experience with you and to show you that it is possible to identify the work and lifestyle you want to have. It is possible to make that move. It is possible to feel happy and content with a sense of purpose more than just on your days off.

Like me, you'll be starting from the inside out, working on your inner self in order to make the outer changes happen and really stick. This book will give you practical steps and advice to make this process doable, and yes, deeply satisfying, nurturing and enjoyable.

I went from being a full time violin teacher, doing a bit of performing on the side, but so frantically busy that I barely had time to practice. Now, four short years later, I am a professional freelance player, working and making money doing what I love – and, best of all, feeling great as I do it!

I am confident and know for certain that this career will expand and grow as *I* expand and grow as a person.

By following the steps I took, and by using the tools and techniques that I describe in this book - chiefly EFT (Emotional Freedom Technique), meditation and writing exercises - and by going at it from the inside out, the 'music' inside you, whether it be literal music or your own vocation, is attainable, and you *will* come to place of being much happier and satisfied with your life. This is the start of a new journey, but this time with the certainty that you are on the right path.

I now have two CDs out there with my violin and guitar duo and we play paid concerts in Spain, England and the US regularly. I have videos on Youtube. I belong to and make recordings for Paul Santisi's MusicMastermind group. I've published two online video courses teaching violin to adults (paid \$1,000 up front) and have just signed a contract to play with a professional symphony orchestra here in my home town for the 2015/16 season.

I know from my experience that it can be done, that it is possible, and in this book I provide you with the steps that I took to make all of this happen.

I promise that by taking this journey you will change the way you feel about yourself, become the kind of person you want to be, and from there, start taking the actions you need in order to change your life, your career and become a much happier, more successful and satisfied person.

You will come to know deep inside that you are on the right track, doing what you are really meant to be doing.

It took me FIFTY YEARS to get to this point!!

Don't be, like I was, the kind of person who keeps putting it off, resigning themselves to the status quo, making the best of a bad job, and slowly dying inside.

Start now, wherever you are, however old you are, and be the kind of person who makes a fulfilling life for themselves. Become the kind of person who jumps out of bed in the mornings excited about what the day ahead holds.

This is the story of how I decided 'what I wanted to be when I grew up', how I ran away from it for nearly a decade, rediscovered my 'calling', almost made it but then settled for second best. It is the journey I took to learn what I needed to know and be able to move into what I love.

Take control of your own life right now. No one should die with their music still locked up inside.

1. 2. **Background - *Childhood.***

So how exactly did I get to that place on the floor?

Why wasn't I a successful, performing violinist, sharing my gifts and my music with millions?

Well, the short answer is 'fear'.

And as for the long answer...

I reckon you could say that my early childhood was pretty idyllic.

I was born right after my twin sister, in Versailles, France, where my father, a British Diplomat, was posted at the time. My arrival was unexpected. 'Il ya une autre' ('There's another!') cried the French midwife as I appeared. My parents took it on the chin, quickly thought of a second girl's name, and so my life began.

Pam, my twin, and I were inseparable. A unit, often ganging up on our older sister, Lucy, but also obediently following her directions to 'be horses' or play all sorts of games. We moved to England when I was 18 months old, then a few years later, to Malaysia, China (at the time still under the communist regime and Chairman Mao), Northern Ireland (with all the political 'troubles') and then Canada.

We soaked up sights, sounds, smells and experiences along the way, living in these exotic, foreign countries, partaking of their beauty and strangeness and yet not really one with them. We ate breakfast on the Great Wall of China, played among the ruins of the Ming Tombs, frolicked on idyllic beaches and in the highlands in Malaysia, and marveled at the Taj Mahal by moonlight...

The list goes on; play readings, Scottish dancing, taking part in a show for the King of Malaysia, horse riding on racehorses in the tin mines near Kuala Lumpur...and *lots* of music. My mother had trained as a classical pianist and then taught singing at our Primary School in Malaysia. We began piano lessons at an early age and I made some progress despite being a reluctant practicer.

Boarding school.

What I had longed for and joyfully anticipated, fuelled by stories from Lucy who had already done two years there, was, in reality, like of bucket of ice cold water.

Pam and I were still only 10 years old and our parents had just moved to Peking (still not Beijing back then). That first autumn term at our boarding school in England we didn't see them at all and only spoke to them once by long distance telephone. It was a hurried, tense conversation from my grandparents' house with them hovering in the background urging us to be quick. To be fair, a long distance call back then was something of an event and an extremely expensive one at that, but I remember all of us in floods of tears for the rest of the day.

The homesickness was miserable and constant at school. I struggled to fit in but just couldn't get it right.

'Jenny is a very able girl but should learn to be more tolerant of others.' was a frequent comment on my school report card. *'Her bulldozer tactics are not always the wisest way of achieving her object.'*

I was enthusiastic and keen but not good (obviously) at transmitting that without stepping on toes. Looking back, what was missing for me was loving adult guidance and support, but I was far away from home and just muddled through painfully.

But there was one marvelous thing that I really loved and appreciated about my boarding school- the amount of music and drama that it provided. We put on regular plays, musicals and drama competitions and I reveled in it all. I sang in the school choir which made weekly 'chapel' a joy and continued with piano and singing lessons.

When I was thirteen, for some reason, *I decided to start playing the violin*. My teacher, Sally Brundan, came regularly to the school and I had the good fortune to begin learning with someone who was kind and enthusiastic, and who showered me with encouragement right away. I loved my lessons with her and they had the added advantage of getting me out of double maths once a week. Practice provided me with a legitimate way to be on my own, which is not an easy feat in a boarding school.

The violin suited me. I loved how it felt physically; holding my instrument so close, tucked under my chin, and the sensual feel of drawing the bow across the strings. I loved the sound and thought I sounded just fine (although Pam assured me much later that it was pretty terrible at the beginning!!).

And I loved the emotions that came to me from a place deep inside through the music. Emotions that often seemed quite separate from me, and yet flowed through me, through the nuances of timing and dynamics and tone.

So I made fast progress and was soon leading the school orchestra and going on orchestral and chamber music courses, playing 'catch up' after my late start.

In my last year at boarding school I was travelling an hour and a half up to London once a week (more benefits from playing an instrument) to study privately with the wonderful American violinist Dona Lee Croft. This was heaven for me and I made the most of it, practicing long and hard between classes in order to improve and shine.

I was determined to go to Music College in London. I was advised against aiming for 'just' performance -after my late start it was preferable to do a teaching diploma instead and keep my options open- but I stubbornly held out for performing, knowing that it was what I really loved to do.

I spent a blissful gap year practicing the violin eight hours a day, seven days a week, (though Christmas day I cut down to six hours in honor of the occasion) improving my level and taking final music exams so that I could apply to music college.

Although my playing level was good enough by now, I was woefully unprepared for the questions thrown at me in the initial interviews.

'What do you want to do with your musical career?' 'Which orchestra or group inspires you the most?'

I didn't have a clue. I'd never heard of the concepts of goal-setting or having a vision or being inspired by others. As for 'reaching for the stars' I felt lucky just to be kicking around in the dirt getting a chance to play at ground level.

Still, I got accepted by the Royal College of Music and by Trinity College, both in central London. I chose the latter because I would have the chance to study with the renowned Hungarian violin professor, Bela Katona, who was in the String Department at Trinity.

How differently my life would have turned out if I'd accepted a place at the Royal College instead...

Visit the link below to purchase the entire Audio Book (read by the author.)

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1.3. Trinity, non-violin years and the first attempt.

I should have known it wasn't going to work. Even before starting that first term at Trinity College I had dented Maestro Katona's Hungarian pride.

Plans had been made in the summer to go and hear Dona Lee Croft play a concerto with an orchestra and she suggested that I offer to take Mr. Katona along in my car for the hour or so ride. He accepted gratefully and all was set.

Then, the night before, I was talking to a close friend, who pointed out that my house was somewhere between Bela's place and the concert venue, and that I should suggest to him that he come first to my house and we go on together in my car. (Oh, it still makes me cringe to write this even 34 years later...) I called him and he seemed perfectly fine as we talked...the next thing I know there was a call from Dona Lee saying that he was very offended and would be travelling alone.

Ouch. How ignorant could I be? And what a way to start our relationship.

Mr. Katona taught many of the star pupils at Trinity and with those top level players he was a fantastic teacher.

But I wasn't ready for him. Not technically and definitely not as an insecure eighteen year old.

His method (with me at least) was to strip all the music out of the process and use dry exercises and scales in an effort to rehabilitate my playing. He was not open to questions and, instead of adapting and cooperating with him, I just shut down and resisted.

He expected me to study for eight hours a day (that magic number again!) and I didn't go near that. I came to dread our lessons and he probably did too. His frustration and disgust at me and my inability to respond to his teaching was increasingly apparent.

At the end of every class he would growl: *'Get on with it.'*

But somehow, despite my love for the violin, despite wanting to improve and despite normally being a good, obedient student, I just couldn't.

Thank goodness I had to play *some* music as part of my Trinity education. I was concertmaster of the Training Orchestra in the first year and I loved that, but I became less and less confident in my abilities as a player, feeling that any status I had at Trinity

was just because I was one of Katona's students. I felt that the moment I started playing I'd be discovered for what I thought I was- an imposter, lacking in talent and ability and just there on false pretences.

Little did I know that these negative thoughts and feelings would be the start of a kind of sickness that would take three decades to move through and finally heal.

I avoided socializing with the other students, staying clear of the common room or any kind of college life.

In my mind we were all in competition with each other and *I was losing*. So my strategy was just to keep away, keep all relationships on a very superficial level and not get involved with the student life and the other musicians there.

I stuck it out for three years, increasingly miserable and insecure, hating it more and more. I managed to scrape through the exams and received my Diploma and then, after a few more weeks, I dropped out.

Completely and utterly.

I stopped playing the violin for *eight* years.

But life goes on, so what on earth was I going to do with mine now?

I took a typing course, toyed with the idea of working in a real estate agent's, and then decided, 'OK, I'll travel the world teaching English.' I took a TEFL (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) course and wound up in Salamanca in Spain.

For the next ten years I was an English teacher.

At first I loved teaching, loved the connection with my students, especially the adults, and threw myself into being as creative, enthusiastic and energetic as possible.

I didn't miss the violin or classical music at all. In fact, it was a blessed relief to have nothing to do with that world.

I met the man who was to become my first husband; he was studying to become a doctor, and my social life revolved around him and my work colleagues.

I started to do a lot of yoga - loving the whole body, mind and Spirit aspect of it. I went to movies, cleaned the house a lot (I've never had such clean windows before or since!) and got on with my life.

Although my violin was with me in Spain (sitting in a cupboard gathering dust) I never

went near it and I didn't talk to anyone about having trained to become a violinist. *But I always had a feeling in the back of my mind that one day I would get it out again, even if just as a hobby.*

We'd been living in Alicante in the south-east of Spain and I was happy, enjoying my work and the friends I'd made there. Santi and I decided to get married and it looked like things would go on that way for a while.

But a week after our wedding he told me he wanted to move to Madrid as he wanted to take a course totally unrelated to medicine (which he had never been completely in love with.)

I was horrified. I really didn't want to move again away from the friends I had made, the great weather and pleasant lifestyle we had. But he was unhappy in his career and saw this as a way to make a change and find what he really wanted to do with his life.

So I reluctantly agreed to move with him and went up to Madrid for a job interview at a well-known English teaching academy.

Moving to Madrid was yet another turning point for me. This was where I rediscovered music.

I started going to orchestral concerts and that was it. The old longing to be playing was back. I would sit enviously in the audience wishing I was up there with the other musicians on stage.

Eventually after one concert I went backstage and talked to the leader of the orchestra about taking lessons. He put me in touch with a colleague who was happy to take me on as his student.

The Brazilian violinist, Paolo Vieira was exactly what I needed in a violin teacher at that moment. About my age, a methodical, experienced and talented teacher, he was also approachable and friendly. He soon started encouraging me to get back to music and to try performing again, even helping me get a month's contract playing Verdi's opera 'Rigoletto' with his orchestra.

This coincided with my mother coming to live in Madrid with her husband who was posted here as the Norwegian ambassador to Spain. (My parents had separated right around the time I had started at Trinity and had each continued in the diplomatic life with new partners.)

She and I quickly got back to playing violin and piano together and, with Paolo's guidance, started performing in cultural venues in Madrid.

I remember being incredibly nervous and my performances were full of mistakes but it felt good to be putting myself out there again. One concert at the Norwegian embassy led to an opportunity to do a week's work with the Spanish Radio TV orchestra. That went well and I ended up playing regularly as an extra with them over the next four years.

I absolutely loved rehearsing and performing and I'd made it this far so I had to be doing something right on the outside, but *I was still a total mess on the inside.*

When I played in the orchestra I had the strange sensation that I couldn't hear myself in that mass of violins and that I couldn't be heard from the outside either. Which actually suited me because I was convinced I was going to be found out at any moment. Someone had to notice that *I wasn't a professional.*

I still felt like an insecure teenager playing with the grownups, without any real right to be there. Any tiny slip on my part led to hours of berating myself for my incompetence.

My inner critic was having a field day.

I held up OK in the orchestra and there was definitely the feeling of 'safety in numbers'. But stand me up on my own in an audition to try and get accepted permanently in the orchestra and I was a quivering jelly.

I did some work with a fellow musician and friend to help my stage fright, but only from a technical standpoint using a sort of 'desensitization' method, which involved recording myself and examining my performances.

I also read 'Feel the Fear and Do it Anyway' by Susan Jeffers, which was brilliant.

But I didn't go anywhere near the underlying emotions, fears and feelings. I didn't try to heal them and clear them. How could I? I didn't know that that was what I needed.

So I did it again. I backed off again for another ten years...

Visit the link below to access 2 Free Mp3 Audios ('Danny Boy' and 'The Flowers of Edinburgh' played by the Laurus Freestyle Duo. Jenny Clift, violin and Cy Williams, guitar.)

<http://abetterlifetapping.com/the-music-inside-free-resources-pt-1/>

1.4. *Teaching years.*

But this time I didn't back off so completely. This time I was at least teaching violin and was involved with music on a daily basis (if you can call playing Twinkle Twinkle for the hundredth time music!)

This time I was also performing. At first I joined a string quartet which led to a handful of concerts in and around Madrid and to close friendships with my fellow players. It's hard to cry with laughter when you are rehearsing Beethoven's late string quartets but we somehow managed it!

At the weekends I started working as an interpreter for specialist music courses at the local University of Alcalá de Henares just outside of Madrid. It was good to make use of my fluent Spanish and I was the only one who minded my English accent!

At one of these weekend courses I met an incredible American violin teacher, Mimi Zweig, a professor at the Indiana School of Music and one of the first teachers of Joshua Bell (the amazing American violinist). I immersed myself in her teaching methods (also benefitting my own playing) to the extent of going out to Indiana to help with her annual Summer School.

When I got back I felt much more confident in my teaching methods and strategies and threw myself into this field with enthusiasm. I found work in several different private music academies and international schools in Madrid and gradually built my experience and student numbers.

I found my niche in a small, but extremely successful, English school on the outskirts of Madrid. They took students from three years old right through to eighteen and, although the school was more academically orientated, they understood the need to provide private instrumental teaching to those parents who wanted this extra-curricular activity for their children.

Over the years I turned this from a handful of students into a fulltime job. I was squeezing in students between their regular school classes and literally squeezing into corridors and borrowed classrooms, even broom cupboards.

I was basically my own boss, which suited me fine, although I was extremely fortunate to be there at the same time as a wonderful Head of Music and an extremely supportive Director of the Primary school.

I taught myself how to balance the books and chase up late payers (not my favorite activity) as well as teach the children and put on twice yearly shows for their parents.

For many years I loved it. I too was learning about the violin with its many technical challenges and I had a lot of fun with my different students.

Through my colleagues in the string quartet I was invited to play with a local orchestra. This was made up mainly of music teachers like me so we rehearsed at the weekends and played concerts about once a month. After a couple of concerts the Conductor asked me to be the leader and I accepted gladly.

I loved leading. I loved being right there in the centre of things. I loved the solos that the role of concertmaster required me to play from time to time, and I loved the camaraderie. We weren't being paid much, just a token amount for 'expenses', so everyone was there for the same reason- they wanted to play and to perform great music. My desk partner (the person I regularly sat next to) became a close friend as did many other of the musicians I was working with.

So, for many years I was totally satisfied and convinced that I was doing what I would do for the rest of my working life.

Those years also coincided with meeting my current husband. My first marriage had fallen apart right around the time I was auditioning for several orchestras and we had realized that we were poles apart and that we wanted different things, both personally and professionally.

This new relationship was a total contrast. We were each pursuing our own careers (his in Human Resources) but supporting and encouraging each other.

After a few years we decided to have children and had a daughter and then, two and a half years later, twin girls. Quite unexpected, with shades of 'Il ya une autre', although I discovered I was carrying my two at my six week scan and not at the birth! I loved having the girls and jumped happily into the mothering role - enjoying my time off from both teaching and performing during their early months.

Going back to school after having the twins was much harder than I'd anticipated. Now I was looking after toddlers at home and then teaching little children during the daytime and I found it exhausting, both physically and mentally.

The orchestra was different. That was my escape valve. When the other members (nearly all of them significantly younger than me) complained about giving up their weekend to rehearse, I would think, '*Oh, this is a holiday compared to raising three children.*' Although I loved getting back to my daughters it was also wonderful to have some time off too. I'm sure a lot of parents will understand!

I never stopped studying the violin. I have always had weekly or bi-weekly lessons and fit in time to practice in order to learn and advance as a player. Much slower than I would have liked, but at least I wasn't getting stagnant.

Through my teacher at the time I met a Dutch pianist who accompanied me in a Master class. We immediately hit it off both musically and personally and a few weeks later she called me to say that she and her husband (a viola player) were looking for a violinist to form a piano quartet and asked if I would like to join them. I was thrilled. The string quartet I'd played with before had folded when we all started having babies and I missed the intimacy and autonomy of playing in a chamber group, not to mention the incredibly beautiful repertoire that exists for small ensembles.

I rearranged my schedule and we started rehearsing on Monday mornings. What a blissful start to the week.

My feeling was that now, with the orchestra and the quartet, I would be totally satisfied as a performing musician and could do the teaching as a way of making a living.

Except it didn't quite work out like that.

The more I was playing and performing, the more I wanted to spend my time doing just that, and the more I resented being away from my own studying when I had to focus on my students. I continued to find teaching the older children the most rewarding. But starting off with new beginners and searching for ways to motivate reluctant practisers was becoming more and more challenging.

The rot was starting to set in...

I had begun to do some inner work, mainly reading and journaling.

After completing 'Feel the Fear' (which, by the way, introduced me to the very best Gratitude exercise I have ever used - more about that in my later chapter on 'Writing'), I then went through all of M. Scott Peck's 'The Road Less Travelled' books, Alan Cohen's books, especially 'The Dragon doesn't live here Any More', Wayne Dyer's 'The Erroneous Zones' and Louise Hay's 'You Can Heal Your Life'.

Combining inner work with music, one of my favorite books was (and still is) 'The Inner Game of Music' by Barry Green and Timothy Gallwey. I even got to do a course with Barry in Alcalá.

I never thought of any of this as 'self-help' or even 'personal development', I just found all of these books fascinating to read. (See Part 5, Chapter 1 for links to all these people and books.)

I was very attracted to the idea of being personally responsible for my life and of making changes within myself to improve things outside.

A turning point came when I was on holiday one summer with my family.

We rented a big house altogether - about 15 of us - in the beautiful countryside near Bath in the south of England.

Coming through the airport on my arrival from Spain I'd picked up, totally at random, a copy of a book called '*Change Your Life in Seven Days*' by Paul McKenna. I was drawn more to the author than the title (although that was enticing too) as he is a well-known British hypnotist with many books on different subjects.

I've always been fascinated by hypnotism and had even been to a hypnotist once when I was trying to get pregnant the first time. It was taking a long time (I was almost certainly trying too hard!) and I looked up a local hypnotist when I was visiting my twin sister back in Britain. I made an appointment and had a session which was one of the most relaxing experiences I'd ever had. I then listened to the audio he'd given me regularly for a few weeks and very soon afterwards was expecting. And then twins two and a half years later... which pretty much sold me on the whole technique.

So, on holiday with my family back in the summer of 2010, I would go out early every morning and sit in my car under a blanket (August can be cold in England) as the only available CD player was there, and listen to Paul's hypnosis tape. I read right through the book and did all the exercises that he suggested.

This book, and another of Paul's books, 'I Can Make You Thin', introduced me to two things, which were to become important keys in making changes in my life. One, the Law of Attraction (based on the maxims 'like attracts like' and 'what you focus on expands') and two, EFT or 'Tapping'.

In retrospect, that book really did change my life.

Those seven days started me moving in a whole new direction which was to result in a lot of changes in a relatively short space of time...

In these chapters I've explained how I got to this turning point in my life. In the next chapter I will tell you how I started using EFT, what exactly it is and how it can be used to start clearing the inner blocks and obstacles which are keeping you from going for what you really want in life.

Visit the link below to access 2 Free Mp3 Audios ('Gymnopedie 1' by E. Satie and 'Crossfire' by C. Williams played by the Laurus Freestyle Duo; Jenny Clift, violin and Cy Williams, guitar.)

<http://abetterlifetapping.com/the-music-inside-free-resources-pt-1/>