

*A Song  
of the Heart*

by JEANE WATIER



## Prologue

As they listened to Quinn play the piano, Valerie glanced at her daughter. Dayna's eyes were closed and her head was moving in time to the music.

It was an interesting connection that Dayna had with Quinn. She was helping him with his music, but Valerie sensed it could be more than that. She'd seen the way that Quinn looked at Dayna; he was attracted to her. As far as Valerie was concerned, Dayna wasn't ready to be in another relationship; it was too soon. And Quinn was a bit of a mystery. Valerie didn't know what his situation was. Nevertheless, there was something happening that she couldn't deny—something in the music that connected them at a deeper level, a level that maybe neither of them understood.

A recent series of traumatic events had turned Dayna's life upside down. But as difficult as things had been, they'd caused her to look at life differently, and Valerie was encouraged by the changes she could see in her daughter. No longer the hard, cynical person that she had been, Dayna was beginning to ask questions and was open to new ideas. She was learning how to feel again, to trust her emotions, but it would take some time.

As the enjoyable music continued, Valerie began to relax. Taking a deep breath, she reminded herself that everything was unfolding in its own perfect time. Circumstances had shown her that she could trust the powerful Law of Attraction to take care of the details in her own life. It was at work in her daughter's life as well—Dayna just didn't know it yet.

## Part I

Everything is orchestrated by...the Law of Attraction. And your vibration is setting all of it into motion. Everything affecting you is a reflection of the vibration that you are emitting.

—Abraham-Hicks



## Chapter 1

An ocean of stars shimmered in the ebony sky. The full moon was low on the horizon, slowly rising above the houses on the quiet cul-de-sac. Dayna nodded a greeting to her neighbor, who was just arriving home. As she looked around, everything seemed remarkably normal. In that solitary moment, she could almost imagine that she was just out walking Lacey on a peaceful winter evening; the girls were at home with their dad; life was as it should be.

Unfortunately, the moment was short lived. The memories came crashing in, and Dayna was quickly brought back to the reality of her situation. Mark had cheated on her and left her for another woman. Their marriage was over. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Her mom had arrived from out of town that afternoon to help with the girls. Dayna appreciated the gesture, but she wasn't close to her mom. Having her there was already proving to be uncomfortable—so much so that Dayna was looking for ways to avoid her. Taking the dog for a walk allowed her some space to think through the problems that were plaguing her. *What am I going to do; how can I raise the girls on my own? she questioned silently. How could I have been so blind? How many times has he cheated on me? How many women have there been—just the one like he claimed? Does it even matter, now that he's gone?* She sighed as a quote from one of her favorite Jane Austen novels came to mind. “She felt the loss of Willoughby’s character yet more heavily than she had felt the loss of his heart.”<sup>1</sup> Dayna could relate to the sentiment all too well. She realized now that she’d lost Mark’s heart a long time ago. If she was honest with herself, she had to admit that their marriage had become a sham; they had only stayed together as long as they did because of the girls. Nevertheless, it was comfortable having him there. He was a good father. They had a routine that worked, and they never really fought. Each of them had been busy with their own careers, their own interests. They’d simply drifted apart.

But never once did she think he’d cheat on her. Now she realized the evidence had been there all along; she’d just chosen not to look. *How many people have known but not said anything? The barrage of questions continued. It’s so humiliating! How can I face our co-workers and our mutual friends? How can I continue working on the same campus, seeing him, knowing he’s with someone else?*

An assistant English professor at the University, Dayna had met Mark on campus. He was head of the Geology department, single and good looking. He’d been married once before, but didn’t have any kids. He made it clear when they got together that he wanted children.

Dayna had been more hesitant. At twenty-eight, her career had been her sole focus, but she knew she wanted children one day, so they tried right away. She'd gotten pregnant within the first year of their marriage, and Mark was thrilled. The girls were the best thing that had ever happened to Dayna as well; she had no regrets. She just hadn't planned to be a single mother. She wasn't used to things taking her by surprise. She was the epitome of organization. Lesson plans were ready weeks in advance, and she rarely missed work, but Mark's unexpected announcement had left her devastated. She needed time to think, so she'd taken a week off.

Her mom was there to help now, and her sister, Rachael, lived close by. As she thought about her family, Dayna conceded that having them there did ease her situation a little. *But what about next week or next month or next year?* she argued. *I have to get myself together. I need to make a plan.*

Dayna was a planner; it's what she did best. She didn't know what it would look like yet, but she took a measure of comfort in knowing that she could find a solution—somehow.

"Let's go home, Lacey," she addressed the honey-colored cocker spaniel at her side. Lacey looked up at her with dark, expressive eyes. The name suited the dog; her silky hair curled into lacy ringlets. She was such a happy, loving dog. Dayna had had her for nearly six years, and she'd become a loyal friend.

"How was your walk?" Valerie called from the kitchen as Dayna returned. "Would you like some tea? I'm just making a pot."

"Thanks," Dayna replied politely as she hung her coat by the side door. "That would be nice; it's chilly out there."

They sipped their drinks quietly for a few moments before Valerie inquired, "How are you doing with all this, Dayna?"

"I'm fine, Mom," Dayna responded reluctantly. She wasn't accustomed to sharing her feelings with anyone, especially her mother. "People get divorced all the time; it's just a fact of life. I'll be all right. It's the girls who'll have it the hardest."

She glanced at the woman sitting across from her. Her mother was a stranger in many ways. Dayna's parents had split up when Dayna was nineteen, and when her mom and sister had moved away, she'd felt abandoned. She could have moved with them, but she was already focused on her career and didn't want to change to another university.

Her dad had tried to stay in contact, but she was angry with him for breaking up their family and had refused to talk to him. Eventually he stopped calling.

"I know what you're going through," Valerie stated. "I've been there. It helps to talk about it."

"What is there to say? It's over." Dayna was starting to feel uncomfortable with the way the conversation was heading.

"Just don't keep your feelings bottled up inside. It isn't healthy."

"Mom, please don't worry about me." Dayna rinsed her mug and put it in the dishwasher. "Are you finished with your cup? I want to turn this on before I go to bed."

Dayna felt guilty for being abrupt with her mother. She knew that she just wanted to help, but Dayna wasn't ready or willing to deal with the painful emotions that had surfaced, and she resented her mom for bringing it up.

They'd never really talked about her parents' divorce. She knew from Rachael that their mom had gone through a rough time, but Dayna had been removed from it. Rachael, on the other hand, had been there through it all and had suffered a great deal because of it.

Even though they lived in the same city and saw each other quite often, Dayna had to admit that she and her sister weren't close, either. They were only three years apart in age, but they didn't have much in common—other than the fact that Rachael adored Dayna's girls and loved to spend time with them.

She wasn't married yet, but Dayna got the impression that may be about to change. Rachael and Brian had been dating for several months now, and it looked as though things were getting serious.

Despite their differences, Dayna wished nothing but the best for her younger sister. She truly hoped that marriage would work out better for Rachael than it had for her.

As Rachael set down the phone, she noticed her hands were trembling. Her emotions were running rampant. She wasn't sure what she was feeling, exactly. The news she'd just received was causing all kinds of memories to surface.

The call was from her mom. She was in town, staying with Dayna. That in itself was a surprise; her mom never came to visit unannounced. It was what she'd said, however, that shocked Rachael. Dayna's husband had left her for another woman.

Her mom had said something else too: "It's happening again, just like it did with me." *What did she mean by that? Dad left, but he didn't cheat on Mom. Why would she compare the situations?*

Rachael had her coat on, intending to go over to her sister's place, when she stopped and took a deep breath. She needed to collect her thoughts before she went there. She wanted to get some clarity on how she was feeling. She also wanted to work her way up the emotional scale.<sup>2</sup>

The emotional scale was an important part of a teaching that had changed her life. Understanding the Law of Attraction—the concept that what you focus on expands to become your experience—had helped her move from depression three years earlier to a place of consistent joy. Now amazing things were happening in her life. Dreams and desires were manifesting in so many areas.

Rachael knew exactly what she needed to do in that moment; she needed to identify what she was feeling about Dayna's situation and then find a way to think about it that felt a little better. There was always one dominant thought, or more specifically, one dominant emotion bubbling beneath the surface. If she got still, she could identify it.

With that in mind, she sat down on the sofa to meditate. She closed her eyes and tried to quiet her thoughts, but her mother's words continued to echo loudly in her mind.

Suddenly Rachael wondered whether there was more to the story than she had always believed. She began to suspect that her father may have cheated on her mom all those years ago.

*That makes so much sense! That would explain why he left so abruptly and why Mom hated him so intensely. That's what she meant when she said it's happening all over again.*

Rachael felt herself being swept up into a whirlwind of emotions again, and she wanted to stay focused, so she asked herself, *How does this revelation make me feel?* The new information caused her to remember some of the pain and confusion she'd experienced in the past, but more than anything, she felt the pain that her mother and her sister must be feeling.

*Okay. She breathed in deeply and let it out slowly, feeling its comforting cleansing. I need to put this in perspective. My father cheated on my mother, and I wasn't aware of it. Now my sister's marriage is over. That's what is, she reminded herself. I can't change what is. I just need to find a thought that feels a little better.*

She stopped for a moment and tried to recall some of the truths she'd come to understand on her journey to well-being.

There is only well-being flowing to me—I can choose to let it in or not. Nothing is more important than feeling good. I'm the creator of my own reality—no one else creates for me. My emotions are guiding me in the way that I want to go. Good feelings mean that I'm on the right path.<sup>3</sup>

As much as she wanted to move to a better-feeling place, her thoughts kept going back to her mom and her sister, and the pain she knew they must be experiencing.

After a few moments of deep breathing and re-releasing the discordant thoughts, the situation started to become clear. Suddenly Rachael knew exactly what her angst was about. She was taking on their pain—identifying with them and feeling their emotion. And her rush to go over there was an unconscious attempt to fix things.

She'd spent so many years trying to fix people, particularly her mom. She'd shared her mom's pain, feeling she had to be there for her—to the point that she was an emotional wreck herself. Consequently, Rachael had spent years battling depression. She'd been on medication and in therapy, but all that was over now.

Having recognized what was at the root of her negative emotion, Rachael felt a renewed power. Taking care of herself was her first priority. The best way to help her sister and her mom was to focus on them in a way that felt good. That was her work.

She chose not to go over to her sister's place. She would in time, but she needed to take care of herself first. As she made peace with her decision, the phone rang, revealing Brian's number on the call display. She smiled as she thought about the man she loved.

"It's so good to hear your voice," she said, breathing a sigh of relief.

"You sound like you haven't heard from me in weeks. Is everything okay?"

Rachael told him about the news from her mom and the emotional roller coaster she'd just been on. "I'm okay now. It's just that my first response was to rush over there and try to fix things. I thought I was past that."

"Are you sure you're okay? Phil's working tonight, and it's not busy. Why don't I come over?"

Brian owned a bar downtown called Trophies. It was where Rachael had first met him. The business was doing really well, and Brian loved being his own boss, setting his own hours.

“You’re not just coming over to fix me, are you?” she laughed. “I really am okay.” Then she added, “But I’d love to see you. Are you sure you can get away?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. I’ll be right over.”

Rachael thrilled with anticipation whenever she thought of the wonderful relationship that had developed; she was so in love. Brian was everything she’d always wanted in a man. They’d only been dating for a few months—things were happening so fast—but it felt right. They’d just spent an amazing ten days on a Caribbean cruise. Now it was getting harder and harder to be apart, even for a day or two.

When Brian arrived, she let herself be swept up in his strong arms. She loved being close to him. They held each other silently for a moment.

“Sounds like you’ve had an emotional evening,” he murmured softly into her hair.

“It came as such a shock,” she explained. “Not even just the news about Dayna and Mark, but realizing that my father had an affair. I can’t believe I never knew about it.”

“Are you sure it’s true? Did your mom actually say it happened?”

She smiled as Brian poured them each a glass of Rachael’s favorite liqueur. Her liquor cabinet was always well stocked now that she was dating a bartender. They moved to the sofa with their drinks, and Brian stretched out his long legs as Rachael curled up beside him.

“Not in so many words, but it all adds up. So many other things make sense now, too. I could never understand the reason for my mom’s anger toward him. I think Greg and Dayna knew about it as well. Dayna didn’t want anything to do with him after the divorce, and maybe Greg felt he had to choose sides...I don’t know. It’s all in the past now; I really don’t think I want to try to figure it out. What’s done is done.”

“Do you think if you’d known about it you would have reunited with your dad?”

She had to think about that. She hadn’t seen her dad for several years and only decided to call him after she’d moved back to the city. They’d become quite close before he was killed in a car accident.

“Wow,” Rachael mused as she took a sip of the rich, creamy drink. “That’s a tough one to answer. Who knows what direction my life might have taken? That one piece of information throws a whole different flavor in the pot. I’d like to think I could have gotten past that too.”

“I’m sure you could have. Maybe it would have caused you to move into anger even sooner, instead of staying in depression for so long.”

“Maybe.”

Brian was aware of what Rachael had been through in the past. He understood about the Law of Attraction now, too and was beginning to share some of what he was learning with people at the bar, staff and customers alike. It was exciting to see how passionate he’d become about it, not to mention the influence he was having on others.



“My work now is to feel good—to focus on my well-being. I can’t let myself get drawn into their pain.” She shook her head. “But I learned tonight that I’m not as immune to it as I thought I would be.

“When I was helping Jenna, it was so much easier to stay neutral and maintain my own well-being.” Rachael smiled as she thought about her friend. She’d been able to help Jenna overcome her depression by teaching her about the Law of Attraction and showing her how to move up the emotional scale. It was exciting to see how she’d blossomed. Jenna was growing and expanding in exciting, new ways. She’d even changed careers.

“Family is such a different dynamic, though. There’s so much more involved, so much history.”

“But isn’t the process the same?”

“Yeah, you’re right. I’ve said it enough times; I just need to stay focused on what I want and keep reaching for a better-feeling thought.”

It amazed her what a wonderfully clear and simple process it was. She’d moved up the emotional scale more times than she could remember. She was so accustomed to feeling good now. She knew what to do, and she didn’t want to waste any more time thinking about what she didn’t want.

“Dayna is creating her own reality,” Rachael began. “She has attracted some circumstances that seem difficult and painful. My mom did the same, years ago. But I know that everything happens for a reason. I love my family, and I believe in their well-being. And who knows? Maybe this will allow Dayna to open up more and let people in. Maybe this will help her to listen to her emotions instead of shutting them off.

“There’s good in everything. Our higher self is always in control. Dayna’s higher self is guiding her, too.” Rachael could feel her vibration lift; she never tired of the process. “It will be exciting to see what comes of this. Well-being is just waiting, ready to swoop in and show itself to her. This may be what it takes for her to let it in.” She turned to Brian with a look of satisfaction.

“You know, I never get tired of watching you do that.” Brian caressed her cheek and kissed her tenderly. “There’s something magical about it. I can actually feel when your vibration changes.”

Rachael was tingling with excitement. She loved moving up the emotional scale, but to be able to share the experience with Brian just added to the joy of it. The connection they had with each other was deep; she’d never felt so close to anyone before.

“It’s because we’re connected. We’re one.” Rachael ran her hand across Brian’s chest as she relaxed in his arms. “All beings are,” she added. “But it’s when we really connect with our higher selves that we feel that deeper connection with each other.”

“I never knew a relationship could be this incredible.” Brian looked into her eyes. “Even the words *I love you* don’t do justice to what I’m feeling right now.” He wove his fingers through her hair and then smiled that smile that still took Rachael’s breath away. “But I don’t know what else to say, I’m so in love with you.”



## Chapter 2

Dayna awoke abruptly. Her first thought was that she'd overslept and was late for work. Then instinctively, she reached her hand across the other side of the bed to see whether Mark was up yet. She reproached herself for the lapse in memory and steeled herself against the avalanche of emotions that threatened to overtake her. *I have to get through this. I have to keep my head and not let these emotions rule me.* Her resolve gave her a slight sense of power, but she couldn't deny that despite her determination, the pain seemed unbearable at times.

She got up and set her mind to the day ahead. After she dressed and tidied her bedroom, she went across the hall to the baby's room. Abigail was awake in her crib and reached out to her as she entered the room. If nothing else, Dayna knew she had to be strong for the girls. It was so unfair to them. They were the innocent ones, yet they were the ones who would suffer the most.

She sat down in the rocking chair and cradled the child in her arms. Abby was such a contented baby. They had thought long and hard about names, but settled on Abigail because it means "father's joy." It was perfect too, because every moment with her had been a joy. She was turning a year old soon. She'd been walking for almost two months and was beginning to say a few words. Mark had captured each new achievement for both girls on video.

*How could he do this to us? How could he leave? How could he just walk away from the life we had planned?* As quickly as it arose, Dayna put the unsolicited emotion in its place, certain that anger would no better serve her than grief. She turned her attention back to Abigail. "Let's get you your bottle, Abby."

As she walked out of Abigail's room, Dayna saw that her mom was reading with Madison. Madison loved books. She had dozens of favorites, reciting most of them from memory. She loved preschool and was learning new things every day. She'd also begun a ballet class, and her tutu had become her outfit of preference most days.

Dayna and Mark had similar views on raising children. They both believed in indulging kids. They'd filled their daughters' world with structure and stimulation, and enthusiastically encouraged them to explore and be independent.

Madison was strong-willed and determined, but she was also a delightful child, so grown up for her age. At only three and a half, she had the vocabulary of a child much older. She absolutely adored her father, often preferring him to Dayna. The breakup would be the hardest on her, as she wasn't old enough to understand what was happening. She'd already been bombarding Dayna with *what*, *when*, and especially *why* questions. Dayna was running out of answers.

It had been barely a week since Mark left. He came by every day after work to spend time with the girls. Dayna left them alone and pretended to be busy with her lesson plans. It was nice to have that reprieve, but having him there in the house, hearing him laugh, play, and read with the girls was difficult. It was even harder when he didn't stay for dinner and she had to explain the reason to Madison. One answer was never enough; each seemed to evoke a new question.

That afternoon Mark came into the study where Dayna was working on grading some papers. "Can we talk?" he asked solemnly. "Now that your mom's here, can you get away? We really need to make some decisions."

Dayna found it hard to answer him. She knew they had to talk about it. For the kids' sake, they needed to make plans and set up a routine that would be best for them, but the words wouldn't come. As an English major, she was rarely lost for words, but then she usually had better control over her emotions. Lately, especially when she sat listening to Mark with the girls in the next room, it was all she could do to keep her emotions at bay.

"I know this is tough on you," he continued when she didn't respond. "I'm sorry. But Dayna, it's not easy for me either. We have to find a way to make this work."

The repressed anger quickly surfaced. She wanted to scream, telling him the whole mess was his doing, but she couldn't. She refused to give way to it. Instead she took a deep breath and somehow found her strength. "Let's give it a day or two. The girls are just getting used to having Mom here."

She looked at her day planner, more as a way to avoid eye contact with Mark than anything. "What about Saturday afternoon?" Dayna felt like she was scheduling a business meeting, rather than making time to talk with her soon to be ex-husband about the welfare of their children.

"Sure, Saturday's fine. What if I come by in the morning and pick up the girls. I'll bring them back in time for Abby's nap, and then we can talk."

Dayna penciled in the appointment and closed her book. Mark had already gone back into the living room to say goodbye to the girls.

*Here we go again*, Dayna winced. Madison was clinging to Mark, and this time she was crying. Her behavior was getting more extreme as the days went by. Dayna felt her heart being ripped apart. *Will this ever get any easier?* She knew she'd get through it somehow, but she questioned whether the girls would suffer any emotional damage from the experience, and made a mental note to do some research on the effects of divorce on small children.

Brian drove Rachael to work in the morning. They'd gone back to his place the night before. It was more practical to stay there because of the dogs—two beautiful golden retrievers named Duke and Cassie. They were like family to Brian, and now Rachael had fallen in love with them, too.

"See you this afternoon?"

"Mmm," Rachael nodded, enjoying the moment in Brian's arms. "Gail and I are planning to stop by after work, as usual. Rob's meeting us there."

They were going out with Gail and Rob for dinner and then to a show that evening. Gail was Rachael's best friend, and the four of them got along really well. The two women worked together, and at lunch, Rachael met Gail in the cafeteria. She told her the news about her sister.

"I guess it's not that surprising," Rachael admitted. "I've always wondered what kind of marriage they had. They were both so into their careers, and when they had kids, that became their whole focus. I don't know whether they ever developed a real relationship with each other."

"And your mom's here?"

"Yeah, she flew out. It sounds like she's going to stay awhile to help look after the girls."

"Aren't they used to being in daycare?"

"They are, but Dayna and Mark juggled their schedules so the girls didn't have to spend full days in someone else's care. I think Mom really wants to be there for Dayna, though. She went through the same thing. I just found out that dad cheated on her; that's why he left us."

"Seriously? And you didn't know anything about it until now?"

"I just put all the pieces together. It seems so obvious now. Back then nobody told me, and I was too young and naive to figure it out."

"It's surprising that your mom didn't say anything to you before now."

"I guess, considering what I was going through, she probably figured I couldn't handle it."

"Maybe it would have been better for you if you'd known. Things might have made more sense."

"That's what Brian said, but it's all good. Going through those years of depression and confusion caused me to ask powerful questions. Those questions brought me incredible answers—about myself and about life and about the Law of Attraction."

"Yeah, it's amazing how things work out, especially when you look at the big picture."

They were both quiet for a moment, contemplating what Rachael had just shared. Then Gail asked, "Do you think Dayna will ever be open to hearing this stuff?"

"I don't know. I've tried to bring it up before, but she didn't want anything to do with it."

"Maybe this will cause her to start asking some powerful questions of her own."

"I hope so."

Valerie watched her daughter. She saw the heartache cleverly hidden. Dayna put on a brave front, pretending she was fine, but Valerie knew what she was going through.

The news of Dayna's failed marriage had served to bring up so many painful memories of her own. Valerie had finally come to terms with her own difficult past, but it had taken years. She could still remember what it felt like to be cheated on. It had left her feeling no better than a secondhand shoe, or a once-loved toy—something to be tossed aside. She'd been traded in for something newer, better, prettier. Her self-esteem had been damaged, almost beyond repair.

That was thirteen years ago. She'd made a lot of progress since then—years of counseling, asking questions, seeking answers, reading countless self-help books—she'd come a long way. But now it felt like history was repeating itself with Dayna.

Valerie had been planning to visit her children. She wanted to make amends for the past and try to reunite her family. She'd made peace with herself, and now she wanted more than anything to be close to her children and share the things she was learning. Her greatest desire was for them to be a real family again.

She had more to tell them, too. She was ready now to share her past. She'd lived with a secret for far too long and was determined to finally tell her children what they deserved to know. That was before she'd received an e-mail from Dayna. It had been simple and to the point—just informing her mom that Mark had left.

Valerie had booked the first flight that she could get. All she could think about was helping her daughter get through such a difficult time. Now that she was there, however, things were more than a little strained between them. Dayna had so much to deal with. She was hurting, yet she wasn't open to talk about what had happened.

Now Valerie was beginning to question whether the time was right to share what she had been hiding all those years.