

BONUS MATERIALS

FOR

Create Your Own Afterlife, by Samantha Corfield

Thank you for purchasing *Create Your Own Afterlife*! Welcome to your help section/bonus materials/fun stuff! (And if you did not purchase the book, you are still welcome here!)

As you go through these examples, remember, I am a professional writer. It was my job to make them as clear, concise, and correct as I could for you. However, you should *not* spend a lot of time worrying about spelling, punctuation, continuity, etc. Just write from your heart, especially at first! If you feel you need to make it “prettier,” you can do it later. Most important is to feel what you are writing. Let your first drafts breathe and come from the heart!

MATERIAL DIRECTORY

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(More coming soon!)

Examples of Afterlife First Encounters

Please note: *All of the examples below are fictional*, written by the author, Samantha Corfield. Any similarity to anyone’s experience is purely coincidental.

Dad's Garage

I push open the heavy steel door, and that old familiar squeak announces my arrival. The warm, oily air is thick with the smell of gasoline, brake fluid, and the faint sweetness of old rubber tires. I stop to breathe it all in. It is my favorite smell ever. The rhythmic hum of an engine idling in the corner mingles with the metallic clang of tools hitting a workbench. I glance around the garage, its walls lined with shelves cluttered with wrenches, cans of WD-40™, Marvel Mystery Oil™ and dusty parts catalogs. The concrete floor, stained with decades of grease, feels rough beneath my shoes.

“Hey, kid!” A voice calls out, rich with laughter. My dad slides out from beneath a vintage Mustang, his blue coveralls streaked with oil, his face lit up with a grin that makes my chest ache with joy.

He wipes his hands on an old rag and tosses me a wrench. “C’mon,” he says, motioning to the engine. “Let’s get to work.” I catch the wrench, its cool metal weight familiar in my hand. As I kneel beside him, the smell of warm engine oil envelops us. The radio in the corner crackles, playing a classic rock tune we both loved.

“Remember this?” he asks, pulling a spark plug from his pocket. I laugh, a sound that feels both strange and right, as I nod. When I learned how to change spark plugs in my first car, he kept one. Said it would be his lucky charm. Reliving that moment feels heavenly. Together, we fall into the rhythm of work, our movements synchronized like they always were. I feel nothing but peace and joy at our reunion.

Grandma's Kitchen

(in honor of my grandma, Mattie Maude)

The door creaks as I push it open. No amount of greasing seemed to ever get rid of that squeak. It was a comforting sound. The scent of yeast rolls baking wraps around me like a warm hug. But I knew she was already making biscuits. Yeast rolls are for supper! The air is rich with the aroma of butter melting on the stove, of coffee brewing, and the faint smell of cinnamon all combined to make the scent that was Grandma to me.

Grandma stands at the counter, her apron dusted with flour, her hands kneading dough with practiced ease. The rhythmic thud of her palms pressing into the dough is as comforting as a heartbeat. The sunlight streaming through the lace curtains casts a golden glow over the worn wooden table, set with mismatched plates and a chipped sugar bowl.

“Come on in, sugar,” she says, her voice as warm as the oven. She points to my favorite chair, the orange one that allows me to plant my feet on the floor unlike the other taller chairs.

As I sit, she slides a plate of biscuits and gravy in front of me. The steam rises, carrying the scent of home and long breakfasts and chocolate milk. I take a bite, the flaky biscuit crumbling perfectly, the gravy rich and savory.

We talk about nothing and everything, her laugh ringing out like a song I could never forget. Her hands, soft but strong, reach out to pat mine. “You always were my favorite,” she says with a wink, just like she used to. Everything is just right and always will be now.

The Artist's Studio

The floor to ceiling windows let in streams of golden sunlight, perfect for painting. The scent of turpentine and linseed oil soaked rags hangs heavy, blending with the faint smell of lavender and sage from the sachets my sister always kept around. Canvases lean against every wall, their colors vibrant and chaotic, a testament to her creative mind.

I hear the soft scrape of a brush on canvas before I see her. She's perched on a stool, her back to me, her messy bun held together by two paint-streaked pencils. A mug of cold coffee sits forgotten on the table beside her. I take a step forward, the wooden floor cool beneath my bare feet.

"You made it," she says without turning, her voice light and teasing. She glances over her shoulder, her green eyes sparkling with joy just the way I remember them. "Come on, grab a brush."

I pick up a worn paint brush from the table, its handle smooth and familiar. As I sit beside her, she hands me a palette loaded with colors I'd never think to mix. Maybe these colors don't even exist and she made them up. We paint in silence, the soft bristles caressing the canvas, creating something messy and beautiful, just like us.

The Family Farm

The crunch of gravel under my boots feels grounding as I step out of the old truck. The air is rich with the earthy scent of freshly tilled soil, mingling with the sweet aroma of hay. The faint, but unmistakable distant scent of manure brings me home. A soft breeze rustles the leaves on the oak trees lining the driveway, carrying the faint sounds of cows lowing in the distance.

The barn looms ahead, its weathered wood bathed in the light of late afternoon. Grandpa is there, sitting on a bale of straw, a pocketknife in his hand and a small block of wood in his lap. The rhythmic scrape of the blade against the wood is as soothing as a lullaby.

“I have been waiting for you forever,” he says with a chuckle, his eyes crinkling at the corners. He stands, brushing off his overalls, and walks toward me with arms wide open. His hug smells of tobacco, soap, and wintergreen gum. I wonder if he has any gum on him. Of course he does.

I chomp down on the best tasting piece of gum ever as we walk the fields, the soft soil giving slightly under our steps. He points out the crops, his voice rich with pride and history. “This land has always been ours,” he says, his tone reverent. As the sun dips below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink, I feel a deep connection to him, to the land, and to myself. I am home.

The Beach

The sand is warm and soft under my bare feet. I feel the grains clinging to my toes as I walk toward the water. The air smells of salt and seaweed, the breeze carrying the distant cries of seagulls. Waves crash rhythmically against the shore, their foamy edges sparkling in the sunlight.

She’s there, sitting criss-cross applesauce on a brightly colored beach blanket, a floppy hat shading her face. A cooler sits beside her, its lid slightly ajar, revealing cans of soda and what I know are delicious sandwiches wrapped in foil. She waves when she sees me, her smile as bright as the sun overhead.

“Hurry up, I want a sandwich,” she teases, tossing a seashell in my direction. I laugh and sit beside her, the blanket rough but comforting against my skin. We spend hours collecting shells, our laughter and shouts mingling with the sound of the waves. As the sun sets, painting the sky in ways I have never seen before, we sit in companionable silence. The world fades away until it’s just us and the sea, exactly as I planned it.

The Neighborhood Park

The smell of freshly cut grass mingles with the earthy scent of damp soil as I step onto the worn path leading into the park. The soft creak of swing chains carries on the breeze, accompanied by the laughter of children and the distant bark of a dog. The sun filters through the trees, casting a light that is more beautiful than I have ever seen across the ground.

I spot him sitting on the same old wooden bench, his posture relaxed, a bag of birdfeed in his hands. My Dad looks up, his face lighting up with a smile that I’d know anywhere. “Took you long enough,” he says, patting the spot next to him.

As I sit, he hands me a handful of feed, and we toss it to the pigeons pecking at the ground. The gentle cooing of the birds blends with the hum of the park, creating an atmosphere of comfortable calm. “Remember how we used to do this?” he asks, his voice soft but filled with joy as we both remember the comforting times we had in this park.

We talk until we run out of birdfeed, the way we always did. When it’s time to go, he pulls me into a tight hug, the warmth of his embrace lingering long after I’ve stepped away. I

waited so long for that hug. “I’ll always be here,” he whispers. The park feels alive, filled with love and memory, as I walk away with my heart full knowing I will visit here often.

The Jazz Club

The low hum of a saxophone greets me as I step into the dimly lit room. The air is thick with the scent of whiskey, tobacco, and polished wood. Small round tables are scattered across the room, each illuminated by a flickering candle in a glass holder. The stage is bathed in a soft spotlight, where a trio of musicians plays a slow, soulful tune.

At the bar, I see him, my uncle, his hat tilted jauntily to the side, a half-empty glass of bourbon in front of him. He spots me and waves, his grin as mischievous as ever. “Get over here,” he calls, his voice cutting through the music.

I slide onto the stool beside him, the leather cool and cracked under my fingers. “Thought you’d never make it, but I’m glad it took you this long” he says, raising his glass in a toast.

He takes a long sip, then stands, holding out his hand. “Let’s dance.”

He leads me to the tiny dance floor, the polished wood gleaming in the candlelight. The music swells, wrapping around us as we move in time with the rhythm. The world fades, leaving just the music, the warmth of his hand in mine, and the joy of being together again with my favorite uncle.

The Library

The scent of old books and polished wood greets me as I push open the heavy double doors. The soft rustle of pages being turned and the faint click of footsteps echo through the grand hall. Rows upon rows of shelves stretch to the ceiling, filled with books of every color and size.

At a table near the window, I see her. My old teacher, her gray hair pulled into a loose bun, sits surrounded by piles of books. A pair of reading glasses perches on the edge of her nose as she scribbles notes onto the yellow notepad she was never without.

“Ah, my favorite student,” she says, looking up with a warm smile. She gestures to the seat across from her. “Come, sit.”

I slide into the chair, the wood smooth and familiar under my hands. She pushes a book toward me, its leather cover worn but well-loved. “I think you’ll like this one,” she says, her eyes twinkling. We spend hours talking about philosophy, life, and all the things I never got to say. I have wanted to say so much to her for so long. The library becomes a haven, a place where time stands still and connection is all that matters.

The Camping Trip

The crackling of the campfire and the sweet smell of toasted marshmallows and melting chocolate greet me as I step into the clearing. The air is cool, carrying the scent of pine and wood smoke. Overhead, the sky is clear, not a cloud in sight. There is a blanket of stars, their light cutting through the inky darkness.

My brother is there, poking at the fire with a long stick, his guitar leaning against a nearby log. He looks up, his face breaking into a grin. "There you are," he says, motioning for me to sit on the log beside him.

As I settle in, the warmth of the fire seeps into my skin, chasing away the chill of the night.

He hands me a marshmallow on a stick, and we roast them together, the sugary treat bubbling and browning over the flames. He picks up his guitar and starts strumming a familiar tune, his voice low and melodic. I remember when I was little, sometimes he would strum his guitar and sing to put me to sleep.

We sing, laugh, and swap stories, the sound of our voices blending with the crackle of the fire. The night stretches on, filled with the comfort of shared memories and the beauty of the wilderness. For the first time in a long time, I feel completely at home. I have missed my big brother.

The Stadium

The roar of the crowd hits me as soon as I step through the tunnel, a wave of sound that's both exhilarating and comforting. My chest tightens with excitement, and a smile spreads across my face as the familiar energy of the stadium washes over me. This is a place where memories and joy have always felt alive. The air is electric, filled with the smell of popcorn, hot dogs, and spilled beer. The bright lights overhead cast a glow on the field, where players in black and gold jerseys dart back and forth.

I scan the stands and spot her immediately. My mom, decked out in her New Orleans Saints jersey, is waving a foam finger and shouting at the top of her lungs. “Over here!” she calls, her voice cutting through the noise.

I make my way to her, the metal steps vibrating with the energy of the crowd. She pulls me into a hug, the familiar scent of her perfume, Estee Lauder’s Youth Dew, mingles with the chaos around us. “This is the best game ever,” she says, her eyes shining with excitement. We cheer together, high-fiving with every go, our voices hoarse but happy. As the final whistle blows and the crowd erupts into cheers, she turns to me, her smile radiant. “I’m so glad you’re here,” she says. The stadium fades away, leaving just the two of us, celebrating life and love.

Meditations from Various Spiritual Practices

In my first (way too long) draft of *Create Your Own Afterlife*, I had included a section on the many different meditation techniques I had used in the past. Some of the meditations below were developed for use in the book, one to each chapter. However, there were so many more that I wanted to include that I am offering them here to you. You will probably recognize the ones that were developed for the book!

There are thousands of different meditation and visualization techniques. These are my versions of several meditations I have used and found to be very useful in my daily life and in creating my afterlife plan. I have used the beliefs of different practices to create meditations you can freely use. Religion or spiritual belief aside, anyone can use these.

Meditation and visualization tend to be very personal. No one meditation is going to work for everyone. Please explore and see which ones work best for you. Also, the more you do it, the better it becomes. When I first starting trying to meditate I was fidgety and couldn't concentrate. My mind would just wander right off of the subject I was trying to meditate on. If this is your experience, keep trying! It took me some time, but once I figured out the right meditations for me, it has been a true blessing to have this resource.

(You can use these meditations for anything you desire, of course. They don't necessarily need to be used just for creating your afterlife plan! These writings are geared toward creating your afterlife plan, but they are easily modified to be anything you want them to be!)

1. Loving-Kindness Meditation

Source: Buddhism

Focus on cultivating love and compassion for yourself and the beings you wish to include in your afterlife. This will foster an atmosphere for you create the events and scenarios you wish to include the people you love in. Allow yourself to be overwhelmed by the love you have for these beings. Your love for them is so strong that you wish to have them with you in your afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Sit comfortably and close your eyes.
2. Begin by silently repeating phrases such as:
 - *“May I be happy. May I be free from suffering.”*

3. Expand these wishes to loved ones, ancestors, and even fictional companions you imagine in your afterlife.
4. Picture them radiating joy and contentment in your shared eternal space.

2. Visualization Meditation: The Celestial Library

Origin: Mystical/Imaginative Practice – SBNR, New Age

Connect with universal wisdom and uncover inspiration for your afterlife. The Celestial Library is a favorite visualization of mine. It isn't always the same for me, nor does it need to be for you. I just try to imagine the most beautiful, glowing with light, library there can be. I just want to sit there and research and write and read, a perfect day.

How to Practice

1. Picture a grand celestial library glowing with light.
2. Imagine selecting a book that contains the story of your afterlife.
3. Open its pages and visualize the world within, stepping inside to explore its mysteries.
4. Reflect on the details revealed and how they resonate with your vision.

3. Zazen (Seated Meditation)

Origin: Zen Buddhism

Center yourself in the present to envision a peaceful afterlife. When I first trying to meditate, this technique helped me greatly. It doesn't ask too much of you – just floating

around in the clouds. This is the technique you often see in movies and on TV, with the person sitting cross-legged on a cushion. Or like me, in your recliner.

How to Practice

1. Sit with your back straight and hands resting on your lap.
2. Focus on your breath, counting each inhale and exhale.
3. As thoughts arise, let them flow past like clouds, gently returning to your breath.
4. Imagine your afterlife emerging from this calm, spacious awareness.

4. Chakra Balancing Meditation

Origin: Hindu and New Age Practices

Align your energy centers to strengthen the foundation of your afterlife creation. You can use any of your chakras that you like. I found the root chakra and the crown chakra very beneficial in bringing about creativity for my plan.

How to Practice

1. Visualize glowing spheres of light at each chakra point:
 - Root (red): Stability in your eternal world
 - Crown (violet): Connection to the divine
2. Picture the light from each chakra contributing to the vibrant energy of your afterlife.

Here is a list of all the chakras so you may modify the meditation to suit your needs.

Root Chakra (Muladhara)

- Location: Base of the spine

- Color: Red
- Focus: Stability, grounding, security

Sacral Chakra (Svadhithana)

- Location: Lower abdomen, below the navel
- Color: Orange
- Focus: Creativity, sexuality, emotional balance

Solar Plexus Chakra (Manipura)

- Location: Upper abdomen, stomach area
- Color: Yellow
- Focus: Confidence, personal power, self-esteem

Heart Chakra (Anahata)

- Location: Center of the chest
- Color: Green
- Focus: Love, compassion, connection

Throat Chakra (Vishuddha)

- Location: Throat
- Color: Blue
- Focus: Communication, self-expression, truth

Third Eye Chakra (Ajna)

- Location: Forehead, between the eyes
- Color: Indigo
- Focus: Intuition, insight, imagination

Crown Chakra (Sahasrara)

- Location: Top of the head
- Color: Violet or White
- Focus: Spiritual connection, enlightenment, divine energy

5. Gratitude Meditation

Origin: Modern Mindfulness

If you have already been practicing mindfulness, you may already know this technique. Our purpose for using it here is to ground your afterlife vision in gratitude for the life you've lived and the eternity you're creating.

How to Practice:

1. Reflect on three things you're grateful for in this life.
2. Picture these as seeds planted in your afterlife, growing into joyful experiences.
3. Silently express gratitude for the possibilities your afterlife holds.

6. Shamanic Journeying

Origin: Shamanic Practices

Explore the spiritual realms of your afterlife and connect with guiding spirits. If you haven't worked before with connecting with your guides, this is an easy place to start. Just the asking for information or help from a guide can set you on your journey.

How to Practice

1. Imagine entering a sacred space, such as a forest or cave.
2. Ask to meet a spirit guide or animal companion for your afterlife journey.
3. Follow their guidance and observe what they show you about your eternal world.

7. Breath of Fire

Origin: Kundalini Yoga

Energize your imagination to create vivid and vibrant afterlife visions. This meditation uses energy, chi, life force, etc., and affords us the opportunity to tap into our depth of inner resources.

How to Practice

1. Inhale deeply, then exhale forcefully through your nose in short, rhythmic bursts.
2. Let the energy build, focusing on your afterlife taking shape with clarity and vitality.

8. Affirmation Meditation

Origin: Psychology, New Age Practices, SBNR

And oldie but goodie! The first positive affirmation I remember is "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." This is credited to Émile Coué, a French psychologist and pharmacist, in the early 1900s. His approach of autosuggestion is considered one of the first uses of affirmations in modern society. Affirmation meditation has endured. Empower your afterlife (or living life) with positive energy. Believe in yourself and your ability to create this wonderful afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Because this is one of the easiest meditation/affirmation techniques to use, I have included several examples or use your own.

Affirmations for Peace and Serenity

- "I am surrounded by infinite peace and tranquility."
- "My afterlife is a sanctuary of love and light."
- "I rest in the calm of eternal harmony."
- "My spirit radiates serenity in all realms."

Affirmations for Creativity and Freedom

- "In my afterlife, I create freely and joyfully."
- "I explore limitless possibilities with an open heart."
- "My afterlife is a masterpiece of my soul's design."
- "I am free to shape my eternity with love and intention."

Affirmations for Connection and Love

- "I am deeply connected to those I love across all dimensions."
- "My afterlife is filled with meaningful relationships and joy."
- "I honor and cherish my eternal connections."
- "I walk in unity with those I hold dear, now and forever."

Affirmations for Growth and Wisdom

- "I am a being of infinite growth and understanding."
- "My afterlife is a journey of learning and enlightenment."
- "I embrace the wisdom of the universe in my eternal home."
- "I expand my soul with love and knowledge in every moment."

Affirmations for Joy and Celebration

- "My afterlife is a celebration of beauty and delight."
- "I laugh and dance freely in my eternal realm."
- "Every moment in my afterlife brings joy and wonder."
- "I bask in the light of eternal happiness and love."

Affirmations for Divine Connection

- "I am one with divine energy and eternal love."
- "My afterlife is guided by light, purpose, and divine care."
- "I walk hand in hand with the universe's infinite wisdom."
- "I am surrounded by divine love, now and forever."

2. Imagine these affirmations manifesting as vibrant energy that reaches out to the universe and helps shape your eternal realm.

9. Forest Path Visualization

Origin: Nature-Based Spirituality

Before I moved to New Mexico, I had never spent a lot of time in an actual forest. I was a city girl, but also all of our country visits were more along bayous and swamps. Beautiful, of course, but not really a forest. When Matt first took me to a real forest, I was like a kid in a candy store. I had never seen deer and elk in the wild. I had never seen trees of that size. Since then using a forest path visualization has been amazing. We are walking through a serene path leading to your afterlife world.

How to Practice

1. Visualize yourself in a peaceful forest.
2. Follow the path to a clearing that represents your eternal space.
3. Observe the details and feel the tranquility as you explore your imagined realm.

10. Flame Gazing (Trataka)

Origin: Yogic Practices

Use the flame as a symbol of transformation and creation in your afterlife. I use so many candles in my other work, this one was a natural for me to include. Candle flames are such wonderful points of visualization.

How to Practice

1. Gaze at a candle flame, focusing on its steady glow.
2. Close your eyes and visualize the flame illuminating your eternal world.

11. Ancestral Connection Meditation

Origin: Many Indigenous Traditions, Vodou, Santeria

If you have done ancestor service or connected with your ancestor in the past, this will be an easy one for you. You will invite ancestors into your afterlife creation as guides or companions. If you have not worked with your ancestors, you may also use this as a first-time guide. I suggest that you start with just one ancestor that you know well and have positive feelings about.

How to Practice

1. Imagine a circle of light forming around you.
2. Visualize ancestors stepping into the circle, offering wisdom and love.
3. Incorporate their presence into your afterlife design.

12. Crystal Visualization

Origin: New Age and Esoteric Practices

Purpose: Harness the energy of crystals to refine your afterlife vision.

How to Practice

1. Hold a crystal and visualize its energy infusing your imagined world with harmony and clarity.
2. Focus on the specific properties of the crystal to enhance particular aspects of your afterlife vision:
 - Amethyst: Brings peace, spiritual growth, and divine connection.
 - Clear Quartz: Amplifies your intention and creates clarity in your vision.
 - Rose Quartz: Fills your afterlife with love, compassion, and emotional healing.

- Citrine: Enhances joy, abundance, and creativity in your imagined realm.
- Black Tourmaline: Offers protection and a grounding presence.
- Labradorite: Inspires mystical insights and magical transformation.

13. River of Time Meditation

Origin: Shamanic and Buddhist Traditions

I have had the opportunity on several occasions to do this at an actual river. It was truly incredible. Of course, most of us can't go running to the river and the actual meditation is picturing a river. Here we are trying to connect past, present, and future energies to shape your afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Picture a flowing river, with pebbles representing your life experiences.
2. Cast a pebble into the river for your future afterlife and watch it ripple outward.

14. Sacred Space Creation

Origin: Wiccan, Witchcraft, and Pagan Practices

The idea here is to mentally construct a sacred space within your afterlife. Of course, we are constructing a lot of spaces for ourselves in this plan. However, this one can be a bit different. If you already practice having a sacred space, recreate that so that you can access it in your afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Picture a space filled with objects and symbols you find meaningful.
2. Use this space as a retreat or focal point in your eternal world.

15. Journey to the Stars

Origin: Cosmic and Esoteric Practices

Introduction:

Imaging ones self soaring through the stars is such a heady experience. Floating in the stars, warp speeding through the stars, no matter what we have a love affair with the stars.

Throughout history, the cosmos has been a source of wonder and inspiration, evoking feelings of connection, possibility, and infinite potential.

In this meditation, we use the imagery of the stars and celestial realms to expand your vision of the afterlife. By immersing yourself in the vastness of the universe, you can tap into an endless well of creativity and insight, shaping your afterlife as a space of beauty, wonder, and limitless exploration.

How to Practice:

1. Find a quiet, comfortable space where you can relax without interruptions. Close your eyes and take several deep breaths, centering your mind.
2. Picture yourself soaring into the stars, feeling weightless as you move effortlessly through the cosmos.

3. Visualize celestial landscapes—planets, nebulae, galaxies, and shimmering constellations. Allow these images to inspire awe and expand your sense of possibility.
4. As you explore, ask yourself: What aspects of this cosmic beauty do I want to incorporate into my afterlife vision? How do these vast, celestial spaces make me feel? Do I want to recreate this in my afterlife?
5. Let the stars guide you, using their light to illuminate new ideas for your eternal realm.
6. After your visualization, journal any insights or inspirations that came to you during your journey.

16. Inner Flame Meditation

Origin: Hermetic, Esoteric, and Mystical Practices

This meditation is deceptively simple. All you need to visualize is the flame growing inside you. It ignites your inner light as a guiding force in your afterlife. I also love using this when I feel uninspired, tired, or hangry. It's beauty also lies in the fact that you can take a minute to do this almost anywhere.

How to Practice:

1. Visualize a flame glowing within you, growing bigger and brighter with each breath until you feel filled up with light.
2. Carry this light into your eternal world as a symbol of your spirit.

17. Guided Dreaming

Origin: Dream Magick and Shamanic Practices

Please see other information on page (#?) about using dreams effectively. Use your dreams to uncover details about your afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Set an intention before sleep to explore your eternal vision.
2. Also set an intention to remember your dream.
3. Reflect on any symbols or scenarios that arise in your dreams.

18. Daily Gratitude Walk

Origin: Modern Mindfulness

Personally, I am much more inclined to take a walk if I have a purpose. Taking a walk focusing on things I am grateful for is so rewarding. Ground yourself in gratitude while envisioning your afterlife.

How to Practice

1. Walk mindfully, focusing on things you're grateful for.
 2. Picture these elements shaping your eternal world with joy and harmony.
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