Soul Signature

Numerology™

Ann Perry

NUMBER ONE

"I lead with heart, not just with my to-do list."

CHAPTER 1

The Number 1:
Wilted Flowers & Wild Horses

Definition of Number 1

Positive Traits include: independent; confident; creative; authentic; original; influential; self-starter; courageous; pioneering; innovative; determined; opportunistic; entrepreneurial; fearless; visionary; ambitious

Negative Traits include: demanding; controlling; impatient; overly competitive and driven; aggressive; bullying; selfish; dominant; ego-centered; addictive; insecure; stubborn; intimidating; disrespectful; boastful

Personal Story
(The Empowered Expression of the Number 1)

I was born to be an *entrepreneur.* I had my first business when I was just six years old. In my early years, I was raised in Burlington, Ontario, and my best friend's family had a greenhouse where they sold various plants and cut flowers.

I remember spying an enormous compost pile behind their greenhouse. Every few days, Mr. Bett would toss out what appeared to be perfectly good flowers. They were a wee bit wilted and past their prime, but I was a *visionary,* and even at the age of six, I saw a way to repurpose them. I must have been a bit of a plant empath because I hated to see them die without purpose.

When no one was looking, I would drag my vintage wooden wagon to the compost pile and carefully select the best from the discards. Then, with the *ambition* only a six-year-old *entrepreneur* could muster, I proceeded to knock on all the doors in my neighborhood asking people to buy my flowers. I don't believe my parents knew I was peddling dead flowers; if they had, they likely would have said something. I was *independent* and very *determined* to find a way to satisfy my sweet tooth.

My neighbors undoubtedly had mixed reactions to me and my enterprise. ("Where are her parents and why is she allowed to go knocking on strangers' doors unsupervised?") But would my parents have supervised me and supported my efforts to sell someone else's dead flowers on the street? I think not.

On the other hand, many others may have said, "That little girl sure is *ambitious*. Her *entrepreneurial spirit* will take her far in life." And it has. My friends often marvel at the number of times I have

reinvented myself. I could always see a new way of making a living. Some may be motivated by money, but at six years old, the profits from my sales went straight back to Little's Convenience Store where I satisfied my addiction to Tootsie Rolls, Sweet Tarts, and Cracker Jacks with the prize at the bottom of the box.

Personal Story
(The Challenging Aspects of the Number 1)

The challenging aspects of the number 1 showed up just a few years later.

In 1968, my two brothers and I spent the summer in Jamaica with my grandparents. I was the youngest of the three. My brother Grant was 13, and my oldest brother Ross was 15. I was just nine years old.

Ross and Grant were old enough to go off on their own adventures but I was left to fend for myself. Given I was pretty independent, that shouldn't have posed any issues. (Or did it?)

I have had a passion for horses for as long as I can remember. My Uncle David had a Thoroughbred racehorse farm in the remote hills of Spot Valley, Jamaica and I loved to go up there and hang out with the grooms. They were so kind. They taught me how to groom the horses and how to make halters out of discarded binder twine. They were endlessly patient, too, while they answered my never-ending stream of questions. They could see my love of horses and did what they could to nurture it.

My uncle had a stallion named Sumarez who was the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. I was in awe of his shiny, mahogany coat, but I was clearly told to NEVER go near this horse as he

was extremely spirited and dangerous. The glint in his eyes was somewhere between *intimidating* and inviting. We obviously had something in common because I, too, was spirited and maybe a little dangerous, given my *stubborn* nature.

On a hot Saturday afternoon, I was once again left to entertain myself, as was often the case. I'm guessing my independent nature made everyone think it was okay for me to spend hours alone without supervision. So, I did what any horse-obsessed, nine-year-old would do and went to visit Sumarez. I was determined to show them Sumarez wasn't dangerous. After all, I had read books about horses, and I knew all about them!

I remember swatting the numerous flies off of my face as I made my way down the beaten, dusty path to his stable. And there he was, sequestered by himself because of his badass reputation. He was big. I mean, really big. I could feel his frustration as he anxiously paced the fence line. His paddock was small, but the view was of lush green rolling hills filled with the green grass and freedom he craved. I didn't see a mean horse; I saw a spirited horse who felt trapped and miserable. I *stubbornly* ignored all of the warnings I was given and I reached in to make contact with him. I felt his hot, steamy breath on my hand and yet, felt no fear. I was proud of myself for courageously reaching out to him.

I was so proud of myself, in fact, that I foolishly *boasted* about my encounter to my grandmother. I *stubbornly* resisted the warnings. I *disrespected* my grandmother by boldly going where no kid should have gone. My enormous, *driven,* nine-year-old *ego* told me I could do whatever I wanted without consequences. I took a risk that could have ended very badly. I was immediately labeled the, "stupid child." In hindsight, I may have been just that.

The label of "stupid child" haunted me for most of that trip.

Stupid because I jumped off the boat into a sea of jellyfish when I was told not to.

Stupid because I ignored all warnings about stepping into horse shit full of red ants.

Stupid because I bought a hat from a vendor for six times more money than it was worth.

My fierce and *stubborn,* independent nature kept getting me in trouble.

I secretly wore that label for 54 years. When my grandmother called me a stupid child, I chose to allow it to damage my self-esteem in ways too numerous to mention. I secretly struggled in school because I truly believed I was stupid. I was certain I had a learning disability. Later in life, it affected me in both my personal and professional relationships, as I suffered with many *insecurities.* I held myself back. I chose to believe my grandmother was right and that I was indeed, stupid.

The fact is, I CHOSE to believe I was a stupid child. I CHOSE to tell my nine-year-old inner child, for 54 years, that she was, in fact, stupid. I eventually forgave myself for saying such an awful thing to "little Ann," but I was sorry I had agonized for so many years, reinforcing this belief.

Although it was a terrible thing to call a little child, my *overly bold, disrespectful, dangerously determined* approach earned me this title. My grandmother's opinion of me was based on me showing her the negative qualities of the 1. She chose to respond by labeling me a stupid child, and I chose to believe it.

How Did I Embrace the Positive Traits of the Number 1?

I learned very early on that I had an entrepreneurial spirit. I also learned how to be independent as I explored my creative potential. I discovered the courage to create opportunities to satisfy my own needs. I also learned that reinventing myself would serve me well in the future.

How Did Experiencing the Negative Traits of the Number 1 Serve Me?

I learned that I have a driven nature that is often influenced by my ego. I learned that I get to choose how I feel about myself and no one, not even my grandmother, can *make* me feel anything. I also learned that forgiving myself for *choosing* to feel stupid was a whole lot easier than struggling to forgive my grandmother.

Reflecting on Your Journey

Now it's your turn to reflect on how the number 1 has shaped your life, both positively and negatively. When you're ready, put your thoughts into writing and let your own story unfold. How does the number 1 show up in your life?

* When have you lived in the positive expression of the number 1?

* When have you lived in the negative expression of the number 1?

* What makes you unique?

- How have you expressed your uniqueness in the past?

- How do you feel when you express yourself with originality, authenticity, and creativity?

- How do you feel when you suppress your authenticity?

- How do you respond to authority?

- Are you comfortable with your independence, or do you lean towards codependence?

AFFIRMATION NUMBER ONE

"I confidently step into my power and trust my ability to lead with authenticity."

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