



AUTHENTIC SENSUAL LIVING

Authentic
Sensual
LIVING

Your Guide to Igniting all Your Senses
and Enriching Your Life

CHARLYN BELLUZZO

Afterword by Georges M. Halpern, MD PhD., *The Case for Pleasure*



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Your Guide to Igniting All Your Senses and Enriching Your Life

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*“Sensuality”
describes the essence
of experiencing
the full spectrum of emotions
using all six
of your senses:*

sight

sound

smell

taste

touch

and intuition.

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PROLOGUE

Message from the Author

This is your guide to experiencing life fully through all of your senses. Mastering your ability to “feel” results in enjoying a rich and sensual life.

Welcome back to your senses!

As you take this journey with me through my book, you will master your ability to “feel.” The two most important principles are that:

- The quality of your life is measured in **moments** of living, not years of life.
- You can experience each moment of your life through **all your senses**, often on multiple levels at the very same time.

My book takes a “storytelling” approach to learning, sharing many examples from my experiences and the experiences of others; allowing you to reflect on our own view of the world and then provides a platform to design your own authentic sensual living plan.

The internationally recognized author, physician, and health researcher, Dr. Georges Halpern (incidentally the author of the



afterword section to this book) relates a story that was told to him by the Michael Oliver, a splendid chef and impressive author of cookbooks for adults and children.-

The story goes like this:

“On a long stretch of beach with crashing surf, a young lad runs barefoot in sand, tethered to his soaring kite’s string. The boy notices in the distance a silhouette of a man standing at the edge of the water. As the boy flies his kite down the beach closer to the figure he stops dead in his tracks. The kite falls limp on the sand as the boy stands awestruck beside his discovery. Hand-drawn in the wet sand are numerous works of art: astonishingly beautiful portraits, castles, flowers, women dancing, a dream-like gallery of original art. This spellbinding sight immobilizes the boy and tears of joy fill his eyes. He marvels at each of the drawings, each one as striking as the next, as he slowly closes the distance between himself and the genius artist, the old man at the edge of the water. The young lad wants to express his sense of being enchanted but before he is able to do so a sudden and huge wave pummels the beach where the drawings lay and the scenes are instantly erased. The boy smiles and picks up his kite as the old man smiles back as they both leave the beach. The man: Pablo Picasso.”

The quality of your life is measured moment to moment. Experience its richness now, for in the next moment, it may all be gone. Waves of change crash in on us continually during the course of our lives. Some waves we welcome as positive change and some are less pleasant, bringing hardship or sorrow. The richness of life is a swinging pendulum; both bitter and sweet situations add spice and balance to our human existence.

The story above takes place on a beach in Southern France. Try reading it again invoking all of your senses: smell the salty tang of the sea, hear the gulls cry and the whistle of the wind, feel the moist



CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

Lost in the San Francisco Fog

This is a book of stories that starts with one of my own.

On the day I'm describing I looked impeccable! I was wearing a sleek black St. John knit dress, the same one that Angelina Jolie had worn in last spring's fashion spread, and it hugged my frame perfectly. My Hermès scarf was casually thrown over my shoulders, a gorgeous accent and entirely professional.

My equally gorgeous PowerPoint presentation was neatly stored on my flash memory stick, tucked in the side compartment of my black leather briefcase. I was ready.

Ready for what? That's the question. As the stylish wife of a technology executive, I had been invited to join an early stage venture capital firm as a senior partner. Not because I'm trained in finance and have a proven investment track record, the usual qualifications needed. Quite the contrary! My biography on the firm's website emphasizes my years of experience in global health research and my work with international Non Government Organizations (NGOs). It was clear to me, no illusion: it was my husband's ability to make a significant investment in the fund that guaranteed my role in the firm.



Nonetheless, that morning, I confidently strutted out of my building on the corner of King Street and the Embarcadero, rehearsing my pitch to a cluster of potential investors over and over in my mind. I walked briskly toward my Range Rover, parked across the street at Pier 38 next to the South Beach Yacht Club.

Mark Twain famously said that the coldest winter he ever experienced was summer in San Francisco. It's a witty, pithy comment and one that visitors to San Francisco hear endlessly. But this was not one of those foggy chilly summer days. This was a clear day, an unusually warm, brilliantly sunny, summer day along the waterfront in San Francisco. There was not a breath of wind. Sunlight shimmered through the palm trees that line the center median of Embarcadero Street. The often rough and murky water of San Francisco Bay glistened curiously like glass.

I didn't notice the exquisite beauty around me as I glided down the sidewalk toward the crosswalk.

The San Francisco Muni Train emerged from the underground several blocks before my crossing. The light for pedestrians glared solid red and the no-crossing signal flashed "caution!" on and off, on and off. The bright white "Train Approaching" signal beamed.

I stepped off the curb to cross; fully preoccupied with rehearsing my script.

The ground beneath my feet trembled like the beginning of a California earthquake as the Muni Train barreled down the track.

I kept walking, oblivious - though there was no way I could not have seen the Muni Train approaching my intersection; horn blaring; conductor leaning halfway out the window, waving frantically shouting, "Get off the track!" The train had already passed the final point of stopping before the intersection.

I don't remember slowly stepping back or the train storming by within inches of my face.

I do remember standing still, then, trembling,
I was so disconnected I couldn't even cry.

I aimlessly wandered my way back up King Street to my building, dismissing my business presentation without even an apologetic phone call.

Once back inside my home, I began to consider what had just happened.

Where the Story Really Began

Step back with me about a decade in my story. This part of my tale begins at the “happy ending” point of most stories.

I was a young and ambitious single woman, a mother of two young children from a previous marriage, making my professional way in a “man’s world” of medicine and pharmaceutical research.

It was the beginning of a typical business week for me. I was flying to the East coast on a Sunday evening, United Airlines flight 338, planning to prepare for a series of grueling research meetings during the flight.

I was heading to Georgetown University School of Medicine, Department of Physiology and Biophysics and Professor Harry G. Preuss, MD. You NEVER wanted to appear before Dr. Preuss anything less than over-prepared. A long cross-country flight was exactly the seclusion I needed to get ready for the week ahead.

As I sat in my reclusive mindset, a friendly interruption from my seatmate in 2B, sometimes known as the Shakespeare seat (2B or not 2B...) felt particularly annoying. Trapped against the window in seat 2A, I had no choice but to look up from my notebook and return small talk.

As a female “road warrior,” the title we frequent fliers bestow on ourselves, those of us who spend a great portion of our professional lives traveling to the destinations where work takes place, I had learned to erect a brick wall between myself and those who found picking up women on airplanes some type of sport.