

# YOU HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE LOVE

This beautiful book about creating love is the third collection of the BOss articles from KERYGMA. Here, nationally known author and speaker Bo Sanchez does what he is best known for: From his heart to yours, he shares common stories with uncommon wisdom. Join him in his personal journey of deep faith and tender love, and your heart will overflow with laughter and warmth.

This special collection includes the most favorite of Bo's articles, including...

- Cherish Your Chosen One
- A Tiny Human Being in My Arms
- You Create Your Destiny
- Your Past Does Not Define Your Future

This book can profoundly change the way you look at life.

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You Have the Power to Create LOVE

BO SANCHEZ



# You Have the Power to Create



Take Another Step  
on the Simple Path to Happiness

**BO SANCHEZ**  
The BOss, Third Collection

*From the National Bestselling Author of “You Can Make Your  
Life Beautiful” and “Simplify & Live the Good Life”*

YOU HAVE THE POWER  
TO CREATE  
**LOVE**

Take Another Step on the Simple Path to Happiness

**BO SANCHEZ**

Third Collection



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**Other Books By Bo Sanchez**

**THE BOSS Series**

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**SIMPLIFY Series**

**Simplify and Live the Good Life**

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**Special Prayers for the Holy Rosary**

**YOU HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE LOVE**

**Take Another Step on the Simple Path to Happiness**

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A **KERYGMA** Collection Book  
Shepherd's Voice

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The stories in this book first appeared in **KERYGMA** magazine under the column, *The Boss*, by Bo Sanchez. This is the third collection of the series.

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## PREFACE

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I love to write.

Especially if I write from my heart.

If I don't, the article doesn't see the light of day.

Because the moment I sense that I'm not writing from my passions and deepest convictions, I get bored and press the delete button rather quickly.

But if I write from my heart, I feel fire flow through my fingers as I pound on the keyboard.

But you know what?

As much as I love writing from my heart, I love something else more fiercely that makes me want to write every day.

Let me tell you about it.

Over the past years, I cannot count the number of people who have written to me, who have called me up, who have told me to my face that their lives have been dramatically changed because of what they read in my books.

I'm humbled.

And I'm grateful for this rare privilege.

My friends, you are the reason why I continue to write.

I write not just because I love to write.

I write because *I love you*.

And I pray that this book changes your life as well.

Yes!

*You have the power to change your life.*

I believe in that statement so much.

Not because I read it in some book but because I've experienced it again and again in my life.

You have the power to become happy or miserable.

You have the power to become a success or a failure.

You have the power to become a loving person or a selfish person.

The choice is in your hands.

May this book give you the courage to choose well each day.



And in western countries, one out of two marriages end up in divorce. That's a pathetic 50% failure rate! I would never buy a car, a stereo, a shaver, or even a nail clipper if there was a 50% chance that it would conk out on me.

## CHERISH YOUR CHOSEN ONE

Getting married is the greatest mistake anyone can ever make.

Being wed is the height of insanity, the most ludicrous commitment, the most totally illogical decision any human being can fall into.

Tell me. Why should I commit myself to be with one woman for the rest of my life—and thereby reject **3.2 billion** other females in the world? Along the way, I'll meet a girl who'll be more beautiful, or more intelligent, or more charming, or sexier, or holier... So why nail myself down to one choice, permanently—and suffer the agony of simply watching beauties pass me by?

And in western countries, one out of two marriages end up in divorce. That blows my mind. That's a pathetic 50% failure rate! I would never buy a car, a stereo, a shaver, or even a nail clipper if there was a 50% chance that it would conk out on me. I simply wouldn't!

And why stay with one *person* "in sickness or in health,

in riches or in poverty, till death do us part"? Is my mind fried? If my shirt shrinks on me because I eat too many pizzas, don't I just throw it away and buy an XL? (That will be the day.) And if I outgrow my ancient computer, don't I just look for an updated version?

And then there's the catastrophe some call *kids*. I mean, do I really want to wake up in the middle of the night to entertain a self-centered, bald, toothless tyrant in diapers? Do I really want little rampaging monsters to break the most expensive furniture in my house? Do I really want juvenile creatures to stay on the phone for six hours straight, listen to noise they call music that you believe came directly from hell and mope around uncommunicative, catatonic and depressed because another demented juvenile creature (a.k.a. boyfriend) hasn't called in the past 30 minutes?

Why should I go through the torture? Marriage is insanity.

But a few years ago, on my 32<sup>nd</sup> birthday, I gave myself a special birthday gift: I got married to a lovely woman—and committed myself to insane living.

Marowe is her name, the one person I chose—out of 3.2 billion females. Yes, we now have a tiny tyrant that wakes us up at night, and in the near future, we will most likely have little monsters that will destroy our house during playtime, and creatures from outer space that we will call teenagers.

Why?

For three reasons.

FAITH. We believe that God calls us into marriage.

And if He called us there, that means He'll be there to meet us. *We will suffer all things—just let us be with our God.*

HOPE. We confidently expect the best blessings—immeasurably much more than all the hardship. *God will bless us beyond our wildest dreams.*

LOVE. Oh yes, there will be other females who'll be more beautiful, or more intelligent, or more this and more that... But they'll only be just that—females—like flowers in the field of a million hectares of flower fields.

But not this woman—*my Marowe*—the one beautiful flower I have personally chosen, personally picked from her roots, personally planted in my own clay pot, personally watered every day, personally watched every day, and personally loved every day. *Because of my love for her, there will be no one like her.*

In my heart, she will eternally be *the most beautiful flower of them all.*

Because in the end, there will only be faith, hope and love.

And the greatest of these is love.

**I believe that in real life,  
getting discovered by  
someone else is not as  
important as discovering  
yourself.**

## DISCOVER YOURSELF

In the parties that I attend, I've noticed a common ritual that happens around the Karaoke or Videoke machine. I've discovered three stages in this ritual.

First, someone is cajoled to sing for the group. He first declines adamantly like it was as preposterous as running for president of the Philippines. He in fact points to others who may sing better—but if for some bizarre reason people don't continue pressing for him to sing, you will notice that he will go home utterly depressed and may even hang himself.

But let's say the ritual is followed and people keep urging him to sing. The would-be singer declines now with shy humor—inviting them to pressure him more. He says inane stuff like, "*Ayoko, baka ma-discover ako.*"<sup>1</sup>

The second stage of this ritual is when the singer takes the microphone, pulls from his left pocket an audio cassette and says, "*Minus one ko, side A. Nakasalang na yan.*"<sup>2</sup>

The third stage happens after the song. Everyone

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<sup>1</sup> "I don't want to, as I may be discovered."

<sup>2</sup> "My minus one, side A. It's ready to play."

asks for an encore—no matter if his voice gives everyone a brief introductory experience of the pains of hell. The Filipino audience is supposed to praise him with words like, “*Naku, kailangang may makadiscover sa ‘yo! Kalinya mo si Martin Nievera!*”<sup>3</sup>

Let me focus on one point about this ritual: This whole thing about getting “discovered.”

I believe that in real life, getting discovered by someone else is not as important as discovering yourself.

You discover the beauty, the glory, the wonder that *is* you!

Listen to a quote I got from Mike Murdock:

***“Popularity is when others like you. Happiness is when you like yourself.”***

Do you *like* yourself?

Do you enjoy being *you*?

Do you celebrate and throw a party because of the goodness that God has bestowed on you from the very beginning?

Let me say this again: Don’t wait to be discovered.

Pray. Be quiet. Look within yourself through His eyes.

Discover!

And be completely awed at how beautiful, how special, how wonderful you really are.

<sup>3</sup> “You have to be discovered! You rank with Martin Nievera.”

## TAKE DELIGHT IN THE SIMPLEST THINGS

Guess what I gave my wife on the eve of our wedding. My honeymoon present, if you may.

Right after the big wedding of a thousand guests, at 12:00 midnight, when we were finally alone in our hotel room in a faraway resort as two awkward and giddy virgins with excited hormones slambanging and sloshing through our veins, I decided it was time to give her my honeymoon present.

Wrapped in a simple brown bag, my bride took one look at it and was petrified.

After all, it was our honeymoon and I could legally give her anything sexy, sexual, sensual, seductive—and all the intimate “s” words you can think of—and God wouldn’t mind.

She closed her eyes and poked her hand in the bag and pulled it out.

And so there it was in all its green and yellow glory, a Crayola box of 64 crayons, with built-in sharpener in the middle. Plus three coloring books of Winnie the Pooh.

(Months back, she told me that one of her fantasies was



to have her very own 64-set Crayola. I was about to share my own fantasies with her but decided against it.)

So upon seeing the crayons, my bride shrieked and went to work at once. She poured out the fat little sticks of peach and magenta and pink and amber and silver and gold... and all the way until 3:00 AM, Winnie the Pooh became beautiful in her hands. (Unfortunately for me, she forgot about the excited hormones slambanging and sloshing through her veins.)

That's why I always say that our honeymoon was the most colorful in the world.

And our lives have been such!

We take delight in the simplest things.

Sure, I could have given her a one-carat diamond ring.

Or a lady's Rolex.

Or a new pair of Ferragamos.

But I didn't because of two important reasons.

First, I couldn't afford them.

Second, we were learning to delight in the simplest things.

I have here a list of things you can do that's really downright inexpensive.

Take a stroll together.

Watch the sunrise from your window and pray.

Play with a baby.

Read a good book under a tree.

Watch a Walt Disney film with the kids.

Order coffee (and nothing else) with your beloved one late night at a hotel lounge.

Sleep till 9:00 AM one Saturday.

## YOU HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE LOVE

Write love letters to your friends.  
As early as April, make your own Christmas gifts.  
Smile at strangers.  
Breathe.

Take delight in the simplest things.

How can anyone be  
bored in a world so  
beautiful and full and  
exciting as this planet  
we're living in?

## WRITE DOWN 100 DREAMS

There are a few things in life that make me go berserk. One of them is when someone says, "I'm bored." I mean, how can *anyone* be bored in a world so beautiful and full and exciting as this planet we're living in?

Well one day, a 15-year-old friend with aluminum fingernails and 12-inch clogs told me, "I'm bored." Instead of bouncing up and down shrieking my head off, I decided to calmly ask, "Why?"

"Because my cell phone's busted and I can't *text* anyone!"

Ooooooh. Armageddon can break loose, the ozone layer can disappear and an asteroid can destroy half the planet—but these disasters cannot compare to the calamity of a teener without her cellphone.

"Here's a piece of paper." (I tore one from my diary.) "Write down 100 dreams you want to do before you die."

Her eyes bulged. "One hundred? I-I never thought of..." After thinking for a while, she sheepishly said,

"Well, I wanted to buy the cute avocado-green Benetton shirt I saw yesterday in the mall. Is that considered a dream?"

"I'll let that pass. Write that down as number 99 or 100. Anything more exciting?"

"Uh... I once thought of becoming an author of a novel one day. But nah..." she brushed off the idea with a wave of her hand.

"Write that down," I commanded, "*I will become a terrific novelist.*"

As she scribbled the line, she asked, "Should I include the word *terrific*?"

"Put that down, girl!" I almost shouted. "What else?"

"I sometimes imagine myself starting my own shop. It will sell trinkets that girls like me love to buy. But it's too farfetched..."

"Fabulous! Write that down!"

She went on. "And one day, I hope to give a million pesos to a home for the aged." Soon, she didn't need any more coaxing. She was like a runaway train, her eyes on fire. *Learn the violin. Travel to Paris and Beijing. Try skydiving once. Become a gourmet cook. Get married and have three kids.*

When she finished dream number 100 (the cute avocado-green T-shirt was somehow forgotten), I said, "Think of small things you can do NOW that will bring you closer to the fulfillment of your dreams. Start with the novelist dream..."

"Well, I could start *reading* novels. I'll learn the craft."

"Fantastic! And how about the trinkets shop idea?"

“Perhaps I could learn more about bracelets and nail polish and hair stuff...”

I suggested, “You can also work in *any* store during summer or on weekends, even if they don’t pay you a cent. Learn how it works, from top to bottom!”

“This is exciting!” she shrieked.

“And you say you want to give one million pesos to a home for the aged?”

“Don’t tell me, Bo. I could visit them now! Maybe monthly! In that way, I’ll never forget my promise! Gosh, I’ve got a million things to do! Got to go!” She bid me farewell and off she went, the girl with the aluminum fingernails and 12-inch clogs.

Hmm. That was strange.

I thought I just saw a young girl without her cellphone.

Happy.

I must be seeing things.

P.S. Write down your 100 dreams. It may just do strange things to you as well.

**I need to learn that every situation is a window where one can see the workings of heaven.**