



Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood

**To show you how to unlock all the love
and tenderness in your husband.**

A book you will never forget.

Inside, read how you can ...

- **Save your failing marriage.**
- **Make your good marriage better.**
- **Unlock all the love and tenderness in your man.**
- **Develop your full potential as a woman.**
- **Increase your self-confidence.**
- **Feel happier, more lovely, more feminine.**

**Discover with Angela, the beautiful teachings
of the world famous “Fascinating Womanhood”
course that has saved thousands of marriages.**



*“One of the best books I have read on the subject of
marriage and womanhood – I couldn’t put it down.”*

Nancy Campbell

Editor “Above Rubies” magazine.

© 2006 2009 ZEALAND PUBLISHING HOUSE
Sections of up to ten pages of this book may be copied for non-profit purposes without permission of the publishers, provided acknowledgment of the source is clearly stated.

Dedicated to Helena Andelin who has revealed the beautiful truths of Fascinating Womanhood to so many women.



Helen Andelin 87
Founder of
Fascinating
Womanhood.

Dedicated also to my mother, Bonnie Coory, a gentle, loving woman who instinctively knew most of the Fascinating Womanhood secrets all along.



My wonderful
mother
Bonnie Coory
age 90

And to Marie my wife and sweetheart of 43 years, who is fascinating in her own unique way.
David Coory



My sweetheart as
a young woman
and now my wife
of 43 years Marie
Coory

First published 1989 by Zealand Publishing House
Second edition 1990
Third edition (Revised) 1991
Fourth edition (Updated) 2007 PDF format only
Fifth edition (Updated) 2009 PDF format only

Further copies of this book can be downloaded in PDF book form from **www.zealandpublishing.co.nz**

Zealand Publishing House
Private Bag 12029,
Tauranga, New Zealand.

Phone 0800 140-141 (NZ only) or (07) 574-6663
Fax 0800 140-142 (NZ only) or (07) 574-5558
International: Phone ++64 3 520-8103
Fax ++64 7 543-0493
Email enquiry@zealandpublishing.co.nz
Internet www.zealandpublishing.co.nz

This book has been inspired by the highly successful Fascinating Womanhood marriage course founded by Helen B. Andelin, Pierce City, Missouri, USA. This marriage course has saved and enhanced thousands of marriages. The author is grateful for her kind permission to use the true experience stories contained in this book.



Author
David Coory.

The Promise of Fascinating Womanhood

When you sincerely apply and consistently live all the ten secrets revealed in this book, you will awaken deep feelings of warm and tender love in your husband. He will respect you and fiercely protect you. He will even adore you, and treat you as a queen.



The Warning of Fascinating Womanhood

*When you begin to live Fascinating Womanhood,
you walk a path of no return. Your man will
never again be satisfied with the old you.*





Contents

Chapter 1	Angela	8
Chapter 2	Ami.	14
Chapter 3	Harmony	17
Chapter 4	Secret Number One	26
Chapter 5	Secret Number Two	42
Chapter 6	Secret Number Three	59
Chapter 7	Secret Number Four	78
Chapter 8	Secret Number Five	99
Chapter 9	Secret Number Six	122
Chapter 10	Secret Number Seven	140
Chapter 11	Secret Number Eight	158
Chapter 12	Secret Number Nine	180
Chapter 13	Secret Number Ten	195
Chapter 14	Summary of the Ten Secrets	210
	Fascinating Womanhood Progress chart.....	221

Use restraint

Apply Fascinating Womanhood with restraint at first, and with purity and sincerity, especially Secret Number Two.

Let your femininity unfold and blossom naturally, just as a fruit tree blossoms in the springtime.

If your husband should ever suspect that you are insincere, or just acting a role, he will not be able to respond fully to you. Your relationship will not bear the wonderful fruit possible with Fascinating Womanhood.

Fascinating Womanhood is an immensely powerful force for good in your marriage. However, it also gives you the knowledge to manipulate men. Please strongly resist any temptation to abuse it in this way.

Forgive yourself of past mistakes

You will almost certainly come to realise that you have made some mistakes in your marriage. But there is nothing to be gained in continuing to blame yourself. Mistakes are learning experiences and stepping stones to future success.

Real joy in life can only be experienced by first passing through sorrow.

The poet Kahil Gibran wrote: *“When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow, that is giving you joy. The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.”*

THE PROPHET



The numerous **True Experiences** quoted in this book are extracts from hundreds of letters in the files of Helen Andelin, founder of the Fascinating Womanhood course. Only names have been changed.

Angela's story is based upon actual events, but names and details have been changed.

Angela and her teacher are both Christians and this account reflects their Christian beliefs. However Fascinating Womanhood works for women of all beliefs and cultures. All that is required is trust in the wise plan of a loving God, and humility.

No particular religious viewpoint is intended to be expressed in this book.

CHAPTER ONE

Angela

ANGELA picked up her remote and clicked off her TV.

She rubbed her tired eyes and ran her fingers through her short brown hair. Glancing up at the lounge clock she saw that it was six minutes before midnight.

Angela sighed. She hadn't intended staying up so late. "Well at least I feel sleepy" she thought.

Sleep had not come easy this past week.

She turned off her electric heater, then leaned over and picked up the empty chocolate drink mug from the carpet. Heaving her heavy body from the couch she walked to the kitchen.

Her anger flared briefly when she saw the mess left by her two children. However she was too drowsy to clear it up now. How many times had she complained before?

She switched off the lounge lights then groped in the dark for the door to the hall, leading down to the bedrooms. Opening it, she felt for the switch and turned on the hallway light.

As she passed her son's bedroom, she heard what sounded like a sob. She stopped and listened. Yes it was sobbing. Her 12 year son David was sobbing.

Angela felt a sinking feeling inside and tensed up. Her drowsiness vanished.

David's muffled, quavering voice confirmed her worst fear.

"I want Dad to come home." Then more sobs.

"Oh no!" thought Angela. "Please God, not this."

She hurried in and crouched at her son's bedside. In the dim light she could see his straw-coloured hair on the pillow. His body was sobbing convulsively beneath the

blankets. The side of his face wet with tears.

Anxiously she slipped her arms under the blankets and cradled his lanky body.

“David, it’s all right. Mum will always look after you darling”.

“I want Dad. Why can’t Dad come home?” David seemed to be only half awake.

“Mum loves you David”, said Angela, putting her face against his, her own tears mingling with her sons tears. “Oh God, what can I do?” she thought. She felt her sanity slipping.

She had depended so much on David’s strength since Ted left. He had been a tall, confident boy for his age, and now this.

Yet signs had been appearing, especially during this past month. David no longer brought friends home from school. He didn’t appear to have friends any more. He just lay around watching TV most of the time, even weekends.

His teacher had rung Angela last week, concerned about what she termed, “David’s lack of co-operation in class.”

Angela cradled her son gently for several more minutes, until he appeared to be asleep. Then she covered his shoulders with the blankets. For a little longer she softly stroked his prickly hair. Then she kissed him and went to her own bedroom.

She left the bedroom light off, so as not to awaken Tiphony, her nine year old daughter. Tiphony slept with her in the double bed.

After Ted had left, Tiphony had become frightened sleeping alone in her own bedroom. Now she slept every night with her mother. Angela was secretly grateful for the comfort.

Feeling shocked and strangely lonely after her experience with her son, Angela mechanically undressed in the dark and slipped on her nightie.

“I’ll never get to sleep tonight,” she thought. “If only somebody cared. If only Dad was still alive. He always cared.”

Angela felt a little better thinking about her father and his cheerful, reassuring ways. She would take her problems to him as a girl and his strong arms would hold her tight as she poured out her heart.

Then he would smooth her long hair and say, “It’s all right Sweetheart. Everything will turn out all right. You’ll see”.

And it always did. Just confiding in Dad seemed to make it better. “Why couldn’t Ted be more like her father?”

She recalled again how cold and remote Ted had become these last few years. How he hardly ever spoke to her, and when he did it was mostly to criticise.

She saw no love in his eyes, only anger. She remembered again with dismay, his ugly contorted look the night he hit her. She would never forget that night.



Despair overwhelmed Angela. She went into Tiphony's empty bedroom and sat on the bed and wept bitterly.

After a while she began to feel a little better. Tiphony's bedside digital clock glowed red in the dark, 12.25 am.

Angela began to feel cold. She returned to her own bedroom and put on her dressing gown. Then she collected her cigarettes and ashtray from the living room, and returned to Tiphony's bedroom and switched on the light. She sat on the bed again and lit a cigarette and tried to calm her nerves.

Ted disliked her smoking. She had only begun again last year. It seemed to calm her temporarily and make life more manageable. She had been surprised to be told a few days ago that Ted had been seen smoking since he left. "Hypocrite", she muttered.

Angela thought back to the first week after Ted had left. Compared to the stressful months leading up to the separation, the feeling of relief was wonderful. Even David and Tiphony seemed more relaxed.

But then the pressure and stress had started building up again. Angela had returned to full time school teaching. Ted had left her the house and car, and paid child maintenance, but angrily refused to support her any further.

It seemed that she never had time for herself any more. Teaching all day at school. Working every night doing housework and lesson preparation. Working most weekends doing the lawns and garden. It wasn't how she had imagined it would be.

Other things also began going wrong. She damaged the car, and it was off the road for two weeks.

Then the lawn mower which had always been hard to start, would not start at all. The washing machine was making a funny noise. The tap in the bathroom leaked. Bills kept arriving, power, rates, water, insurance.

Then there was her mother's attitude. Ted and her mum had always got along well. Her mother would say things like, "What are you doing wrong Angela? Ted's a good man."

How did she know what it's like living with someone who hardly ever talks to you. Just glares at you. Just ignores you most of the time.

She stubbed out her cigarette resentfully.

Dad would understand.

"Can you see me now Dad?" she whispered aloud. "I wonder what it's like where you are now. Oh, if only I could be with you. But my children need me."

Angela felt her warm tears well up again. They flooded her eyes and trickled down her face.

She remembered how her father would read her a Bedtime story each night when she was a child. And how afterwards he would kneel with her beside her bed, his strong arm around her shoulders and help her say her prayers.

“Always remember to say your prayers Sweetheart,” he would say. “Your Heavenly Father loves you, even more than I do”.

“And I haven’t”, thought Angela sadly as she sat alone with her tears trickling down her cheeks.

“I’m sorry Dad.” she whispered, “I’ll start to pray again, every night.”

Then Angela got on her knees beside Tiphony’s bed, and bowed her head and prayed. She whispered the words aloud, as her father had taught her.

“Dear God, my Heavenly Father, I am so unhappy. If you really love me as my Dad has said, please help me. Please find me a man who will love me and care for me. Somebody who will hold me and talk with me, and not be angry with me all the time. Please help me.”

While saying these words, Angela’s tears began to flow more freely and dripped down onto her hands. But she began to feel very different inside. A warm and peaceful glow was enveloping her. Her sadness and tenseness were fading.

For the first time in months, Angela began to feel serene.

She ended her prayer, but continued to kneel against the bed. The feeling inside her was wonderful and comforting.

She remembered feeling like this as a little girl when her Dad knelt alongside of her as she said her bedtime prayers.

Deep down, Angela felt that everything was somehow going to turn out all right. She resolved to pray every day from now on.

Angela’s peaceful feeling gradually turned to drowsiness. She got up off her knees and went back to her own bedroom, and gently slipped into bed alongside her sleeping daughter.

In a few minutes she was sound asleep.

Life seemed a little better for a few days.

It was early spring, Angela’s favourite time of the year. The Jasmine growing on the fence outside her back door was in full blossom. The sweet fragrance lifted her spirits as she left to teach school each morning.

However, despite her busyness, and the never-ending demands of raising children as a single parent, there was an emptiness pervading Angela’s life.

Her friends seldom phoned or called around any more. Angela would sometimes phone an old friend, but it wasn’t seem the same as before. She could detect a coolness in their response that hadn’t been there prior to Ted leaving.

Angela also forgot her resolve to pray every day.

Friday evening, a man knocked on her door. Through the glass Angela recognised him as Rick, the husband of Marge, a nearby neighbour. She opened the door apprehensively.

“Angela, I seem to be having trouble with my TV reception. Could I come in and check your picture?”

“Oh Hi Rick,” said Angela. She felt strangely uneasy. There



was something odd about Rick's manner.

"Well, yes, I suppose you can have a quick look."

Rick walked into the lounge and glanced at the set. "Oh, yes, there is something definitely wrong with mine. Marge has gone away for a few days. I thought I would try and fix it while she's gone. I suppose it's a bit lonely now that Ted's gone?"

"I'm managing" said Angela coolly, still standing by the door. She could smell the alcohol.

"Well, if you want any help, just ask," said Rick. He looked her up and down and gave a sly grin, then left.

Angela felt relieved when he had gone, but at the same time angry and cheapened. "Who does he think I am? I've a good mind to tell Marge when she gets back."

The burden of being a solo parent again became almost unbearable during the following week. David was becoming increasingly hard to control and disobedient at home.

Tiphony came down sick with the flu and needed to stay home from school for two days. Angela had to stay home and look after her.

Angela felt guilty when she phoned to inform the school where she taught that she was unable to come in to teach that day. The principle had answered the phone and she sensed his annoyance. When he had hired Angela he had continually stressed the need for her to be reliable.

Saturday evening the phone rang. Tiphony ran to answer it. "It's Nanna, Mum," she called out.

Angela took the phone from Tiphony. "Hello Mum. How are you?"

"I'm more concerned about you Angela. Have you heard from Ted lately?"

"No Mum, and I don't want to. It's all over. Can't you see that? I wish you wouldn't keep on about it. He doesn't care about me, and I don't love him any more. It's finished."

"Ted is still the father of your children, Angela."

"Yes Mum. I know. David went to see him yesterday. He's taking him and Tiphony out somewhere all day tomorrow. So they are still seeing him. He's picking them up at 9.30 in the morning."

"Those children need a full-time father, Angela."

"Look Mum, I'll find them a good father. Just give me some time. I prayed last week Mum, and I got a feeling that everything is going to turn out all right. It was such a lovely feeling. Oh but I miss Dad so much."

"Yes, so do I dear," said her mother. "I'm so glad you prayed Angela. Why don't you come to church with me tomorrow morning? I'll drive over and pick you up about quarter past nine. Ted will be having the children."

"No, I don't want to Mum. People will only ask me, 'How's Ted?' You know how they are. I'll be so embarrassed."

"They won't know he's gone Angela. All you have to say is,

'He's fine.' Come on. Come for your father's sake. You know it would make him happy."

"Oh Mum, . . . well, . . . well OK then. At least I won't have to face Ted when he picks up the children."

"Good girl Angela. See you tomorrow".

