

Health-a-Pedia presents

The Essence of a Woman

Unleash the Feminine Soul



Featuring:

Tiffany Haddish

*Dr. Kahlilah Camacho-Ali
HRH Princess Dr. Moradeun Ogunlana*

Forward by:

Dr. Glen Depke, ND

Dr. Jo Dee Baer, Ph.D.

**Dr. James Marinakis,
ND, HMD, Ac Phys**

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CHAPTER ONE

Spiritual Pillar

“You are not born with beauty; your beauty is created by who you are.”

—Cindy Ann Peterson

“Beauty is not in the face; beauty is a light in the heart.”

—Kahlil Gibran

“If you are humble nothing will touch you, neither praise nor disgrace, because you know who you are.”

—Mother Teresa

“A beautiful woman delights the eye; a wise woman, the understanding; a pure one, the soul.”

—Minna Antrim

“She is worth far more than rubies. Her husband has full confidence in her and lacks nothing of value. She brings him good, not harm, all the days of her life.”

—Proverbs 31:10-12

“Your beauty should not come from outward adornment, such as elaborate hairstyles and the wearing of gold jewelry or fine clothes. Rather, it should be that of your inner self.”

—1 Peter 3:3-4

“Grace is the power of God to help us in other areas in which we cannot help ourselves.”

—Joyce Meyer



Dr. Kahlilah Camacho Ali

The Essence of Faith and Forgiveness

“Don’t count the days—make the days count”



Intention:

When leading with faith and forgiveness, may you feel peace flowing through you as a woman. You may feel the love for your recipe: adding intuition to the recipe of faith and forgiveness to unfold your purpose.

Story:

Growing up as a young Muslim girl, my entire family, from my grandparents to my mother and father, always stressed character and the proper way of doing things. They always said: “Doing things the right way will make you a better person.” They taught us all the ‘little’ things that you don’t get in school: heart, intention, and mannerisms that instill excellence. These character-building essentials have been passed down from one generation to the next within my family. I spent a lot of quality time with my grandparents, and we were always together during holidays and vacations. Even these special times were interwoven with stressing what to do and the reason to do things the right way. Even as a little 10-year-old girl and now myself as a grandmother, character building has been the backbone and foundation to practice in my everyday life. I now teach my family members the same way. This old-fashioned, legacy-building way is tried and true.

When Muhammed Ali first came to our private Muslim School, he was the then Cassius Marcellus Clay. Whenever he spoke about the school, I was inspired to explore a vast amount of history as well as elevating the religious principles from that school, that would eventually assist the both of us forever. One intrinsic principle involves your name, and what and how you carry your name, becomes as good as gold. Your name truly tells everything about you. For example, in Latin Cultures, some names are given to them from their grandfather, and they attach that name to their name. They never drop it; they just keep attaching names onto it. Thus, some names become very long, because their family builds it up with this generational attachment. Similarly, in the Muslim world, when a person is given their name, it is not a made-up name. It always has significance and history behind it.

Any Muslim person becomes their name and who they are named by. You don’t say the name, you wear this name, and it is as good as gold. Usually, when you have a son by a man, who is the ruler of the family, the very first son always gets the name of the Father. Automatically, the very first son has to be named after the father. This is the Muslim culture. When the girl is born and with whatever the chosen name, they attach the father’s last name to the girl. For example, my name is Khalilah, and my father’s name is Sadru Din. Therefore, my name is Khalilah Sadru Din-Ali. That means that Khalilah is the daughter of Sadru Din. It tells you who you are and how you’re connected. When you choose these names, it is purposeful and tells you about your whole familial history. If I’m a Muslim, I have a Muslim name. So if I marry another Muslim, it is best and wisest to do so because it’s more harmonious not only in name, but spiritually as well. We then pray, do the rituals, and commune together as one instead of being separate. Muhammed is the *ace* name, because you are identified with the name of the Prophet.

I grew up learning the true essence of a woman, and I tried to give Muhammed the essence of a man. I believe you first have to have faith in yourself. And in turn, you have to always be kind to others. The gift for your future is always being kind. Kindness keeps you grounded for yourself and within society. Staying grounded wasn't part of Ali's upbringing, growing up in the South. He picked up a lot of qualities from me, along with the character building and manners. He simply wasn't taught the intensive way of being like I was taught. I would always be blunt and tell him straight out: "You KNOW you got it. You've got a gift and talent. But you can't do something this way, or be disrespectful." I was blunt and straightforward with these principles. I steered him away from greedy people who only saw the money. The people you communicate with and hold close in confidence are critical pieces to a fulfilled life. My faith and upbringing gave me that intuition for him, and I used my gift. He eventually learned these skills, and embraced this heightened way of living. Even as I taught him, he just marveled at how much I knew at such a young age. Growing up in a strict Muslim family truly gave me wisdom.

When I was in Muslim School, I was the hero or *she-ro* in school and very religious. I didn't back down from anything or anyone. I lived with my family's mannerisms and character. So, one day this guy comes into our school named Cassius Marcellus Clay. This formidable 18-year-old man got on stage to speak. I was only 10-years-old and only knew he'd just won the Olympic Gold Medal in Rome, Italy. I didn't remember anything he said or spoke about except that he said: "My name is Cassius Marcellus Clay, and I'm going to be heavyweight champion before I turn 21. So, get your autographs now, because I'm going to be famous." He had enough confidence and proclaimed that with such swagger, that I considered him quite cocky. But I heard him out. He sounded so convincing, yet, at my young and impressionable age, I internally questioned myself. "How could he have figured that out? How does he know he's going to do that?" I concluded that he must know his art of this boxing thing that well and have faith in himself. After he spoke, he started giving out autographs to all of us in the school. His autograph said: Cassius Marcellus Clay. He gave it to all the girls and all the boys. Then he came to me. I was the last one in the room. He said, "Hey, little girl, here's my autograph. You will want to keep this, because I'm going to be famous. You're going to own my autograph with a famous name." He was proud of this autographed paper when he handed it to me. I did an about face and even at 10 years of age, I didn't back down. I looked at this paper and then at him and said: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute! This paper says: Cassius Marcellus Clay. You said, That's your name, right?" He said: "Yes, that's my name." Then I laid down the history of his name. "First of all, Cassius and Marcellus are both Roman names. Then, I proceeded to ask him: "Do you know what Romans did to the people back in the day? And lastly, how did you get your last name with the site clay, which means dirt? Clay is dirt that is molded into any shape any person wants it to be." Then, I quizzically spoke: "I am looking at your name and this autograph, my dear friend. It is nice and everything, but this is a Roman name like a slave. Until you have a name of respect and honor, with a Muslim name, you can take this piece of paper back." I tore up that piece of paper

into pieces, and put it back into his hand. Then, I concluded with my knockout faith punch; “Don’t worry, I don’t want it. You keep it.” With that, I did an about face, and made an abrupt exit.

He was truly in a state of shock! Before I got to the end of the doorway, he was screaming; “She taunted my name!” One of the other teachers consoled him and replied: “Man, she said don’t worry about it. She was probably teaching you some kind of lesson. This girl is like a virgin with her intuition and knowledge of history.” Cassius asked the headmaster: “Who is she?” The headmaster replied: “That’s Elijah Muhammad’s Princess of Islam. She’s a karate instructor. She teaches security for the Muslim Girl’s Training and Generalized Civilization Class and she’s 10 years old.” “10 years old! And she knows all this stuff?” With who my father was, Elijah Muhammed, and all I knew of martial arts, history, and the Muslim faith, he was impressed. And he was influenced even then, by one so young.

This whole lesson and encounter bothered him for more than a minute! I was informed years later just how much. Three years later, while preparing to fight Sonny Liston, he would occasionally visit our school. I never spoke to him during that time, because I had said all I was going to say to him—period. All the while, I was studying him trying to figure him out. From my martial arts background, I surmised that he was a pretty good fighter and usually prevailed in his boxing matches. He even predicted when and in what round he would knock opponents out. I concluded that he was an accomplished athlete and boxer. He knew that I admired that, observing that he trained strategically. From my martial arts and karate training, I admired people who actually trained and were disciplined. My instincts told me that he truly had potential!

On the threshold of his Sonny Liston Heavyweight Championship Prize fight, the then Cassius Clay was in his prime. This confidence enveloped him, which was soon to become his trademark. He stopped calling Sonny Liston by his name and started calling him a nickname—‘Bear.’ Clay psychologically flipped the switch from fighting to playing, which was a tactical intimidation maneuver on Sonny Liston. The mind game became one whereby he was merely playing, yet his opponent was relegated to fighting. On another occasion, Floyd Patterson failed miserably in attempting to use this trademark tactic of verbal warfare and called him a ‘Rabbit.’ Muhammed toyed with the nickname, so when he got in the ring, he carried a bushel of carrots in his corner. At which time, he announced: “Eat this rabbit!” The intimidation for his opponent was as strong and resilient as the religious intimidation that I displayed years earlier. He always said: “When I do these little tricks, they don’t fight straight. They just get upset. When you get upset with somebody, you can’t think through the fight properly. Your training all goes out the window. Because when you’re angry, all you are is *angry*. Anything is likely to happen. It’s impossible to be on point or focused.”

The rest of this story is recorded in infamy. Sonny Liston got on National TV for a pre-fight interview. During that time, he noticed that Cassius Clay was hanging around with a lot of Muslims. Sonny just assumed that he was already a Muslim,

at that time. Sonny Liston proceeded to make a fatal verbal error, when during his televised interview concluded with this final statement. The knockout blow was soon to be delivered before one punch was even thrown. Liston disclosed: "I'm gonna knock that Black Muslim out!" Furious at Liston's statement on TV, I was offended and abruptly replied: "Why did he say 'Black Muslim?' We're just Muslims. I didn't know we're now coming out with colors of Muslims." His statement made me angry when he profiled and pigeonholed us as Black Muslims. My anger turned into inspiration shortly thereafter. I just knew I had to do something to make 'Clay' as I called him, irritate this Liston. So, I wrote a poem for Clay hoping that I might see him again before the fight. My intuition and inspiration kicked in again, for I had never written a poem in my life. I shouted for someone to give me a paper and pen. A brown paper bag was thrust into my hand with a pencil and pen. I was writing with lightning speed. Within minutes, someone said: "He's in the building." When he came to the room, I shouted: "Hey, *Clay*, come here!" He said, "Me? Are you sure you want *me*?" I replied "Yes, you." As he approached me, I said: "Clay, I don't like Sonny Liston. I'm telling you that right now. I just don't like him! He calls us *Black Muslims*. I want to support you to win because I do not like him." I gave the poem scribbled on a brown paper bag to him, turned around, and walked away again. Later that evening, I was washing the dishes after dinner, pondering the poem I gave him. I wondered if Clay even read it or would do anything with what I had written, but I had peace about the fact that I did what my heart told me to do. I got the words out of my spirit and made the effort to tell Clay what I thought. At least I made the gesture to tell him.

Our household was a traditional Muslim home. My father was a very stern and insightful man—a serious Muslim. Whenever my father would summon one of his children into his quarters and ask a question, it was assumed that he already knew the answer. If you would ever dare to lie, you knew you were in *deep* trouble and there would be consequences. So when my father called me into the living room that fateful night, I immediately panicked and thought, 'What *have* I done'? His piercing gaze penetrated into my soul when he asked me: "Did you or did you not write a poem for that fighter today and give it to him? Did you do that?" I was forced to acknowledge: "Yes, Dad. I did. Uh,huh. But how did you find out?" He continued: "Well, he said he got this poem from a little Muslim girl today. He's on TV and ready to read this poem right now!" Clay positioned the paper bag front and center of the TV as he proclaimed my poem on air to the world:

This is the legend of Cassius Clay.

*The most beautiful fighter in the world today,
This fear fights great. He's got speed and endurance.
But if you try to sign the fight? Increase your insurance!
This kid's got a left, this kid's got a right,
Look at the kid carrying the fight!*

*The crowd is getting friended there's not enough room
They all lead Lords there's the boom!
That's the upgrade: Who would have thought when they came to the fight?
They'd see a spook satellite!
No one would dream when they put down their money,
They'd see a total eclipse of the Man named Sonny.*

I was elated that he actually read it! He made my scribbled poem on a brown paper bag instantly famous. I counted that day, where our history and destiny first collided as one. I said to myself, "This guy is all right. He's obviously got potential. He truly listened to *everything* I said and showed a vulnerable side that day, when he seemed embarrassed with his simple remark, 'You mean me?'" I said to myself, "Oh yeah, He's in." Everyone congregated at the Mosque again, a few days before the fight. This time, he came to me, almost for approval, when he asked me: "You think I'm gonna win?" With boldness, I laid my heart and soul down before him in a short pre-fight sermon: "I know you're gonna win. You have all these Muslims praying for you. I'm praying for you. You can't lose. God will give you the power to win, because you have faith. You had faith in me to do what I asked you to do with my poem and declare it to the world. You did it. This is the price of these demands that we live by. So if you have faith in me, I have faith in you and God will have faith in both of us. Never underestimate the power of our Creator, because if you're sincere in what you're saying, you're sincere in your belief, God is going to take care of it. That's all you have to think about. Don't worry about anything else. It's in God's hands. You just win and make this day count."

When that day came and he got into the boxing ring, with that decisive Prizewinning Title win, he was ecstatic! He proclaimed to me, "I know who the real God is." He continued, "You said, I'm the greatest. I know that God is *real*. He's the greatest!" How passionately excited, down to his soul he became, because Clay didn't even know how good he was until God put the power in his hands to win. He was instantly and undeniably convinced!

This was the next sequence of events for Cassius Marcellus Clay to become a Muslim and transform into the Icon Muhammed Ali. He proceeded to ask the leaders: "If I can be a Muslim, and if I become a good Muslim, will I be as smart as that little girl? Our leader affirmed that would be the case. Clay went on to inquire, "Can I always talk to her? I feel like I *must* talk to her. If you will give me permission to talk to her, I'm in. If not? I won't join." He got his permission, became a Muslim, and was drafted soon after.

With the Vietnam conflict escalating now to a War and in full display to America, a personal conflict arose within the now Muhammed Ali, who was then drafted. He didn't want to disrespect his country. This southern boy didn't want to go against his own religious people either. The military explained his special scenario: due to his status as the Heavyweight Champion, he would merely sign the formality of a

paper, and be a part of the Army and the U.S. Military. They assured him that he wasn't actually going to fight in the War. They'd allow him to fight in the ring like Joe Lewis did in World War II. He pondered deeply about it, and concluded to himself he could do just that, but wanted to check these terms and conditions out with his Muslim Hierarchy first. Despite the Military's elaborate array of enticing options, thankfully he paused before he committed. He thought he also better call that little girl too, now a teenager, to inform her of his decision. His Muslim brothers dissuaded him as well, but I indignantly and unabashedly laid out our core faith and delivered his next life changing sermon. When he called, I explained what a conscientious objector was. Those were the real faithful Muslims. Whenever the Military comes to draft one of them, they reply respectfully and honestly. Simply stated, "You're a Muslim and we don't fight in wars." He recanted with his personal caveat, that he wouldn't actually have to fight in the war. He would just join the Army and still fight like Joe Lewis did in World War II. He would just represent the Army by fighting in the boxing ring. Heavy, my heart and soul pounding, as though it was outside of a body, I emphatically replied, "Devout Muslims don't sign any document like that—Period! When you sign your name on that document, you must do whatever they tell you to do. It doesn't matter what they promised you, you have to do what they tell you to do. You have orders, and they own you. If they say jump, you say how high? Once you sign your name, they own you." Then I gave a jab-hook with my final TKO question: "You trust a white man for that? True Muslims when they come to the draft, they turn it down and reject it. Muslims don't join the army. They sacrifice themselves, even if they go to jail."

Then the courthouse merry-go-round began for this new Muslim named Muhammed Ali. He appeared in court panicked that he would be thrown in jail. However, the government didn't put him in jail right at that moment. They took him to court threatening to charge him with a charge of draft evasion. If he lost this case, he would be sentenced to jail for 10 years, or pay a hefty fine between \$5,000 to \$10,000—which was a large sum of money in the 60's. He fought in court, and stated in his case that as a Muslim, he was a conscientious objector, and it was against his religion to take people's lives. Making a similar parallel-case to Jewish people, explaining that his decision was based on a foundational premise of his religion. I encouraged him to pray, and he would win his case. It will be just like when he prayed before he fought Sonny Liston. I felt it. With tears in my eyes, I said: "You're going to win because God is with you already. He already prepared a path for you to win this battle as well. Most importantly, you have to first stand up for your beliefs: I know you told me you wanted to be famous. Well, this is your ticket. Guaranteed. Once this is over, everyone in the world will know your name. Now, it's up to you to make the decision."

He paused for a moment still fearing the consequences of possibly going to jail. I reminded him that faith often demands sacrifice. I assured him that he wasn't going to jail because the Government just wanted that money. It took as much muscle, focus, and tenacity as being in that boxing ring. He had to be strong and resilient for all his other brown brothers in Vietnam. I reminded him of this small

history lesson on how they made ancestors slaves, called you nigger, and burned their houses down. We prayed about it together, and he made his decision to follow his heart. It took tremendous faith and internal resolve, and recall and counted that day a blessing when they called him up and stripped him of his title, his passport, and license—everything that he worked, dreamed, and lived for. They stripped him of everything, except his dignity and convictions. The Government used him as an example because of his fame and Muslim faith. I admonished him throughout this traumatic ordeal to fight for all the people who needed to stand up for what they believed and fight for true freedom. They were banking on him getting out of shape and pitting everything against him. Since he wasn't going to fight for America, they decided to condemn him to an extreme verdict and fine. Only a convicted felon loses their passport. Muhammed Ali had not even committed an actual crime—only the crime of standing strong and firm in his beliefs.

I quickly evolved from preacher to motivator to assist him in seeing the big picture. They wanted to shackle him down in his own country to still be controlled by their beliefs. If he'd retained his passport, since he was so famous at that time, he could've gone to another country, lived like a king forever, and never come back. But he played the hand that had been dealt him and eventually won. He had said years prior that he was "The Greatest." Now it was time again to prove it again.

I became his support and trainer, having my 9th Degree Black Belt in Karate. I knew that it was only a waiting game, and eventually, they'd give him his License back. All the nay-sayers were betting that he'd get soft and out of shape. I believe one of the reasons I audibly heard that still soft voice whispering in this little 10-year-old girl's ear "You're going to be in his life forever" was manifested for this time in our lives as one of those 'not just counting the days, but making those days count' moments which was now.

How we made those days count, as we immersed ourselves in our newly enforced vortex as I became his trainer. The Government and critics were all counting on him to get out of shape, lurking in the wings with an anticipated great White Hope to beat him. Then, they would be satisfied and vindicated. This standstill and arduous waiting game took three years, and during those three years, I focused on promoting him as the people's champ. My intuition kicked in once again: if public awareness and his subsequent popularity indeed elevated him as the people's champ, his detractors would see him out speaking and still being in top shape. They would aqueous and be forced to give him back his license. It was a perfect combination of my martial arts training, and his passion for boxing, that provided our training platform and focus.

Boxing as an elite sport is a true discipline and boxing was his entire life. He was already a talented and good fighter. Being in exile brought us into a closer and more eminent and lifelong dimension. It was then that we were married. In addition to our spiritual alignment, I was also called to support us financially; I was truly a Muslim entrepreneur, sewing clothing and cooking for our community. A few months into this holding pattern and process, an epiphany came over me

with a dose of entrepreneurial PR (Public Relations). Feeling in my heart that they would give him his license back soon, our recipe was going on the road to different colleges. He would earn a little check for speaking and we would return home. The repetition of this road-trip and public speaking increased his visibility and popularity. Soon, it became the trend to join our crusade and fight for Ali rights. Writing some of his speeches, sewing, cooking, and driving was truly work, but I knew it would all be worth it when I saw my husband back in the ring, doing what he was destined to do.

Finally, our victorious day arrived! Living then in Philadelphia with our oldest daughter and twin baby girls, I was in the kitchen when that infamous phone call came. After answering the call I screamed from downstairs, at the top of my lungs, "It's Jesse Hill, from the Boxing Commission on the phone! He said you just got your license back!" Stunned and in shock he said, "It's a joke, right? Don't play with me!" I summoned him downstairs to the kitchen phone. Indeed, it WAS Jesse Hill. When Muhammed heard the news, he dropped to his knees and sobbed. Our day had come, and my faith spoke to me daily during those three years. I knew he would be reinstated. We both collapsed on the floor together, cried, embraced, and prayed in thanks to God. Redemption was ours. He won the case! Throughout his life, Ali remained thankful that I stuck with him, during this period of crisis. I believed in my husband, father, and professional boxer with my heart. Through this tremendous turmoil I evidenced the true power of a woman steering the wheel of marriage as we became closer than ever.

Instantaneously, after he won his reinstatement, the Commission announced his fight with Jerry Quarry. There was more to overcome during his expulsion than just a boxing license reinstatement. People misunderstood our religion and believed that he was turning his back on America and wasn't being Patriotic. Some Blacks even joined in, saying that he was weak and wasn't strong enough to fight for his own country. It was never about the lack of love for his country, but his predominant love of God. When the public found out that Jerry Quarry was to be his opponent, they immediately labeled Jerry 'The Great White Hope.' When Quarry was interviewed on TV, he was questioned why he even agreed to fight Muhammed Ali. Quarry's straightforward reply was simply: "He has every right in the world to fight. That's what he does. He was the Heavyweight Champion, and you never should've taken his license away." Jerry Quarry was such a classy professional, who supported us during our three year ban. Jerry just treated him like another fighter, and Muhammed in turn responded being respectful to him. This mutual respect was especially epic to observe, since the venue was in the Deep South of Atlanta, Georgia.

On fight night, racial tensions were extremely high, because a lot of people, especially white people, came out in droves protesting against Ali. Unfortunately, I couldn't be a part of this event for redemption, because of the heightened racial disturbances and ensuing unrest. We agreed that it was more important for me to take care of our daughter and our newborn twins. Ali won decisively and reclaimed

his Heavyweight Title. However, basking in the ecstasy of his victory was fleeting, when I received a threatening phone call. This onerous male voice bellowed: "He won, but you all lose when the bomb goes off at midnight!" Frozen in time, I hung up the phone. Startled and shook, however, I moved into action and I immediately called some of our close friends to tell them the dreadful news. I resolutely gathered up my girls and headed to a safer haven in the city line of Philadelphia. Our friends panicked, but I remained calm. It wasn't logical that if someone was going to blow you up, why would they pre-announce the event and time? I wasn't in fear because I'd stared down cowardice in the face before. Muhammed Ali was a man who lived faith, his religion, and stood strong in both. Why would a person want to kill somebody for that? After I pondered my own unstated question, my own faith again rose to the surface, and I began to pray for him.

Belief:

That intuitive voice inside my heart that spoke to me the night of our bomb threat was that same voice that first spoke to me about Cassius Clay when I was a little girl attending that Muslim School in Chicago. When I first laid eyes on Muhammed Ali, then Cassius Clay, walking confidently down the hallway—the voice of destiny that whispered: "This man is going to be in your life for the rest of your life." The true essence of a woman is having that ultimate and intimate conversation and relationship with your Creator, yourself, that then transfers and transcends to your man. A woman's essence is compounded when she listens to her instincts. All women, especially, are born with that 'inner wiring' and gut feeling. Those feelings are reinforced, when we pray, and make our daily ritual of prayer—especially against the Evil in this world. Prayer is the spiritual martial arts magic that allows anyone to act in faith, unconditional love, and forgiveness. These three are a true TKO recipe for spiritual abundance and a fulfilled life. Add a dose of common sense, and prayer becomes a habitual practice and standard to live by. Feel your feelings. Your instincts are your instincts. With intention behind these instincts and feelings, The Creator will guide and connect more of your life together than you ever would imagine. Your faith becomes that connection to the blueprint and proclamation of life. No one can truly predict anything on a goose-bumpy feeling. More than a prediction, intuition with intention is the ultimate trust in Guidance from The Creator. Through this guidance, especially through the bumps in the road of life, the faith and forgiveness code becomes magic for any couple, when the woman initially listens to this intention. Then, any couple can draw closer, with deeper intimacy as husband and wife.

When you feel something, you should act upon it, for you already have a pre-ordained conviction that it's right and a right decision for you. Although you may count the days, initially listening makes the days really count. It doesn't matter the intentions of what you're striving for, God will always bless you. It may not be the way you envisioned it, for we never planned for three years of being banished from Professional Boxing. But it always is as boldly glittering as a Heavyweight Prize-winning belt adorned in sparkling glory. Trust that God puts these thoughts and

desires into your heart and mind. Be sincere about your intuition with intention and elevate it with a dose and frequency of love.

The essence of a woman, especially with her man, is one of support, laying a feminine and secure foundation. In my case, my secure foundation was first based on Faith. Muhammed Ali was the first professional in sports to be called the G.O.A.T. (Greatest Of All Time). This new title was born out of the fact that he first proclaimed himself “The Greatest.” Now, in my storied and colorful life, I’ve now been honored and referred to as the G.O.A.T’s G.O.A.T. I smile and shake my head, with an inner knowing, reminiscing and counting back the days of how I made each of those days count. Supporting my Man, and especially in a TKO of “*Undefeated Faith and Forgiveness*,” has been the greatest gift in the world: My true essence of a woman.

ACTION STEPS for Faith and Forgiveness:

- Keep your focus: Life’s situations are all temporary.
- Listen to your heart and intuition.
- Never waver in your faith.

Dr. Kahlilah Camacho Ali



CHAPTER TWO

Mental Pillar

“A strong woman is a beautiful woman.”

—Kirsten Dunst

“Passion first and everything will fall into place.”

—Holly Holm

“The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.”

—Francis Bacon

“There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness.”

—Maria Mitchell

“Beauty begins the moment you decide to be yourself.”

—Coco Chanel

“The beauty of a woman must be seen from in her eyes, because that is the doorway to her heart, the place where love resides.”

—Audrey Hepburn

“Beauty is not flawless; it shines even through your flaws.”

—Unknown

“People often say that ‘beauty is in the eye of the beholder,’ and I say that the most liberating thing about beauty is realizing that you are the beholder.”

—Salma Hayek



Kathy Strauss, CCFC



The Transformative Power of Creativity

*“In the canvas of life, creativity serves
as the brushstroke of healing”*



Intention:

Every action we take in our lives affects all living things. As human beings, we share our environment, community, attitude, and knowledge—individually and together, each aspect influences who and what we are. If we act negatively, our actions create negative happenings—when we act positively, we create a ripple that affects our lives in a positive manner. For every action or thought, there is an equal or opposite reaction, and as we know thoughts become things. I like to frame it as “we are the artists of our lives.”

Story:

Creativity is not merely confined to the realm of artistic endeavors; it is a potent force that permeates every facet of our lives, including our relationships. When we embrace creativity as a means of expression, we open ourselves to a world of possibilities. At its core, it encourages us to delve into the depths of our imagination, unraveling the layers of our innermost thoughts and emotions. This journey of self-exploration is instrumental in fostering a deeper understanding of ourselves and our partners.

I create my current life, using a proverbial brushstroke. I am an artist—creative—doing my best thinking outside the box, and seeing everything around me in full color. This wasn't always the case. Even though I took the creative path to make a living and teach it, I had doubts that I wasn't good enough. I compared myself to others and had the *'doubting mind'* always popping up in my head. I was allowing myself to be guided by thoughts that didn't serve me and though I put on a good front, I let my “left brain” rule most of what I was doing or thinking. It was as if I had an imaginary character sitting on my left shoulder named “George” who told me to judge everything or take things personally. Looking back, it wasn't until I started diving into creativity fully to de-stress that I realized “George” was directing a lot of my life. As I did, I found myself becoming more mindful of everything. Creativity became a guiding force and a teaching tool, “George” even learned to step away when I needed him to. Of course, when I need his logical guiding voice—I let him back into my life.

One of the most profound ways creativity influences us is through its ability to promote clear communication. In a world where words often fall short, art and design have become a universal language through which we can convey emotions, ideas, and feelings. Whether it's a heartfelt painting, a soul-stirring poem, or a melodic composition, creative expression transcends linguistic barriers, allowing us to connect with each other on a deeper, more soulful level.

Creativity serves as a powerful tool for navigating conflict as well as overcoming adversity in relationships. When we face challenges or disagreements, it can be easy to succumb to frustration or resentment. However, by channeling our emotions into artistic expression, we create a safe space for dialogue and introspection. Whether creating a painting, writing a poem, or composing a piece of music—we express our feelings in a way that is clear to ourselves and others.

Early in my career, I was employed as a senior graphic designer by the World Bank, which to me was a very left-brained environment. For each project I took on, my coworkers would give me data to translate and then design business presentations, graphs, charts, and/or publications. They needed something that would get their message across simply and easily. By using my creative “brushstroke” the process looked like this: boring numbers in, work my magic, and out would come a masterpiece bright and colorful. Yet I wasn’t always that way, when I was in junior high—I marched to the beat of a different drummer. Art didn’t inspire me, and it showed—I flunked art in 7th grade! It wasn’t that I didn’t like art—I did! Creativity was a part of my youth. I took music lessons, danced, journaled, and doodled when I could. I remember clearly that my teachers kept telling me I had that spark, I just didn’t know how to tap into it fully.

In 8th grade, I had an art teacher who recognized my hidden spark—he challenged and encouraged me to think differently. I had other teachers who influenced me too, but it was art that became something I did, enjoyed, and even wanted to teach. After college, I dove into a graphic design career. I loved my colleagues, and I made the work as colorful as I could, yet I wasn’t truly inspired.

Unlike the beauty of my design career, my first marriage was an abusive one—it lasted 14 years until I took charge of my life and screamed “Enough!” The relationship was rocky from the beginning, but looking on the bright side, it taught me strength and resiliency. One of the stories from that relationship was our daughter had discovered the love of competitive dance. Her classes and costumes cost a lot of money, and even though we could afford it—her father didn’t see the value in it, refusing to help financially. He preferred to spend freely on all his sound and music equipment rather than encouraging his own child. I saw the value and joy that dance brought her and used my hobby of designing and selling jewelry to pay for everything that supported her. There were other struggles with the marriage that included both verbal and physical abuse. The strength I learned from that relationship showed me that life partners should build up, care, and support each other. What I experienced taught me that creativity and forgiveness were the sparks that helped me to think differently about my situation. Creativity became the art of my strength.

Shortly after my divorce, I met my second husband. He was my twin flame, my creative sounding board, my greatest teacher, and one who reflected images of my life through a different lens. When we met, it was a moment of synchronicity. We were both attending a creativity conference—where I was one of the instructors. When we met, I was captivated by his soft brown eyes, his chipped front tooth, and his sharp wit. We spent five days together, immersed in creativity, weaving our connectivity together. We knew instantly we would be married. The unfortunate part was he lived in Spokane and I lived in Washington D.C. and we were three thousand miles apart. Staying connected through early morning long-distance phone calls, we got to know each other by sharing stories and feelings. By the end of six months, he told me he was moving east to be with me and my daughter. That was the happiest day of my life!

Once he moved east and into my daily life, we did our best to establish a rhythm for our new blended family. We also promised ourselves we would always keep the line of communication open. It became an integral part of our relationship. We were both graphic designers and specialized in branding. Part of our old full-time jobs was helping our clients design and refine their message. We both had a dream to start our own company and with our knowledge and experience, we did! The challenge that some people might have seen is that we had just started living together, got married, and now we planned on working together! Our new business was a success and I'll attribute some of that to the tools, strength, clear communication, and forgiveness we shared with each other. My attitude of creative resilience simply taught me how to roll with the punches and our relationship flourished.

Approximately ten years into our relationship, my husband started to experience some serious health issues. When they first started, I only thought it was a "one-off" illness. What I didn't realize was how serious it was. All of the ailments built one on top of the other. I kept telling myself I was a creative, not a medical professional, I was totally unfamiliar with this medical world. Little did I know these lessons would support me through a conventional maze called health care.

His health issue avalanche started a medical education that I refer to as "learning by the firehose method" or in creative terms, I took my paintbrush, loaded it with paint, and started painting on the canvas of my husband's life. The doctors didn't have an immediate diagnosis for his first ER visit. The myriad of three or four different reasons for his nausea and severe pain made my head feel like a ping pong ball. They eventually sent him home to "get over this 'virus,'" Tragically, he never got better—only worse. That led me on a journey of taking him to see doctor after doctor until he collapsed in one of their offices. Over a four-month period, it was a nightmare of diagnoses, countless doctors, two surgeries, and three hospitals. By the time we were in our third month of his medical hell, he landed back in the third hospital for what we thought was a stroke. That wasn't the core issue, my poor husband was finally diagnosed with chronic Lyme Disease—now they added strong antibiotics to the Heinz 57 mix of medication, which led to complications due to allergic reactions. To this day I say that had the first hospital and doctors done their job and diagnosed him properly, we could have prevented a lot of anguish and frustration.

During that time, I kept notes of essential details and conversations. They allowed me to learn and keep track of everything—they also got me appointed to a hospital family/patient advocacy board. How did that happen? The gift was I was able to present the misdiagnoses and poor care to one of the hospital's leadership, and with my guidance and stories, they were able to share case studies of ineffective care as lessons with their medical staff. I was proud of myself as I felt deep down, I was onto something—using mistakes as a way of learning.

My real creative lessons started when I began sharing his nightmare medical stories on Facebook. Doing this, helped alleviate some of my stress and I didn't feel

like I was alone. After that initial nightmare, my husband started to experience other ailments on the disease menu: type II diabetes, congestive heart failure, kidney failure, Lyme disease, white matter brain disease, seizures, and a whole host of allergies and sensitivities to his mound of pills! As time went on, he relied more and more on me—I didn't stress out as I loved and was committed to him in every way. I kept records of what was going on including his ever growing or changing list of medications by using apps on my cell phone. As my medical self-knowledge grew, I felt empowered to stand up to what I intuitively felt was a lack of care or mis-care.

At the same time as the size of my husband's healthcare story grew, I found myself tapping more and more into creativity to keep myself centered within the chaos. Through creative thinking, I learned to navigate the bureaucratic system regardless of the lack of communication. My head spun as the doctors would toss out treatment after treatment, and eventually, his doctors finally opened their minds to the fact that I was the person to talk to about the mounting concerns around his health and treatments. If there was a lack of communication, I knew how to get their attention until we got our answers. Regardless of the care or the facility, the rabid patient advocate was born inside of me to be the best one possible. The core component and most important thing about us was—we believed in each other. There was trust, faith, and tenacity to know no matter what, we would always get to the bottom of what was happening and solve any crisis together.

Belief:

My growth of knowledge in the healthcare world or in other words, my husband's medical issue "world," pushed me beyond my own comfort zone. What I didn't know then was that my general artistic training had trained my brain to take on a superhuman trait—knowing how to think outside the box. Even though I was doing my varied art forms as my husband's health challenges continued, I personally struggled with my own stress levels managing my roles as caregiver, patient advocate, business owner, wife, and mother. It was at this time, I found the Creatively Fit™ coach training that changed my life. The tools in the program re-taught me to learn to paint for fun, doodle, craft, and most of all, meditate. Each simple creative activity allowed me to soothe my stress and help me center. I had found an inner strength and it helped me grow.

Creativity influences everything we do. It's the "how we see the world," its boundless force transcends the confines of artistic expression and can even extend its transformative power into the realm of healthcare. As I navigated the intricacies of my husband's healthcare journey, I found that creativity emerged as a guiding light, illuminating pathways to healing, connections, and holistic wellness. It kept me centered and calm. I took the time to quiet my left-brain "George" chatter by playing music, spending time in nature, and meditating. I created art for myself by exploring new techniques or materials, doodling, going out on a photo jaunt, or slapping paint on blank canvases. When I stressed I consciously spent time in a creative space.

Practicing this new way of being, I began to think clearer, concentrate more, and was told that I had become a “nicer person” after doing such.

Creativity can infuse relationships with a sense of joy, spontaneity, and playfulness. When we embrace its spirit, we start experiencing a sense of wonder and curiosity. It also can heal a person in times of pain, heartache, or disease. The simple act of artmaking offers solace and comfort, serving as a beacon of hope amidst the darkness. Through creative expression, we can process our grief, mend our broken hearts, and emerge from adversity with renewed strength and resilience. It is a transformative force that has the power to enrich, heal, and elevate our relationships. As we navigate the intricacies of human connection and relationships, let us remember in the canvas of life, creativity is the brushstroke that colors our relationships with beauty, authenticity, and love.

Action Steps:

- **Explore creative outlets:** Experiment with different forms of artistic expression: painting, writing, music, or dance.
- **Share your creations:** Be vulnerable and open and share your creative endeavors proudly.
- **Realize your freedom of choice:** Just like you choose the color you put on the canvas, and the shape of your brush stroke, so do you choose your life experience.
- **Use creativity to navigate conflict:** When faced with challenges, channel your emotions into creative expression to facilitate dialogue and resolution.
- **Find joy in creativity:** Embrace the spirit of playfulness and adventure by engaging in creative activities.
- **Harness the healing power of art:** Use creative expression for processing emotions,

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Renee' Brown



Unbreakable: From Trenches to Triumph!

*“Receive, Overcome, Serve and Inspire!” (ROSI)
for Optimism and Resilience.”*



Intention:

This is a story from my heart, to inspire others to disrupt what isn't working or to create something new and novel for humanity to flourish.

Story:

Over the past 20 years, my husband, Mike, and I have partnered with thousands of patients to help build a new world of wellness! When I reflect upon the common missions of the companies that we have created, my personal experience and passion has motivated me to offer healing to those with trauma on a multidimensional level. In therapeutic settings, clients want to speak with someone who has “been there.” There is an undeniable energy that is ameliorating when we feel understood. When we feel heard, we also feel loved.

We are very proud to stand behind many causes together with several successful businesses: Next Level Recovery (Treatment Center), Sober Living Properties (Recovery Housing), and Medical Mindshare (Integrative Medical Care). Our programs have been lifesaving and life-giving.

After many years of helping such an array of clients, we discovered something very alarming. Mike and I noticed that many of our clients, who were thrust in and out of foster care, usually had lives that continued to be riddled with abuse from correctional facilities well into adulthood. These patterns were similar to our clients who had survived intergenerational poverty and who typically experienced institutional style housing at a young age.

Some shocking statistics about children in foster care and correctional facilities include:

- PTSD: Children in foster care are diagnosed with PTSD at twice the rate of U.S. war veterans
- Incarceration: 20% of former foster care youth are incarcerated by age 21
- Homelessness: 30% of former foster care youth are homeless by age 21
- Substance abuse: 50% of former foster youth develop substance abuse by age 24
- Death Row: Up to 80% of death row inmates are former foster care youth

Life is sometimes composed of circles and semicircles that itch to be completed. One of the most ardent desires of my heart is to make a change or a dent in the current foster care system. It was a system that I wrestled with as a child along with my brothers.

It's unfathomable to know where to begin. In what seems like a lifetime ago, I was in the Los Angeles Foster Care System along with my brothers, Kevin and Eddie, in the late 70's and 80's. This was a time in Los Angeles County when institutional style care, Group Homes, Foster Homes, and other facilities were largely unchecked and unaccountable for the treatment of at-risk children.

Most institutional centers and group homes congregated kids who were considered “Emotionally Disturbed.” This label was used for children who had experienced a multiplicity of traumatic events. This alienating label was supposed to commission the coordination of enriched professional services to take place. Traditionally, these children had been put in the most abusive environments. They were commonly discarded into specialized institutions where heinous acts were committed against them. These places had been rife with felonious acts in the most widespread and offensive abuses in the foster care system, which still happens to this day.

At the brink of turning ten years old, I was arrested for escaping a foster home. This shivering trauma began with a long chain of nefarious events. Sequestered in a locked room, I was forbidden to leave short of going to school. Another boy and girl, Danny and Anna, chose to run away with me and flee from contemptible circumstances. Emotionally weak from abuse but with an overarching feeling of nothing to lose, we ran away after school. I leaned on Danny for confidence since he claimed to know how we all could survive. Danny, who fully embraced his American Indian heritage like a magic wand, mistakenly thought he could assist us to live off the land. Naively I believed that he really did understand how we could sustain ourselves in the city.

The three of us began to slowly and aimlessly meander into a heavily populated city center location. On the walk, strong emotions welled up inside of me. As I looked down at the sidewalk and studied the lines in contrast to my strides. I felt isolated and alone, like no one cared. I was angry to be alive! I had never felt such despair until that day.

Eventually, we all began to tire. It had been a very long and arduous day. In the evening, Anna began to become nauseous. It was past midnight when her illness began to become more pronounced. Being kids, we all thought it would be fun to swim in the swill water under the sub-walk earlier that night. No one knew that we were making one of the worst choices possible. It was notoriously dangerous to hang out in that particular spot. The heavy rain that day filled the sub-walk up with at least three feet of water. That’s what made it fun to explore and swim inside at the time. Miraculously, the heavy rain in the sub-walk most likely kept us alive and safe that night.

I had everyone wait for about an hour, hoping that Anna would improve and that we could continue our escape from the home. Starving, we hadn’t eaten anything since our school lunch. I was wearing a summer crop top and shorts that day despite that it was December. Dressing for the weather didn’t occur to any of us. Danny was nine years old and was about six months younger than I was. Anna was only eight years old but claimed to be almost nine.

Danny and I began to notice that Anna was declining fairly fast. It was time to make some quick decisions. Someone needed to stay with Anna, and someone also needed to run back to the home to get some help. Sizing up the situation

the best that I could, I knew that I would have to be the person who could make it back to the home.

When we left the foster home, we had an understanding that we would never return. Dark and foreboding neighborhoods lay ahead of me, and I didn't consciously know where I was. My personality has always been detail oriented, and because of this, I felt like I was the natural candidate to make it back to the foster home. Confidence in my intuition would have to carry me through a five-mile run. I ran because Anna needed me to be quick, and it felt safer to run. There were menacing gang members, violent weapons, homeless people, and other dangers all around me. Everyone was clearly awake on the sidewalks. I decided that I would run in the middle of the street to keep as far away as possible from the apparent threats.

Raw instinct was triggered inside of me, and I decided to run head-on into where cars would come toward me. I was counting on perhaps one car rescuing me if I were to be attacked by someone. Running also kept me warm. Vague memories allowed me to make the right twists and turns through the unlit residential areas. I prayed throughout the run that I would be safe along with Danny and Anna. It was the most frightening and perilous run of my life!

Still in the ghetto, there were young men who made me feel vulnerable. My situation escalated when I saw them standing up from the porch where they had been sitting. They saw me, and it looked like they were deciding whether or not to run after me. At this point, I ran even harder and chose not to look at or make any eye contact with the young men. The landmarks were becoming familiar as I had just passed our elementary school. Thankfully, the first glimpse of dawn was on the horizon when I saw the first sliver of light. It gave me more hope and encouraged me to run the distance.

The police were called to arrest me as soon as I came to the house. They didn't ask any questions when they ordered me to take them to find the other kids. When we got back to the home, Danny was asked to settle in, and Anna was taken to the hospital. They both had prior arrests, but this would be my first one. I was about to be booked and incarcerated. Sadly, I knew that I would never see Danny and Anna again.

Behind bars, I wasn't aware that anyone would ever come for me. I was familiar with an adult jail as I had been dropped off there before when there wasn't any other place for me to stay. What few people know is that criminalization rates amongst abandoned children are very high.

Cruelly, the police teased me that I was there to stay! My biological mother finally arrived after receiving a phone call that I had been found. It was a miracle because statistically children were not known to survive a night on the streets of East Los Angeles. My mother was traumatized herself. She had panicked fearing that she might not ever see me again. No one asked me why I left the foster home or why I wanted to run away. That day was pivotal. I was about to permanently lose my voice as a ward of the state and become a child with a

record. The truth was I was joining thousands of other kids who had lost their voices the same way. Adding insult to injury, it was then that I was labeled an “Emotionally Disturbed” child.

The greatest pain and trauma in my life was losing my younger brother, Kevin, to adoption. He was seven years younger than me and always felt more like my own first-born child than my brother. To this day I still have an indescribable pain in my soul from all the years Kevin was missing in my life. This type of grief is known as “Ambiguous Loss.” It is defined as a loss without an intuitive path for emotional closure.

Against all odds, I reunited with Kevin after years of rigorous research from both of our sides. Faith and prayer have always filled my life with miracles. I couldn’t feel more blessed, grateful, and complete that he is in my life again. Presently, Kevin has a beautiful family. He is a loving husband and father with a fulfilling career as a film writer and producer.

When my brother, William, and I were twelve, we shared our life stories. Technically, he is my step-brother but spiritually we are connected as brother and sister. Because of our unstable family situation, I felt troubled for him. I didn’t know if he was going to be able to make it through the system again or life in general. By the time we had reached sixth grade, we both had attended twenty elementary schools and shared a lot of trauma. I found myself feeling very protective of him. I went on to experience adoptions that didn’t quite work out, and William was sent to one of the most brutal institutions in the area.

There, his abuse was barbarous, he was chained up for more than six months as a young teen and was even denied the privilege to use a toilet. Because of this abuse, he had to learn how to walk again. William represents a sizable demographic that transitions from foster care to incarceration. It’s commonly called the “foster care to prison pipeline.” He was incarcerated for so long that he nested into the prison system.

After nearly a lifetime in prison, William was released five years ago. We continue to share the ability to read each other without many words. He is enjoying a good marriage and has been able to bond with his wife’s family as his own. He is currently an author and is working on becoming a speaker.

Philosophy:

Years ago, I spoke with Les Brown, who was also a foster child. He asked me to visualize moments that have defined my life. Trying circumstances emerged like a cauldron in my mind. Les Brown’s answer was in that mix.

What has defined my life has rested between the spaces of those difficult moments. I have always felt a reaffirming love from heaven, that has empowered me with fortitude. It has allowed me to receive love from other people as well as from nature. Receiving love into the inner core of who you are, can be a profound experience. This ability has often ignited a renewal of spirit inside of

me and has sometimes enlightened me with an extraordinary sense of gratitude and compassion. Letting love in has even affected who I am on a physical level. Restorative wellness has come from the regular practice of prayer from the earliest memories of my childhood.

Allowing love in can become a spiritual practice that lets us nurture our state of being as well as a way to replenish ourselves on a cellular level. When energy vibrates at the frequency of love (528 Hz), our thoughts as well as the entirety of our senses become affected by “love hormones.” It is then that we can find the connection to ourselves and others much easier. It’s in this state that our rate of healing is also increased. I have been happy to hear of this broad concept utilized and researched in Quantum Biology, using the combination of intention and love.

ROSI (Receive, Overcome, Serve, Inspire) has allowed me to overcome many obstacles and has primed me to become more aware of serving others. When we merge the simplicity of faith, love, and intention into who we are on a soul level, every possibility can become possible!

Using my life experiences, I have come up with three concepts that a person can use as a foundation for starting a new nonprofit.

- **Discontent creates change:** There are many problems that make us feel disquieted, but there are some experiences that viscerally and spiritually move us. Evaluate if you would like to create the change in the world that you would like to see.
- **Vision:** Visualize your service or product as well as all the working parts. Work with other people to assist you with a top-down and bottom-up analysis. This should reveal a larger and more concrete picture.
- **Believe:** If you have the willingness to believe that your cause is really possible and achievable, everyone around you will want to embrace your vision. It is in this capacity that any obstacle can be overcome!

Action Steps for Optimism & Resilience:

- **R) Receive:** Let love land in your being to remind you of the very essence of who you are. A gush of gratitude might overwhelm you, let it resonate throughout your whole body!
- **O) Overcome:** Leverage your intentions with love and connection to overcome your obstacles.
- **S) Serve:** This action can transcend our entire body with positive context and healing. This act enhances our physiology immediately. A happiness trifacta of Dopamine, Serotonin, and Oxytocin will be released as you serve.
- **I) Inspire:** “Know what you know, Know how you know, and Know how to teach or tell what you know!” Renee’ Brown

Approximately six percent of the children in our country are in Foster Care, and 48,000 of them live in institutions.

I encourage you to make a change for foster care children by visiting this website: ImproveFosterCare.org.

Renee' Brown
*President and Co-Founder of (Sober Living Properties,
Next Level Recovery, and Medical Mindshare)*
www.soberlivingproperties.com
www.nextlevelrecovery.org
www.medicalmindshare.org



CHAPTER THREE

Emotional Pillar

“The beauty of a woman is not in a facial mode, but the true beauty in a woman is reflected in her soul and emotions.”

—Audrey Hepburn

“A woman whose smile is open and whose expression is glad has a kind of beauty no matter what she wears.”

—Anne Roiphe

“Her own thoughts and reflections were habitually her best companions.”

—Jane Austen

“We may encounter many defeats but we must not be defeated.”

—Maya Angelou

“Do not dissect a rainbow. In other words, do not destroy a beautiful phenomenon by over-analyzing it.”

—Denise LaFrance

“She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies.”

—Lord Byron

“She was beautiful, but not like those girls in the magazines. She was beautiful, for the way she thought. She was beautiful, for that sparkle in her eyes when she talked about something she loved.”

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

“And in her smile, I see something more beautiful than the stars.”

—Beth Revis

“No matter how plain a woman may be, if truth and honesty are written across her face, she will be beautiful.”

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—Eleanor Roosevelt



Karen Rudolf



Dancing With The Divine: A Graceful Journey Within.

*“Embrace the beauty of the journey starting
with your own.”*



Intention:

Step into the transformative journey of a butterfly within these pages, where each word encourages you to unfold the wings of your true self. Beginning with affirmation and personal perceptions, I invite you to explore the delicate balance of strength and vulnerability, like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon. Engage your tales and introspective insights that call you to delve into the depths of solitude and the richness of connections, discovering the unique melody of your own life's story.

More than a narrative; it's a call to action to live authentically, resonating with your deepest values and aspirations. Embrace this guide to vibrant authenticity and elegant transformation, and find encouragement in pursuing self-discovery, recognizing the power of your authentic voice through the beauty of your metamorphosis.

Story:

"How do you do what you do?" This question, posed by a friend who saw in me a strength I had never acknowledged, shook the foundations of my self-perception. It was a moment that blurred the lines between perceived weakness and hidden resilience, revealing the intricate dance of strength and vulnerability of the delicate butterfly within me. This moment of unexpected recognition sparked a profound journey of self-reflection.

Imagine a divine soul as a vast stage where the motion of 'The Dance Within' takes place—a dynamic performance of contrasting emotions, experiences, and aspirations. This dance represents the eternal interplay between our exposed and hidden facets, where every step, twist, and turn reflects the continual negotiation between the person we present to the world and the essence we hold within. Pursuing this dance not just as a metaphor but as a lived experience—guiding you through the harmonious and sometimes challenging rhythms of self-discovery and transformation.

My first perception of my early childhood was a complex tapestry woven with threads of vulnerability and resilience. Diagnosed with asthma, I was frequently labeled as 'sickly' by my mother, a tag that enveloped me in a shroud of limitations. This medical label not only defined my physical activities but also cast a long shadow over my self-esteem. The familial atmosphere, strained with frequent conflicts, deepened my sense of being trapped in a role I didn't choose—perpetually the victim of circumstances beyond my control. These early experiences of health struggles and family dynamics instilled a narrative of helplessness and confinement within me. The asthma was a physical manifestation of my emotional suffocation.

Growing up, my voice seemed to dissolve in the cacophony of louder, more authoritative voices. Feeling isolated, my questions and curiosities were displayed with a dismissive wave of a hand, encapsulating the message that children were to be seen, not heard, pushing me further into a cocoon of isolation. This silence was not empty but filled with the vibrant, though often painful, explorations of my inner landscape.

My retreats into the nearby woods became my sanctuary, where the natural environment embraced me in a way people didn't. There, hidden under the protective canopy of trees and accompanied only by my thoughts and a handful of dolls, I found solace where my internal dialogues could breathe. These solitary moments amidst nature shaped my early understanding of myself—highlighting a stark contrast between who I was told to be and who I felt I could become. There in my little igloo, I “healed” my dolls with leaves. I was a Healer.

At a fragile time when a child is first experiencing the change from self to community, one April Fool's Day in first grade was not April Fools, but a turning point marking a pivotal moment that would quietly shape much of my early life. During a class exercise, my earnest attempt to participate was met with unexpected laughter—not with me, but at me.

The teacher had crafted a playful jest that everyone but I was in on. As laughter echoed around the room, confusion turned into humiliation; with a room full of faces blurred into a sea of mockery. I was left out. At that tender age, the classroom—a place that should have fostered learning and curiosity—became a theater of embarrassment and humiliation.

Like a rose ready to bloom—I shriveled up. It was then I made a silent vow to myself: to never open up again. This incident wasn't just a fleeting moment of childhood embarrassment; it symbolized the start of my imposed silence, a heavy cloak that I would wear for years to come.

This moment intensified an internal conflict and personal dissonance that had been simmering beneath the surface: the battle between my desire to be heard and a deep-seated feeling of unworthiness. This conflict did not stay confined to my childhood but stealthily followed me into adulthood.

Each opportunity to express myself or share my thoughts became a battleground where the desire to speak was met with the haunting echo and backlash of that initial classroom laughter, reminding me of my perceived inadequacy.

As I navigated through life's stages—adolescence, young adulthood, and beyond—this internal conflict often manifested in my relationships and professional endeavors, where I grappled with the dichotomy of wanting recognition yet feeling undeserving of it. This struggle between seeking a voice and shying away from the spotlight became a central theme of my journey toward self-discovery, empowerment, and dancing with the divine.

The awakening and turning point of grace journey towards self-empowerment began with growing discontent with the labels and constraints imposed upon me from a young age. This awakening was not sudden, but rather a series of moments and insights that gradually illuminated the limitations I had unknowingly accepted.

One such moment occurred during a particularly reflective evening when I realized that the narrative of being ‘sickly’ and ‘incapable’ was not my own, but one I had inherited and internalized without question. This realization was both jarring and liberating. It propelled me to question other areas of my life where I had

allowed superficial perceptions to dictate my self-view and concrete experience. Each question was a step towards dismantling the old beliefs and forging a path to self-empowerment.

As I peeled back the layers of my imposed identity, I plunged into the realms of Quantum Physics and Neuroscience. This self-discovery and exploration were driven by a deep desire to understand the fundamental principles of the universe and the complexities of the human brain. Studying these subjects, I started to recognize patterns and connections that transcended my previous understanding of life and my role within it.

Quantum Physics taught me about the potential for multiple realities and the power of observation in shaping outcomes. Neuroscience unlocked insights into the plasticity of the brain, revealing that change and growth are always possible. These disciplines not only expanded my intellectual horizons but also transformed my perception of Self. They provided a scientific foundation for the idea that I was not fixed by my past or my conditions; rather, I was a dynamic entity capable of profound transformation and growth—from cocoon to butterfly. This insight became a cornerstone of my journey to self-empowerment, fueling my quest to redefine my narrative and embrace the possibilities of a new self-crafted identity.

My path to reclaiming my voice was embracing personal authenticity, evolving into a butterfly struggling to escape its cocoon. Initially, this process was fraught with personal and professional setbacks that tested my resolve. While painful, each setback served as a critical learning point, paving the way for a rebound, and pushing me to speak up and assert myself in situations where I had previously shrunk back.

My cocoon of silence had become a fortress, now breaking apart, as I began to voice my opinions and express my needs openly. My wings emerged in my metamorphosis, challenging but gratifying, as I confronted deep-seated fears and endured the discomfort of growth. As I persevered through these layers of resistance, much like the butterfly exerts effort to strengthen its wings, I discovered that with each attempt, my voice grew stronger, more confident, and unmistakably mine.

As I emerged from my metaphorical cocoon, transformed and vibrant, I began to embody the essence of the woman within and empowerment realized—that had been lying dormant within me. This newfound strength was not just a personal victory; it became a platform from which I could lead and mentor others. I leveraged my journey to guide those who were also struggling to find their voices and assert their authenticity in a world that often tries to impose silence.

My journey of transformation became a beacon for others, illustrating that it is possible to turn vulnerability into strength and authenticity into a powerful tool for leadership. Just as the butterfly emerges with wings ready to soar, I stepped into my role as a mentor with the grace and dance of confidence needed to uplift and inspire, showing others that embracing their true selves is the ultimate expression of empowerment.

My journey of transformation from a silenced observer, constrained by suffocating labels and self-doubt, to a vocal advocate for self-empowerment encapsulates a profound journey of growth and self-realization, navigating life's complexities. Like a butterfly finally freed from its cocoon, I have learned to embrace the entirety of my experiences—both the struggles and triumphs—that have shaped my path. A path that leads me to wholeness and wellness, “W”*Holistically*. This journey has taught me the power of resilience and the importance of finding one's voice in the chorus of life's challenges.

Pause and reflect on your own life's narrative. Consider the labels that have defined you and the moments that have silenced you. Take actionable steps today to start reclaiming your narrative. Assert your voice to echo your truest self. Remember, the journey of transformation begins with a single act of courage—a move into your divine dance of beauty toward understanding and embracing your authentic essence.

Welcome the strength that lies in your story, for each challenge faced and every silence overcome adds a verse to the powerful song of excellence in your life. Stand tall in your journey, for you are the author of your own story, the sculptor of your destiny, and the only one who can grant yourself the power to live with boldness and purpose. Let your life be a testament to the fact that when we choose to lead with the voice of our authentic selves, we not only transform our own lives into beauty like none other, but also inspire those around us to embark on their paths of ease, empowerment, and grace.

In my 40 years of healing work, I've witnessed the transformative power of holistic approaches, which address the mental, emotional, physical, and spiritual health for lasting impact.

Effective communication helps guide individuals through their challenges and unlocks one's potential to live a healthy fulfilled life. Fostering resilience and self-leadership is crucial in supporting others to navigate their personal and professional lives. Just like a butterfly unfolding its wings, individuals will discover their inner strengths and harness them for personal growth.

Being a compassionate partner emphasizes the importance of empathy and genuine support within your personal journey. Continuous learning and adapting to new methods ensures better service to others. Comprehensive well-being elevates lives and nurtures growth, both personally and professionally. Collaboration and community impact and highlight the value of shared wisdom in driving positive change.

To thyself be true; for in the depths of our understanding lies the unparalleled power to shape your destiny. It is through the unwavering embrace of our authentic essence that we harness the strength to navigate life's vast seas, not merely to weather the storms but rather to chart a course that resonates with the truth of our being. In knowing oneself, we unlock the door to boundless potential, forging paths illuminated by the light of our conviction and courage.

This chapter, akin to the transformative journey of a butterfly, invites you to unfold the wings of your true self. Here, amidst personal tales and introspective insights, you are encouraged to explore the delicate balance of strength and vulnerability. Just as a butterfly emerges from its cocoon, you are called to delve into the depths of solitude and connect deeply, discovering the unique melody of your own life's story. This narrative is more than words on a page; it is a vibrant call to action to live authentically, resonating with your deepest values and aspirations. Embrace this guide to elegant transformation, and find encouragement in the beauty of your metamorphosis, recognizing the power of your authentic voice as you chart your course.

Remember: Finding your true essence lies within finding the dance within. Find your wings and soar. The view is amazing from up there!

Action Steps for Your Metamorphosis:

- **Early Challenges:** Recall a label or expectation from your childhood. How did it shape your self-view? Reframe it to reflect your true strengths.
- **Turning Points:** Identify a pivotal life moment. What lesson did you learn, and how have you grown from it?
- **Journey to Self-Empowerment:** Reflect on a time you overcame a setback. What strategies helped you? How did this enhance your resilience?
- **Embracing Authenticity:** Define what authenticity means to you. Are there parts of your true self you hide? Why?
- **Empowerment:** Assess your life's current narrative. What would you change, and what steps can you take to start that transformation?
- **I am grateful for my life experiences.** They have served me well to create who I have chosen to become today. The road may have been long and rocky, yet I have never been happier.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Physical Pillar

“I am a dancer. I believe that we learn by practice. Whether it means to learn to dance by practicing dancing or to learn to live by practicing living.... In each it is the performance of a dedicated precise set of acts, physical or intellectual, from which comes shape of achievement.”

—Martha Graham

“Beauty is about being comfortable in your own skin. It’s about knowing and accepting who you are.”

—Katherine Hepburn

“A woman is most beautiful when she smiles.”

—Beyoncé

“Beauty is not caused. It is.”

—Emily Dickinson

“Practice creates confidence. Confidence empowers you.”

—Simone Biles

“Real beauty isn’t about symmetry or weight or makeup; it’s about looking life right in the face and seeing all its magnificence reflected in your own.”

—Valerie Monroe

“To be beautiful means to be yourself. You don’t need to be accepted by others. You need to accept yourself.”

—Thich Nhat Hanh

“There are always new, grander challenges to confront, and a true winner will embrace each one.”

—Mia Hamm



Cathy Vergara, APRN



The Prescription Glass: an Unlimited Life

*“Live long and strong!
Both are a prescription for a long life.”*



Intention:

My prayer, with my long and unique journey, is to encourage and motivate others, for you to do the same. Our world today often leaves us feeling like we are not doing enough or not giving enough—at our own expense. No matter how bad things seem, you have options. Observe and learn to see what our limiting beliefs are. So often, we feel unworthy, undeserving, and unable. *This is not true and here is a path to show you the way.*

Story:

If we were to meet today, you would see a successful nurse practitioner, full of happiness, love, independence, and strength. It would be unfathomable that at one time I was unable to stand up for myself, for the most basic subsistence in life. I struggled with basic education, suffered from poor self-esteem, had many physical limitations, with no hope for a future. A beam of light came over me, in my early 20's, I had a massive physical transformation. My body began to awaken from rubella syndrome, I went from being grossly underweight to a striving and healthy weight. Things that once eluded me now became easy. All of a sudden, as if by magic, I had so many options—but no idea where to go or how to utilize this newfound freedom.

My mother was diagnosed with Rubella, also known as German Measles, while being pregnant. In the early weeks of pregnancy, this is often considered deadly for a fetus. If you survived, it was with significant impairments. Abortion was strongly recommended for my mother. However, because of her strong personal beliefs, this was not an option for her. Most babies develop blindness, deafness, and cardiac problems. At birth, miraculously, it was believed I was a normal healthy baby, although I was blind in one eye and deaf in another. However, as I entered kindergarten, I struggled with comprehension and displayed significant cognitive challenges. Even simple concepts were difficult for me to process. I would get so irritated and it was so hard for me to be patient and wait. I just felt so out of place and so out of touch with everything and everyone. It became apparent that I also had speech and language difficulties. My teachers used to yell at me because my attention wandered. It was frustrating to my teachers but especially to me.

Providence arrived when the school decided to do vision testing. They had me put a cup over my eye. I was shocked. I couldn't see well. That was the first time my parents, teachers, and I realized I had vision problems. My mother was empowered by this new information and took me to a physician for a more formal examination. This exam determined that I was legally blind in my left eye and completely deaf in my right ear. I had attention deficit hyperactivity disorder—ADHD, learning disabilities, a metabolism disorder, and was considered developmentally delayed. It seemed my fate of limitations was sealed. This was going to be my life—physical and emotional difficulties with limited resources. The self-sufficient world of the internet had not yet been born, so eventually I dropped out of high school and earned my GED.

My time in elementary and middle school was spent as a victim, bullied because of my mental and physical disabilities. One teacher, Kathy Williams, gave me hope, with a simple rubber band and told me, “Put your hair up, so I can see your beautiful face.” I didn’t realize, until years later, that was my way of hiding or staying invisible.

Here I was, 20 years old, weighing 88 pounds at 5’6” with no true skills and no direction in life. The only thing I hoped for was getting married and having children. The only dream that I can really recall during those wandering and searching years, was a beautiful home—I saw while driving by—I just loved the design. I made a mental note to myself that for me success would be to have that beautiful home with those two nice cars and a husband worthy to bear my children. Inside myself, it seemed only a dream, I didn’t think this would actually happen. I continued to waitress, cashier, and any other menial labor—just to pay the rent. My relationships were as unhealthy as my struggling life.

Then, a hormonal boom and explosion occurred inside my body. An unexplainable manifestation where within a 6 to 9-month period, I was able to gain weight and my weight went from 88 pounds to 120 pounds. My brain started to “awaken.” Concepts just started to be “easy.” I would spend the next several years trying to find my way to my newfound normal. I earned my real estate certification. I became a certified nursing assistant. I even became an over-the-road truck driver, and school bus driver. The next rung on my ladder of living was attending a local college to get a medical assisting degree. It was then my teacher, Mrs. Riggs recommended I go to nursing school. I remember telling her, “That’s for ‘smart’ people.” My awakening was a massive realization that I never considered anything at a higher level. My personal Epiphany and *first* massive shift had arrived. Prior to this time., I couldn’t be smart enough to become a nurse. I was not good enough to become a nurse. How could I actually make this happen? It took me months to muster up the courage, but eventually, I went to the local community college and took the entrance exam. Feeling completely overwhelmed, so scared, sweating bullets, and not believing I was actually even attempting it. Somehow, I unexpectedly passed the entrance exam. I now laugh and grin to myself “this was the day” my self-esteem went from 40% to 70%!

While I enjoyed college, I still felt defeated and “not good enough.” I took the “hard teachers”—as if it would mitigate my failing in class. My brain was working at full speed, but emotionally I was still impaired. I didn’t feel good enough, strong enough, or even capable. I didn’t recognize the shift that was going on inside of me. To my surprise, I graduated from nursing school. I remember telling my mom, “I am the greatest con artist.” I didn’t feel I had learned anything—until I started responding to emergencies as a nurse, and realizing I could do it! It was another boost of confidence in my prescription along my life’s journey.

Timing is everything, and when I learned to walk through the doors that opened— that I attracted for me—and when they appeared in front of me—I began to discover, and overcome, challenges that I thought would always hold me

back. For example, on my journey to obtaining my bachelor's degree, I went to a conference in Tampa by Louise Hay called, "I Can Do It." This was the beginning of the *second* massive shift in my life. An epiphany where I began to understand about self-limiting beliefs. I was in personal command of these beliefs that could and were influencing me mentally, physically, and spiritually.

When I look back to my humble beginnings I wonder—how did I earn a Bachelor's Degree with my physical limitation of being blind in one eye and deaf in one ear? How does one even become a truck driver with these liabilities in life? I didn't realize the self-limiting beliefs I had imposed all over me. I drove over that mountain and earned my Bachelor's Degree. I DID IT! You too can overcome whatever self-limiting beliefs or circumstances you are facing to create the life you want.

That dream of getting married and having children- I attracted into my life. I have two biological children—and have raised five other children. My husband, James, and I have been on our journey together for 25 years. I continued my nursing journey with a Master's Degree as an Adult/Geriatric Nurse Practitioner. As a nursing entrepreneur, I have the joy of working in several different specialties. Learning to own my power and find fulfilling work that provides financially for my family and nurtures my mind and spirit has truly been a gift. As a person labeled with ADHD, an office job isn't always ideal. However, I thrive in a varied and complex environment and subsequently provide care that is unique.

Of course, these life shifts had their twists and turns. I continued to hold steadfast in my commitment following the lead from my heavenly Father. I have learned how to walk through doors of possibilities. Embracing change guided me to my ultimate goals. Game-changing solutions have not always come in the form of a job. Learning about the Life Line Technique, by Dr. Darren Weissman, was a major opportunity where I began to experience seeing my world differently. We are all like a pencil, at times we need to sharpen off the parts that no longer serve us. This pencil process helps to keep us 'on point', embracing these transitions and seeing them as unexpected gifts in wrapping paper. Changing the way we perceive what is happening so we can live with an attitude of gratitude.

Unlimited Belief—My Prescription in life encompassed by my essence of a woman. The home I wanted—I got it! The car, the animals, the children, and the lifestyle I so desired—I got it! Even now, years later, I still continue to sort through my limiting beliefs so that I may overcome and be victorious over them.

Unlimited Beliefs can have a panoramic, 360 view while even being sight impaired/ Let's change the "prescription" so your view is not limited. To see the world differently is empowering and liberating.

I heard my calling and my voice in life—whispering for my ultimate life—even only hearing from one ear. Nothing needed to hold me back forever. When I learned how to see and hear beyond what I thought was possible—more

possibilities unfolded. They were hiding in plain sight, waiting for me to risk stepping forward, to believe in myself, to trust my forward motion.

Mental Mindset—I overcame the prenatal physical prescription dealt to me at birth. Having been “sold a bill of goods,” being bullied into believing you couldn’t do it. Eventually, it became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Graduating nursing school with honors, and even speaking at my graduation. I was only one of two speakers to do so, living on a few hundred dollars a month. Tenacity—and persistence—paid off! I was going to do it and did it! A monetary limitation was of no consequence. Why? Because I wouldn’t let it be.

Philosophy:

From my semi-truck driving 16-wheeler days, ‘making it happen’ no matter what was just like shifting gears in a truck. Sometimes you shift easily and sometimes you grind through. It’s the forward motion that counts! In my present multi-faceted nursing career, I do long-term care, physical rehab, and regeneration medicine utilizing stem cells. Each modality has its own requirements to shift in a higher gear for success in life.

In rehab, I believe the biggest lesson is taking the small steps. We can’t always have great leaps and bounds. Hold steady and all those small steps that lead in the right direction.

In long-term care, I believe my blindness helped me to understand the importance of visualizing the long game to live long and strong. The first step in achieving a goal is to visualize the goal in detail. My dream house had floor plans, the size of my yard, and the color of my master bedroom. I envisioned myself with my future children, playing with our animals, on future family vacations, and driving in my dream car. Every year I would make a vision board with words, pictures, anything, and everything to help me actualize my goals and dreams.

In *Regenerative Medicine* assimilates my body reset, without me really expecting it or knowing the cause, I now can utilize stem cell therapy to support my body. I have the amazing front-row seat to watch other people greatly benefit from this therapy with life-changing results. There is no better and more fulfilling opportunity than that.

From The Lifeline Technique training. I made lifelong friends. One introduced me to Kevin Lucas, owner of New Hope Regeneration, a company that offers umbilical cord stem cell therapy. Energetically I knew I must work with this company. I attracted my next greatest opportunity. I manifested all this over several years. I went through all the preliminary hoops required for a new job, with no idea what my salary would even be. We laughed when I got my first paycheck because I didn’t even know when payday was! I knew in the depths of my heart I needed this—so money was not my primary focus. I got to see an advanced-age lady gain the strength to fly across the country to go kayaking with her adult children—talk about soul-satisfying work! My medical miracle came after my personal stem cell

therapy. I was previously told by another Western Medical Doctor that there was strong potential for me “to wake up completely blind.” My stem cell end result was an 80% improvement! Talking about a reciprocal not only helping others but helping myself.

Gratitude is everything. I’ve lived an attitude of gratitude. The frequency of gratitude radiates positive energy. It brings joy and light to all those around you. Just like my eight furry-fur people—they sense positive energy and energy is everything. “Infinite Loving Gratitude.”

Since we only have one life, the prescription to live long and strong is available for all who choose it. Choose unlimited.

Action Steps—The Prescription from this Nurse Practitioner:

- Manage your mindset through self-awareness.
- Take small steps in the right direction. It is the forward motion that counts. Small steps in the right direction are still in the right direction.
- Believe in abundance and have anticipation for the unrecognized gifts. Check in and evaluate your beliefs. Are they self-limiting or self-empowering?
- Understanding health truly is wealth. There is power in belief and determination.

Cathy Vergara, APRN
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CHAPTER FIVE

Financial Pillar

“A beautiful woman is a beautiful woman, but a beautiful woman with a brain is an absolutely lethal combination.”

—Prabal Gurung

“Women are the largest untapped reservoir of talent in the world.”

—Hillary Clinton

“The most beautiful thing a woman can wear is confidence.”

—Blake Lively

“A girl should be two things: classy and fabulous.”

—Coco Chanel

“The most beautiful thing a woman can wear is her dignity.”

—Unknown

“In every woman there is a Queen. Speak to the Queen and the Queen will answer.”

—Norwegian Proverb

“When virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the luster of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power is in vain to resist.”

—Akhenaton



Dr. Shirley Luu



How to Win the Financial Health Game of Life

“In life and finance, live the A.S.A.P. way.”



Intention:

I am noted and quoted for the following quote: “When you feel life is pushing you toward the cliffs, you either learn how to fly or die. You always win when you choose to fly.” May you fly in life with all things in health and finance.

Story:

Tragedy struck in my life in the unexpected loss of my husband almost 20 years ago in my home without having life insurance to protect our family. I turned to my spirit of courage and faith. As a single mom facing homelessness, I realized my options were limited. I was working in the mortgage industry, but as the economy was facing its historic decline, causing the housing industry collapse to all but lose its footing, I knew that if I had to provide for myself and my three young children, I had to embrace a new direction.

I knew one thing for certain. Life is a gamble like a roll of the dice, and challenging times do not discriminate. At any time, any one of us may face adversity due to an unexpected and devastating event. If you do not proactively plan your finances to include a healthy foundation for your retirement, and, most importantly, life insurance, the prospect for success of turning it all around is bleak, at best.

Completely feeling helpless when my daughter called me one day and asked, “Where will we go, Mom, when we can’t go back into the house?” You see, my husband had just committed suicide at our own home, and at that moment, my world was shattered. I felt despair, unlike anything I had ever known, wondering how in one moment, I could have everything and, in the next, lose it all.

Instantly, in the midst of all this overwhelming grief and confusion, my Maternal Essence kicked into overdrive, and I knew I had to find a way to keep my children safe. I told her, “Go and sit at McDonald’s until we figure out where to go.” And that is what she did.

It was the only place I could think of that was open and familiar, a small refuge within the tsunami we were tragically thrust into. Even though I felt devastated and broken into a million pieces, I had to focus on what needed to be done next. My instinct was to protect my children through those traumatic moments, who were ages one, fifteen, and sixteen at the time. Desperate to find some semblance of stability, even if it was just sitting at a McDonald’s.

Having been thrust into the role as the sole provider for a family of four, I faced significant financial challenges that underscored the critical need for thorough planning and protection. But I had none and was looking anywhere for a place to turn. This personal tragedy ignited a deep-seated passion to explore the possibility of life insurance and financial planning for myself. This transcended into a strong calling whereby I could safeguard others from similar uncertainties.

My decision to pursue this path was not only influenced by my own experiences but also driven by a desire to empower individuals and families with the knowledge

and tools to secure their futures. I am grateful and thankful that through my personal story, I can authentically share my personal insights and practical guidance, ensuring that others can avoid the financial hardships I encountered and navigate life's uncertainties with confidence. Being able to traverse the bridge to a healthier financial model for each client I encounter has been as exhilaratingly high as the depths of where I came from with my three children. Remember that poverty does not discriminate.

While I am proud of what I have accomplished professionally, my heart truly lies in service and giving back to others. It is my purpose and passion in life to share my gifts and insights with others. I believe that by especially empowering women and our community, in general, we can help save and build the foundation for our families now and in the future—by navigating a healthy financial plan.

Today, I am an award-winning financial advisor, bestselling author, hands-on trainer, national speaker on financial literacy, and a renowned wealth guru. Accumulating over 20 years of expertise in the financial services field, and as a philanthropic influencer, I am now one of the industry's most notable authorities. I was recently selected by *Forbes 50 over 50* as one of the most influential women in finance and a 3-time winner of the *Washington Business Journal's* Fastest Growing Companies in America today.

Having experienced the unique and seemingly impossible challenges of tragedy and unexpected loss raising three young children, I discovered my life's passion in not just finance, but financial health and security which transcends true financial freedom. My deepest desire is to prevent any other single mother—or parent—from struggling through the mire of what I went through.

Belief:

One of my favorite quotes from Althea Gibson is as follows:

“I’ve always wanted to be somebody. If I’ve made it, it’s half because I was game to take a wicked amount of punishment along the way and half because there were a lot of people who cared enough to help me.”

Like Althea Gibson's famous quote, I endeavor to educate women worldwide to “know the health and sustainability of their money.” Today, I conduct and train people in various educational institutions, organizations, events, and community enrichment programs.

Founder, Phil Gerlicher, from First Financial Security gave me my first opportunity and changed my professional trajectory in life. He shared that his company had a vision and wanted me to help carry it out. He was there to support me, as a mentor, but it was my personal responsibility to make it happen! The company provided the materials and believed in my ability. True mentoring and mentorship sometimes evolves collaboration, for I have, in turn, made their vision a reality.

This is where my passion was born. I love working with and helping people. I especially enjoy educating and empowering women to know their money: who has it, who keeps it, and where it comes from. I hold one of the highest executive levels with my broker, First Financial Security. Now, they run one of the top teams in the U.S. for any financial company. I am honored that I helped launch them all those many years ago. My organization includes over 6,700 agents across the country, and within it, over 80% minority and women.

With the depth of my organization and the power of First Financial Security behind me, we simply create wealth for families, with the desire to make their dreams come true: whether that means saving for retirement, protecting the family, accumulating tremendous wealth, or taking full control of your finances. My Company, Shirley Luu & Associates, brings the latest technology and expertise in financial services, concepts, and products to improve the saving habits of our clients. My dream has become a reality by creating a one-stop shop with clear personal goals in mind to help our clients achieve their wildest dreams.

Retirement planning is crucial, and starting early in life is key, even if you think you don't have much money to invest. Following are three essential steps that you need to consider. **Health Coverage:** Insure yourself with adequate health insurance and savings for medical emergencies. **Retirement Needs:** Plan for your retirement by setting financial goals and estimating future expenses. Consider consulting a financial advisor. **Life insurance:** Make sure you protect your family with a life insurance policy to provide financial security and leave a legacy. The trifecta of the previous steps will help secure your future and safeguard your family's well-being. Be aware of the following common retirement planning mistakes—and how to avoid them: expecting the government to look after you, counting on an inheritance, not having an estate plan, not accounting for healthcare costs, forgetting about inflation, paying more tax than you need to, not being realistic. Embrace your future.

If you are going to be successful in life and business, you need a partner, mentors, and people who believe in you. You need someone on your team who you trust and who supports you. AND you don't need a lot of money to start—but you have to start. The sooner you do, the better you will be. Effective financial planning includes three essential components.

1. **Guaranteed Income**—Ensure you have reliable income through retirement through:
 - Social Security: Maximize your benefits by carefully choosing when to start claiming.
 - Pensions: If available, use traditional pension plans.
 - Annuities: Purchase annuities for consistent retirement income.
2. **Living Benefits**—Protect yourself against health issues with:
 - Long-Term Care Insurance: Covers costs when you can't perform daily activities independently.

- Chronic and Critical Illness Coverage: Financial support for severe or chronic illnesses.
 - Critical Injury and Terminal Illness Benefits: Provides funds if you suffer a debilitating injury or terminal diagnosis.
3. **Leaving a Legacy**—Build generational wealth. Ensure your family's well-being by:
- Life Insurance: Offers a tax-free death benefit to your heirs.
 - Estate Planning: Wills, trusts, and proper beneficiary designations.
 - Tax-Advantaged Accounts: Use Roth IRAs.

My success led to incredible opportunities to educate a broad range of audiences, from my TV Show: *'The Real Secrets of Money'*, to my feature on Sirius XM Satellite Radio, I've been blessed to have contributed articles in finance to newspapers and magazines, including Forbes, Oprah, New York Weekly, World Reporter, and Entrepreneur. I am the proud author of *I.U.L. ASAP*, an Amazon Bestseller in seven financial categories, and the new Financial Anchor host for Fox5 PLUS. Another Financial Strategy Book will be launched in the summer of 2024: *'FIA: ASAP'* to guide you to financial health.

Service in philanthropy has always held a special place in my heart. I am passionate about my community outreach work. My chief focus within that mission is the LiSA Initiative: a grassroots movement founded by Debbie Gerlicher of First Financial Security. The LiSA Initiative informs, educates, and empowers women and their families about financial security. This project is near and dear to my heart as I know firsthand, as a woman, it is not a matter of IF one will be solely responsible for their finances, but WHEN. Through the LiSA Initiative, women gain confidence to take stock of what they currently have or do not have financially and take control of leading their path to financial health.

I am also grateful for the opportunity to partner with Shelter House, Inc. and Women of GoodWorks. I provide financial support and housing supplies for women and children as they transition into the gift of a home to start new lives. I thrive when helping others. I am excited about the work that Shirley Luu & Associates does in partnership with many nonprofits to make a difference when it comes to philanthropic responsibility.

Empowered women living in their truest essence must continually play an active role in their finances—now and in the future. My advocacy is rooted in the belief that women can support and uplift other women to champion in the workplace and in life. Financial literacy then, is truly the 'unleashing' of their financial feminine soul.

Inspiring changes to advance women in business is part of my daily routine operations. Whether I attend a women's event or job fair to hire women on my team, advancing women in business is what I live for in my professional mission.

Even everyday women, like I was, deserve to have opportunities to shine their gifts bright in this world.

Take my tactical and practical advice to heart—for it was exponentially shaped by my own experiences. Don't let another day slip by without planning for your financial future. Tomorrow is unpredictable, but through proactive planning, we can be prepared for whatever lies ahead. And if we do choose, the future is very bright and we all *fly*.

Action Steps for Financial Health:

- Know your money:
 - **Budget** for savings.
 - **Gather your important documents** and keep them in a safe place.
 - **Leverage** IULs ASAP and FIA's ASAP.
- Utilize these retirement planning steps:
 - **Set Goals**—Define retirement vision and financial targets.
 - **Assess Finances**—Calculate net worth and analyze income/expenses.
 - **Create a Budget**—Estimate future costs and adjust for inflation.
 - **Maximize Contributions**—Contribute max to 401(k)/IRA, use catch-up contributions if over 50.
 - **Have a Retirement Plan with Tax-Free Strategies**—Consider Life Insurance as a vehicle that can provide tax-free retirement when it is structured properly along with Living Benefits and create generational wealth.
 - **Estate Planning**—Update will, set up trusts, ensure beneficiaries are current, and designate power of attorney.
 - **Review Regularly**—Annual plan review, rebalance investments, adjust for life changes.
- **Plan for retirement, remember and consider these key points:**
 - Start Early and Save Consistently.
 - Understand Your Retirement Needs.
 - Diversify Investments.
 - Maximize Retirement Accounts.
 - Automate Savings.
 - Track Progress with Financial Tools.
 - Understand Social Security.
 - Plan for Healthcare Costs.

- Create an Emergency Fund.
- Consider Inflation.
- Minimize Debt.
- Seek Professional Advice.
- Stay Informed on Tax Laws and Investments.

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CHAPTER SIX

Social Pillar

“Beauty isn’t about having a pretty face. It’s about having a pretty mind, a pretty heart, and a pretty soul.”

—Unknown

“Outer beauty attracts, but inner beauty captivates.”

—Kate Angell

“Beauty is about enhancing what you have. Let yourself shine through.”

—Janelle Monae

“True beauty is not related to what color your hair is or what color your eyes are. True beauty is about who you are as a human being, your principles, your moral compass.”

—Ellen DeGeneres

“There’s nothing more inspiring than the complexity and beauty of the human heart for humanity.”

—Cynthia Hand

“Beauty, to me, is about being comfortable in your own skin. That, or a kick-ass red lipstick.”

—Gwyneth Paltrow

You cannot change a person. Let them be. Let them be the way they are.

—Melania Trump

You should never view your challenges as a disadvantage. Instead, it’s important for you to understand that your experience facing and overcoming adversity is actually one of your biggest advantages.

—Michelle Obama



Dr. Jo Dee Baer, Ph.D.



The Woman in a White Robe

*“Immerse in the flow of who you are—
and how you are becoming.”*



Intention:

With a personal and ‘recognizable and achieved’ bond that goes deep, high, and wide within yourself—security, community, and legacy emerge like the Phoenix within each of us. Each woman has been in the deep and dark recesses of her inner and undiscovered soul. Acknowledging and subsequently embracing the personal darkness within, she transversely will accept the present within the beauty of the NOW. She then naturally celebrates in perpetual gratitude the heights in this bright abundance of personal awareness that transcends into a passion and the ecstasy of becoming, which is truly living.

Story:

My earliest childhood memory was one of my three-year-old plaintive cries as I was awakened from a restive sleep: “Mommy, my tummy hurts; I, I can’t go potty.” My Mother assured me that it would all get better, caressed the tresses of my brown hair, and sang a lullaby until I once again returned to sleep. However, more often than not, every week, I found myself on my knees, posed in an embryo position as my Mother administered an enema to me to mitigate my constipation and subside my constant tummy pains. My chronic *tummy* condition was one of constipation, an emotional outcome of the sadness I subconsciously buried inside of me. Still, one day, this little toddler made the connection and tearfully bellowed out: “Mommy, did I make Daddy die?” My Mother lovingly held me as she reassured me I had nothing to do with daddy passing.” I believed her and was consoled and temporarily appeased whilst we were both coping with catastrophic and gut-wrenching grief: the sudden passing of my father. For much of my childhood, I assimilated these pains as part of my daily M.O. Still, later in life, I unleashed the link between physical constipation, my gut pain, and the grief of my emotions, resulting in manifesting into chronic sub-optimal health conditions, until as a young novice and curious health coach, I attracted the Iconic Dr. Hulda Clark ND, into my life.

While still a preschooler and in the Beta Stage of development, I discovered that the pain in my tummy and my emotional pain were often automatically expelled and dispelled each time I sang or played my piano. Later on, I discovered, after two college degrees in Psychology, Neurolinguistics, and Psycholinguistics, that this entire physical and emotional malady was indeed bound up in the Electra Phase and Beta Stage of my innocence at age three. I had unconsciously fallen in love with the first man in my life, my Father. His life was needlessly snuffed out at the young age of 44, and my resultant abandonment cascaded like Niagara Falls into my subsequent adult life, fittingly summarized into the epitome of Dr. Seuss’s book title: *“Will You Be My Friend?”* This childhood story is an analogy centered around an animal adventure that symbolizes kindness overshadowed by the constant yearning for acceptance, inclusion, and friendship. Coco, the Orphaned Rooster, faces continual rejection and sadness. But Coco continued with his perpetual co-co-doodle doo, never losing his faith and hope.

Assimilating Coco, everything I accomplished as a child into my teenage and adulthood was a continuing hopeful cascade of over-achieving, striving, and excelling at every personal and professional endeavor. The personal acceptance I continually longed for, personally and professionally, became a circle from where the transcendence of a weakness finally transformed into strength. This emotional and physiological roller coaster of constant achievement developed into my emergence as being commonly known as America's Top Foundation Health Coach and Holistic Nutritionist. It has been a four-decade road—dirt road or expressway—of guiding multitudes and supporting my clients/patients to their healing and wholeness—and ultimately to myself as well.

Philosophy:

Listening to and becoming their professional coach, confidant, counselor, and eventually professional friend, like Coco, has been gratifying and cathartic. This noble journey and pathway first arose, like a Phoenix at the height of my marathoning days, in my late 30s, when I first observed a class of yoga students in Savasana and post-practice meditation. I sarcastically called their experience '*adult naptime*.' My sharp and unfounded opinion, a mere expression of my personal and childhood unresolved anger, turned inward. This same '*adult naptime*,' after my epiphany and awakening to this essential component for health and abundance, became one I soon embraced as an anchor of personal healing for my emotional health.

During the devastating loss of my marriage and yet another intimate love, I turned my abandonment into the love of achieving optimal health for others. I immersed myself in my two loves of life, my practice/clients and young sons, to the extent that I lost my personal perspective, which resulted in 'overachieving and over-giving.' One morning, that orphan woman collapsed onto the floor while making breakfast for my two sons. My legs folded like a paper airplane, and the next thing I knew, I woke up in the ambulance, still in my white fleece bathrobe. I was shivering to almost near convulsions, not because the ambulance temperature was quite cool, but because I was consumed by sheer fear and terror! The frantic question reverberating inside of me: "How did I lose myself in the midst of my life?"

Once again, Dr. Hulda Clark ND., my esteemed mentor, came to my rescue and lovingly taught me the art of meditation. This meditation miracle saved me, restoring my health, my vitality, and my zest for life itself. It is a practice I still do daily to revive and rejuvenate the essence of me. Dr. Clark's sage words still resound in my soul 35 years later,

"Meditation is for your soul, your true essence of who you are."

Whether I consult my clients/patients with Complementary Alternative or Energy Medicine, each receives the keys to my 'Daily Meditation'—my personal 'routine' so I can be the best part of myself to those who seek personal and

professional guidance. www.drjodee.com/blog/10-rituals-for-10-am-n38ba. Years later, the empowered flip side of this white robe unveiled itself again to me in a profound group mediation.

The first meditation I collectively participated in after becoming a single parent and empty nester was one at the Women's Personal Development Retreat. With my two sons launched successfully into College and Collegiate Swimming Careers, I gravitated to anything and any answers that could quell this resurfacing loneliness again, the despair of abandonment. I was ripe and longing for a self-revelation to break this life pattern. On the second day, the facilitator asked probing questions focusing on a personal life's higher purpose. He simply stated the following probing questions: "If you had a billion dollars in the bank:

- What would you do?
- Where would you go?
- Who would you be with?
- How would your life be?"

We all collectively closed our eyes, and instantaneously, a woman personally appeared to me full-frontal, serene, and lips pursed with a sliver of a Mona Lisa smile in a white circular flowing robe, with dolman sleeves and white chiffon down to her knees. This brunette had tresses of long flowing hair billowing and succumbing into the rhythm of each movement like a ballerina performing the ballet of "Swan Lake." Just at sunset, her grace and gazelle-like movement skipped effortlessly across the smooth rocks and sand on the beach.

This woman, peaceful and secure in herself, her brown eyes sparkling and fully immersed in her glistening mission and vision in a panoramic view, was me, Health Coach Jo Dee, taking her passion and mission into the world of healing and hope—Coco, but my Soul *unleashed* from within. Now, looking back 24 years later, this was my first portent of things to come of what has now become *Health-a-Pedia*. At the time of this neon Fifth Dimension revelation in a futuristic meditation, I was merely practicing within the brick-and-mortar as a health practitioner and holistic nutritionist. The Universe and Creator of All, originally named "Yahuah," pre-ordained this vision into my personal life. This precursor life force knew I would first retire and then unretire after six weeks to develop what has presently emerged as the Global Expanse of Health-a-Pedia. The Mission and Vision to Fruition: A transcendent process, 'without walls,' whereby all who choose to 'be attracted' through the *Law of Attraction* can find transformative healing and hope. All these Six Pillars of Health: Spiritual, Mental, Physical, Emotional, Financial, and Social are now in full all-embracing view. Within this meditative state lies the essence of pure and unbridled joy. True joy is the consummate prerequisite for hope.

Like Coco, hope reigns eternally in the soul and is constantly rejuvenating. The regenerative/degenerative apex turns as a result of either confidence or fear. Degenerative disease begets fear, which spirals downward to anger, hatred,

disease, and regenerative life force unveils it, transforming self from confidence to gratitude, joy, hope, passion, and ultimately ecstasy. The woman who collapsed in the white fleece bathrobe was the epitome of this degenerative cycle. However, like the flip of a coin toss, the regenerative white-robed woman conjoined as the Firebird (feminine) and Phoenix (masculine) in the Regenerative Circle of Life—can and will always appear. The self-actualization of a mindful daily, moment-by-moment personal decision for personal evolution in self-care begins with you—to center, feed, and thereby take care of and elevate the frequency of the world around you. Birthed within your divine soul, the Social Pillar of Health and the wider net of the world outwardly transcends from family to community, country, the World, and the Universe. The first cornerstone lies in your personal epi-center: the epitome of peace and self-love.

This Six Pillar Philosophy of Foundational Health reveals to all who inwardly seek this constant: that *transformation* is truly an inside job! . I have built my personal and professional life around these Six Pillars of Health in coordination with the Quintessential *Five Elements of Traditional Chinese Medicine*: Supplementation, Sleep, Exercise, Prayer and Meditation, and lastly Physiotherapy. A simple daily self-care accountability in mindfulness for mastery is to look at your hand. The fourth component of Traditional Chinese Medicine is indicated with the fourth finger, the ring finger. In meditation, the primary tenant is that one is ‘married’ to oneself: masculine—mercy—and feminine—stability. Integrate them both into the essence of Y-O-U, and you are never alone. You are the only person that will never leave you. Husbands may. My Father did in an untimely and sudden manner, and children in some stage of life better! The acrostic of Y-O-U stands for: “Y-es; O-pportunity of U-niqueness.”

Celebrate Y-O-U every day in every way. One way is to celebrate Y-O-U in meditation, which I genuinely espouse consistently. I end my meditation with all or some of these parts daily. I enjoy the energy of a meditational Symphonic ‘finale’ and encourage my client/patients to engage in it as well. Merely finish your meditation with a toe-to-head Visual Meditation—a ‘Celebration SCAN.’ This energetic focus is aimed at each organ and body part, which goes as follows: “I love my feet; love my pinky toe (mention each one).” Include a perceived flaw as you ascend, for example: “I love my bunions. I truly love their character and remember all the miles they have run.” As you go up your ankles, calves, and thighs, remind YOU of the varicose veins. Have a sense of humor because most of these varicose veins have been ‘very close’ to an accomplishment, a personal event of some sort! Then, the fun begins with celebrating each female body part, your vagina and labia, whether you have birthed your children through this birth canal or by Caesarian. Now is the time to celebrate each birth and child you have brought forth on Planet Earth.

Continue with each organ: your colon, large and small; uterus; ovaries; pancreas; liver; stomach; gallbladder; breasts; lungs; sternum; thyroid; neck; throat; vocal cords; ears; lips; nose; eyes; and brain. Stop at any time and take a focused detour, whereby this is, as I prefer to call it, rather than a disease, a temporary

‘situation’ within any organ. Focus and speak vitality, healing, and wholeness. Any personal health ‘situation’ can be mitigated because the body is a miracle-making machine. It can and will heal itself. For example, if you find out that your liver function is less than optimal, call to your liver at the end of your meditation, saying something like this: “Liver, I love you. Move and release! My liver is subtle, alive, and toxicity-free.” Call and command wellness and wholeness into every organ of your body. An energetic release will abound and rebound, akin to the connection of fear, stress, depression, and disease. With this meditative self-care love SCAN, you emerge as THE triumphal woman in your own white robe, shedding your ‘Coco’ tendency and immersing in the flow as the PHOENIX ballerina of your life and purpose—for you and humanity. Transcendently, this energetic frequency release expands and resounds into true passion and peace within this meditative celebration of Y-O-U. This celebration truly evolves to what the Scriptures say:

“The Peace Passeth all Understanding”

—Philippians 4:7

That Peace is the regenerative and upward flow of accurate transcend health.

The Woman in the White Robe IS the healing flow of all who chose this healing path of expansive abundance, gracefully skipping across the rocks of life in genuine knowingness. Glinda, the Good Witch in *The Wizard of OZ*, told Dorothy: You have always had the Power within you. That power begins with grasping and owning your personal deserve level. That deserve level is embodied in Rex Sikes renowned NLP/Mentalist, whose poignant two-word quote from his book, *Life on Your Terms*:

“Celebrate Everything.”

When you *celebrate everything* in the social pillar of foundational health, transformation expansively elevates to the essence of the world. One of my favorite personal quotes is:

“Life is like a Milkshake. Choose your ingredients wisely.”

That first ingredient in life’s milkshake unleashes your personal deserve the level of your inner soul. Loving yourself to and through self-acceptance IS the greatest love and feeling of all. You, too, can be the woman in a white robe. That Phoenix will unleash to arise within each woman who diligently searches for her white robe of serenity, tranquility, love, and joy. Hope is the outgrowth of your inner work. Deserve it first. Build your personal life’s milkshake, and then your life will savor the sweetness of life’s dessert!!

The Three Action Steps to ‘SEE’—Simple, Easy, and Effective—Yourself:

- **SEE** yourself daily as a whole human being: Stare into the depths of your eyes in the mirror daily.

- **SEE** yourself as 'body beautiful': Scan your body in a full-length mirror and celebrate it all!
- **SEE** your body at the end of your meditation as 100% whole, abundant, and if applicable, pain-free.

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BE BOLD



Love Freely

Life's most persistent and urgent question is, "What are you doing for others?"

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

Love Freely

The only way for us to love freely is to let the love that already exists in our hearts flow effortlessly. You can do this by practicing good communication, expressing your feelings honestly, and giving unconditional love, which requires not placing any conditions on how you accept another person. It requires the strength to set personal boundaries, but the ability to still fully accept everyone with an open heart. This is a pure example of God's love. Our natural state is to be in a state of unconditional love, but we have moved away from our true nature. We spend too much time and energy protecting our hearts. Despite the illusions of suffering that we have attached to our experience of love, we need to relinquish the negative perceptions we have about giving and receiving it.

By putting protection around your heart, you prevent love from flowing freely. Love is always ready and wants to flow effortlessly between people, but we have to choose to let go of the fear so this energy can flow in and out of our hearts. We are meant to embody love. When we do not give and receive unconditional love, we can feel that something important to our survival is missing. We operate defensively, all the while longing for love.

When we step into the place of being willing to love unconditionally, the love flows freely and we embody unity. When we allow energy to flow in and out of our hearts, we realize it is not love that hurts. Unconditional love for ourselves and others is our natural state when we vibrate higher throughout our bodies and our souls, and we can project other loving situations to us. We can project love onto all aspects of the world, and in this state, the entire world can be raised as we picture the planet Earth in complete peace and harmony. To maintain high consciousness and remain connected to the healing energy of the Holy Spirit, letting down barriers to love is essential.

Discovering Self-Acceptance

If you're on a serious mission for spiritual and personal growth, there is no self-judgment to be made. To be awakened in this human form, you cannot judge yourself or others, because we are all at the right space and time. We are not here to make enemies and pass judgments, and there are no mistakes. Because we are human, we are here to learn about ourselves.

We all have gifts that are specific to our earthly life experience. It's self-judgment that prevents us from moving into our gifts, purpose, and

commitment to the Holy Spirit. You are here to awaken through your human form. One part of the Awakening is the acceptance of who you are in this human form because there is something you came here to do. A good example of this is my life and the difficulty I had in letting go of the life I wanted to live to accept the life I was meant to live.

As a healer, I have not always wanted to accept who I am. Some time ago, I spoke with a close friend who said to me, “I don’t know who you are anymore. You talk, walk, and look differently than you used to. You’re doing things you never used to do. You cry sometimes because you don’t like all the ways your life has changed. I wonder, who are you? And even though I don’t fully know who you are, I do know that you have to accept who and what you are. You should be used to all of this change by now.”

Once I got to the point in my life when I could look in the mirror and truthfully say, “I accept you. I accept you. I accept who I am now,” I would blink to confirm. From that point on, every time I thought of myself and the newness of my healing gifts and life as I had come to know it, and said, “I accept you,” I began to feel better and more gifts began to open up for me. In addition to self-acceptance, I also had to undergo a period of balancing the feminine and masculine energies within me that had worked against each other.

The left side of your body relates to the feminine aspect of your consciousness; the right side of your body relates to the masculine aspect. We need the feminine energy to be present and strong in ourselves and across the planet right now. For so long, the dominance of male energy and consciousness has remained in the forefront of our personal lives, and this imbalance of the feminine and masculine energy has caused internal and external conflict on many levels, affecting each and every one of us, including me.

For years, a part of me did accept who I am now and what I’m doing, but it wasn’t full acceptance. These parts of ourselves must be in balance because they represent both aspects of the Holy Spirit, which is one and all, encompassing both energies. As I said “I accept you,” I felt as if I was being healed through balancing the feminine and masculine aspects of my consciousness. Self-acceptance is a vital tool that continues to help me fully tap into higher consciousness. When we accept both the feminine and the masculine, this begins to calm the overbearing aspect of the masculine energy and creates an opening for balance to be felt, accepted, and integrated on a personal and internal level, so it can then manifest on the external, global level.

Women have been encouraged to act more male oriented and to develop the masculine aspect of themselves to survive in this culture. Women have used this energy to get the right to vote, to fight back after being beaten down mentally or physically, to find productive and meaningful work, to raise strong children, and ultimately, to survive. However, we don’t have to continue using forceful energy in the same way that we did in the past to be strong in this world, even if this has previously been the way of the world.

We are no longer of the time when the male perspective has to determine what feminism, womanhood, personal strength, leadership, and power will encompass. We can be strong, loving, and empowered peacemakers. We don't have to be strong with dominance and force.

My life is proof that you can indeed be a powerful, strong, and effective leader who stands in love of the Divine feminine and makes decisions from a place of love. Despite the challenges many of us face, including my own, we can still go and do the work of God as our calling from a strong and powerful place within ourselves. Whether you are a man or a woman, there is a place for both masculine and feminine energy to work together in Christ Consciousness. The voice of the peacemaker who walks this new energy into existence to heal our planet, our bodies, and our souls can do this in a loving way and still be heard.

—Kimberly Meredith, Celebrity
Medical Intuitive Medium; Holistic Practitioner
Author: “*Awakening to the Fifth Dimension:
Discovering the Soul’s Path to Healing*”
www.thehealingtrilogy.com

Biography:

Kimberly Meredith is a world-renowned, scientifically validated, Bestselling Author and Spiritual Teacher. She has helped thousands of people and animals improve from all manner of physical and emotional medical conditions. Kimberly received her miraculous healing gifts following two Near Death Experiences. She has been featured in many magazines, TV and radio shows. Her bestselling book is

We Women of Essence Write:

For the exhausted woman who showers a few minutes longer to cry with the cascading water.

For the woman hidden in the bathroom, because she needs a few minutes of tranquility

For the woman who is so tired that she struggles to continue.

For the woman who would give anything to feel like herself again...

For the woman who gives a sigh of relief when everyone leaves the house

For the woman who just can't let the Past go

For the woman who desperately battles with Self-confidence when wearing denim pants

For the woman who just wants to look pretty again

For the woman who just wants to get through these hot flashes.

For the woman who can only find self-worth in achievement

For the woman who begs for identity beyond her children

For the woman who is only empowered by perfectionism..

For the woman who orders pizza for her family because there was no time to make dinner

For the woman who feels alone, even when she's accompanied by those she loves

We "Women of Essence," all say to You:

You're worth it all

You are important.

You deserve it

You are enough

You are unique.

You are wonderful...

WE ALL LOVE YOU!.. 