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# NEWSLETTER

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**- JOURNAL ENTRY: 2/1/2021, page #46**

*"February. My birthday month.*

*Right now feels good. I'm working everyday to get out of my head.*

*Intentional on my thoughts but not obsessive.*

*What comes in, may be processed or may be shut down after I do the "is this real" scan.*

*I did a visualizing meditation this morning that really made me cry.*

*The book I'm reading: Becoming Supernatural - is insane amazing.*

*First meditation of the book is along the lines of visualizing the future you.*

*The way she carries herself, the mood, the facial expressions.*

*Feel it.*

*The body doesn't know the difference between the deep visualization and reality.*

*You're supposed to do this visualization daily to change the energy & focus you're holding in order to manifest into existence.*

*When done, you carry it throughout the day so your body can rewire the thought/pain association.*

*He did say it can take 2-3 meditations to really start to feel it.*

*I struggled.*

*But kept with it, feeling tears well up as I finished.*

*Fact is, it's not much different, that future-self.*

*Her mood, face, and how she walked stood out the most.*

*Peace.*

*That's the only way I can describe it.*

*She creates just to create and has a business that brings her joy.*

*She travels and surrounds herself with community that lights her up and has expanded her business around it.*

*She does speaking events to share her stories of perseverance to inspire others.*

*She walks off stage and takes a big sigh because public speaking still isn't her favorite, but she smiles, knowing the impact she's made.*

*Then, home to her family to reset.*

*She has boundaries, knows her limits, and isn't afraid to speak because she knows how valuable her words are.*

*That peace is what I look forward to the most."*

# WHAT IN THE H-orse?

I wrote a blog post last week titled "What in the H-orse?" after a conversation with my therapist. Ever since I came out of my *darkness* that was 2020, I've felt a disconnect with social media and the messages I feel led to share.

I think this happens as you get clarity around who your future self is, what she does and how she carries herself, as you begin to show up as her. You are then left, stuck, in the *image* you've created for yourself thus far in life. There are gaps, uncertainties, and realignments that need to be made.

Being such a public figure on the internet, it felt like there was a *character* I needed to show up as, performing for the audience I'd spent a decade building. That character started to feel so unaligned, I resisted showing up in ways she was praised for. It's hard, stepping away from behaviors and ways of living that for years had been rewarded.

*Will I still be rewarded if I show up as someone else? As me?*

*Will I still be liked?*

*Will my followers go away?*

*With that, will my income start to dwindle?*

*If my income dwindles, what value will I be to my family?*

Stepping into the next version of myself, so publicly, trusting that it will all work out, has been something that's really tested me.

At the same time, I've been doing this deep emotional dive into my life and all of the memories that have filled it, in order to write my first book, a memoir.

Old fears have resurfaced, fight or flight instincts have peeked in, impostor syndrome has kept me warm at night like a lover you're now disgusted by. I noticed them all, the unwanted emotions that were no longer welcome, and released them like a balloon into the sky.

Stepping into the next version of yourself is terrifying. *How do you know if you're making the right decisions?*

I think the Universe goes out of her way to make things happen for you when you're stepping fully into alignment with who you're here to become.

# 37.

Holy fuck. I never thought I'd be this old.

37 feels weird to say out loud. It's the first number that's made me think, *wow...hmmm*. As I sit with the feelings of now being in my "late 30's."

Most of my friends are in their 40's now so even though I tend to be one of the *young ones* in my circle, I feel like I fit in perfectly as a soul who's experienced so much in her lifetime. I know it's because I started *life* early on.

I had two kids by the time I was 20, got married on my 20th birthday, and had a decade-long marriage that ended when I was 30. I got diagnosed with a life-changing illness that led to surgeries required pieces of my body to be removed and left behind, like the fat being trimmed off a piece of meat and discarded to the dogs.

Life for me felt like it started at 30. I'll obviously dive deep into this in my book (*launching 4/4 - mark your fucking calendar!*) but it felt as if I did life backwards.

I spent 30 & 31, healing my body in order to live a little longer on this planet in this body. I wasn't done living, I knew there was more, it felt like I'd finally taken my blinders off and noticed the world around me.



I spent 32 traveling the world on my own kind of Eat-Pray-Love journey. I went on every trip I was offered or asked, letting my bare feet ground in more countries than I ever imagined possible. I ate, I *prayed*, and oh man, did I love.

33-35 is now a little harder for me to talk about (*just wait for the book*) as I found myself more lost than ever after experiencing so much joy.

I felt stuck, I dulled myself, I settled, and I allowed it to swallow me whole. The Universe stepped in, killing everyone and everything that needed to die in order for me to start living again.

**- JOURNAL ENTRY: 2/10/2023, page #659**

*"Happy Birthday tooooooooo, meeeeeeeeeee!*

*36. Who woulda thunk it? I took some time this morning to flip back into my old journals - 34 & 35 - I wanted to see what my birthday energy was back then and holy shit - Raina needed a hug.*

*Reading them, I could remember how she felt, I could even remember the day she described, putting myself back into her slippers & felt the immediate heaviness that consumed her.*

*I'm sorry you had to feel that way on your birthday.*

*In the past, birthdays were never really special for me.*

*In fact, I don't think there is one - no, not one birthday I remember from my childhood or even my teenage years.*

*I don't think (or remember) they were made to be a big deal like I think of lot of people make them out to be.*

*As an adult, it became another day where I got anxious over receiving a gift or two and having to plaster on a smile of fake excitement. When I had kids, it didn't shift how I celebrated myself but it did shift my outlook on birthdays. I spent the next 16+ years throwing parties and surprising my girls with a decorated house so when they woke up, it felt special. I'd hang banners, put on table covers, tape shit to the walls and above doorways - I wanted them to know they were loved and appreciated and that I was so happy they were born.*

*This birthday feels different. Thank God - reading the last two birthday journal entries has me so thankful for the life shifts I've made over the last year and also proud of younger Raina that she kept going.*

*The girls woke me up this morning to a decorated house - they hung banners, laid out presents, had balloons - all for me so that I would feel special today - it worked.*

*There has been this tiny smile pasted on my face all morning because I'm letting this be the*

*first year that I accept the love without thinking strings are attached and at the same time, celebrating and loving myself.*

*It took me 36 years, and that's okay. I'm going to do my yoga this morning then head over to the ranch for a riding lesson & horse snuggles. There is nothing that grounds me more or forces me to be in the moment.*

*Then, I'll face-time my best friend, enjoy lunch with my boys, and head to my facial & massage!  
TREAT YO SELF!*

*I'll end the day with dinner with my two favorite girls and a special viewing of (25th anniversary) Titanic in theaters. Ha!*

*What a day. Soak it in."*

37 feels expansive.

37 feels full of possibility.

37 feels true and authentic.

37 feels like love. Deep and unconditional with the most important person: me.

I'm ready, stepping fully into it with confidence and knowing that I'm right where I need to be.

It's funny, comparison.

I sometimes look at others my age, noticing how vastly different our lives are. Some are unmarried and traveling. Some are collecting dogs and some are collecting children. Some are bankrupt and some are thriving and it seems like there is no "right path" to be on even though we're raised to believe there is.



I believe the *right path* looks different for every one of us and I think our souls came

here knowing exactly what it was going to look like and how it would play out. I think that's why our gut feelings and urges chime in, trying to steer us in the direction we're meant to go. We fight it often, but I've decided to trust and let it surprise me.

# I'M AN AUTHOR.

Truthfully, I don't think teenage Raina ever thought she'd be writing a book. Hell, she didn't even read a full book until she was 17 and it was: *Misery*, by Stephen King.

20 year old Raina felt like she was living so much life. Hard, challenging, always changing, ups and downs, in and outs - I knew a book would someday be needed to capture all of the waves I rode.

30 year old Raina set the goal and kept kicking it down the road with each year that passed like a big pebble on the sidewalk, always in sight. It seemed like such a daunting task, something that maybe 40 year old Raina would have the capacity for, when the Universe dumped a publisher in my lap.

I didn't want to write a self-help book, I'd felt so burnt out on those after a couple of years of reading a chapter a day. It felt like they all seemed to say the same things. *What would make my book different? What was my message?*

I listened to a few memoirs and realized it was the approach I wanted to take, sharing the lessons, details, and experiences that have shaped me. It felt as if the whole world knew my story, being so plugged into social media for a decade, sharing every aspect of my day as it unraveled. I'm sure people think they know it all, but as I wrote, I realized that the small corner of the world knew what I wanted them to know.

I'd gotten really good at playing a character.

I'd become even better at keeping secrets.

I'd achieved LEVEL: expert - at stuffing the stories that created scars, way down where no one would be able to find them. *If I kept them hidden, surely healing the wounds would be easier.*



I realized through this writing process that stuffing it all down had only made me sick & bitter. I'd collected bricks, stacking them up around me to build a wall to keep people out: family, lovers, and friends.

Writing this manuscript allowed me to rebuild the wall I had up, removing bricks in order to place windows and doors that allowed me to create a home within myself.

## LIFE LATELY.

I told my therapist this week, "it's funny how some weeks I get off the calls thinking, *Wow, I really feel good - maybe I'll start doing therapy monthly instead of weekly, I've got shit figured out.*" Then, it's like the Universe keeps me in check, knowing how good it feels to have someone to talk through life with, by setting a little corner of my world on fire.

Dexter stopped eating on Thursday night, I tried to get him to eat some soft dog food (*which he'd normally scarf down*) and even some chicken & rice - nothing. I tried again on Friday, when his tremors started, assuming a disc in his back had slipped again & he was just in pain. I'm equipped at home with a laser and loop that I use on his back to relieve pain & help with inflammation so I spent the day trying to make him feel better. When we woke up on Saturday morning and Dex couldn't stand up, we took him into the ER Vet in Boulder.

"Critical level, can we get nurses to the front please?" she said after I walked in and explained his symptoms. A nurse snatched him from my arms as the girls cried, saying silent prayers to any God that would listen.

We'd been here before for his back but this time felt different and I had a hard time distinguishing between *knowing* and intrusive thoughts. I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that today, I might have to say goodbye to our Hansom.

*Fuck. Even now while I write, tears well up.* I'm not ready for this.



*Everything I love, leaves.* It might be fine, he will be okay.

*I saw necklaces to wear your dogs ashes, I need to google it.* Raina, stop.

*What if I'm manifesting this?* He'll be okay. He'll be okay. He'll be okay.

It was like a devil and an angel on each shoulder, my thoughts battling with little pitch forks to see who could keep my attention the longest.

On our drive out to the ER in Boulder, I tried to be strong for the girls while realizing they weren't little girls anymore, I needed to prepare them for every possible way this could play out.

We got Dexter in 2014 for the girls, the best Christmas present I'd ever given. I had made more money that year than I ever had in my entire life and felt so proud, being able to splurge on an \$800 maltepo puppy.

We hid him with grandparents on Christmas eve so we could do the stereotypical surprise on Christmas morning. The girls had no idea. We sat them down on the couch after opening all of the presents, "Oh, wait! We forgot a present!" Bret told them as he ran out into the garage, meeting our grandparents who had Dexter in tow.

The girls sat excitedly on the couch bouncing up and down, begging me to tell them what it was as I held my phone, recording them, hoping to not miss a moment. Bret walked into the living room, asking the girls to close their eyes and they did, so tightly. He sat the basket down on the ottoman in front of the couch as Dexter nearly wiggled right out of it, a whole 7 lbs.

"Okay open!" Bret said uncontrollably. The screams filled the entire house, laughter and tears spilled from McKenzie's eyes just like they did that day in the ER. A different kind of tear, those carried joy and hope while the ones we released 9 years later felt heavy and contaminated with fear.

I sat in the car with the girls, trying to hold in my sobs while they released theirs, explaining that worst case scenario, we'd have to tell him goodbye.

I reminded them of the session I had done with Annette a couple months before, an animal communicator who has a PhD and studied at the Heart Math Institute. I'd allowed her to tap into all of my animals: Joey, Cesar, Archie, and Dexter.

She talked to me with such joy in her voice as she mentioned "the little ball of fluff" that was our Handsom boy. "...Raina, you're his pack, you are the leader of the pack. You've had 5 lifetimes together, it also looks like he has been in your life before in this lifetime. Once he passes, he wants to come back to you. This is a soul connection that's been going on for lifetimes. His job is to keep you in your heart, keeping the love in your life..." she continued and I couldn't control the tears that slipped out.

I reminded the girls of this and we smiled together, thinking of all of the ways he might make his way back to us if he does decide to leave us today.

I held onto that thought, using it as my shield.

"He's stable, we're labeling him as critical condition, he's got a long way to go still but he's okay." the vet explained after we'd spent an hour sobbing in the waiting room. They decided it'd be best if they kept him for 2-3 days to diagnose and monitor him closely. Feeling helpless, we kissed him goodbye and drove home.

"We believe it's Addison's Disease" she explained when we visited the next day. "I'm not going to lie Raina, he almost died, I think if you would have waited any longer to bring him in it would have been fatal." McKenzie & Ella's eyes shot at me like innocent little daggers to my chest. *Fuck.*

We visited him twice a day during visiting hours. When he noticed us walking in towards his little *hospital room* he'd stand up, shaky but hopeful, wagging his little tail as fast as it would go. We sat with him for hours, talking to him and petting him, doing everything three humans could do to ease the anxiety he had to feel, being away from us, shaved, exposed, and vulnerable.

The next day, they called us at home saying Dexter's levels had all stabilized and we could pick him up around noon. They shared that we'd be able to manage his diagnosis with steroids and monthly



injections, I was no stranger to this. Archie gets monthly injections for his legs and we manage it just fine.

*Holy shit. He's going to be okay.*

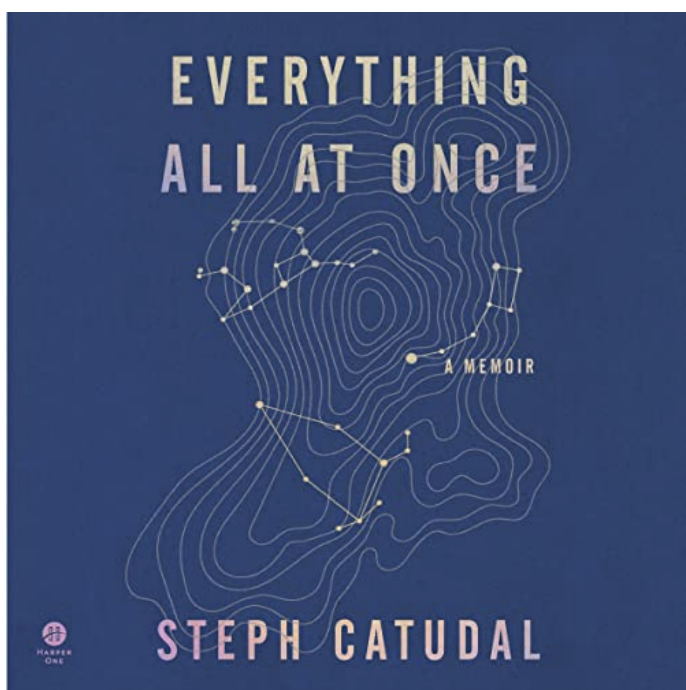
*Oh thank God - any God that listened - thank you.*

We drove home with our little guy in tow, grateful for every single second we'd get to have with him. We picked up a pup-cup for him, laughing as he licked it down slowly and patiently as if he wanted to really appreciate the gift. We sat on the floor as Archie & Rockie welcomed him home, three tails going wild.

It's wild reflecting on the relationship I have with my animals, how many of my *seasons* they've navigated through with me. They've licked more of my tears than I'd like to admit, been the little spoon during so many hard days and a reason to laugh and smile no matter how heavy things felt.

I believe I was tested this month, to remind me of how beautiful life is and also in the same breath, how fragile.

## MUST LISTEN.



On my memoir adventure, I stumbled upon this book and was intrigued by the title. I don't sob while listening to many books but this one pulled at pieces of my heart like no book before it.

A book of love, loss, life, and grief - I connected to the words the author shared and found pieces of myself in her story. It's a powerful story and reminder that we can find healing no matter how broken we feel.

# WORK WITH ME.



Our **reSTABLEize Retreat** is a 4-day, 3-night retreat that includes transportation, lodging, meals and a transformational guided experience.

Join an intimate group of women for 3 days to connect to yourself & nature to ignite your personal vision. The retreat includes mountain lodging, experiential mindfulness and coaching work with horses, personal and group coaching. Leave with a restored sense of community, connection, and clarity on what living in alignment means to you.

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