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NEWSLETTER

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- JOURNAL ENTRY: *page #001 (December 1st, 2020)*

"Today felt off. Slightly. It felt fake. Today I felt like I needed to act like everything is okay, nothing hurt too much.

Yesterday was hard. "Heavy" as I explained it. It felt like I couldn't take a deep breath without tears beginning to well up. It even happens now as I bring attention to it.

Today was my first official day off of social media.

How sad as a grown ass woman... "my first official day off social media" sounds like I'm some whiny ass influencer who got her feelings hurt.

It's deeper. Way deeper, yet I feel like only a handful of people know the feelings that are coming up and how hard of a severing this really is.

Chad. My therapist even. I don't think people can comprehend how deep the pain, feelings, worry, anxiety, and doubt goes.

So, I write.

Yet, I wonder why, what anyone else thinks, even matters to me?

Feeling like this may be the only way to get it out and process it. Today feels like mourning.

It feels like a relationship. One that I invested in, every single day, throughout the day, for 2,790 days. One that allowed me to "be me". One that listened when I had something to say.

This relationship told me I was beautiful on days when I felt less than. It made me laugh when I needed to smile. It went through heartache and love, equally as deep. It also caused me so much pain every day that it became my outlet. It told me how ugly and unworthy I was.

It told me to "eat a cheeseburger" and to cover up my "disgusting bag of poop" all in one breath.

It forced me into comparison games that caused me to change everything I knew for one single like or comment. It clouded every thought, every emotion, and it eventually broke me.

I just really have no idea who I am.

I've been cheated on.

I've been lied to.

I've been called names.

But this relationship with social media has got to be the one that broke me the most.

My heart breaks, it aches. Yet a part of me, way deep down, is already breathing just a little bit lighter today.

Tomorrow may be different but today is okay."

Damn, that was an interesting journal entry to look back on. So much has changed, yet so much is still the same.

DISCONNECTION.

I sat in the paddock with Cesar right after the photographer left. We had captured every single moment I wanted to. She captured the emotion, the love, the depth, and the nature of the relationship I have with my horses, Cesar & Joey.

I sat there with him, little pieces of stall shavings all over my legs as he hovered above me, staring out into the pasture. I had my phone in my hand, trying to put together the words needed to announce to my social media followers that I needed a break.

I knew I was overthinking it. I could feel that.

I think Cesar could too because he kept nudging me with his big nose as if he were saying: *"Holy shit mom, just post it already, I'm hungry!"*

I pressed the little red button on my camera app and started recording as I shared an update on how the photo shoot went before sharing that I felt the need to take a break.

"I don't even know why I'm on here right now..." I said as I realized I was rambling.

I ended my video, uploaded the clips to my stories, and exited the app.

I quickly deleted my Instagram, Threads, Twitter & Facebook apps with a violent undertone, as if I would change my mind if I didn't do it right then and there.

Exhale.

Cesar hovered over my head, nuzzling my hair, moving his lips back and forth creating friction as if he were trying to comfort me. I told him thank you, lifting my chin up to kiss his fuzzy nose.

I sat there for a moment acknowledging what I had done, trying to stuff the thoughts of "holy shit, what about your business" down so I could pay more attention to how I felt and what emotions were coming up.

My mind flew back in time to 12/1/2020 when I took my first social media break. Wow what a difference time made. It felt as if my world was ending back then...

This time, it felt like my world was expanding.

- JOURNAL ENTRY: page #855

"Welp, it's day one of my social media detox, that's what I'm going to call it.

I know, it feels random since I haven't really journaled about this. I kept thinking back to the only other time I took a break, December 2020.

That break was a forced one due to a potential nervous breakdown, may have been an identity crisis, Covid, BLM, work, relationships that felt -oh so- wrong, I mean - it wasn't a good time.

This one feels different, thank god. It feels like clearing noise, a deeper boundary, a step towards hearing myself again.

I met Ashley for a drink, telling her how my vision is so clear yet on the daily, I struggle with spiraling thoughts of what-if. What if "this" happens & I can't pay bills? What if "this" flops and I lose everything?

It's trauma - thanks Bret. However, the what-if's have been paralyzing me in a way that's causing some freezing. "I don't know when I'll find the time to write this book..." was coming out of my mouth consistently.

Meanwhile, my screen time was 9 hrs/day. Ha! Imagine I had those 9 hours back!?

Well, I did; deciding that some things needed to go. Yes, I use IF for work, but "work" includes a post, DM's... period. That takes me 30 mins.

It was just becoming a distraction, an escape, a way to numb. I might as well have been smoking every hour of the day like I was 2 years ago. So - no more.

I'm still launching MORE on 11/11 and I'll just do it with my email list. It will be enough.

Exhale. Yes. More - could also mean more boundaries, more clarity, more direction. and that's what I've been needing recently.

So, me taking this hiatus is a step towards "MORE" for me personally. I have (4) one on one calls today, therapy, riding lessons, and I'm off to pilates in a few minutes. It really feels like a weight off knowing that I don't have to talk about any of that. I can just do & enjoy.

I will do my calls tomorrow then I'm picking dad & Mark up at the airport that afternoon.

I'm looking forward to seeing them, also just nervous. We don't talk a lot or have the relationship a lot of people have with their family, and it's okay. The girls & I actually prefer it this way.

It's just old beliefs coming up so while I appreciate seeing them, with all of "this" I'm looking forward to settling in Monday to a new, focused flow & devoting solid time to writing my book & working with my clients.

One day at a time because... "what if" it all works out?

FAMILY TIME.

The story goes: I graduated high school and got the hell outta dodge.

I lived about an hour away from my family for a few years before moving about 3 hours away when the kids were toddlers.

That distance felt good until we moved to California in 2015 and then to Colorado the following year. I haven't spent a holiday at home really, since I was 18.

I feel now as I write this, it kinda sounds shitty. The truth is, I'm not as close to my family as I thought I'd be as an adult.

I didn't have a *bad* childhood but it wasn't good either and after graduating high school, I had no desire to stay in my hometown. I've seen, firsthand what happens to the people who stay. It wasn't going to be my story.

I had the same emotions come up as my girls started to get a little older. I didn't want them *growing up* where I did, even 3 hours away wasn't enough distance. I wanted more for them, bigger goals, bigger dreams, and it didn't feel like that was possible where we were.

Colorado felt like a good place to settle, even though I resisted it at first.

My dad has made the trip out, usually once/year since I moved with the exception of the Pandemic. He usually makes the trip with my little (half) sister or by himself and this time, he brought my little brother. I say little - he just turned 33.

My brother, Mark, is who I grew up with. Our parents split when we were young, I was in Kindergarten so Mark was itty bitty. We were never really super close, when I was in high school he was just this annoying little boy that would always but my friends & I.

When I graduated and moved away, we lost touch and while my life went in one direction, his went in the complete opposite. Mark spent the better part of the next 15 years in and out of prison as he battled drug addiction that led to not-so-good decisions. He had been out of prison for a year or so when my dad told him, more or less, that if he kept his shit together, he'd bring Mark along to Denver on his next trip out.

When they landed, I felt super nervous. I'd had a handful of conversations with my brother since I had graduated high school, I had no idea who this version of him was.

We spent the following few days wandering around Colorado. Mark had never seen the mountains so we drove up to Estes Park & some other pretty areas within an hour or two of where I lived to show him around. They went with me into Denver for the dogs' physical therapy appointments, and participated in school pick up & drop off.

It felt like letting him into my world, more than I ever have before.

Mark kept commenting on how beautiful Colorado was and how he felt so proud of me. It felt odd hearing that from him and it wasn't until I was talking to my book publisher about some of my life story that I realized why he kept saying that.

I had gotten *out*. I had moved away from home and regardless of how rough the journey had been to get *there*, I had created **more** for my life.

We had a conversation on our drive to get a tattoo, sharing some childhood memories and getting to know one another again. It felt like a beautiful conversation, healing even. As he expressed this *feeling* like he was wanting to do more in his life, I looked at him and said, "Mark, where you are now isn't where you always have to be."

There's more to be had.

You simply need to decide and take action.



BACK TO THE FLOW.

Once they left, it took no time for me to fall back into the flow I had in my head. I took a screenshot of my screen time, reading 8h 39m - and went on to remove Hulu & Netflix from my phone also.

I noticed that even with those apps, there was a default for me to click & numb out. I don't like how that feels... I'd rather spend time doing things that are bringing me closer to my vision and that highest version of myself.

So, I sat at my desk and organized my Time-Block Planner. I filled in all of my one on one calls, appointments, and non-negotiables.

I wrote in my pilates classes, my therapy session, my horse riding lessons, my oil change appointment, physical therapy appointments for the dogs, a therapy visit with Archie at an Elementary School, and my *shifts* at the ranch.

I dumped all of the other to-dos for the week on the side of my planner so I wouldn't lose track of some of the random things I wanted to get done like: finish newsletter, do my Quickbooks, work on the timeline for my book, edit my website photos...

Once I finished dumping, I knew that outside of work calls and marketing emails, my focus was to write and work on my book. Each day, I found a gap of 1-2 hrs where I wrote: "*WORK AT COFFEE SHOP: manuscript*" and I wrote it on my calendar like an appointment I couldn't cancel.

Continually, it all comes back to vision and deciding daily to take action steps towards that.

So, I'd wake up as the sun was rising and walk downstairs to feed the boys and start my mushroom matcha. I'd turn on my audio book, get my workout clothes on, and head to pilates. My days have been spent on one on one calls or writing from the coffee shop and it feels so incredibly aligned. In fact, some days I even drive out to the ranch and sit in our tack room to take calls, something even *more* aligned with my vision.

More than anything, I'm just deeply enjoying the flow I'm in, being present in the day, and creating forward motion.

I've talked before at the woman here at my ranch that does corporate equine work - we connected this past week on a new level.

She had offered to come to the ranch after my lessons on Sunday to "show me a little more of what she does with the horses & her work..." because she knows it's a route I want to take.

We grabbed Cesar and wandered out into the arena to talk. Cesar looked like a young-pup again, running laps around the arena as snow flew up around his feet every time they landed. I took a large inhale and exhale as I watched him release the energy he'd stored up. I felt his release, along with the joy that brought. He'd do a lap and run at me full speed as if he was saying "look, ma!" and would quickly shift directions before we made contact. I sat and watched him as Bridgit spoke, sharing her beliefs, strategy, approach, and thoughts around equine work.

It was a beautiful and helpful conversation that lasted a couple of hours. Cesar walked by my side back to the barn as we kept talking, "If you ever want to connect more or even host retreats, I'd love to partner with you and chat about what that looks like!" She said.

YES. It's a deep, vibrational yes, I told her.

She invited me to one of her equine clinics next month where she'd be hosting 22 people. She offered for me to be a fly on the wall, taking what resonated and leaving behind what didn't and I've jumped at the opportunity.

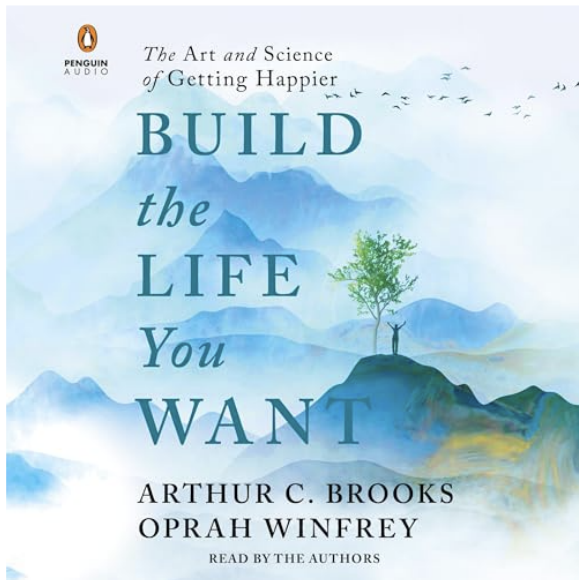


I share all of this because it just feels like constant forward motion. It may not be the pace I'd like or a direction I pictured, but the universe has been consistent with presenting me with opportunities. I feel like that's what life in forward motion is:

Opportunities.

We can grab them and see where they take us or we can say no. In this season, I'm saying yes & I'm riding the waves.

MUST LISTEN.



I'm not saying that I'm in the same playing field as Oprah or Arthur C. Brooks but this book felt like pieces of my own journey, story, and coaching. I downloaded this book randomly and really enjoyed the easy listen as I got validation around some of the methods or thought processes that I have and teach to my clients.

Definitely worth the listen.

• **CLICK ON THE IMAGE TO LISTEN NOW** •

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