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NEWsletter

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"2/22 - Creative and intuitive energy okayyyyyy - 222 can signal a time of reflection, well, I'm here for that. Exhale. Last night in therapy we dove deeper into EMDR, focusing on money mindset and healing. Needed. After all of these years - after all of the things that I've been through, stresses & life events I've had, finances still carry the most weight. While I do know that with time, all of this will pass, and even though thoughts of "you'll never get out of this" pop up, the thoughts aren't true. 2027 Raina is free. I can see it and feel it. She's free. As we did EMDR, the image that popped up was Bret in the drivers seat. Metaphorically and literally. It was 2013 and we were running errands during the middle of the day while the kids were at school, I was in the passenger seat and he said we needed to talk. I instantly felt butterflies in my stomach because in my world, nothing good ever followed that sentence. He shared with me how stressed he had been around finances and that he had a meeting with a lawyer to talk about filing for bankruptcy. My stomach dropped, killing all the butterflies, turning them into

TRUTH TELLING.

anger and frustration. I have a vivid recollection of thinking, he was such a weak man, I didn't want to do it, knowing there were always other options, but it wasn't a question, he was telling me. I zoomed back into reality as the EMDR session continued and I could feel the chest tightness, nauseating turns in my stomach, I felt it all as we dove into those memories. The next thought I had was church. We were super plugged in at that time - Bret had "found God" and we had an image to maintain. I had just started my Beachbody business the month before and had no idea what the future would hold for me there, no idea how big it would develop. The next image was that of masks - not the first time this "mask" had popped in while doing EMDR. And then... "I'm a fraud" - Whoa. While I may have subconsciously thought that, it has never been something I ever recognized or said out loud which is - interesting. I then thought of Sally, my business coach & our last conversation: me, fearful to step into "Business Owner Raina" and I now see that it's because there is this deep inner "I'm a fraud" thought followed by a "need to prove people wrong" **Then** - Raina, no one thinks you're a fraud - you think you're a fraud. So - it was all a lot, I cried a lot, the Bret and money stuff seems to be in there

deep but I'm confident now that I can start to shift it just like I have the other things I've worked through. Sally said to me: "funny that you recall that situation and think "I'm a fraud" instead of "LOOK AT THE MASSIVE BUSINESS I CREATED FROM ZERO!" Which, duh - any sane, healed person would go there. And I am now. Now I am going to celebrate the growth, not the stuck-ness of the past or hurdles. She challenged me to share it in my newsletter, the one I'll release next week. She's right, I think it's exactly what I need to share and release - the weight, the "secret" so I can fully step in and recognize the growth I've had. Breathing. I think it was my book this morning, also talking about I AM statements vs. I will. "Will" makes it future tense and the "I AM" makes it a now statement - your body doesn't know the difference when you're declaring it. So - I am. I am ready. I am healed. I am able. I am whole. I am all I need. I am a mentor. I am a coach. I am successful. I am a business owner. I am a yogi. I am a runner. I am a great mom. I am a magnet for abundance. I AM ABUNDANT."

Truth telling unlocks people. - Oprah

TODAY.

I'm officially 36 years old. I'm a divorced, single mom of two teenage girls and the buck stops with me. I don't get child support, help from family is out of the question, it's all on me and my shoulders. My work is my passion and a huge part of my life that fulfills me. I've been making the transition into talking more about being an entrepreneur and why routine plays such a big role in that, helping me show up in a deep and powerful way. But, not so much that I can't show up for my kids in a deep and powerful way. I've been working with a business coach and realized how hard this transition has been. For a long time, you've just known me as the Consistency Queen. I'll navigate all of life's ups and downs and show you how I will stay consistent in the things that make me feel good no matter what.

In some seasons, that's required more rest, in other seasons it's required hustle. In all seasons, my businesses have been my constant. In fact, I've had growth in myself and my business in some of the hardest years of my life. The reality for me and something I haven't shared a lot about is my financial-trauma story. My therapist and I have been working through it for a

while and when I shared with my business coach, her challenge to share it caused me all kinds of discomfort.

Through the discomfort, I could pause for a moment, realizing that she was right. This is something I've kept in for so long yet it's something that so many people are working through on a daily basis. In fact, several of my calls with one-on-one clients feel like mirrored lives of mine. I now realize how important sharing and releasing this is going to be, so as part of my healing - I wanna tell you the whole story. Not because you *need to know* but mostly because I need to share it and remind myself how much of a bad-ass I really am.

I feel like most of my stories begin with: "I grew up in a small town..." so I won't do that. I will share that I grew up without money. In fact, I just finished watching *Gilmore Girls* (for the second time all the way through) and caught myself constantly wondering what it would have been like to grow up as either Lorelai - family money, people to fall back on if you needed it - that kind of thing. That life wasn't something I was ever familiar with because leaning on my family, in my mind, meant that there would be less for them and I just couldn't do that to my mom or dad who seemed to always have *just* enough. I got my first *real*

job at 16 after getting my drivers license. I drove 20 minutes one way to a little diner where I waited tables for most of my high school career. I made enough to pay for gas & groceries and some extras, even paying for my own class ring, cap & gown. At 18, I moved out after high school graduation and roomed with 3 girlfriends who all enrolled in college with me at the same time. You know the

story... I met a boy 6 weeks later, found out I was pregnant 6 weeks after that, and saw the reality of what my life would be right in front of me. I was pregnant "out of wedlock", the daughter of a pastor, a family just getting by, and a baby daddy who begged me to have an abortion so his



drug & alcohol use wouldn't be affected by a child. I could see it - barely making ends meet, living in my home town, checking off all the *statistic* boxes as I enrolled for Medicaid.

I have a memory of driving home from work one evening when I was pregnant, crying because my husband had been out using drugs all day & night. I held on tight

to my belly as I drove with one hand, unable to control my tears. I told her (Kenzie) that I was so sorry for bringing her into this and I promised to do everything I could to change it.

The next several years were a blur of working several jobs to make ends meet. My kids went from day care to day care as I worked at least 2 jobs so we could pay our

bills and make up for the money spent on drugs.

There were weeks where I would pull into the gas station & call my husband asking how much money I could put in gas and he responded with a firm: "\$5. We have nothing till payday."

Slowly, I felt like things were finally starting to come together when I

landed a job at a local hospital & he started excelling in his sales job. We had moved to a larger city and fell into a solid community of friends & church. Things felt far from perfect but way better than I had expected.

Fast forward to the car ride that I journaled on.

MONEY TRAUMA.

As he told me about the bankruptcy he was going to file *for us* - I tried so hard to hold back tears. This isn't how it was supposed to be. This wasn't what I had planned and it didn't align with how everything else in my life felt. I had just started a new business and *what if* it took off?! I expressed my what if's and dismissed the rest as I realized I didn't really have a say.

We didn't tell anyone other than his parents. My family didn't know, my friends had no idea, our church & work community were oblivious. It felt like a dirty secret I had to keep. The stories of "I'm never going to get out of this..." and "I'm a fraud" developed this year although I kept them to myself. The feeling of poverty & lack, chased me and feelings of "*what do I have to lose?*" came in as I decided to see what would happen if I actually went all in to my business.

I got myself organized, plugged in, created a routine and a flow that I knew I'd be able to show up for between being a mom and wife. I didn't let limiting beliefs, fear, or thoughts of others do anything but fuel me to keep going. 25 year old Raina had an urge to change things and a desire for more. One paycheck led to the next and

each week I started to believe in myself more and more. I decided I just needed to embody the "Raina" that was successful. If my goal was \$1,000/week, I needed to act like her, show up like her, be focused like her. Even then, I became obsessed with looking at my gaps throughout my week to maximize *how and when* I could show up to grow my business more. Within a year and a half, I had matched my husbands income and grew my business to multi 6-figure earnings.

Rather than me thinking - "YAY! I'm now a successful business owner!" - my mind told me I was being a fraud while my body pulled me down & drained my energy.

Subconsciously, these thoughts and beliefs have held me in chains ever since. I've held it in, creating shame & guilt, two of the lowest vibration emotions that sit heaviest in our bodies.

As you know, it all came crashing down in 2016 when I filed for divorce after finding out that my husband was still using. On top of it all, I found out that he had spent our savings on his *habits*, wiping me clean. There I sat, at my little round breakfast table staring at my bank accounts and excel spreadsheets, fighting back the tears and

wondering how I was going to make this all work by myself.

What I didn't realize then, but wish I could go back to tell her, was that - *she's already done it all by herself* - she had already taken nothing and turned it into something. She had already hit the lowest points and built from that.

Call it mom-mode, call it desperation, but something in me knew that I couldn't just sit at that table forever, being sad and angry, and full of blame. I had to continue to hold on to my anchor as the waves crashed. I had to release the vision that I had held on to and built my business on and rearrange it. I had to wipe it clean and realign

so I could move forward because it was the only option. I had two kids after all, two kids who's dad and moved out of state. Two kids who were going to have their own waves to ride - I knew I needed to be their anchor.

You know this part of the story too.

Within a year, I woke up with my permanent ostomy. I knew that rest, my girls, and my business were priorities so I rearranged my day to create those non-negotiable habits. Part of me felt like a super-hero, being able to continue to grow my businesses and continue to expand while the other part of me kept suppressing those thoughts of

fraud, I rebuilt my world and formed it into the life you see today.

Through my therapy and work with my mentor, I feel like my mask is finally starting to come off. Over the years, my business and what I do, became something that I didn't talk about, instead I just showed up. I fell into what was comfortable and safe, hiding behind

my daily routine and consistency label.

While I love that, I'm realizing that there's another level and a more intentional life I am supposed to be living.

For the last several years, I'd been making payments of several thousand dollars a month towards getting it all cleared up, clinging to the story that "I'll never get out of



this..." In January 2023, I made my final payment towards the debt my ex husband had incurred for us. For the first time in 36 years, I feel a sense of freedom. I feel like I am finally morphing into who I was meant to be and part of this transformation is releasing this old story. What I've realized is that holding on to all of this has been holding me back from being even more open and intentional about my life. I've been doing all the things to heal yet those "fraud" and "scarcity mindset" thoughts were still lingering. Releasing this is the last thing I need to do to allow me to step fully into this next space - free to live my bigger and more expansive life.

Because **you** are my family, I'm trusting you with this story, it feels like sharing it means releasing it into a trusting, safe place. I only want to encourage you to do the same thing now. Releasing those thoughts, ideas, and beliefs about yourself that are holding you back from stepping into who you are *now*.

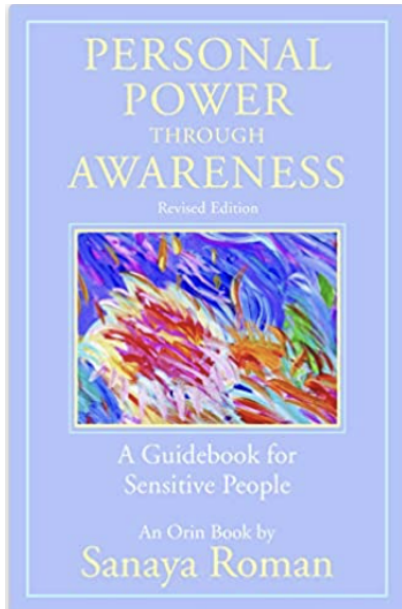
Living my life with an intentional structured routine allowed me to identify where I was really being held back, like a mirror being held up in front of my face. It became very clear, very quickly, what old stories I needed to let go of.

So *reader* - notice your resistance. Where is it? Where is it coming from? What thoughts or limiting beliefs keep coming up for you? What's the new story you need to write?

WHAT WOULD YOU TELL A CLIENT? *I'd say: that's a story - stories can change, what's the new one you're going to write? What's the new impact you're going to leave? If people think... let them. You can't change how they perceive you - you can only change how you show up. That's all. So - who will you be? No, not even that - who are you? I am an entrepreneur - one who has gone through addiction with a spouse, divorced said spouse, dealt with bankruptcy, raising two kids by myself, illness with UC, surgeries and hospitalizations, an ostomy, dating, moving - ALL the while, growing my business that quite literally made it possible for me to survive all of the above. My business & vision have been my anchor as the world around me burned down, year after year. It was what I had control of, the thing that kept me grounded, hopeful, creative, and growth-focused. Through those things, those events, sure, parts of me hardened. Hell, I have a brick wall tattooed on my chest. No one will get through. Wait, no one will get through? Is that what I want? No - so I had to learn how to soften, slow down, release, overcome, transform, and grow. As a person, a mom, a friend, and an entrepreneur. That's what I did and that's who I am.*

- JOURNAL ENTRY 2/23/22

MUST READ.

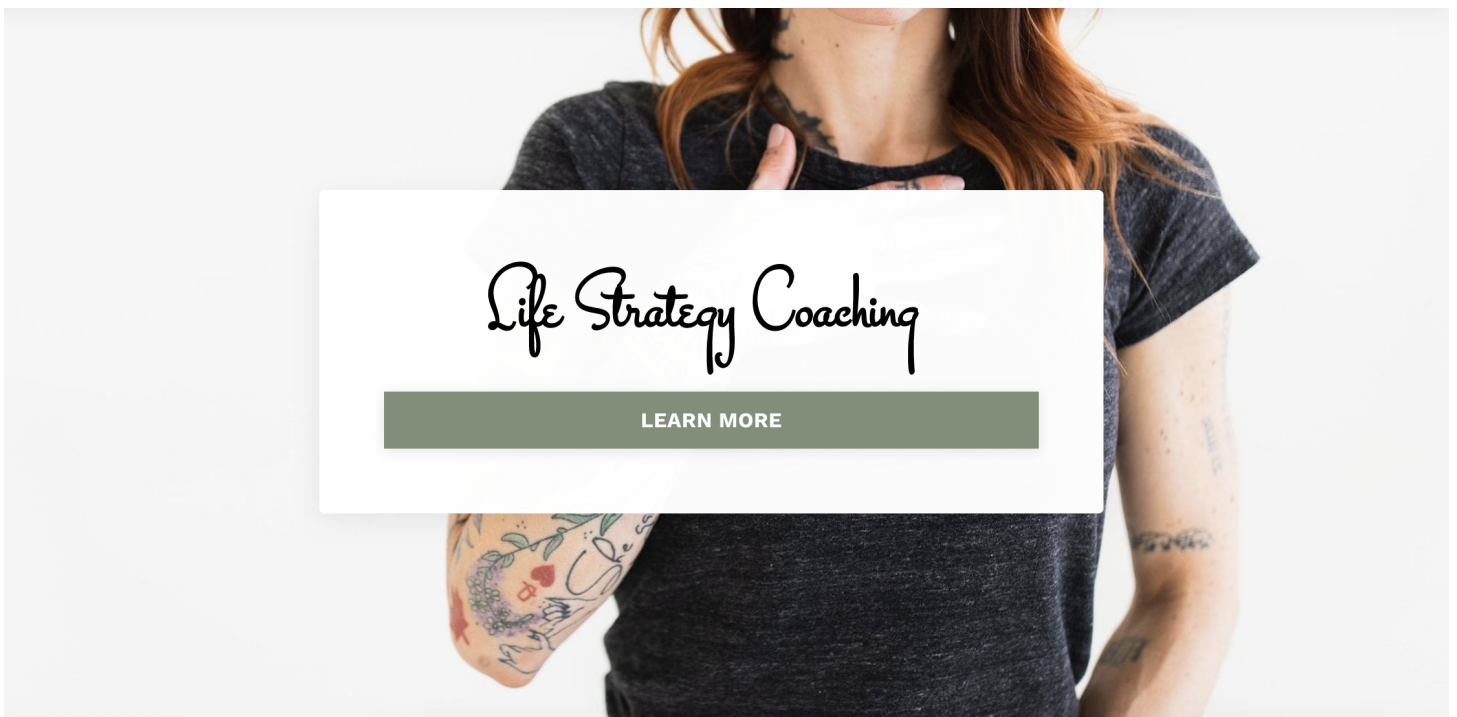


I owe a lot of credit to this book, believe it or not.

It's always interesting how aligned some of the books I stumble across are exactly what I need in each season of life I shift into. I picked up this book while I was in Encinitas over the holidays and it's shifted my thoughts so much. It's helped me gain more awareness around my energy and that of others, and shift my thoughts, beliefs, and emotions to work towards changing my inner dialogue, love all the parts of me (including the past me), and move forward with energy.

CLICK THE IMAGE TO CHECK OUT THE BOOK.

WORK WITH ME.



My business has transitioned from showing you how into teaching you how.

I would love to help you identify where your resistance is coming from and work towards putting a system in place that allows you to show up for every role in your life with confidence and knowing.

We've all got some work to do. It's way easier to do it together.