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itsjustyou *NEWS* sletter

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I'm supposed to be writing. I usually tell people I mentor that phrase: "supposed to" is a red flag to something, so I think I'm in need of a language shift for that one. I've been procrastinating my April Newsletter (yes, again) so much so that it's now the end of May. Come - on - Raina. In my recent audio book, *THE CONFIDENCE GAP*, I'm uncovering that procrastination in most cases is because of fear.

What am I afraid of? That's been my journaling prompt for many areas of my life.

When I finished my 3rd journaling notebook in the beginning of April, I thought - *PERFECT, this is what I'll write about: all the things I learned in 3 notebooks.* I even thought of a catchy title: HOLY SHIFT. I thought it was funny. As each day passed, I tried to start brainstorming all the things I have grown from, been through, tools I've gained, and lessons learned over the last couple of years and with each day, I let the sun set without a word written. I've said it before, I love writing these Newsletters. I love journaling and have fallen in love with the process of writing in general, sharing my stories, releasing the thoughts, all of it. It wasn't until an Intensive Video Oracle & Energy Reading with @thelovelyalea, and then again more recently in my audio book, that I associated this procrastination with fear. When Alea said **-you need to be writing, there's something bigger you should be doing-** it felt like a shot to the gut. What?! How did she know I'd been pushing it off? It was bigger than a Newsletter, I knew that, but I knew (and so did she) that I needed to be writing. Something bigger *was* coming, I could feel it in my gut and my voice needed to be heard (or read). Two days later, I was on a zoom call with @blissfulintuitive for an Energy Healing Session and as we closed out this amazing group meditation experience, she said: *"Write, go ahead and write if you feel the need to."* Then she looked at me: *"Raina, oh Raina - I'm so proud of Raina for her writing"*- she said out loud. Okay, Universe. I hear you.

HOLY SHIFT.

Now, while I know there's something bigger I'm supposed to be doing, I figured it had to start with finishing (starting, really) my April-May Newsletter.

This newsletter may be a bit different than the others. It might be deeper, more emotional, more of an *unraveling* of sorts as life has been, well, another pivot lately. This could be another reason for my procrastination, I thought. As I dug through the 3 journals looking for things to share, fear also came up in the sense of: I haven't mastered these things yet, I don't want anyone to see me as a fraud. Over these last few months I've been in major need of a language shift along with some positive manifestation so instead of letting that fear control me now, I'm shifting it. Let me start by saying, I'm not *teaching* you anything. Haha, I'm not your teacher or your guru (great documentary). I am sharing *my* stories and *my* lessons, the personal ones that have groomed me and molded me over the last 2 years. The ones that have shifted who I am and woke me up to who I want to be. The ones that I sometimes ignored and ones tried to maneuver around in hopes that life would work out how I wanted it to. I'm learning that's not how this *whole thing* works.

Let me first take you back to the head space I was in when I first started journaling. The date was 12/1/2020 and as the world was falling apart, so was I - or so it felt. Divorced and new to dating: I thought I had taken the proper time to heal after my divorce 4 years earlier. I had traveled, *found myself*, dove into my community, and checked all the boxes of the "wait to date" checklist as I dove back into the technology-driven dating world. I have two daughters so after my divorce, I wore the pants in all aspects. I took on the role of mom, dad, and teacher as I started to homeschool my kids with hopes to travel more with them. We shifted those plans and they enrolled in public school a month before Covid hit. Hilarious, Universe. I've been a wellness coach in the fitness/nutrition industry for 9 years and everything about my job lit my fire. I would share with my team that I'd be *right here* working this business and using our

products whether I got paid for it or not. I mean, I started my business at 25 years old and it quickly became my identity as it helped me build confidence, self-worth, and the ability to create an income that allowed me to leave my (ex) husband when it was time. It took one "anti-everything hater" on You-tube to bring my mindset down and make me question everything I ever did, any impact I ever made, and every *single* word I spoke. From that point forward, I questioned the identity that I had uncovered fallen so much in love with over the last (nearly) decade.

On 12/1/2020, I decided to take a *social media break*. I needed to quiet the noise, I needed to hear Raina again, and I couldn't think of any way to do it other than shutting off the device & platform to recharge.

PAGE ONE: "*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.*" I wrote one full page, forcing myself to get the words out and on to paper. It didn't come easy for me. Every word was forced and sometimes I just recapped my day. But, I knew it was important to get it out so it didn't intoxicate the inside anymore.

1. JOURNALING REVEALS THE REALITY

(instead of the fiction that lives in our minds)

I had a hard time distinguishing the difference between reality and my thoughts, the made up stories that my ego created to assist my fight or flight. It was like every thought that came in had the intention of hurting me or growing me and during this time, the pain seemed to be overwhelming.

I am skimming through journal #1 as I write and even reading some of these entries makes my palms sweaty and my heart race. *She* was in pain, she was frustrated, she was even a bit angry before realizing the truth in her experiences.

PAGE TEN: "*Part of my book today: Our lack of gratitude is what makes us feel so unloved. I read that, RIGHT after my journaling this morning. Coincidence?*"

No. I shifted today. It did not mean that things didn't come up, because they did - but I chose to find gratitude today."

I wrote out all of the things that happened that day and next to it, what I was grateful for within that event as painful or stressful as it was. Typically, I would have just spiraled letting my thoughts take over. I would have let the stories in my head play out like a sick and twisted movie I was watching. Only the theater was loud and distracting causing me to be frustrated, overwhelmed, and anxious. Writing it out allowed me to make sense of it in slow motion. It took me a good thirty days of journaling before my ego allowed me to go deeper.

PAGE THIRTY-ONE: *"I don't know if I've really been able to soak in & realize the transformation that's happened over the last 30 days. We had a conversation this morning about the future and I could feel my anxiousness when it started. A lump in my throat and a clenched jaw. It's like my body is shutting me up before I even speak. My defense is ready. But, I took a deep breath and spoke with intention. 31 days ago this wouldn't have happened, I would have been so desperate and disconnected that words wouldn't have even come in or out. I would have grabbed them before they exited my throat and told them to fuck off..."*

I've lived with my defenses up for as long as I can remember. Call it survival mode, call it: wow, she's a bitch, but the reality (or so I thought) was that it felt like I was on my own. Survival mode was where I felt comfortable and thriving, doing all the things for all the people, giving myself the leftovers if I had the time. And in that spare time, hustle-mindset took over. My head was sure to remind me that rest was in fact for the weak. It took me several months, well, I'm still working on this, to release the thoughts that kept me in this survival head space. I took some time to journal on

the things and areas where I felt stuck. Because of my past, the same things popped in: finances (cleaning up my ex's damage), fear of what people think (thanks youtube), and lack of confidence with work (my brain questioned every little thing) as impostor syndrome took over.

PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN: *"I have enough. Change that language & lose the negative self-talk. We never go hungry, my business is successful and my kids are happy. What else do you need, Raina? I have enough. And really, are you going to let the fear of someone saying something rude, who is in face, a hurt person, stop you from living the life you want to live, saving the money you want to save, building the business you want to build, or creating the future for your kids that you envision? You can be sad. Be sad. Mad doesn't serve you, let it go. You've let this feeling drive you before, do it again in a healthier way. Chin up, earrings in, brows on. Raina, create a vision, set some big goals tomorrow, you're ready."*



Often I'd find these journal entries to be notes to myself. I'd call it "the voice" - when she wrote to me, she had massive and impactful things to say. When *the voice* used to speak (thoughts), they'd just be a crumbled mess that I'd misinterpret, causing a negative spiral. Writing, not just hearing, helped me distinguish reality from

fiction. It helped me see that thoughts were just thoughts and there was no understanding them. When we allow ourselves to stay in these depressive or negative head spaces without curiosity on where they're coming from, we are rewiring our brain to reset into depression. The parts of your brain that spark joy and happiness are harder and harder to get to because they're not being used. "Fight" becomes the norm. Happiness, like a skill you don't practice, it's gone to save energy until you start to retrain it. Intention.

PAGE FORTY-TWO: *"I chose my word of the year correctly, I'd say. Intention. It solidified to me that it's a*

daily choice I have to make to get out of this head space, what feels like a constant funk. My head goes negative too quickly. I start worry too soon. I let overwhelm paralyze me and let my mindset break me. I have to wake up each day choosing my mood and how I want to react today. It's not - yet - going to come easy, you're not going to wake up happy, yet. You need to work on your tools, sharpen them, polish them, and store them in a safe place inside - BECAUSE there's no war, no battle to fight. You're safe. You have enough. You have enough. You do have joy and hope. You do have a vision for the future. And that vision looks nothing like your current state on the inside. However, it's quite similar to everything on the outside. Gratitude today."

Damn, when "the voice" comes in she comes in hard.

2. TRUST YOUR GUT

(whether you've got them or not, and pay attention to how you feel with people and in places)

PAGE ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SIX: *"727 feels like a negative trigger - I went through a depression in 727. And how lucky am I that I just got to pick up and move. This house helped me heal though, similar to Roxborough. Rox helped me heal from trauma - UC & divorce - but also reminded me only of UC & divorce. 727 represents darkness in some way, and in order for me to feel truly light, this shift needed to happen."*

You can not heal in the same place you were hurt. I saw that quote somewhere. I believe this goes for people, places, and things - all the nouns. 727 was our old house number. When I started dating, I lived in Roxborough. It's a neighborhood that backs up into a mountain where there was nothing but forest in my backyard. We had deer, moose, turkey and foxes in our yard all the time and a view unlike any other. I could see the sunrise perfectly as it poked itself up above the Denver skyline

facing East. This was the home my (ex) husband and I moved into with our kids when we first came to Colorado. This is also where I healed from my divorce and multiple surgeries from Ulcerative Colitis. It was a 5,000 sq. ft. home so when I was healed, it felt like too much space & I had the urge to leave it behind. It wasn't just the house I was leaving, it was also the memories, the reminders, and the thoughts I felt like I was trying to escape. When I started dating, I felt an even deeper gut-tug to get out. We sold everything (literally) because *it had ties to the old me* that I wanted to release. I then moved into a 2-bedroom loft in downtown Denver and I was in love with it. I completely refurnished it and bought everything that



I loved - me. When Covid flipped the world upside down, a 7th floor, 2-bedroom loft became a struggle to stay in with my boyfriend now moved in, the two teens, and a dog. We found 727 on Zillow and I fell in love with the vibe. Older, literally built in 1920, there were so many original details, a yard, and a sunroom where I envisioned all of my new plant babies living. We moved in during the Summer of 2020, craving the extra space.

I'll fast forward as you don't need all the details of my home shifting process. What I want you to take from this is the ability (or inability) to heal

in certain spaces. My gut (and thoughts) had so much negative association with our 727 home and my depression. I remember sitting in the yellow-lit rooms looking at the tiny windows that didn't even open because they were storm windows?! I don't even know - they were literally nailed shut and I'm sure that's a serious issue if there were a fire or something. I couldn't heal there. I felt dark, trapped, and stuck. When we talked about moving to a new space, I knew I wanted two things: a yard with grass for the (now two) dogs (727 was mostly brick) and light. Light, light, light. I went to tour probably 50

houses before I walked into my dream home. Right on the corner with only one neighbor and a park in the backyard. I would be able to see the sunrise every morning & watch the sun tuck behind the mountains every night. I walked in and could have cried right there. I didn't, I couldn't let my tour guide think I was insane, but I did run home to tell the family - "I found it."

PAGE ONE-EIGHTEEN: "*The house smells like heaven, haha! Perfect yard. Patio. Sun-filled rooms and extra space. I stop and in my mind, I can place all of our things... I can picture us there in a home that feels good. I just giggled as I visualized it. A light space to heal.*"

Our gut knows what we need. We should listen more.

PAGE ONE FIFTY-FIVE: "*Just constant thoughts taking over. Thoughts about what is real, what's not, reality vs. what's coming, fear of the unknown. The past and the fearful future because all I know is the past. I've chewed all my nails off. I can't really scratch an itch. I can't peel stickers or open things easily because my fingers hurt so bad. What's preventing me from just seeing what we have and letting go of whatever stories I'm creating in my head. The stories feel so real. When I stop and just look:*

I take a deep breath, realizing it's all mine. I've paid for it. The work I've put in has allowed me to live here, own these things, take care of my health, two kids, two dogs, travel, and provide a secure future. When my head is down, I can't see that. When it's down, I only see what's in my head, not the reality of what's in front of me. Light and possibility. All the possibility."

3. ROUTINE SAVED ME (habits allow our brains to rest while our bodies are in motion)

For as long as I can remember, I've thrived on having a routine, knowing what my mornings were going to look like and what to expect. One small thing - expectations are killers of joy. I'm learning to release

all of that. Along with releasing expectations (daily) I've learned to lean on the question: *what do I want my day to feel like?* I did a visualization meditation to figure it out and I sometimes run my one on one coaching clients through this exercise.

PAGE FORTY-NINE: "*I did a visualization meditation this morning that made me cry. Its along the lines of visualizing your future you. The way she carries herself, the mood, the facial expressions she holds. Feel it. The body doesn't know the difference between the deep thoughts and it really happening. You're supposed to do this visualization daily to change the energy & focus to manifest it into existence. When done, carry it through the day with you so your body can rewire the thought/pain association. I struggled but kept with it as tears welled up. Fact is, it's not much different. Her mood, face, and how she walked stood out the most. Peace. That's all I can describe. She creates just to create and has a business with courses that run itself. She tells her stories of perseverance to inspire others to start their shifting. Home to her family to reset. She has boundaries and knows her limits. She isn't afraid to speak because she **knows** how valuable her words are."*



One of the parts to rebuilding *me* was constantly putting myself in a place of that vision. The vision changed monthly it felt like as I pulled myself out of the dark and shifted from one person to the next. I started by writing like this, the feelings and mood I would

carry, the confidence and energy I would hold. From there, I started to dive more into: with this energy, *what do I want my day to look like?*

When we moved into the new house, my body and mind needed a new routine to go with it. I had created some spaces (I'll touch on that in a bit) that would help make my routine a bit easier.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-SEVEN: "*Okay, noted. If I want to have uninterrupted time it'll be at 8 am. So I'll have to adjust a bit OR go earlier. Earlier may have to be it. 5 am? Boys outside & I can journal then maybe? Go up and get ready to workout around 5:30 am - working out by 6 - leave with Kenzie after 7 am. Then back to help Ella & get*

dressed. Working by 8:15-8:30 am calls at 9. Okay, I've got goals, let's do it."

I went all in.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED NINETY-ONE: *"Well, this morning is flopping hard. Lol, Archie's here, barely letting me write. He heard me this morning as I tried to sneak out of the bedroom. Yesterday went okay - but just okay (routine wise). This morning I'll workout & be done? Same as yesterday I guess. We'll see if I can finish a full workout this time. He's so sweet laying here. Okay. Then Kenzie, Ella, ready, walk boys. Only hard part about this is getting up earlier. It's been tiring. Today I have calls starting at 9, six of them I think. All will be good, simple. I don't think another schedule option would work because of calls. I could move them... we'll see."*

When a routine gets hard to implement, I make myself reflect on a few things. *One*, what am I trying to force? *Two*, what boundaries could I put in place to make this work? *Three*, what could I communicate and/or shift to make the day flow better. I was trying to force an early wake up when I didn't *need* to. In reality, a little restructuring would allow me to wake up an hour or so *later* which felt way better. I reflected on what didn't work in my morning. Being such a "yes woman" was really starting to put a damper on my day as I drove Mckenzie to school just so she wouldn't have to ride the bus, even though her sister does. For some reason I felt *bad* making her ride the bus, WHY: she's in high school... but then thinking about it, I heard how ridiculous that sounded. Having her ride the bus would allow me 30+ minutes of "me time" while she did her own thing, which she's fully capable of. And then a shift... I know I get uninterrupted time when the kids are gone, so I'll workout and journal then, allowing myself to be present while they're here. I'll move all my calls back by one hour from now on to give myself a little more flexibility in my morning. I'll wake up around 6 am and read a bit while the girls are still sleeping and let Kenzie get herself up and ready, then out the door by 7:15 am. That'll be the time when I go up and get dressed for the day,



helping Ella get around for school (I fix her bangs each morning and that's not something I'm willing to let go of), and starting my pre-workout as I wave her off and out the door. As soon as she leaves, it's my cue to sit and write. When I do, the reality is that it takes me 15 minutes to do a full page and then I'm up, working out, and carrying on peacefully with my work day. THAT FEELS GOOD.

As my day started to flow a bit easier, I realized how much the environment that I'd been so intentional about creating, played a role in the success of my routine. For my morning read & cup of matcha, I sit in the same, big, cozy chair with a fluffy blanket while both boys nap. The house is quiet, as planned, and the space feels so inviting. My journaling space is my favorite. I have this soft bucket chair that just holds my entire body perfectly, like a hug. The room is pretty closed off with a plant-wall I created for some extra zen & comfort. I can put my pre-workout on the table and sink back into the chair with Dexter on my lap, play my lo-fi beats on the speaker while I let my thoughts pour out on to paper. When I finish, I'm up and also right in my gym. A couple mats on the floor, my bike in a corner and the TV mounted on my wall, I can do any workout that my body is craving. I blast a beat, whether it's 2000's hip hop or my Cycle Playlist, it's loud and drowning me. My work space is also *my work space*.

I've been rearranging this month and have moved my office into a room with an actual door which has felt so good. Headphones in, my favorite books on the shelves and the awards I've earned as top coach in our company (a couple years in a row) on shelves behind me. Energizing to think about, even now.

4. CREATE A VISION (with it, comes clarity. You *are* a master manifestor. Thoughts do, in fact, become things)

In 2020 as I started to pull myself out of the dark and damaged funk I was in, I found myself lacking vision. It had always come easy for me, picturing what my life would look like in the future, whether it was 5 years or 50. During this time, I couldn't see past next week and it was crippling. As I was creating a business plan, I felt

stuck, like I had no idea what I was doing or where I was going. I knew I wanted my life to look and feel differently than the reality I was currently in but I had no idea what that looked like. So, I wrote (and I challenge you to do the same):

If I change nothing, my habits or my thoughts, and carry on the way I am, what will my life look like in 2 years? And then...

If I change my thoughts and my habits, shifting my way of being and thinking, what will my life look like in 2 years?

I journaled on both. For the first, my hands were shaky. I wrote, imagining myself down the road with the same negative spiraling and lack of vision/action. You could see the pain my handwriting as my palms started to sweat and I realized I was writing out my current painful reality. I woke up with anxiety and went to sleep with regret. I wasn't using my voice, instead I was hiding. I was carrying my head low as I walked around my own home on eggshells...

Then I let myself write: *what if all that shifted... what would my day look and feel like?*

As I wrote and could see a distinct difference in my handwriting the tears dried up. I felt light, I carried my head higher knowing my big picture vision. I wrote out what my mornings would feel like, less rush & more for *me*. I wrote a vision for what my work day would look like, doing only the things that brought me joy. As I finished work, what would it feel like and what would I do?

This activity was so healing, just to see both options in front of me. They were options. I had a decision to make - do the things to create the "feel good future" or stay stuck. The negative spiraling is addicting, the pain draws you in and keeps you there feeling safe in the insecurity. But I was ready to release it. Each day, aligning my actions with that big picture vision even though it wasn't yet my reality. It's been about a year and a half since I created that vision and I teared up the other day thinking - *holy shift, I've arrived*. The mornings, workday flow, evening routines, all have become my reality.

PAGE THREE HUNDRED NINETY-TWO: *"What are you working towards? Paint the picture. I just let out a deep exhale for some reason. Dexter jumped into my chair and just stared at me. I looked at him then over to see Archie staring at me, mouth open, smiles, and in that moment,*

*I realized I'm **in** that moment. It was like the eye-contact confirmed, "mom, you're here, it's clicking" and now tears are streaming down my face. Life is just about a vision, and this "big-picture end goal" but we get caught up in the reality of how, the struggle, the difficulties, and we start to get a clouded vision of what's to come - you're stuck - paralyzed with fear so you overthink and play small. Remember, that big picture takes years. Loads of time. You can understand that and think: how do I maximize my days? What do I want to feel like until then? What does that perfect day look like until then? What are you working towards? Paint the picture. You get to compose the day, how your time is spent getting there. I know it. I feel it. I stared back and felt the exhale that followed. I'm fucking here."*

Just recently, life has shifted (again) for me. I don't feel the need to share all the details yet but it had me in sucked deep into another vision-casting journal page and to close, I want to share it with you.

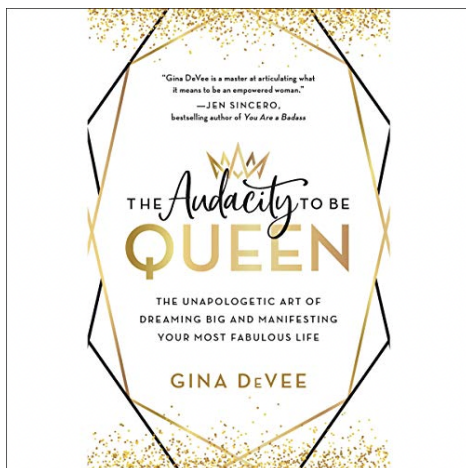
PAGE FOUR HUNDRED FOURTEEN: *"What is actually possible to create? Maybe Raina, you need to really allow yourself to think big about what you want to create, develop, write, and manifest. When I stop & force the thinking, a book or workbook comes up but - of what? What would I share - my stories, my lessons, my experiences but to teach what? To help people with what? To help people ground themselves through life's experiences? I think more important - how do I want to feel in the next 5 years, how do I want to make others feel as a result of all that? Empowered. Capable. Able. Brave + resilient. I want to help people break through fears that are in their head but I want to learn those crucial tools first. How does it begin? Creating a vision of what you want your day to look and feel like. Feel being the key word. Create the dream, if everything worked out as it's "supposed" to - what would that look & feel like? I have a house and I have chickens and one horse, not a big ranch but a single barn with a white house & black trim. I've got flowers hanging on the front & back porches and I have a clear view of the sunset over the mountains. Water, there's a lake. I can sit on my back porch every evening watching as the little fireball tucks behind the snow capped peaks. I take big inhales and bigger exhales knowing I'm right where I need to be. I'll be 40. Kenzie in college and Bella in her senior year. I feel whole. I feel comfortable, mentally and emotionally and financially. I've written a book, taking my love for writing and confidently running with it knowing I have a huge story to tell and massive impact to make. I've written, sharing my stories and the lessons within. Courses - I've got several. I started with courses- self paced and*

VISUALIZE.

some I lead, walking men and women through expansion to help them shift into their next "them." I help people become unstuck because stuck is my favorite place to grow from. I only work with clients who sign up on a monthly basis and my income now comes from my writing and life coaching courses & sessions. I've ran with my passion for helping people create safe spaces in their home and now offer my services to clients. I travel to their home and take them through my steps to rearrange & create spaces they need and the environment they have to immerse themselves in to create and allow for massive shifts out from stuck-ness. I love what I do and I can see it all. I have beautiful resources and tools for habits and consistent personal growth. I am loved and feel loved. I feel safe, secure. I feel whole because I'm living out my purpose."

Whew. Palms are sweating again. Nerves maybe, sharing that on a platform out loud? Truth is, I'm pushing past that fear because I know this is my future reality. I was walking with a friend the other day and said: "...you know, I'm realizing that we can literally do anything we want." Literally anything, it's all at our fingertips and all a step or several away. All we have to do is align actions. I don't know about you, but I plan on hacking my brain every single day to remind myself of this. Life is going to pivot, it will. We will experience more pain, grief, loss, frustration, anger, sadness... knowing it's going to come is like a weight off. What do you want to feel in between? What do you want to feel when these things come up? I don't want to hid or curl into a ball again - I want to have a toolbox full of things that I know make me feel good, recharge me, and realign me. Journaling has been one of those tools and there's no way I'll be stopping anytime soon. Thank you for reading. x

MUST READ.



This book shifted a lot of things for me. I've developed a lot of fears over the last decade because of trauma. Fear around money and abundance, fears around "losing everything", fears of abandonment and fears of "going all in" - this book, helped me break down some long standing walls. Chapter after chapter, I gained tools to apply the same day, things shifted quickly for me. There were so many thought processes, fears, and expectations that I was able to release while having a plan/direction. As I finished, I thought - *"well shit, so much of that I already implement and now with the other tools in my toolbox, I know I'm capable to bigger things."* It got me excited to start my own *deeper* writing journey and dive fully into Queen Raina.

WORK WITH ME.

Our experiences do not make us unique, **the way we respond** to them does.

Let's do a dive deep into your mindset to create healthy habits and **new thought processes** that will serve you long into the future.

A healthier and happier you starts in the mind.

On June 20th, I'll be leading a live & interactive group for anyone who has signed up for my 30-day Journaling Course: **Change your thoughts, Change your world.**

We will work together, doing a deep dive into journaling habits, learning to trust your gut and go with your intuition, setting boundaries, communicating, creating a routine and developing an environment to support it, and **casting a vision for your life. Are you ready?**

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