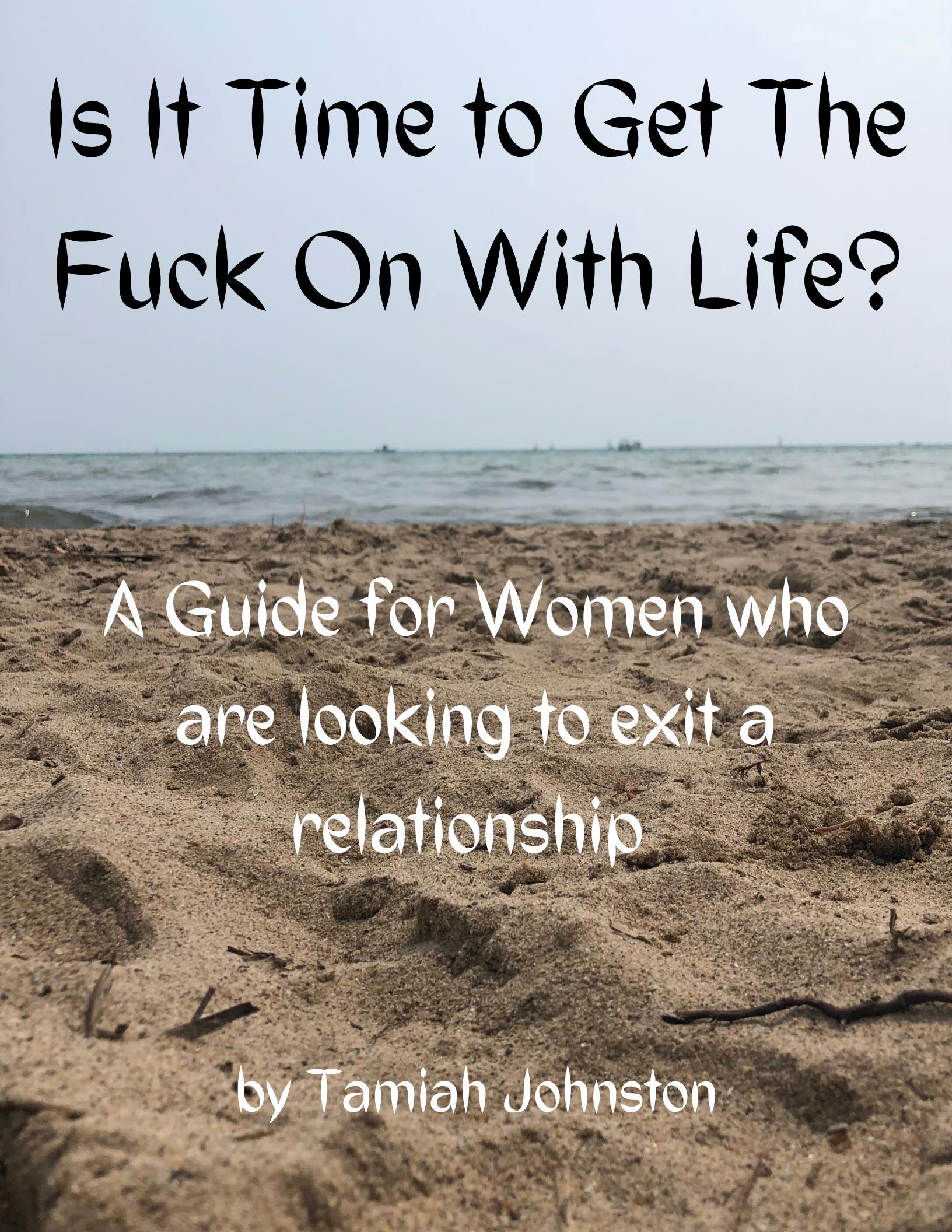


Is It Time to Get The Fuck On With Life?

A photograph of a sandy beach. The foreground is covered in dry, brownish sand with some scattered debris like twigs and small sticks. In the middle ground, there's a low-lying, scrubby vegetation growing out of the sand. The ocean is visible in the background, with gentle waves breaking near the shore. The sky is clear and light blue.

A Guide for Women who
are looking to exit a
relationship

by Tamiah Johnston

Is It Time to Get The Fuck On With Life?

I often wondered if it was something that I did, said or was. I looked for a target of blame, a reason for it all. I like to know the “why” of everything. Not the scientific or academic “why” but the soul “why” - the feeling behind every dang thing. Why would he say that? Why would he want to make me feel that way? Why am I even here?

My marriage and relationship crumbled slowly and very quietly which I think is what pissed me off the most. I didn’t have the awareness of what was happening or what the result would be. I just know that one day I woke up and realized that I had totally and completely lost myself. I mean LOST myself with capitals. Where the fuck was that amazing daredevil of a woman who was always, I mean always the life of the party? She was married, slightly overweight, parenting like a champ, isolated from her friends, slightly in tune with her extended family but SHE WAS GONE. That powerhouse of a bitch who would get into a bar fight if she was shoved too many times. That superstar who would say anything, try anything and literally knew that she could BE anything. She was fuckin gone. Long gone.

You got this.

I had finally made a huge decision about my life and the direction that I wanted it to go but was so fucking scared. Yes me, scared shitless. I wasn't scared for myself or my pride, I was scared of what it would do to my boys.

I was so damn determined in my teen years that I would never be a statistic of divorce. When I was growing up, it was literally a mark of shame if your parents were divorced. How do I know this? Well, because in school they actually gave us statistics on the rate of divorce based on your parents marital status. Literally, it was taught that if you came from a “broken home”, you were destined to reach the same stat. Does anyone else remember that fucking phrase? BROKEN HOME. Like fuck off. Judgy bastards. Anyways, my impressionable mind took that as a rule and a challenge at the same time.

There was no fucking way that I was going to be a part of that statistic. I would ensure that I chose the exact person who I was meant to be with.

You got this.

I would make sure that I did every dang thing to make that marriage a success and then I would blow that damn statistic out of the water. Take that public school teachers of the 80's & 90's. This is where I take a moment to literally laugh out loud. Yep, I just did.

See the brilliant part of that whole belief is that it is bullshit. Ya, blah, blah, blah the statistics are proven correct. Cool, whatev - you were right! Does that feel better for you or me? Nope. Does it even fucking matter?? Nope.

The ridiculous part of all of that is that I actually thought that I, a mere mortal, could control every aspect of my relationship. I could conquer it (the statistic) and make it scream mercy for daring me. Daring me to change my outcome. Well that didn't pan out exactly as I thought it would and thankfully so!

Instead, I learned a shit ton of lessons along the way. I hope you enjoy swearing because it is literally a language of its own with me.

You got this.

Alright, I'm going to hop into something that is more directed towards YOU and where YOU are right now. I'll get back to my story a bit later.

What did you grow up believing? Did you think that Walt Disney had it right? Fairy fucking Princesses, frogs, people singing on magic carpet rides together, Princes on white fucking horses? Or did you have the opposite? Parents who displayed anger, violence, abuse and hatred towards one another? Were you raised in a single-parent home? Did you witness addictions? Was it somewhere in between? I think there are many, many of us who lived somewhere in between. What's the best case scenario? Who the fuck knows? All I know is that each of us has our own journey to take and we have so many friggin' lessons to learn along the way. Sometimes we have to learn those lessons over and OVER again.

You got this.

Where do you sit now? Are you in a relationship where you are not feeling alive? Are you feeling like this person has changed so much and you don't even know them anymore? Have you changed so much that you don't even know YOU anymore? What the fuck? Right? What. The. Fuck happens in this human experience of ours? Where does it shift? Who causes it? What causes it? Are you just meant to be single? Have you stayed in a relationship WAY past the expiry date? Time to take a closer look maybe?

Maybe society has dared you not to “fail” and has shamed you into actually believing that. Maybe you have strong religious beliefs around divorce and you don’t want to be sent to hell for leaving an unhealthy relationship. Well, let me tell you something - whoever is giving you those vibes can fuck right off. Yep, I said it - organized religion or whoever (including yourself) can fuck right off. If you know in your heart that you don’t feel whole and you know in your heart that you are never going to feel whole with this person at your side - why the holy fuck are you still there?

You got this.

You have a choice. Every fucking minute of every day. You get to choose what to wear, what to eat, who to spend time with, what to say, what to DO. YOU GET TO CHOOSE WHAT TO DO. Live this life like it's your one fucking shot. Make yourself PROUD, nobody else. LIVE in the spotlight of your own eyes. For real. Can you even imagine that?

As women, we spend so much of our fucking lives trying to fit in, trying to be liked, trying to impress, trying to succeed, trying to win. Yes, there's that competitive spirit again. The fucked up part is that life is meant to be lived, FULL OUT like full fucking out! Boobs out, full out! Do you hear me? Who the fuck taught us to be seen and not heard? Who the fuck taught us that it is not polite to speak our minds? Who the fuck taught us to put others happiness in front of our own? You may think you know the answer to that but I dare you to explore the thought - YOU did. Yep, you did. How we are treated by others or how we behave is all on us. Yes, you fucking heard me right.

You got this.

I may have some people closing the book right now and assuming all kinds of things about my “privileged” upbringing. It literally happens all the time. I challenge you to sit with the knowledge of what I said for a moment. Skim up and read that fucking line again. Got it? Right, so if you are still reading and have not burned this book because the truth is fuckin hot, then let’s continue.

We are who we want to be. Or we can be. All we need to do is create a plan, focus and execute the plan aka TAKE ACTION.

This book is like a little black book of how to GET THE FUCK OUT OF A RELATIONSHIP when you know in your heart that is EXACTLY what needs to happen. The goal is to give you some clarity, lift some of the fear and ultimately give you the courage to do it. Just fucking do it.

It may not be immediately, it may be 5 years from now but at the very least you are going to have some exposure to some things that you may not have known.

You got this.

Also, you may just get a little glimpse of yourself again. She's in there, I know it. It's time to find her again and get on with this beautiful journey called life!

OK so let's assume that you and your partner have worked on this relationship until you are both blue in the face. You have decided that it's normal to not have sex with each other and that you are simply staying together for whatever reason you have chosen. The kids, the lifestyle, the partnership in all other aspects, the image, the finances - whatever your reasons are. That's your script and not my business but it is certainly your business. Now, do you feel like you have fully exhausted all efforts? Counselling, sex parties, vacation alone, analyzing with friends/family, scheduled date nights, mercy sex, whatever else you may have attempted. If you feel that you have given it a valiant effort then you need to give yourself permission to continue on your journey. Maybe without your current partner or in your current situation.

You got this.

I officially give you the stamp of approval to move on. Throw in the towel. Surrender. Wave the flag. That's it. If you need permission from someone or something, I just gave it to you. Without judgment. Make sure you don't judge yourself either. Remember, you are absolutely amazing. For fucking real. Don't doubt it. In fact, any time you think otherwise I want you to replace that negative thought with a "I AM AMAZING" or "I AM FUCKING PERFECT" or "I GOT THIS, I ROCK". Choose your own adventure.

The first step is having "The Talk" with your significant other. You must map out a few different scenarios in your head of how they will react before you even dare bring it up. This is coming from a person who fuckin blurts out whatever she wants, whenever she wants - or at least that was who she was. It took me years to get that beautiful soul back. Yep, loud mouth, outspoken soul is who I am and yes, it is beautiful. I am also not a shrink or counsellor - Life Coach, yes but the logistics of exactly how that person is going to react on a psychological level is not my specialty.

You got this.

I also want to say right here, right now that if you are in a violent or dangerous situation please take special care and plan very accurately. Know that there are most definitely ways of getting out of absolutely every situation.

Ok so once you have an idea of how your partner will react. I want you to come up with another 3 scenarios - wacky, wild and totally out of character because that may be exactly what happens. There are some people who will react exactly as you anticipate but trust me on this one - it fuckin fluctuates as each day or sometimes hour, passes. Be prepared like a good little Girl Guide and saddle up girlfriend because it's going to be a ride, for sure.

Wait, wait, wait. Don't have the freaking discussion yet! We are still in planning mode. You need to call in your tribe for this one. Yes, your friends, your family, whoever is supporting you 100%.

You got this.

I'm going to advise against bringing in any conflicting partners of the past, present or future. I'm not judging at all here so if you are banging someone on the side (kudos to Sue for that word - banging), and you or they think that it's time to show their undying love for you or to throw anything in the face of your partner. It's fucking not. So just rule that out right now. I'm not even going to dig into that topic in this book. Quick note - I'm not an advocate of infidelity. Right, moving on.

Once you have your support group (oh that could literally be another tribe option - a support group!) in place, bring them up to speed. Another fun tidbit - don't enroll the friggin brigade if you aren't 100%. There is nothing more frustrating for your peeps than when you go through a big ordeal to help someone to get out of a shitty situation and then they go crawling back 2 weeks, 2 months or whenever later. Have some respect for others, their time and their energy, right? Right.

You got this.

Ok so number 1 decision is where the fuck you are going to live. Yes, even before the kids (if there are kids involved) stuff is decided. You need to know that when the shit hits the fan, where you are going to be safe and sound. Well you may not be sound for a bit but you will eventually be, I promise. Right, also be very aware of your rights and the entire legal aspect of things. I'm in Canada and I know that we were very careful about leaving the matrimonial home - yes, both of us. It may result in cohabitating for a short period of time but that's ok, if it's ok. Does that make sense? Like I said earlier, if it is a matter of safety then you can involve whoever needs to be involved in order to keep yourself (and kids if applicable) safe. There are ways around the legalities when this is a concern. Stay safe, plan well and act like an adult if at all possible.

You got this.

I know this is going to sound absolutely impossible BUT try to keep your emotions in check. I'm not saying not to feel them, I'm just saying that if you project forward to the time when this is all over (yes, it will get there), and look back to assess how you presented yourself, make sure you are impeccable and rise above it.

Trust me when I say that if I can fucking do it, so can you. I am one of the most proud, honest, feisty and insane bitches that you will ever meet and yes, I managed to do it. Even if it meant stolen moments in a courtroom bathroom with tears streaming down my face because of the injustice of it all. It didn't matter. I just knew that I had to keep my shit together for this lesson. For this blip in my lifetime. For this speck of my existence. For my truth. The truth. It always shines through and it always works out. I fucking promise you that Karma is real.

You got this.

Alright so we are still at the mapping stage, you need to have the living arrangement options also laid out. Yes, have a few of those too - even if you don't want to move back in with your parent(s) or camp out on a friend's couch or even live in a basement apartment. Girlfriend, these are just temporary situations. Remember, it is all about choice, we can literally do anything that we decide we want to do. What matters is that you are fucking finding yourself and freeing yourself, right? **RIGHT?**

Ok next up or even tangled in the living arrangement web are the finances. Let me just let you in on a secret - I had nothing saved, no job, no money consistently coming in when I called my relationship of 15 years off. That was the situation once we started having kids.

Previous to kids, I had a career and actually made more cashola than he did for a good portion of the beginning of our relationship but that doesn't matter. Here's the interesting part - I had started some part time businesses so I guess I had a bit coming in but definitely not enough to support myself and 2 kids.

You got this.

Again, I'm speaking from a Canadian perspective so you will have to do your homework based on your country. When you are looking at your finances, don't look at the current situation and totally leave out the fact that you will get Child Support and possibly a little somethin'-somethin' from the government for the kids (depending on your income). Unless you make a shit ton of money and you are concerned about paying your partner. Then you need to investigate that aspect and work that into your overall budget also.

I was completely flabbergasted when I realized that it wasn't the finances that were holding me back this whole time. It was me. My Libra tendencies of not making a decision perhaps? Who the fuck knows? Well, I know but your reason is your reason alone. I just don't want you to let the logistics of everything be your excuse for not shedding this heavy weight of shitdom.

You got this.

Factor in every dang thing and be prepared for your lawyer to scrutinize your finances. Ok let's just do another little off-the-cuff thing. If you know that you are going to be parting ways in the near future then you may want to slowly and surely hide some money. Yep, I just said it - hide some fucking money somewhere. With someone you trust (or in a special spot that it will be safe), take a little bit extra out via cash advance when you are paying for your groceries, transfer some over here and there. Be smart and make sure that you have a little cushion because Girl, you will need that cushion at some point. We must think about ourselves and our children.

Another fun tidbit, if you have shared credit cards/accounts, make sure that you open your own account and your own credit card ahead of time (a woman should always have her own in my opinion anyways). Just trust me on this one. Yes, you will have to divulge all of this info to your lawyers and each other but that's ok.

You got this.

It's a lot easier applying for a credit card with the household income in a certain bracket vs trying to get one afterwards. Please give yourself a minimal limit because credit cards suck and will cost you a lot in the long run but they are great in emergencies. Ok enough of my financial lecture but for real just have that cushion.

Once you know what your income (or ballpark income) will be, it's time to figure out the expenses, at least the ones you are sure about. If you have never dealt with the finances, it's going to be ok. You must know a friend or family member who is super savvy. A financial advisor is a brilliant option that you must definitely get to know. Ask them for some confidential help and get your shit sorted out. It's time to be a big girl and get sorted out!

Once you have the details mapped out. I keep saying mapped out because that is simply what it is, a map. An estimate. Remember the part about how I thought I could control and predict my relationship into being exactly what I thought it could be? Ya, that, drop it.

You got this.

View everything as fluid. You are going to do your best to map shit out but it may not execute in such a way. It's ok. It doesn't have to. It has to work out as the Universe calls it, not you, not I. Just how it will be. You have to roll with it. Keep your emotions in check, remember? You fucking got this!

Ok so now that you have the security, stability and generally Root Chakra shit mapped out it's time to figure out the access/custody/kid stuff. I'm going to say it again - give yourself and your future ex some scenarios to choose from and make sure that you have a brilliant case for each. Also, make sure that you are anticipating every annoying question or challenge that your partner will come up with, do your best anyways. Be ready and be willing to negotiate. Keep your emotions in check.

I remember that when I called it off with my ex-husband, I kept saying that we are going to do this in a civil way, for the boys and for ourselves.

You got this.

We are choosing how we get to react and how things pan out. Not our lawyers, not our friends, nobody but the two of us. I appealed to his need to be a fucking hero, it worked for the period of time that it needed to. Beyond that, well that's for later on I suppose.

Ok so with the precedent set that we were going to be amicable and agreeable, we were able to come up with a plan for the kids. Of course, we had a period of time that we still lived together, super fucking awkward. But our plan was in place while he searched for a place to live. Yep, you read that right, he had to find a place and I was able to hang on to the house. The boys wouldn't have to leave their home, our pets were able to be with us vs trying to find a place to rent. So many details but trust me on this, if I somehow made that work, you can absolutely make anything you choose work also.

You got this.

Right, so what else do you need to figure out? Silly shit like the furniture and belongings. For me, I literally didn't give a fuck. I was so happy that I finally called it off and that I was shifting out of the relationship that I could care less about the goddamn bed frame or throw fucking pillows. Luckily my ex was very materialistic and was eager to buy all new things. Peace out prick. I was more than happy to pack half of the dishes, towels, bedding, toiletries, etc. Yep, I literally had boxes packed more and more each day so that after 3 months he was ready to go! Sassy Bitch was already sneaking her way back!! I was most definitely on the road to finding myself again!!! Look the fuck out world. Look the fuck out.

So, on the emotional side of things through all of this - where do you sit? Are you the one calling off the relationship or is it your partner? I can only speak from the side of being the one to call it off. I remember sitting in my first lawyers office (yep, you read that correctly, there was more than one) and thinking of how fucking overwhelmed I felt.

You got this.

I am a super strong woman, I called off the marriage, I had the power and yet felt so damn drained and powerless. So when I thought about a woman who was less assertive, maybe had been beaten, cheated on or just fucking neglected for so long - how she would be feeling in my situation. It made me sick. To think that this whole process unfolds as it does is literally disgusting.

My first lawyer was female and man, was she ever hard core, she was thorough and rude and made me angry. I literally gave her all of the information requested (and did a lot of the legwork for her) and yet she would ask for the same shit over and over again. Way too much paper wasted, I'm sorry trees. So frustrating but so exciting to be dealing with it all. Ladies, it isn't pretty but again, you will have to put your big girl glitch on and get those fucking emotions in check until it's done.

Back to the emotions - I went off the rails there a bit, my apologies. Ok emotions - get your girlfriends or even if it's just one friend and have a fucking party to celebrate the new chapter that is beginning!

You got this.

Yes, live it up! If you can find other single women who were recently separated then you are sitting in a world of absolute adventure waiting to unfold.

I can't even begin to tell you the stories of our adventures, well I can but maybe later. I didn't drink wine until I was single again and holy crap the laughs and nights of absolute freedom and awesomeness are awaiting my friend. Go get them. Live your fucking life dammit! Disclaimer, always drink responsibly, don't become an addict and be smart - use protection and your common sense. K? Alright but for real, get some powerful women, preferably some who you can relate to - get them close and stay in touch with them.

I still remember my one friend who was relatively new in my world, who literally was my guiding light when I became single. She legit had all the phone numbers I needed to set shit up, she had an endless supply of vodka and man did we ever laugh and party hard. What a blast.

You got this.

Yes, ladies I know, this may not appeal to you - some women just want peace and quiet. I don't know your story but I do know that by making the decision to honour your heart and soul you will be gifted everything that you desire. You are finding yourself again. Yes, you are.

Communication with your kids (if you don't have them feel free to skip this section) - I am a controversial person at the best of times so take it as you like. I have met people who sit on both sides of the fence about protecting your kids (aka pretending) vs being completely open and honest with them. I sit on the side of being totally open. I know, big surprise, I'm pretty much on that side for everything. Like Shrek says, better out than in! He's referring to farts AND emotions. Love it.

Ok so whatever you feel is appropriate and in line with your parenting style is where you should venture. My boys were 5 & 7 when we separated and they thanked me.

You got this.

They literally were so happy that Daddy was gone. The 3 of us slept together for a long time and they were so relieved, we breathed easier, there were no worries about his anger or that evil look of hatred in his eyes when he looked at us. Pure disgust right into my soul. It was some of the most damaging years of my life. Legit. I have an interesting history also, so it's a lot to say that those years took precedence in the department of hurt. So disappointing to think that I had actually chosen him. Ah well, it was a lesson, a crazy one but still a lesson.

Back to the kids and communication with them. I always think that honesty rules. Always. Even if it's going to be hard, it's still worth it. When I told my boys that we were separating, they literally said "it's about time" - in the words of 5 & 7 year old boys though. It has remained as an open conversation ever since. My thoughts are so strong about this. It's about valuing the boys and their feelings but it's also about trusting them and treating them with respect. As well as labelling a truth as a truth, not sugar-coating or making excuses for someone.

You got this.

I had already spent the past 5 years doing that for their Dad. It didn't sit well, always trying to paint a picture of greatness on a chalkboard that was erased every single time. The rule has applied and will continue to apply. Are we perfect? Nope. Do we communicate and respect each other? Most times. They are 11 & 14 now so we'll leave it at that. Haha!

The point is, choose your path and communicate in whatever way you feel comfortable with - they are your kids, your responsibility. People are going to have their opinions and that is all that they are - opinions, unless you hand your power over to them, then they are more. I highly recommend keeping your power and fielding those opinions as they come.

My Mom always says "sometimes the best response is no response". I also like the sentence "That's an interesting perspective" or "I'll take that into consideration". You can say either of these with truth and conviction, maybe the consideration has been taken and declined before the sentence leaves your mouth, but they don't know that.

You got this.

For all they know or care, you are hearing them and considering what they are saying. At the end of the day, that's all we really want isn't it? To be heard and considered.

Alright so now you have mapped shit out - it's time to take some action isn't it? Are you ready? I mean really fucking ready to do this? Are you absolutely sure that the time to call off your relationship is now? I mean right now? How will you know when it is perfect?

I have had quite a few friends who have gone through this and I've chatted through it all with them and I always, always say this "You will just know". It's so true, you will wake up one morning or go to bed one night or be out on a walk and it will smack you in the face. Just like that. You know. The time is now. Before you lose any more of your time thinking about doing it. You will feel it in your head, your heart and your soul.

You got this.

Will you have doubts that creep up along the way? Abs-fucking-lutely! Even though I was super solid in my decision there were days when I was all in my head about making a mistake. Telling myself that I should have just stayed, lived the life, given the “real family” a chance. Sucking it up, and not actually being happy. But those moments would pass and a huge smile would cross my face as I thought about how far I had come.

You see the thing about making the decision and knowing deep in your soul that it is the right one is that you always come back to it. No matter how many doubts you have. You just know. You made the right decision. I remember thinking about being single and getting back into the dating scene. I literally said to many friends that I would never get married again and had absolutely no interest in dating at all. That my friends, has changed - 5 years later. I am still single but at least I am open to the idea now. I have had another lengthy relationship since then, more lessons. I have some stellar dating stories that I may or may not share. Might be for the next book, we’ll see.

You got this.

Alright so once the wheels are moving, what do you do? Close your eyes, cross your fingers and hang on for the fuckin ride ahead!! It's going to be like that roller coaster ride that you took for the first time. You have no idea what is going to happen next, you hang on for dear life and hope that the ride comes to a stop at some point to let you off. Yep, that pretty much sums it up! You got this girl, you fucking got this.

Right so let's do a quick check - how are you feeling? I mean really, really feeling? Are you more scared to think of calling it off than you are of staying? Have you felt the spark in your soul? You know the one I'm talking about. The spark of possibility. The spark of LIFE! Get ready to live and find yourself again my friend, the time is now.

Let's change gears here and live in the space that you have called it off, you have figured out living arrangements, separation agreement is crafted, visitation/custody crap is humming along and things are pretty much rolling.

You got this.

How the fuck are you doing in your head? Are you still questioning things? Are you feeling exhausted? Energized? Ready to keep moving forward? How are the kids doing? How are you settling into this new life? Do you have any plans for the future? Are you in the same job/biz? Have you started something new? Where do you spend most of your time? Are you finding your sweet self again? I'm going to give you some Life Fucking Advice now - some practices that you can put into place to help you to continue moving forward in life.

First off, if you have kids and the time is shared, I know how brutal that time away is. I only had to endure it for about 8 months (about 6 of those months included an overnight per week) but let me tell you it was weird at first. The absolute commitment and time dedication that I had given to my two boys for those years of their lives until that point was literally full on.

I took one trip without them a few months prior (a surprise trip for my Mom to Hawaii for her retirement). Otherwise I had been ON for 7 full years.

You got this.

Like every bedtime, every feeding during the night, every meal, most diaper changes, laundry, playdates, babytme classes, school volunteer hours, I was a stellar Mom. Take the kids out of the equation and who are you left with? Yourself. Absolutely naked and alone with your thoughts and feelings. It was trippy and lonely. I hated it.

Like I mentioned earlier, I had this amazing friend who knew exactly what to do with those free hours though. I literally had 3 evening hours/week and then a few weekends with overnights but I quickly remembered who I was. Take this time to buy the spinach dip for dinner and eat it by yourself while watching an adult show. I don't think I had watched anything outside of The Backyardigans or the Cars movie in years. I took that time to just BE. Trust me when I say that I had not done that, ever.

I ran from a childhood of fun to death, divorce, depression, school, career, home ownership, marriage right into parenthood. Luckily I travelled quite a bit from my early teen years and worked a variety of part time jobs.

You got this.

I gained a lot of insight and culture through both of those avenues. I did not do the European backpacking thing or the dorm living thing either. So I did miss out on that time to truly discover myself. Just to BE. Be Me. Ya know? Are you with me here? I lost myself before I even found myself if that makes any sense at all.

So in my 43rd year I sit. Not at all where I thought I would be at this stage in my life. I thought I would be famous by now. For something. Anything. A movie star or philanthropist or just insanely rich because of something I did. Well I am rich in many aspects in my life and I just have a different definition of them. I will be famous for something but I'm not sure when. I'm also not as concerned with it as I understand my soul journey as something totally different than what I originally thought it was supposed to be.

I have 2 healthy boys who are awesome, yes they drive me crazy sometimes but they are amazing. We speak openly about things.

You got this.

I wonder if they will get caught up with the party scene, I worry that drugs could find their way into their lives. But that's just being a Mom. I want them to live healthy and adventuresome lives full of love.

That's what I think success is now. I think it's being happy with what you have, where you live, how you feel and who you spend your dang time with.

Yes, that is success.

Loving yourself, knowing yourself, being yourself without apology.

Showing people that being you is a badge of honour and fucking embracing it.

Guys I need to insert a little plug for all Life Coaches who are out there changing fucking lives. This entire journey that you are reading about was literally with the aid of a Life Coach. Yes, I had never had a Life Coach before but I learned what the fuck one was and am I ever grateful that I did.

You got this.

A friend invited me to a seminar for some sort of Personal Development and the woman presenting offered a FREE session with her, a Life Coach. Bonus, I was right in the middle of hell and needed something. Not even sure what that something was. Long story short, she basically guided, empowered and motivated me to move forward. One step at a time. To take fucking action. To be accountable to someone who didn't use it against me. A friend. Sometimes you need a person who is absolutely detached from your story, your life. Someone who is able to look from the outside with a clear vision of who you can be. They will breathe life into you like you could never even imagine. Life Coaches believe in you more than you do. That's why they are worth every fucking dollar.

We created a business that I would go on to run successfully for about 4 years before becoming a Life Coach myself! The time and care that was given to me was literally life-changing and absolutely pivotal in my life. I was able to start that journey back to me. Back to the true ME. Since then I have worked with several Coaches and you know what? Every fucking time I do, I

You got this.

Alright, daily practices that I have accumulated over the years and absolutely swear by:

Move Your Body, every dang day.

I don't care how - workout at the gym, at home, run, do yoga, walk, swim, play sports, dance, have sex, just move your friggin body. The more the better. I picked up Yoga 690 days ago and have practiced every day since then. Yep, Yoga With Adriene on YouTube. I have this as my number 1 daily ritual. Since moving to a beachtown I have also incorporated daily walks right after yoga (on the beach as much as possible).

I have a gratitude journal that I usually write in, morning and night. Sometimes I forget, don't worry the world is still functioning when I forget. The point is that taking a moment to be grateful for everything that is happening, even the challenges, is super significant. Always, my number one item of gratitude is for our health, yes without that we have nothing. Take care of yourself. Please.

You got this.

What else, I eat really well. I mean I have a power pack smoothie every morning and my accent eating is generally pretty healthy. I love nachos. Literally, they should be a food group. But really, I will have wine occasionally but even my alcoholic bevvies are “clean”. Just do your fucking best and be conscious of what you are putting into your body. I’m also a vegetarian and have been for most of my life. Fruits and veggies are key. Water, drink it. It’s pretty fucking simple. Get away from processed food as much as possible and focus on fresh and clean.

I meditate and write meditations for others to enjoy. I would guess that I meditate almost daily as well. I just love those ones where you take a journey and meet a spirit guide and get some insane tidbit of wisdom imparted. I also love the ones where you just take in the scenery around you and inspiration arrives. Meditating is something that I had no idea I would enjoy so dang much. I highly recommend it, obviously. Don’t give me the bullshit that you can’t sit still for that long, blah, blah, blah. If I can, you can. Trust me, I am the ultimate spaz case.

You got this.

Remember, we can do anything that we set our minds to. Don't fucking forget that. Oh and if you don't think you can meditate for a half hour, don't! Start off with quickies, teehee. I mean I think I started with 1-2 minute ones and slowly built up. I would love to have a meditation-off and see how long I could meditate for now. Sounds absolutely heavenly actually. I would guess a few hours at least?

Reading - yes, can you just try to read on a regular basis? I'm a huge fan of personal growth and development, self-help, whatever the fuck you want to call it. Tony Robbins, Rachel Hollis, Robin Sharma, Louise Hay, Gretchen Rubin, whoever rings your bell - read their shit. Listen to their podcasts, soak that shit up and learn. Learn from the Gurus who have walked your journey. The whole point of personal development is to learn and to fling forward in some way, shape or form. To learn something about yourself that helps you to either return to yourself or to move towards your version of fulfillment. Take the time for you, you are most definitely worth it.

You got this.

Surround yourself with fucking amazing people. I mean those soul sisters who just get you. The ones who you can lose 6 hours with and still feel like you haven't even scratched the surface for that convo. Those people are the ones who will move forward with you, challenge you, stand with you, comfort you and co-exist in such a beautiful way - with you. This is your tribe. Hold them near and dear. Always make time for them and don't ever forget how much you lean on each other. That's another interesting point. There are always going to be friendships where you take turns leaning on one another but be careful of the ones where you seem to be giving more than they are. Just keep your spidey sense attuned and alive. Just sayin'.

Nature - get the fuck outdoors and be one with nature at least once a day. If you hate the winter like I do then it may not be for a long time but every dang day I am outside feeling the sunshine, the wind, the rain, the snow or whatever else on my face.

You got this.

Feeling the life and energy that surrounds us. Breathing it in, seeing it, feeling it, smelling it. Living it. Walking barefoot on the beach is my absolute favourite of all time. Maui, Bali and Fiji here I come! Look the fuck out.

Social Media and tech in general, I don't even want to lecture about this but I will. Regulate yourself and watch who you subscribe to. Stop the scroll. Don't compare. Be you and stand firm in your awesomeness. Keep track of your screen time for a week and figure out if you are alright with the amount of time you spend on your phone/screen. Apple products have a little setting for tracking your screen time and let me tell you that it can be a very sobering statistic to realize. The cool thing is that you can always course correct. I remember there was a point where I had to set specific times during the day to check social media - morning, lunch, dinner and before bed (15-20 mins each). That was it. Just a little reset was needed.

You got this.

I haven't given my boys cell phones in hopes that they will not fall into the trap of living other people's lives. I let them on their laptops for limited periods of time and always remind them that it's way more fun to go out and live your life than to watch someone else living theirs. Hopefully that sticks.

Well my friend, I hope that I have been able to give you some direction, clarity, laughter and energy to get moving forward in your life. Maybe some inspiration to say fuck more often? The time to live is now. I mean right now. Live it up. Love hard. Find your people. Be the best you can be. Single, married, dating or whatever else you have up your sleeve. It's time to step towards your true purpose in life! It's time to explore, find yourself, rediscover the things that light you up, connect with your soul and be authentically YOU. I am sending you so much love, I recognize the light in you from deep within my soul.

Namaste, Peace & Awesomeness.

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Maybe It Is Time to Get The
Fuck On With Life.