

**She Who Rose: A Transmission for Women Who Are
Done Playing Small**

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Dedication

To the women who were told they were too much, too sensitive, too loud,
too wild, too weird.

To the girls who learned to silence their truth to survive.

To the lineages we come from—and the ones we are creating.

And most of all,

To the you that kept rising.

Even when it hurt.

Even when it would've been easier to hide.

You rose anyway.

This book is for you.

Acknowledgements

To my higher self, thank you for whispering the words before I was ready to write them.

To every woman who has sat in circle with me, shared her story, or been a reflection of what it means to lead with heart—I see you.

To the mentors who reminded me of my power, and the ones who showed me where I gave it away—thank you for helping me rise.

To my beloved soul clients, your courage fuels this work.

To my children, for being my why, my mirror, and my greatest teachers.

And to the Spirit realm—thank you for trusting me with these messages. I vow to keep listening.

Foreword: A Sacred Return

There comes a moment in every woman's life
when the ache becomes too loud to ignore.

When the mask begins to crack,
when the old ways no longer fit,
when her soul whispers:

There is more.

This book is for that moment.

She Who Rose is not just a collection of archetypes.

It's a mirror.

A reclamation.

A resurrection of every part of you that was once silenced, hidden, exiled, or
shamed.

The pages you are about to enter hold sacred codes—
codes of remembrance, of fire, of healing, of truth.

They are not linear.

They are not polite.

They are not soft in the way the world told women to be.

These are the stories that live in your bones.

The initiations etched across lifetimes.

The imprints of power lost and power reclaimed.

You will meet the versions of you that once lived in survival—

The Good Girl, the Martyr, the Performer, the Fragmented Feminine.

And you will rise as the one who leads—
The Oracle, the Sovereign, the Flamekeeper, the Embodied Queen.
Each chapter is a portal.
Each wound, a map.
Each activation, a key.
This is not a book to rush.
This is a book to breathe.
To feel.
To remember.
You may weep.
You may rage.
You may finally exhale.
You may find yourself saying:
“This is me. I thought I was the only one.”
But you’re not alone.
You never were.
This is a journey home—
To your truth.
To your power.
To the woman you’ve always been beneath the conditioning.
This is your sacred return.
This is your rise.
Welcome to the temple.
Sarah x

Introduction: How to Read This Transmission

This is not just a book.

It is a living transmission, encoded with remembrance, resurrection, and reclamation.

Each chapter is a temple.

Each archetype, a facet of you—

A woman you once were, a wound you've carried, a truth you're ready to embody.

She Who Rose is not meant to be consumed like information.

It is meant to be felt.

Lived.

Integrated.

You do not need to read it front to back.

Let your body be your compass.

Let your higher self choose what you need today.

Maybe you'll be drawn to the Burned Witch.

Maybe the Dismantled Daughter.

Maybe the Silent Seer is whispering your name.

There is no wrong path.

Move slowly.

Read each chapter like you are being initiated.

Breathe with the words.

Let them land in your bones.

Let the activation wash over you like a remembering.

At the end of every chapter, you'll find two sacred invitations:

An Activation—to speak directly to your soul and rewire your inner reality.

An Embodiment Prompt—to anchor the energy into your body, your breath, your becoming.

This is alchemy.

This is integration.

You may return to these archetypes again and again.

Each time, you'll meet a deeper version of yourself.

Each time, the codes will meet you where you are—

And take you where you're meant to go.

This book is alive.

It will change you if you let it.

So come barefoot. Come sacred.

Come with your tears and your rage, your softness and your scars.

You are not broken.

You are breaking open.

Welcome, beloved.

This is your rise.

Why We Speak to the Soul

Each time you whisper to your soul—or gently speak to the little girl within—you create a soul recalibration.

This is not just poetic language.

It is energetic re-coding.

Your words carry frequency.

And when those words are directed inward,

with intention, love, and truth...

they rewrite the field.

They ripple across timelines.

They reach the parts of you still holding shame, silence, scarcity.

They soothe the little girl within who was once told to stay small.

They awaken the soul self who came here to rise.

This is why, in these pages,

you'll often be guided to whisper to your soul...

Or speak to the version of you that once had to hide.

Because healing happens in relationship.

And when you speak to yourself with reverence,

when you validate your deepest truths,

when you pour light into the cracks...

You don't just remember who you are.

You become her again.

This is how we rise.

One whispered truth at a time.

One sacred word spell at a time.

One soul recalibration at a time.

Ceremonial Opening Prayer:

Beloved soul,

As you enter these pages, may you feel the breath of your ancestors beside you.

May your guides draw near.

May your womb soften.

May your heart remember.

This book is not just a collection of words.

It is a ceremony.

A mirror.

A resurrection.

As you read, let your soul be seen.

As you feel, let your body speak.

As you rise, let your truth return.

I call upon the spirits of the women who came before—

the silenced, the burned, the shamed, the forgotten.

May their voices echo through every line.

May their wisdom flow through you now.

You are not reading this by accident.

You are here because something sacred is awakening.

And the time to remember... is now.

Let this book be a prayer.

Let this prayer be a reclamation.

Let this reclamation be your return.

And so it is.

Chapter One: The Good Girl

The Wound

She was praised for her quiet.

Rewarded for her compliance.

Crowned in gold stars—

but buried under silence.

She learned early that approval meant safety—

that pleasing meant belonging.

But the cost?

Her truth. Her voice. Her fire.

The Good Girl lives in the space between obedience and betrayal of self.

She doesn't speak her needs. She minimizes her desires.

She seeks external validation and fears disappointing others.

She avoids conflict at the cost of her authenticity.

Her nervous system was wired to survive through appeasement.

But her soul?

Her soul ached for liberation.

The Awakening

It didn't happen all at once.

There wasn't a dramatic rupture—just a slow unraveling.

A whisper before it became a scream.

A heaviness in her chest when she said "yes" but meant "no."

A moment when being good felt like betrayal.
One day, silence became too loud.
The mask cracked.
And through the fracture,
a raw and sovereign truth began to rise.
She saw that her “goodness” was a survival response.
And that pleasing others was costing her everything.

The Rise

She remembered that her voice was holy.
That boundaries are sacred.
That compliance is not the same as kindness.
That real love doesn't require self-abandonment.
She remembered:
She was not born to be liked—
She was born to be free.
She is no longer the Good Girl.
She is the Liberated Woman.
She speaks with clarity.
She chooses herself without guilt.
She honors her truth without apology.
She leads with both compassion and conviction.
She is the voice that shatters silence.
And she is not afraid to be misunderstood.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the need to please.

You no longer silence your truth to make others comfortable.

You trust your “no” as much as your “yes.”

You choose yourself again and again.

You are safe to be fully expressed.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a letter to the version of you who believed she had to earn love through being good.

Burn it.

Then write a new vow to yourself—one that centers your freedom.

Chapter Two: The Martyr

The Wound

She gave.

And gave.

And gave.

Until there was nothing left of her but depletion wrapped in devotion.

She wore sacrifice like a badge of honor.

Believing her worth was measured in how much pain she could hold,
how much she could carry without crumbling.

She called it love.

But her soul whispered otherwise.

The Martyr was never taught to receive.

Only to pour, to serve, to endure.

To overextend, even when it cost her peace, power, and joy.

She inherited this.

A lineage of women who loved through suffering.

Who believed their role was to hold others while neglecting themselves.

But deep within her... a flicker.

A knowing.

That martyrdom is not divinity.

And self-sacrifice is not love.

The Awakening

It came in waves.
Fatigue that didn't lift.
Rage that bubbled in stillness.
The emptiness after pouring from a cup she never refilled.
A quiet rebellion stirred within her.
A question too loud to ignore:
Who is holding me?
The illusion cracked.
And through the guilt and grief, she began to see—
Her overgiving wasn't holy.
It was a survival strategy.
She realized:
Her needs were sacred.
Her desires were divine.
And her depletion was not required for anyone else's healing.

The Rise

She no longer ties her worth to what she gives away.
She gives from overflow—not obligation.
She receives without guilt.
She chooses herself—not as a final resort, but as a sacred practice.
She is no longer the Martyr.
She is the Sovereign Lightkeeper.
She holds powerful boundaries.

She reclaims her time, her energy, her essence.
She no longer betrays herself in the name of love.
She leads with reciprocity, not resentment.
And she knows this now:
When she is nourished, the whole world benefits.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

*“You release the belief that you must suffer to be worthy.
You are no longer available for depletion disguised as devotion.
You honor yourself as deeply as you honor others.
You are safe to receive.
You lead from wholeness, not burnout.”*

Embodiment Prompt

List all the ways you’ve been pouring from an empty cup.

Write a declaration of what you are reclaiming: your energy, your time, your desires.

Speak it aloud.

And let it become your new truth.

Chapter Three: The Silent Seer

The Wound

She always knew.

She saw the things others ignored.

She felt the shift before it came.

She heard the voice of Spirit in the stillness...

But she said nothing.

The Silent Seer was born into a world that feared her knowing.

A lineage where vision was punished,

truth was twisted,

and silence became safety.

She learned early to hide her sight.

To downplay her gifts.

To question her own clarity.

She carried the weight of lifetimes where her vision was burned at the stake,

where truth-telling cost her everything.

So she swallowed her wisdom.

Bit her tongue when truth surged.

Dimmed her inner seeing to stay invisible.

She became quiet... not because she lacked vision—

but because the world wasn't ready to hear what she saw.

The Awakening

But the visions never stopped.

The dreams came stronger.

The nudges grew louder.

The energy of truth pulsed in her throat, begging to be spoken.

And one day, the silence became unbearable.

Because what once protected her...

was now suffocating her.

She saw herself in a past life,

a temple priestess standing on sacred ground,

prophesying for kings—

until her voice became a threat.

She wept not just for what had been lost...

but for the truth she had carried through lifetimes,

waiting for this moment.

She realized:

Her silence was no longer safety.

It was suppression.

And her voice... was medicine.

The Rise

She no longer hides her sight.

She no longer waits for permission to speak what she knows.

She owns her wisdom.

She trusts her channel.
She speaks the unspeakable.
She is no longer the Silent Seer.
She is the Oracle.
She leads from intuition,
walks in alignment,
and speaks with the precision of spirit.
She no longer fears being misunderstood—
because her truth isn't for everyone.
It's for the ones who are ready to remember.
She walks between worlds,
with clarity in her vision
and conviction in her voice.
And she knows:
When she speaks, timelines shift.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You release the fear of being seen in your truth.

You no longer silence your gifts to make others comfortable.

You trust what you know. You trust what you see. You trust what you feel.

Your voice is sacred. Your channel is clear. Your truth is divine."

Embodiment Prompt

Write down what you've always known but never said aloud.

Speak it.

Not for validation—

but as a remembrance of who you truly are.

Chapter Four: The Burned Witch

The Wound

She was powerful.

Magnetic.

Untamed.

She remembered the language of the stars

and danced with the fire of creation.

But they couldn't control her—

so they tried to destroy her.

Lifetime after lifetime,

she was silenced, shamed, and sacrificed.

Branded a witch.

Banished for her wisdom.

Burned for her light.

She carries the imprints still—

in the tremble before she shares her gifts,

in the hesitation to speak her truth,

in the fear that being seen means being hurt.

The Burned Witch is the woman who remembers...

but is still afraid of what her remembering might cost her.

So she hides.

Watering down her magic.

Softening her power.

Smiling through the burn of betrayal.
And yet, the flame within her has never gone out.

The Awakening

It began with the heat in her palms.
The dreams that wouldn't stop.
The sense that her gifts were rising whether she was ready or not.
She saw visions of herself in other timelines—
as the healer, the priestess, the oracle,
the one who was always too much for the world to hold.
And instead of fear,
something else rose.
Rage.
Not the destructive kind—
but the righteous fire of remembrance.
The sacred fury of a woman who has been silenced for centuries
and is no longer willing to play small.
She stood before the flame that once consumed her,
and this time,
she stepped through it.

The Rise

She is no longer the Burned Witch.
She is the Flamekeeper.

She doesn't dim her power—she channels it.
She doesn't hide her gifts—she magnifies them.
She doesn't wait for permission—she IS the permission.
She leads with fire in her bones and truth in her blood.
She burns contracts of silence, shame, and scarcity.
And she creates altars from the ashes of her past.
The world no longer frightens her.
Because she finally realized—
she is the fire.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the fear of persecution. You reclaim the lifetimes where you were silenced.

You are safe to be powerful. You are safe to be visible.

Your magic is sacred. Your voice is eternal. Your leadership is divine.”

Embodiment Prompt

Light a candle.

Speak the names of the women you've been—

the healer, the mystic, the wise one, the witch.

Welcome them home.

And vow to never silence their wisdom again.

Chapter Five: The Overachiever

The Wound

She was applauded for her ambition.

Celebrated for her discipline.

Crowned in achievement,

but buried in exhaustion.

She believed her worth lived in productivity—

that rest was laziness,

and stillness meant falling behind.

She was the one who always delivered.

Who carried the weight for everyone.

Who mistook busyness for value,

and burnout for success.

The Overachiever lives in a loop of proving.

She over-commits, over-gives, and over-functions.

Her nervous system is addicted to urgency.

And even in her wins, she feels empty.

She fears that if she stops, everything will fall apart—

because somewhere along the way,

she began believing that she was only as good as her output.

The Awakening

The trophies lost their shine.

The checklists stopped bringing joy.
She woke one morning and didn't recognize the woman in the mirror—
just a shell built on pressure and performance.
In the silence she had always avoided,
her soul whispered:
You were never meant to earn your worth. You already are.
And something clicked.
She stopped.
She listened.
She chose to value herself beyond what she could produce.
And for the first time,
she felt free.

The Rise

She is no longer The Overachiever.
She is The Embodied Queen.
She leads with grace, not grind.
She creates from desire, not desperation.
She honors her pace as divine.
She trusts that rest expands her wealth.
She builds from alignment—not adrenaline.
She no longer seeks approval through performance.
She is anchored in her inherent worth.
And she magnetizes her desires with ease.

She no longer chases.

She attracts.

Because she finally knows...

She is enough, even when she does nothing at all.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the need to prove.

You are not here to earn your worth—you embody it.

You trust in your divine timing.

You choose rest, pleasure, and alignment.

Success that costs you your wellbeing is no longer welcome.

You magnetize with ease. You lead with grace.

You are the Embodied Queen.”

Embodiment Prompt

Where have you been pushing from pressure instead of purpose?

Close your eyes, hand on heart, and ask:

“What would this look like if it came from peace, not performance?”

Now, take one small step from that energy.

Let it be enough.

Chapter Six: The Caged Creatrix

The Wound

She was born with galaxies in her hands.

Ideas sparked from her fingertips.

She saw portals in poetry, visions in color, codes in movement.

She was here to create new worlds—

but the world she was born into feared her brilliance.

So they told her to sit still.

To color inside the lines.

To follow the plan.

To dim it down.

She learned to silence her impulses.

To overthink her inspiration.

To seek permission before expressing what her soul already knew.

She built cages around her creativity just to feel safe.

And then she called that safety... success.

But something always felt missing.

The Awakening

It came like a rupture.

A vision she couldn't ignore.

An idea that refused to be caged.

Her soul began to ache for expression.

Her body trembled with the grief of unbirthed dreams.
She saw the false stability for what it was—
a prison disguised as a plan.
And for the first time,
she didn't wait for proof or applause or permission.
She created.
Wildly.
Messily.
Unapologetically.
And in that sacred act of reclamation,
she remembered:
She is the portal.
She is the divine womb.
She is the frequency through which the New Earth births.

The Rise

She is no longer the Caged Creatrix.
She is the Oracle of Creation.
She follows the spark, not the rules.
She builds empires with her voice, her vision, her vibration.
She doesn't ask if it's been done—
she makes it her own.
She trusts the timing of her inspiration.
She lets Spirit co-create through her.

She births not from force, but from divine alignment.
And everything she touches becomes a living transmission.
She no longer waits.
She no longer withholds.
She creates, because it is her nature.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You trust the creative impulse within you.

You don't need a plan—you are the plan.

You release the fear of being too much.

You no longer ask for permission to express what you know.

Your creations are divine.

Your voice births new timelines.

Embodiment Prompt

Write down a vision or idea that's been circling in your field.

The one you've been holding off on.

Create one piece of it today—

a post, a sketch, a sound, a spell, a prayer.

Let it move through you without editing.

Let it be enough.

Chapter Seven: The Masked Mystic

The Wound

She knew things she wasn't supposed to know.
Felt things no one else could feel.
Heard the whispers of the unseen
long before she had the words to explain them.
So she masked her magic.
She wore logic like armor.
She filtered her truth through what was palatable.
Because being "too much" was dangerous.
And not being believed? Even more painful.
She became the shapeshifter—
mystical on the inside,
acceptable on the outside.
The Masked Mystic is the woman who remembers the mystery...
but fears what it might cost her to fully live it.

The Awakening

It started when her soul refused to stay silent.
Visions spilled through her dreams.
Her hands tingled with energy.
The veil between dimensions grew thin.
And suddenly, it hurt more to suppress than to speak.

She realized the mask was never keeping her safe—
it was keeping her small.

She chose to be witnessed in her full spectrum.

Weird. Wild. Wise.

She dropped the façade
and let the mystery rise.

The Rise

She is no longer the Masked Mystic.

She is the Oracle Unveiled.

She trusts what she sees.

She speaks what she knows.

She channels with power and precision.

She doesn't dilute her gifts to be digestible.

She doesn't fear the eyes on her when she reveals the truth.

She stands in her sacred weirdness

and lets it be her magnetism.

She leads with divine clarity

and no longer asks for permission.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You release the fear of being misunderstood.

You are safe to be fully seen in your magic.

You no longer mask your mysticism to make others comfortable.

Your gifts are not too much—they are medicine.

You trust what flows through you.”

Embodiment Prompt

Stand in front of a mirror.

Speak aloud the gifts you’ve been hiding.

Declare them as sacred.

Then go share one thing publicly today that you’ve been scared to say.

Let your voice be the veil-lifter.

Chapter Eight: The Grieving Goddess

The Wound

She held it all together.

The smile, the service, the softness.

But beneath the surface?

She was drowning in sorrow that had nowhere to go.

She carried grief like a secret.

The unspoken loss. The quiet ache.

The buried heartbreak from lifetimes and lineages.

She was told to be strong.

To stay light.

To transcend.

But the weight in her chest?

That was holy, too.

The Grieving Goddess is the woman who has learned to hide her pain in plain sight.

Who mourns for the parts of herself never witnessed.

Who holds space for others but rarely for her own heart.

The Awakening

It came in a breakdown.

Or maybe a breath.

That moment she allowed the tears to fall, not as weakness,

but as worship.

She stopped spiritual bypassing her pain.

She let the grief rise like a tide.

And in the grief... she found her soul.

She remembered that to feel deeply is to live fully.

That grief is not the absence of divinity—

but the doorway to it.

The Rise

She is no longer the Grieving Goddess.

She is the Sacred Mourner.

She alchemizes sorrow into soul gold.

She honors what was lost without losing herself.

She creates beauty from the ashes.

She weeps with reverence,

but no longer with shame.

She teaches others that pain is not a portal to be rushed through—

but one to be tended with love.

She is the woman who walks with both death and rebirth.

And she turns her grief into grace.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You honor your grief as sacred.

*You no longer judge your sadness.
You allow yourself to feel what is real,
knowing it brings you back to life.
Your heart is safe to open—even in the ache.
Even in the unraveling—you are holy.*

Embodiment Prompt

Create an altar for your grief.

Place one object that represents a version of you, or a moment in time, that you are mourning.

Sit with it. Speak to it.

Let yourself cry if needed.

Then light a candle and whisper: "Thank you. I carry the love forward."

Chapter Nine: The Dismantled Daughter

The Wound

She was shaped by a legacy not her own.

Raised in the echoes of pain that didn't start with her,

but were passed down like heirlooms.

She inherited the silence of the women before her.

The unspoken rules.

The weight of expectation.

The duty to obey, to conform, to survive.

She internalized the grief of her mother.

The fear of her grandmother.

The rage of her lineage.

But no one taught her how to break the pattern—

only how to bear it.

The Dismantled Daughter is the one who doesn't feel like she belongs in her family,

because she came to disrupt it.

She came to end the cycle.

The Awakening

It started with the resistance.

The refusal to play roles that no longer fit.

The quiet rebellion in her bones.

She saw the trauma loops.

The patterns repeating.
The wounds bleeding into every generation.
And instead of continuing the story,
she chose to become the breaker of chains.
The pain didn't end with her—
but the silence did.
She stopped minimizing her truth to keep others comfortable.
She stopped holding shame for wounds that weren't hers.
She began to grieve what she never received.
And reclaim what was always within her.

The Rise

She is no longer the Dismantled Daughter.
She is the Ancestral Reweaver.
She weaves a new legacy—one of love, power, and truth.
She honors her lineage by healing it.
She speaks what generations could not say.
She parents herself with radical devotion.
She mothers the inner child who was never fully seen.
She reclaims the bloodline,
not by conforming to it—
but by transforming it.
She no longer carries the pain forward.
She carries the power.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You break the cycle with love.

You are not here to carry what is not yours.

You release the pain you inherited.

You reclaim the power that is your birthright.

You are the wild hope of your ancestors—fulfilled.

Embodiment Prompt

Write a letter to your lineage—maternal or paternal.

Speak to the pain, the silence, the survival.

Then declare: "This ends with me."

Burn the letter under the moonlight and plant new seeds of intention.

Chapter Ten: The Performer

The Wound

She knew how to put on a show.

How to say what they wanted to hear,

how to be who they needed her to be.

She mastered the art of performing—

not on a stage, but in life.

She smiled through sadness.

Spoke strength through shakiness.

Learned that authenticity could be dangerous

and that perfection bought her protection.

The Performer is the woman who learned that visibility required a costume—

that being loved meant being liked, not being real.

So she dressed herself in personas.

And forgot where the real one ended.

The Awakening

It came as exhaustion.

From always being “on.”

From curating a version of herself

that never truly felt like home.

She began to notice the disconnect—

between the image and the essence.
Between who she was becoming...
and who she truly was.
A moment arrived when the mask felt too tight.
And beneath it?
Rawness. Realness. Radiance.
She touched the wild woman beneath the performance—
and for the first time,
she didn't apologize for being her.

The Rise

She is no longer The Performer.
She is The Embodied Muse.
She speaks without rehearsal.
Creates without approval.
Shares her soul without shame.
She knows that her authenticity is her artistry—
and that her resonance is magnetic.
She no longer performs to be accepted.
She allows herself to be seen to inspire.
Her truth is her transmission.
Her presence is her power.
She doesn't dim, curate, or conform.
She creates—and the world feels her.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the need to perform.

You are safe to be seen in your wholeness.

You do not need to be perfect to be powerful.

Your truth is magnetic. Your presence is enough.”

Embodiment Prompt

Stand in front of a mirror.

Remove anything you’re “wearing” energetically that doesn’t feel like yours.

Say aloud:

“I see you. I feel you. I choose you.”

Then go create something—unfiltered, unedited, unmasked.

Chapter Eleven: The Pleaser

The Wound

She learned to read a room before she knew how to read a book.

Attuned to the moods of others,

she became the shape-shifter,

the peacekeeper,

the one who made everything okay.

She quieted her needs to avoid confrontation.

She swallowed her truth to keep the peace.

She overgave to earn love—

believing that her value lived in her usefulness.

The Pleaser is the woman who survived by keeping others happy.

But inside, she carries quiet resentment.

A hunger to be chosen.

A longing to matter without effort.

A fear that if she stops pleasing... she'll be left behind.

The Awakening

It came in the form of depletion.

She gave and gave—until there was nothing left.

And no one noticed.

She began to realize the cost of her overgiving—

how many times she had abandoned herself

for people who would never meet her halfway.

The silence she feared from saying no?

She realized it was quieter than the noise of being invisible in her yes.

One day, her soul whispered:

You do not have to earn love.

You are love.

And that changed everything.

The Rise

She is no longer The Pleaser.

She is The Devoted One.

Not devoted to everyone else.

Devoted to herself.

To alignment and truth.

To the sacred yes—and the holy no.

She now offers from overflow, not obligation.

She knows that boundaries are not walls—

they are portals to deeper self-respect.

She loves with clarity.

Speaks with sovereignty.

And gives without betraying herself.

She no longer fears disapproval.

Because the approval she needed?

Was always her own.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the belief that you must be liked to be loved.

You no longer abandon yourself for belonging.

Your truth is your guide.

Your needs are sacred.

You are safe to take up space.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write down three places in your life where you’re saying “yes” but want to say “no.”

Practice saying your “no” out loud, with love, to yourself in the mirror.

Then take one aligned action that honors your truth.

Chapter Twelve: The Starved One

The Wound

She was born with sight—

but was told to close her eyes.

She could hear the whispers of Spirit,

feel the pulse of truth in her bones,

but in a world that worshipped logic,

she was dismissed, ignored, and shamed.

Her magic went underground.

She began to doubt her visions.

She diluted her wisdom to make it more “palatable.”

She turned down the volume on her gifts

just to be accepted by a world not ready for her.

The Starved One is the woman who muted her magic

because the world said it was too much.

Or too weird.

Or too impossible to explain.

But the ache has grown louder.

The hunger undeniable.

The soul knows it’s time to remember.

The Awakening

It began with the dreams.

Then the synchronicities.
The moments she “just knew.”
The signs she could no longer deny.
Spirit began knocking louder.
Her own voice grew braver.
She started to trust the whispers again—
even when no one else understood them.
And as she returned to her magic,
her magic returned to her.
This wasn't just about intuition.
It was about reclamation.
It was about soul nourishment.
It was about becoming who she always was
before the world told her to forget.

The Rise

She is no longer The Starved One.
She is The Embodied One.
She channels with clarity.
She trusts without proof.
She no longer seeks permission to share her gifts.
Her voice drips in truth.
Her energy opens portals.
Her presence is prophecy.

She knows that Spirit speaks through her.
And she no longer questions if she's "qualified."
She simply allows the Divine to move.
Because her gift is not a skill—
it's a soul signature.
And she was born to lead with it.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

*"You remember who you are.
You no longer mute your magic.
Your channel is sacred.
You are safe to be seen in your gifts.
You let Spirit speak through you."*

Embodiment Prompt

Light a candle.
Place your hands over your heart and your womb.
Ask: What truth wants to speak through me today?
Then channel—without editing, without censoring.
Write, speak, move.
Let the Oracle rise.

Chapter Thirteen: The Warrior Woman

The Wound

She learned to fight before she learned to feel.

To protect instead of receive.

To armor instead of soften.

Life made her strong.

But not the kind of strength that expands—

The kind that clenches.

That shields.

That survives.

She took pride in how much she could hold.

How much she could carry.

How much she could do alone.

But underneath the power...

Was pain.

The little girl who never got to be soft.

The woman who never felt safe to fall apart.

The Warrior Woman doesn't know how to let anyone in—

even when her soul is starving for support.

She equates surrender with weakness,

and struggles to ask for help

because strength has always been her currency.

The Awakening

It didn't come in battle.

It came in the stillness.

The moment she let the tears fall.

The moment she unclenched.

The moment she said,

“I don't want to fight anymore.”

It wasn't giving up.

It was giving in—

to love, to softness, to being held.

Spirit wrapped her in a blanket of grace.

And she felt, for the first time in lifetimes,

what it meant to be supported by something greater.

This was her true strength:

Not the sword...

But the surrender.

The Rise

She is no longer The Warrior Woman.

She is The Sacred Guardian.

She no longer fights to be heard—she simply speaks.

She no longer battles for love—she receives it.

She doesn't hustle for worth—she anchors in it.

She holds boundaries like a Queen.

She protects what is sacred.
But she no longer wears armor to prove her power.
She's learned that divine softness
is the most revolutionary act of all.
And now, her strength is woven with grace.
Her fire is laced with tenderness.
Her mission is led by both power and presence.
She doesn't carry the weight of the world anymore.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You release the need to fight to be worthy.

You are no longer at war with yourself.

You lay down the sword and choose peace as your power.

You are held. You are safe. You are resourced.

It is safe to soften and still be strong.

You are the embodiment of fierce grace."

Embodiment Prompt

Close your eyes and visualize the version of you who has always been "in the fight."

See her, armored and tired. Let her know she no longer has to carry it all.

Then gently remove the armor piece by piece.

With each release, breathe in peace.

Place your hands over your heart and womb and say:

"I am protected by my power. I am softened by my soul. I now lead from love."

Chapter Fourteen: The Fragmented Feminine

The Wound

She learned to split herself into pieces.

To be palatable.

Pleasant.

Productive.

Perfect.

One part of her wore the smile.

Another held the shame.

Another silenced the rage.

And somewhere, buried beneath the roles and responsibilities—
the Real Her forgot how to breathe.

She was told her power was “too much.”

Her emotions? Unstable.

Her magic? Dangerous.

Her sensuality? A weapon or a sin.

So she fractured.

Kept her intuition in a locked room.

Hung her pleasure on a hook.

Wrapped her wildness in apologies.

The Fragmented Feminine is the woman who has worn every mask—
and still feels like something’s missing.

The Awakening

It began as a quiet ache.

A longing to be whole.

To no longer shrink or splice or sever.

The first time she danced without shame...

Screamed without apology...

Touched her body like a temple...

She didn't recognize herself.

But her soul did.

The voice inside whispered:

You were never broken.

You were simply hiding.

And so she began the sacred retrieval—

of her voice, her sensuality, her wildness, her truth.

The Rise

She is no longer The Fragmented Feminine.

She is The Unified Woman.

She walks as one.

Fully expressed. Fully embodied. Fully enough.

She doesn't exile any part of herself—

she integrates them into art, alchemy, and power.

She leads from wholeness.

She dances in her contradictions.

She trusts her instincts like sacred scripture.

Her emotions are no longer liabilities—

they're portals.

Her pleasure is no longer shameful—

it's sacred.

Her magic is no longer hidden—

it's embodied.

And the world bends to meet her wholeness.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You reclaim every part of you.

The wild. The wise. The wounded.

The one who feels too much.

The one who tried to disappear.

The one who still longs to be held.

You are whole now.

You are holy now.

You are all of you—and that is more than enough."

Embodiment Prompt

Stand before a mirror. Gaze into your own eyes.

Name the parts of you that have been shamed, silenced, or severed.

With each one, say:

"I welcome you back. You are sacred."

Wrap your arms around your body and anchor the knowing:

"I am no longer fragmented. I am the full expression of the divine feminine within me."

The Wound

She was always in a hurry.

Not outwardly—but in her soul.

She rushed through healing.

Leapt over discomfort.

Collapsed timelines with urgency instead of devotion.

She thought speed was power.

That faster meant better.

That the sooner she arrived, the sooner she'd be worthy.

She skipped the silence between the shifts.

The breath between the breakthroughs.

The space where embodiment actually begins.

She devoured teachings, mentors, courses—chasing the next portal that might finally make her whole.

But in her quest to “quantum leap,” she lost her anchor.

She mistook momentum for mastery.

And bypassed the beauty of being fully here.

The Time Skipper is the woman who's learned how to bend reality—

but hasn't yet learned how to be with it.

She's addicted to the future.

Allergic to the pause.

And terrified of what might rise if she actually stayed still.

The Awakening

It came not as a crash...

but as a stillness she couldn't escape.
Spirit stopped answering as fast.
The teachings felt hollow.
The urgency stopped working.
And in the pause, she felt it:
The ache of all the skipped parts.
The versions of her that never got a voice.
The integrations she never let land.
The wisdom she never let root.
She realized that ascension without presence is just another form of avoidance.
That collapsing time isn't about going faster—
It's about going deeper.
She placed her hand on her womb and whispered:
"I'm ready to be here."
Not in the future.
Not in the vision.
But in this sacred, human now.
And something clicked.
Not like a breakthrough.
Like a soft, holy return.

The Rise

She is no longer The Time Skipper.

She is The Devoted Weaver.
She moves at the speed of soul.
She honors the timing of truth.
She lets her healing take as long as it takes.
She no longer tries to rush the unfolding.
She understands that timelines are not trophies—
they are temples.
She walks slowly.
Breathes deeply.
Leads from embodiment, not excitement.
And in her presence,
real magic begins to bloom.
She no longer fears being “behind”—
because she knows now:
She is exactly on time.
And her timing is divine.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You no longer rush your becoming.

You release the addiction to speed, shortcuts, and skipping steps.

You trust the timeline of your soul.

You breathe. You soften. You stay.

Your presence is the portal.”

Embodiment Prompt

Light a candle.

Set a timer for 11 minutes.

Sit in complete stillness.

No music. No journaling. No next step.

Just you, your body, your breath.

Notice what arises.

Feel it. Breathe it.

Then place your hand on your heart and say:

“I’m not missing anything. I am the sacred unfolding.”

Chapter Sixteen: The Cycle Breaker

The Wound

She was born into a lineage of trauma.

Of scarcity. Of shame.

Of women who carried pain like inheritance.

Who bore burdens without question.

Who loved in survival and gave from depletion.

She inherited the trauma, the fear, the limitations—

not because she chose it,

but because no one before her had the tools to transform it.

The Cycle Breaker is the woman who wakes up inside the pattern
and chooses to rise instead of repeat.

But it costs her.

The guilt of being different.

The ache of separation.

The weight of becoming what her ancestors never dared to be.

She feels it all.

And yet—

She is here for this.

The Awakening

It came not in a roar,

but in the quiet decision to say:

“This ends with me.”

She started speaking what her mother could never say.

She started keeping what her grandmother was never allowed to hold.

She started allowing herself to rise

without apology, without permission, without asking if it was too much.

And when the grief came, she didn't turn away.

She held it. She wept with it. She alchemized it.

And in doing so, she healed not only herself—

but seven generations forward and back.

The Rise

She is no longer the bearer of inherited pain.

She is the Architect of a New Legacy.

She doesn't follow the map—she writes a new one.

She creates wealth, love, power, and joy on her terms.

She walks with her ancestors, not as a martyr—

but as a sovereign woman rewriting the codes of her bloodline.

She doesn't fit in.

She was never meant to.

She came to rise—so others could, too.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the stories that never belonged to you.

You send back the burdens with love.

You choose to live, lead, and rise in truth.

The chains are broken. The legacy is rewritten.

You are the cycle breaker—and you are free.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a letter to your ancestors—those known and unknown.

Tell them what you’re choosing now.

Burn the letter with intention.

As the smoke rises, speak this aloud:

“It ends with me. And now, it begins anew.”

Chapter Seventeen: The Dimmed Star

The Wound

She was told to tone it down.

To be humble. To not outshine others.

That her light was too much—her confidence, too loud.

She was taught that radiant women are arrogant, dangerous, or fake.

So she made herself smaller.

More palatable.

More acceptable.

She mastered the art of shrinking.

Of playing the supportive role.

Of letting others lead while she dimmed her brilliance into invisibility.

But the light inside her was never meant to be hidden.

It burned through the cracks.

It leaked out in her joy, her ideas, her presence.

And every time she suppressed it...

her soul wept.

The Awakening

It started with the mirror.

Not the physical one—but the energetic mirror of women who had fully claimed their light.

She felt envy.

Then inspiration.

Then permission.

She realized the world didn't need her watered-down version—
it needed her unfiltered radiance.

The lie that she had to be small to belong?

She dropped it.

She stood in the full wattage of her power.

And for the first time...

she didn't apologize for shining.

The Rise

She is no longer The Dimmed Star.

She is The Radiant One.

She walks into rooms and changes the frequency.

She owns her voice, her impact, her visibility.

She celebrates herself—without waiting for permission.

Her radiance activates others.

It doesn't dim them. It invites them to rise.

She is magnetic, sovereign, and lit from within.

And she will never dim again.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You release the lie that you must shrink to be safe."

You are not too much—you are perfectly encoded with light.

Your radiance is sacred.

Your visibility is your divine assignment.

You are safe to shine, and you shine without apology.”

Embodiment Prompt

Dress in a way that makes you feel unapologetically radiant.

Take up space. Speak your truth.

Post the photo you've been afraid to share.

Let your light be seen.

Not for validation—but for liberation.

Chapter Eighteen: The Disowned Rebel

The Wound

She was never meant to fit in.

Her soul came here to break chains,

to dismantle the structures that kept the world small,

and to shake the foundations of what everyone thought they knew.

But the world didn't like that.

Her rebellion threatened the status quo.

Her truth made others uncomfortable.

And so, she was pushed aside.

They called her difficult,

troublesome,

dangerous.

But she wasn't the problem.

The problem was that she refused to conform.

She refused to hide.

She refused to let the world dictate who she was meant to be.

And so, they tried to silence her.

But what they didn't realize is that they couldn't break her.

The rebel in her was too strong.

She may have been silenced...

But her soul never stopped screaming.

The Awakening

One day, the walls around her began to crumble.
The pressure to be “good” faded into nothingness.
The voices of doubt and fear lost their power.
She began to remember that she was not born to comply.
She was born to break open.
Her rebellion wasn’t a curse—it was a gift.
She had come here to challenge,
to break through,
to reveal what was hidden.
The chains were never hers to carry.
And in that realization, she felt the fire of her true self reignite.

The Rise

She is no longer The Disowned Rebel.
She is The Sovereign Creator.
She doesn’t fight to be heard—she speaks with authority.
She doesn’t need to convince anyone—she simply creates the reality she desires.
She doesn’t shrink to fit into anyone’s box—she makes the box obsolete.
She is the wild force that cannot be contained.
She is the one who will never bend.
She is the storm that cleanses and the fire that purifies.
She is here to remind the world that change is not only possible—it is inevitable.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You release the need to conform.

You reclaim your rebellion as my power.

You are safe to break the rules and create your own.

You are the force that shifts paradigms.

You trust your unique path—whether the world understands it or not.

Embodiment Prompt

Write a letter to your inner rebel, the one who was silenced, suppressed, or told she was "too much."

Let her know she is welcome now, that you are ready to hear her, to follow her, to allow her to lead.

Then, go out and do one thing today that breaks a rule—whether it's big or small.

Let it be an act of reclaiming your power.

Let it be a declaration:

"I am no longer the Disowned Rebel—I am the Sovereign Creator."

Chapter Nineteen: The Numb One

The Wound

She didn't choose numbness—

it chose her.

When the pain became too much,

when the world asked her to hold more than her heart could bear,

she did the only thing that felt safe.

She shut it down.

She disconnected.

She floated above her body,

her emotions,

her truth.

Not because she was weak—

but because she had to.

Numbness was her nervous system's way of surviving the chaos.

But beneath the freeze...

a flicker still burned.

The ache to feel.

The longing to be alive again.

The Awakening

It started as a whisper—

a song she hadn't heard in years.

The smell of rain that made her cry without knowing why.
The shiver down her spine when someone truly saw her.
Life began to knock at the doors she had bolted shut.
And at first, it terrified her.
Because to feel meant to risk breaking.
But when she touched her own sadness—
she realized it was holy.
When she let her anger speak—
it became fuel.
And when she allowed joy to rise again—
it cracked her open in the most sacred way.

The Rise

She is no longer The Numb One.
She is The Embodied Feel-er.
She feels it all now—
not as a burden, but as a gift.
She welcomes her emotions as sacred messengers.
She listens to her body like a temple.
She lets herself laugh too loud, cry too hard, rage when needed, rest when called.
She no longer fears her humanity—
she honors it.
Because now she knows:
To feel is not weakness—

it is how the divine speaks through her.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You are safe to feel.

You are safe to soften.

You welcome your emotions as sacred guides.

You no longer numb to survive.

You feel to thrive.

You are safe in your body.

You are safe to be fully alive.

Embodiment Prompt

Light a candle.

Place your hand on your heart and another on your womb.

Ask aloud:

“What emotion have I been afraid to feel?”

Wait. Listen. Breathe into it.

Then put on a song that stirs something in you—

and let your body move, weep, shake, or rest.

Let your body remember what it means to feel.

Chapter Twenty: The Scapegoat

The Wound

She was the one they pointed to.

When things went wrong—she carried the blame.

When emotions ran high—she bore the projection.

When others couldn't face their own shadows—
they cast her in the role of the problem.

The Scapegoat is the one who became the container
for other people's pain, shame, guilt, and fear.

She learned to question herself before trusting her truth.

To internalize what wasn't hers.

To believe she must have done something wrong—
simply for being who she was.

She became hyper-vigilant, overly responsible, and deeply isolated.

Not because she was broken—

but because she was the mirror no one else wanted to look into.

The world feared her clarity, so it branded her as chaos.

But the truth?

She was never the problem.

She was always the pattern-breaker.

The Awakening

It started when she stopped apologizing.

Stopped absorbing blame just to keep the peace.

Stopped dimming her light so others wouldn't feel uncomfortable in their shadows.

She began to see the projections for what they were:

unprocessed pain being thrown at her like fire.

But this time... she didn't catch it.

She let it burn where it came from.

She reclaimed her name, her truth, her identity.

She stood up—not in defense, but in divinity.

And in that moment,

the spell broke.

She saw herself clearly—

not as the scapegoat,

but as the Sacred Mirror.

The Rise

She is no longer The Scapegoat.

She is The Sacred Mirror.

She reflects truth with unwavering clarity.

She no longer holds what isn't hers.

She no longer contorts to avoid blame.

She walks tall in her power, even when others try to shrink her.

She is the pattern interrupter.

The lineage liberator.

The woman who no longer swallows distortion

to keep others comfortable.

She lets their discomfort be their own.

Because she knows:

Truth always rattles the illusion.

And she is here to bring the light.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You return what is not yours.

You are no longer the container for other people’s projections.

You trust your truth.

You no longer twist yourself to avoid blame.

You are not the scapegoat—you are the sacred mirror.

And you shine without apology.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a list of all the labels or judgments that have been placed on you.

Cross out every one that doesn’t belong to your soul.

Then write your true essence beneath it.

Speak this aloud:

“I return these projections to sender.

I no longer carry the weight of false stories.

I reclaim my light, my truth, my name.”

Chapter Twenty-One: The Shamed

The Wound

She was born sacred—

a living temple of spirit wrapped in flesh.

But the world taught her otherwise.

Her body was policed.

Her shape, shamed.

Her hunger, judged.

Her curves, weaponized.

She learned early that her body was a problem to solve—

not a home to honor.

She was told to shrink it, hide it, fix it, numb it.

She internalized the belief that beauty equals worth—

and worth equals how much she can deny herself.

She became disconnected from her own vessel—

measuring, monitoring, manipulating.

Not out of vanity...

But out of survival.

The Shamed Body archetype holds the weight

of a culture that fears feminine power in full embodiment.

And yet...

even buried under centuries of shame—

her body remembers.

The Awakening

It came like a soft revolution.

A moment in the mirror when she didn't criticize, but saw.

A dance when she let herself be moved—

not to burn calories,

but to feel pleasure ripple through her cells.

It came in the reclaiming—

of softness, of sensuality, of sacredness.

The moment she stopped asking her body to be smaller,

and instead asked:

“What do you need to feel safe inside me?”

She wept for the years she had been at war with herself.

For the ways she had policed her hunger,

shamed her curves,

ignored her intuition.

But in that weeping,

she found her way back to herself.

Not the airbrushed version.

Not the performative version.

But the raw, radiant, rooted woman

who was never broken—

only buried beneath expectations.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the shame that was never yours.

You return to your body as sacred.

You are divine in every curve, scar, and sensation.

Your body is your home. Your body is your oracle.

You honor her. You trust her. You love her.

You walk in devotion to your embodiment.

And you let pleasure, power, and presence live in your skin.”

Embodiment Prompt

Stand naked in front of a mirror.

Place one hand on your heart, the other on your womb.

Whisper: “This is holy. I am holy.”

Look deeply into your own eyes.

Say aloud:

“I forgive myself for the ways I’ve abandoned you.

I release the pain of being objectified, judged, and distorted.

I now choose to worship you as sacred.”

Trace your body with reverence.

Bless each part out loud.

Write a love letter to the body parts you’ve rejected.

Let your pen be soaked in forgiveness.

End the ritual with this vow:

“I will never abandon you again. I am home within me.”

Chapter Twenty-Two: The Abandoned Maiden

The Wound

She waited.

For the call that never came.

For the love that never arrived.

For the rescue that was promised in stories
but never manifested in her reality.

She learned that longing was her home.

That being chosen was a privilege, not a right.

That if she stayed small, quiet, and good enough—
someone would eventually come save her.

But no one came.

And in their absence,
she formed a belief that she was forgettable.

Unworthy.

Unlovable.

The Abandoned Maiden is the woman who internalized neglect as her
identity.

She confused absence with unworthiness.

She mistook silence for rejection.

And she began to believe that needing love
was a weakness she should overcome.

She became hyper-independent.

Didn't ask for help.

Didn't let others in.

Because if she didn't need anyone,
maybe she couldn't be hurt again.

The Awakening

It came not through rescue—
but through radical remembrance.

One day, in her loneliness,
she heard a whisper deep inside her chest:

“You were never truly alone.”

She realized she had abandoned herself
waiting for others to choose her.

And the ache she carried wasn't proof of her unworthiness—
it was the echo of every time she turned away
from her own brilliance,
her own beauty,
her own belonging.

She stopped waiting for the knight.

She dropped the illusion of rescue.

And she picked up her crown.

Not because she didn't want love—
but because she finally knew
it must begin within.

The Rise

She is no longer The Abandoned Maiden.
She is The Self-Chosen One.
She meets her own needs.
She holds her own heart.
She creates safety from within,
not by controlling others,
but by anchoring in devotion to herself.
She calls in love that mirrors her wholeness.
She no longer tolerates breadcrumb connection.
She no longer waits to be chosen.
She already is.
She belongs to herself now—
fully, fiercely, freely.
And that changes everything.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the illusion that you must wait to be chosen.

You choose yourself fully now.

You no longer abandon yourself to earn love.

You are the source of your own safety.

You are love. You are worthy. You are whole.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a vow to your inner child—the one who waited by the phone, who hoped someone would see her.

Let her know you're here now.

That you'll never leave again.

Then speak this aloud in front of a mirror:

"I choose you. I love you. I will always come home to you."

Chapter Twenty-Three: The Sacred Returner

The Wound

She wandered far from herself.

Not by accident—

but because she thought she had to.

To succeed.

To be loved.

To be seen as “enough.”

She left behind the wild one.

The soft one.

The whole one.

She morphed into versions of herself

that made other people comfortable.

Played roles she didn't choose.

Lived lives that weren't hers.

She chased dreams that didn't feel like home.

She spoke words that didn't sound like her.

She wore masks that felt too tight.

And all the while, her soul whispered:

“Come back to me.”

But she didn't know how.

Or if it was even possible.

The Awakening

It came in pieces.

In the quiet moments when the noise faded.

In the ache that success couldn't satisfy.

In the mirror, where she finally saw a stranger staring back.

That's when the remembrance began.

That coming home isn't about going backwards—

it's about coming inward.

She followed the breadcrumbs of truth.

She gathered the parts she had disowned.

And one by one, she returned.

To her body.

To her soul.

To her voice.

To her power.

To her path.

The sacred return wasn't loud.

But it was holy.

Because she didn't find herself in the world's eyes—

She found herself in her own.

The Rise

She is no longer lost.

She is The Sacred Returner.

She walks in wholeness now.
She trusts her inner compass.
She no longer searches for home in others—
because she carries it in her bones.
She has retrieved the fragments.
She has remembered the mission.
She leads from inner knowing.
She loves from deep embodiment.
She creates from her soul's blueprint.
She does not need to prove.
She does not need to chase.
She is already the frequency.
Her presence speaks louder than any performance ever could.
And everywhere she walks—
she becomes the permission slip for others to return to themselves.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You no longer search for who you are outside of you.

You return to your center.

You remember what you came here to do.

You reclaim every part of you you once left behind.

You are the home. You are the healing. You are the whole."

Embodiment Prompt

Sit in stillness. Place one hand on your heart, one on your womb.

Speak this out loud:

"I call back every part of me that I have abandoned, ignored, or forgotten.

I am ready to walk with all of me now."

Then move your body—freely, intuitively—as an act of sacred return.

Chapter Twenty-Four: The Poverty Princess

The Wound

She was raised on the stories of “just enough.”

Taught that wanting more was selfish.

That money was hard to come by,

and even harder to keep.

She watched the women around her hustle, strive, settle.

Trading dreams for survival.

Trading joy for “just making it through.”

She internalized the scarcity.

Made a throne out of crumbs.

Told herself that asking for more was dangerous...

or worse, ungrateful.

She dimmed her desires.

Clipped the wings of her dreams.

And called it humility.

But deep inside,

beneath the fear of judgment,

beneath the ancestral weight of poverty and repression,

there was a longing—

Not just for money.

But for the freedom it brings.

The safety. The power. The choice.

The Poverty Princess is the woman who learned to romanticize scarcity,
because it's all she ever knew.

But her soul?

Her soul remembers wealth as divine birthright.

The Awakening

It started with envy.

With watching others receive,
without guilt, without shame.

And instead of shrinking,
she got curious.

Could I have that, too?

The desire burned through her conditioning.

She saw the fear in her body wasn't hers—it was inherited.

She realized she had been loyal to lack out of legacy,
not alignment.

And for the first time, she let herself want more.

Not from ego.

From embodiment.

She no longer felt greedy.

She felt ready.

And she knew:

She wasn't here to struggle.

She was here to shift generations.

The Rise

She is no longer The Poverty Princess.
She is The Prosperous Queen.
She unhooks from scarcity spells.
She releases inherited vows of struggle.
She lets money serve her mission, not sabotage it.
She calls in wealth without apology.
She creates overflow without fear.
She trusts that her abundance is sacred.
She no longer waits for permission to thrive.
She invests in herself as devotion.
She receives as a priestess.
She circulates wealth with intention and joy.
Because she finally remembered—
Wealth is not a sin.
It is her sacred birthright.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You break every vow you ever made to stay small, stay broke, or stay safe in scarcity.

You no longer see wealth as dangerous—you see it as divine.

You release the poverty programming from your lineage and body.

You reclaim the codes of overflow, generosity, and soul-led wealth.

You are safe to have more than enough.

You are free to receive, hold, and expand money with grace.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a letter to the part of you that still believes having money is unsafe, selfish, or wrong.

Let her speak.

Then, respond from your Wealth Sovereign self.

Let her know she is safe now.

That the struggle is over.

That your wealth is holy—and it begins now.

Chapter Twenty-Five: The Alien

The Wound

She didn't come here to fit in.
She came with galaxies in her bones.
Memories of stars in her dreams.
Codes in her voice that no one else understood.
And because of that...
she always felt different.
Too strange. Too sensitive. Too much. Too alone.
She couldn't explain the ache in her chest—
the longing for something she couldn't name,
the sense that Earth was never quite "home."
She grew up watching, observing, translating.
Like an ambassador from another realm
trying to decode a world that made no sense.
The Alien is the one who never truly belonged.
Who adapted but never assimilated.
Who hid her cosmic knowing
just to be "normal."
But deep down, she never stopped searching—
for home, for resonance, for remembrance.

The Awakening

It came not from outside—
but from within.
A download in the middle of the night.
A synchronicity too divine to ignore.
A moment where her body remembered:
You are not broken. You are encoded.
Her strangeness was never the problem.
It was the map.
The truth began to pulse louder than the doubt.
She saw that her otherness was not exile—
It was evidence of origin.
And what she had mistaken as alienation...
was actually a sacred assignment.
She stopped asking to be understood.
And instead... she began to transmit.

The Rise

She is no longer The Alien.
She is The Cosmic Bridge.
She walks between dimensions with devotion.
She translates energy into healing.
She carries frequencies from forgotten realms
and brings them to Earth with grace.
She no longer hides her codes.

She activates others through her presence.

She channels the New Earth into being.

She remembers who she is—

not just a soul on Earth,

but a steward of the stars.

She no longer waits for belonging.

She becomes it.

Because her home was never a place.

It was a vibration.

And she now carries it in her field.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the fear of being different.

You reclaim your multidimensionality.

You are safe to carry cosmic wisdom on Earth.

You are the bridge between realms.

You belong to the stars—and to yourself.”

Embodiment Prompt

Create a “Cosmic Home” altar using crystals, images, light codes, or anything that feels like your soul’s true frequency.

Each day, sit in front of it and ask:

What do I need to remember today?

Let your star family speak.

Let your soul respond.

And anchor that energy into your human life.

Chapter Twenty-Six: The Crucifier

The Wound

She learned early that perfection = protection.

That flaws meant punishment.

That mistakes meant exile.

So she became the watcher.

The one who spotted every misstep.

In herself. In others. In the world.

She built her sense of safety

on the illusion of being right.

She weaponized judgment

because deep down, she was terrified

that if she didn't stay in control...

she'd be crucified herself.

The Crucifier is the woman

who learned to survive through sharpness.

Who judged to avoid being judged.

Who policed her own emotions, expression, and instincts

so no one else would get there first.

She doesn't just crucify others—

She crucifies herself.

Every word replayed.

Every decision doubted.

Every edge softened into self-condemnation.

But beneath it all?

A wound of betrayal.

A fear of being humiliated.

And a belief that love is earned through punishment, not presence.

The Awakening

It came when she turned her gaze inward—

and didn't find a villain,

but a little girl, shaking in shame.

She saw how harshly she spoke to herself.

How she silenced her own softness.

How she projected her pain onto others,

hoping to offload the shame

she didn't know how to hold.

And in that moment,

she did something radical:

She chose compassion over condemnation.

She dropped the sword.

She unclenched her fists.

She whispered, "I forgive you,"

to the woman in the mirror.

To the one she had been punishing for years.

And everything softened.

The Rise

She is no longer The Crucifier.
She is The Compassionate Witness.
She no longer uses judgment as a shield.
She meets her shadows with tenderness.
She sees others through the lens of truth, not fear.
She reclaims her empathy as a strength—
not a weakness to hide.
She trusts her intuition
without weaponizing it against herself.
She is discerning, but not cruel.
Clear, but not cutting.
Soft, without being small.
She no longer plays the role of judge and jury—
because she now understands
that healing doesn't come through punishment.
It comes through love.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:
*"You release the need to judge in order to feel safe.
You no longer crucify yourself for being human.
You choose compassion as your compass.*

You are allowed to evolve in softness.

You are safe to be whole, even when you're not perfect."

Embodiment Prompt

Write a list of the top five ways you judge yourself.

Then beside each one, write a statement of radical compassion.

Speak them aloud, as if to your inner child.

Feel the weight lift.

Now write a love letter to the version of you who did the best she could—
and let that be enough.

Chapter Twenty-Seven: The Disembodied One

The Wound

She left her body without even knowing.

Not through choice—

but as a response to trauma, conditioning, and lifetimes of being told that her body was dangerous, dirty, or defective.

She floated above her skin,

navigating life from the mind,

disconnected from the wisdom of her womb,

the language of her breath,

the temple of her sensations.

The Disembodied One learned that being in the body meant being vulnerable.

To pain. To desire. To pleasure. To power.

So she cut the cord.

Numbed out. Dissociated.

Became brilliant in her mind,

but lost in her flesh.

She wasn't broken—

she was trying to be safe.

But without her body...

she could never feel fully alive.

Or fully free.

The Awakening

It began with a tremble.

A deep breath that felt like remembering.

A moment of stillness where her body whispered:

“I miss you.”

At first, it was uncomfortable.

She felt the grief, the rage, the ache stored in her tissues.

But she kept breathing.

Kept listening.

Kept touching her skin like it was sacred.

And slowly, the numbness gave way to sensation.

The disconnection gave way to presence.

She realized her body was never the enemy—

it was the gateway.

Not just to healing...

but to ecstasy.

To truth.

To God.

The Rise

She is no longer The Disembodied One.

She is The Sacred Vessel.

She lives inside her skin like a prayer.

She moves like devotion.

She breathes like a woman who knows her body is the bridge—

between soul and earth,

between spirit and matter.

She no longer abandons herself when it gets hard.

She stays.

She softens.

She listens.

She feels.

Her body is no longer a place of exile—

it is home.

A temple of wisdom,

a chalice of power,

a map to everything she ever needed to remember.

She returns again and again,

not to fix,

but to feel.

Not to perfect—

but to embody.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You return to your body now.

Not as punishment—

but as liberation.

Your breath is sacred.

Your skin is holy.

Your sensations are safe.

You trust what you feel.

You are home in your body.

And this is where you rise.”

Embodiment Prompt

Lay on the earth, your spine pressed against the ground.

Place one hand on your heart, one on your womb.

Breathe.

Whisper: *“I’m here. I’m not leaving.”*

Ask your body:

What have I been avoiding feeling?

Let her speak.

Let her tremble.

Let her guide you back.

Then move—slowly, sensually, with reverence—

as if your soul is dripping back into your cells.

Because it is.

Chapter Twenty-Eight: The Gatekeeper

The Wound

She held the keys... but kept the door closed.

Not because she was cruel—

but because she was afraid.

Afraid of what would happen if others caught up to her.

Afraid of being replaced.

Afraid of being irrelevant.

She learned that power could be lost,

that love could be conditional,

that success was scarce.

So she guarded her gifts.

Hid her wisdom.

Withheld her knowing.

Even when she longed to share.

Even when she wanted others to rise.

The Gatekeeper is the woman who has walked through her own initiations,

but still carries the wound of lack.

The belief that there isn't enough room, enough love, enough light—

for everyone.

So she clutches what she's earned,

not realizing it's turning to ash in her hands.

The Awakening

It came when she saw herself in the eyes of another—

someone just beginning,

trembling with power,

brave in their remembering.

And instead of envy,

she felt tenderness.

She saw that she had been protecting something that was never hers to hoard.

Wisdom is a river, not a dam.

And by withholding her gifts,

she was starving her own soul.

She opened the door—

not to be diminished,

but to be multiplied.

Because she realized:

Her power expands when shared.

Her light doesn't dim when others rise—

it blazes even brighter.

The Rise

She is no longer The Gatekeeper.

She is The Light Initiator.

She holds the door open with grace.

She shares her codes without fear.

She leads not by controlling—
but by liberating.
She knows her gifts are infinite,
her abundance unshakable,
her essence irreplaceable.
She mentors without ego.
She teaches from embodiment.
She celebrates others as she celebrates herself.
Because she finally understands:
There is no competition
in the frequency of truth.
Only resonance.
Only rising.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the illusion of lack.

You no longer guard your gifts from fear.

You are safe to share, teach, guide, and lead.

Your light expands when others rise.

There is enough. You are enough.

And your power is multiplied through generosity.”

Embodiment Prompt

Reflect on a gift, teaching, or code you've been holding back.

Ask yourself:

Am I guarding this out of fear or love?

Then do one sacred act of sharing—

a post, a conversation, a session—

where you offer your wisdom with an open heart.

Anchor this mantra into your body as you share:

“My gifts are not mine to hoard.

They are mine to give.”

Chapter Twenty-Nine: The Ghost

The Wound

She was there...

but invisible.

Present in body,

absent in voice.

She dimmed herself into silence,

into shadows,

into the safety of not being seen.

Not because she had nothing to say—

but because being seen once cost her everything.

She learned that visibility came with danger.

That expression invited judgment.

That taking up space meant taking on risk.

So she became the Ghost.

Quiet. Compliant. Careful.

She mastered the art of disappearing—

in conversations, in relationships, in her own life.

She hovered at the edges of rooms and relationships,

never quite fully in.

She was the girl who made herself smaller

so no one would come too close.

Because closeness had always come with pain.

The Awakening

It started in a moment of unbearable invisibility.

Someone forgot her name.

Another overlooked her brilliance.

She wasn't chosen. Again.

And instead of collapsing... she cracked.

But the crack didn't break her—

it revealed her.

She realized the ache of being unseen

was far worse than the risk of being witnessed.

She saw the places where she had silenced herself

before anyone else had the chance.

And she decided:

Not anymore.

She was ready to return to her body.

To take up space.

To speak without shrinking.

To let her presence be undeniable.

The Rise

She is no longer The Ghost.

She is The Embodied Presence.

She takes up space with grace and power.

She speaks her truth even when her voice shakes.
She no longer edits herself to stay safe.
She no longer waits to be invited—
she belongs by birthright.
She is magnetic, grounded, here.
She leads from embodiment.
From breath.
From being.
She is no longer the shadow in the corner.
She is the light in the center of the room.
She doesn't force attention.
She becomes the presence that cannot be ignored.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

"You are no longer willing to disappear to stay safe.

You choose to be fully present in your life.

You take up space with love, with power, with grace.

Your presence is holy.

Your voice is needed.

You are here. Fully. Finally. Fiercely."

Embodiment Prompt

Sit in stillness and breathe deeply into your body.

With each breath, say aloud: *"I return."*

Then, practice speaking a truth you've been holding back.

Say it to the mirror, to a trusted friend, or to your journal.

Let your body feel the resonance of your own words.

Then close with this declaration:

"I no longer haunt my life. I live it."

Chapter Thirty: The Servant of Light

The Wound

She came here with a mission.
A divine assignment etched into her soul.
She remembered the light.
And so, she served it—
fiercely, fully, endlessly.
But somewhere along the way,
service became sacrifice.
She gave until she was empty.
Held space for others while collapsing inside.
Said yes when her body screamed no.
Believed that devotion meant depletion.
That the more she suffered,
the more spiritual she became.
She confused martyrdom with purpose.
And forgot that she was not just the vessel—
She was the light itself.
The Servant of Light forgot her own divinity
while bowing at the altar of everyone else's healing.

The Awakening

It came in exhaustion.

In the ache of holding too much,
for too long.

In the silence after another client, another circle, another session—
where no one asked how she was.

She realized her mission didn't require her burnout.

That she wasn't here to be a sponge for pain,
but a frequency for truth.

Spirit whispered,

"My love, your light was never meant to be spent—
it was meant to be shared from overflow."

And she saw it:

She could serve without sacrificing.

Give without disappearing.

Hold space while still being held.

Her devotion didn't need to cost her soul.

The Rise

She is no longer The Servant of Light.

She is The Embodied Lightkeeper.

She leads from overflow, not obligation.

She honors her energy as sacred.

She sets boundaries as a form of love.

She knows her body is the temple.

Her time is the altar.

Her energy is currency.
She no longer believes she has to bleed to bless others.
She creates reciprocity, not resentment.
She walks in devotion—
not just to her mission, but to herself.
And in doing so,
her light expands further than ever before.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the belief that sacrifice is required for service.

You honor yourself as deeply as you honor the light.

Your devotion is sacred—

and so is your joy, your rest, your needs.

You are not just the channel.

You are the light itself.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a list of where you are over-serving or giving from depletion.

Beside each one, ask:

“What would honoring myself look like here?”

Take one action today that prioritizes your well-being—
without guilt.

Then speak this aloud:

"I am no longer the servant.

I am the source.

And I am worthy of being nourished by my own light."

Chapter Thirty-One: The Overidentified Empath

The Wound

She felt everything.

Before it was spoken.

Before it was safe.

Before she even understood what “hers” was.

She absorbed energy like breath—

other people’s pain, grief, rage, desire.

It flooded her system

until she no longer knew where they ended

and she began.

She became the emotional sponge,

the energetic dump site,

the one who always “understood.”

But underneath her compassion

was codependency.

Underneath her empathy

was enmeshment.

She made others’ emotions her responsibility.

And abandoned her own.

Because when everyone else was okay,

she felt worthy.

Safe.

Like she had a place.
But in the process,
she forgot how to belong to herself.

The Awakening

It started when the exhaustion became unbearable.
When she realized that helping others
was slowly destroying her nervous system.
She saw how being “loving”
had turned into people-pleasing, self-erasure, energetic leakage.
Spirit whispered,
“You’re not here to carry it all.
You’re here to transmute it,
only when called.”
She learned to ask:
Is this mine?
Is this true?
Do I choose to hold this?
She reclaimed her energetic boundaries.
And with every choice,
she came home to her sovereignty.
She realized empathy didn’t require martyrdom—
only clarity.
And she finally made space

for her own emotions to matter.

The Rise

She is no longer The Overidentified Empath.

She is The Boundaried Oracle.

She discerns energy instead of absorbing it.

She feels deeply—without drowning.

She no longer needs to be needed

in order to feel safe.

She gives by choice, not by compulsion.

She knows the difference between compassion and codependence.

She channels with clear filters, clean lines, strong roots.

She speaks for Spirit,

not for every pain that passes through the room.

Her heart is wide open.

But her field is fortified.

Because she finally knows:

Empathy without boundaries isn't love—

it's self-abandonment.

And she no longer chooses that path.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the belief that you must carry others to be valuable.

You honor your energy as sacred.

You feel deeply—and you stay rooted in your own center.

You are no longer a sponge.

You are a sovereign channel.

You choose where you place your energy.”

Embodiment Prompt

Notice when you begin to merge with someone else’s energy.

Pause.

Place your hand on your heart and say:

“Return to sender with love.”

Visualize your field sealing with golden light.

Then ask:

“What am I feeling, underneath it all?”

Let your own emotions rise.

Let your truth speak louder than anyone else’s story.

Chapter Thirty-Two: The Sovereignty Sayer

The Wound

She kept quiet for too long.

Not out of weakness—

but out of wisdom.

She knew her truth would ripple.

That it would confront, disrupt, trigger.

And for a long time,

she chose peace over power.

Harmony over honesty.

Until one day,

the silence became betrayal.

Not to others—

but to herself.

The Sovereignty Sayer was once the woman

who let others speak over her.

Who edited her brilliance to fit the room.

Who held her truth inside like a grenade,

too scared to pull the pin.

But every time she withheld,

her soul grew louder.

Every “yes” that wasn’t true

stacked like bricks around her throat.

And the weight of unspoken truth
became too heavy to bear.

The Awakening

It came like a flood.

Not in rage—

but in remembering.

A moment when she finally said what needed to be said.

Clear. Unshaken. Direct.

And instead of rupture...

She felt release.

The ground didn't fall apart.

She didn't crumble.

She stood taller.

She realized that truth isn't cruelty.

Boundaries aren't walls.

And that sovereignty doesn't require screaming—

just a steady spine and a self-honoring heart.

She began to choose her truth

even when it cost her comfort.

Even when it rattled the room.

Because what she gained in return

was herself.

The Rise

She is no longer the quiet one.

She is The Sovereignty Sayer.

She speaks from power, not performance.

She holds boundaries like sacred prayers.

She leads conversations that others are too afraid to start.

She doesn't convince or coerce—

she simply knows.

She no longer sugarcoats her truth

for the comfort of others.

She says what needs to be said

with reverence, clarity, and courage.

And she trusts that those who can't receive it

aren't meant to walk beside her.

She speaks as if the world will rearrange itself around her truth—

because it does.

She is the voice of new codes,

new ways,

new worlds.

And she doesn't ask for permission.

She speaks—and the room shifts.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

*“You release the fear of being too much.
You no longer sacrifice your truth for peace.
You speak with clarity.
You lead with sovereignty.
Your voice is sacred, steady, and strong.”*

Embodiment Prompt

Write down one truth you’ve been avoiding.
Speak it out loud to yourself in the mirror.
Then write a commitment:
*“I honor my truth even when it’s inconvenient.
I speak even when it shakes me.
I trust my voice as the compass of my soul.”*
Let that be your vow.

Chapter Thirty-Three: The Unseen Mother

The Wound

She poured herself into everyone.

The meals, the messages, the midnight wake-ups.

The birthday parties, the emotional labor, the unseen effort.

She held the house, the hearts, the histories.

And yet...

She was invisible.

Praised for her strength—

but rarely asked how she was.

Expected to be everything—

but never fully seen for who she truly is.

The Unseen Mother is the woman who became a role before she was ready.

Or the woman who chose motherhood but lost herself in the giving.

Or the one who mothers the world but carries the ache of not being mothered herself.

She knows what it means to carry lineage on her back

while wondering if anyone notices she's drowning.

She holds the guilt of wanting more.

And the grief of all the parts of her that were placed on pause.

The Awakening

It came in whispers.

The longing to be held.

To be witnessed as more than the nurturer, the fixer, the strong one.

She found herself asking:

What about me?

And for the first time,

she listened.

She peeled off the role,

just for a moment—

and remembered the woman underneath.

The one who still dreamed.

The one who still had things to say.

She let herself grieve what had been lost.

And she gave herself permission

to be more than what others needed from her.

Because being a mother,

in any form,

shouldn't mean erasing the woman inside.

The Rise

She is no longer The Unseen Mother.

She is The Matriarch of Light.

She mothers from fullness, not obligation.

She tends to herself as sacredly as she tends to others.

She honors her voice, her needs, her purpose.

She knows that self-devotion is not selfish—
it is the foundation of her legacy.
She no longer disappears behind the title.
She embodies it.
She reclaims the parts of her that were silenced in service.
She leads her lineage with intention and presence.
And she teaches others through her embodiment,
not her exhaustion.
She walks in remembrance:
That she is not just a mother—
She is a whole damn world.

Activation

Whisper this to your soul:

“You release the need to disappear in devotion.

You are worthy of being seen, supported, and celebrated.

You honor the mother and the woman.

You are not just what you give.

You are what you choose to reclaim.”

Embodiment Prompt

Write a love letter to the version of you that existed before you became a mother, a caretaker, or a holder of others.

What does she still long for?

What part of her still lives within you?

Light a candle and read the letter aloud.

Say: *"You matter. I see you. I will never abandon you again."*

Let her lead you home to yourself.

Closing Message: She Who Rose

You have walked through the fire,

held the grief,

and remembered the codes.

You've stood in the ruins of who you were told to be—

and chose instead to become who you truly are.

Every chapter was a mirror.

A doorway.

A remembering.

You have met the Good Girl, the Martyr, the Silent Seer, the Warrior...

And in every one of them, you've found a piece of yourself.

But this is not just a book.

This is a resurrection.

A soul-mapped return to wholeness.

A rebellion against everything that told you to stay small.

A reckoning with the shadows you thought you had to hide.

You've reclaimed the voices that were silenced.

The power that was scattered.

The wisdom that was buried in shame, fear, and forgetting.

And now...

You rise as the woman who remembers.

The woman who leads.

The woman who is no longer fragmented, no longer afraid, no longer bound.

She who rose—

did not rise by accident.

She rose because the world needed her whole.

Because healing herself

was always the first step

in healing the world.

You are the embodiment of every woman who was ever told she couldn't.

You are the voice of the lineage that once whispered, now roars.

You are the altar and the flame.

You are not too much.

You are the medicine.

You are not behind.

You are on divine time.

You are not lost.

You are returning.

So go.

Create the world you were born for.

Speak the truth only your soul can speak.

Lead in the way only you can lead.

And when you forget—

come back to these pages.

They will remind you:

She who rose... lives in you.

Resources & Further Guidance

If She Who Rose activated something powerful within you, your journey doesn't end here.

You're invited into deeper spaces of remembrance, healing, and reclamation:

The Sacred Wealth Sanctuary

A high-frequency membership for spiritual entrepreneurs ready to rise into overflow, wealth, and divine leadership.

www.newearthschool.com.au/sacred-wealth-sanctuary

1:1 Miracle Sessions

A potent 30-minute karma clearing for money or visibility, designed to collapse timelines and unlock your next level.

Email to book in: contact@newearthschool.com.au

The Spiritual Catalyst Podcast

For soul transmissions, wealth activations, and spirit-led teachings that shift your frequency and expand your reality.

Available on Spotify, Apple + YouTube

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Follow Sarah on Instagram:

[@_newearthschool](https://www.instagram.com/newearthschool)

For reels, codes and audacious soul reminders.

And if you're feeling the call to work with Sarah deeply...

You're not imagining it.

You're remembering.

Reach out. The next level of your legacy is already calling.

you.

About the Author

Sarah is a multidimensional channel, spiritual wealth mentor, and guide for lightworkers, priestesses, and new earth leaders. Known for her soul-piercing transmissions, she supports women in reclaiming their power, purpose, and prosperity at the deepest level. Her work weaves ancestral healing, quantum energetics, and spiritual sovereignty to help her clients ascend both spiritually and financially. With a legacy rooted in truth, Sarah is here to remind the world: you were never broken—you were always becoming. This book is one of many portals she offers into remembering who you truly are.