

CHAPTER 1:

THE WAKE-UP CALL

The mirror crack'd, the chickens clucked, and my soul finally screamed "MORE."

There's a moment in every woman's life when the mirror doesn't lie anymore. Not the one in the bathroom—the one in your soul. The one that calls you out on your crap, makes you cry, and somehow also becomes your best friend with wine.

Mine showed up with dust, dogs, and a POS trailer full of dreams, a gazillion canning jars, and maybe some hormonal breakdowns.

In 2023, I made the bold decision to move back to Mexico. A place that had always felt like part of my soul. The land. The people. The spirit. The tacos. It all spoke to something deeper in me. But even though I'd finally made the move I'd been dreaming of for years, I was still playing small as hell.

I found the cheapest place I could. A tiny home in a gated complex in Central Mexico. It was safe and decent. It had walls and a roof and the ugliest, most useless kitchenette on the planet !! But it was ok and I settled, however, it wasn't me. It was a beige box. And for a woman who had been living in a box emotionally, mentally, and spiritually for years, this was just another cement coffin for my joy.

Let me be clear: it was a good landing pad. I needed it. But after 13 months of waking up every day feeling like my soul was being pressed against the walls like a sweaty tortilla in a Tupperware container, I knew. I was meant for more. Not just material things—I mean expansion. Possibility. Freedom. Roots. Purpose. Chickens.

I was existing, not living. Like a plant in a dark closet. And that's when the whisper started.

You know the one. The voice that says, "Hey babe, this isn't it."

I tried to ignore it. Tried to be grateful. Tried to slap on my "Everything's fine!" face and convince myself I didn't need more. But something inside me had cracked open—and there was no going back. Later in the book you will read about the major life changing experience that started this road

One Coastal Vacation and a Whole Lotta Clarity

After some months of a tragic event, You will read in a later chapter, I was invited to house/pet sit a friend's home on the west coast of Mexico . So I talked to my family and we arranged a family vacay in the area . When I tell you my soul sang when I got there... I mean it belted like a drunk aunt at karaoke night.

The ocean. The mountains. The green jungle... I felt alive in a way I hadn't in years. I felt home. Even more when my family was in total agreement with me and it was a unanimous vote that this area ish was where i should move to . (of course they will visit more often lol)

And then the fear set in when I started to look for a rental home. Because this area was overpriced and way too Gringolandia. Prices were double the cost of living compared to where I was. More touristy, more foreigners, more expensive, more everything. And the energy of living in the city was TOXIC for me, but I wanted to be near an international airport (and Costco sorry not sorry) and this city was all of the above ...did I mention the weather was PERFECT!!

So Cue the old Karita:

"Who do you think you are?"

"You can't afford this."

"Stay where it's safe."

"You always mess it up when you get too big."

My inner saboteur showed up in a tiara and combat boots, fully caffeinated and ready to rain on my dream parade.

But this time? I didn't let her win.

Instead, I had a full-blown come-to-Jesus moment with my higher self (and maybe a Corona). I sat down with my journal and wrote a list. A non-negotiable list. What did I need in my new home? What did I want? What would feel like alignment—not just survival? I wrote things that I always wanted, but I didn't allow myself to previously believe I could actually have it all:

- Surrounded by nature
- Near the beach but not too near
- Pet-friendly (obvi, have you met me?) huge yard fenced and for my dogs
- Light. Airy. Spacious.
- Good neighbors , and no HOA Karens!
- A place I could breathe. Heal. Build.

And then I surrendered.

I let go. I released the how. I stopped trying to micromanage the universe like a control-freak event planner. And instead of panicking, I trusted.

The Universe Delivered.

Fast. Like, Amazon Prime—but cosmic.

No joke—*within hours* of writing that list and fully surrendering in faith (not hustle), the universe threw on its sparkly-ass bathrobe, poured a green juice, cracked its knuckles, and got to work.

I got a message. A photo. A *link* to a place that looked like it had been plucked straight off my soul's private Pinterest board—complete with tropical realness and zero BS.

It had *everything*.

A sprawling yard. Lush green jungle in front of the front yard. Palm trees waving like, “Hey sis, welcome home.” Citrus trees bursting with fruit like they were grown just for me. Mountains in the backdrop standing tall like ancient, protective uncles. I stared at the photo and got all verklempt—ugly cried like I just found out season one of my life was finally getting a redemption arc. Because I *knew*. In my gut. In my bones. In my damn *mitochondria*.

This was it.

I went that same night to check it out. The owner had 3 big shepherds in the yard, which was confirmation that it was dog friendly. There were chickens clucking in the background like they'd been rehearsing my arrival for weeks.

From the City to the country, the air was delicious, I mean pure like it was *holy*. It smelled like peace, potential, and eucalyptus-scented freedom.

And then, the final sign!

Five wild macaws. Not one. Not two. *FIVE* majestic, squawking, rainbow-feathered messengers were perched in the tree next door, yelling at us like feathered hype women. And the gag? Wild macaws were *literally* on my vision board I made over 3 years before I moved to Mexico. Like, universe-level wink-wink energy. Hello, divine alignment.

I drove back “home” the next day—twelve hours, baby. Packed like a woman possessed by caffeine and destiny. I mean *frantic*, like I was moving out of the witness protection program, and moved in a week later.

But wait—there's more.

The day before I left my old town, I took one final walk through the bush, like I did every morning with my hounds... and there he was. *Lobo*. A husky mutt that we befriended, that loved my dogs and was such a happy go lucky guy. We had been seeing him for about 6 months, brought him food because he didn't really have owners or anyone that cared, and always showed delight when I whistled for him .

During the week that I was packing and getting ready to move, Lobo was nowhere to be seen, I called for him each morning and afternoon on our walks, but he never showed up. But as the universe works in mysterious ways... and of course I had to add MORE to my life, Lobo showed

up on the last morning walk before moving day. Only this time? He looked rough. Like “SPCA commercial soundtrack” rough. Mucus. Ribs. Eyes begging for help. And of course, what did this overgrown empath with a hero complex do?

That’s right—I adopted him.

Because apparently moving with only two dogs, a trailer full of my crazy life, and mild chaos wasn’t *enough*. Go big or go feral, right? So, off we went—me, my three-dog circus, and a heart so full it could barely beat without crying.

And then? Then the magic happened.

I arrived at my new sanctuary... and it was like something *cracked open* inside me. Something ancient. Something wild. Something *true*. I could breathe. Really *breathe*. Deep belly breath, barefoot-in-the-dirt, crying-to-the-sky *freedom*.

No more shrinking. No more pretending. No more holding it in like a lady at a gas station bathroom. Just me. Laughing at the moon. Thanking the stars. Whispering to the wind like she was my therapist and landlord of inner peace.

Enter: Full Ranch Goddess Mode

My joy came back. My clarity sharpened. My roots dove deep into that sacred earth. I met neighbors who felt like soul fam from a past life. I adopted another dog. (Yes, *another*. A Doberman this time, because clearly I collect chaos like some people collect wine corks.) Then came three cats. Two roosters. And a whole damn flock of chickens who’ve fully claimed this land as *theirs*. I just pay rent.

Oh—and Juan. How could I forget *Juan*?

Juan is my house hen, formally thought she was a he but she knows her name, so she is Juan. Gifted to me by my landlord, (he named her) Sleeps on my bedside table, thinks she’s a cat that doesn’t use the litter box and Shats wherever she pleases. And somehow... I wouldn’t have it any other way. Because for the first time in forever...I wasn’t just existing. I was **LIVING**.

Loudly. Proudly. UN-apologetically. Like the hot, holy, whole-ass goddess I was born to be. And this? This is only the beginning.

Why This Story Matters (And What It Means for You)

That little voice inside you? The one whispering there’s more waiting for you out there? **LISTEN TO HER.**

Like actually stop, breathe, and freaking *listen*. I’ll go deeper on that whisper in another chapter, but spoiler alert: she’s not wrong. She’s never been wrong.

She's not crazy.
She's not selfish.
She's not dramatic, delusional, or "too much."

She's your truth. Your compass. Your divine inner GPS with better reception than your ex's phone plan.

I didn't end up in this chapter of my life because I had a Pinterest-perfect vision board and a 5-year plan. **Hell no.** I got here because I finally stopped lying to myself. And babe? I was Olympic-level at lying to myself. If there was an award for pretending everything was "fine," I'd have a trophy case full of fake smiles and burnout medals.

But then...
I stopped settling for scraps.
I stopped calling crumbs a "blessing."
I stopped dimming my light so others wouldn't feel uncomfortable in their shadows.

No more shrinking. No more self-abandonment. No more living like a half-lit flashlight with dying batteries. That's when the magic cracked wide open. Not because the Universe suddenly deemed me worthy— But because I finally freaking believed I was.

That's the turning point. When you stop waiting for permission. When you stop asking, "Who am I to do this?" and start asking, "Who am I *not* to?"

When you choose yourself—not in some ego-driven, "kiss my crown" kinda way—but in a holy, soul-deep, phoenix-rising-from-the-ashes vibe... That's when life hands you the keys. And the wildest part? You realize the damn car was yours all along.

So babe... ***Start the engine.***

Your Wake-Up Call Might Look Different

Maybe your moment isn't a move to paradise. Maybe it's finally leaving that relationship that's been draining your soul. Maybe it's launching that biz idea you've shoved in the back of your brain for 3 years. Maybe it's choosing sobriety. Rest. Boundaries. *You.*

Whatever it is—you already know. Deep in your bones. Your body knows. Your heart knows. You just haven't let yourself trust it yet.

This chapter isn't just about my rise. It's an invitation into *yours*.

- What is your soul begging you to remember?
- What boxes have you been living in that don't even have air holes?
- What dreams are waiting patiently for you to stop self-abandoning?

This isn't a drill. This is your time. Now grab the damn wheel. Let's drive.

“Sometimes the miracle doesn’t come until you finally decide you’re worth one.” ~Karita

Your Turn:

Take a moment. Grab a pen. Open your notes app. Sit under a tree or go chisel on a stone.
Whatever works. But answer this:

- Where in your life are you still playing small?
- What would your non-negotiable list look like?
- What’s one scary step you can take today to get out of your own damn way?

Breathe it in. Write it down. Make it real. I’ll be right here with you. Let’s rise.

Chapter 1 Affirmations:

- I am worthy of my biggest dreams.
- I trust the whispers of my soul.
- I choose alignment over fear.
- I am already everything I need to be.
- I say YES to life calling me forward

What’s Coming Next...

So now that we’ve cracked the door open on your power— It’s time to kick it off the damn hinges.

Next up: Chapter 2 – The Lies We Tell Ourselves

We’re about to expose the inner mean girl, the perfectionist, the procrastinator, and that shady voice in your head that tells you to stay small.

No more letting your inner saboteurs run the show. We’re dragging those sneaky forgers into the light, handing them a mic, and then politely showing them the damn exit.

You in?

Good. Because your next-level life starts with some radical truth-telling.

Let’s go burn some lies down