

Rhonda's Journey . . . what moves, moves . . .

We all have a unique story to tell and it is inspiring others to express their true self, without any masks or judgment that is my passion. In sharing with you a brief blurb about my life, it's from a place of honest feelings and how I perceive them in this precise moment in time, as I believe we are all same-same-but-different with our emotional journey and adventures.

For me, shifting situations to an "adventure" is what keeps me feeling alive in motion . . . born of Canadian-Trinidadian decent, my upbringing had me living in Bolivia, Venezuela, Alberta, and 10 years in Singapore before moving to Vancouver in 1980 at 18 years old. It was a small family unit moving from place to place and a quick learning of detachment. My civil engineering father taught me to be



incredibly sporty from 3 years old and softball, basketball, sailing and ocean activities was my outlet. My fire energy was all about go-go-go (Aries) and I loved competition and pushing my energy to the edge. My brother and I were fortunate to have adventurous parents who took us regularly to islands in the Caribbean and off the coast of Malaysia as our holiday place (we had a shack on a beach) and really lived life full of experiences.

Losing our parents in our 20's was a huge awakening as I was totally unconscious of my emotional self before that. I have since learned what a gift they gave me for my life purpose of how I serve others! My mother died of breast cancer and my father went missing at sea off his sailboat. As I stood on the beach in Cabo San Lucas, where I was supposed to meet my father, I looked out at the sea and spoke out across the ocean and promised, "*I will live my life to the fullest no matter what!*" At the time I was addicted to triathlons and pumping up my lungs with oxygen, racing mountain bikes, bungee jumping, teaching aerobics, swimming, skiing, windsurfing and continued my go-go-go attitude which eventually caught up to me.

Without the tools to understand my emotions or have any awareness of the sensations that were going on inside of me, I compensated by working incredibly hard as an administrative assistant at a business college and then at an investment firm followed by teaching software programs (80's). Moving to the UK, completed a B.Ed. in Movement Studies and it was after graduating that I took my father's money (1990) and blew it on traveling non-stop. And, I did just that and within 2 years (after a year in Australia and a year exploring 'n hiking Asia), I

landed in Phuket, Thailand to visit my brother and ended up living there for 15 years.

At first, I slowly took on being a party animal balanced with working as a school teacher teaching grades 4 'n 5 and physical education from K to 12. My relaxant when I returned home from a day of teaching was to smoke a doobie. I hadn't realized the slow numbing process that was occurring as I smoked to numb the sadness in my lungs and created a genuinely fake joyful mask on top. Meanwhile, I was endlessly and joyfully giving to charities, helping animals in temples, doing after school activities and to let go of any left over energy, would head to any place that I could dance and after a few beers, let it all out. My energy was all about giving out and if I could have drawn a picture of my aura, it would have arrows spiraling outwards. I was literally draining myself and wouldn't stop to look. But my body eventually stopped me at 35 years old. My lack of paying attention to my feminine sensations or hidden emotions landed me in a Singapore hospital with early stages of cervical cancer and was submitted for a partial hysterectomy. It was this moment that truly was my next big awakening to looking within my self and to admit that I was depressed. This was huge for me, as I was someone that cried maybe once a year. I began to cry and cry and let out the layers of holding in . . . and I quickly took the power to quit toxifying my body and began a new journey.

Living in Thailand gave me the opportunity to become a receiving recluse in the jungle/beach environment. I withdrew myself away from the outside world and decided to focus 100% inside. I became my own study. Meditating daily at sunrise, studying astrology, energy healing, exploring art, living with nature, feeling its healing messages and observing insect and animal signs, I began to truly feel aligned with nature's sensations and also receiving the yin energy as I lay each night under the moon light. Studied Ayurveda and the vibrations of food and learned that different foods had different emotional effects on my personality. Amazon.com was a saviour and ordered tons of books. It was a full year of going inside and was an intense transformation to getting back onto my true authentic path in serving others.

Opening The Movement Center, one of the first alternative centers in Thailand, was an evolutionary time for me. Hosting international therapists, workshops and creating Circle of 8 healing retreats taught me a lot about all the available tools out there for looking within. Helping others to empower themselves to find the tools that suited them became my passion. As the center offered tools, I began exploring the tool that worked best for me . . . movement and music. I had become a Nia teacher (brown belt level) and taught it weekly and soon explored my own way of teaching movement and thus birthed alivEmotion transformation system thru music and movement.

When the Tsunami arrived, that too was an awakening experience. I had luckily relocated the Movement Center to Evolve Spa in Surin Beach a month before and following our volunteer work, began my next evolutionary 5 year stage to date; to work in top spas and healing centers from country to country with only a suitcase

of possessions and to live in the moment without controlling the outcome. This was definitely my lesson in detachment . . . whether it was through possessions, relationships, or money I learned to follow my gut and trust. I would get on airplanes with \$10 in my pocket and knew that wherever I went, abundance would manifest . . . and it did. I would make a chunk and then it would take me to the next place and new experience. I allowed the energy of "flowing" to be 100% of my existence. It is going to this extreme that has helped me to understand the structure that can be broken down as I listen to my inner guidance and not fear rejecting others by following my bliss or fear not having "stuff". I serve my soul's purpose by living new experiences and serve others through this learning process. My understanding that my body is my "home" has integrated deeply into my cells and now I feel and am home everywhere I go with the families and friends that I love in many countries around the world.

As a Visionary, Creator and Perfectionist, it is easy for me to align with others and put together workshops, retreats, concerts and much more as I intuitively allow the projects to naturally unfold without pushing it to happen (which only creates walls of stress) and what I love the most is that I make "precise connections" with people who align with the vision. There is no wasting time with reaching out and looking for things to happen . . . when I visualize it, people and situations present themselves with such a surprise that I can only laugh with pure childlike excitement!

Now, May, 2009, I am in Canada after 22 years of not living here and that too came as a surprise, as I landed in Toronto in February to get a UK visa and before I knew it, my gut lead me to the west side of Canada. As a result, precise connections in Jasper, Alberta and Tofino on Vancouver Island and an alignment with other wise women who are part of the big vision, has manifested . . . to live my daily life out of the box or matrix and to live in the mystery, is a choice as a free spirited woman who feels the power of the feminine sensations to the core. Yes, being my true authentic self feels good and inspiring others to feel how infinitely creative they are, is my passion.



May you smile, cry, laugh, scream, growl, create, dance and love with expressive bliss!

What Moves, Moves . . .

Many warm hugs, Rhonda