

A person wearing a straw hat and a light-colored long-sleeved top stands in a vast field of sunflowers. Their arms are raised in a 'V' shape, and they are facing away from the camera. The entire scene is overlaid with a semi-transparent yellow filter. The background shows a horizon line under a clear sky.

*D* DONNA HIGHFILL

# WAYS TO SHINE

MOTIVATIONAL MESSAGES - BOOK TWO

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DONNA HIGHFILL

## Oak Trees vs Pine Trees

I remember watching fourteen huge oak trees come down in our yard during hurricane Irene. The pine trees made it because they bent over with the wind. But the oak trees, at full foliage, refused to give. And, like dominoes, they came tumbling down.

Times of change are the same. While on the journey, there are going to be things that shake us up momentarily, and if we aren't held together by some behaviors that help us remain malleable, we can break.

When the brain is in a state of fear, we literally can't think rationally. Our evidence-based decision-making skills turn off while the rest of our mind and body rushes to what it believes is a critical emergency, whether real or imagined. We become mentally rigid, refusing to change our opinions and our perceptions. And once rigidity kicks in, we lose our ability to adapt.

Right now, flexibility is what will keep us going. Allowing ourselves to be bowed but never defeated. Here are some ways to stay loose:

1. Find humor wherever you can. Laughter relaxes the mind and softens perspective.
2. Talk about problems more than fear; problems can be solved, fear cannot.
3. Don't stress out about your stress; it's okay to have moments where you "crack," as long as you don't stay there. The other day I threw my pen out of frustration, and my dog grabbed it and marked up the wall as he ran down the stairs. Well played, Deacon.
4. Accept the present and stop trying to anticipate the future; use your skills to make a difference right now.
5. Focus on your values – whether they include doing good work, learning, or teaching others – nothing shakes a strong value. There is no better glue in the world. Remember what is important to you, and it will hold you together.

Never forget that we all need to take time to stretch, whether mentally, or physically. Stay flexible, stay present, and stay focused.

**A mind that is stretched by new experience can never go back to its old dimensions.**

**Oliver Wendell Holmes**

## Idiots Compassion

When 9/11 occurred, my daughter was 11 years old. When she came home from school that day, I asked how she was doing. She looked at me and said, "I know I should be crying. Everyone is crying. But I'm not, because this is too big to take in."

Taking in bad news activates the sympathetic nervous system, which causes our bodies to release stress hormones like cortisol and adrenaline. Cortisol is our body's main stress hormone, working with our brain to control mood, motivation and fear. When your body is on high alert because of an immediate crisis, cortisol can shut down functions that get in the way. This could include digestive systems, the immune system, or even your growth processes.

After the danger passes, cortisol levels calm down and your heart, blood pressure, and other systems get back to normal. But what if the alarm button stays on? That can result in:

- Anxiety and depression
- Headaches
- Heart disease
- Memory and concentration problems
- Trouble sleeping
- Weight gain

So, what can you do? Acknowledge that stepping away doesn't mean you don't care. It means you know your limits. There's a great Buddhist story about a man who walks past someone who has fallen in a ditch and broken his leg. He feels so badly for the guy, the man throws himself in the ditch and breaks his leg so he can experience the same pain. Now who helps whom?

Take a break from the news. Take a walk. Turn off the television, avoid checking your phone for breaking news. Schedule a "worry time" each day to watch the news, note concerns, and find ways to address the issues that particularly impact you. And choose a time far enough away from your bedtime that your brain can settle before going to bed.

Sometimes events are too big to take in. so let's give ourselves a chance to momentarily step away.

Because if we don't help ourselves, we can't help anyone else.

**Self-care is giving the world the best of you, instead of what's left of you.**  
**Katie Reed**

## **My Homeless Dad**

Many of you have heard or read the story about my father as he worked on his doctorate at Golden Gate Theological Seminary. His “final” involved being homeless for three days. He didn’t shower or shave for a week to prepare and was given one quarter for the duration. He begged for change during the day, and usually ended up eating at a soup kitchen in the evening.

Dad had two major points of learning during his time on the streets of San Francisco. He said the majority of the homeless he met at the soup kitchens weren’t schizophrenics or alcoholics as he previously believed, but simply people who had fallen on bad luck or bad times. There were a lot of single mothers escaping abuse who couldn’t get a job because they didn’t have a home and couldn’t get a home because they didn’t have a job.

But dad’s greatest epiphany came on the third day as he stood outside of a church begging for change. Prior to the experience, he thought his greatest pain would come from hunger. He said that was nothing compared to the pain of being invisible. “Nobody would look at me,” he said. “Even those leaving a church service.”

On his last evening, a sailor disembarking from a ship finally looked dad in the eye and took him to dinner. My dad said he would never forget that simple generosity – not just because he fed him, but because he took him into the restaurant and treated him like a friend. People eating around their table were angry that the sailor had brought a disheveled man into their restaurant experience, but the sailor never acknowledged their stares. He just kept talking to dad. Dad was the minister, but the sailor put ministry into practice. He got to know dad. He listened to his story. He looked him in the eye.

Let’s stay open. Let’s talk. Let’s show each other the respect of truly listening. And if we will do that for each other, we might just change everything.

**I think a hero is any person really intent on making this a better place for all people.**

**Maya Angelous**

As a child, I read C.S. Lewis's masterpiece "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe." After reading that book, I spent a lot of time in my bedroom closet pushing on the back wall. Not because I was looney, but because I believed in Narnia. If you don't know the story, you can check out a summary [here](#).

Did I believe the back wall of my closet in Southern California would open up to a magical place? Yes, I think I did. Why? Because I was too young to think something impossible. I was too inexperienced to believe in obstacles. Nothing had taught me about limitations. I believed in fairy tales.

As a consultant, it always amazes me how businesspeople struggled with brainstorming. When asked to step "outside of the box," they inevitably share ideas already created. Through learned helplessness, they no longer attempt to take a chance on something that might fail.

It's not their fault – they just haven't used their imagination in years. Their brain has formed literal ruts down which their days roll, without much thought.

A year or so ago, I was in an antique store. I saw an old wardrobe and opened it up. I pushed, slightly, against the back wall. That brief push reminded me that Narnia is still there, it's just a little dusty.

What dream have you given up on? What hope have you allowed practicality to stamp out? What part of your life have you boxed up and declared safe? Maybe it's time to believe in something you can't see. To share an idea you can't prove. To write a story that's never been written. Perhaps it's time to revisit the part of your childhood that not only visited Narnia, but believed it to be real. Nothing is impossible until we declare it to be so. Perhaps it's time to recognize that "possible" means passé, and impossible means "yet to be done."

"Imagination is more important than knowledge," said Einstein. "For knowledge is limited . . ." And I believe him. That's why I am going to feed my brain and soul the gift of dreaming beyond what is expected or accepted. I am stepping through that wardrobe into a land not of impossibility, but a place where everything is possible. I hope you'll join me.

***Some day you will be old enough to start reading fairy tales again.  
C.S. Lewis, "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe"***

## My Little Mermaid

I drove to Baltimore to pick up my 30-year-old daughter who I hadn't seen for more than six months.. We both wore masks, and she sat in the backseat of the car. We discussed current events and how the behaviors of some are so hateful. The conversation weighed heavily, and the car was quiet for a while.

After some time, Samantha connected her phone to my car, and in the song rotation came a favorite - "Under the Sea" from *The Little Mermaid*. It instantly brought back the many times my kids and I watched that movie, singing and dancing all over the house. I looked in the rearview mirror, and Samantha's pensive expression burst into absolute delight. We both started singing at the top of our lungs and dancing and laughing. And everything changed.

In that moment, light entered the car. And we let it shine.

Once the song finished, I realized that the only way we can keep balance between light and dark in this world is to live in the moment given. It might be a moment to grieve. It might be a moment to laugh. It might be a moment to protest. And it might be a moment to sing "Under the Sea."

Because it's in those moments that we find light to balance the darkness. And if we don't refuel with the light, then what good are we to others?

So, the next time life gives you a moment of joy, bask in it. Soak it up. Take it in. Live that moment. And realize that when things get dim for one, light might be offering balance in another.

On a rainy ride home, I saw light in the face of my daughter, singing to [The Little Mermaid](#), and I allowed myself to feel the joy. And, I hope, in that moment, I balanced things out for someone else.

Just look at the world around you  
Right here on the ocean floor  
Such wonderful things surround you  
What more is you lookin' for?

Alan Menkin - Under the Sea

## **A Really Crappy Day**

I will never forget a little boy named Sean who I babysat one summer. He was barely a year old, and I was only fourteen. It was my first real job, and I worried about taking care of a one-year-old all day. The parents should have been even more concerned, but it was our youth pastor and his wife, and I was the only sitter they could get for \$11.00 a week.

Our first day together started out well. We played for a while, I took him for a walk, and then put him upstairs for a nap. For a few hours, I was a babysitting rock star. That is, until a smell started permeating the townhouse. As I walked towards the smell, I heard a crib rattling.

I opened the nursery door. Sean looked at me, held his hands out, and said, "Yuck." Yes, he had used his diaper as a paint palette and his hands as brushes. Sean's artwork was on the walls, and in the crib, and all over him. I did the mature thing by screaming, and then called my mother. "What do I do? I don't want to touch him!" I yelled as quietly as possible.

She said, "You have to touch him. Get him in the bathtub – right now. I'm on the way." So I filled the tub and tried to place Sean in it, not realizing the water would make him even more slippery. As I leaned over the tub trying to hold onto him, I slipped and fell halfway in.

Sean was fine, but my knee had gotten banged up and my face had gone into the water, and I wanted to cry. Then I looked at Sean's face, and he was smiling.

Exhausted and wet and totally out of control, I realized this situation was not one to fight. I relaxed against the back of the tub and sat Sean on my stomach. He watched me, and then I started to laugh. As I laughed, he laughed, and that's how mom found us. In the tub, my legs hanging over the side, with a very slippery baby on my stomach. And we were both laughing.

I got a note from Sean's father on Facebook last year. Sean is now an adult, and I doubt he remembers me. But I'll never forget him, and the lesson he taught me - if you will stop fighting the reality of a really crappy day, and just lean into it, you might find a little laughter.

**Laughter through tears is my favorite emotion.  
Steel Magnolias**

## **You Deserve Better**

In the midst of giving birth to my son (don't worry, I'm not going into details), I refused to take drugs. He was face-up, and slowly breaking my tailbone. But every time the doctor came up into check me, I joked around to keep everybody comfortable. Finally, the nurse leaned over and whispered to me, "Honey, I know you are in a lot of pain. And you need to let the doctor know that, because all of the laughter makes him think you're fine."

Looking back, I realize that I didn't want to acknowledge that maybe I needed a little help. I was going to tough it out myself, do it on my own, and then tell my battle story. Why? Because I saw admitting my pain as weakness.

After delivering Jacob and breaking my own tailbone in two with no medication, I spent six months recovering. I regretted my reluctance to request some assistance

By not asking for help we are robbing others the gift of providing it. We are refusing them the permission to ask us for help themselves. But, most of all, we are refusing ourselves the compassion we deserve. In the end, there is no relationship more important than the one we have with ourselves, and yet we are generally more kind to others.

It takes strength to ask for help when you're hurting; to allow yourself to admit that, sometimes, we need someone to listen to us, to lift us up, to be our strength when we are running low.

On the day that Jacob came into the world, I made the doctor laugh. I reassured my husband. I made the nurses smile. But I put myself through hell. I wonder if you're doing the same?

Today, be kind to yourself. Show yourself the compassion you deserve. Ask for help. Realize that letting others be there for you gives them a gift as well. Open your heart enough to risk vulnerability.

**When we give cheerfully and accept gratefully, everyone is blessed.  
Maya Angelou**



## Life is an Adventure

Remember being a kid and building a fort out of blankets, or traversing that wild stream near your house? Perhaps, like me, you road a bike so fast that you lost control of the pedals, hit gravel, wiped out, slammed into the curb with your head and had a concussion. Or you kept playing the same game over and over, until it got dark, just because you wanted to get better at it.

Every day that you awoke you were facing a line of dragons to slay. That tree you hadn't climbed, jumping off the big swing, winning that video game. Whatever it was, the challenge was there, and you were ready to face it.

As adults, we rarely wake up with that sense of adventure. Instead, we make our lists, cross daily tasks off as we accomplish them, and survive instead of thriving. So how do inject our days with energy? Especially now?

Try this tomorrow – start your day by saying: *My life is an adventure!!*

How does saying that make you feel? Does the day already feel a little better? A dash more exciting? Because it's the truth. Every day is an adventure that either we meet with gusto or turn into a series of tasks that grind it into predictable results.

You don't have to go far to create an adventure. Write that story you've carried in your heart for so long; pitch an idea you've wanted to share; take a class online you've been scared to take. Try so hard that you fall. Skin your knees. Lose control of the pedals. See each day as another adventure, each work assignment a chance to either make a difference or repeat the routine, and leave your unique signature in the ether of the day.

**We're here to put a dent in the universe. Otherwise why else even be here?.**  
**Steve Jobs**

## **Today You Soar**

You know what's easy but depressing? Being grouchy. Finding the flaw. Pointing out what's wrong.

You know what's hard but rewarding? Finding joy. Creating something new. Taking a risk.

I love those who never present a new idea but are ready at the quick to point out a mistake. The focus on fatal flaws is actually a battle to stay in control, to keep safe, to be viewed as the "expert" because we corrected someone else. But what if we're the one being corrected? Taking the chance instead of yearning for old routines?

You know what is new? Every single solitary day. Each morning a new wind blows. A new conversation presents itself. A new bird lands on your windowsill. A new package comes to your door (if you are over-ordering from Amazon like me).

So, it kind of cracks me up that we try so hard to keep things the same. We grip our routines and ask them to hold still. We search frantically for the predictable. We love being rooted, but we're not so good at soaring. And, in fairness to us, it's because predictability has kept us alive for a long time. But when our roots hold us down, they've gone too deep.

Today, loosen those roots. Realize that as soon as you open your eyes you have the opportunity to do things differently. Be more patient (I tried that one but it took too long). Be kind. Be brave. Be whatever the heck you want to be. Stretch those wings. Ruffle some feathers. Take a chance.

Because guess what? It's a new day.

**This is a wonderful day. I've never seen this one before.  
Maya Angelou**

## Should and Could

Who wants to fight reality today? Most of us. We battle with that significant other who *should* be more verbal with emotions, but hasn't been in 35 years. We think we *should* be able to eat whatever we want without negative consequences, but it NEVER works. We think our colleagues *should* like our idea, but they don't.

The *shoulds* are responsible for some of our greatest frustrations. "I *should* make my house look like the one on television," "He *should* be nicer to me," "I *should* be like her." Guess what?

*Shoulds* never could.

I told myself for years that I *should* be more organized and have invested at least ten million dollars (slight exaggeration) on organizers. I finally realized I get a plethora of things done, but not in any particular order. And I lose lists. So, I kicked the *should* to the curb and focused on reality. I've spent a lifetime getting stuff done in my own weird way. It works for me.

So how do we get the *shoulds* out of our lives?

Catch yourself every time you say it. And then ask yourself, *Is this true? Should my significant other really listen to me more? Have they ever done that? Will they start now after 35 years?* Realize that if you can't impact it, you have to let it go.

Most of all, stop *shoulding* all over everybody else. Focus on what you can do. Focus on what you can change. Face reality. And if you can't do anything about it, then drop that *should* like it's hot.

**If you can't do anything about it then let it go. Don't be a prisoner to things you can't change.**

**Tony Gaskins**

## Let's Roar

Here's some exciting news for you –the opinion of others is not required for forward movement. We often feel that if we let somebody down, or fail to get their approval on our action, everything will fall to piece.

It's absurd, I know, but we all do it. We believe that if someone doesn't do it our way it will fail (it won't); if we forget to fix dinner our family will collapse (I forgot to fix dinner for 15 years and the family's fine); if we fall short of a big success with a project our reputation will collapse (only if we collapse out of fear).

The world was spinning before we joined it and will spin long after. Free yourself of the need to please everybody, because by doing that you cease to do something amazing. You become a mere fragment of yourself. And believe in your own opinion, without needing the perspective of others to make a decision.

Every time I get a haircut, I ask people what they think. They all say, "It looks great!" no matter how bad it looks because they're not all that invested in my self-esteem. I've learned people don't spend a lot of time discussing my hair (I once had a perm that made me look like Marge Simpson and half the people I know didn't even notice).

So, today, realize that you are responsible for your behaviors, but not for the behaviors of others. And your actions do not require a Gallup poll of approval.

I encourage you, starting this very day, to take some risks and listen to your voice. Let go of the fear of others' opinions, and you might just do something magnificent.

**The greatest fear in the world is of the opinions of others. And the moment you are unafraid of the crowd you are no longer a sheep, you become a lion. A great roar arises in your heart. The roar of freedom.**

**Gino**

## The Little Known Siren Called Conflict

A well-constructed story is comprised of three parts:

- Setup
- Conflict
- Resolution

The best part of the story is when conflict arrives . . . when the Trojan Horse is wheeled into town. When Odysseus hears the Sirens calling his name. When Lucy pulls the football away from Charlie Brown. When Dorothy meets the Wicked Witch of the West.

Conflict allows us to read about characters who face their fears and get through them one yellow brick at a time. They discover courage they never knew they had. Their knees shake while their soul stirs. Fear chases them on a broom. They fall, again. They get lost. Their story gains depth and meaning.

I'm pretty sure, like those characters, we were born for the difficult journey.

What if my life story read like this – *“Once upon a time there was a girl named Donna who lived a safe life. The End”*? A dull story with no conflict that ends predictably.

I'd rather it read – *“Once upon a time there was a girl named Donna who faced a huge dragon called fear many times in her life, and every time she faced that fire-breathing dragon, she stood tall, knees shaking, and allowed its fire to light a new resilience in her. She started life as clay, but ended it as steel, forged in the fire of fear.”*

I prefer that one.

**Being brave isn't the absence of fear.  
Being brave is having that fear but finding a way through it.  
Bear Grylls**

## Let's Pay a Visit to Hope

Today, I stand in defense of hope, because I think it needs representation as one of the most misunderstood of all the emotions. Hope is not the denial of reality; it is not a wish; hope is a conscious choice to look at life through a positive lens.

Hope means we are putting more attention on what we want and desire than on what we don't want and fear. It means seeing beyond what is in front of us to the possibility of what can be. And it's not always easy. Hope requires effort.

To prepare ourselves for a hopeful state of mind, we have to consciously make some decisions. We have to choose where our focus is going to go. In fact, we have to get ourselves mentally in shape by asking ourselves a few questions:

Do we submerge our mind with junk food by listening to all of the gossip always at our fingertips? Do we join in when people talk about how everything is failing? Do we sit on the couch and find all of the ways that we can't make a difference?

OR

Do we fill our mind and heart with the vitality of possibility? Do we pay attention to an inspired idea? Do we interact with those who are always finding a reason to hope? Do we come up with solutions that breathe life into a positive future?

Junk food is easy, but a price is paid. Just ask my gallbladder. One study tracked college students for more than three years and found that hope was better at predicting academic achievement than intelligence, personality, or previous academic achievement. It turns out that hope is a mindset that drives results as well as positively impacting the journey to get there.

Hope for a positive future both lifts our spirits and allows our minds to settle. Hope means you create a plan to carry out your optimism. So, hope is an action. Practice a little hope today.

**We must accept finite disappointment but never lose infinite hope.  
Martin Luther King, Jr.**

## **Perfection vs. Progress**

I have some exciting news to share - but you aren't perfect. Neither am I.

There isn't a perfect system or product or project or plan, yet we search for those every day. "If only our systems were better," we say. "If only I could have more confidence," we think. "If only" has stalled more progress than any other phrase I know.

Perfection is an illusion that prevents movement forward.

Progress is sweaty and filled with imperfections. It is built by a million small steps that aren't completely honed or precisely taken. A trail is not blazed by the perfect plan, it is forged by people who take branches to the face and fall in a few ditches and occasionally lose their way.

The beauty of innovation is in the willingness to force ourselves to take a step into the unknown; it is in the courage we exhibit when suggesting something yet to be proven. The value is found in the team picking up a fallen idea, dusting it off, and leading it down a slightly different path.

Life is constantly in motion, requiring our full participation and involvement. And whether personally or professionally, perfection is a stall tactic. A way for us to avoid the risks perceived in moving forward.

Instead of waiting for perfection to come by, pick up your mental machete and start knocking down some foliage. And if someone tries to hold you back with the promise of perfection, don't believe them.

They're stalling. You're moving.

**Perfection is the enemy of progress.  
Winston Churchill**

## What to do with Terrible, Horrible Days

One of my favorite children's book titles is "Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day." Alexander wakes up with gum in his hair, doesn't get a seat by the window during carpool, doesn't get dessert in his lunch, and has to eat lima beans for dinner.

We all have those days, and yet we're taught that bad days are, well, *bad!* To be avoided. To be blamed on somebody or some incident. I have had a few of these recently and stopped writing a couple of these notes because I didn't feel all that inspired. Until I realized that true courage is forged in the days when emotions hang a little heavier. When we're dealing with something challenging. When our heart just isn't it.

Because on those days, we have to go on sheer determination of spirit. We have to talk ourselves into sitting down at our desks and hammering out work. We have to avoid telling ourselves too many sad stories. And we have to take care of other people, even when we'd rather curl up in a ball and stay in bed.

So, today, I stand in admiration of those of you who are not feeling like a million bucks. Or fifty bucks. Or five bucks. I salute your determination to get out of bed, get chores done, and show up for others around you.

My dad used to always tell me that some people are easy to love, but it's the difficult ones who need the most love. And that is true for the terrible, horrible, no good, very bad days.

If you're having a challenging day, embrace it. Feel it. Think about why it's heavy. It could be that in the heaviness lies some answers you've been avoiding, a relationship you need to mend, a realization that's been hidden behind a busy happiness. Maybe the heaviness will keep you quiet enough to find a gem of truth that changes your path.

My dad would tell me that good days are easy to love. But those terrible, horrible, no good, very bad days need the most love.

**Courage doesn't always roar . . . sometimes it's the quiet voice at the end of the day whispering, 'I will try again tomorrow.'**  
**Mary Anne Radmacher**



## Helen of Anne

One of my life heroes is Helen Keller, not because of her disabilities, but because of her courage and determination.

At the age of 19 months, probably due to scarlet fever or meningitis, Helen was left both deaf and blind. She worked first with an older daughter of the family cook, who understood more than 60 signs that Helen created to communicate. When she reached her communication limits, her mother reached out to teacher Anne Sullivan, whose arrival was described by Helen as *my soul's birthday*.

Can you imagine suddenly losing the ability to see, hear, or verbally communicate? How many of us would sit in a chair, angry at the world, allowing those facts to stop our dreams? How many of us would have lowered our bar of expectation saying, "I can't because . . ."?

Helen became an author, political activist, and lecturer – and was the first deaf-blind person to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree. She also had a life-long teacher devoted to her education. Anne Sullivan who refused to let Helen lower the bar of accomplishment. When Helen threw tantrums, Anne would begin the lesson again. When she tried to quit, her teacher brought her back to a place of learning.

We all have our reasons for not doing more in our jobs and our lives, and too often we allow those excuses to form a ceiling on our abilities. We create stop signs out of obstacles, instead of building character through the overcoming of those obstacles. As Helen Keller said, "Character cannot be developed in ease and quiet. Only through experience or trial and suffering can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired, and success achieved."

Stop giving up and giving in. Find a way to grow. Stretch your abilities. Be a little bit scared. Do what others say can't be done. Be your own Anne Sullivan.

**What I'm looking for is not out there, it is in me.  
Helen Keller**

## Anticipation

I remember my mom coming into my bedroom because she heard me crying. When she asked what was wrong, I replied, "I don't want to go to college and leave home." I was seven years old.

Looking back, I want to tell my young self that by the time I'd actually go to college, I would cry for exactly twenty minutes, until a new friend appeared in my doorway and invited me to the guys' dorm raid (long story). The tears I spent that night were eleven years early, and they gave me a headache.

How many times do we cringe in anticipation of an event that has yet to happen? What exciting experiences have we missed because we created a fear story that caused us to bow out? I remember having the opportunity to sing a solo at summer school. I tried out and was selected. Then I became terrified that I would get up there and fail. So, I dropped out of summer school and still regret it.

So, what do we lose when we mourn prematurely? A really good day. The ability to feel and see and smell and appreciate everything that is around us. Gratitude for the smallest of miracles found in every moment. And what could have been a rockin' rendition of "Georgie Girl".

Every day is a page in your life's story. If you're busy writing a "possible" chapter down the road, you're failing to capture the immense details found in the moment. Today is the page you've been given. Consume it.

**The point of power is always in the present moment.**  
**Louise Hay**

A woman with long blonde hair is sitting on the edge of a large, dark rock. She is wearing a dark, short-sleeved top and dark pants. She is looking out over a vast, hazy valley. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent yellow color. The text is centered in the lower half of the image.

**DONNA HIGHFILL**  
CHANGE WARRIOR

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