

QUARTER FOUR
OCTOBER 2025

REAWAKEN

QUARTERLY EDITORIAL

THE DELICIOUSLY DISRUPTIVE *ISSUE*

Disruption, done beautifully,
always leads somewhere new.

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THE DELICIOUSLY DISRUPTIVE ISSUE



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REAWAKEN
COACHING

Hey Gorgeous You

You might be wondering... why this theme? Why now?
Well - it's simple, really.

We're rolling into the end of the year.
Christmas chaos. Family functions. Holiday logistics. Emotional landmines hidden under tinsel.
It's the season of doing the most - and often, doing it for everyone else.

So I thought... what better time for a little delicious disruption?
Not the kind that flips tables or burns bridges (unless that's the vibe).
But the kind that invites you to giggle behind closed doors. To reclaim a pocket of joy. To stir the pot just enough to feel alive again.

Because sometimes, the most revolutionary thing a woman can do... is laugh.

This issue is an ode to women who are quietly plotting their joy behind the scenes. The ones making sneaky power moves in silk robes.
The ones disrupting patterns, systems, and expectations - with lipstick, spreadsheets, or spontaneous naps.

It's for you if you've been holding it all together, and just need one article, one idea, one moment to exhale and remember:

Your joy is not up for negotiation.

This world feels heavy. Let's not pretend otherwise. But you?
You're allowed to disrupt the heaviness with beauty.
With fun. With truth. With just a little bit of wild.

Because here's what I know to be true:
When a woman disrupts the things that are keeping her stuck - even gently - she makes space for something new.
A new path. A new dream. A new flirtation. A new version of herself.

That's the magic of delicious disruption.
Whether yours is soft or sassy, quiet or chaotic...
Make it yours.

This is also the end of an era with this magazine, so be sure to read to the very end.

With love and feral laughter,

Kate Parker
Editor-in-Chief



“
*Imperfection is beauty,
madness is genius, and it's
better to be absolutely
ridiculous than absolutely
boring.*

MARILYN MONROE

DELICIOUSLY DONE.

The Sacred Art of Breaking Up With Who You Used to Be

There's a kind of ending that doesn't arrive with a bang, a breakdown, or a meltdown.

It arrives in silence.
In steadiness.
In the knowing.

Not dramatic. Not angry. Just... done.

There is a sacred moment when you stop negotiating with your old self - the one who tolerated too much, settled too often, shrank too small. The version of you who stayed in patterns that felt familiar but never free.

And in that moment, the most rebellious, powerful thing you can do is whisper:

"I don't live here anymore."

She Got You Here - But She's Not Taking You There

Your past self deserves gratitude. She was doing the best she could with what she had. She tried to love. She tried to hold it all together. She kept going even when she was exhausted.

But if you're being honest? She's been driving your life with outdated directions.

She learned loyalty before boundaries.
She learned to fight for things long after they stopped fighting for her.
She learned to work hard for love, attention, peace - all things that should have come with ease.

And now?
You're ready to disrupt all of it.



The Moment I Knew I Was Done

There was a relationship I stayed in far longer than I should have - one that, in hindsight, was built on self-sacrifice, emotional labour, and denial.

He was living in my house, co-existing with me, but taking more than he ever gave. I was raising my daughter, holding down everything in my world, and making space for someone who didn't respect that space. I was being used. Walked over. Cheated on. Pulled into conflict that fractured my family and exhausted my soul.

And one day - without anger, without tears - I simply said:
"I'm done."

Not with drama. With clarity.

I was done justifying, explaining, bending, fixing. Done playing out the same pattern I'd always lived: staying, holding, over-functioning, trying to patch a leaking foundation with good intentions.

This time, I didn't beg. I didn't try to make it work. I didn't wait for one more betrayal to push me over the edge.

I was done.
And in that moment, everything shifted.

What We're Really Releasing

It's not just the people or habits we're walking away from. It's the baggage we've been dragging behind us.

We're releasing the stories we were taught:

- That being good means being quiet.
- That love must be earned.
- That we should stay loyal, even to our own pain.
- That responsibility is more important than radiance.

When you release that - really release it - you begin to return to yourself.

You become more honest.
More clear.
More you.

And in that peaceful clearing, something new happens:
You start to dream again.

The Quiet Return of Your Future Self

Once you are deliciously done, space opens. And in that space, **she** arrives.

Your future self.
She doesn't rush in like a guru. She sidles in like an old friend.

And she whispers:
"Now that you've made space... what do you want?"
You begin to flirt with ideas again.
You start to imagine a different rhythm.
You catch yourself smiling at thoughts that once felt too far away.
You realise you're not just free from your past - you're free to choose your future.

And the beautiful part? You don't need to be fully healed to start implementing what she knows. You just need to be done.

Deliciously done.

Pattern Disruption as Sacred Closure

Disruption isn't always loud. Sometimes it's simply the decision to stop repeating what hurt you.

It's not a crisis - it's a completion.
You notice the loop.
You interrupt the pattern.

You choose again.

How to Break Up With Your Old Self (Gently, Powerfully)

Recognise Her Patterns

"Where am I still choosing from old fear, old pain, or old programming?"

Say the Words

Try this: "Thank you for what you taught me. But I'm done now. I choose differently."

Make One Delicious Disruption

Say no when you used to say yes. Leave the unread message on read. Raise your prices. Cancel the date. Speak the truth without softening the edges.

Anchor the Shift

Write a letter. Light a candle. Move your body. Cry. Celebrate. Witness yourself doing life differently - even in a tiny way.

Journal Prompts for When You're Deliciously Done

- What version of myself am I ready to release?
- What patterns or behaviours no longer serve the woman I'm becoming?
- What beliefs did I inherit that I no longer want to carry?
- If I were truly done with this story, how would I behave differently today?
- What does done feel like in my body? (Calm? Clear? Quiet?)
- What is one conversation I'm ready to have with my future self?

Stepping quietly into your new reality

Sometimes empowerment doesn't look like a leap.

It looks like a line drawn quietly in the sand.
It looks like calm clarity.
It looks like saying I'm done - and meaning it.

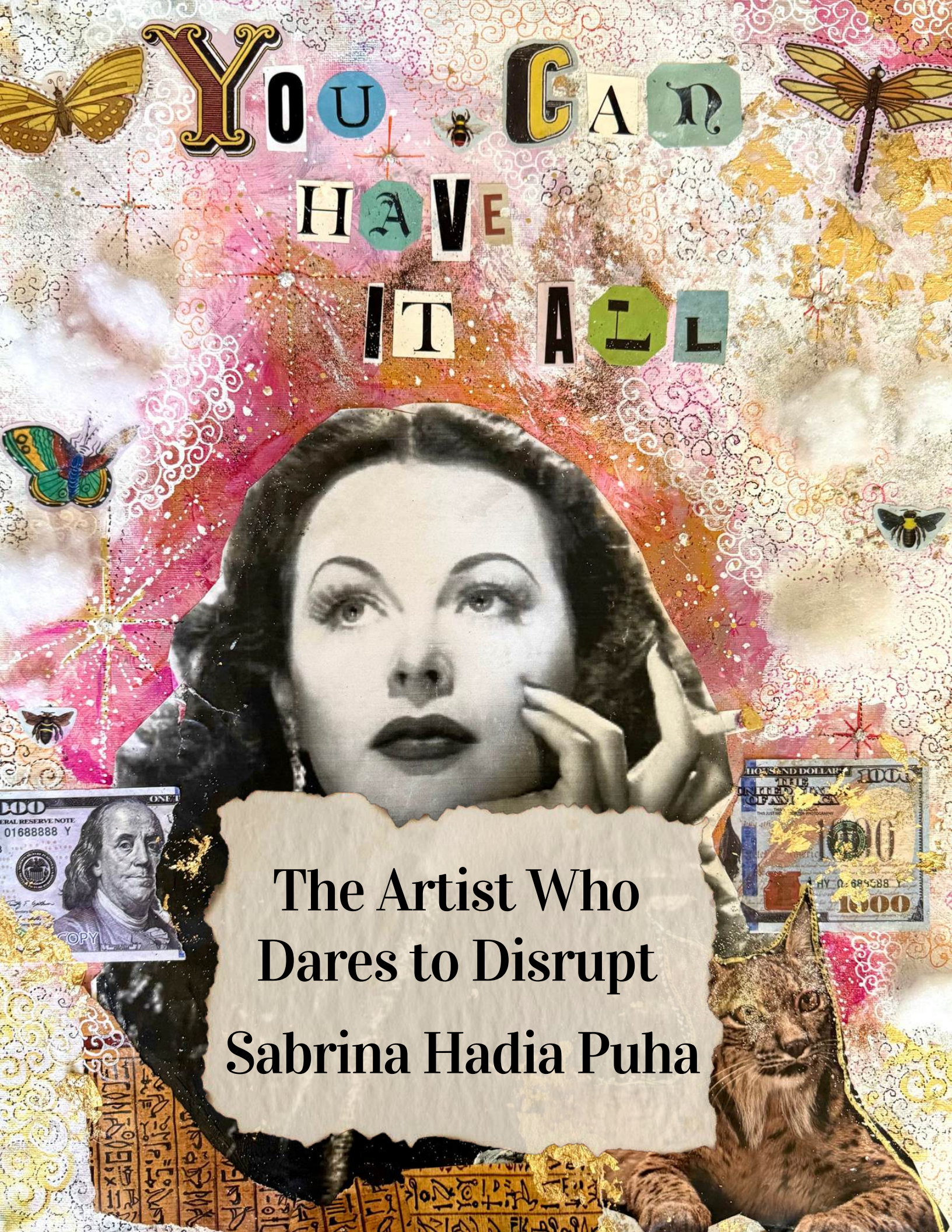
Because you've given enough.
Because you've held it together long enough.
Because you know, finally, that outgrowing someone - or some part of yourself - isn't betrayal.

It's becoming.
And from that moment of release, you can begin again - with her.
Your future self is ready to meet you in the now.

YOU CAN
HAVE
IT ALL



The Artist Who
Dares to Disrupt
Sabrina Hadia Puha



Introducing Sabrina Hadia Puha: The Artist Who Dares to Disrupt

Every now and then, you come across someone who doesn't just create - they *challenge*. They take what's expected, tilt it on its head, and hold up a mirror that makes you question everything. Sabrina Hadia Puha is one of those rare souls.

An artist whose work is as arresting as it is awakening, Sabrina fuses mixed media with raw emotion and truth. Her pieces carry powerful undercurrents of self-honour, feminine strength, and reclamation. Every brushstroke and layer seems to whisper: **remember who you are**.

I first met Sabrina online through her group 'Yes I Fucking Can' - a community for artists, and instantly adored her. There's something magnetic about her creative rebellion... her refusal to play small, her courage to speak through art in a way that liberates others to do the same. She doesn't just make beautiful things; she makes meaningful things.

It's my absolute pleasure to showcase her empowering, deliciously disruptive work in this edition of *Reawaken Quarterly*, and share our Q&A. Because the world needs more artists like Sabrina Hadia Puha - women who create not to please, but to provoke.

On What Drives Her

"What drives me is passion, authenticity, and never settling for less than what I know I am capable of," Sabrina shares. "To me, creating itself is activism. I hope that by staying true to my calling, I inspire others to do the same."

Every brushstroke and layered texture becomes an act of defiance against mediocrity - a reminder that authenticity is a radical act in itself.

On Becoming a Full-Time Artist

Going full-time into art, Sabrina explains, was never a calculated move. "It was about listening to my inner voice, following synchronicities, and aligning my energy with the visions I kept seeing of my future," she says. "Looking back, it took courage - but in the moment, it felt natural. Everything fell into place to make it happen."

She describes her creative life as "a mix of magic, chaos, and unpredictability." Some days are quiet, others electric. "I honour all of it," she says simply.

On What Art Means to Her

"It means everything - it means freedom," she says. "I believe in not just making or consuming art, but living it fully in whatever way naturally shows up for me in the moment."

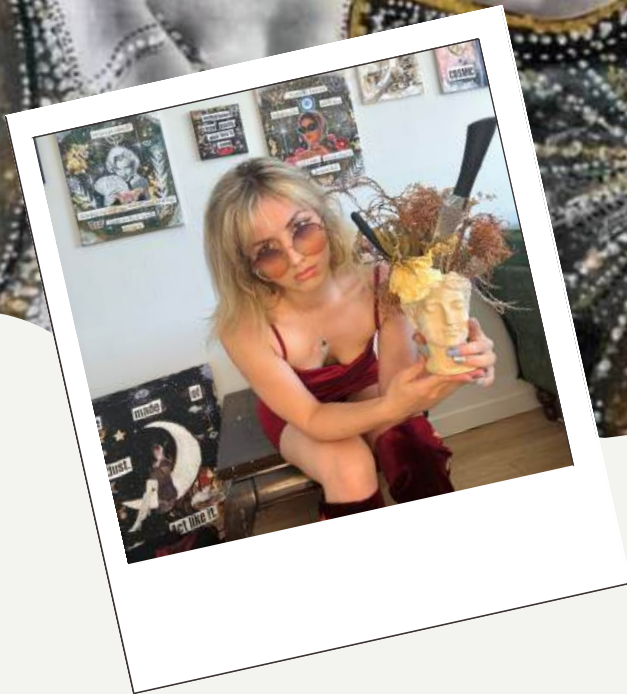
It's this lived expression - this merging of art and being - that infuses her work with such raw electricity.

On Building 'Yes I Fucking Can'

Sabrina's now-legendary online community began as a simple workaround. "I started the group to bypass Facebook's algorithm restrictions," she laughs. "I wanted a space to share my art and let others share theirs. The name came from my piece Yes I Fucking Can, and it just felt right. Then it exploded overnight and became its own movement."

What started as a small corner of the internet turned into a vibrant, empowering digital rebellion.





On Growth, Leadership, and Lessons Learned

"The group mission shifted from just art to also sharing personal stories, badass wins, and more," Sabrina explains. "I wasn't prepared for how fast it grew - I tried to handle it all alone for months. After some overwhelming moments, I finally brought on new admins to support it."

Now, she cycles between deep involvement and intentional rest. "Being founder taught me to manage different energies, handle conflict, and - most importantly- to ask for help and take breaks."

On Opportunities and Discernment

Sabrina admits she's still amazed by what happens when she shows up authentically online. "I'm often surprised by the opportunities and connections I attract. Reflecting on the friends and experiences I've manifested sometimes doesn't even feel real," she says. "But I've also learned that not everyone has your best interest at heart. Discernment is key."

On Her Daily Rhythm

"No two days are the same," she says. "Some days I'm creating, shipping, and getting things done. Other days are slow and quiet. Sometimes I just take a day off and do nothing. Every day is productive in its own way."

On What She Hopes Her Work Inspires

"I hope my work awakens empowerment, freedom of expression, and reminds people how limitless we truly are."

And it does. Her art carries a kind of medicine - beautiful, defiant, and deeply human.

On What's Next

Right now, Sabrina's preparing for her next bold leap: moving to LA. "It's time for a change of scenery," she says. "I have several shows planned for this year if all lines up, and my work is also being published in *Vintage Fantasy Magazine*."

Connect with Sabrina

Sabrina takes orders for her artwork if you would like a piece of her work on your walls.

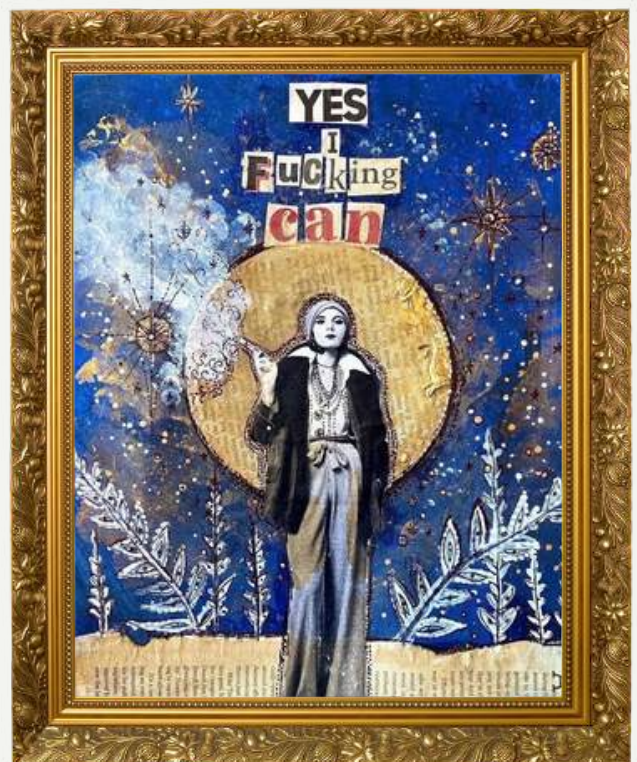
Follow Sabrina's journey and immerse yourself in her world of creativity and empowerment:

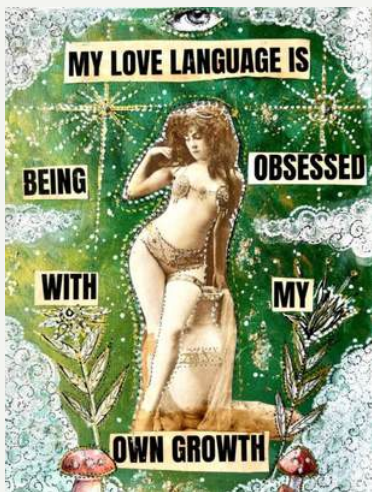
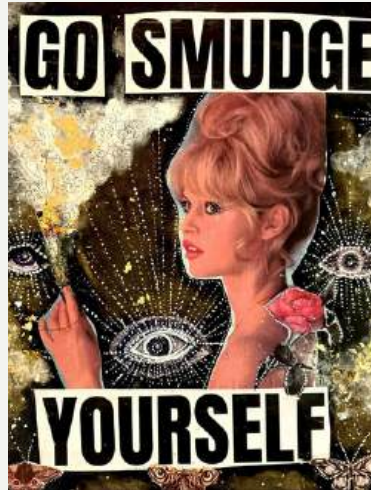
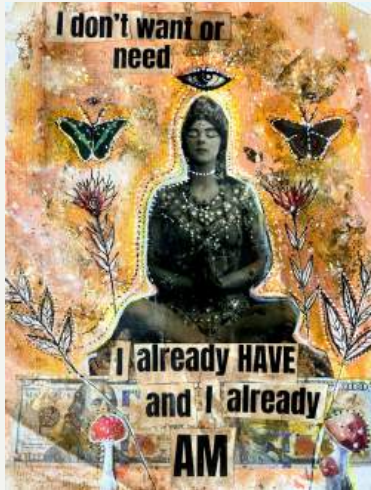
Instagram: [@sabrinapuha](https://www.instagram.com/sabrinapuha)

Facebook: [Sabrina Hadia Puha](https://www.facebook.com/SabrinaHadiaPuha)

Community: [Yes I Fucking Can] - Facebook Group

Website: [sabrinahadia.com](https://www.sabrinahadia.com) (launching soon)





DISRUPTION THROUGH FLIRTING WITH YOUR LIFE

By Nukhet Hendricks

She stood up and looked each of us in the eye, greeting us with a warm, deliberate “welcome.” We, six women, road-weary travelers from all over the country, had gathered around a beautiful table in an exquisite mountain resort in western Montana, ready for our first dinner together. She was the leader of our group, a New York Times bestselling author, who promised to hold us in the palm of her hand as she helped us find our words. After welcoming us, she invited the resort owner, also our chef, into the dining room. We held hands in a circle as she spoke:

“May the hands who cooked this meal be blessed. May the women gathered around this table be blessed. May the food we are about to eat be blessed.”

When she finished, she sat down with a smile that lit the room, gently swept her hand over her plate, and said:

“Please flirt with your food, just as you will flirt with your words these next four days.” And flirt we did, with our food, with each other, with the moment. We tasted every morsel slowly, eyes closing at times, savoring in a way most of us hadn’t in years. But most importantly, we flirted with words. Shamelessly. Playfully. Fiercely. We dared to care less about how our words landed with others, and more about whether they lit our own hearts, curved our lips into a smile, or cracked us open with tears. It was breathtaking and heartbreaking all at once, four days of raw, delicious aliveness.



On my final night, walking back through the woods to my cabin, I slipped into memories of my younger years, when flirting felt intoxicating. Every glance carried electricity, every smile held a secret, every word dripped with possibility. Flirtation was innocent and thrilling, a tango we seemed born knowing how to dance, each encounter a doorway to something beautifully unknown. Truth be told, I often cherished the flirtation more than the “getting to know you” stage. It was the tension of the what if, dreamy, unfinished, endlessly alive. Those moments brought a spring to my step, a high that carried me through the next day. That was living. We were living deliciously! And then came adulthood. Bills and responsibilities piled up. Making a life became more important than living one. If we were partnered, and fortunate, we might still be doing the flirting dance, but too often, the dance got tucked away, dusted off only for girls’ nights out or the rare spark at a backyard barbecue. In all honesty, I cannot believe it took me decades to finally ask the question: What if flirting wasn’t reserved for romance alone?

What if we flirted with life itself at every chance we got? What if we winked at new adventures, teased out possibilities, and boldly beckoned opportunities beyond our comfort zones? What if we invited the unknown closer, wearing boldness like our favourite lipstick?

You know what I think? I think flirting with life means shaking up the ordinary just a bit. It is leaning in moments that take our breath away and being better for it. It's saying yes when the fear or habit says not today. It's lingering at the edge of possibility long enough to let it seduce you. It's playful and fierce all at once: a declaration that you're done shrinking into moulds and ready to seduce the life you actually desire into being.

So, flirt shamelessly with that dream you've been eyeing from afar.

Wink at the adventure you keep telling yourself you're not ready for.

Smile at the woman in the mirror who dares you to live audaciously, unapologetically, deliciously, and fiercely.

Because here's the truth: *life opens wider in direct proportion to how boldly you flirt with it.*

I had four soul-nourishing, heart-expanding days flirting with my words in the woods of Montana. I didn't want to return to "real life." But somewhere over the clouds on the flight home, I realized:

Flirting with life doesn't end in Montana. It's not a retreat luxury, but an everyday necessity.

To flirt with life is to taste it, savour it, tease it, invite it to dance. It is to let curiosity brush your cheek, possibility graze your fingertips, joy slip its arm around your waist.

So, I came home with a promise to myself. I will deliciously disrupt my life and will flirt with my days the way I once flirted with strangers across a crowded room, eyes sparkling, heart racing, alive with the thrill of the unknown.

Because life, every single delicious moment of it, is always waiting to flirt back. I know this to be true!



And you, darling, don't need a mountain retreat to begin. You can start right here, right now, with small, exquisite pivots in your days. So,

- *Flirt with bold choices.*
- *Flirt with 1 degree change.*
- *Flirt with the outrageous possibility that joy is waiting for you in the most unexpected places.*
- *Savour your morning coffee as if it were a love letter written just for you – hot, steamy, bold.*
- *Wear the lipstick or the silk scarf on an ordinary Tuesday morning.*
- *Taste your food slowly, letting it linger like poetry.*
- *Take the scenic route home and notice what you've never seen before.*
- *Smile at the woman in the mirror, and wink as if she were your most thrilling secret.*
- *Blast your favourite song and dance like you own the damn stage. Naked, if you dare.*
- *Send the cheeky text. Yes, that one.*
- *Say yes to the last-minute invite, even if it upends your neat little schedule.*
- *Eat dessert first. Why not?*
- *Buy the flowers. Always, always buy the flowers.*

These aren't burdens, they are invitations, doorways into aliveness. Flirting with life doesn't demand extravagance or require mountain retreats. It only asks for your presence, your attention, and your willingness to let the ordinary be extraordinary again. Most importantly, it asks you to follow the compass of your heart.

Because the truth is this darling, the most delicious way to disrupt your life is to flirt with it. And life, will always flirt back the moment you dare to wink first.



SACRED, SILLY, AND SLIGHTLY INAPPROPRIATE

The Power of Women's Games Nights

What happens when a group of overworked, overextended, gloriously powerful women step away from the responsibilities, the mothering, the mental loads, the expectations – and gather around a table with cocktails and a slightly inappropriate deck of cards?

Healing.
Laughter.
Sisterhood.
Rebellion.

And absolutely no one else needs to know what happened at that table.

The Girls' Trip That Became a Soft Rebellion

Recently, I went away on a girls' trip with a few of my closest friends. We were all mothers, all responsible, all carrying the invisible weight of household logistics, to-do lists, emotional labour, and expectations – at work, at home, and in our own heads.

We packed sensible clothes, snacks for everyone, and just one cheeky item we weren't sure we'd actually use: a deck of Cards Against Humanity.

But on the first night, the cocktails came out – tequila, if we're being honest – and so did the cards.

What unfolded was magic.

We sat around the table for hours, letting the inappropriate humour carry us into absolute belly-laughing mayhem. We howled. We snorted. We gasped. We cackled like teenagers who had absolutely no one to impress.

No one was trying to be wise. No one was "holding space." We weren't spiritually enlightened or emotionally composed – we were deliciously feral. And free.

And it was cathartic.

Nobody else needs to know the details of what went down in that game – and that's the point. This wasn't for Instagram. This wasn't for our kids, our partners, or even our personal development. It was just for us.





Create Your Own Circle of Delicious Disruption

Want to recreate the magic? Here's the recipe:

Ingredients:

- A few trusted women (the ones who don't flinch at honesty)
- One ridiculous game (Cards Against Humanity, Never Have I Ever, or your own made-up madness)
- Drinks (cocktails, mocktails, or "I deserve this" wine)
- Snacks that don't require plating or permission
- One sacred agreement: no judgment, no fixing, no performance - just presence and play

Bonus Additions:

- A crown for the sassiest player
- A "Queen's Confession" round at the end
- A playlist called 'Feral Chaos'

Sacred Doesn't Have to Mean Serious

Somewhere along the way, many of us internalised the belief that anything "sacred" has to be quiet, composed, elegant, or wise.

But sometimes sacred looks like tequila-soaked truths.

Sometimes sacred sounds like your best friend laughing so hard she cries.

Sometimes sacred means letting your crown tilt to the side, kicking off your shoes, and giving yourself five minutes of outrageous, lowbrow fun.

Why This Is More Than Just a Game

Because women need a place to unravel - not to fall apart, but to come home to themselves.

Because joy is not a luxury, it's a life force.

Because in a world that asks us to always be composed, productive, and palatable... sometimes the most healing thing we can do is be a little bit inappropriate.

The next time you feel the weight of your world pressing down on your shoulders, call your women.

Pour the drinks. Light the candles. Unleash the games. Create chaos.

And for just one night - let yourselves laugh like no one's watching, heal like no one's judging, and play like your joy matters.

Because it does.

50 DELICIOUSLY DISRUPTIVE ACTS FOR EVERYDAY WOMEN

THE FUN, FLIRTY, SLIGHTLY FERAL EDITION

Not every rebellion needs to come with a manifesto.

Sometimes, disruption looks like wearing sequins to the dentist.

Or drinking rosé in the bath while cancelling your plans with no remorse.

Sometimes it's elegant chaos. Sometimes it's just plain *petty joy*.

This list is for the woman who's done playing polite - and is ready to play, just for herself.

Queen Energy, But Make It Chaotic Good

1. Leave a WhatsApp group without a word. Just... disappear. (You know the one...)
2. Put on red lipstick and go to the PTA meeting.
3. Book a massage and refer to it as "my strategic realignment."
4. Answer the door wearing silk, a mud mask, your hair in large curlers, and zero pants.
5. Tell someone "I'm busy" when you're doing absolutely nothing.
6. Play the "Imperial March" while entering a Zoom meeting.
7. Create new work calendar events just for you: "Summon My Power," "Delusional Hour," and "Feral Time."
8. Add your own name to your gratitude list. Twice.
9. Change your screensaver to "YOU AGAIN? Go do something fabulous."
10. Sign off your emails with "Sent from my throne."



Glorious Self-Indulgence

1. Champagne in the bath. No occasion. Just because.
2. Buy yourself a croissant and refuse to share it.
3. Create a secret Pinterest board titled "Just Beautiful Vibes."
4. Tell no one you're going to the movies alone. Then get popcorn. Large.
5. Spray your expensive perfume before doing laundry.
6. Make yourself a cocktail and call it "The Emotional Support Margarita."
7. Set your GPS voice to something sexy and pretend he's your boyfriend.
8. Write a love letter to yourself, then mail it. With a wax seal.
9. Book a hotel room just to robe-up and lie in it like you're royalty.
10. Make a "Do Not Disturb, I'm Romanticising My Life" sign for your bedroom door.

50 DELICIOUSLY DISRUPTIVE ACTS FOR EVERYDAY WOMEN

High-Femme, Low-Effort Chaos

1. Wear sexy high heels... to vacuum.
2. Apply 12-step skincare and then eat instant noodles straight from the pot.
3. Text your ex "Just remembered why we broke up. Thank you again."
4. Say "I don't cook on Thursdays" and order sushi like a duchess.
5. Start a playlist called "For When I Need to Feel 3% More Unhinged."
6. Create an alter ego who only responds to compliments and caviar.
7. Tell your houseplants, "You're doing amazing, darling."
8. Assign yourself a mysterious new hobby. Mention it casually: "Oh, I've been deep into falconry lately."
9. Make a vision board with only pictures of yachts, wine, Tuscany, and shoes.
10. Walk past the mirror and wink. Every. Time.



Deliciously Dramatic

1. Write "no" on a sticky note and practice saying it with different accents.
2. Schedule an "exit interview" with your past self. Offer her snacks.
3. Pretend you're the CEO of a fake empire.
4. Call your journal your "unauthorised autobiography."
5. Start referring to your mood swings as "atmospheric fluctuations."
6. Replace all your passwords with affirmations like "IMaqueen" or "IAMFABULOUS".
7. Host a one-woman awards show and give yourself Best Performance in Surviving Tuesday. Take photos.
8. Drink tea from the good china and speak only in a posh British accent.
9. Gasp dramatically every time someone says your name.
10. Update your voicemail to "This is Lila, [NAME]'s assistant. Unfortunately, she's can't answer your call right now as she's far too busy being fabulous."

50 DELICIOUSLY DISRUPTIVE ACTS FOR EVERYDAY WOMEN

Unapologetic Queen Behaviour

1. Change your name on UberEats to Lady [Insert any name you like].
2. Respond to a boring group chat with a Beyoncé gif and no context.
3. Take a fake call just to leave the room with flair.
4. Start saying "my stylist says no" when declining events.
5. Budget? You mean a suggestion.
6. Buy the bougiest chocolate you can find. Eat it in bed while rewatching *The Crown*.
7. Dance like you're summoning something.
8. Wear large sunglasses to embody your inner Jackie O.
9. Plan an entire fake vacation just for the joy of it.
10. Wake up. Choose opulence. Proceed accordingly.



The Delicious Art of Not Asking Permission

At some point, someone convinced us that joy had to be justified - that we needed a reason to shine, a purpose to play, or a witness to make it valid. Screw that. The most delicious disruption is doing something for no reason other than it thrills you. Sequins before sunrise? Absolutely. Champagne while paying bills? Iconic. Pleasure without permission is power - and you, my darling, were not put on this earth to be palatable.

Every time you choose yourself, even in the tiniest ways, you're rewriting the story. That "no" without explanation? Revolutionary. That croissant you didn't share? Sacred. That solo dance party in your kitchen? Holy. You're teaching your nervous system that safety can look like laughter, desire, and boundaries with sparkle. You're not losing control - you're reclaiming it, one audacious act of self-devotion at a time.

So here's your dare: go out and do something gloriously unnecessary. Something that makes you feel alive, mischievous, untamed. Break your own patterns. Be your own permission slip. Let your joy be disruptive, your rest defiant, your softness your superpower. Because the moment you stop performing for approval and start living for delight - that's when the revolution begins. And it starts with one bold, beautiful, deliciously disruptive you.





PENCIL CASES & POWER TRIPS

What I learned from a woman who tried to shrink me

I got detention for saying the word "bugger."

But really, it wasn't the word that landed me in trouble - it was the audacity of being calm, unbothered, and unwilling to shrink for someone who mistook fear for authority.

Let me take you back.

It was my first day at a new school. And I was quietly minding my own business when the vice principal - who happened to be relieving my class that day - decided to assert her dominance. She made me sit directly in front of her, at the desk closest to her beady eagle eyes. Intimidation tactics, old-school style.

And then it happened.

I knocked my metal pencil case off my desk. It hit the floor with a crash, pens and pencils scattering everywhere. The kind of moment that feels much louder than it probably was - especially on your first day, especially under a glare. I was mortified.

In that awkward scramble, the word just slipped out. Not a slur, not a string of profanities. Just one simple, muttered, totally iconic Kiwi word: "bugger."

Well.

The vice principal went feral. She exploded - a dramatic, righteous fury over me "swearing in her classroom." I was stunned. And, in my teenage mind, decided the best course of action was honesty. So I calmly replied:

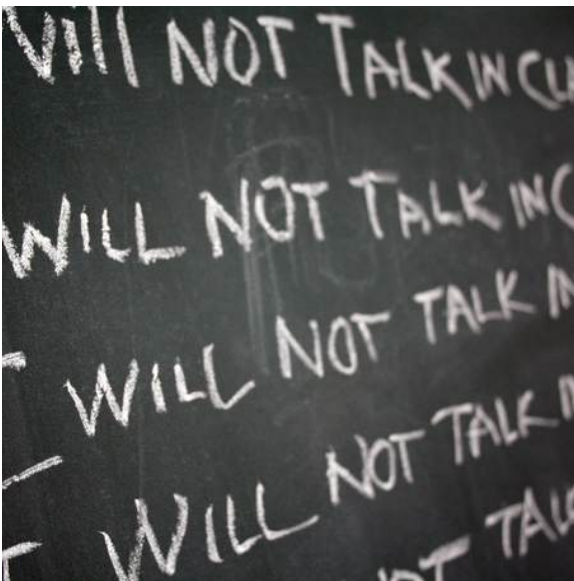
"Bugger's not a swear word. It's short for buggery."

Boom. Detention.

And look, to be fair, she was lucky I didn't really let loose - I was more than capable of it at 13. But the truth is, it was never about the word. It was about the fact I didn't cower. I didn't play along with her performance of power. I disrupted it - not by yelling, not by rebelling - but by refusing to be rattled.

That's the moment I learned something most of us don't get taught until much later in life:

Some people are addicted to control. And if you don't hand them your fear, they don't know what to do with you.



THE CARDIGAN-WEARING CONTROLLERS

Here's the thing about people on power trips: they're not always obvious.

Sometimes they're not screaming. Sometimes they're not waving flags. Sometimes they're just quietly obsessed with order - clinging to the rules, the hierarchy, the "way things have always been." They mask their insecurity with rigidity. They use their title or role as a shield.

They'll tell you it's about values.
They'll say it's about discipline.
They'll make it sound like they're protecting something.

But what they're really doing?
Is protecting their ego.

Because your presence - especially when it's calm, self-possessed, unapologetic - threatens everything they've built their authority on. You're not reacting. You're not obeying. You're not shrinking. And in their world, that feels like rebellion.

WHAT SHE ACCIDENTALLY TAUGHT ME

Looking back, the vice principal never intended to teach me anything useful that day.

But she did.

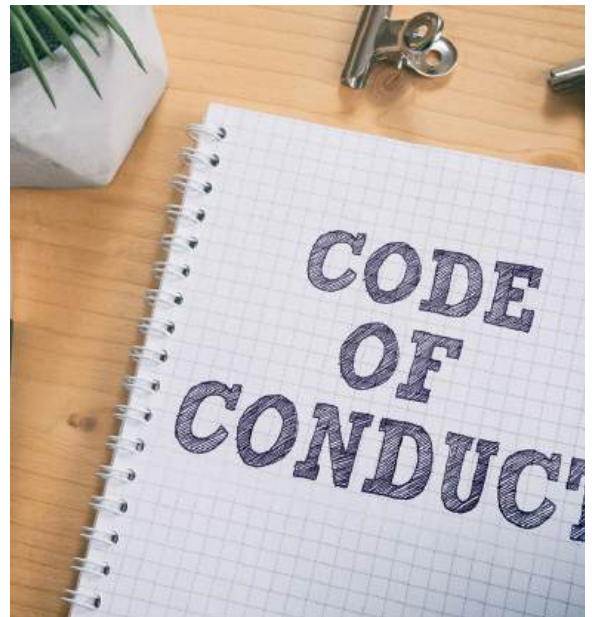
She taught me that some people mistake compliance for respect. That the loudest person in the room isn't always the most powerful - sometimes, it's just the most insecure. And that staying calm in the face of someone else's meltdown is one of the most disruptive things a woman can do.

I've met versions of her again and again throughout my life... in workplaces, in social circles, in systems built on control.

They still make me roll my eyes. But they don't intimidate me.

Because I've learned that being grounded is its own kind of rebellion.

When you refuse to play into someone's power game - when you stand your ground without explanation or performance - you reclaim something so many women are taught to give away early: your inner authority.





HOW TO HANDLE POWER-TRIPPING PEOPLE

If you've ever found yourself dealing with someone who micromanages, controls, or manipulates to feel superior, here's what I want you to know:

- 1. Don't match their energy** - master your own. Control thrives on chaos. If they can pull you into a reaction, they win. But if you stay calm, rooted, and clear? You become magnetic. Unshakable.
- 2. Boundaries are not rude** - they are revolutionary. You don't owe anyone compliance just because they're louder or older or have a job title. You get to choose what you will and won't tolerate.
- 3. Their insecurity is not your responsibility.** You don't have to explain your confidence. You don't have to tone yourself down to soothe someone else's ego. Shrinking doesn't make you safer - it just makes you smaller.

And let's name something here, too:

When people in leadership roles feel unworthy, they often tighten the reins. They micromanage. They become overly critical. Their responses can be sharp, cutting, and disproportionate - not because you're out of line, but because they feel like they are.

But here's the thing.... if they learned to relax, they'd be so much more likeable. So much more effective. Because true leadership doesn't come from control - it comes from grounded self-worth.

- 4. Disruption isn't always loud.** Sometimes it looks like eye contact. Sometimes it looks like walking away. Sometimes it looks like choosing peace over performing for someone else's approval.

THE FUNERAL I DIDN'T ATTEND

Years later, in my twenties, the old goat died. And no - I didn't go to her funeral.

My school friends tried to convince me. "Come on," they said. "It'll be good closure. You've got to go."

But here's the thing: I'd already had closure.

I'd already buried the part of myself that believed people like her got to decide who I was.

There's no need to pay respects to someone who never respected you.

Sometimes the most respectful thing you can do for yourself... is not show up.

DISRUPT DELICIOUSLY - AND WITH DIGNITY

If you've ever been belittled by a boss, talked down to by a teacher, silenced by a parent, or side-eyed by someone threatened by your light - this is your reminder:

- You don't have to play small to survive.
- You don't have to apologise for being unshrinkable.
- You don't have to match their control with chaos.

Sometimes the most deliciously disruptive thing you can do...

Is stay exactly as you are. Rooted. Calm. Sovereign. Because the world doesn't need more rule-followers.

It needs more women who aren't afraid to drop their pencil case, mutter "bugger," and hold their ground - crown on, eyes forward, and power intact.



SHE WHO WILL NOT BE DIMINISHED

There comes a moment in every woman's life when she realises she's done shrinking. Done apologising. Done softening herself to be palatable to people who couldn't handle her flavour in the first place. Maybe that moment arrives quietly - like a slow exhale after years of being good - or maybe it crashes in with fireworks and a side of righteous fury. Either way, it's the moment she decides: *I will not be diminished.*

Because let's be honest - most of us were trained to be manageable. To be liked. To be the "good girl" version of ourselves. We were taught to smile politely when we wanted to scream, to say "it's fine" when it wasn't, to dim our fire so we wouldn't outshine someone else's comfort. We became experts at shapeshifting - toning ourselves down, smoothing our edges, wearing grace like a muzzle. We made ourselves smaller so others could feel big.

But something's shifting. There's a collective rebellion brewing - not the loud, destructive kind, but the elegant, grounded, deliciously disruptive kind. The kind that starts in the body. In the spine. In that quiet little voice that says, "Enough." Because the truth is, you were never too much. They were simply never enough to meet your magnitude.

So maybe the problem isn't you. Maybe it's the environment you've been trying to bloom in. And here's the thing about bloomers... you can't grow in a pot that's too small. You can't thrive in friendships rooted in gossip, jobs that worship grind over joy, or relationships that require you to dim your shine to stay safe. You can't evolve in a system built to make you doubt your own power.

This world has been built on the belief that women should earn their worth. That beauty must be maintained, that youth must be preserved, that desire must be hidden under layers of obligation. We're told to contour, correct, and consume until we forget that confidence can't be bought - it's remembered. Men are told they age like fine wine. We're told we expire. And yet, every woman I know who's stopped apologising for her edges - who's let her silver streaks shimmer, her voice rise, her standards sharpen - has become magnetic. **Because liberation looks damn good on us.**





Being deliciously disruptive isn't about rebellion for rebellion's sake. It's about choosing yourself without guilt. It's about refusing to stay in spaces that shrink your soul. It's the audacity to say, this version of me deserves more - and I'm going to give it to her. Boundaries become your crown. Self-trust becomes your strategy. Pleasure becomes your power source.

And yes, sometimes disruption looks like leaving. Leaving the group chat that drains your energy. Leaving the job that demands your loyalty but not your joy. Leaving the lover who confuses intensity with intimacy. Leaving the version of you that thought survival was enough. Because you, Queen, are not here to survive - you are here to rise.

The brave work begins when you sit down with yourself and ask the real questions: *Where am I shrinking to make others comfortable? What expectations have I inherited that were never mine? Where am I still trying to belong, when I was born to lead?* And then you listen - not with fear, but with faith. You might discover that your intuition's been whispering the truth all along. It's not that you're lost. It's that you've outgrown the map.

Write a letter to your 25-year-old self and tell her she was never too much. Tell her she doesn't have to earn ease. Tell her she gets to take up space, wear red lipstick to the PTA meeting, build empires from her kitchen table, and say no like it's a prayer. Then release it. Let it fly. And come home... to you.

Because here's the secret: disruption doesn't always roar. Sometimes it's quiet. Sometimes it's the decision to stop chasing approval. Sometimes it's deleting that apology before you hit send. Sometimes it's walking away from what no longer feels right and trusting that what's meant for you will rise to meet you.

If your arms are full of what no longer serves you - draining relationships, outdated dreams, inherited guilt -there's no room left for what's meant to bloom. So, let it go. Release not from lack, but from luxury. You are not meant to cling to what hurts simply because it's familiar. You are meant to create space for what lights you up.

So be bold. Be audacious. Be gloriously, disruptively you. Want what you want. Say what needs to be said. Feel what needs to be felt. And never apologise for being true to you. Because the world doesn't need quieter women - it needs women who remember who the hell they are.

And if you're stuck in the hallway between who you were and who you're becoming... unsure, tender, trembling - know this: you're not lost. You're expanding. You're building the kind of life that fits your whole self. And if you haven't found your people yet, come sit with me. Bring your too-muchness, your spark, your sacred fire. Because that's what delicious disruption looks like - women refusing to shrink, choosing to shine, and daring to make noise in a world that told them to whisper.

You, my love, are not too much. You're the revolution in heels. And the world is finally ready for you.

*"You are not too much.
You're the revolution in heels."*



A Sweet Goodbye to Reawaken Quarterly

When I first dreamed up Reawaken Quarterly, I was full of energy and vision. I wanted to create something that celebrated women in their truth - their strength, creativity, and depth. For two wonderful years, this magazine has been exactly that: a space for reflection, reconnection, and quiet rebellion. It's been an anchor through seasons of change and a creative outlet that has kept me deeply connected to the women who inspire me most.

But, as life tends to do, everything has evolved. My daughter is now thirteen - walking that delicate line between childhood and independence - and she needs me in new, more present ways. At the same time, my coaching work is expanding. I'm creating a 12-Month Queen Energy Program, a powerful new space devoted to embodiment, growth, and the reclamation of self. It feels like the next natural step for both me and Reawaken - but it also means I need to refocus my energy to bring it fully to life.



I'll be honest - when I first started the magazine, I hadn't realised how much time and energy each issue would take, or how much I would grow between editions. Often, by the time a new issue was ready to release, I'd already stepped into another lesson, another version of myself. The articles still held truth, but my energy had already moved forward. I've learned that my best writing happens when it's alive in the moment - when the words feel hot, honest, and electric. So, going forward, I'll be writing in a new rhythm - more spontaneously, the way I do with the Reawaken You podcast. I'll still write and share from the heart, but you'll receive it while it's fresh, when the insights are still unfolding in real time. That's where the real magic happens - when we're growing together, not months apart.

I truly believe Reawaken Quarterly has supported and uplifted many women over these past two years. It has been my absolute honour to create this space, and I'm endlessly grateful for every message, every story, every connection that's come from it. You've inspired me just as much as I ever hoped to inspire you.

To all the women I've had the privilege of featuring - thank you. Your honesty, creativity, and courage have filled these pages with life. The friendships and collaborations that have come from this experience are ones I'll cherish and continue to nurture long after this chapter closes.

So while this may be the final issue of Reawaken Quarterly for now, it isn't the end - just a graceful transition. The heart of Reawaken remains the same. It's simply evolving, as all living things do.

Thank you for walking beside me, for reading, sharing, and believing in this vision. I can't wait to meet you again in the next expression of Reawaken - in the programs, the podcasts, the spontaneous essays, and the spaces we'll co-create next.

Until then - stay radiant, stay courageous, and keep reawakening to the fullness of who you are.

With so much love,

Kate Parker



Founder, Reawaken Coaching &
Reawaken Quarterly



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