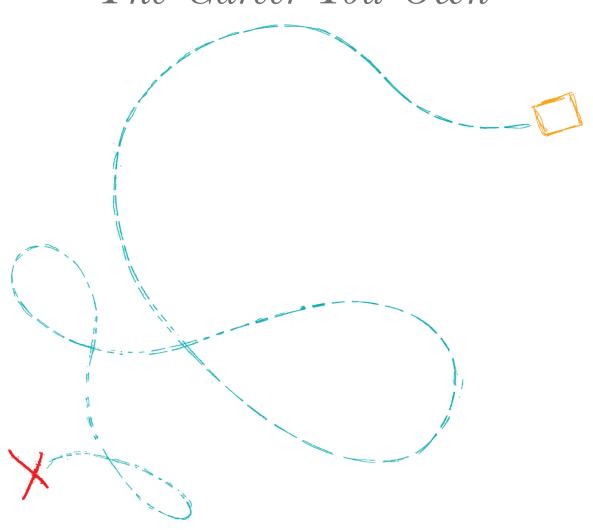
Now It's Clear

The Career You Own



What's Possible?

Feeling stuck? Take a day away from social media - don't read the news, don't scroll through Instagram, Facebook, Twitter or any of your favorite distractions. Look back on a pivotal career / life event. Write what happened. What choices you made, what you learned, and what you left behind or let go. Create a sketch or watercolor and go for a walk.

Reflective Exercise

Write or sketch out a pivotal career / life event



Creative Exercise

Drawing Helps You To... Heather Williams

- 1) Connect with the world before you in a meaningful and heartfelt way
- 2) Open up to a whole new world that is right before your eyes but that you don't see because you are thinking of other things
- 3) Feel safe and secure in the world
- 4) Calm down, relax, and find peace.
- 5) Develop the skill of seeing
- 6) Develop greater hand-eye coordination
- 7) Explore the right side of your brain

Sit. Breathe. Look up for a minute. Gaze at the place around you.

No matter where you are (home, office, outside) you will see the shape of a "Y".

Follow one direction, up, down, or sideways, untill you get to another direction that intersects it.

Directions from the edges of doors, desks, tress, buildings, lamps, cars of whatever is in your view. Notice which direction overlaps the other. Draw the two directions and draw the intersections.

Stand back and appreciate your drawing when you finish.

Going for a walk Reading a poem

Heather Williams, Drawing as a Sacred Activity

Monthly Reflection

What do you really want for your career (life), and what are you doing that keeps you from reaching your goals?

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I don't know how many souls

by Fernando Pessoa

I don't know how many souls I have.
I've changed at every moment.
I always feel like a stranger.
I've never seen or found myself.
From being so much, I have only soul.
A man who has soul has no calm.
A man who sees is just what he sees.
A man who feels is not who he is.

Attentive to what I am and see,
I become them and stop being I.
Each of my dreams and each desire
Belongs to whoever had it, not me.

I am my own landscape,
I watch myself journey Various, mobile, and alone.
Here where I am I can't feel myself.

That's why I read, as a stranger,
My being as if it were pages.
Not knowing what will come
And forgetting what has passed,
I note in the margin of my reading
What I thought I felt.
Rereading, I wonder: "Was that me?"
God knows, because he wrote it.