
When You Don't Fit Into A Box

If you know me personally and possibly even through social media. Then you know I can be a wee bit all over the place. (hehehe.. whoops!)

Some of you know me through high school, some from my “little” but successful cupcake business (Sandra’s Cupcakes Couture), some through the Yoga world, some from Mommin 24/7, from Younique, blogging and journaling my life publicly. The good times, the hard times. I am grateful for all of the humans I have met along my life’s journey. Even the NOT SO amazing ones.

Through my life I have been in all types of work fields. Let’s start from early on.. (hold on, this could get lengthy! LOL)

My very first job (14 yrs old) was working “under the table” at a restaurant as their take-out counter help. I folded those pizza boxes and took those orders like a pro! I loved the feeling of earning my own money so much, that I picked up a 2nd job as a babysitter (I cared for 3 little girls) 3 evenings a week, and sometimes saturday day. There were days I would leave school, go directly to the restaurant till 6-7pm then head to babysit until 11pm. YES! I still had to wake up the next morning for school.

Then at 15-16 I kept the babysitting job and started working for a produce market in town. Again, I was a counter girl (weighing produce and cashing out customers).

Then came some jobs that I tried out and didn’t workout for me, because I just could not get used to the atmosphere or the job just did not interest me. In the mall I’ve worked for (The Icing as an assistant store manager, JB Scoops, Contempo) Disliked every single one of those. Maybe it was just retail in general. The grueling boredom of hanging and folding clothes all day long was just not interesting to me at all! Organizing little accessories all day and hearing blood curdling screams from babies as I pierced their ears. Yea... Wasn’t my cup of tea!

Moving on I worked for a well known ice cream place (Banana Boat Revere Beach) 2 summers in a row. Moved up to car rental agent at Logan Airport. At 18 years old getting a few hundred dollar commission check on top of my pay was “bank” for me back then. I then changed my interest from sales on over to medical. Total opposite huh?? I became a Patient Care Assistant in

the ER at the Mount Auburn Hospital on the overnight shift. Boy did I see things that scared the crap out of me. It was that point I realized I wanted to go school and pursue Nursing like I always wanted (since age 5).

Well with having my daughter at 19 and financially making ends meet.. School was put off. =(I was determined to stay in the field though, so I would season myself in that environment. We moved up to NH and I worked for a Holistic Massage Therapist that specializes in Cranial Sacral Therapy. In simpler terms, it is was Reiki but without all the Chakra and Spiritual aspects. I worked with the insurance claims and getting patient's records organized. I also was their transcriber, (man reading the therapists writing sometimes was very difficult). I swear there is a class in medical world that teaches you to write gibberish. HAHA!

Oh but wait! Sandra could do better so Sandra decided to jump ship and start working at a mortgage company as their receptionist. At the time, the pay was better and that was what we based our professions on right?? So being there my Boss really saw potential in me and I moved up from receptionist to junior processor, to processor, then account executive, then senior loan originator. My manager loved it! I could do all the jobs in the office! I felt like "Queen Sheeba". The mortgage boom hit and I was making (no lie) \$35,000 salary a yr but also bringing in an average commission check of \$14,000 a month. I was 24-31 years old and me and my family needed for nothing. Ritzy limos to corporate dinner, flying to California for corporate trainings. It was wonderful. Through that though, my marriage was suffering because of long hours. My husband (at the time) worked part time and there were nights he would cook dinner and I would not make it on time. With the stress of the job I had 2 miscarriages. My husband became unfaithful (infidelity is never the right thing to do) but obviously he needed some love and affection and truthfully he was not getting it from me because I was always working or exhausted.

I was suffering from anxiety, depression, and was diagnosed with fibromyalgia, PCOS, and severe anemia. The mortgage boom crashed and I was laid off from my job and was pregnant with my 2nd child. At that point all the money that I should have been saving instead of blowing it on cars, clothes, jewelry and vacations... we were broke. We had to short sell our home, and move into this tiny apartment until we can get back on our feet. BOY was that a wake up call life lesson! ALWAYS SAVE FOR A RAINY DAY PEOPLE!!!

My husband started back working full time and slowly but surely we got back on our feet, we rented a home (credit was shot). My fibromyalgia and depression along with panic attacks was debilitating. Then.... My mom got sick! At that time I decided to enroll back into school and get my Medical

Assistant Diploma. I did it! I finally had some sort of degree in the medical field. My mom being sick and all came to my graduation for Hesser College and was so proud. I was then; that september going to go to Nursing School. NOPE did not happen! Through that summer we were not celebrating!!!! My Mom got extremely ill and the Cancer took over. I cared for her in my home until her last breathe in September. That was it! I lost my Mom... My Best Friend... My #1 Cheerleader. Anxiety and depression got worse.. I was in and out of jobs because I could not be dependable to show up. There were times I would drive into work and almost be there, have a panic attack and turn around and go home.

Let's fast forward a bit here----->> 2013 my husband and I seperated. I worked at a small apartment complex rental office on the weekends. Making ends meet was not easy at all. I met my NOW husband in September 2013 and quickly realized I was pregnant in November of 2013. YEA WHOA!!! Talk about really shaking things up Sandra! LOL

Being diagnosed with PCOS they had told me it was very unlikely I would ever have any other children. Well... It was likely! Surprise!!! Needless to say, he is my miracle, saving grace baby that I cherish with every ounce of my being. 2015 I had an epiphany and I decided to change things up a bit and started going back to school for Psychology, taking courses for Life Coaching and Addiction Coaching. Also because I used to bake cakes on the side a few years back (Oh wait... did I mention I did that too?) anyway....baking tons of different flavored gourmet cupcakes. I decided I was not going to charge a fortune like these companies you see online that charge \$40 for 1 dozen mini cupcakes. (UMM WOW)! I decided I would add convenience and offer delivery. Also.. what's better than freshly baked cupcakes at one's beconcall? Right? Well it was a hit!!! It took off unlike I ever thought it would. Low and behold, here I am again (might I add in the midst of suffering from anorexia) banging these cupcakes out.. No sleep, making sure everybody got exactly what they asked for. I set no boundaries whatsoever. There were nights I would be in the ER getting pumped some Potassium and fluids through IV, be discharged and I would start baking as soon as I got home. The hospital became like a gas station for me. One stop shop! Fill'er up yo! Through going to therapy for my eating disorder and coming to the realization that I had to do something immediately or I would realistically die. I had to change! So how could I let that control go? I was recommended I start yoga. At first I didn't like it too much. I would much rather bang out a few sweat pouring dance routines from Michael Jackson on the Wii to get my workout in than go to yoga. However, I stuck with it! After a year I decided to start Yoga Teacher Training. I mean these people from what I see, seem to have their shit together right? (OY! The way I think huh?)

Through this vigorous deep course I got so much more than any “text book” boring course could give me. We learned a lot of Yogic Philosophies, as well as important asanas that connected body with mind and breathe. Meditation, pranayama, mantras, what our true dharma was. So much more! It was within these few months I truly dove down and found ME again! Oh yes!! I was faced with the good, the bad, the ugly and the sad. Through this, I realized my true purpose in life was truly to “help people”. Through my whole life I tried to fit into certain boxes. The one thing all these boxes had in common was helping people. So I fit into “Sandra’s box” and Sandra’s box is a box filled with tons of knowledge, a lot of positions, lots of “hats”, and a hell of a lot of inspiration and love. Plus I’m pretty limber... I can jump from box to box and be ok with it. Always versatile.

As mentioned above.. My mind and me in general can kinda be all over the place and I now realize.. That's OK! I’m just that God damn special! So instead of me feeling like I have to decide what I want to be and put a label on everything in my life. Here is my “versatile very SANDRA career”. In the very soon future I will have a Bachelors In Psychology with the concentration in addictions and anxiety. I am a MOM/Wife, Yoga Instructor, Reiki Practitioner, Life Coach/Recovery Coach, Inspirier, Blogger, Yoga Therapist, Cupcake Goddess. So when you come into my office a few years down the road you will find that my services will be part medical/part yogic approach to therapy sessions. I’ll even offer evening yoga classes, and private yoga therapy consults. Want to know what else I will have there??? CUPCAKES! YUP! In the reception area... and on the way out if you want to place an order. YUP! The menu will be there too!

Point is, I will never just fit into 1 box! 1 title! 1 description of who I am and what I do and love.

In life we will have tons of boxes that are placed in front of us. Try not to minimize yourself to fit into them. Make your own box or boxes that fit your larger purpose and love that you have to fill the world with.

Hopefully you were engaged enough to read my whole (all over the place story). But hey!!! That’s me! ~Sandra~