

# When A Season Ends

A heartfelt guide for women navigating life's hardest transitions

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# You felt it before you could name it.

## **You felt it before you could name it.**

Maybe it was a quiet Saturday morning that used to look completely different. Maybe it was driving home from something for the last time, a game, a recital, a drop-off, and realizing the ride home felt different than every ride home before it.

Maybe you watched the faces of people you love, soaking in the last moments of something, and your heart broke a little knowing what they didn't yet. That this specific kind of joy doesn't come back exactly the same way twice.

That's where I am right now.

My son just finished his last college lacrosse season and he starts his first real job tomorrow. Just like that, all the travel, the game weekends, the wins and losses, the friendships built in bleachers and parking lots over years of showing up, it's over.

I know his next chapter will be great. I believe that completely. But right now there's a pit in my stomach that I can't quite explain to anyone who hasn't felt it. It's not sadness exactly. It's something quieter and heavier than that.

It's the feeling of something ending **before you were ready**, without giving you enough time to process it before the next thing begins.

If you're here, I think you know that feeling too.

# Nobody tells you about this part.

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The transitions that don't have a clean name. The grief that doesn't quite qualify as grief because everyone is fine, nothing is wrong for the most part, and life is moving forward exactly as it should.

Yet you're still standing in the space between **what was and what's next**, wondering why you can't just be happy about it.

You're not doing this wrong. You don't have to just shake it off and move forward. What you're feeling makes complete sense.

When something has meant this much, it doesn't just quietly close. It leaves a void, and that space deserves to be honored before anything else.

# Here's what I want you to know.

## **Here's what I want you to know.**

There will be new weekends. New reasons to show up somewhere and feel that specific kind of alive. New friendships built in new parking lots. New versions of the things you loved most.

Not the same. But real, and good, and yours.

Your people will be okay. They will rebound and find their way into new and exciting chapters because that's what the people we love do.

Slowly, when you're ready, so will you.

You don't have to rush this. You don't have to feel better by tomorrow. You just have to be willing to take one small step forward when the time feels right.

That's not weakness. That's how every next chapter actually begins.

# When you're ready for that one small step...

## **When you're ready for that one small step...**

Not a complete overhaul. Not a new routine or a fresh start or a list of goals.

Just one small thing today that makes you feel like yourself again. One small act of forward motion that says, I'm still here. I'm still moving. This season isn't the end of my story.

That's where momentum starts. It may not be with a perfect plan...but with one small thing that counted today.

If you're ready for that, even just a little, I created something simple to help you take that first step.

It's called *Your Plan for Today*.

It's not about doing everything. It's about knowing what actually matters on the day you're having, whatever kind of day that is.

You can find it right here → [\*\*Your Plan For Today\*\*](#)