



Nyc
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"Reinvention, Resilience & Rediscovery"

Self Design
in 4 creative steps

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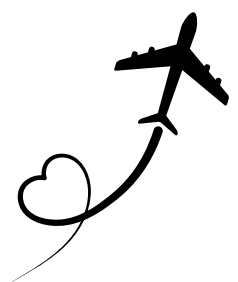
Indigo

After decades of navigating the vibrant chaos of New York City, I found myself at a crossroads.

At 47, I decided to return to university, leveraging financial aid to reshape my future and pursue dreams I once thought impossible.

That journey led me to an unexpected place: the serene and picturesque French countryside.

This space is about embracing reinvention and proving it's never too late to rewrite your story.



Self Design in 4 creative steps

IN 4 CREATIVE STEPS

I had just returned to the US after living in France. While I was planning to return after the holidays, I was uninterested in the job opportunities available.

While I had a geographical goal in mind, the details remained unclear.

In my experience lack of clarity means...

Stay in place.

&

Gather your resources

starting with the basics, food & shelter

Thanks to the support of my family I was assured my base needs were covered and I was free to concentrate on my future..

HOW I DID IT...

Self Design in 4 creative steps

IN 4 CREATIVE STEPS

Gather your team

At the time, I was applying to be a flight attendant and looking to boost my skills. Upon my brother's advice, I paid an informal visit to the local community college. I learned that I qualified for financial aid. I found my team, in a community of educated, well connected community leaders...

Self talk is real

I always said: "I would only return to school if I qualified for financial aid."

I self profecized my financial aid. As a finacial aid recipient I automatically qualified for food stamps.

HOW I DID IT...

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IN 4 CREATIVE STEPS

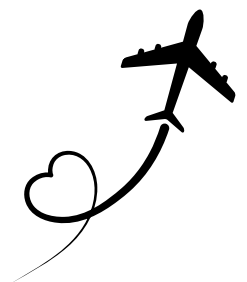
I leveraged my student status to return to France, with the study abroad program on the French Riviera.

Perhaps you already have a master's degree, you could take a workshop or consider teaching a class.

The following true story demonstrates how fear can cloud our logic. See if you can identify the previously mentioned steps.

Use the templates below to list your own step to realize your goals..

HOW I DID IT...



I suck with names...

I remember intimate details about a person: favorite color, personal history, marital status, and other details most people forget. I don't remember her name, but she changed my life.

We met at Starbucks, latter part of 2019, over a casual while waiting for lattes. Our next encounter was at TJ max, my favourite spot for discounted skin care and scented candles. A few weeks later, I walked into SB for yet another study session, and found "her" settled into a seat in my favorite sun-drenched corner, between the "pick up" corner and the door.

She was a military wife for almost 20 years. She had three children with her husband, lived all over the world, now renting a home in the local area. She knew I was a woman of similar age, NYC native, former expatriate whom had never married, and a full-time student, with no children. She sat comfortably with her sandaled feet crossed over the store ottoman while knitting what would be a brightly colored hat, I settled into a chair in the same corner.

After a few inquiries about single life: "I retired from dating years ago." She asked about my plans once my degree is complete. "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm getting closer" I replied with enthusiasm.

"How are you?" I asked and the whole conversation turned. She just learned that she was in need of a heart transplant. She was a few years younger than myself, with glowing skin, thick dark wavy hair, expertly coiffed into a sleek pixie cut. Her frame was petite and thick yet shapely. She appeared the picture of health and vitality. She went on to explain that her marriage of eighteen years had been strained by emotional distance and infidelity on both sides. Her children who once filled the void of affection were now teenagers looking for independence. There was a time when family and marital security were enough. She was hungry for a new life, feeling crippled by a failing heart and the benefits of security.

"I look at you and wonder if I am capable of being independent, but I'm terrified! I have no place to go if I fail", trying to control the tears that began to cascade down her plumb cheeks. "You travel, you're in school, you answer to no one!" "I have no-one to fall back on". I doubt myself, every day, but the only option is to push thru. My desire to be married was instantly replaced by a profound sense of gratitude for the uphill battle that built my resilience.

"What would you want for yourself, if you were in perfect health"? Let's starve the disease, by looking beyond. I cautioned her against over glamorizing "the life of a single woman". If you want to replace your husband, you'll [be](#) disappointed.

I suggested she access her spouse's veteran's benefits to go to earn a degree. You could earn your associate's degree by your 20th anniversary, and reassess your situation. "I don't even know what I want to study" she cried. Do you cook for your family? I asked. "The culinary classes are fun" and the classwork feeds the family. Look at the time and resources at your disposal and leave the rest to the universe. No-one knows when our time is up, we're all just making the best of what we have.

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connecting with you.

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MY NOTES

[illegible]