



My Story...

Mid-pandemic (2021), I spontaneously, I found myself in Papagayo, Costa Rica for a short resort break. As I stepped into this corner of the world, I organically remembered what it was like to breathe in and breathe out. The fresh tropical fruit tasted sweeter and the food was prepared with love. Reminiscent of my Cape Town my hometown, I was swept by an overwhelming wave of familiarity - a sense that for me, I had come "home".

On meeting some inspiring young Canadian women at the resort, who were now living a few hours away from where we were all remotely working and simultaneously vacationing, I felt drawn to really EXPERIENCE the life they described in the town of Nosara, two and a half hours away. I was barely back in NJ and before I had even had time to process my actions, my return to Costa Rica, was set. Something mystical drew me to this place called Nosara.

A few months later, having located a tiny tree room in the blue zone of Nosara, I hopped a flight and literally showed up! Not speaking the language, unfamiliar with this foreign lifestyle, the currency - lost amongst the unlit, nameless dust roads in the pelting rain, I literally stepped into darkness, feeling paralyzed and amazed as to why I had dauntingly chosen to place myself in this uncomfortable space. And so...I took refuge in my tiny room.

And when, hours later, having taken pause, I mustered up the courage, breathing in and out, to open up the narrow door, step outside into the unknown and followed my gut.

As if like magic....the Universe revealed itself to me and my life changed!

Yours will too!

Namaste...

