

A woman with dark, wavy hair is wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat with a dark ribbon bow. She is also wearing large, dark-rimmed glasses and a small circular earring. She is looking out of a window, with a blurred cityscape visible in the background. The lighting is soft and warm, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

Sandi M Neilson

*Soul Satisfying*  
**Mondays**

Heart-Led Entrepreneurs Say  
Bye Bye to Mondayitis

# **Soul-Satisfying Mondays**

**A Resource Kit Specifically for Transformational Heart-Led Entrepreneurs  
Feeling Disconnected from their Business —  
Say Bye Bye to the Monday Blues**

**Sandi M Neilson**

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**WELCOME!!!**  
**Here You'll Discover an Enriching Way**  
**To Help You Live Your Best Life,**  
**Day after Day in a Stress-Free Way ----**  
**By Taking Back Soul-Satisfying Mondays**  
**from the Dread, Distraction & Depletion of**  
**MONDAY-ITIS**

You didn't start your business to feel drained before the week even begins.

You started it to feel alive — lit up by purpose, fuelled by creativity, and free to serve in a way that feels true to your heart.

But somewhere along the way, that spark has faded.

If the mere thought of Monday tightens your chest or has you reaching for distractions, you might be experiencing what we lovingly (and a little exasperatedly) call the Monday Blues or Mondayitis—that creeping sense of dread, disconnection, or depletion that appears when you face the workweek ahead.

This guide is for you if:

- You used to love your business but now feel more obligation than inspiration.
- You crave clarity and momentum.
- You know something needs to shift—but you're not sure what or how.

Inside, you'll find:

- A short check-in quiz to see if Mondayitis has taken root in your world.
- A fresh take on what Mondayitis *really* is (hint: it's not laziness or lack of discipline).
- A simple, science-backed and soul-aligned practice that at its core has a somatic presencing approach to help you reset from the inside out.
- Eight clear, gentle steps to guide you through the practice.
- Reflective journal prompts to deepen your clarity and integration.
- And a short-read modern-day parable to help you reawaken the part of you that knows how to tend, nourish, and reclaim joy in your business of meaningful work.

This isn't about productivity hacks or forcing your way into motivation. It's about **reconnecting with yourself** so you can meet your work—and your week—from a place of wholeness, presence, and quiet power.

Let's reset your Mondays and reclaim your joy for Mondays, so you can create more soul-satisfaction all through your week.

Ready? Let's begin.

*With love*

*Sandi M Neilson*



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## Soul-Level Mondayitis Check-In Quiz

### *A Self-Reflection Tool for Creatives, Healers, and Heart-Led Entrepreneurs*

**Instructions:** Simply read through the statements and check each one that seems true for you. Don't over-think your response of yes or no. Go with what first comes to you as the yes or no.

#### Emotional Clues

- ☐ I wake up on Monday with a heaviness I can't quite explain.
- ☐ I feel low-level grief, like I'm mourning something I can't name.
- ☐ I'm more irritable or sensitive on Mondays (or Sunday afternoons/evenings) — even over small things.
- ☐ I secretly wish I could hit pause on the entire week.

#### Mental Patterns

- ☐ I often think, “Why am I even doing this?” or “This is right!”, yet are unable to do any with these thoughts, except for try to push them away.
- ☐ I feel guilty for not being more excited about a life I once dreamed of.
- ☐ I get stuck overthinking — trying to plan or push my way into flow, flow that once happened so naturally.
- ☐ I compare myself to others and feel like I'm falling behind.

#### Energetic + Somatic Signs

- ☐ My body feels heavy or flat — even after a weekend off.
- ☐ I often feel cut off from my intuition or inner voice.
- ☐ My usual grounding practices (like journaling or meditation) don't seem to help that well at the moment — I might even avoid them.
- ☐ I avoid creative or soul-connected work — even the things I normally love.

### **Work & Visibility Clues**

- ☐ I focus on busy-work instead of meaningful action.
- ☐ I dread or cancel client calls, not from disinterest, but from depletion.
- ☐ I hide or hold back in my business when I feel off.
- ☐ It's hard for me to remember why I started my business in the first place.

### **Your Results:**

• **0 Yeses:** You're good to go! No sign of Mondayitis for you. But if you are curious about a practice that will support you to keep moving forward with your dream business, I invite you to read on. This resource is perfect to include as part of your maintenance regime for keeping things tickety-boo for you!

• **1–4 Yeses:** You may just need a gentle nudge or fresh spark — your soul is whispering, not screaming.

• **5–8 Yeses:** Mondayitis is likely affecting your alignment — time to pause, realign, and reconnect.

• **9+ Yeses:** Your soul is craving a reset. This isn't failure — it's a sacred invitation to return to what fuels you.

Now that you've taken a moment to check in with yourself, let's take a closer look at what Mondayitis *really* is—and why it might be showing up in your business. More importantly, you'll discover a gentle yet powerful way to shift it.

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## What Mondayitis is Telling You

For many heart-led entrepreneurs experiencing Mondayitis, at the center of their experience is not laziness, a lack of discipline, or a lack of gratitude. It's something deeper.

It is the silent tension between ego-led success and soul-enriched success.

Mondayitis is simply an orange light showing you and your soul are somewhat out of sync. Potentially, not a lot though, but left unchecked, this deepens. Where there should be a natural alignment of working toward success that nourishes, success that is soul-satisfying, there is instead a disharmony.

This disharmony can present itself through feeling overwhelmed, bored, anxious and/or unsettled. Others might experience a heavy fog, a flicker of dread, or a full-on spiral. This leads to confusion and a tendency to mistakenly take more on, try to figure out what to do, and taking on a scattered or splattered approach that leads to overworking with fewer outcomes that feel great.

If this is not addressed, then burnout is often where many beautiful souls will find themselves. Their dream business venture and life that otherwise is fulfilling stalls as Mondayitis starts to silently seep into other aspects of their life.

It doesn't have to be that way though.

No matter what form your Mondayitis takes — and no matter how often or intensely it strikes, there's one simple yet powerful practice that can help you meet it with more grace and confidence. And from there, you get to stand back in your power.

This practice can form part of dedication to self-care. But rarely are we taught or even encouraged as business owners to treat self-care as essential not only for our own well-being, but how this influences the success of our business venture. Yet, self-care in all its forms is vital — especially for heart- and soul-led entrepreneurs — because it helps you stay anchored in your integrity, your creativity, and the deeper *why* behind your business of meaningful work.



When we include practices like the practice I'm encouraging here to support you as you journey your version of Mondayitis, the ripple effect can be life-changing.

What I'm talking about is a type of emotional and energetic **spring cleaning**. A practice that, when done regularly, helps restore your natural and expansive emotional well-being — letting your powerful state to naturally shine through again. This in turn ripples into how you show up, what you focus on, how nourished you feel in the process, and ultimately how you run your business.

Just as we intuitively understand the value of tidying and cleaning our physical space — even when we can't always articulate why it helps — clearing and tending to our **inner space** is just as essential. Especially when it comes to caring for emotions and honoring our internal rhythms.

There are many ways to do this, but in nearly two decades of working with purpose-driven business owners, there're a few practices I've repeatedly witnessed that consistently work — they are simple, gentle, and deeply effective which in my book are the ones to add to our portfolio of self-care options. Like a practice to clear the inner clutter of Mondayitis.

## Clearing the Inner Clutter of Mondayitis



*A soul-centered practice to restore clarity, confidence, and calm in your business*

The Gentle Reset as I practice and teach it, is a synthesis rooted in parts work, somatic therapy, neuroplasticity-informed mindfulness, and an ancient, eastern healing modality. While it draws inspiration from pioneers like Dr. Richard Schwartz (Inner Family Systems), Dr. Peter Levine (Somatic Experiencing), and others in the somatic and trauma-informed field, the approach I share here has been adapted to support heart-led entrepreneurs and creatives navigating burnout and disconnection.

This adaptation that includes the principles of somatic presencing is an original synthesis, informed by research and practices in somatic psychology, parts work, and neuroplasticity.

The Gentle Reset is a body-based practice that helps you ground, regulate, and reconnect with your inner clarity — without bypassing the emotional truth of where you are.

Follow the steps outlined in the pages that follow, and you'll begin to free yourself from the grip of Mondayitis. Without the smothering layers of self-doubt, anxiety, overwhelm, or what emotional distress your Mondayitis takes, you can gently reset back to your natural state of calm, inspiration, and focus.

You'll feel more energized. Your clarity will sharpen. Your confidence will gently return. These are all natural states of the true you — part of your powerful state to naturally succeed by being aligned to who you truly are.

You'll begin showing up in your business in a way that honors both your dream *and* your well-being — doing the great work you're here to do, helping others thrive in only the way *you* can.

Now that you understand the why behind this inner reset, let's turn to the how. What follows is a simple, step-by-step practice to help you meet your Mondayitis with presence, compassion, and clarity.

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## The Gentle Reset Practice

*A tender inner ceremony woven from parts work, neuroscience, ancient healing practices, and the art of re-becoming through presence.*

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### Step 1: Breathe the River of You

- ❖ Get comfortable either seated or lying down. Close your eyes.
  - ❖ Let the breath arrive just as it is—natural, soft yet full and unrushed.
  - ❖ Now imagine: you're drawing breath up from the base of your spine, like a quiet river flowing up your back, over your crown, and exhaling down the front of your body as a waterfall of release.
  - ❖ Let this breath be your companion throughout the journey.
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### Step 2: Tune into What's Present

- ❖ Allow your awareness to drop into your body.
  - ❖ What is stirring in you right now?
  - ❖ What weight, tension, or ache tells you that you are caught in something tender or uncomfortable — stuck in your stuff, or an old thread of dis-ease that doesn't move?
  - ❖ Simply notice.
  - ❖ Don't try to fix it. Just feel into this emotional charge. Let it reveal itself fully.
- 

### Step 3: Find the Pulse of Emotion

- ❖ Where does this feeling, this emotional charge live in your body?
  - ❖ What part of you is holding the heat, the ache, the limitation, or the tightness the most?
  - ❖ If it feels right, give it a name: *This is...* [rage, sorrow, shame, confusion...]
  - ❖ Locate the heart of it—the deepest, most concentrated center.
  - ❖ If you can, place a gentle hand or finger there.
  - ❖ If not, imagine a silken thread of love spinning from the heart of your heart to the very core of this sensation.
  - ❖ A thread that says: *I see you. I care.*
-

#### **Step 4: Rate this Flame of Intensity**

- ❖ Without flinching or fixing, ask: *How intense is this feeling?*  
Give it a number out of 10 (10 being the most intense).  
Let this number be a soft marker, a thimble of truth, not a judgment.
  - ❖ This intensity and the number you first match with the intensity may increase or lower. Resist the urge to re-rate though until you end the session.
  - ❖ This also isn't about controlling this flame of discontent — it's about witnessing the flame and seeing it dance center stage.
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#### **Step 5: Offer Sacred Witnessing with Loving Presence**

- ❖ Now, do the simplest and bravest thing:  
Stay and be a full witness to this sensation—this wave, this weather, this part of you.  
Do not rush it. Do not reason with it.  
Just be present. Witness it. Observe it. Allow it. Accept it.
  - ❖ Allow it to move, shift, or even relocate within your body.  
Let the sensation communicate in its own language.  
Let it twist, rise, unravel, or move.
  - ❖ Stay with it. Trace its path with your hand or finger if you can, but more importantly with your awareness and continuously offer your love, compassion, appreciation and presence.
  - ❖ Say inwardly, with the warmth of a thousand suns:  
**"I see you. I'm here. I've got you."**
  - ❖ Let your presence be a soft altar upon which this feeling is safe to rest.
  - ❖ Keep holding this sensation in your tender loving compassionate care.
  - ❖ Keep showing up. Keep sending love.
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#### **Step 6: Return to the River of Breath**

- ❖ Notice how your breath is still flowing, quiet and unbroken beneath it all.
  - ❖ If your mind wanders or seeks to analyze, tenderly guide it back. Ask it to be the sacred observer — watching the breath, witnessing the unfolding.
  - ❖ Let breath be the bridge between presence and emotion.
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### **Repeat Steps 5 & 6**

- ❖ Keep repeating as many times as needed.
- ❖ This is not a performance. It is devotion.

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### **A Note on Time, Tending & Duration**

- ❖ Some emotions are slow bloomers.
- ❖ Some have roots that stretch lifetimes.
- ❖ Stay with the emotion as long as you can. The sensation will naturally shift or dissipate when it feels fully seen, heard and loved.
- ❖ It's okay if the feeling doesn't fully dissolve in the time you have.  
Just be with it. As long as you can.  
If you must stop, say:  
*"I will return. You matter. I will not leave you behind."*  
Then keep your word.  
This is how integrity between soul and self is built—  
not in perfection, but in presence.

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### **Step 7: Close with Breath and a Stretch**

- ❖ When this session feels complete for now, check in with what number you would rate the intensity of this sensation now. Hold no judgement for what number it is.
  - ❖ Now inhale and lift your arms skyward.
  - ❖ Let the breath gather all you've touched.
  - ❖ Then exhale with an audible sigh, arms dropping back to your sides.
  - ❖ Open your eyes, soft and new, returning to the space around you.
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### **Step 8 (Optional): Let the Feeling Speak Through You**

- ❖ Now that you've moved through the practice, you can support any message left from the emotion, any image of the session and what showed up, or a soul whisper that was left for you, by taking a few moments to reflect on what surfaced and to journal about it.
- ❖ Remember, to pause mid-process to journal is often the mind's subtle way of escaping presence. Do let the emotion speak first and fully through the Gentle Reset time, before you translate and record it in words.
- ❖ With your inner landscape freshly tended, this is a beautiful moment to pause and listen. There are journal prompts in the next section that invite you to gather the insights, emotions, and quiet nudges that emerged — and anchor them in your awareness.

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### **Moving Forward with This Practice**

This is where practice and devotion to your own well-being begins.

Just like a yogi shows up to be present to the practice of yoga regularly — this isn't a one and done practice either.

This also is not about pushing through or fixing yourself —you are not broken.

This is a practice of gently turning inward. And while it's a powerful remedy in the grip of Mondayitis, its true magic unfolds when used regularly. Like tending a garden, the more consistently you show up for this inner clearing, the more ease, clarity, and grounded momentum you'll experience — not just on Mondays, but throughout your entire week.

There is power in your consistency; it deepens your resilience, strengthens your connection to self, and keeps your business aligned with what truly matters.

To support this, in the following pages you'll find journal prompts that help you to integrate and expand on your Gentle Reset practice.

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## Journaling Prompts

These journal prompts can extend your Gentle Reset practice. They are designed to deepen the integration of the practice and support reflection, self-awareness, and gentle realignment.

So go grab a notebook, journal or create a new section in the note section on your device and dive in. Use any or all prompts from each section as the mood takes you.



### After Practice Journaling Prompts: Gentle Reflection

- 1. What was the emotion or sensation I was tending to?**
- 2. What did I notice in my body today?**  
*Describe the sensation, their location, intensity, or any shifts felt.*
- 3. What surfaced when I paused to feel?**  
*Name them, if possible, were they familiar visitors or unexpected guests?*
- 4. Did a specific part of me speak up or make itself known?**  
*What did it want me to know, feel, or understand? Was there something I've been avoiding that showed itself in this session?*
- 5. Was there a moment of stillness, insight, or surprise?**  
*Did anything soften, clarify, or come into view from a new angle?*
- 6. What was the real truth that I discovered from this time with me and my inner garden?**
- 7. What metaphor or image captures how I feel now?**  
*Let your imagination paint a picture of your internal landscape.*
- 8. What did I discover about myself? What has this led me to consider?**
- 9. What am I feeling now? Is there anything new or remembered in this feeling?**

**10. What can I do or perceive differently now?** *Is there anything I'm empowered to do now? If so, what?*

**11. Who am I becoming more of because of this Gentle Reset session?**

**12. What do I want to remember from this Gentle Reset session?**



#### **For Ongoing Practice: Cultivating Inner Consistency**

- ❖ **What difference do I notice when I meet myself with presence, rather than pressure?**
- ❖ **What helps me return to myself most easily during a busy week?**  
*Are there cues, rituals, or sensations that serve as invitations to move inward and tend to my inner landscape?*
- ❖ **What might my inner world need more of right now—rest, courage, clarity, creativity, or something else?**
- ❖ **What would staying emotionally current with myself look like this week?**  
*How might I tend to my feelings before they pile up?*



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#### **Reconnection & Realignment**

- ❖ **When I listen deeply, what is my soul whispering about what matters most right now?**
- ❖ **What am I learning about my needs, my limits, and my longings through this practice?**
- ❖ **If I could gently reset just one thing this week, what would it be—and why?**

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Throughout our time together so far, I've mentioned our inner world as a type of inner landscape or inner garden. On that note, and speaking of gardening, let's shift into a different kind of knowing — the kind that lives in symbols, seasons, and story.

The following modern-day parable is here to reawaken the part of you that already knows how to tend, nourish, and reclaim joy in your meaningful work. Let it speak to you in the quiet places beyond strategy and effort — the places where your soul recognizes truth not as something new, but as something remembered.

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## Weeds in the Treasure Trove

As the late afternoon sun spilled into the room, Emerald's chest tightened. That now familiar weight pressed in. An off-ness hung with it.

It wasn't burnout or anxiety exactly. Just a soft, aching disquiet that came alive and wrapped around her heart when she thought about a little planning, a little soul-mapping for her business as usual for that time on a Sunday.

She gently lifted the hefty long-haired tortie cat off her lap. Boss made his disapproval very clear. "Sorry Boss, we'll have more snuggles later."

She slipped off the vintage leather chair to stand at the long window, breathed in the sun's energy. Even while trying to be present only to the sun's rays soothing her, she was acutely aware her laptop was still sitting on the desk behind her. Unopened.

Unable to recapture the joy she'd felt before her thoughts had turned to the upcoming week, she returned to the solace of her favorite chair in her parents' library — a cherished place in her childhood home.

Sunday afternoons now stirred this unease in her. An unease that wove in and out the way vines choke — slowly, subtly, stealing vitality.

This was the complete opposite of that first Sunday afternoon, Emerald thought, back when she had the idea that started it all. What she had sketched out that afternoon, she put the first steps in place on Monday evening after dance rehearsal. From its humble beginnings, it had become a thriving online business.

That ritual had stayed. Why change it? It worked well — until recently.

Her business — once something so precious and fun — had become...

She tried to find the word that would describe how tangled up things felt. She couldn't find one. All she could think of was how there used to be so much joy. Now she looked for excuses not to sit down and start her working week. It was

as if she was the child who dawdled on the way to school because she hadn't done her homework.

Allowing the distractions to keep drawing her in, she let her eyes follow the sweeping contour of the well-manicured lawn. It stretched out, presenting one of her mother's pride and joy — her 'treasure trove' garden.

Her mother's gentle enquiry on their call just now on how everything was going for Emerald had made Emerald squirm. She hated lying, turning the conversation back to her parents' trip. She was happy for them it was going extraordinarily well. They deserved this.

They had also chatted about her parents' two cats, Boss and Merlin. They had all laughed as she told them of the cats' latest antics. As devoted pet-parents, they had plenty to say about what contrasting characters these two were, and how they missed them.

Emerald didn't have to lie about how much she was enjoying house- and pet-sitting for her parents. It was too easy then to avoid saying anything specific about the state of her mother's treasure trove garden by saying that everything was fine on the home front. In truth, it was. Except for that garden.

Each plant in the exquisite collection blossomed in its own story, speaking in quiet wonder to her mother, Lindy. This garden was for all seasons and for all reasons.

Her mum had always lovingly tended to it. From the first generous hole she'd dug in the front lawn for a star magnolia shrub, Lindy had let the garden expand naturally from there as life events touched her. Each new plant found its way to commemorate an occasion and add to the beauty and the memories in Lindy's life.

Emerald had watched her mother spend hours out there over the years. Everyone said it was beautiful — picture perfect beautiful. Emerald always saw a vision of seamless enchantment.

Nothing ever looked out of place, un-cared for, or unruly. Until now.

She had effectively just lied to her mum about how the garden was faring under her care. When had been the last time she'd lied to either of her parents?

As a teenager, she had repeatedly done so while on-tour with the dance company. Emerald could never understand how her homesickness could sit side by side with her love of dance and vehement desire to take this opportunity to dance and give pleasure to others day after day.

It had been a dream for eight years. Since she was eight and Queenie had taken her to her first dance performance. Emerald was immediately in love. All she dreamed of after that was to be up there on stage.

Every week while away from Silverton and home, she would lie to her parents. Every week she had felt that sickening sensation in her stomach as the lie twisted and knotted itself into the deepest, darkest place within her to hide. Just as it had done a few minutes ago.

How could she let her mother's pride and joy get into the state it was now? Where had the weeks gone from when they had left to spend 4 months touring New Zealand?

In several weeks, they would be home. Emerald could not let her mother see the treasure trove as Emerald was now seeing it.

Even though Emerald had frequently spent time in it, knowing exactly what she was doing, her efforts lacked effect. Especially the weeding had fallen miserably short. The weeds were flourishing from her inadequacy to keep them under control. She could almost see them nodding at one another in agreement. Many were tall now enough to feel the soft afternoon breeze move amongst them.

Her business had just simply taken all her time lately and then some. And for no reason. Everything on paper said it was a success and yet everything now seems to take longer. She knew that. But. And there it was. The 'but' that she couldn't attach an explanation to.

A tear unexpectedly ran down her left cheek. Feeling wretched wasn't the half of it, she wished she could split herself in two. One half could go out and do some weeding and the other half sit at the desk, open the laptop and get stuck in with what needed her attention there.

Some garden air proved too seductive. Doing something productive backed up her choice. Anything was better than sitting inside and dwelling on what didn't feel right.

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A long-drawn out groan rumbled up from deep within her as she surveyed the unruliness in the garden. It looked so much worse close up. She ran her hands through her hair, grabbing a clump in each hand pulling just hard enough to feel the tension on her skull as she willed away the angst rolling around inside. It and the guilt just settled deeper in her gut.

As she released her hair from her grasp, she shook her head, her shoulders and then her arms before she taking in a long breath. And then several more. The air refreshed and relaxed her. Feeling more together, she allowed the truth in then.

The garden was a mess because of her lack of attention. Her attention to her business wasn't measuring up either. But she could change that.

The business prep could wait 12 hours. She would get up extra early in the morning to do that and each time she looked up from her prep, she would see the progress she had made with the weeds.

Her body relaxed a little more with this decision as she walked over to the garden shed, grabbing her mother's weeding gear and gloves.

Perhaps that's all she needed to do to feel the buzz of her work again. Roll straight from prepping early on a Monday into the first tasks for the week.

It might even stop her wrestling with herself to not reach over and turn the alarm off in the morning. This was something else that had become a habit over these past few months, when she'd never needed an alarm before.

Buoyed by her micro-plan and the decision to deal with the garden, she looked for the best place to start.

The sunniest spot almost in the center of the garden spoke to her. Here she would move to the right, following the sun as it moved west.

She began weeding as if her life depended on it but when she paused to view her progress, she saw how little she'd done. Not helping matters were the gardening gloves.

Her mother's gloves not only were too big, they were stiff and uncomfortable. Emerald berated herself for not taking up her mum's offer to buy Emerald her own gardening gloves. She'd reminded Emerald of the saying 'fit like a glove' was a sage saying for a reason. But Emerald didn't think it was a big deal at all.

Now she was paying the price again. Another reason she hadn't spent more time in the garden, she realized. She had put up with them on the occasions she had come out over the weeks. Each time reminding herself to get a pair that was a better fit. Something else she simply hadn't got around to doing. Something else she was tolerating.

She could barely feel the weeds as she pulled and tugged at them. Trying not to damage the roots of the plants at the same time made it even harder work.

In frustration, she pulled off the gloves and stared at her hands with ten beautifully manicured nails with a french polish finish on the tips. They glowed in the sunlight. She loved how they looked. Strong, healthy, and natural. And they were easy to take care of — much better behaved than her fly-away hair.

"Sorry, my beautiful darlings. You're going to have to get down and dirty for a bit, too. It's for a good cause, though. I'll make you all lovely again later. I promise."

She reached into the soil again—this time skin to earth. Cool. Damp. And icky. As she yanked then teased the roots of the weeds and the plants apart, she forgot about how strange it felt to have her naked hands in the soil. Each handful of weeds came away more easily. Still, she wasn't able to get any pace or rhythm going. Guilt spurred her on.

Every so often, she stopped to survey her handiwork. A before and after shot had started to emerge — to her far left were the weeds still threatening to take over her mother's beloved plants, but to her immediate right, this side of the garden was returning to its former beauty — inch by inch.

As the sun dropped behind the hills of Silverton, Emerald called it quits for the day. Relief accompanied her as she hauled the pile of weeds away.

A sense of accomplishment stayed with her for the evening until weariness took over and sleep called. As she sat on the side of the bed massaging her favorite peony and manuka hand cream into her scrubbed clean but a little worse for wear hands, Boss appeared. He happily made himself at home in the center of the bed.

Not wanting to disturb him, she slipped between the sheets next to him. And just as she was about to turn the light out, Merlin arrived. He offered Emerald a quick cat hello, then curled up next to her. Within moments of Emerald saying goodnight to both cats, all three of them were asleep.

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The sound of the alarm shook Emerald out of a deep sleep the next morning. She forced herself to get up, giving herself a pep talk while she brushed her teeth, it was time to honor the promise she'd made for the day.

As the sun rose, Emerald was still wrestling with her schedule. She should've had it done by now, but she couldn't make her to-do list fit with her other commitments for the week. She sighed and looked up from the screen to see the sun kiss the tops of the taller plants in her mother's garden.

The coral lilies glowed. She glanced below their trumpet-like heads to see the weeds reaching up toward them. That's where she could make a difference. She was back there in minutes.

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It was easier than yesterday to get started and get into a rhythm. Why was it easier to do this when gardening wasn't her passion? She loved her business venture, so why the difficulty getting started at the beginning of the week?

The questions rolled around periodically in her mind. She let them circle as she resolutely focused on yet another deep-rooted dock weed. Boy, did their roots grow deep even as young plants!

She repositioned herself, shifting onto her heels for stability, just as she had the idea of asking Queenie for help.

The dock weed broke off mid-root hurling Emerald backwards. She laughed. How simple! Queenie may not have her own business, but she ran the best gift and craft store in the area and was the wisest person she knew.

Queenie wasn't just her mother's long-time best friend, she was Emerald's guardian-mother. A role Queenie took to heart from the moment Lindy had asked her to be there for Emerald like a godmother traditionally was but in a modern, more practical way.

All Emerald needed to do for now, once she got cleaned up from this stint of weeding, was to seek out Queenie. She would shine the light on what Emerald couldn't see.

Emerald closed her eyes then and took a deep breath in, feeling the weight of her problem lift from her as she felt the soft grass at her back. She let silence and relief wrap around her before listening to the sounds of the garden. The birds in the trees, the neighbor's hens clucking over the fence, and was that the click of the front gate?

She opened her eyes just as Merlin patted her cheek with his paw. "Well hello Merlin, nice to see you. What mischief or magic have you been up to today?" She scratched him under his chin, and he responded with a satisfying purr.

The sound of the front gate shutting caught her attention. There was Queenie, walking across the lawn — her very own beacon of guidance and unconditional love. She was wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and her usual whimsical wide smile. In one hand she held a pair of gloves and in the other she carried her gardening kit.

Emerald couldn't get to her feet fast enough and almost fell into the familiar big hug Queenie always offered her — as if Emerald was the only one in the whole wide world that lit up Queenie's world.



They stood in silence, lost for a few moments in their own thoughts. Emerald was again so grateful for what her parents, especially her mother, had set up for Emerald by bringing Queenie's ways into Emerald's world.

Lindy had told Emerald when she was old enough to understand, that while the kitchen table or the library room counsel would guide her well, when Emerald stepped into her destiny and embodied her true brilliance, her path would stretch into realms her parents and extended family may not reach, but Queenie would.

Queenie was her extra-special go-to person.

That strange and magical conversation had let Emerald into the grown-ups world. And everything her mother shared about Queenie had come true.

Their bond was so strong that Queenie was always there when Emerald needed her.

"I think I may be a bit late to save those beauties." Queenie looked down at Emerald's soil-stained hands and broken nails. "A little bird told me weeks ago you might need a pair of gardening gloves. But the right ones eluded me until yesterday!"

Queenie handed over a pair of lime-green gloves with tiny daisies printed over them. Emerald immediately recoiled. "Let me wash my hands before I touch them. I don't want to dirty them just yet." Emerald's comment made them both giggle.

When Emerald returned, she took the gloves and held them for a few moments, treasuring this new gift. They were soft, with fine stitching at every seam. At the tip of every finger, a small, soft suede patch acted as an extra shield.

She took her time putting them on. They slid over her fingers, as if they'd found home. Fitting — well, like a glove.

Queenie's search for the perfect fit was so predictable. Queenie, embraced fiercely and lovingly by Emerald, spoke first.

"Let's tend the garden together—eh?"

Picking up where Emerald had left off, they continued to weed around one plant at a time. No rush. No lists. Just presence.

Warmed by the morning sun, knees pressed into the warm earth, sweat trickled down Emerald's back. Freeing a rose from a piripiri's tenacious grasp and its sticky seed heads, she helped the soil fall away; her resistance and shame wavered and then crumbled.

"I'm supposed to be prepping for my business today," she confessed. "But... Every Sunday, every Monday I get a creeping dread that curls up beside me. I sort of freeze." She sighed. "My beloved business — feels more like a burden than a blessing at the moment."

Half-laughing, she added: "I think I hate Sunday afternoons and Mondays now."

Queenie replied, her calm, straightforward gaze on Emerald. "It's not Sunday afternoons and Mondays you hate, sweetie. It's the pressure to override what's real for you."

Queenie paused before continuing, asking gently: "Where in your body do you feel the tension or even the aversion?"

Emerald hesitated for a moment, before replying. "My chest. It's... heavy. Like it's holding its breath."

"Good. Start there. Let your breath breathe you as you simply observe, allow and accept that feeling for what it is, and where it is. Let it speak to you, if it wants. You don't need to push through it. Just feel. Tend. Listen. Love. Offer compassion. Stay with it. It might help too, if you take your gloves off and let your hands touch, or place one hand where you feel this feeling the most intensely."

Emerald moved from cradling her hands in her lap to gently stroking each ungloved hand. Her breath slowed. Tension left her shoulders. The world around her dropped away. The place in her that still remembered how to listen stirred.

"This is where the real magic begins," Queenie's voice was almost a whisper as she paused tugging a couple of small stubborn weeds before she continued. "Not by pushing through. Not by polishing your to-do list. Or giving yourself a good talking to. But with a gentle turning inward."

Emerald followed Queenie's instructions and took herself to a place deep within her, feeling what was true without any need to explain it away.

How many years had she been a dancer and thought she knew her body? How many years had she danced with her emotions or danced through her emotions, but never given them space like this?

"This is the practice," her guardian-mother continued, her voice softening even more. "Not to fix. Not to force. Not to avoid. Just notice. Feel. Reconnect. It's about soul-tending."

Just as her mother had promised her as a child, here was Queenie being the guardian-mother she needed. As Emerald navigated any situation, whether it was about who Emerald thought she was or wanted to be, what she wanted to do, or what her unique contribution was to this world, Queenies showed up and reminded her to come home to herself. It didn't matter how many times Emerald forgot, Queenie lovingly reminded in some way, some technique, some wise word.

Emerald let out an audible long sigh. "This is what I've been needing—to tend to my inner garden."

"Aye. Your body isn't the problem, Emerald. It's the compass." Queenie brushed some dirt off her gloves. "This remembrance is a practice that took a while for me to learn. And like this garden, it works best when done gently... and often."

In that moment, among the greenery, Emerald realized — it wasn't about business prep or must-dos. It wasn't about Mondays or dread, either. It was about returning to herself and unacknowledged yearnings.

She allowed her truth to settle. The women went back to weeding, using the time to enjoy a full and happy catch up.

When they stopped, their delight shone on their faces. With more weeds gone, the treasured plants naturally filled up the space again, sharing their beauty with each other. And as intended, they could continue to flourish to their hearts' content.

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When Emerald returned to the library after Queenie had left, she looked out the window one more time before sitting down at the desk. Her heart expanded, and she smiled.

Would she find there were weeds of neglect and overgrowth here in her business to tend to? Was it fit for purpose, or had it become choked up too? Emerald wasn't sure, and that was okay. She knew she now needed to explore. Perhaps there was the need to clear space there as well. That and find her own, and its compass again.

She opened her laptop and took a long, calm breath. She was ready now.

On that Monday, the weeds weren't the only things loosened and pulled free, and the garden wasn't the sole treasure rediscovered.

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## Your Next Steps

A gentle reminder here; what you are experiencing with Mondayitis, isn't indicating there is something wrong with you. You are not faulty, lazy, or undisciplined.

What is happening is your soul is nudging you in quiet whispers and ways to get your attention. They may not seem like love notes for your soul but sometimes it's the only way to get our attention that we are off-center.

My encouragement to you is to give The Gentle Reset practice your best shot. It is a simple practice that simply needs your presence. It is also, as mentioned before, not a one-and-done thing, so stick with giving it your best shot.

But you are not on your own here. If you need some more personalized guidance, please get in touch. It would be a joy to start a two-way conversation around this topic.

You can reach me at: <https://www.sandineilson.com/get-in-touch.html>