

Chapter 1 : ShieldSquare Block

*It's Not Okay: Turning Heartbreak into Happily Never After [Andi Dorfman] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Andi Dorfman, the beloved finalist of season eighteen of The Bachelor who infamously rejected Juan Pablo and went on to star on season ten of The Bachelorette.*

Your feelings and emotions are valid. It took me a while to learn this simple fact. When I was being bullied, I coped by constantly pushing my emotions down because I was terrified of people disapproving of me in some way. They were still there. They never went away, and by pushing them away, I just delayed the explosion. As twenty-somethings, we deal with a lot in modern society. We have jobs, bills, families, friendships, and relationships, all of which come with their own complexities. Juggling all of these responsibilities takes a lot of physical and emotional energy. We all have our limits, and sometimes those responsibilities push us over the edge of those limits. Sometimes we are not okay. When my mentor unexpectedly died from cancer during the midterm season of my freshman year of college, I was crushed. I went from animatedly discussing the politics of the presidential election to walking around the old campus in complete denial. That was when I learned that the easiest way to move forward is to move through. Having emotions and feelings makes you human. We all know that the carefully curated social media feeds we all manage are not representative of our entire reality. Like I said earlier, your feelings are valid, no matter what they are. Take as much time as you need to feel the emotion and recover. Take the time you need to rest, recharge, and breathe. Take care of yourself the best way you know how. You know yourself better than anyone. Living alone is a fun and exciting thing. It opens up a whole new dimension of independence and is a great opportunity to find out who you are without the constant company of others to influence you. She hopes to develop a career that allows her to make a measurable impact on the world while doing something that she loves. Her interests include psychology, linguistics, and mental health. She can also be found reading, watching documentaries, and writing her blog.

Chapter 2 : Note To Self: It's Okay Not To Be Okay - GenTwenty

The 'It's not okay' website and campaign is a unique collaboration of public and third sector partners throughout Greater Manchester. We aspire to be national leaders in the approach we're taking to protect young people and prosecute offenders.

The above photo is of a happy couple, blissfully engaged after falling in love on a reality show. And the rest is history misery. Well, at least according to her new book. Although the couple appeared to be madly in love, it turns out love takes many different forms who knew?! And to make matters worse, Andi asked them all to take a lie detector test. They just had a great one-on-one date where they talked about trust, and now she was making him prove his worth. What shocked me the most was his tone. It was a look of disgust and rage," she wrote. Despite their ability to move past it, this argument led Andi to question the way she was feeling for Josh. In one of the final chapters, she opens up about how her whole identity changed after being on the show and falling for the former pro baseball player. He was good-looking, with an electric smile and the ability to charm anyone, and his affection in public made people believe that he was a loving partner, but by the end of our relationship, it was just a mask covering the control he exerted in private. He had an uncanny way of manipulating situations and conversations to make me feel like the worst person in the world. While talking to Nikki on the phone in a dressing room, she uttered, "Well This became the single most vivid moment of my relationship. I realized just how much of myself I had lost in the past nine months. I was trapped in a relationship that made me feel utterly worthless and dismally defeated," she wrote. You want to confirm to the world what they probably already know, which is that two consenting adults who had been dating for seven weeks spent the night together without cameras and whaddaya know, had sex? Instead, I held back for one reason and one reason only: Although she was hesitant at first, Andi decided to go through with it. In her book, Andi writes that Nick apologized for his sex-fession and told her that he never meant to hurt or embarrass her. Seeing the hurt in my face, he tells me he was angry that he had tried to reach out to me so many times before, and he felt hurt that I refused to see him. This was true -- he had, and I had refused both times and told producers that he would have his chance to talk to me at the finale. Turns out that had been a terrible idea on my part, though I think the conversation would have been the same no matter where we had it. Sure, I was mad at him, but I never felt like he owed me anything. Did I feel betrayed by him? Did I think that his revelation caused my breakup? Andi and Josh had one last sexcapade weeks after their split Believe it or not, although Andi pretty much despised her ex, she agreed to meet him for lunch one day -- 55 days after their breakup -- for the sole purpose of, well, getting laid. I can do this. I need to do this!

Chapter 3 : Andi Dorfman Reveals Secret After Secret In New Book 'It's Not Okay' | HuffPost

In It's Not Okay, Andi is the best friend we all wish we had, telling us the good, the bad, and the ugly to inspire us to always be true to ourselves and remember breakups may be hard, but it's always going to be okay.

You might accept that notion in theory, but when The Feels as my daughters call it occupy your mental space, leaving you with feelings of sadness, hurt, guilt, or just a general disconnect from any positive feelings about a thing, is your tendency to try to push through it, or to be with it? There is this unspoken Church of Positivity dogma that pushes us toward constant optimism. The agreed upon social sentiment is that as human beings, we should all be trying to experience positive thoughts and be optimistic about life. We are expected to respond in the affirmative to the constant calls to action: When we feel shitty about a thing, afraid of an outcome, saddened or devastated, even by an experience, where do we go to lick our wounds? As the title of this piece implies, this is not a feel-good article. Nothing in these lines is intended to help address negative thoughts in efforts to transform them into positive ones. Optimism has its place for sure, but there is no substitute for being present with our feelings. It is in the spirit of authentic self-exploration and real self-expression that I offer you these three reasons to be okay with not being okay. Sadness Is Not the Opposite of Self-Love Sadness is a common emotion â€” and probably one of the most hurried-past experiences within the emotional spectrum. Most of us view sadness as something that needs to be resolved or replaced with another better emotion. We are often asked whether we want to sit around and feel sad or brush it off and get on with our lives, as if those two things are opposing forces. Sometimes we need to operate inside our emotions instead of trying to avoid them. In doing so, we avoid the toxicity of suppressed emotions and unmanaged hurt. The old idiom is true: Hurt people hurt people â€” and so we can protect ourselves from becoming toxic , uncompassionate people when we start with ourselves and offer honest assessment of our own feelings. Feeling sad or lonely can be tough to be with, but we are not weak or wrong or broken for having those feelings. Trying to avoid these feelings can lead us to make decisions out of fear instead of honest consideration. But allowing ourselves to feel those feelings makes us stronger and allows us to be honest about our environments. That honesty can lead to sound decision-making, rooted in a love and appreciation for our own wellbeing. Naming Our Emotions Can Offer Access to Personal Power Personal power, through my lens, is about a commitment to actively embracing who we are and setting our own goals based on whatever we need to feel well. Personal power is not always about overcoming something or being the picture of strength and resilience. It can also be about the stillness of being right where we are emotionally, and allowing that space to clue us in to whatever is happening in our world and whatever we need to feel in that moment. As one of our editors, Melissa A. Fabello, noted in her helpful piece about communicating our feelings , broadening our emotional vocabulary can be an effective approach to authentically managing our feelings. The word bad, for example, is grossly misused in our emotional vocabulary. Are you feeling content? I would have then compounded my bad feelings just because I attached an expectation to my own emotional process. That can be the catalyst for a harmful cycle of self-deprecation and rushing past pain in order to stop experiencing shame. Name your emotions â€” because oftentimes, we carry even more guilt and shame around feeling our feelings than we do the actual feeling. Making space to acknowledge your feelings is a great start to making peace with it.. Sometimes Encouragement Is More About Their Discomfort Than Your Healing Frequently, the people closest to us encourage us to feel better as soon as we can, often doing so from a place of love. They love us â€” and so they find it hard to see us feeling anything but good, which prompts them to go into fix-a-feeling mode. When we recognize that tendency, we can let our loved ones off the hook for being positivity pushers by using compassion and understanding for their perspectives without compromising our own needs. We can also offer that same compassion to ourselves by recognizing our human tendency to want to pull away from discomfort and go towards feelings that are may feel easier to manage or that make people comfortable around us. We are not charged with spreading cheer and love across the world. We are here to be ourselves, to feel through our feelings, to get comfortable in our own skin, and to be honest with ourselves as consistently. Of course, that can be easier said than done, so here are a few examples of ways to accept and

express our real feelings. Express it to them, so that they can witness you stand up for yourself in that way. If you want to explore the potential aha moments around your seemingly sucky feelings, make space with words and images that honor those feelings. Image-rich social sites like Tumblr and Instagram can be hella cathartic for feeling our way through our emotions. I also make up my own rituals so that I remember to be present with my own feelings. Try it out or intuit your own ritual and see how you can be there for yourself more often. She recommends a simple self-inquiry sentence as a means of getting present and being okay with our feelings. Say or write the following sentence, filling in the blank with the most honest statement you can say about whatever emotions you are feeling: Sandra often uses the example of feeling cold to illustrate the option to leave our feelings label-free. But as mindful beings with a full spectrum of emotions, we can acknowledge that while it may not feel great, it exists and we are not broken because we feel the existence of the thing. On Being in Favor of The Feels For many of us, the tendency is to try to power up and push through any feelings we deem undesirable. It may even seem like an act of self-preservation to purposely stave off The Feels and opt instead for our daily dose of feel good now. But is there a cost to this focus on positivity? Can we truly heal from hurt and pain if we are being pushed past our pain? Essentially, this is about being comfortable in our own skin and trusting ourselves to be present and resourceful enough to be honest with our feelings without drowning in them. And even if we surrender to allowing perceived bad feelings to wash over us, we can trust ourselves enough to be right where we are, to feel how we feel, and to define healing on our own terms. Richards is a Contributing Writer for Everyday Feminism. She is a six-time author, digital content writer, and lifestyle coach who writes passionately about self-expression, womanhood, modern feminism, location independence and the unschooling lifestyle. Found this article helpful? Articles , Posts Tagged With:

Sexist humor might not change who you are, but it can bring out your worst. Gender “or the different characteristics that define a person as masculine or feminine” consists of several categories.

He was hard on me, and I was afraid of him. It was in stark contrast to the love, nurture, and affirmation I experienced with my mom. I lived in fear of making simple mistakes in front of him, because of the scorn and the ridicule I would undoubtedly receive. I can still remember how angry he became one time when I spilled milk while trying to pour it into a bowl of cereal. I learned to walk on eggshells around him to avoid arousing his temper and the piercing words that would fly out of his mouth when he was displeased. The fear of upsetting him only increased my anxiety, as well as the odds that I would make even more mistakes that angered him. The older I got and the more accomplished I became, the more our relationship seemed to improve. As my success became more evident and undeniable, his critiques seemed to lessen. He still found occasions to throw darts of inadequacy my way, but I learned to disregard them. I had adopted this principle from the Ten Commandments: I was counting on the corresponding promise that doing so meant things would go well with me. I believed that I should honor him not because of how he treated me but simply because he was my father—imperfect and all. I was determined to think the highest thoughts concerning him and also sought to understand him better. I told myself that, considering the difficulties of his own upbringing, he was doing the best he could by me. This was a big step for me. Nevertheless, in the name of honor, I picked up the phone and extended the invitation. Dad seemed a little surprised by my offer, but he accepted the invitation and told me to keep him posted with the details. His positive response was a huge relief to me, and I felt a sense of accomplishment. Just presenting an idea to him that was acceptable—without critique—was a victory. Having it be something that honored him and would ultimately please him gave me a sense that things were beginning to turn around in our relationship. Unfortunately, I was wrong. Two weeks later I phoned my father to give him the details of our trip. I was excited to have worked out the logistics, the trip was set, and all we needed to do was show up. The response I got was jarringly familiar. I told myself I should be perfectly okay with Dad just being Dad in this scenario, as he had been in so many others. I even told myself that I was okay. Later, when a close friend asked about the trip, I was beginning to give a similar answer when I felt overcome by a deep emotion I had trouble identifying. The feeling was both unfamiliar and familiar. Something that had been buried within me was rising to the surface, and it was no longer going to be quiet. To be honest, it felt like there was a screaming monster inside me that had suddenly been roused. This intruder beneath the surface was now setting off alarm bells that reverberated throughout every part of me. This unstoppable force was disrupting my life, and I could not shake it. My peace was gone, my thoughts were fragmented, and to make matters worse, it was now Sunday morning, and in less than two hours I would stand before my congregation for the first of our two Sunday morning services with an enormous problem: I had nothing to say. Whatever this monster within me was, it cut off the flow of love and clarity I relied on week in and week out to prepare and deliver my messages to the congregation. I felt overwhelmed with anxiety, but I was trying very hard to keep it all together. I was terrified to confront what was inside me. I reasoned it would be better for me to function through my dysfunction until I had the wherewithal to handle it, but now I was up against the clock. As I stepped into the shower, I was exhausted, confused, and out of options. And yet somewhere in my heart I heard the whisper of a loving voice. In that moment, everything seemed to shift into slow motion, and my heart began to shift as well. Those whispered words were the divine key that released me from the shackles of fear and numbness. As the warm water washed over me, those gentle healing words washed through me. I let go of my need to have it all together and surrendered to a process I knew would lead me toward wholeness. I also knew it would require facing the monster within. A newfound vulnerability came over me, and I began to sob uncontrollably. The monster that rose up in me that day was Hurt, and its name was well deserved. I let it all go and gave myself permission to cry. Standing in the shower that morning, I cried about the phone call with my dad, but it was actually a year-old cry—and long overdue. As I cried, my hurt erupted like a slow-motion volcano, and yet as messy as it was, I felt a healing relief with each sob. Hurt

always needs to be acknowledged and addressed. When we fail to process our pain in a healthy way, it becomes ill-processed by default, deepening the damage of the original wound. What I experienced that morning in the shower was a cracking open of those layers. As my defenses crumbled, the light and hope of wholeness illuminated my pain and began to heal a wound I had been avoiding and denying for decades. Clear here to learn more about this title. Roberts brilliantly lays forth the truth that in order to live an outer life without limits, we have to uncover and address the inner limitations that hide in our blindspots. His insight is further broadened by his role as founder of one of the most influential churches in the nation, with over fourteen years pastoring thousands of millennials, couples, families, and a diverse group of individuals. Learn more at www. In addition to Wholeness, he is the author of Purpose Awakening and is a sought-after international speaker. Roberts has established the Artist Resource Center, a not-for-profit organization that provides artists and marginalized youth with free tools, knowledge, and practical training. Roberts is the son-in-law of megachurch pastor and author T. He and his wife, Sarah, live in both LA and Denver with their six children. Adapted from the original under a creative commons license.

Chapter 5 : It's Okay Not to Be Okay (Book) — Available October 2, !

Provided to YouTube by Warner Music Group It's Not OK — Zac Brown Band The Foundation — Home Grown Music, Inc. under exclusive license to Atlantic Recor.

Buy from another retailer: It really is O-V-E-R. I feel absolutely mortified, infuriatingly pissed, and pathetically distraught. To sum it up, I am nothing less than the superstar of my own major shitshow. And to make matters even worse, this entire debacle is all overâ€”drumroll, pleaseâ€”a boy. All because I had let him sweep me off my feet as I fell madly in love with him in the short time frame of only eight weeks. Not after a breakup! Damn, saying that number aloud makes me cringe inside. Twenty-five, hold up, now twenty-six breakups in a year has got to be some sort of a record, right? If only we got consolation prizes for our breakups, perhaps a new pair of fabulous shoes. Then at least we could drown away our sorrows on the floor of a shoe closet worthy of Carrie Bradshaw, all the while knowing that each breakup came with three to five inches of pep-in-our-step leg-skinnyfying stiletto pleasure. At least not in my world. How did I even end up here? And of all the ways I could have met a man, somehow my way was on a reality television show. Where do I even begin? A single father with Latin heritage, he was a former athlete and looking for love. And so was I. The night had finally come. I had been impatiently waiting for hours, passing the time with several reapplications of mascara and blush, when finally a producer came to my door and ushered me down in the elevator, through the hotel lobby, and into a waiting stretch limousine. Already inside were four other women, also dressed in floor-length gowns and also ready to meet Number One. I took a seat against the window and observed each woman. One had a pillow shoved in the midsection of her dress resembling a baby bump, which I found quite ballsy and slightly uncomfortable given that Number One was a single father. The fourth womanâ€”the only normal one, in my opinionâ€”wore her hair in a sophisticated chignon that complemented her soft skin, which resembled that of a porcelain doll. A producer hopped into the limo along with a cameraman, and just like that, we were off and on our way to the circus! A short drive later, the limo was parked in the cobblestone driveway of an enormous Spanish-style mansion, with Number One standing amid bright lights in front of a large fountain adorned with colorful flowers. With a dozen cameras positioned at various heights and angles, he waited as one by one, each of the four other women exited the vehicle and greeted him. Each engaged in a short conversation before sashaying around the fountain and entering the arched wooden front doors of the mansion. When it was my turn, I stepped out of the limo and began what felt like the longest ten-foot walk of my life. The moment I laid eyes on Number One, I was infatuated. His satisfactorily tall athletic build, blond hair, and expensive suit that fit snugly in all the right areas if you know what I mean had me both nervous and intrigued. A quick introduction later, with a grin, I too sashayed around the fountain and entered the mansion. The setup was simple: Oh, and all of this while cameras rolled, capturing our every move. After surviving the first nightâ€”which really ended at sunrise the next dayâ€”I began what would be a seven-week romance with Number One. Each week brought a new round of dates and with it a new destination, and of course, new drama. Luckily, each woman also got a little private time on these dates. Nonetheless, week after week I stayed, partially in anticipation of getting a solo date, which I hoped would ignite a romance between us, partially because I was traveling the world for freeâ€”but mainly because I was just so damn attracted to him. His position of power created an aura around him that made him attractive enough to justify turning a blind eye to the painfully boring conversations I endured for weeks. Our worldwide journey had brought us to our final destination, St. Lucia, and with just two weeks until the end, this week of dating was far different from the others: This was the moment where sparks would finally be ignited. Unless if by sparks you mean he blasted Ray Jay and R. Kelly all night long and showed me dozens of videos of his old soccer highlights on YouTube. There was no getting to know me, no romance, and there was most definitely no fantasy involved in the evening. All there was was the realization that I was nothing more than a pretty object he had no intentions of liking, let alone loving, and thus no amount of free travel was enticing enough to stay any longer. The following morning, when I tried to explain the disappointment of the night, his disinterest in anything but himself became even more apparent. Everything I said was met with the

same gag-worthy response. I shit you not! Eight weeks of missing my family in the hopes of finding love, and it all came to an end in one maddening conversation under the blistering sun of St. All I could do was walk away. Ironically, it was this combination of animosity and the liberation I felt at recognizing and dumping a textbook chauvinist pig that provided a clean break. My heartache was minimal and short-lived, and I left St. Lucia single and ready to put the entire journey behind me. Little did I know that the ending of this relationship—if you can even call it that—would serve as the catalyst for my next twenty-five relationships and, consequently, breakups. As irresistible as it sounded, I grappled with the thought of interrupting my life once again to partake in a second shitshow. After debating for weeks, I reluctantly decided to throw my hands in the air, let Jesus take the wheel, and give love another shot. It was as if all the stars in my world had aligned, and I was about to meet my soul mate and live happily ever after. So three months after saying goodbye to Mr. The next eight weeks were going to be the most intense, emotional, and fun of my life, surrounded by hot men and cameras. Although each of the breakups came with a different story and different emotions, they seemed so much more amicable than my previous breakup with Number One. The fact that I was standing five feet away from someone I knew I was moments away from dumping was awkward enough, but the guilt I felt afterward was torment. I found myself wondering, Why me? Who had given me the right to dump good, kindhearted men who had put their lives on hold, risked humiliation and heartbreak, and treated me with nothing but respect? Who had made me the judge in this case? Half of the men I dumped were probably too good for me anyway, and yet somehow, by breaking up with them, I felt like I was minimizing them. Was I about to ruin their lives? The biggest and hardest breakup of them all is without question Number Twenty-Six. This is going to be one of those breakups that will define me for the rest of my life, haunt me wherever I go, a permanent skeleton in my closet. No, this one belongs to you forever. You now get the privilege of telling people—what do they call it these days? How did it go so wrong? Did I make a mistake that will shape the rest of my life by picking and getting engaged to Number Twenty-Six? Of course I did! Was I blind to who he really was? Of course I was! A man who made me the happiest woman in the world. It was all so perfect. Why am I telling you all this? Here to bare it all, one catastrophic moment at a time. No sugarcoating, no denying the brutal reality of heartbreak. Just my story along with a little advice on how to survive a breakup. With a death comes finality, with an illness comes an opponent to beat. Get ready to go from hysterically crying all day, to suddenly becoming a raging lunatic who hates the world, to finding yourself in front of a fireplace literally burning away every memory of your ex. And—believe it or not—all the way to being able to look back, laugh a little, cry a bit, learn a lot and most importantly realize that happily ever after might really be happily never after. But you have to survive it first. For now, there are no words comforting enough, no amount of positive-thinking bullshit wise enough, and certainly no type of booze strong enough to bring you solace. Welcome to the Pity Party! Check your pride at the door!

Chapter 6 : It's Okay To Not Be Okay |

It's Okay Not to Be Okay is a deeply encouraging - quite possibly transformative - tome for stumbling saints!" - Lisa Harper, bestselling author and Bible teacher FOLLOW SHEILA!

Little did I know how much my life would change. He was not the type of guy I normally dated, but I fell for him anyway. It was our happy fun time in Then, in early , I sensed a change. I had that feeling. You see, ever since we became a couple, we could talk about anything without feeling judged or embarrassed. We were happy, so when suddenly he changed and became very private, it raised an alarm in me. It turned out he was having an affair— not just with one, but with two women at the same time. The pain, the hurt, the humiliation, and the numbness that came afterward were unbearable. I literally forced the truth out of him. I knew it would hurt, but I had to know his reasons. How could someone with a kind heart cheat on a person and create a new relationship based on a lie? Questions bounced around in my head for months. Eventually I forgave him, and so did the others. But unfortunately for me, I let myself stay in this drama. That was when I found out I was six weeks pregnant. Under stress and feeling mentally and physically tired, not to mention scared, I decided to keep the pregnancy as a single mother. Then I miscarried in the first week of December. It completely broke my heart. This is the limit. I left the hospital feeling numb. Numbness turned into anger. My sister and best friend called and said it was okay for me to get angry, releasing all the pain inside. I felt so drained. The worst thing about being alone is feeling you are alone. All I wanted at that time was to go home, where I could just rest without thinking about how unfair life felt at that moment. So in mid-December I flew back to Indonesia and had the surgery a couple of days later. I could finally share my burdens with them. The pathology results from the tumor stated benign, but since I have the cancer genes, I have no option but to change my lifestyle and make healthier choices, which is a blessing already. While taking the time to recover from my heartbreak, my loss, and my surgery, I managed to celebrate Christmas and the New Year with my whole family who supported me and welcomed me back with open arms. Sometimes the worst things in life can actually be blessings in disguise. In retrospect, I realize I made a lot of mistakes. Through the events in our lives, good and bad, we learn who we are and what makes us tick. I never imagined I would lose love, a pregnancy, and my health all in one go. But most importantly, I love and believe in myself. Depressed woman image via Shutterstock. This post was originally published in

Chapter 7 : It's Not Okay: Turning Heartbreak Into Happily Never After by Andi Dorfman

Andi Dorfman Reveals Secret After Secret In New Book 'It's Not Okay' The former "Bachelorette" doesn't hold back in the tell-all about her breakup with Josh Murray. By Leigh Blickey.

Chapter 8 : Quote by John Lennon: "Everything will be okay in the end. If it's not"

It's not OK in Paeroa Evaluation ; We've all got a role in. keeping our families safe.

Chapter 9 : It's Okay to Not Be Okay

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