

MARCH 2026

From the Countryside

Hi friends,

Welcome to my very first official missionary blog.

For the last twenty years, I shared nearly every moment of my life online. Photos, travels, thoughts, transitions, reinventions. Instagram became my digital diary. Facebook held chapters of my becoming. But somewhere along the way—somewhere between deeper prayer and quieter mornings—I realized something had shifted.

I no longer found happiness in posting.

Instead of feeling connected, I felt detached. Instead of feeling seen, I felt scattered. And as my relationship with God deepened, my life began to feel... sacred. Not secret. Not hidden. Just sacred. And sacred things deserve slower spaces.

We're all busy. We don't call as often as we'd like. We don't see our friends enough. Life moves quickly, and sometimes the deeper parts of us get lost in the shuffle of schedules and notifications.

Wouldn't it be beautiful to catch up once a month by reading about each other's real lives? Not the highlight reel. Not the filtered square. But the honest, ordinary, sacred moments in between.

So I deleted everything from Instagram.
I hardly post on Facebook anymore.



LIVING MY *Biaf*

And here we are.

I find so much joy now in reading and writing. In cozy corners. In longhand journals. In silence. In countryside sunsets. This monthly blog feels like opening the door just enough to let you into my little world—well... now the countryside.

I'm hoping it inspires others to do the same.

It might not be everyone's cup of tea — but it is absolutely mine.

There is something intimate about sitting with someone's words. It feels slower. More intentional. More human.

So if you start a blog, please tell me.
I want to subscribe.

I'm hoping it inspires others to do the same.



DEZIRÉE SLUSHER

Catholic Missionary

NASHVILLE & HEALING

February was full.

I took a mini road trip to Nashville, Tennessee to attend the St. John Paul II Healing Conference hosted by the St. John Paul II Healing Center.

It was, without exaggeration, the best four days of 2026. For fifteen years, I studied trauma, psychology, and healing—always wanting to understand how wounds shape behavior. What I longed to know was this: how does Catholicism enter this space without becoming “woo woo”?

Here’s the shortest explanation I can offer:

The patterns of sin in our lives are often rooted in unprocessed childhood wounds. When we identify the wound, we begin to see which of the seven deadly sins has been operating beneath the surface. That’s where healing begins—not in shame, but in clarity.

I also took their “Equipping” bonus day. If you ever go—take it. You spend the entire day learning to move with the Holy Spirit. It was powerful. Grounded. Reverent. Not emotional hype—but deep interior transformation.

What made the trip even sweeter was the company. I arrived a day early to spend quality time with my dear friend Pam—the woman who convinced me to move to Simpsonville, South Carolina in 2020 at the height of the pandemic. She had just opened a yoga studio, and together we launched a Facebook show called Wake Up Simpsonville. I was still trying to find my roots then. Looking back now, I can see how God was gently repositioning me—even before I understood what He was doing.

For the conference, my lay Dominican sister Allyson and I were roomies. We spent three days laughing, crying, praying, and trying to stay warm. As a true foodie, I fully embraced the Nashville experience—good food, deep conversations, and sacred sisterhood with two of my soul sisters.

A LITTLE ABOUT ME

(If You’re New Here)

For fourteen years, I lived immersed in the New Age world—traveling, seeking truth, studying healing, searching for love. I was a woman circling the globe trying to make sense of life.

On May 20, 2024, everything changed.

I had a powerful encounter with our Blessed Mother. It broke something off of me. A spell I didn’t even know I was under. The trajectory of my life shifted almost overnight.

On December 8, 2024, I consecrated myself to Mary.
On March 25, 2025, I became Catholic—one of the greatest days of my life.
I now work for the Church.
On December 8, 2025, I took private vows as a consecrated single.

When I look back, it feels like my life sped up the moment I encountered her.

I was once a woman wandering the world looking for truth and love.

Now I live in the countryside and serve daily as a missionary.

And I can honestly say—I am the happiest I have ever been.

Each of those milestones holds a long, winding story. I’ll share them slowly, in time. This space isn’t for rushing.



Allyson my Lay Dominican Sister



“FOR YOU ARE DUST,
AND TO DUST YOU SHALL
RETURN.”

I. GENESIS 3:19

ENTERING THE DESERT

February also brings Ash Wednesday.

Last year was my first Lent as a Catholic. If I'm honest, I didn't fully understand it. I gave something up... and stopped a week later. I abstained from meat on Fridays—but I never really entered the desert.

This year, I'm in the desert.

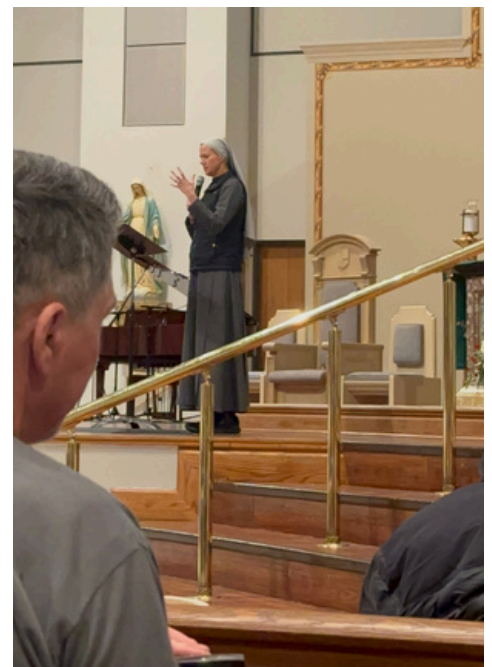
And I'm not alone.

My sister Angel and I (not by blood, but always my sister) lead the women's ministry at our parish. We invited the women to journey through Lent with us using *Restore* by Sr. Miriam James Heidland.

Thirty-five women said yes.

Thirty-five.

Sr. Miriam James Heidland speaking at the St. John Paul II Healing Conference.



Zoom gathering with the women journeying through *Restore* together.

There is something so powerful about shared repentance. Shared prayer. Shared vulnerability. We're only two weeks in, and my biggest takeaway so far is this: God loves us more than we can comprehend—but we are very good at pushing Him away or making ourselves too busy for Him.

I've been intentional about daily prayer. My penance is attending a 6 a.m. Lenten Mass every Friday.

Lent is meant to make us uncomfortable. It exposes blind spots. It invites renewal.

Last Easter was special because I had just entered the Church. This Easter will be different—because I walked the desert on purpose.

On February 19, we celebrated Zoe's second birthday — the sweet little face you see on the first page of this blog.

It has been such a joy to witness her growth — not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually. There is something incredibly humbling about watching a child become more fully themselves each year. Zoe carries a quiet strength and tenderness that moves me. Seeing her confidence grow, hearing her thoughts become more thoughtful, watching her personality unfold — it feels like being entrusted with a front-row seat to a miracle in slow motion.

Children have a way of revealing God's gentleness. Zoe reminds me of that often.

And then just five days later, on February 24, 2026, another miracle arrived.

My sister Angel and her husband Matt welcomed their sixth child — Nora Wren.

8 pounds, 10 ounces.

21 inches long.

I had the honor of witnessing her birth.

Yes — I was standing right behind the doctor, ready to catch her.

And I cut the umbilical cord.

Angel and Matt have six other children, including Mack, Angel's biological sister whom they adopted. I love them all the same. But witnessing Nora's first breath... that moment when heaven and earth feel impossibly close... it is etched into my heart forever.

There is something about new life that silences everything unnecessary.

Our first morning gathered in prayer together.



FEBRUARY HAS ALWAYS FELT LIKE A SACRED MONTH, BUT THIS YEAR IT HELD EVEN MORE BEAUTY.

This is what my life looks like right now:

Early morning Mass.
Women gathering in sisterhood.
Road trips for healing.
Countryside quiet.
Babies taking first breaths.
A heart more hidden, but more alive than ever before.

Thank you for stepping into this space with me.

If this little monthly letter blesses you, stay.
If it inspires you to create your own cozy corner of the internet, tell me. I'd love to read about your world too.

And if you'd like to keep journeying with me through these sacred, ordinary, countryside days — don't forget to subscribe so you receive each month's letter. I promise it will always be honest, reflective, and from the heart.

With love from the countryside,
Deziree