

The Origin Story of Bohemia Collective

I wasn't looking for a business. I was looking for a place to belong.

For a long time, I was trying to find my place in the world.

I wanted to understand myself. I wanted to heal. I wanted to make sense of my experiences and, more than anything, I wanted to find a way forward that felt authentic to who I was.

My journey into recovery was where many of those questions first began to take shape.

I initially found myself in a traditional, faith-oriented recovery environment. I understood the value of community, accountability, compassion and human connection, but something about the framework didn't quite fit me.

I had been raised Catholic, but I wasn't deeply religious. I hadn't grown up immersed in scripture or theological study. I carried some of the traditions and values I had been taught, but I didn't have the relationship with faith that the environment seemed to assume.

And I remember wondering:

How can I authentically surrender myself to something I don't yet understand or believe in?

I was already carrying shame, fear, guilt and confusion. I didn't feel chosen. I didn't feel particularly guided. I didn't feel heard.

Most of all, I felt alone.

And I began to recognize something important:

If I didn't feel that I belonged in the environment where I was supposed to recover, how safe was I really going to feel there?

So I went searching.

I opened my laptop and started looking.

I found a more secular, science-informed approach to recovery — one grounded in practical tools, psychology, behaviour change and personal responsibility.

And something shifted.

For the first time, recovery didn't feel like something I simply had to believe in.

It was something I could **learn**.

I could understand my patterns.

I could examine my behaviour.

I could develop skills.

I could question things.

I could experiment.

I could participate in my own recovery without having to abandon my intellect or adopt a belief system that wasn't mine.

And I felt hopeful.

I still felt like myself.

Then I became curious.

Recovery opened a door I didn't know was there.

I became fascinated by patterns — the patterns in my behaviour, my thoughts, my emotions, my relationships and the systems around me.

I wanted to understand why we repeat the things we say we want to change.

Why do we know something isn't good for us and still return to it?

Why do certain experiences affect us so deeply?

How are habits formed?

Can we actually change the way we respond?

What happens in the brain when we repeatedly think, feel and behave in the same ways?

I started learning about psychology, behaviour change, neuroscience, neuroplasticity, mindfulness and the mechanisms behind learning and adaptation.

And then COVID changed the world.

Suddenly, the laptop that had once been my gateway to recovery became my classroom.

Education moved online. Experts began teaching from their homes. Courses, workshops and communities became accessible from anywhere.

And I began learning everything I could.

I explored new interests. I learned new skills. I became more intentional about how I structured my days and my life. I even redesigned my son's education, taking what I was learning about learning, curiosity, creativity and pattern recognition and bringing it into our home.

I wasn't simply recovering anymore.

I was rebuilding.

And I was discovering that learning itself could be transformative.

Then something unexpected happened.

The further I went into science, psychology and neuroscience, the more curious I became about spirituality.

At first, this confused me.

Hadn't I moved away from a spiritual framework because I wanted something more grounded?

Why was I suddenly asking spiritual questions again?

I began noticing patterns and parallels between the language of psychology, the experience of mindfulness and the ancient human search for meaning.

I became fascinated by consciousness, symbolism, meditation, intuition, ritual, personal transformation and the ways humans have always tried to understand their inner worlds.

And I found myself asking:

Do I really have to choose?

Does science mean abandoning spirituality?

Does spirituality require abandoning critical thinking?

Does psychology have to exclude mystery?

Does being intellectually curious mean I have to become cynical?

Or could I simply remain curious?

That question changed everything.

I stopped trying to find one system that had every answer.

Instead, I began learning how to hold different perspectives beside one another.

To ask what we know.

To ask what we don't know.

To distinguish evidence from interpretation.

To remain open without becoming unquestioning.

To explore spirituality without needing to turn every spiritual idea into scientific fact.

And somewhere in that process, I discovered the philosophy that would eventually become the foundation of my work:

Science and spirituality don't have to compete for the same territory.

They can be different lenses through which we explore the human experience.

The pieces began to come together.

My recovery journey led me to addiction education.

Addiction education led me deeper into psychology and behaviour change.

Psychology led me into neuroscience and neuroplasticity.

Neuroscience led me back toward mindfulness.

Mindfulness opened space for deeper self-awareness.

Self-awareness led me toward spirituality, meaning and consciousness.

And all of it brought me back to one central question:

How do we become the people we are capable of becoming?

I continued studying.

I pursued education in addictions and recovery.

I explored mindfulness and mentorship.

I learned about emotional patterns, behaviour, the nervous system, self-awareness and personal transformation.

And I began developing courses, tools and frameworks that brought these ideas together in ways that felt practical, accessible and human.

Eventually, I realized something.

All those things I had been collecting weren't random.

They were pieces of the same puzzle.

Recovery.

Science.

Psychology.

Neuroscience.

Mindfulness.

Spirituality.

Self-discovery.

Education.

Mentorship.

Creativity.

Community.

I hadn't been wandering aimlessly.

I had been gathering the pieces.

And then there was Bohemia.

I didn't wake up one morning and decide to invent a community.

Bohemia Collective emerged from a problem I had lived myself.

I couldn't find the kind of recovery and personal-development environment I needed.

I wanted somewhere that respected science without dismissing spirituality.

Somewhere that welcomed spirituality without demanding a particular religion.

Somewhere that taught practical skills rather than simply offering inspiration.

Somewhere that encouraged questioning rather than prescribing answers.

Somewhere that understood that recovery isn't only about stopping a behaviour.

It's also about discovering who you are when you no longer need the old patterns to survive.

It's about rebuilding identity.

Learning emotional skills.

Understanding your patterns.

Developing self-awareness.

Creating new habits.

Finding meaning.

Cultivating mindfulness.

Exploring spirituality.

Developing resilience.

And eventually learning how to **live** — not simply how to recover.

So I began building the environment I had wished existed when I needed it.

That became **Bohemia Collective**.

And then came Wild Sage Society.

Bohemia Collective became the larger ecosystem — the place where education, courses, tools, exploration and personal development could live.

But I wanted something more intimate.

A place where people could gather.

A place for the curious, the questioning, the seekers, the creators, the unconventional and the people who have never quite fit neatly into one box.

And that became **Wild Sage Society**.

A community for people who might meditate in the morning, study psychology in the afternoon, pull a tarot card in the evening, question everything they were taught, walk barefoot through the woods, read Jung, explore their birth chart, make sourdough and still want evidence before believing something.

Because maybe we don't have to choose one identity.

Maybe we don't have to choose one philosophy.

Maybe we don't have to choose between the rational mind and the mysterious heart.

Maybe we are allowed to be curious about all of it.

This is the work I am building now.

I don't consider myself someone who has figured everything out.

Quite the opposite.

I'm someone who kept asking questions.

Someone who went looking when the obvious answer didn't feel right.

Someone who followed the threads.

The questions.

The curiosities.

The unexpected connections.

The synchronicities.

The things that kept appearing again and again until I finally understood that perhaps they weren't distractions from the path.

They were the path.

I spent years trying to find my place in the world.

And somewhere along the way, I realized I wasn't meant to find a place that already existed.

I was meant to help create one.

A place where recovery can meet self-discovery.

Where science can sit beside spirituality.

Where curiosity is welcomed.

Where questioning is encouraged.

Where personal growth becomes a practice rather than a performance.

Where people can learn the skills to rebuild their lives — and then discover what they want to build with them.

That is the heart of Bohemia Collective.

And Wild Sage Society is where we gather.

Because perhaps the real purpose isn't to become someone else.

Perhaps it is to come home to yourself — with greater awareness, greater agency, and the courage to create a life that actually feels like yours.

I spent a long time looking for my tribe.

Now I'm building the place where we can find one another.

Welcome to Bohemia Collective.

Welcome to Wild Sage Society.

Come curious. Stay wild. Keep becoming.

Bohemia Collective