



The  
Extraordinary life  
Of An  
Ordinary Housewife

A Memoir of Sevenshining, Hoating Traums,  
and Churning to Live A Soneed Life

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# Introduction

## THE CALL TO SPEAK

For as long as I can remember, my throat has felt heavy. When I laughed, even when I “easily” spoke in public, there was a hidden part of me holding back. Words pressed against my ribs like birds against a cage.

On the surface I was “together,” but inside I lived with old fears: If I tell the truth, I’ll be punished. If I show myself, I’ll be burned. Those fears weren’t just metaphors. They were cellular, memory impressions of other lifetimes where speaking openly got me exiled, tortured, or silenced.

In spiritual language, they call it the “witch wound.” In practical terms, it meant I’d learned to hide—to modulate my voice and to speak in ways that felt safe but not true.

Now, I recognize I’ve carried a lot of blockage in my throat chakra. Not just from this lifetime, but as a residue carried across many—fear around speaking my truth because of persecution.

That memory lived in my body as if it had just happened. It's why the nudge to speak out, even in something as simple as a Facebook Live, felt so terrifying, yet so necessary.

Nine months before this book began, the whisper to tell my story on a bigger platform became a shove. In meditation one morning, I heard it clearly: *Do the Facebook Lives again*. It sounded ridiculous. *Why Facebook? Why now?* Due to my health issues, I had purposely given up hosting regular Facebook Lives about business, social media, and other random real and raw topics. But the nudge was insistent.

The next day, I sat in my backyard with my plate of olives and pumpkin seeds in one hand and nerves buzzing. *Ok, I guess we're doing this live video thing again*. I pressed that "Go Live" button and braced myself.

Only this time, it wasn't just me talking. Words came through me, not from me.

A clarity and confidence I didn't recognize poured out. My body relaxed even as my heart raced. When I stopped, I stared at the screen, blinking. People weren't just scrolling by; they watched, they listened, and they commented. Something in them recognized a very real, raw truth when they heard my words. As if they were seeing themselves in me.

I trusted what was coming through me, but I needed to know I wasn't imagining these feelings.

Around the same time, I booked my first Akashic Records reading. I wanted confirmation I wasn't imagining these feelings. **Akashic Records** are a comprehensive, energetic log of all human and universal events (past, present, and potential future). They are often described

as a cosmic database or vibrational history accessed through meditation, prayer, or specific intentional keys and used for personal growth, healing, and understanding the soul's path. My intuitive life coach and mentor at the time knew of a person who could offer Akashic Records readings. Through her recommendation, I booked the session without speaking with the practitioner beforehand.

The Akashic Records reader didn't sugarcoat it: "Stop questioning. You already know. Surrender to the process."

I laughed out loud because the advice sounded exactly like my soul: detached, slightly exasperated, but deeply loving. This feeling, this knowing was so familiar, I often felt as if my soul was saying it in a mildly inconvenienced tone: *Why are you asking this again? You already know the answer. Stop questioning and surrender.*

That reading continued to go deeper. She went on to tell me to let go of all relationships that weren't serving me. At the time, I felt she was pointing toward my marriage. I really don't have many outside relationships, and my marriage was struggling. More importantly, at the time, I wasn't ready to hear this.

Here's the thing about psychic guidance: sometimes it feels like pure healing, and other times, it's like a jolt of truth you wish you could unhear. And sometimes, the information isn't delivered in a healing way; it's delivered in a way that dysregulates your entire body.

I learned then how important spiritual boundaries are. Even with the most well-meaning guides, healers, and mentors, you must set boundaries for yourself. It's important you know how to discern what you're ready to act on and what you're not. It's incredibly important that your practitioners know how to properly deliver the message as part of *your healing story*. Their role should be to help you integrate the

information and messages experienced into your life and your healing.

In my hopes of both understanding the last reading and escaping the whole “surrender to telling your story” message, a few days later I booked a reading with a different Akashic Records practitioner, Alissa Williams with Sapphire Soul Wellness. I wasn’t trying to undo what I’d heard . . . I was trying to understand how to live with it.

This time, the reader didn’t know anything about me; we’d never met through any other means before this session. This anonymity also reassured my analytical mind that the information I was going to receive was unbiased.

Lo and behold, this new reader barely glanced at me before saying: “Why are you here? You’ve already gotten that answer. Yes, you need to tell, but more specifically, write your story.”

“But I’m already telling my story and doing those Facebook Lives,” I protested.

She shook her head. “No. Not just Social Media videos. A book. You’re being called to write a book.”

Her words landed like a punch in my gut. *A book? Me?*

The final push came during a Vanaprastha Retreat I was attending in Chicago. When teaching about ways we could contribute our wisdom to the community, Swami Atmavidyananda Giri mentioned that we could write a book and share our experiences as a means of giving back to the community and sharing our knowledge. It was the final blow to my resistance; it was another breadcrumb I needed to follow.

You might be asking, “What was the problem? Why not just start writing?”

The problem was as simple and as complex as our trauma. It started with the things my mind has been telling me for years. Things like, *I can't write*. I just wasn't born with that "writing gene." When I tried to write my story in the past, it ended up sounding like an instruction manual got crossed with a police report. How would this be different?

Or was this one of those "stories" we tell ourselves? Maybe. But I also thought about my health. It was so fragile, and my energy was so limited. Writing felt impossible. But now two strangers and a swami who I highly respected had echoed the same message: "You must tell your story. In written form."

Was this just ego talking? Who am I to share my story? Who am I to be considered a guide? I continued to sit with it.

One of my meditation practices is to expand my heart and crown chakras until I feel myself become vast. This practice helps me live energetically expanded, open, and vulnerable.

During one of my meditations, expanding the heart and crown chakras as wide as they could go, a different knowing came through: *This isn't about ego. It's your assignment. Your soul chose this. You're being asked to be a guiding light: a soul healer.*

That day's practice gave me a glimpse of what it meant to carry this assignment with reverence instead of fear. There was no hiding from it this time. I had spent so long trying to bypass my own pain that therapy, medication, exercise, and even meditation had been used as a numbing agent.

The message kept coming back:

*There's no bypassing.*

*Speak.*

*Share.*

*Show the cracks.*

*Tell your story.*

What was I to do? I was committed to this path: to healing, to reconnection, and to devotion. I no longer felt like it was a choice. So I began “telling” my story. First, with the live videos via social media.

One live video after another. Words I didn’t plan poured through, naturally and with conviction. There were times I didn’t even know everything I said until afterwards. People started writing comments like, “You’re putting words to what I’ve felt for years.”

It terrified me and thrilled me. It was the first taste of what would become this book. The call was no longer a whisper. It was a command. As the command demanded the story be told, a collaboration was born.

I needed a soul that I trusted and could be deeply vulnerable with to help me get the story out. As we delve into how this Ordinary Housewife starts living an Extraordinary Life, you’ll occasionally encounter reflections from my writer, collaborator and sister of the soul, Gina, who is a witness to this process.



## CHAPTER ONE

# *The Messenger*

## THE BODY AND HOW SHE KEPT SCORE

My body has always been my messenger. For years I treated it like a stubborn, unloved child, abusing it, forcing it to comply, ignoring its cries, and silencing its whispers. I could outrun my exhaustion with sheer willpower, medicate my pain away, and distract myself with work or caretaking.

But the body doesn't forget. It knows how to keep score when the soul's wounds go unheeded.

From the outside, I looked strong, tough even. A big part of me not only thrived in that image, but at the time, it needed it. As a true Gemini, I guess I assimilated the Gemini twin who carried the stronger, masculine, warrior side—Pollux. He was my ticket to life for a long time. Search and rescue, private security, law enforcement, the academy, and even the daily posture of survival—they all sharpened that edge.

But another side got buried, bullied even. My intuitive, softer, feminine side was completely obscured in the process. I learned to listen to command structures, push past limits, deny rest, and then some.

Who paid the price? The messenger: my body.

At first, I ignored the whispers in the smallest ways. I drank less water so I wouldn't have to take breaks. Yep, I saw bathroom urges as interruptions rather than signals. I brushed off asthma symptoms because I could just push through, or so I thought. I ate foods that I knew didn't agree with my body because they were convenient and didn't require time away from all my responsibilities.

A friend once told me, "Just ask your lungs what's wrong." At the time I thought, *What does that even mean?* Later I discovered through meditation that my body was always speaking; I just had to listen.

This story isn't just about me or my survival; it's meant to serve as another messenger. This is about your survival too. You picked up this book for a reason. If you're still learning how to listen to your messenger, let my story help. You just have to listen.

In 2018, the collapse came suddenly. One moment I was managing my asthma, the next I was fighting for my life. During my fifth or sixth allergy immunotherapy shot, my body went into full-blown anaphylaxis. I was rushed to the ICU, where I stayed for six days.

At one point, I was in one-on-one care because my cardiac function had become unstable from repeated doses of epinephrine and the effects of anaphylaxis. They pumped me full of prednisone, IV Benadryl, and the strongest COPD inhaler on the market. I remember lying there, monitors beeping, my chest battling for air while my mind still screamed, *Just push harder, you can get through this.*

Except, there are places willpower just won't do!

My body was done carrying the weight of my denial. I nearly left my children and my husband. I almost didn't live to see my daughter get married or to meet my grandbaby. What a gift I would've missed.

Looking back, I can see that my body had been warning me all along; I just hadn't listened. Even after that crisis, I still resisted. I went back to pushing, back to caretaking, and back to silencing. But the messages kept coming. The body will whisper until it screams.

In 2023, the second explosion came not from biological disease (although it manifested as such) but from my own home. A betrayal that pierced what little safety I had left. While I was struggling with my health, my husband was fighting his own inner battles. Those battles led him to make choices that didn't only impact him but also the foundation of how I viewed our relationship and my role in it. This discovery sent me spiraling into the worst medical flare of my life.

My asthma ramped into chaos. Finally, in mid 2024, after over nine months of fighting for every breath, doctors finally diagnosed me with MCAS and dyspnea: oxygen deprivation, dizziness, and a warning of 51 percent mortality. My nervous system collapsed into pure rage.

Pure rage is the only way I can describe how I felt. I told myself, "Burn it all, all of it." I literally wanted to burn my whole life to the ground. At that moment, I felt like it was all a lie and meant nothing.

I was angry, and now, I'm so grateful for that anger. That was the moment I realized I needed help. The betrayal, the flares, and the fury were destroying me from the inside out. This was the moment that sent me into a different kind of spiral. I was going to tend to Heather: to her body, her mind, her heart, and most importantly, her SOUL.

Throughout my life, I was no stranger to traditional therapy. It was an anchor I knew to go to, and it's still one I recommend. This time, it wasn't necessarily something I wanted to do, but my body was giving me no choice. It was speaking what my mouth could not say: *You are not safe. You are not being true to yourself.*

Today, I see my body's intelligence. It was never betraying me; it was screaming on my behalf. Every flare, every collapse, and every racing heartbeat was my body saying: *Pay attention. This is not who you are. This is not what you came here to do.*

In my journal, during one of those desperate conversations with Spirit, spitting anger and rage, I asked: *Why?* The answer that came was simple: *Because it had to be dramatic, otherwise you wouldn't have listened.*

Here's that theme again: *Listen.*

If you're reading this and have been ignoring the body's whispers, my friend, this is your queue: **Listen.**

Back to those conversations with Spirit...

When I asked: *What is my purpose?*

The reply was clear: *You are a soul healer.*

When I asked: *Who am I?*

The voice said: *A divine being of light. The atom point and the infinite.*

This conversation happened over and over again. Those words became anchors.

They gave me language for what my body had been trying to tell me all along. Those sacred words led me into shamanic work, where

my first personal soul retrieval showed me the pieces of myself I had abandoned.

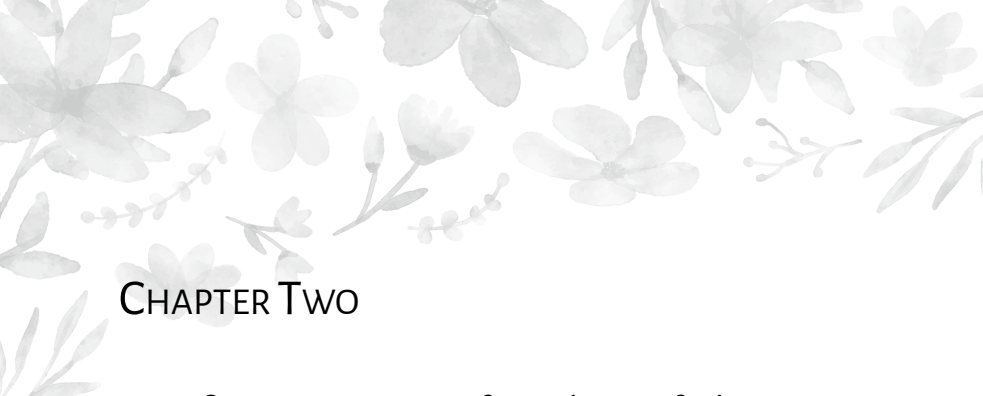
**Soul retrieval** is an ancient shamanic practice aimed at recovering, healing, and reintegrating fragmented parts of a person's vital essence (soul) lost due to trauma, shock, or emotional distress.

The hardest part of a healing journey isn't the illness itself. The hardest part is facing the truth; no bypass works. You can't therapy it away, exercise it away, or even meditate it away.

The only way out is through.

You have to be willing to feel through the grief, through the rage, and through the terror, and have the courage to let the body finally unclench.

The soul may be infinite, but the body is finite. It demands honesty. It demands presence. It demands that we keep score until we finally learn to read and interpret what it's trying to tell us.



## CHAPTER TWO

# *Progress Looks Like Chaos*

For years I thought healing was supposed to look like a steady climb. You do the therapy, the spiritual practices, and the journaling, and eventually you arrive. Right?

Arrive at what? Peace? A clean, polished, whole, enlightened existence? That's the picture I carried, the lie I chased.

Buckle up buttercup, because the truth is, healing looks more like a big pile of chaos. It loops. It doubles back. It falls apart just when you think you've figured it out. Think of your healing journey like an infinity loop. The figure eight that never ends, circling the same wound from new directions each time.

Lean into the suck. Don't shy away from it. It's supposed to be chaotic. It's supposed to come back around until the wound is no longer attached to you (or you to it).

One of the spiritual teachers I have been blessed to learn from, gave me a metaphor I've carried ever since hearing it: "It is like holding up a filthy glass and slowly wiping it clean. At first the glass is cloudy. You can't see through it. But each pass of the rag clears another layer until, eventually, the glass gleams."

Healing doesn't mean you never touch the dirt again. Living life adds more dust and dirt to the glass. But each healing loop through the mess leaves you clearer than before. This pattern of looping showed up everywhere: in my body, my relationships, and my spirituality. Just when I thought I'd made progress, another wave of illness or betrayal or grief would knock me down. I hated it. I thought I was regressing. I thought wounds would never heal.

Over time I learned that those spirals weren't setbacks. They were the depth of healing.

### The Dawn Of Growth

We refer to this time of year as the "dead of winter." We see the snow burying the grass. The bare trees and the leaves dry and brown on the ground.

We think that it is dead darkness underneath.

We wonder if it will ever grow back the same.

We face that same feeling in our lives when things are dark.

We feel buried, and we feel overwhelmed.

But like in nature, spring comes or the snow melts. You realize that it isn't the dead of winter. It's the dawn of growth.

You realize that underneath the surface, things are building their energy, they're growing new leaves, growing new buds.

The flowers are starting to bloom, and that is what life really is, even when it's dark.

Even when we're overwhelmed, spring comes and brings light. Snow melts and growth is revealed.

It is not the dead of winter; it's the dawn of growth.

-Heather Debrececi

January 19th, 2024

Sometimes I compare healing to the seasons. Winter looks like death, but underground, the soil is alive with preparation and reparation. Healing is like that. You think nothing is happening, but life is germinating in the dark.

In fact, my current spiritual mentor helped me realize that some of my most difficult periods were not personal regressions at all, but tied to planetary and seasonal cycles. Recognizing that connection stopped me from turning natural rhythms into shame. We are much like nature; we are nature. We're supposed to go through changes, seasons, death, and renewal; it's all part of the loop.

Past Life Regression therapy gave me another lens. **Life Between Lives** (LBL) refers to the spiritual state or dimension a soul inhabits between incarnations, often accessed through deep hypnotic regression.

In one Life Between Lives session, I traveled back to the 1700s to a stark, lonely land in Wyoming. I was a woman, cold and dying alone in a barn after my family had perished. While I didn't die in that moment of the regression, the lesson from that point was solitude and learning how to be alone. At death, many years later in that lifetime, there was peace.

The lesson was as follows: Even when life feels cold and alone in a moment, by learning from it, we can create growth, change, and peace for our futures.

When the practitioner asked me to re-enter the body after that death, my soul refused. It wanted to move forward, not back. She told me she had never seen this before. That memory from that lifetime carried a wound I had dragged into this life: a deep loneliness and an ache to belong. Seeing it and naming it softened its grip. My soul was ready to move on from this wound.

During another session, something extraordinary happened. While answering questions under hypnosis, my neck grew uncomfortable. I paused mid-sentence. Then I felt my soul send a message to my body to reposition my neck. It gently adjusted me with reverence, love, and care before the session could continue.

The message was unmistakable: *My soul takes better care of this body than I do.*

At that moment, I realized this body was not a prison and not a punishment. It was an agreement. It was a blessing my soul had chosen knowingly, even with its limitations, because it could still carry out its purpose. This body was in fact part of why the soul picked this vessel. From there, everything started to shift in me. Every flare, every collapse, and every struggle was not betrayal; it was soul and body

working together to guide me back to truth.

My soul had been whispering all along: *I've got you. You're not alone in this body. I chose it with you, and I'll carry it with you.*

As my understanding deepened, so did my spiritual practice. I was drawn toward a type of surrender, renunciation. In the Hindu traditions, this phase of life is referred to as the Vanaprastha Ashram (life stage). It represents a gradual detachment from worldly duties to focus on spirituality. Not fully renouncing as a monk or nun, not necessarily through vows, but as a chosen devotion. A period of life where you transition from being the head of the household to the Elder in the community.

At the time, I didn't yet have language for what this path would become.

During a Kriya Yoga retreat in late April 2025, it was announced that for the first time in the United States, Kriya Yoga International would be offering a Vanaprastha program for a small and select group of applicants. This pre-monastic training was designed to support those entering—or already living within—the Vanaprastha Ashram of life and seeking guidance on how to proceed. I applied.

I was younger than the usual age range for the program, but to my surprise, I was accepted. This was my first really immersive program within the Kriya community. Twenty-one days of teachings, meditations, and living in the Ashram taught me so much about what it means to love myself, God, and others. I learned what it means to be compassionate while remaining detached from the ups and downs of life going on around me. It was both an incredibly humbling and exhilarating experience. It's where I made a more conscious decision

to commit to this lifestyle. And it's also where I received confirmation that telling my story as a book was a soul level assignment.

Now, I walk a path of renunciation without formal vows.

I volunteer my time within both the Kriya community and the wider community in my area. I devote hours each day to meditation, and just as many to spiritual study. I do this while holding the possibility of taking full vows later—when I, my family, and my guru are aligned and ready for that transition.

Funny enough, what started out as a fiery decision to put myself first has transformed into a beautifully devoted life: a life built on putting service to others above self. I've come to realize that every experience had, every trauma, every skill mastered, and every lesson learned was never about or for me. It was always about and for God. Those lessons were learned to help others, maybe even you.

I have been blessed by God to learn how to listen and heal while transitioning my life and perspective.

This choice isn't about abandoning life or my obligations. It isn't a life that you rush into to escape your current life. It isn't a trendy lifestyle choice. It's a calling. It's about choosing to live with fewer distractions, closer to the silence where the soul speaks. It's about choosing a life of devotion with the pursuit of self-realization as the goal.

Healing doesn't erase the chaos. It just transforms how I hold it.

The infinity loop still carries me back to familiar wounds, but now I see the circling as polishing. Like wiping the glass clean again and again, until the soul's light shines through. Progress looks like chaos. Healing looks like collapse. And wholeness looks like allowing it all to be part of the path.

# *About the author*

## HEATHER DEBRECENI

Heather Debrececi is a spiritual mentor, shamanic practitioner, devoted yogi, ordained reverend, speaker, and author whose work lives at the intersection of trauma, healing, chronic health patterns, identity, and spiritual awakening.

Her path has not been simple. Through her own lived experience with pain, illness, loss, and deep personal transformation, Heather came to understand that healing is not about becoming someone new. It is about returning to the truth of who we already are. Her work is grounded in that understanding — helping others reconnect with their bodies, their inner wisdom, their lives, and something greater than themselves.

Heather's approach is honest, compassionate, and deeply human. She does not separate the physical from the spiritual, nor does she believe there is only one "right" way to heal. Through mentorship, speaking, and group experiences, she offers a grounded path back to clarity, wholeness, and the sacred self.

**To learn more about Heather's work visit <https://heatherdebreceni.com/>**