



# FemaleGang

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# Women in Sports

I've always been a big sports lover- is that a cliché line to start with? Maybe, but it's true. So naturally it only made sense that I pursued a career in the industry. If we're being honest though, what I really wanted to be when I grew up was Mia Hamm. She was everything **\*insert praise hands here\*** But that's a story for another day.

I got my start in the sports industry as an intern. Straight coffee run status.

And how did I stumble upon said internship? A chance interaction and a LOT of follow up. I literally met the Cowboys Broadcast team one day in passing and never let them forget me since.

I actually love telling this story because it was a such a valuable life lesson for me. I wasn't supposed to get that internship. No- my dad doesn't know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy. We're not big ballers and I don't have a pedigree. In fact, I was told by my own professor that they would prefer the internship go to someone else. That person would be a better fit- it was more up their alley.

But I just couldn't let the opportunity go. So I didn't.

Fast forward a few persistent months later and I was in the building. I cancelled my summer abroad and spent every moment I wasn't in class at the Cowboys practice facility just LEARNING. Soaking every bit in. I was hooked.

Disclaimer: Don't cancel your study abroad plans for a job. There will be plenty of jobs in your industry of choosing and traveling and getting outside of yourself is SO IMPORTANT.

After a year or so of interning in the in-game entertainment and broadcast department, I was set to graduate college. I had just finished shadowing (stalking) (I'm kidding- don't do that) the Director of Entertainment at the Cowboys Draft Day Party. One of my first (of many) 12-hour-days was in the books. It was wild. In all the best ways.

But what I didn't realize, is while I was busy running ragged, I was actually interviewing. My future boss was watching. The stars aligned with the timing- a job was available.

But what I have been lucky enough to do is work with some incredible people. Wow. Now that, is something I don't take lightly.

In my work with the Cowboys, my time at a sports marketing agency for AT&T and currently where I am now at Susan G. Komen. The caliber of professionals that I have surrounded myself with has been nothing short of incredible.



So here is some advice that I have been lucky enough to collect along the way:

- **Don't be afraid to reach**

If I could give anyone a piece of advice it would be to outshoot your coverage- consistently work to be with the best of the best- even if you feel inferior. The moment you stop striving for greatness is the moment you start to fail.

- **Be humble. No matter how great you are or how big you become.**

Your Twitter followers don't make you a better person and they surely don't give you a right to treat people differently. You give the same amount of respect to the head coach as you do the janitor. Period.

- **Don't forget the real world**

It's a flashy industry full of \$30,000 millionaires. You can try and keep up with the Jones' but you never will be the Jones'. The price tag on the dress you wear in your sideline pic, weekly blow outs or an outrageous car payment won't make you better at your job or more respected. Your work will. Put your head down and grind.

- **Respect yourself**

Nine times out of ten, you will be one of the few women under the age of 40 in the building if you work in sports. Or one of the only women at all. Do not take this lightly. Dress appropriately. Act professionally- athletes are your co-workers, you are not their fans. Don't sell yourself short by succumbing to low-level tactics for short-term gain.

- **Be real**

People can spot a fraud from a mile away and this industry is no different. Stay true to your intentions and don't lose sight of the bigger picture. You don't have to pretend to know it all. Don't use people to get to where you need to be. Climb together.

- **Don't be afraid to be great**

You're not a "bitch" for pushing back or having your beliefs. Push the envelope. Your idea is crazy? GOOD. You are smart and you add value. Act like it.

- **Find your tribe**

Who got you to where you are today? Keep them. Don't forget them. Who tells you what you really need to hear? Who innovates? Who do you admire? Connect with them daily.

- **Run, don't walk**

When an opportunity presents itself, you take it. And you make it bigger than it even dreamed it could be for itself. Run, don't walk towards your dreams. And if you don't know your dreams? Keep taking strides. Your perfect moment will present itself in due time. And while we're on the topic, let me counter my point and tell you to be patient. You will have to grind- you can't be the big boss immediately. So enjoy your time. I wish I had done more of that.

- **Lift while you climb**

As women we are so hard on ourselves, on each other- whether self-imposed or due to culture- it's toxic. I've been guilty of it. Being overly competitive, spiteful, talking shit. It literally will get you nowhere. So maybe instead focus on fixing her crown. We are stronger together, I swear.

- **Work**

Work. Work. Work and more work. You think what you did was great? How can you make it better? Is there a chance to learn something new? Take it. Does it mean you have to do the grunt work? Do it anyway. Your experience actually doing the little things will make you so much more insightful and well-rounded in the future. And grateful. And respected. Do the work and make it great. Always.

As I sit back and reflect- I've been pretty lucky with my career thus far. And I say lucky lightly, because honestly, I've worked my ass off to get to where I am today. And I'm not even close to being done yet



## Never Forget , Your Gift Chose You

Sometimes I forget who I am. Do you ever do that too?

I relate it to feeling like the waves washing up on the shore and then quickly fading back out to sea. The repetitive ebb and flow of the ocean.

I forget to protect..  
...my energy....my thoughts....my self-care  
..my heart.....my emotions

And when I forget who I am, I tend to forget what I need to care about.

I had the most beautiful conversation with a friend today. She reminded me that it is ok to feel, to be worried, to cry. That through these emotions God is preparing me for what's to come. To pray for his guidance and open my heart to the signs.

Before our chat, I was feeling uninspired. Not because I don't love what I do, simply because I am human and it happens sometimes.

For in that moment, I allowed myself to hear my limiting beliefs..  
"You're not enough"

"You're not worthy"

"Who are you to do this"

For that moment, I was trying to find a way out. A reason to agree with my fears and emotions.

Sometimes a chat, a dance party or even a cry with a friend is all the reassurance you need to keep moving towards your purpose. To reignite the passion in your soul.

Note to self: never forget that your gift chose you



# My Story, My Strength

Clothing is a way to express your mood, your personality, and tell your story without saying a word. We are all guilty of making a decision on someone based on what they are wearing. I do it everyday and I am sure you do too. Knowing this, I try to put time and effort into how my story is told by the clothes I put on everyday, well most days when I am not exhausted or just going to the gym.

There is a group called, "[Four Girls On a Mission](#)" and they are helping to tell stories through t-shirts. They are using t-shirts to support women in finding their voice through their clothes. That is why it is no surprise that the non-profit that I work for, [Family Lives On Foundation](#), decided to partner with them to create a piece that helps our voice be heard.

I haven't even told you the best part of their company... For every shirt sold, \$1.00 will go towards programs that promote women's safety, education, and wellness. For a limited time, while our creation is being sold, a portion will go toward helping the children in Family Lives On's [program](#).

Family Lives On Foundation supports the emotional well-being of children who have lost a parent. But the 'how' we do it is the important piece. We have a program that is called the "[Tradition Program](#)." The best way to explain it is to think about a tradition that you have with your family or parents. Whether it is going to an Eagles game for Christmas or even just baking cookies. We put together packages and get the family excited and set up for that tradition to come around each year, even though an important piece is missing – the parent.

My father passed away suddenly when I was 14. There is a lesson that I have learned through the years of watching this happen to others and from myself. There are two ways in which a person's life can head after something traumatic happens. In this case, losing a parent in those developmental years. One way, is keeping your head above water (figuratively speaking of course) and eventually learning to float. The other, is continually struggling to tread water through the waves of life. I was lucky enough that I had a surviving parent that put my life jacket on but others are so not so fortunate. Family Lives On serves as that life raft that is thrown to people when their boat sinks. That is the best way I can paint the picture of how it feels to lose your parent.

After 11 years I can finally say with confidence that I am stronger because of what has happened. Not everyone's story includes a death. It sometimes includes something that is worse or just as devastating. It's how you use that story, that defining moment, or for some – multiple chapters, and use it to propel you to the next. YOUR STORY = YOUR STRENGTH.

You can buy a shirt here to support both organizations while telling your story. We'd love to hear your story! Use our hashtags so we can read them. [#mystorymystrength](#) or [#givegriefwords](#)

[You can buy a shirt here!](#)

Use code FLOF for a discount. For every shirt sold, \$1 will go to Family Lives On Foundation.



## To The Small But Tough Female Entrepreneur

As a military wife on the move, I quickly started to lose my sense of direction on my personal career path. I was burnt out looking for a job every couple of years and tired of working to achieve somebody else's dreams. I knew that I needed a way to end the cycle and find a successful fulfilling career that fit in with my transient lifestyle. So I did what any entrepreneurial millennial would do, I started a blog.

Entrepreneurship was the most flexible business model that allowed my passions for beauty and wellness to merge with my ever-changing lifestyle as a military spouse. I launched my blog the fall of 2018 and the day that I launched, I knew that I could kiss the anxiety of being jobless on our next move goodbye. In just a few short months my blog, which focuses on living an eco-conscious lifestyle, clean beauty and wellness have made my dreams a reality.

Deciding to launch my blog did not happen overnight, it took a lot of prayer and support from other like-minded women. Now I have a small but growing business that I get to wake up and work for every day. If you are sitting on your dreams or working hard for someone else's my advice to you would be to stop overthinking and just go for it! My greatest fear was a failure but I finally realized that I was failing myself more by not giving my dreams a chance.

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# A Young Girl with Big Dreams!



Abriana (AB) is a twelve year old aspiring artist. For her, drawing and painting are an outlet to express her emotions onto a canvas. She was inspired and motivated by her father, who is also an artist, and began to paint about two years ago. Not only is Abriana a talented artist, but she is a hard worker in the classroom, earning Honor Roll on her report cards and she is a role model to her two younger brothers. Abriana practices her craft every chance she gets and works hard to perfect her talents. She has even started to put her artwork up for sale! Although she started off painting on canvas, AB has been able to show her skills through henna tattoo and artistic make-up as well. When asked why she chose to be an artist, she replied, "Being an artist to me means being free, having endless opportunities, and living fearlessly. My hopes and dreams are to be able to build a brand to uplift, inspire and empower people of every age and race." You can follow her journey on Instagram @thee\_art\_angel.



# Representation Matters

Some of the most rewarding and influential experiences I've had, have happened within the walls of my classroom. I absolutely love the art of teaching. To have the opportunity to mold and inspire young minds is extremely a blessing. Although I teach several subjects, my absolute favorite topic to teach is Black History in the month of February. So much love, joy, and appreciation goes into the curriculum that I share with my students during this month. I love that I can introduce to them inventors like Garrett Morgan and Charles Richard Drew. I get excited when they learn about powerful poets like Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. I fully enjoy reading the stories of fearless slaves that took risks like Harriet Tubman and Fredrick Douglas.

It's not only a great subject to teach but it's vital. Black History is taught to break stereotypes and to crush biases and prejudice ideas. It's a way to empower little brown boys and girls to go for it because there were people before them who did. It's a huge opportunity to highlight our country's history and to explain how far we've come. One of the first things I explain to my students year after year is WHY we take the time to celebrate Black History month. I tell them we must talk about and learn about the past so we don't allow history to repeat itself. I tell them that Black History is American History and deserves to be taught throughout the year. Lastly, I tell them it's to learn about amazing individuals who shaped our country, sports, inventions, and our books.

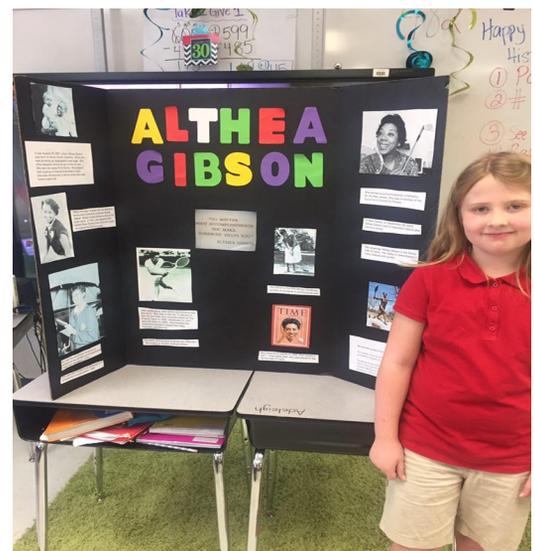
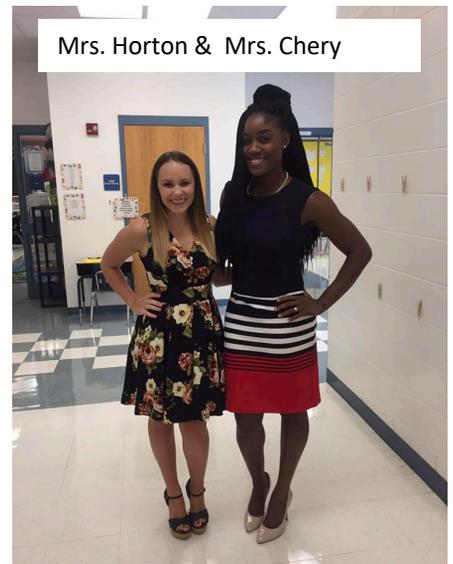
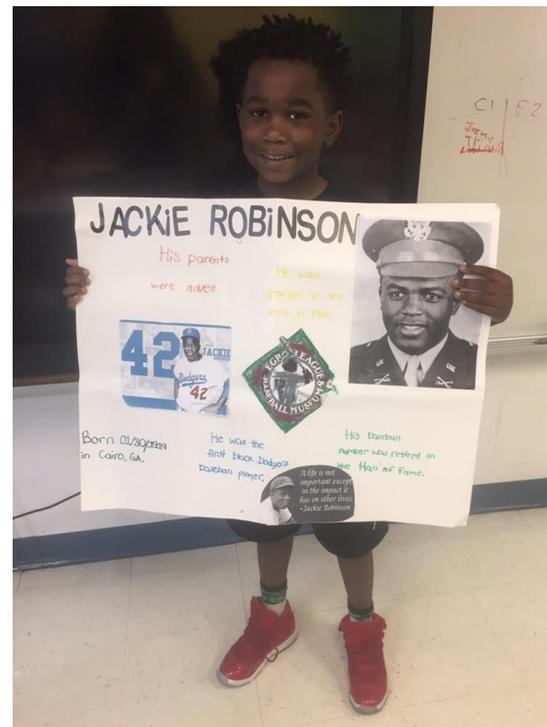
Teaching Black History helps in a bigger way. It's a silent self-esteem builder for the brown children who may not believe in themselves. It shows them people who look like them who broke barriers and showed perseverance. It shows other children who are not of African descent that Black people are brilliant writers, inventors, singers, dancers, educators, mathematicians, and athletes. It gives them a different perspective of an ethnic group that may not know much about. But teaching them this history, gives them a positive outlook instead of a negative one, and that helps tremendously.

Representation matters. Our children need to see black women who are doctors and black men who started schools or who were incredible scientists.

With so much these days trying to divide us as a nation, teaching Black History shows how much we are alike even though we have physical differences like skin color and hair texture. Not only does teaching the material help, but actually putting the kids in charge of their learning is even better. Each year, I assign my students an African-American hero that they research and then give an oral presentation. The kids really enjoy it, especially since they are allowed to bring in props or dress up. Once the projects are all in, I leave them in the hallway so that kids that pass by can admire their work and possibly learn a thing or two.

Black History is so important and fun to teach. I look forward to seeing what my class will do with their projects this year. I'm hoping that they will learn a massive amount of information about the person they choose and that they show a lot of creativity when they present they project.

-Ashley N. Chery



# Traveling for Love

When I tell people that I moved across the world for love, I'm usually met with some variation of 'Wow, I could never do that'. Yeah, you could.

I met Simon at Gasparilla in January 2012. Having been born and raised in Tampa, I'd been to Gasparilla many times. This time was different. This time I was 21. I wanted nothing more than to wonder around aimlessly in our pirate gear, from one beer cart to another, finally being able to (legally) written-off at Tampa's favorite pastime. So when friends wanted to stand in one spot and catch beads, I was less than impressed.

My lack of enthusiasm was apparent, and a drunk Aussie boy greeted me with "Oi sheila, why do you look so upset?" Being grumpy and a child of the 'YOU SHOULD SMILE MORE' era, I rolled my eyes.

He stopped talking, caught a few beads, and put each one around my neck. "Here, maybe these will cheer you up". Silly tourist, the beads are the whole problem.

He asked my name and I had a friend request within the hour.

A month later, I posted an article on Facebook about the separation of church and state. Simon messaged me, "So you're not just a pretty face". Okay, Romeo.

From there we texted a bit, then heaps, then all day, every day. One night after many shots and attempts to line dance at the Dallas Bull, I decided I was sick of texting. We had so much to talk about and it was so inefficient. I called him and despite it being 3am, he answered. Between the alcohol and his thick accent, I could barely understand him, but we managed to talk until the sun came up.

Our phone calls became a ritual. We talked every night, rarely for less than 4 hours. It was such an interesting way to get to know someone - with no physical distractions.

But alas, he was on student exchange at UCF for 6 short months. By the time I realized '*shit, I really like him*', he had 2 months left in the country and I still hadn't properly met him.

On April 11, 2012, he told me he had a mate travelling from Orlando to Tampa and that he could get a ride with him. I told him I had class until 5pm and he said he'd hang out at Clearwater Beach until I could pick him up.

I got to Clearwater at 5.45pm, just as the sun was going down. I spotted him on the beach from about 20 yards away and I slowed until I was just standing there with Simon. Looking at him. The poor thing was burnt to a crisp, but that moment is equally burned into my memory.

In May he went to Europe, and at one point, he called me and said a friend had asked him "if we were exclusive and he didn't know what to say". I saw right through this little trick, but I told him yes, and I could immediately hear relief in his voice.



I don't remember us ever talking about doing long distance, it just seemed obvious. We were going to keep doing our thing and see how it worked out.

In December 2012 I visited Australia for the first time. We did a 3-week long road trip where Simon showed me the most beautiful parts of the country; the beaches, the rainforests, the countryside. I immediately fell in love with Australia, and even further in love

When I returned to America, we chatted about "closing the gap" after I graduated college. We discussed visa options, work opportunities, and the vast differences in lifestyle between Tampa and where he lived, Canberra. Truthfully, my mind was made up at this point, but it seemed like the adult thing to do to weigh our options. Ultimately we decided: I'd move to Australia in June 2013. And I did.

Simon worked two jobs to support us while I looked for work in Canberra. He took me to one of my favorite coastal towns, Byron Bay, for my birthday in July. When we got off the plane, I had a voicemail. It was a job offer for a receptionist at a medical center as a casual employee (shift-work as opposed to permanent hours) and my rate would be \$22/hour. I was ecstatic, but Simon giggled because it was essentially minimum wage. Still, we were happy, and I felt like my life was really beginning here.

Working the receptionist job was definitely one of the first times I realized being American was a novelty. My accent was an instant giveaway and people were so \*\*interested to know if the crazy stories they heard about America were true. Yes, the gun laws are fucked up. No, health care isn't free. Yes, minimum wage is \$8 where I'm from. No, you can't drink at 18 but you can buy cigarettes and guns. Yes, people are excessively nationalistic.

Sometime within my first two months here, I had a small breakdown while cooking dinner. I missed my friends and knowing my way around, I missed the sunny Florida weather and the beach. Simon was working all the time, and I was often alone in our share-house with roommates who were practically strangers. When Simon got home that night, I told him I was scared. Scared that this wasn't going to work, that maybe I couldn't do it. He held me and told me that if I decided to move back to Florida, he would come with me. "But," \*\*he said, I should put myself out there a bit more and meet some people in the meantime. I followed his advice and promptly learned that making friends as an adult is fucking hard.

Without any real conscious effort, my perception started to change. I had the chance to meet people with completely different lives to mine and the chance to use public transport. I got to see flowers bloom in the spring, and the temperatures drop below zero in the winter.

I became grateful to live in Australia, and over time it made me realize that I never truly fit in in Tampa. I had a handful of like-minded friends, but for the most part, I felt an urge to suppress my true beliefs and personality. I wanted to go to bars in t-shirts, but instead I got sucked into bougie South Tampa clubs where 10-inch stilettos were the minimum entry requirement. Moving to Australia to be with Simon gave me a chance to become the person I've always wanted to be. I'd like to think I'm pretty damn close to being that person today.

On December 22, 2017, Simon and I moved into the house we bought a month prior. Around 10pm, I was a hot sweaty mess hanging up clothes in our new closet. I turned around and Simon was there, on one knee, with tears streaming down his face. I freaked out a bit, said "of course", then we had our favorite champagne in red plastic cups while sitting on our new kitchen counter top. It was so perfect. It was so us.

Simon and I are getting married 3 weeks from now in a beautiful park then partying the night away with friends and family at a pub nearby. Our relationship has been a long journey, but it has been worth every ounce of effort we put into it. I love my future husband, and I love my adopted home.



# Let's Talk Pheromones

Pheromones are naturally occurring scents produced by mammals that send sexual signals to other mammals. Attraction is very often subconscious, especially in pheromone form. They are airborne chemical messengers released from the body that have a physical or emotional effect on another member of the same species. Pheromones are largely released through skin, hair and sweat. So how do they work?

Have you ever found yourself attracted to the smell of a sweat drenched dude at the gym? Or been turned on by your partner when he comes in from working up a sweat outside? This is your body and brain's chemical response to these "pheromones" which are ultimately trying to get you laid. {Thanks!}

While your body is trying to do you a favor, Pheromones can be pesky as well. Often times, responsible for syncing up your cycles with close friends. The pheromones either speed up or decelerate ovulation in each woman until they are all ovulating in unison. This is our body and mind communicating subconsciously. Our bodies are so incredible.

Anyways, while matching periods can be a nightmare, attracting a hot guy shouldn't be. Many products are available for those looking to enhance the fun pheromones to attract Mr. Right. About 95% of our scented products contain these powerful pheromones and come in so many different forms. Maybe you're looking for a sexy pheromone enhancer for your partner. If you're struggling with initiating or making the first move, try gifting a pheromone spray to your partner. These products are sure to get your blood pumping and body in the mood for "Funky Town". Maybe you're single and need a new scent to grab the attention of the guy at the office you've had your eyes on. You want people in general to like you and be attracted to your energy so when you are going out to meet new people, this convenient, discreet little bottle fits right in your purse for moments just like these. Basic Instinct is our top selling roll-on pheromone, and it lives up to its name. Just a quick swipe on your wrist and/or neck and you'll be bringing all the boys to the yard in no time at all.

Pheromones are very real and always in full effect whether you are aware of it or not. Why not make sure it's intoxicating.



For ordering visit: [www.PureRomance.com/CodyDawson](http://www.PureRomance.com/CodyDawson)

# Continue Dating Your Spouse, Even After Kids



Long after the honeymoon is over it is still important to date your spouse to keep the spark alive. Week after week it is very easy to get stuck in the same routine. I encourage you to pick a date, an outfit and get out together. Sometimes it's not easy finding someone to watch the kids but there are a few ways to make it happen.

- Hire a babysitter, have her come a few days before and interact with your kids and show her around the house.
- Have a relative watch the kids, if they don't live close by ask them when they are in town visiting. Put the kids to sleep and sneak out after, making it easier for your relative.
- Swap date nights with another couple. You watch their kids one night and they'll watch yours another night.



It might not always be easy but it is definitely possible. Enjoy your time together, reminisce on what your relationship was like before life got chaotic. When my husband and I go out for date night we love to listen to songs we wouldn't normally listen to with the kids in the car, songs that bring us back to our college days. Dates don't always have to be dinner and then home you can go to concerts, breweries, movies, or even local events. Always remember to keep your relationship a priority!



# The Rock Glove Fitness Meets Fashion



## Back & Bicep Workout



### Inverted Shoulder Press

- 4 sets of 12

Superset: Push-ups



### Inverted "I" Raise

- 4 sets of 12

Superset: Inverted "T" Raise



### Hammer Curl

- 4 sets of 12

Superset: Fast hammer curl 15-20 reps with lighter weight



### Seated Single Arm Bicep Curl

- 4 sets of 12



### Bent Over Fly's

- 4 sets of 12

Superset: Push-ups



### Machine Pull-Downs

- 4 sets of 12

Superset: Hold the last rep for 30 seconds



### 21 series (7 low bicep, 7 high bicep, 7 full bicep)

- 4 sets of 12



### High Bicep Curl

- 4 sets of 12