

THE STORY OF MY INNER REGENERATION

Let's begin with a moment of silence. Close your eyes, take a deep breath, and allow yourself to imagine my journey or even maybe see yourself on it...

Everything on Earth begins as a seed. The seed of my life sprouted on April 22, 1995—Earth Day—into a Catholic, traditional, and loving family.

As a child, I was wild, free, authentic, and deeply happy.

But soon, I learned that the world didn't work like that. There were rules, expectations, and molds—my family, society, and the system all wanted me to be the “good girl.”

So, I became her. The best good girl there ever was.

Slowly, I built a shell around myself and forgot that I was the one who created it.

I grew up and chose the “right” career path—something that would make me money, as I'd always been told.

Eventually, I landed the job of my dreams, or at least the dream I thought was mine. My family was proud of me. I was proud of myself.

Then the pandemic hit, and everything shifted. The questions began. Who am I? What do I want? What is life for me?

I had the privilege of working remotely, and it was during this time that I discovered my first gift: freedom of space.

When my company announced the return to the office, it was too late. I couldn't give up that freedom.

My family didn't understand, and honestly, neither did I. Am I really going to quit the job of my dreams?

This was my first big sacrifice, my first death. I quit, and three weeks later I moved to a new city to start over.

I continued my journey of self-discovery, giving space to my curiosity and slowly allowing myself to just BE.

In this journey, I found a new dream job—one that offered geographic freedom, flexibility, and financial stability. This job allowed me to bought everything I thought I needed.

Once again, I thought I'd reached the dream. I was this close to having the "perfect life."

But something was missing. Something was always missing. I wasn't happy.

I worked late nights, weekends, endlessly striving for perfection. I became a consumer, consuming everything that I thought would make me happy. Until I realized: No matter how hard I try, it will never be enough. I will never be enough.

So, I embraced another death: I let go of the "perfect life," stepped out of my comfort zone, and let go of the dream the system had imposed on me.

I sold everything, packed a backpack, and started traveling through Latin America while still working. I wanted to connect with my roots, rediscover who I was, and search for the secret to happiness.

On this journey, I learned to live with less, to return to the essential, and to find joy in simple moments.

For the first time in years, I felt alive.

But then, my job stopped making sense to me. I couldn't keep using my energy to make corporations richer, entertain endless consumption, and fuel a system that disconnected us from life.

"It's time for a change," I thought. I need to choose differently.

At the beginning of the year, I made a decision: I would quit, save for a "freedom fund," and permit myself to explore the questions that echoed in my heart:

- How can I be a good human for the Earth?
- How can I live in harmony with the Earth?
- How can I serve? What is my role in this ecosystem?

That's when I found a keyword: REGENERATION. But what does regeneration mean? What does it mean to me?

I needed to experience it. I needed to learn from the source—from Mother Earth.

So, I quit my job and began a new journey, this time with total freedom to immerse myself in the essence of nature.

For seven months, I lived in the jungle. I used dry toilets, composted, sank my hands into the soil, planted seeds, ate naturally, woke up with the sun, listened to the birds, bathed naked in the river, walked barefoot, sang, danced, laughed, and flowed with life.

I remembered how to live a simple life—a slow life, in harmony with the Earth.

I experienced my inner regeneration. I was regenerating my soil—my body, mind, and soul. I was remembering how to be a living being.

Now, I no longer need a definition for regeneration. I know it. I feel it. I am it. I am the Earth.