

 REvive:  & 



Help Me Save the World



REvive

For a life worth living 🙌

REvive, this is the name of my mission and call to action. The meaning reflects the ideas I have for revitalization of literally everything and everyone that feel they need a real change or don't know what's missing. I've witnessed an unhealthy society and I'm not willing to keep letting it slide! We are capable of so much more than what is being produced by the current mindset in which we are being forced to accept as truth. It's time to release the rigid way we control people's lives. It's time to free ourselves from thinking we know how someone else feels. Stop thinking you know what they should be doing to prove their worthiness, and be accepted or deemed successful. We need to start taking accountability for our wrongdoings, and stop belittling those who are living life differently than what's socially acceptable. Money needs to stop controlling our lives, and human connections should be valued and regarded as more precious than money! People are out here choosing relationships based on how much financial stability it can afford them. Unhealthy situations are being lived through based on a lack of funds to move on. There's no sense of real freedom because we are always tied to the obligations of bills to pay, and jobs to keep. A mission to reestablish the importance of finding the best sense of self and knowing who you are without the influence of others, and taking time to find peace which allows you to hear your own voice and see that vision of happiness that only you can create; this is imperative to life, to find yourself living, not just existing. This planet even needs better from us! We are being thoughtless to the impact that our carelessness and greed is having on this earth. We need to reach a level of adulthood that will start to change things. We are capable of patience and compassion. With those virtues in hand, along with unity, which can be achieved; we can save the world! Quality of living is achievable 🙌!!!

I am incredibly excited to start up this creative and **Revitalizing** mission! I am currently learning how this could possibly work, and I am optimistic about it so far. I have felt strongly about using my creativity to launch my call to action. Because it is what I've discovered that I most like to spend my time doing; I have a deep need to help people. I have an innate ability to point out what they might not see. If there's an ability to support a person's journey towards realizing their dreams or path to happiness, that's **everything**. This corresponds with my strong feelings about how people could live their lives for **themselves**! Happiness is huge to me and I feel that your job should make you happy. People, in general, aren't greatly fulfilled in life, so I am pursuing this important cause for that reason. I was given specific ways to make a change, through God.

Not only am I excited, but truly amazed! I have spent my whole life not understanding what it means to be HAPPY. I have, until now, measured what happiness was with what society **thinks** it looks like. Making a lot of money and having a big, professionally decorated, home and the newest car in their driveway, to most, is what equals success. I didn't lack the basic necessities or rely on anyone to pay my way, but I felt like I didn't have a life; something was always missing, but I had no concept of what I missed! Society's limited way of thinking only caused me to find myself depressed and drained of every ounce of energy my body should have had. So, I decided, after my whole life not adding up to anything, that I thought it *should* be; it was a perfect time to talk to God about all of that, and give it to him. I'm late to the party, but I have a whole world of **possibilities** at my disposal. I have a lot more love for myself and a better understanding of who I am. I found out that I LOVE creating things with my imagination. I never thought of myself as creative, until I found myself *becoming* creative because I *had to*. (using what I had at my disposal to overcome challenges). I cannot draw, so I never pursued anything that was considered *art*. If only I had felt such a drive to create, and imagine, while I was still in school! I can remember a teacher, when I was a Junior in high school, asking the class to raise their hand if they knew what career path they were going to pursue. I was the only student who did not raise their hand. I felt mortified! And, of course, my teacher was concerned and wanted to talk to me about this right away, in front of everyone in the class.



I struggled to converse with her, but said I wanted to be a photographer, and that was left at that. I graduated with honors, but without a plan for my future. God had different plans for me to gain education. He didn't lay it out for me, but I know he's always working in mysterious ways.

I went from high school straight to the workforce, and it's been all customer service jobs since then. My work history involves 1 grocery store, where I bagged groceries until I moved up to stocker. It was the highest paying, entry level, position available. I kept that job for a good 2 years before I moved on to be a gas station cashier. I worked that job for a total of 8 years. I was comfortable with staying put, but still unaware of my ability to make a real change. During that time, I had 2 failed relationships, 3 **beautiful babies** (My greatest accomplishments), and a companion for my anxiety; depression - this first introduced itself after I became aware of my being a "problem" with no explanation as to how or what was causing this perception. I vowed, a fresh start! After the ending of the second relationship disaster, I was convinced I wasn't going to go through **anything** like *that* again 🙄. I really only went back into the *same* line of work with a different company. This, again, allowed me to continue not putting any *real* thought into myself. Not to mention what career path would fulfill me without draining me of the necessary energy I would need for anything else. This was exceptionally important because nothing made me *want* to wake up in the mornings! But I *had* to be sure to make a paycheck for my babies and myself to pay the bills, and have what we needed. I was in need of help that I knew wasn't going to come from my family and hard work isn't supposed to be fun (or so they said). I learned, growing up, that you have to rely upon yourself to get anywhere, and that making money was the key to relying on yourself. I put in a good 3 years into my last gas-station cashier/food service job as "sales person". I put myself all in to give it my best performance and genuine loyalty. I was promoted to shift supervisor, from sales-person, because I "cared" (I really did, but I didn't want to be in the position of telling my coworkers what to do). My pay moved up significantly, along with my **stress** level. That shot up through the roof 🙄😭🙄. I was never looking to be anyone's authority figure, while at work, but my own! I expressed this concern before the promotion was given, but I was assured that it would be fine and not to worry because I was going to learn. I've always been able to check myself and be where I

was most helpful without being told, and I have always taken responsibility for the decisions I have had to make. The unwanted authority I was given was criticized for unexpected reasons and for that I felt robbed of my ability to thrive and give it the best I could have actually given. This new position was a nightmare, to say the least! The weird competition that was trying to get a hold of me was distracting and childish to say the least. I was able to afford anything my children, and I, needed or wanted, though. The ability to do that was *almost* worth it, at first! My problem was that I couldn't find my way out of the **exhaustion** that stuck to me like glue. Not that feeling tired, *all the time*, was anything new. 😞😞 No, I've rarely felt fully awake in all my 40 years of life. This exhaustion was my soul expressing its contention with me for ignoring it. My **beautiful, passionate, energetic** zest for life was being looked over and I had no reason to think I was sacrificing more than I should for the life that I was expected to keep up with. I didn't see that I was *not* supposed to be killing myself and allowing everyone to walk all over me. That's why I wasn't feeling well. It was why I *couldn't* explain, to anyone, what was wrong. I should have been grateful for what I had, and what I could give my children, and I was! But, that's all I had going for me and I wasn't acquainted with any other part of who I was, therefore I didn't give the best version of myself to the best children to have ever walked the face of this planet. Yes, I could provide and be responsible. But, why wasn't that enough to feel fulfilled? Why should I have been made to jump through all the hoops and give everything I could muster to everything that never intended to do the same for me (those who pretended to love me, or acted like they cared about my well-being but proved they didn't). There's no reason for anyone to have to waste the amount of time that I did, *before* arriving at the **beginning** of their journey to self-discovery 🧘. {Or so I thought...}

I got married to an ex-boyfriend, who my mother warned me, before she **unexpectedly** passed away, would be another *bad* choice for my life. Guess what!? Yep, you guessed it! She was right 😞😭! I *officially* gave in to *that* fact, after my home was **destroyed** and **sold**, my 401K cashed out, but not before losing my job (the one that promoted me to supervisor): that I kept for almost seven years. To lose it took being diagnosed with Type-1 diabetes, which *almost* killed me {luckily I wasn't stupid enough to follow the orders of the doctor at the emergency room, whose professional opinion was that I probably still had COVID-19, since I had tested positive the month prior. He said to go home and wait it out. Suffice it to say, I wasn't getting across the severity of my condition, and my next step was to go to another hospital and suffer ENDLESSLY and MISERABLY in the waiting room so I could have a chance to be seen by a caring soul who wouldn't shrug me off. When I was informed of the diagnosis, I also learned about ketoacidosis} The sheer misery that comes with this disease is unfounded and I had no way of preparing myself for the way it would change the course of my life. I found myself living with my mother-in law, and once again, working at another gas station, but this time for *less* money and less hope for a life I could call my own. I was separated from my children and couldn't quite imagine how to *stop* spinning my wheels. I was completely lost and **concerned for the future**. This prompted a *serious* sit down & **talk** with God! I gave it to him; put it in *his hands* 🙏. I followed my "dear" husband to Florida: where we ended up stranded & homeless, *and* where he got arrested. He has since remained in jail. Now, this is where everything **stopped** for me! (Or began)



Glory to God!



So....there I was 😱, alone & stranded, very far from home! Much to my astonishment, I felt like the biggest weight 🙌 was lifted from my shoulders. I felt such peace! Never had I felt that way before ✌️ 😊. This was the result of my decision to take the time that I was allotted and listen to the thoughts I was having without anyone to get in the way of what my true thoughts were. And from that moment on, I have been *dead set* on keeping that feeling of peace {yeah 😬 but, not so easy}! I found an even better feeling when I was introduced to freedom, which led to undeniable happiness that couldn't be explained because I was *literally* homeless in Florida, and I had never been so broke in my life 😊! You could *not* pay me enough to give up what I know, in my heart and soul, to be true! Happiness is real 😊 **God will provide**. That was what I was supposed to learn from all of the devastating failures and emptiness I kept running into. My real living starts now 😊.

God put so much in my heart during the time that I was able to sit in my peaceful campsite. I have a new outlook on life and renewed spirit for living. I appreciate life so much more, and can now see what I was blinded by. I know there are many people who need the opportunity to find happiness *for themselves*. There's been a lack of importance on how a person's happiness affects their quality of life. Mental health is a *big problem* and it starts with a lack of **happiness** in the brain 🧠. Our *health* is a link to happiness as well; and don't get me started on nutrition in this country! Don't talk about human or civil rights either 🤔 😊. I've got my *own* opinions now, thank you, God 🙏. I'm an actual **individual** who can't be tricked into settling for less than I deserve; I'm no longer someone going along with the crowd. It's not better for me because it's the easier way (it's not always so easy); it's better because it means a *better future* is still possible. I still have a long way to go to feel successful {feeling the impact of all the good I have put out}. For now I'm at the mercy of Divine Timing, staying in the faith I have held for God's perfect plan. Success is the direction I'm going and I'll *know* it when I get there! 😊

So, Excitement and Amazement are words that only touch on the way this possibility for my future makes me feel. I'm actually **hopeful** for a future that is filled with *happiness* and *purpose*! I'm guided by the soul I was born with, not the limitations that confined me, nor the false love that oppressed me. My new vow: I will be a better person for myself and my children for the rest of my life 💖 🙌 😊.



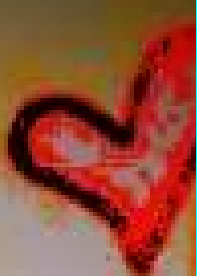
After the initial freedom of living in the wilderness, and being able to hear the birds sing, nothing to disrupt my own thoughts from forming and my own opinions to be accepted, as the genius insight they were. God, (skipping the unmentionable troubles along the way) relocated me to a place that I will never forget, where I was blessed enough to have met the very best friend a person could *ever* ask for. He was like no one I had ever met, and he brought me to life in all the ways that I needed to be. He reminded me that I was worthy of respect and love without needing to be anyone other than myself. He was like coming home, but better; I wasn't forced to prove my worth and I was allowed to have a voice, *and* encouraged to use it, and I felt like I **mattered!** God was absolutely showing his love as well, through the abundance of necessities he provided on a regular basis. There was no struggle or need to question God's blessings. This is where joy took over my body and my soul came to life 🙌. I was well aware of God's presence in my life, and I was grateful for the time he gifted me to grow strong in *myself*, and in knowing that a solid foundation must consist of love that is unbreakable and everpresent to survive the world's destructive nature. I wasn't prepared for the way my joy offended others, whose beliefs warn against any existence of real happiness. So, 😬 cue the chit-chatting and nose poking, and gossip spreading, and sneaky, underhanded separation-operations causing things to drastically change slowly and sadly, the ways my heart would 💔 break over the smallest of changes in the air.

But, I know where the evil existed, because I was hearing junk talk on my end too; I was supposed to *believe it* over knowing the truth about everything; I spent time getting to know him fully without any need of outside opinions. They hoped what they said would shock me out of looking at him the same, but I was already solid in knowing better. I will never be persuaded by anyone to believe the powerful connection that existed between us, before envy's dirty hands violated its purity, thereby stripping it of the radiant innocence that made it magical, was anything less than God's finely orchestrated plan, and I wouldn't want to be in the shoes of the genius's who participated in tearing apart what God put together. For now, I keep it in mind to be a reliable source for knowing the difference between genuine love & actual care, versus saying the words (manipulatively). The *best* thing I can do is to get out in front of it and declare how I feel about the false use of my trust and empathy. I am proving *them false* before their game can even begin. I don't play with anyone's heart or twist the truth to fit some false narrative. You won't catch me believing anyone else's claim about how they love me before they have the experience of getting to actually **know** me. I won't consider it, until they can truly represent themselves as a loving partner, that will **respect** me and allow me to speak for myself. I need someone who I can *trust* to be the same person every time I see him, and I need not to expect to be lied to *right to my face* about **how I feel** about *anything* that I've said or done, *especially* the irrelevant and blatantly false accusations I have run into. Unneeded but, this has never failed to bait me into the argument that I am then trapped into in order to defend the truth (I often find it difficult to hear false claims about my actions or intentions), and for no known reason, the argument will have to be blamed on me before it will end; for of course, the ridiculousness must be the fault of anyone other than the one who started it (this, to me, is redirection in hopes of confusing the truth)! I know the difference; I have it seared into my conscience to **be aware** of what threatens to override my better judgement {

My Reminder to self: 🖐️ I will no longer be treated unfairly without speaking up, I won't tolerate being blamed for anyone else's unhappiness, and I will not accept any lies being passed off as truth}.

I've had **enough** examples of how it feels to be entangled in toxic relationships; I've even added on to the toxicity-database with the bonus feature - **toxic & crazy**; *new* red flag criteria to be on the lookout for 🙄. The ability to retain *my own* sanity is celebrated *only* by me, which I find funny (*not* funny ha ha 🤔) because I am *not* supposed to be aware of what I am *actually* experiencing, or appear unaffected by the tired garbage that I hear whenever there's nothing better for a certain "red flag" to do, besides spread hatefulness around (whenever the moment strikes), hopelessly in denial of everything that he's ever done wrong, unless he thinks he can place blame upon me, *that's clear*, otherwise it won't compute. If I even ask for an example of a way I was unfair or dishonest with him, I cause a mini panic which signals a deflector to dodge the question {usually telling me that my lies consist of my hopes of a better future}. So, I'm reluctant to show any happiness that I'm not willing to risk losing; I think it serves me better as strength to protect myself and get away from the insanity! I'm being prepared for quite an undertaking if I'm going to be using the lessons I've learned through the levels of unhealthy souls I've encountered. I know they are crying out to be healed {I've tried to be as supportive and patient as I can}, but most have been too stubborn or too untrusting to recognize genuine help or the importance of a strong friendship.

Nothing
can
separate
Us from
the LOVE



I've never been fortunate enough to be taken seriously when I've known *exactly* what to do about *any* given issue that presents itself to me. I am *never* heard; I have never had the appreciation my brain deserves for the loving way I craft the perfect solution, in hopes of ridding them of the problems (presented to me) that they face, and the compassion I show; not expecting them to face it on their own. For this I am subject to as much hate as they can throw at me 😈. Lately I've been reluctant to offer any solutions or words of encouragement, I've decided to not invest so much of my emotions into an obvious game that I'm not willing to play along with. The decision is based on learning that, for whatever reason, I always turn out to be of better use as a target for projections, a scapegoat for wrongdoing, or as a play thing for the devil rather than a source of comfort or guidance. I don't have control or understanding of the thoughts that lead anyone to that alternative solution, that from my experience doesn't solve *a thing*! I **thank God**, for my mental strength, that *cannot* be manipulated into believing anything that doesn't align with what I already solidified as truth about myself, through the awareness that I have painstakingly proven to be fact, even after giving the benefit of the doubt to others, just to be as **fair** as possible.

Good luck to *anyone* else who's destined to cross my path and expects me to be an **easy target**. They'll find out who the target is, I do know much: God gets the last word - he's the first *and* the last!

"Remember that the mocking world never has the final word, God does! There will be a final judgment; there will be a final judgment because there is an ultimate Judge, and evil will be punished, and God's children who have faced mockery and mistreatment and misunderstanding and rejection will be given a crown of honor and will reign with their King forever and ever and ever in utter peace and utter righteousness and full acceptance forever. God gets the final word!"

HOMELESS Not Helpless *Guided*



This was inside of my tent in the woods – but, didn't keep that setup too long – a tarp for shelter, tied up between four trees is the best way to go!

The following images are designs I have used in my reviews on Google Maps. I found out, one day, after finally *returning* to the internet that I could be a contributor 🤖. So I took that and ran with it, still am 😊. I find myself looking forward to the time I spend being actively creative. It gives me a sense of self and purpose.....



<http://www.pinterest.com>



I'm sure there's room for improvement, and I'm willing to grow 🌱. I want to gain as much skill as I can to go as far as I am able 📈. The sky's the limit! 🌟

Revive4Life.blogspot.com

Update: my newest project is something very special and has been a long time in the making, and is still a work in progress.
Please click the link below and allow Celeste to do her magic ...

★ Celeste : Astral Healer to the Stars ★ coming soon (almost ready)

Reach out:

Via email -

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<https://www.linkedin.com/in/megan-is-hired>

YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/@MaryContrairy>

Share your opinions, ask questions, I'm open to whatever you feel like sharing with me 🤗
Love 💕



Lets Link up on LinkTree 🌳

MEGAN COCKMAN

SERVANT OF GOD

Walking my assigned path with God by my side. Spreading his message a long the way. Doing good works for the spiritual healing of the world.

WHY REVIVE?

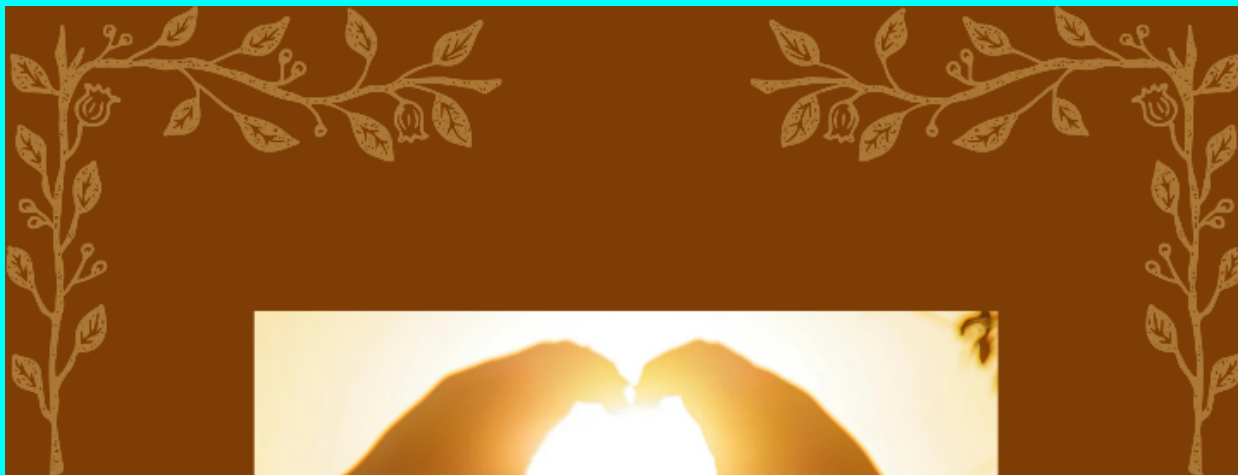
I get how tough it can be to overlook what has always defined you. I know the importance of staying true to yourself while navigating the complexities of the modern world. I'm here to help because I empathize with what you're feeling. This world can make you lose sight of your true self, leaving you feeling less powerful. Together, we can find ways that not only help you succeed but also free your soul and inspire you to embrace who you truly are.

THE MISSION

REvive is a call for action; a demand for change. This is the time that God said we would experience a remembrance. I am a servant to the will of God and I am a part of his plan, so are you! There are many of us and he's calling out to you. Break away and quit drowning in the noise; listen to God's voice. Are you ready for the conversation?



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Your Life

WAITING ON YOU

REvive



Help Save the World 🌍