From: **Anna Arnetz** anna@annaarnetz.se
Subject: The Balance Report - October 2026
Date: 30 October 2026 at 09:00
To: anna@annaarnetz.se



The Balance Report #003 - October 2026

From Investing in Yourself to Allowing Yourself to Receive

In September, I found myself thinking about life force as capital.

Where we invest it. Where we waste it. And what happens when we finally begin investing it in ourselves.

October brought me to the other side of that equation. Receiving.

Because what happens when those investments begin to pay off?

When life starts offering us more than we imagined?

When the very things we've been longing for begin to arrive, but not necessarily in the forms we expected?

I've been observing something this month:
We can spend years learning how to create the lives we want and still be completely unprepared to receive them.

Welcome to the **October Balance Report.**

Anna

The Courage to Receive

We say we want abundance. But we have very specific ideas about what abundance should look like.

We say we want love. But we've already decided how that love should be expressed, where it should come from, and what it should mean.

We say we want freedom. But preferably without having to surrender the structures that make us feel safe.

We say we want expansion. As long as we can remain in control of how far, how fast, and in which direction.

And when life offers us something beyond those carefully constructed expectations, we hesitate.

We question it. We judge it. We try to reshape it into something more familiar.

Sometimes we reject it altogether.

Not because we don't want what is being offered.

But because receiving it would require us to let go of the very things that have made us feel safe.

Our expectations. Our judgments. Our carefully constructed ideas of who we are and how our lives are supposed to unfold.

I've been thinking about how much energy we invest in trying to make things happen.

We set intentions. We create visions. We perform manifestation rituals. We make plans. We work on ourselves. We learn to overcome our limitations.

We become exceptionally good at striving.

But receiving?

That’s an entirely different practice.

Because receiving asks us to loosen our grip.
To allow something to be beautiful without knowing where it will lead.
To experience pleasure without needing to justify it.
To accept love without immediately calculating what it might cost us or how we can reciprocate.
To welcome opportunities without demanding guarantees.

And perhaps most challenging of all, to allow ourselves to have something wonderful without first proving that we’ve earned it.

There is a vulnerability in receiving.

When we’re striving, we’re doing. We’re acting. We’re moving towards something. We have a sense of control.

When we’re receiving, we have to make room for something we cannot entirely control.

And that can feel terrifying.

Especially for those of us who have spent a lifetime being capable, responsible, independent, and exceptionally good at taking care of everything ourselves.

We know how to give.
We know how to achieve.
We know how to carry.

But do we know how to open our hands and let something be given to us?

I’ve come to believe that the courage to receive has very little to do with

I've come to believe that the courage to receive has very little to do with deserving and everything to do with allowing.

Allowing life to surprise us.
Allowing people to love us in ways we hadn't imagined.
Allowing ourselves to want what we want, even when it doesn't fit the story we've been telling ourselves about who we are.
And allowing the possibility that life might have something even more magnificent in store than anything we could have planned.

Not everything that comes our way is meant for us, of course. Receiving doesn't mean abandoning discernment, boundaries, or choice.

It means being willing to recognize something wonderful even when it arrives in an unfamiliar form.

Perhaps the question isn't whether we're capable of creating the lives we desire.

Perhaps it's whether we're willing to let those lives become bigger than our ability to control them.

What if the life you've been longing for is already knocking at your door? And the only thing left to do is open it.

WHAT DO YOU REALLY WANT?

What do you really want?
It's such a simple question.

What do you want?

And yet, I've come to realize that it may be one of the most difficult questions we can ask ourselves.

Not because we don't know the answer.
Perhaps we've become so skilled at negotiating with it

But because we've become so skilled at negotiating with it.

We ask ourselves what is realistic. What is reasonable. What is appropriate. What is possible.

We consider the circumstances. The consequences. The practicalities.

We think about what other people might want. What they might think. How they might react.

And somewhere in that process, what we actually want gets lost beneath everything we've decided we should take into consideration.

We become so accustomed to editing our desires that we barely notice we're doing it.

I've been observing this in myself lately.

How quickly my mind wants to intervene when I allow myself to say the words **I want.**

Almost immediately, another voice appears.
But is that possible?
What if it doesn't work out?
What will it mean?
What if it's too much?
What if I can't have it?
What if it's not actually what I want?

And suddenly, I'm no longer exploring what I want.
I'm evaluating whether I'm allowed to want it.

There's an enormous difference.

Because wanting something doesn't mean demanding it.

It doesn't mean expecting someone else to provide it.

It doesn't mean abandoning our judgment, our responsibilities, or our

It doesn't mean abandoning our judgment, our responsibilities, or our understanding of reality.

It simply means acknowledging something that is true within us.

Without immediately trying to make it smaller.

The truth beneath the negotiations
I've started a simple practice.

I begin with the words **I want**.
And then I keep going.

Beyond the obvious answers.
Beyond the things that sound sensible, respectable, and achievable.
Beyond the desires I've already given myself permission to have.

I let myself want things without knowing how they could possibly happen.

Without deciding whether they're practical.
Without needing to explain them.
I let myself want them simply because I want them.

And something remarkable happens.

The further I go, the quieter the negotiations become.

Until eventually, I reach something that doesn't need defending.

A truth.

Not necessarily a comfortable one.
Not necessarily one that fits the life I've built or the identity I've created.

But mine.

And I've discovered that there is an extraordinary sense of peace in

simply allowing that truth to exist.

Desire is not a demand
I think this distinction matters.

Especially for women who have spent much of their lives being responsible, considerate, capable, and attentive to everyone else's needs.

We've learned to anticipate consequences before we've even allowed ourselves to experience desire.

We know how to compromise.
We know how to adapt.
We know how to make things work.

But somewhere along the way, we may have forgotten that our desires deserve to exist independently of whether they can be fulfilled.

I can want something without knowing if I'll ever have it.

I can want something that involves another person without making that person responsible for my happiness.

I can want something that challenges everything I thought I knew about myself.

And I can acknowledge that desire without immediately having to act on it.

My desires are mine to acknowledge. My choices are mine to make. And other people's choices remain theirs.

There is tremendous freedom in that distinction.

Because it allows us to be completely truthful with ourselves without trying to control the outcome.

The courage to tell yourself the truth
This is where genuine self-leadership begins.

Not with another goal.
Not with a carefully constructed vision board.
Not with a five-year plan.

But with the willingness to sit with yourself and ask:
What do I really, actually, want?

And then to listen.

Without judgment.
Without correction.
Without immediately turning the answer into a problem that needs solving.

Because the moment we begin negotiating with our desires, we risk building our lives around what we believe is possible rather than what is genuinely meaningful to us.

And while we may not always get what we want, knowing what we want changes how we move through the world.

It changes what we notice.
What we choose.
What we are willing to explore.
What we are no longer willing to pretend we don't care about.

And perhaps, most importantly, it changes our relationship with ourselves.

Because there is a special kind of self-betrayal in repeatedly denying what we know to be true.

Just as there is a special kind of self-respect in finally acknowledging it.

I've spent much of October exploring what it means to surrender

control.

And I’m starting to see that surrender doesn’t necessarily start with letting go of an outcome.

Sometimes it starts with telling ourselves the truth about what we want, even when we have absolutely no idea what to do with that truth.

So here’s my invitation to you:
Find a quiet moment.
Take a piece of paper.

Write the words
I want.

And keep writing.

Don’t stop when your answers become uncomfortable.
Don’t stop when they become impractical.
Don’t stop when you hear yourself thinking, *Who am I to want that?*

Keep going until you reach the desires that make you feel something shift inside.

The ones that don’t need an explanation.
The ones that feel like coming home to yourself.

And when you find them, resist the temptation to turn them into another project.

For now, simply let them be true.

You don’t have to know how to get what you want to allow yourself to want it.

The Balance Sheet:
Giving Up vs. Surrendering

There is a fine line between giving up and surrendering.

And I believe that learning the difference is one of my greatest lessons in this lifetime.

I carry so much hope.

Hope for what is possible. For what people are capable of. For what I can change. For others to see what I see.

And when that hope becomes too heavy to carry, I give up.

I cry myself an ocean.
I let myself fall.
I allow myself to break under the weight of everything I've been carrying.

Somewhere deep inside, I know I will rise again.
I always do.

I'll dry my tears. Brush myself off. Get back on my feet again.

And before I know it, I'm carrying everything once more.
Because I've convinced myself that it all rests on my shoulders.

When in reality, perhaps I'm being asked to surrender.

Not the vision.
Not the hope.
Not the things that matter to me.
But the belief that I have to make everything happen myself.

The hidden cost of being capable
There's something seductive about being the person who can handle

everything.

The one who sees what needs to be done.
Who anticipates problems before they arise.
Who finds solutions when everyone else sees obstacles.
Who keeps going when things get difficult.

And when you're good at carrying responsibility, people tend to let you. Sometimes they even come to expect it.

But I've been wondering how often we mistake our capacity to carry something for an obligation to do so.

Just because I can doesn't mean I have to.

Just because I see the potential doesn't mean I'm responsible for making everyone else see it.

Just because I know how something could be done doesn't mean I'm the one who has to do it.

And just because I care deeply about an outcome doesn't mean I can control it.

This is where giving up and surrendering begin to reveal themselves as two very different things.

A different kind of balance sheet
Giving up says: What I want to happen has to happen. I've tried everything. I can't do this anymore.

Surrendering says: I don't have to do everything for this to become possible. And I detach from the outcome. If it's meant to be, it will be.

Giving up comes from exhaustion.
Surrendering comes from trust.

Giving up abandons the possibility.

Surrendering releases the demand that the possibility must unfold according to my plan.

Giving up closes the door because I can no longer bear the disappointment.
Surrendering leaves the door open without insisting on what must walk through it.

And perhaps the most important distinction of all:

Giving up says, "It's all too much."

Surrendering asks, "What was never mine to carry in the first place?"

The leadership of letting go
I've been noticing how profoundly this distinction applies to leadership.

We talk about delegation, empowerment, trust, and shared responsibility.

But how often do we genuinely practice them?

How often do we delegate a task while still holding on to complete control over how it should be performed?

How often do we ask others to take responsibility while quietly preparing to step in if they don't do things our way?

How often do we say we trust people, but struggle to let them make decisions we wouldn't have made ourselves?

And how often do we exhaust ourselves trying to protect a vision from the very people who could help us bring it to life?

Surrendering, in this context, isn't passive.
It requires discernment.

Knowing what is ours to decide and what belongs to someone else.

Knowing what is ours to decide and what belongs to someone else.

Knowing when to intervene and when to allow another person to find their own way.

Knowing the difference between holding a vision and holding everyone responsible for fulfilling it exactly as we imagined.

And finally accepting that something can turn out beautifully without turning out precisely as we planned.

The practice of surrender

Right now, my greatest spiritual practice isn't happening on a meditation cushion, in a sacred ceremony, or somewhere deep in the forest.

It's happening in the office.

In the everyday practice of leaning on others.
Of asking for help.
Of allowing someone else to take lead.
Of resisting the urge to step in, take over, or make everything right.
Of making every fight my fight.
Of trusting that people can grow into their own capabilities without me carrying them there.
And of recognizing that sometimes the most powerful thing I can do is nothing at all.

Not because I don't care.
But because I do.
Because I care enough to allow others their own agency.

And because I know that my energy is a resource, not an unlimited obligation.

What are you still carrying?

It's time for a different kind of inventory.

Not of everything you need to accomplish.
But of everything you've made yourself responsible for.

But of everything you've made yourself responsible for.

The outcomes you're trying to control.
The people you're trying to change.
The expectations you're trying to meet.
The possibilities you're trying to force into existence.

And then ask yourself:
What would happen if I stopped carrying what was never mine to carry?

Not giving up on what matters.
Not abandoning my responsibilities.
But allowing other people, other possibilities, and life itself to meet me halfway.

Because surrender isn't about having less faith in what is possible.

It's about having enough faith to stop believing that everything depends on me.

From The Boardroom: Building a Business That Feels Like Home

I was supposed to create an offer suite.

You know the drill.

A carefully designed collection of products and services, neatly arranged to guide potential clients from one offer to the next.

An entry-level offer. A signature program. Something premium. Perhaps a membership to keep everyone engaged.

A logical structure. A strategic customer journey. A business model that

A logical structure. A strategic customer journey. A business model that makes perfect sense.
On paper.

Except that every time I sat down to create it, something inside me resisted.

Not because I didn't understand the strategy.
But because I couldn't feel myself in it.

I didn't want to build another collection of things to sell.
I wanted to create a place where people would want to be.

And then, one day, the answer became ridiculously obvious.

I didn't want an offer suite. I wanted to invite you to my home.

From selling to inviting
I've always loved the idea of a home filled with interesting people.

A place where conversations unfold naturally.

Where someone can curl up with a book in one room, engage in a fascinating discussion in another, or step outside into the garden to reflect on something they've just discovered.

A place with character. Personality. Different spaces for different moods and purposes.

And I started wondering:
Why couldn't my business feel like that?
Why did everything have to be organized around what I wanted people to buy?
What if I organized it around what I wanted people to experience?

That question changed everything.

Instead of creating another offer suite, I started building The Boardroom.
Not as a traditional Facebook group, but as a room in my home.

Not as a traditional Facebook group, but as a room in my home.

A place to enter, explore, return to, and gradually make your own.

And from that, my home started unfolding before my eyes. Different rooms for different conversations.

The Library is the place for knowledge, resources, and ideas worth revisiting. Free, as a library should be.

The Study is a room for deeper reflection, learning, and intellectual exploration. A place to sit down for a Private Conversation with me.

The Orangery is a space for growth, conversation, and the kind of insights that emerge when allowed to grow for a longer period of time. This is where my longer mentorship spaces live. Imagine what could happen if we spent 3 months together and you had me available in your pocket whenever you need me?

And The Excursion, an invitation to step outside our familiar lives and experience something new together with me in Stockholm.

Suddenly, everything made sense.

Not because I'd found a clever way to repackage my offers.

But because I'd found a structure that reflected how I naturally think, create, and connect with people.

I could imagine myself living in this business. I wanted to invite you to spend time with me there. And that was what had been missing all along.

The problem with following the blueprint

There is no shortage of advice about how to build a successful business.

We're told to identify our ideal client, create a value ladder, optimize our funnels, design scalable offers, and build systems that convert.

And much of that advice is useful.

But I've been wondering whether we sometimes become so focused on building businesses that work that we forget to ask whether they're businesses we actually want to inhabit.

We optimize for growth without questioning what kind of growth we desire.

We design customer journeys without considering the relationships we want to create.

We follow strategies that have worked beautifully for someone else, without asking whether they reflect our own values, personalities, and ways of working.

And eventually, we can find ourselves running businesses that look perfectly sensible from the outside but feel strangely unfamiliar from within.

I believe that this is a question worth taking seriously.
Because a business isn't just something we build.
It's something we spend a significant part of our lives inside.

What if the business could fit the person?
I've been thinking about how often entrepreneurs try to become the kind of people their business models require them to be.

More structured. More consistent. More visible. More strategic. More whatever the latest blueprint tells them they should become.

And of course, building a business requires us to grow, develop new skills, and occasionally do things that don't come naturally.

But there's a difference between growing into our capabilities and constantly trying to reshape ourselves to fit a structure that was never designed for us.

What if we reversed the process?

What if we began with the kind of life we want to live?
The conversations we want to have.
The people we want to spend time with.
The work that makes us curious, energized, and genuinely excited to get out of bed in the morning.
And then designed our businesses around that?

Not as an excuse to ignore commercial realities.

But as a way of creating something both economically sustainable and deeply personal.

Something that doesn't require us to leave ourselves at the door every morning.

An invitation instead of a transaction
Perhaps the most interesting shift has been in how I think about the people who enter my world.

They're not simply moving through a customer journey. They are not here for the financial transactions.
They're guests.

Some will come for a particular conversation.
Others will spend time exploring the resources.

Some will stay for a while. Others will return when something calls to them.

And yes, there will be opportunities to work together, to learn, to invest, and to go deeper.

A home still needs to be maintained. A business still needs to generate revenue.

But the relationship doesn't have to begin with a transaction.

It can begin with curiosity.
With a shared interest.
With the feeling of having discovered somewhere you want to return to.

And I find that infinitely more inspiring than trying to move someone from one offer to the next.

A different measure of success
I don’t yet know exactly how my home will evolve.

And I love that. I want life to continue to surprise me and to let my business unfold together with me.

I know what kind of place I want to create.
I know how I want people to feel when they enter.
And I know that I want to enjoy spending time here myself.
But what rooms the house will hold? That is up to the future to show me.

The commercial structures will continue to develop. The rooms will evolve. New ideas will find their places.

But the foundation is there.

We don’t always need another strategy.

Sometimes we need to question the assumptions behind the strategies we’ve been following.

Sometimes the most interesting innovation isn’t a new product, a new platform, or a new business model.

It’s giving ourselves permission to build something that makes sense to us, even when it doesn’t look quite like anything we’ve been taught to create. And to invite people to come along with us into our worlds.

So here’s a question I’ve been sitting with:
If your business were a place you had to live in, would you feel at home?

If the answer is no, perhaps it’s time to stop rearranging the furniture. And start rethinking the house.

Something I've noticed:
The Discomfort of Female Sovereignty

Something interesting happened when I started talking about The Season of the Witch in the middle of October.

Most women responded with curiosity, excitement, recognition, or that delicious sense of something stirring deep inside.

But a few responded with anger.
Not disagreement. Not thoughtful questions.

Anger.

And I was fascinated.

What is it about a woman openly claiming her desires, her power, her sexuality, and her right to live entirely on her own terms that can make other people so uncomfortable?

Especially other women?

When someone else’s freedom becomes a provocation
I’ve been thinking about how we respond to women who refuse to make themselves smaller.

Women who are unapologetic about what they want.
Who don’t disguise their ambition as modesty.
Who embrace their sexuality without embarrassment.
Who allow themselves to be visible, desirable, powerful, and fully alive.
Who don’t ask for permission

Who don't ask for permission.

Some women find them inspiring.
Others find them deeply irritating.

And I've been wondering whether the difference sometimes has less to do with the woman herself and more to do with what her freedom brings to the surface in us.

Because witnessing someone else claim a freedom we've never allowed ourselves can be uncomfortable.

It can confront us with choices we haven't made.

Desires we've dismissed.
Possibilities we've decided are no longer available to us.
And stories we've been telling ourselves about what a woman should be.

The invisible agreements
I think women sometimes enter into agreements with one another that nobody has ever actually spoken aloud.

We'll be ambitious, but not too ambitious.
Confident, but not intimidating.
Attractive, but not too aware of it.
Sexual, but only within certain boundaries.
Independent, but not so independent that we make other people question their own choices.

We'll support each other's growth, as long as that growth doesn't challenge the rules we've quietly agreed to live by.

And when a woman decides she's no longer interested in following those rules, something happens.

Not necessarily because she's doing anything wrong.
But because her choices reveal that the rules were never as absolute as we believed.

She becomes evidence that another way of living is possible.
And that can be both liberating and deeply confronting.

The temptation to make ourselves acceptable

What fascinates me most is how easily we can begin to negotiate with ourselves when our choices provoke a reaction.

Perhaps I should soften the language.
Perhaps I should explain myself more carefully.
Perhaps I should make sure nobody feels excluded, challenged, or uncomfortable.
Perhaps I should be a little less intense.

A little less visible.
A little less me.

And suddenly, we're doing the very thing we thought we'd stopped doing.

We're making ourselves smaller to manage someone else's discomfort.

Of course, there's a difference between being unwilling to compromise our truth and being unwilling to listen.

We can be open to feedback.
We can acknowledge when we've made a mistake.
We can take responsibility for how we communicate.

But we don't have to interpret every negative reaction as evidence that something needs to change.

Someone else's discomfort is information. It isn't automatically an instruction.

Sovereignty works both ways

There's another side to this that I think is equally important.

If I claim the freedom to live according to my own truth, I have to allow

other women the same freedom.

Including the freedom to disagree with me.

To want different things.
To choose lives I wouldn't choose.
To find meaning, fulfillment, and happiness in ways that make absolutely no sense to me.

Female sovereignty isn't about replacing one set of expectations with another.

It isn't about deciding that every woman should be wild, sexually liberated, ambitious, provocative, or interested in reinventing herself.

That would simply create another set of rules.

And another way for women to feel that they're somehow getting life wrong.

To me, sovereignty means something much more radical:
A woman gets to decide for herself.

What she wants.
What she values.
What she chooses.
What she refuses.
And who she wants to become.

Without needing another woman's approval.
And without requiring another woman to make the same choices.

The freedom to be misunderstood

Perhaps one of the most challenging aspects of becoming truly sovereign is accepting that not everyone will understand us.

Some people will misinterpret our intentions.

Some will question our choices.

Some will find our confidence excessive, our desires inappropriate, or our independence unsettling.

And no amount of explanation will change that.

I've been thinking about how much energy we can spend trying to be understood by people who may never see the world the way we do.

How much of ourselves we reveal, justify, defend, and negotiate in the hope of finally receiving their approval.

And what might become possible if we stopped.

Not because we no longer care about other people.

But because we no longer need their agreement to remain true to ourselves.

I don't need every woman to want the life I want.
I don't need her to understand my choices.
I don't even need her to like them.

And she doesn't need any of those things from me, either.

That's where genuine respect between women begins.

Not in always agreeing.
Not in celebrating every choice another woman makes.
But in recognizing her right to make it.

My freedom doesn't require your approval.
And your freedom doesn't require mine.

Face Reading:
When Caring Turns Into Resentment

There is a fine line between nurturing and over-nurturing.
And sometimes, that line appears on your face.

In Face Reading, the lines on our face tells a story. The story of how the emotions we keep inside will be reflected in our facial expressions and the expressions we make over and over again eventually leave their marks, giving us lines we might or might not enjoy.

One of the patterns that will show in your face is over-nurturing. Giving too much to the people around you, whether they have asked for it or not. Most probably they didn't ask for it.

It begins with tiny vertical lines running down into the upper lip, coming from with repeatedly pursing the mouth.

The woman who takes care of everyone.
Who anticipates their needs. Who gives a little more. Does a little more. Carries a little more. Who keeps her own needs to herself. And who may eventually begin to wonder why nobody ever takes care of her.

When that pattern continues, the lips may become even more tightly pursed. Both lips press together, and lines may begin to appear in the lower lip as well.

In the Face Reading tradition, this progression is associated with nurturing that has turned into bitterness.

Isn’t that fascinating?
How something that began as love and care can gradually become a source of resentment.

Not necessarily because others have demanded too much.

But sometimes because we have made ourselves responsible for giving more than we actually wanted to give.

Because we never learned to say no.
Because we never allowed ourselves to need anything.

Because we never allowed ourselves to need anything.
Because somewhere along the way, we confused being needed with being loved.

The invitation is not to stop caring.
It is to stop abandoning yourself in the process.

To recognize that your needs matter just as much as everyone else's.
To allow yourself to receive the care you so generously give.

And to ask yourself:
Where in my life am I giving from obligation rather than genuine desire?
What am I silently expecting in return?
And what would change if I allowed myself to be nurtured, too?

Because love was never meant to be a one-way street.

The Reading Nook: The Diplomat - When the Personal Becomes Political

I've been watching the fourth season of *The Diplomat*, and it reminded me why I love intelligent television.

The writing is sharp. The characters are wonderfully complex. Nobody is entirely right, nobody is entirely wrong, and every decision seems to create consequences far beyond what anyone could have anticipated.

There are no simple villains. No easy answers. Just intelligent, ambitious, deeply human people navigating situations in which every available choice comes at a price. High level politics made incredibly human.

And yet, in the middle of international crises, political power struggles and decisions that could change the course of history, something surprisingly intimate takes centre stage.

Marriage and love relationships.
And the extraordinary complexity of loving someone whose ambitions, loyalties and convictions don't always align with your own.

What fascinates me is how the personal and political become inseparable.

How trust can coexist with suspicion. How love can survive profound disagreement. How loyalty to the person beside you can come into direct conflict with loyalty to something much bigger.

And how the people who are brilliant at negotiating with the rest of the world can struggle so spectacularly to negotiate with the person they share their life with.

Perhaps that's what makes *The Diplomat* so compelling.

It refuses to simplify human relationships.

It allows people to be loving and selfish. Loyal and deceptive. Courageous and deeply flawed. Sometimes all at once.

And it asks a question that reaches far beyond politics:

How do we remain true to ourselves while sharing our lives with someone whose truth may be different from our own?

Closing notes:
The Alchemy of Autumn

There's something extraordinarily beautiful about autumn.

The way nature lets go.

Without hesitation. Without apology. Without desperately trying to hold on to what has already served its purpose.

The trees don’t cling to their leaves, wondering whether they’ll ever be beautiful again.

They simply release them.

In Traditional Chinese Medicine, autumn belongs to the Metal element.

The season of discernment. Of separating what is precious from what has lost its value. Of transforming grief into wisdom.

And grief isn’t always about losing someone or something we love.

Sometimes we grieve the lives we didn’t live. The choices we didn’t make. The parts of ourselves we kept hidden. The possibilities we never dared to explore.

Sometimes we grieve the identities we’ve spent years constructing, even when we know we’ve outgrown them.

And perhaps this is where the alchemy begins.

Not in rejecting who we’ve been, but in honoring her. Thanking her for everything she carried, everything she made possible.

And then allowing ourselves to become someone new.

In the symbolic language of the seasons, autumn also represents the later chapters of life.

The season of the wise woman.
The Crone.
Or perhaps, The Crown.

Because what if this season of life isn’t about losing our place in the world?

What if it’s about finally taking our place in it?

As October comes to an end, I find myself returning to the questions that have woven their way through this entire report.

What happens when we stop trying to control the shape of our lives?

When we allow ourselves to want what we want. To receive what is offered. To surrender what was never ours to carry.

To release the expectations that have kept us loyal to versions of ourselves we’ve already outgrown.

Perhaps what remains isn’t emptiness.
Perhaps it’s space.

Space for new experiences. New relationships. New ways of loving, creating, and being.

And perhaps that’s the greatest gift of autumn.

It reminds us that letting go and receiving aren’t opposites.
They’re part of the same movement.

We release what has served its purpose. Not because we’re finished. But because there’s still so much life waiting to be lived.

See you in November,

Anna

There is always another room to enter

There is always another room to enter

The Study

One conversation.
A question, decision, situation or possibility that deserves your attention. A private space to think, see differently, and hear yourself clearly.

Enter The Study here.

The Orangery

Three months.
Private mentorship for the woman who wants space to think, see differently, and let what comes next unfold.

Step into
The Orangery here.

The Excursion

One day.
One woman.
One business.

A private, in-person experience in Stockholm for business, finances, leadership and life.

Join me on
The Excursion.



ANNA ARNETZ

Mailing Address : Letting Life Unfold AB, Grindstuguvägen 67, Täby, Stockholm, Sweden, 18364

If you no longer wish to receive our emails, click : Unsubscribe