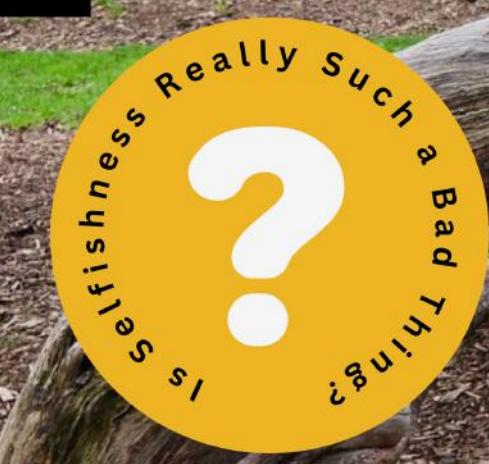




Global Grandmothers' Council Network

Voices of Wisdom in Times of Chaos

September 2025 Issue 10



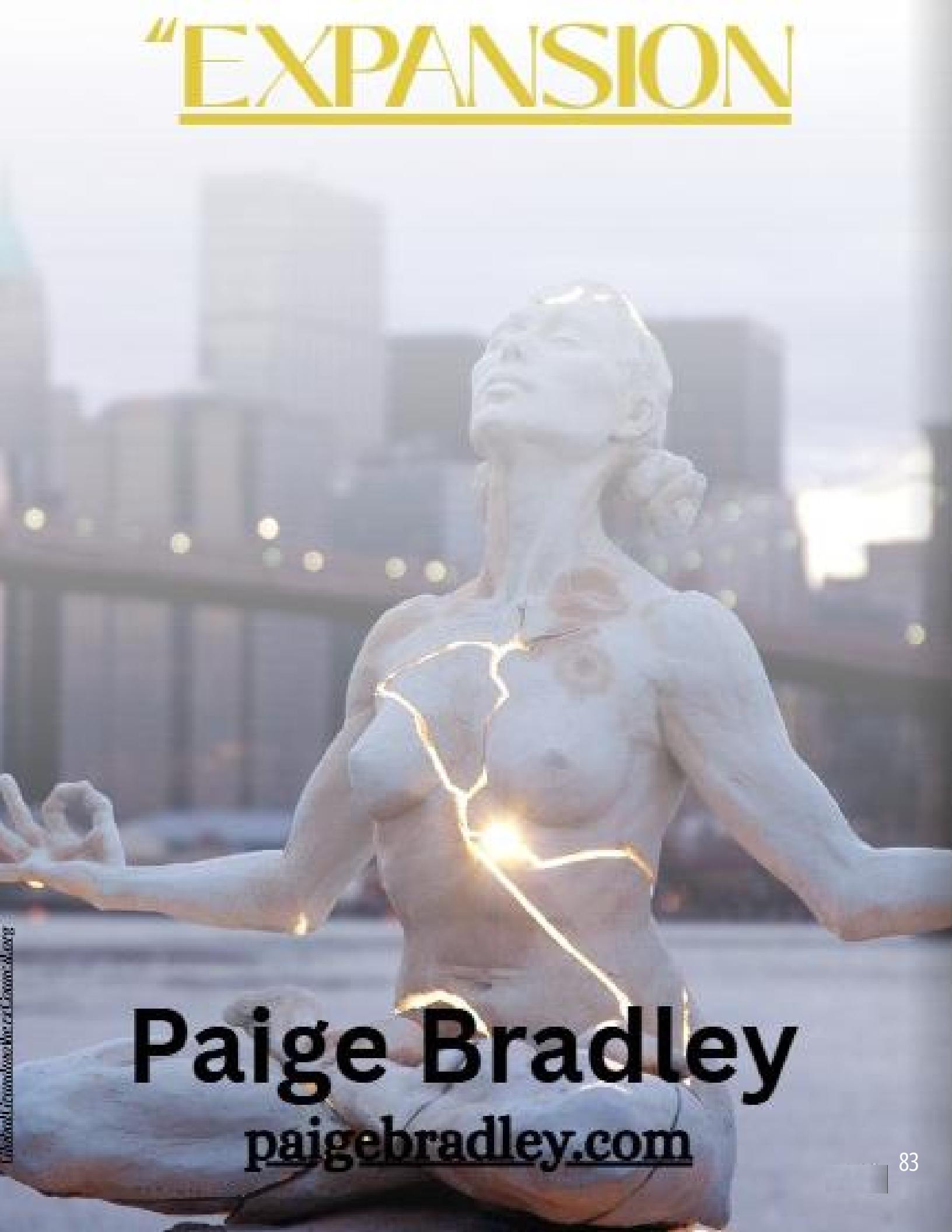
**Kintsugi
Woman**

ARTISTS | AUTHORS | HEALERS | TRAVELERS | VISIONARIES



**GUARDIANS
OF THE SACRED**

"EXPANSION"



Paige Bradley
paigebradley.com

*If you're in a season
of breaking or becoming,
You are a
Kintsugi Woman*

The heartbeat of my Kintsugi Woman woke up back in 2005, after my separation. I saw the sculpture "Expansion" by Paige Bradley that changed everything. It wasn't just art: it spoke to me. Whispered, really. Like a girlfriend saying,

"You're not broken. You're being revealed."

A crack revealed the gold. Just like the Golden Buddha, hidden beneath clay for protection, until one fracture uncovered its brilliance.

That's what Kintsugi Woman became for me, a reminder of decades spent shattered, silenced, surviving. Not defeated, just waiting to be revealed.

When I saw Expansion, I saw myself, cracked open by life. Glowing from within. Healing not through perfection but forgiving myself and others, learning to love, and trust myself.

Look at the cracks.
They're not flaws.
They're invitations.
Look within. Find your gold.

You're not alone. You're becoming.

Kalina's Why



*There was a time I wore coverings
Not just fabric, but layers of shame, sin, and
silence. Raised in a world that taught me to
hide, I learned to disappear, to obey,
to shrink.*

*But something sacred stirred. A whisper
from within. A knowing that my cracks
weren't curses, they were invitations.*

*I began to peel back the layers. I forgave
myself. I thanked the journey.*

I trusted my body, my mind, my spirit.

And then, I found Kintsugi.

I didn't just remove the coverings.

I replaced them with healing.

With self-love. With transparency.

I am not what they tried to cover.

Not hidden. Not hushed.

Shine bolder, braver, speaking your truth.

Becoming. And finally, heard.

This is the journey of a Kintsugi Woman.

And it's yours too, if you're ready.

Dear Grandmother, Sistar, Woman

If you've ever felt covered in shame,

If you've ever silenced your truth,

If you've ever questioned your worth

You are not what they tried to cover.

You are the gold they couldn't hide.

You are the voice they couldn't silence.

You are the voice for the voiceless.

It's time to choose YOU!

Trust yourself, and love yourself.

Speak your truth.

Write your story.

We rise together!

Mennonite Covering to Kintsugi Woman



Kintsugi Woman Rituals & Reflections

Kintsugi Woman Rituals & Reflections is an offering of healing, remembrance, and reclamation. Each day invites you to celebrate, pause, and reflect on the cracks that shaped you. Through simple rituals and soulful prompts, we RISE together.

1: Cracked Open

Ritual: Light a candle and name one crack you carry with love.

Reflection: The breaking wasn't the end. It was the beginning of your becoming.

CTA: Share your crack story or journal it privately. Your truth is sacred.

2: Golden Threads

Ritual: Write down three moments where pain led to beauty.

Reflection: The gold isn't what you lost, it's what you found inside the loss.

CTA: List three things you're ready to release. Let them go.

3: Reclamation

Ritual: Speak aloud one truth you were once afraid to say.

Reflection: This is not just remembrance. It's reclamation. You are allowed to rise.

CTA: Tag a sistar who's reclaiming her voice. Let her know she's not alone.

4: Legacy Rising

Ritual: Place your hand over your heart and whisper the name of a woman who shaped you.

Reflection: Her story lives in you. Her strength pulses through your veins.

CTA: Honour her in your journal or share her name in the comments. Let her light rise.

5: Presence Over Perfection

Ritual: Sit in silence for 3 minutes. Let the cracks breathe.

Reflection: Healing isn't about being flawless. It's about being fully here.

CTA: Place your hand over your heart. Feel your becoming.

*Let this be your reminder: You are not stuck. You are shifting. You are not broken. You are becoming! You are not small. You are rising. The clay chrysalis was your sacred shelter. And now, as it splits, you *SHINE!**

Walk alongside me for a while...

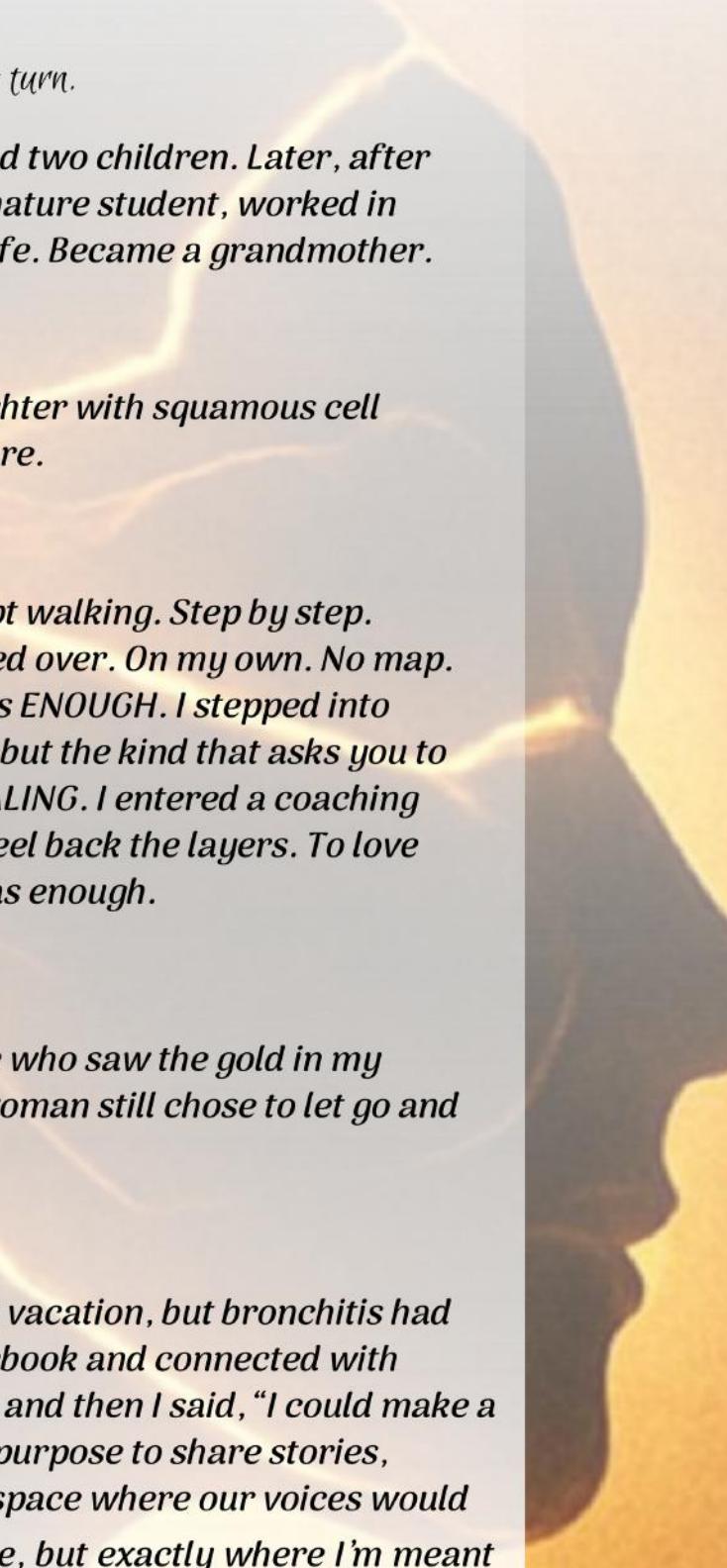
*The labyrinth of my life curves,
turns, and twists, but it always leads
me deeper, cracking me open.*

*Each curve, and unexpected turn
brought me closer, not to perfection,
but to the woman I was becoming,
not despite the breaking, but
because of it. To self. There comes a
moment when the path no longer
leads outward, but inward, and the
whispers of the soul grow louder.*

*This is the beginning of the
labyrinth, not a place of confusion,
but of initiation guided by passion
and spirit, our internal GPS. Here, I
meet myself. Wounded. Wise. Whole.*

*Each twist and turn is a
conversation with my past, each
pause a whispering of my truths. I
entered not to escape life, but to
reclaim it. I have stumbled. I have
knelt. I have wept. RISING!*

Joy with life



I was born into a conservative Mennonite family. The first of eight siblings. Epilepsy, grand mal seizures, until I was 18. I dropped out of high school. I rebelled. I was the purple sheep, different. than others. Leaving the community, naive, finding myself.

I continued the labyrinth, another corner in my life to turn.

I worked retail. I married a Punjabi man. We had two children. Later, after having my children, I returned to college as a mature student, worked in offices as an Admin. Life was busy. Became a grandmother.

And then, turning another corner, I broke.

A car accident. Divorce after thirty years. Daughter with squamous cell carcinoma and thyroid cancer and so much more.

The labyrinth twisted again.

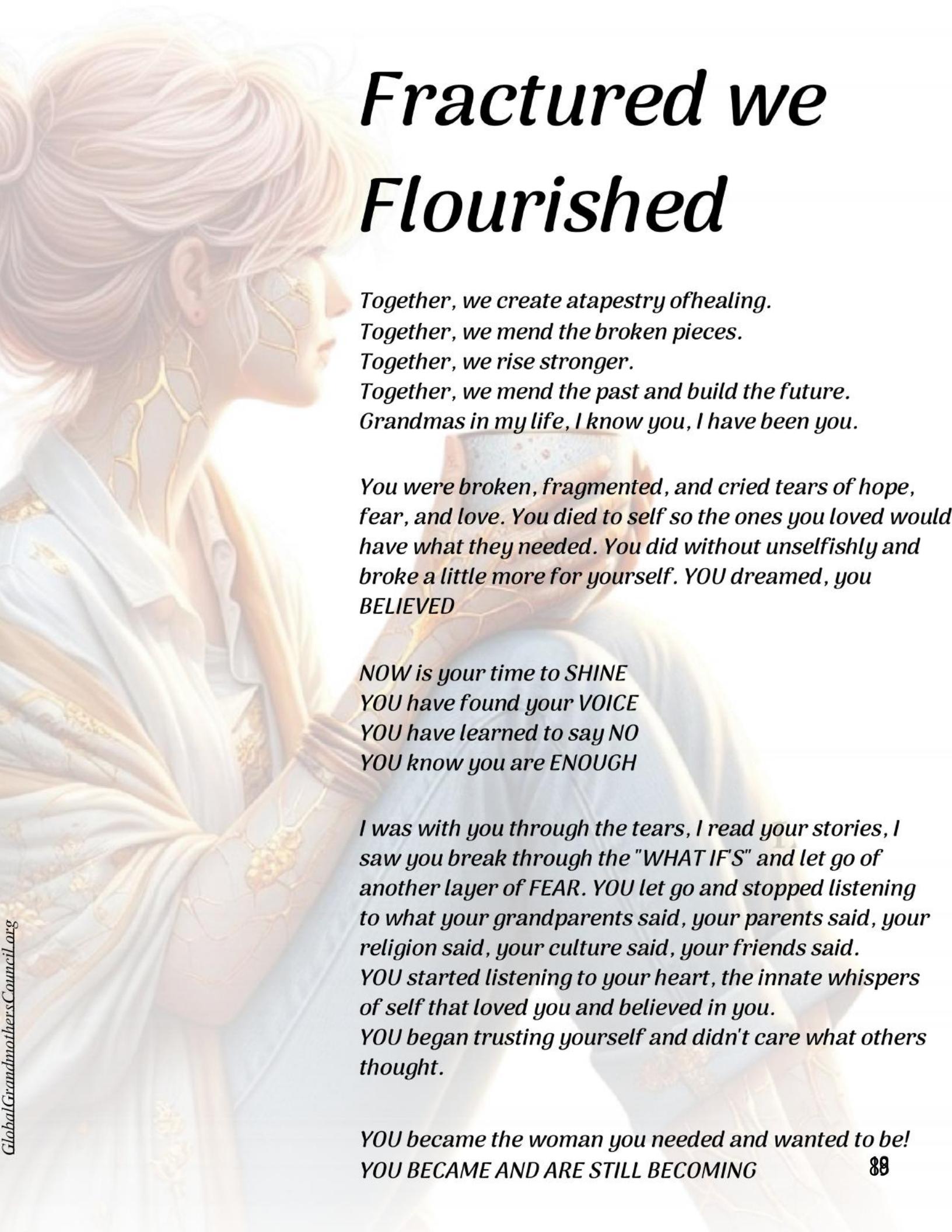
I didn't know where I was. What to do. But I kept walking. Step by step. Shedding the old self, breaking through. I started over. On my own. No map. No guarantees. Just faith, trusting myself, I was ENOUGH. I stepped into healing. Not the kind that promises quick fixes, but the kind that asks you to sit with your soul and listen. INHEALING, EXHEALING. I entered a coaching program. Not just to learn, but to unlearn. To peel back the layers. To love myself again, to reinvent myself. I believed I was enough.

Another corner turned

I found love again. A new life partner. Someone who saw the gold in my cracks. Not the polished version, one, but the woman still chose to let go and speak the words that needed to be heard.

Continuing the journey with me

In the summer of 2024, I went to the cottage on vacation, but bronchitis had other plans. Stuck inside, I found GGCN on Facebook and connected with Mayana. That conversation led to a newsletter, and then I said, "I could make a magazine." I'd never made one before. Finding purpose to share stories, empower women grandmothers, and create a space where our voices would be heard. I am here. Not where I expected to be, but exactly where I'm meant to become. With a magazine born from a movement sparked by connection, and a heart wide open to the stories still unfolding. Each step is becoming. Each turn, a reminder: creation doesn't need credentials, just courage. And so it began and continues. I am Kintsugi Woman. I am the gold. I am the story still unfolding and we are just beginning. Bolder, Braver Boomers with a gray tsunami of grandmothers.



Fractured we Flourished

Together, we create a tapestry of healing.

Together, we mend the broken pieces.

Together, we rise stronger.

Together, we mend the past and build the future.

Grandmas in my life, I know you, I have been you.

You were broken, fragmented, and cried tears of hope, fear, and love. You died to self so the ones you loved would have what they needed. You did without unselfishly and broke a little more for yourself. YOU dreamed, you BELIEVED

NOW is your time to SHINE

YOU have found your VOICE

YOU have learned to say NO

YOU know you are ENOUGH

I was with you through the tears, I read your stories, I saw you break through the "WHAT IF'S" and let go of another layer of FEAR. YOU let go and stopped listening to what your grandparents said, your parents said, your religion said, your culture said, your friends said. YOU started listening to your heart, the innate whispers of self that loved you and believed in you. YOU began trusting yourself and didn't care what others thought.

YOU became the woman you needed and wanted to be!

YOU BECAME AND ARE STILL BECOMING



We are a community of gray tsunami grandmothers who were bohemians, hippies, purple sheep rebels. WE ran away, searching for more. We sensed the silence growing, the disconnect deepening. And then we watched as everything we loved, our children, our relationships, our sense of self, was torn apart.

*WE cried, hid, we lied, we pretended, wearing masks
WE FORGOT WHO WE WERE!
WE FORGAVE EVERYONE ELSE BUT OURSELVES.*

We cocooned for decades, we drank, we took pills, we abused ourselves, let others abuse us, and forgot WHO WE WERE, crying tears, and sleeping our lives away. wearing masks. We lost ourselves, forgot who we were, died again to self, and let others take advantage as we smiled and died to self over and over, with scars being opened again, our lives being shattered again. The betrayal, lies, of self to our bodies, minds, and lives of nothingness, forgetting we deserved more, needed, and wanted more? Broken, we are beautiful. Fragmented, we have flourished.

We are Kintsugi Woman

We are BE.YOU.TIFUL

We are not broken, we are REBORN

We are HEALED

We are ENOUGH

We are POWERFUL

Are you ready? Have you had ENOUGH?

BELIEVE in yourself, TRUST YOURSELF.

Remembering where we have been. It has been a journey of chrysalis rebirth and many do-overs.

From a farm girl with a very conservative background. Fractured I have flourished. You are a powerful be.YOU.tifil Kintsugi Woman.

Kintsugi Woman Kalina

Kintsugi Woman is a platform for reinvention and celebration. A sacred space where we honour the journey, cracked, golden, and whole. We listen to our inner GPS, guided by passion, spirit, and ancestral wisdom.

Here, we heal our daughters, ourselves, our pasts. We rise, stand in our power, and speak with voices that echo across generations. Fractured we FLOURISHED. Where women remember who they are, and become who they're meant to be.

We celebrate the journey, and the stories that shape us, those who walk this labyrinth with us. Thank you for finding center, for rising braver and bolder, and for using your voices to empower and inspire through our GGCN magazine.

Now, as editor of GGCN, my heart invites all grandmothers to shine brighter, bolder, raising their voices in truth, tenderness, and power.

Together, we are not just healing, we are leading. We are building a legacy that whispers to the next generation: You are becoming. You are worthy.

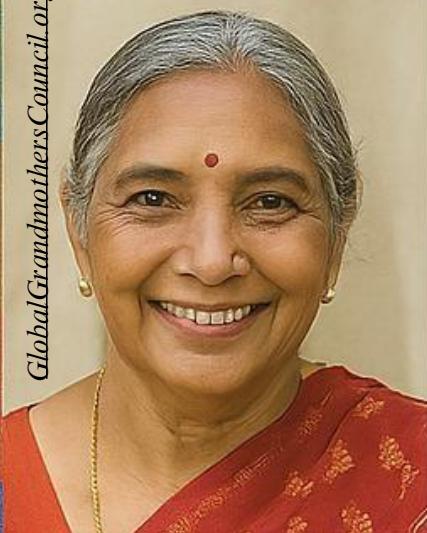
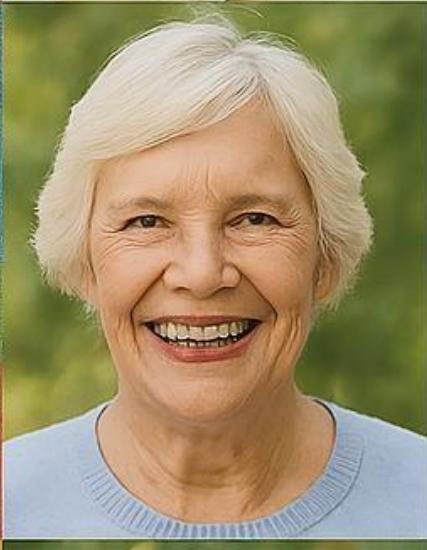
To every young girl pushing through her chrysalis, breaking the clay. To every woman learning to trust her voice. We rise with you. We believe in you. We walk beside you.

If Kintsugi Woman resonates with you, let's connect and walk this journey together. Check my links below:



Kalina Bains
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You are not broken. You are Becoming
Guided by Passion & Spirit
facebook.com/kintsugiwomen
instagram.com/boldbraveboomers
youtube.com/@kintsugiwomanrise
KintsugiWoman.com





With deep spiritual awe and enduring sisterhood, We honor the wisdom shared across these pages—each word, each image a heartbeat in the collective rhythm of our grandmothers' legacy. May this offering continue to illuminate, nourish, and connect us across generations and geographies.

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