

THE KITCHEN HEALER

the journey to
becoming you



BOOK EXCERPT

jules blaine davis

contents

introduction: permission everywhere	1
your permission slip	33
part 1 waking up: the stories we carry	35
chapter 1. mother story	43
chapter 2. the pain you carry	59
chapter 3. birthing a new story	79
part 2 turning on the fire: haaaaaaaaa	97
chapter 4. lighting the fire	101
chapter 5. tending to transform	117
you have a body: the middle way	135
part 3 healing in the kitchen: cooking up a life you love	157
chapter 6. a place to be	163
chapter 7. beauty heals	181
chapter 8. wood board love	199
part 4 becoming you: a forever conversation	227
chapter 9. returning home	231
chapter 10. a forever conversation	243
gratitude	259
from the field	263
poems that heal	267
books that hold	269
notes	273
about the author	275



introduction

permission everywhere

The door is open, and you are right on time. As you walk up to the front porch, you see a pair of biggish black Vans, smallish rainbow boots, high-top garden galoshes, and fuchsia sneakers near a tattered doormat that says “You are gorgeous.” As you lift your gaze to the windowsill, you see rocks and shells, a few ceramic hearts, and the word “**LOVE**” painted in hot pink on a piece of driftwood. You can take your shoes off here, drop your bags, and let go of anything that might be in the way of you being here. As you look through the screen door, you see a lit beeswax candle on the dining room table with a heart-shaped wood board next to it. You hear music—*Rising Appalachia*, *Alicia Keys*, or *Chaka Khan*, depending on the mood. As you make your way inside, you feel a warmth of goodness and love that brings you closer to the kitchen. On your way, you see the heart-shaped wood board with sliced Gala apples, white nectarines, some goat gouda, rice crackers, and a small bowl of Castelvetro olives.

This is for you.

Everywhere you look, you see a kind of *messy beauty* inside day-to-day things, like a wide wood bowl holding a soft mountain of unfolded linen and cotton napkins, or a cracked cake plate offering the season’s bounty. Fuyu persimmons, Gold Nugget tangerines, and a heart-shaped rock with the word “courage” painted on it. These are daily moments made sacred by the way they are offered inside the flow of a freely creative aesthetic. There is nothing to hide here. This is permission

everywhere. Permission to feel all your senses, to take everything in and receive the ease and freedom that is here. The aroma of a cake, light and rising, guides you gently into the kitchen. This is where you will find me, steeping our love tea, opening a wide vat of golden sage honey to stir inside our time together.

I see you, and I am so happy you are here.

The cabinet is open for you to choose from a variety of porcelain teacups, ceramic mugs, and handmade clay vessels. They are close together, a few nestled one inside the other, yet each one has its own feeling. Choose a vessel that feels like home in the palms of your hands. You can take your time here. As you turn around, you will see a wall of wood boards, open salt bowls, a block of butter on a round blue plate next to three eggs nuzzled together in a little pink pinch pot by the stove. There is a freedom that comes with placing the ingredients you use daily out in the open. When you can see, feel, and be with what you love, you become more connected to yourself. This is not clutter. It is intentional and has the essence of YOU embodied everywhere. This daily invitation to acknowledge, honor, and remember what you love awakens everything. Permission everywhere not only supports your healing, it makes space for you to embody possibilities you couldn't see—until now.



There is nothing to do.

There is nothing to fix.

There is no rush.

This is for YOU.



This book, like my kitchen, is a soft place to land.

It is also base camp for the journey ahead. We will return to the kitchen again and again as you make your way toward yourself. In the warmth of the kitchen, you might feel an opening or an unraveling toward a spaciousness within you. This might bring up a longing or a yearning for something you can't yet name. With the tinctures of permission, freedom, and beauty, you might begin to feel a hunger not only for a piece of olive oil cake, but for this deeper sense of yourself. You might not even know that you are hungry. That's okay—many of us have no idea how hungry we truly are. We run in circles around our lives and call it

a living. We book our days over-full, with *the right thing to do* or *what needs to get done*. This is how we have been conditioned to live. You have no time for yourself, so you go miss-

ing inside your own life. You keep giving, going, and doing, trying to stay safe and save others from their pain. You repeat the words "I know" when someone tells you that you need to take a break, but your actions say, "I will get to me later." You are so busy carrying these old stories from your childhood, your lineage, and your culture that you forgot you have a self, a body, a story to write, a life to live, and a legacy to become.

You ask others what they are hungry for, maybe you forgot to ask yourself: What are YOU hungry for?



HOME

you've always
had the power
my dear,
you just had
to learn it
for yourself.
-the wizard of oz

there
is
nothing
to
fix.
rulesxxxx

MAGIC

MIRACLE

FREEDOM

You are not alone.

You are hungry for the love inside permission and beauty and freedom. You are hungry for the lightness inside ease, flow, and authentic connection. You are hungry for Mother Earth and the intimate relationship waiting for you inside a wood board love and a carrot-ginger soup simmering on the back burner. Even if you don't like ginger, all of a sudden, you are hungry for it. You are hungry to be seen and heard and felt. You are hungry to know who you are, beneath the errands and the busyness and all the doing.

You are hungry to become YOU.

As you feel the unconditional love flowing through the kitchen, a new way of *doing and being* will emerge. Curiosity and willingness lead the way to the creativity and truth of your living. We are going to find permission everywhere as we move through this journey together. We will find it in the pantry, in the cabinets, and on the kitchen counters. We will feel it in the rhythm, cadence, and flow of your days and nights. We will discover your values and leave behind the stories that are in the way to you claiming the life you long to live. We will go at your pace with a love nudge

from me. I will meet you where you are. I will offer recipes from *the loving you trade*. You can start right now. Ask yourself: *Am I loving my day?* You can check in to see if what you are *doing* is an act of loving for you and your body. I can hear you . . . the bills, the marriage, the work, what will they think, what will I think, and so on. I got you. We are here together. And this is your journey to embark on.

This journey is a devotion quest. You are your beloved. And when permission and beauty surround you, they offer the limitless gift of becoming you. You begin to embody your becoming. This is custom, intimate, and powerful. Your healing is not superficial, nor is it something topical to float on the surface of your life.

You will wake up, turn on the fire, find your body, cook up a feast with ease—becoming who you are, again and again. Who knew that the aroma of a cake permeating through the house, a circle of women around a fire, and the feeling of your feet rooted to the ground at the kitchen island could feed you in such deep ways. And this is just the beginning to meeting your hunger and nourishing your becoming.



Don't ask me if I am hungry
Don't ask what I want to eat

Feed me your heart
Feed me what you love

Then nourish me
Nourish me all the way

The tea you love and how you take it
The dinner you ate last night
The take out from that place you love
around the corner

All of you inside this food
That is what I want
That is what I hunger for

I am hungry for you

I am hungry for your story
Inside your home
Inside your laundry
Inside your body
Inside your kitchen
Inside your day-to-day, nonstop-life

Let's fold these clothes
Let's take out the dishes
Let's go deep and laugh about the mess

I will turn on the fire for one more cup

Warming the kettle
I invite our elders in
Learning how to listen
I offer myself over

What do we need to know?

Tend
They will say

Tend
They will sing

Tend to your hunger

Then feed those you love
with what you love

Then feed the world



love tea

This moment, this tea, this warmth
is for you. Any moment of the day or
night you can begin again.

You can come back to your body.
You can feel your feet on the floor.
You can breathe in and out.
In and out. In and out.
You can find your way back to
LOVING YOU as you steep, stir,
and surrender.

tools

kettle or pot you love
tea vessel, cup or mug
steeper or sieve for loose-leaf tea
small bowl for your steeped tea bag
and a place to rest the steeper
spoon long enough for the honey pot
cozy to keep the heat in and to rest
your warm cup on in your hand

gather

organic black tea
boiling water
sage honey
organic raw cream, half-and-
half, or any milk you love
a bowl or little plate you love

As you fill the kettle, you invite yourself into this moment right here. Slow it way down as you put the kettle on high heat. Reach for a vessel you love, a shape that fits your hand so you can feel the warmth in your palm. Making tea takes a moment, so you can too. Take this time to breathe; in through your nose and exhale through your mouth. Loosen your jaw and feel your body settle. Gather your tea, loose leaf or bag, and place it in your cup. I see you preparing this in your tea area. If you don't have a tea area yet, you can make one—a place where the honey, the spoons in a Ball jar or a drawer, perhaps the cups, and of course the tea, are all gathered for this moment. When everything is in the same place and accessible, there is an ease that permeates the experience, and your life.

Gather a spoon, the honey, and cream. Once the water boils, it is ready to pour in your vessel. Leave room at the top, and use your empty bowl to rest your sieve or tea bag after it has steeped. You want everything to happen in this one place. Making this tea will restore and reconnect you to beginning the day, again and again. I start the day feeling the LOVE right here with my body and this warm milky tea. I let my tea steep for a bit, covered with a tea cozy to keep the warmth in, as I like to use this time to sit and breathe—whether I bring my pillow into the kitchen or I go to the altar. Once the tea has steeped—about five minutes or so—I add honey first, then cream. I stir it all together. There is a particular color to the milkiness I love, so I look for that balanced hue. You will find the hue that works for you. Keep tasting and stirring and finding what you love. I love sharing this love with you. Enjoy, loves x x x x

...a moment when
ry for all the truth
master who craves light
witness we all carry
hes the light and du
on a life full of me's
who trusts my brea
INS to Be cozy inside t
wounds of cashmere
ting the broken piece
Sharp needle i am a w
A hungry to spread

chapter 3

birthing a new story

The sun is rising. It is a new day. You have a new story to birth, a new way to wake up inside the morning. You hold the key to possibility. Mornings invite so many opportunities for love and nourishment. They are liminal spaces between dark and light, inviting you into a deeper connection with your life. This threshold is intimate and powerful terrain. You are transforming your story as you learn how to nourish your deepest life.

Here you are, at another beginning. Throughout your journey here, you will be waking up even as you leave the waking up section. You can begin again and wake up in every moment. Waking up before the house, or world, is essential to the practice of being with YOU first. You might be used to putting your family or your job or everyone else's needs first. What self? Who? Exactly. The energy of the first light of the day is a container for you. Listening to your breath first. Feeling how your body feels first. Being with yourself is where you begin. You were made for this.

A soft-focus photograph of a kitchen interior. In the foreground, a wooden island holds a lit candle in a glass holder, a bowl of fruit, and a plate of oranges. In the background, a kitchen sink, stove, and a window looking out onto greenery are visible. The overall atmosphere is warm and calm.

hello, body!

waking up to you

Light a candle.

Breathe.

Make a love tea.

Breathe.

Slow it way down.

Breathe.

As you walk, feel you.

As you brush your teeth,
feel you.

As you warm the
washcloth to put on
your face, feel you.

a below-the-neck conversation

Learning how to wake up to yourself is an embodied process. You are making your way toward your body with every step. There is nothing to do here. You are all body in the morning. Let yourself be all body. It is sooooo good when we allow ourselves to be who we are. No phone or email or any realms of the world outside will help you here. They will only take you further away. You are making your way into the world *inside* of you. Give yourself the time and space you need here. The other stuff will always be there. Living your life in a reactive state will always be there. Nourishing yourself is a below-the-neck conversation. It is not about what you *think* needs to happen or a reaction to what is happening outside of you. It is being with what needs to move inside of you.

Take a breath here. Let's slow this down. Waking up to yourself lives in your YES. It is not optional. You are not optional. Thinking about all the ways you'd like to change as you keep doing things the old way separates you from your body. It also doesn't feed the deeper hunger that is YOU. In feeding you first, you birth a new story. In making room to birth, your mind changes. You begin to be with yourself as a gentle, loving energy. No more critical analyzing or scanning the field for where you are "doing it wrong or setting yourself up for failure."

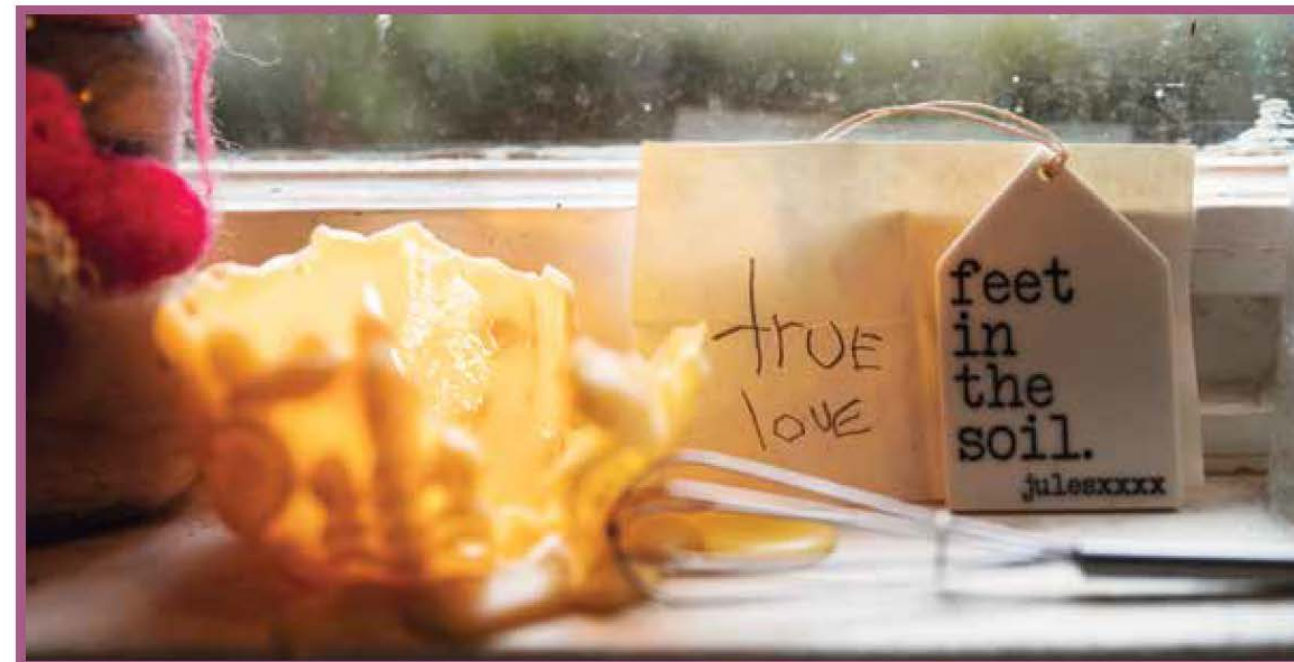
This is essential to your healing. When you slow down, you can shift your old survival techniques from analyzing to gentle curiosity. You can ask, *How am I feeling here?* If you find yourself resistant to the thought of waking up a bit earlier in the morning, you are not alone. You can invite the inquiry into why you have such adamant feelings about waking up early. Staying curious with your feelings is a way of nourishing yourself. You can operate from this new place inside of you. There is no rush here. You can be in the unknown as you build new scaffolding for your life. You've got this. You are taking the slow steps toward a morning that aligns with the hunger of your heart. One step at a time.



heart work

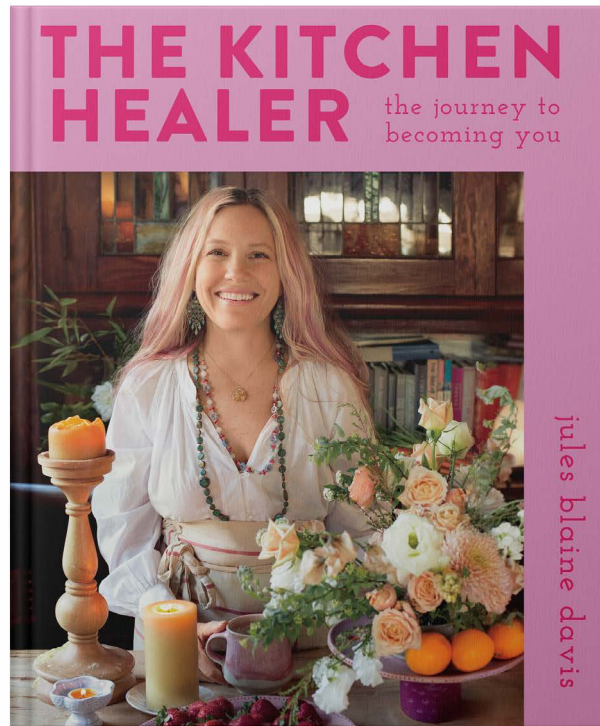
- ♡ Gather a marker or basket of colorful bold crayons or acrylic paints.
- ♡ Gather paper you love. Maybe it's kraft paper or card stock that you have kept in a craft box, or even a swatch of wallpaper you love. The only requirement is that it must feel like YOU.
- ♡ Write down a word that you are carrying for your journey here, a word that resonates with you waking up to your life!
- ♡ What was the word that just came to you? That was it! Write that one down!
- ♡ Then put it up where you can see it . . . perhaps on the window, wall, or altar above the sink or the ceiling above your bed or the bathroom mirror OR ALL OF THE ABOVE.

This is your remembering. This is what will remind you of your journey here. It might be easy to forget, especially in the beginning. It might feel new to make your way toward YOU. Creating little reminders for yourself is a loving way to support yourself. This is about seeing yourself and setting yourself up for success—every step of the way. As your word changes, put it up where you can see it. Keep moving with your healing. Stay with you. You are amazing.



As you wake up to your new story, you will feel yourself in the room—your feet on the floor, your breath moving in and out of your body. Your curiosity will support you here. It will be the bridge you build toward your self—beyond old judgments, fears, and comparisons. I didn't know about curiosity as a child, as it was not modeled. I still have to remind myself to breathe, get curious, and look around instead of reacting, protecting myself, and assuming I know what is coming. Those neural pathways are fierce and they were all great survival skills when we lived with tigers chasing us. I have found that taking the fast, fix-it-quick road leads to missing the magic that inspires me in the deepest ways. I am all in for the magic now, which means that most of the time I am in the slow lane. And when I forget, which is more often than not, I put my signal on and move on over to the right. The fast way seems to hurt. It takes my mind and my body with it, and then I can't show up for the people I love, especially me! When I slow down and get to know what is here for me, everyone benefits.

Speaking of slowing it way down, let's make something slow and sweet together. The beauty of using your hands with curiosity is that it gives you time to take in your life, to get closer to you.



©Joe Pugliese 2021

JULES BLAINE DAVIS, the Kitchen Healer, is a TED speaker and one of Goop's leading experts on women's healing. She has led transformational gatherings, retreats, and a private practice for over fifteen years. She has facilitated deeply nourishing experiences at OWN and on retreat with Oprah Winfrey, among many other miracles. Jules is a pioneer in her field, inviting women to awaken and rewrite the stories they have been carrying for far too long in their day-to-day lives. She is cooking up a movement to inspire and support women to discover who they are becoming. For more, visit julesblainedavis.com.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 15, 2022
PREORDER AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSELLER:

amazon

BARNES
& NOBLE

B Bookshop

INDIE
BOUND

sounds true

 **sounds true**
WAKING UP THE WORLD