

My Gift For You

What you're about to read is Chapter 1 from my upcoming book, *PEACE IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN LOBSTER*.

For years, I've listened to smart, capable women ask themselves questions like: "Why does everything feel harder than it used to?" "Why can't I seem to do things that used to come naturally?" "What's wrong with me?"

This chapter begins with a different possibility. What if nothing is wrong with you?

Enjoy.

A handwritten signature in red ink that reads "Sandy". To the left of the name is a simple red heart outline.

Sandy

Before You Read

Women seem to have a way to turn struggles into a story about themselves. We assume we're the problem. We assume we need to try harder. We assume everyone else has figured something out that we somehow missed.

But what if these feelings aren't proof that something is wrong with you? What if they're clues? What if they're signals? What if they're friction?

That's why I wrote this chapter—not to give you one more thing to fix, but to help you see something that may have been hiding in plain sight. Because recognition creates relief. Relief creates possibility.

You don't need to fix yourself.

You need to start seeing what's been getting in your way.

If we see FRICTION as a SIGNAL, it can point to something we might want to see.

See the drag.

Return to your SAY.

Enjoy the chapter.

"Because, maybe, the problem was never you.

Maybe...

*You've just been responding to signals,
you were never taught how to read."*



Chapter One

The Gas Gauge

I was driving down I-35 when my gas light came on.

And immediately my mind fired: **Dang. I didn't get gas!**

Who goes on a trip without gas?

Don't I know better than this?

It wasn't a small thought. I felt it. A drop. Just like that.

I started doing the math. *Do I have enough? How far to the next exit?*

How did I not think of this?

And for a few minutes... it meant everything.

Then I caught myself. Looked down. Checked the range. I had plenty of gas. And just like that... my whole spirit settled. Again, I looked at the light. No panic. No judgment. No story about what it meant about me.

Just: *You'll need gas soon.*

Good to know.

In fact... Thank you.

Thank you for telling me before I ran out.

And then I thought... How interesting.

That signal was neutral. My reaction was not.

So why is it... when someone points something out in my work—something I care deeply about—I don't say thank you? Why don't I just see it as information?

Why do I make it mean something about me?

That's friction.

And here's what it's not: it does not mean something is wrong.
It does not mean something is missing.
That I'm not quite there.
That I'm not amazing.

No.

It's just a signal.

I don't need to become a better driver because my gas gauge came on.
I just need gas.
And somehow... I don't make that a character flaw.

And maybe... that's what's been happening all along.
Most women aren't stuck because something is wrong.
Maybe they're just running low on clarity, on support, on energy.

They are capable.
They're strong.
They're not broken.
They're just running out of gas.

Which means... the moment you stop making it mean something about you— you
get your breath back.

Because once you see it, you don't go into shame.
You don't go into fixing. You simply notice what's needed.

More clarity.

More support.

More energy.

Fuel.

And you return to your SAY.

Because, maybe, the problem was never you.

Maybe...

you've just been responding to signals, you were never taught how to read.

From Book:
Peace Is More Expensive than Lobster:
A Wake Up Call with Lipstick
by Sandy Parker Martinez

Coming out Summer 2026
sandyparkermartinez.com

We would love for you to connect with us.

A Few More Gifts to Explore

