



MOMENTUM SERIES

THE  
MOMENTUM  
RULE

NAOMI SHIELS



# PREFACE

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## Why This Book Exists

My son asked me about his childhood yesterday.

I've been thinking about it all day.

But here's what I really need to tell you, and him, and anyone reading this:

It's not what I taught him that matters most.

It's what he taught me.

When he volunteered as an international volunteer and was on the frontline, I was terrified every single day.

Every phone call could have been the last one. Every silence felt like the end of the world.

I couldn't control anything, not the war, not the danger, not whether he'd come home.

And then he'd call.

And you know what he did?

He laughed.

He found something good to tell me about.

He showed up with humour and heart and this unbelievable ability to keep shining, even in the literal trenches.

He taught me how to survive.

Not by telling me it would be okay. Not by pretending it wasn't terrifying.

By showing me how to keep moving anyway.

When I didn't know if he'd survive the day, I couldn't fix anything.

But I could write one paragraph. I could record one song. I could help raise money for medical supplies.

I could do one small thing.

Just for today.

I didn't learn that alone.

My friend Kate, my fellow mother of a soldier in arms, was living the same nightmare.

Her son had been fighting in Ukraine since 2022.

We held each other up.

When I was drowning, she'd say it.

When she was breaking, I'd say it back.

We oscillated between fear and function, trauma and momentum.

Some days one of us was strong enough to pull the other forward.

Some days neither of us was strong, but we moved anyway.

My son taught me that with how he lived.

Kate taught me that with how she survived alongside me.

Not with words. With presence. With showing up even when showing up felt impossible.

Even when my son said, "Either way, it is my last mission," he didn't say it with despair.

He said it with purpose.

Like: "This is what I have. This moment. So, I'm going to show up fully. I'm going to make it count."

That changed everything for me.

He taught me:

You don't have to wait for things to get better to shine

You can find humour even when everything's falling apart

You can choose to hope even when hope feels impossible

You can keep moving, one small step, even when you can't see the end

You can be in the trenches and still be fully alive

He taught me how to be brave.

Not by being fearless.

By being scared and showing up anyway.

All the work I've done, the books, the music, everything.

It wasn't just something to do while I waited.

It was me doing what he showed me how to do.

Keep moving. Find the good. Shine anyway.

His attitude saved my sanity.

Not just by surviving with laughter.

By teaching me how to live while he was fighting to survive.

Kate saved my sanity too.

By refusing to let me disappear and being there when it just felt impossible.

Everything I now know about resilience, I learned from him.

Now, everything I know about courage, I learned from him.

And I know about how to keep going when everything's falling apart,

I learned from watching him do it in the worst possible circumstances.

What I know about surviving with someone else, when your sanity is on the line,

I learned from Kate.

He asked about his childhood.

And yeah, we had good times. Hard times. All the times.

What it was about was who he had become.

The man who could laugh on the frontline. The man who could find good in hell.

The man who showed up with heart even when death was at the door.

That's who taught me how to live.

I'm so proud of him.

Not just for surviving.

For how he survived.

For whom he was in the trenches.

And I want you to know:

Everything I'm building now, every person I help, every word I write,

It carries what they both taught me.

That you can be in the trenches and still shine.

That you can survive impossible things if you break them  
into today.

This book is my way of passing that on.

To you.

Wherever your trenches are.

Whatever you're fighting.

Whoever you're trying to become.

You don't need to be ready.

You don't need to be fearless.

You just need to do the next small thing.

Even when you're doing it scared.

That's what he taught me.

That's what Kate and I taught each other.

Now let me teach you.

# AUTHOR'S NOTE

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Now that you know exactly how I got here, let me tell you how I actually did this.

Because if you're thinking, "That's beautiful, Naomi, but my life is chaos and I can barely function," then I need you to know:

I did not write this book from the top of a misty mountain at sunrise, drinking chamomile tea and journaling about "alignment".

Please.

I wrote this at the end of a day so long it felt like it deserved its own credits. It was the kind of day where you close your laptop and wonder, "Who trusted me with this much responsibility?" Then you notice you've been running on caffeine, chaos, and that strange burst of energy your body gives you when it's not sure what's happening either.

All of this while working full-time and raising a family. Zero mysticism. Just momentum and mild delusion.

Somewhere in that mess, I stopped long enough to look back. Not because I was reflecting on the meaning of life or having a spiritual epiphany.

No.

I was sitting at my desk, listening back to the tracks from my fifth music album, *Unstoppable*. I had already released four albums as *The Winks*, and I was deep in the middle of editing one of the books in my *Life in Gestures* series.

As the song "Do It Scared" came through the speakers, it hit me like a physical weight. I wasn't just listening to a track; I was listening to my own autobiography. It dawned on me right there: this was exactly what I had been doing this whole time. It wasn't about talent or "alignment." It was the simple, gritty methodology that had allowed me to climb a mountain of work while I was terrified and exhausted. Somehow, somehow, I'd written those twelve books, a number that feels like an accident and a cry for help. I'd released five albums, nearly finished a satirical board game about US politics (until reality out-satirised me and it stopped being funny), and started a questionable number of side-projects that now live in a cheerful pile called "Yeah, I'll get to that eventually."

I realised that if I could name it, I could teach it. So *The Momentum Rule* became the first book I released and the foundation of *The Momentum Series* of books.

More like, "Wait. How did I actually... do all of this?"

Because somehow, somehow, I'd written those twelve books—a number that feels like an accident and a cry for help. Along the way, I'd also released five albums, nearly

finished a satirical board game about US politics (until reality out-satirized me and it stopped being funny), and started a questionable number of side-projects that now live in a cheerful pile called “Yeah, I’ll get to that eventually.”

None of this happened because I had a flawless plan. Honestly, if you saw my planning system, you’d assume it belonged to someone in witness protection trying to hide from their own schedule.

This happened because I kept taking tiny bites. Small pieces. Manageable chunks. I hadn’t finished that mountain of work because I was “ready” or “confident.” I finished it because I was terrified, exhausted, and—as the song says—I just did it anyway.

I knew then that the song had to become a book. I needed to map out the “how” for anyone else stuck in their own trenches. This book became the thirteenth one I wrote, but it’s the first one I’m handing to you. It is the foundation for everything else.

This happened because I kept taking tiny bites. Small pieces. Manageable chunks.

“Naomi, finish this one little thing... then you can nap. Or inhale a glass of expensive sparkling water. Or both. But first, move.”

It wasn’t discipline.

It wasn't motivation.

And it definitely wasn't confidence, because if I waited for confidence, I'd still be gazing at a blank page whispering, "Not today, Satan."

It was momentum, the simple, slightly chaotic force of not stopping.

One tiny, honest step at a time.

That's it. That's the whole secret.

It wasn't a dramatic transformation. It wasn't about selling everything and moving across the world with a dream, two kids, a husband, and a suitcase. I've done that three times.

Just the slow snowball of small actions rolling downhill until suddenly you're moving faster than your doubts.

Here's the truth nobody likes saying out loud:

This book is not about becoming fearless. It's about accepting those heart-pounding moments when fear grips you, and you think, "I'm terrified this won't work either."

Fear isn't going anywhere. It's clingy and persistent, showing up without invitation and raiding your candy stash.

This book is about becoming the kind of person who doesn't evaporate when fear walks into the room.

Someone who keeps inching forward even when everything in them is whispering, "Nope."

Someone who doesn't wait to feel ready before they move, because ready is a myth, and waiting is a trap.

So, if you're reading this, trying to rebuild your spark, your courage, your creativity, or simply the part of you that can function without needing to lie down on the carpet for fifteen minutes, you're welcome. Truly. You're in the right place.

You don't need a new personality.

You don't need a perfect plan.

You don't even need a good plan.

You need the next step.

And then another one.

And then one more after that, even if they're messy, crooked, or powered by nothing but spite and leftover caffeine.

I wrote this book because I've seen what happens when you move forward in tiny pieces.

And now I'm here to walk with you while you do the same.

No nonsense.

No mystic woo-woo.

No “discover your sacred inner glow” nonsense.

Just real, usable, unpretentious advice that helps you get unstuck.

No BS.

Just forward motion.

Ready to stop overthinking and start?

Alright then.

Let's go.

# INTRODUCTION

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## **You're in the Trenches**

Let's talk about YOUR trenches.

Not literal ones (unless you're reading this from an actual foxhole, in which case, respect and what are you doing reading self-help right now?).

I'm talking about the places in your life where you're under fire.

Where you can't see the way out.

Where you're just trying to survive today.

Maybe it's grief.

Maybe it's illness—yours or someone you love.

Maybe it's the slow collapse of a marriage, a career, or a version of yourself you thought was solid.

Maybe it's depression that makes getting out of bed feel like climbing Everest in flip-flops.

Maybe it's financial crisis, caregiving burnout, or just the crushing weight of holding everything together while pretending you're fine.

Maybe it's Sunday night and you're staring at your inbox like it personally wronged you.

Maybe it's all of it at once.

Maybe it's Tuesday.

Whatever your trenches are, they're real.

And you're probably doing what most people do when they're in the trenches:

Waiting.

Waiting to feel ready.

Waiting to feel strong.

Waiting for clarity, energy, confidence, or some magical moment when the universe sends you a personal invitation that says, "Okay NOW you can start."

News Flash: That invitation isn't coming.

The universe is busy. It has other things to do. Like making sure your phone dies right when you need directions.

Here's what I learned while my son was on the actual frontline:

Waiting doesn't make it easier.

Waiting just keeps you stuck.

And stuck is comfortable in the worst possible way—like a too-tight sweater you can't take off because you'd have to move your arms.

So, here's the deal:

You don't wait until you're ready.

You move.

And then, plot twist, the readiness shows up later, confused and out of breath, asking what it missed.

You don't have to survive forever.

You just have to survive today.

Not next week.

Not until everything's fixed.

Just today.

And if today feels too big? Just this hour.

And if this hour feels too big? Just this next minute.

That's what kept us alive.

Not big plans.

Not perfect strategies.

Not vision boards or affirmations or pretending we had it together.

Just doing the next small thing.

Even when we were terrified.

Even when it felt pointless.

Even when we didn't know if it would matter.

And here's what I discovered:

Movement changes everything.

Not because it fixes the problem.

Not because it makes the fear go away.

Because it proves you're not paralyzed.

Because it builds momentum.

Because one small step leads to another, and another, until you look back and realize you've been moving forward the whole time.

And then you have no idea how you got here but you're standing and that counts.

## **This Book Is About Movement**

Not the kind where you have a breakthrough and suddenly everything's different and you're glowing like you just got back from a spa retreat with your chakras aligned.

Nope.

Not the kind where you "manifest" your way out of hell by thinking hard about abundance while the bills pile up.

Hard pass.

The kind where you're still in hell, but you're moving anyway.

The kind where you do one small thing, and then another, and then another, not because you're brave or inspired or "living your best life", but because you're refusing to stop.

Even if you're doing it badly.

Even if you're doing it scared.

Even if you're doing it while muttering "this is stupid" under your breath.

This book is built on one principle:

## **The Momentum Rule™**

You act your way into becoming.

You don't think your way there.

You don't wait your way there.

You don't feel your way there.

You don't journal your way there (though if journaling helps, cool, do that; just don't mistake writing about doing the thing).

You move.

I learned this from my son, who kept showing up with humour and heart even when death was at the door.

I learned this from Kate, who refused to let me disappear when the doom committee came calling.

I learned this from the international volunteers and the soldiers who did it scared, who went to places they didn't have to or want to go and kept moving even when everything in them screamed to run.

If they could move in literal trenches, you can move in yours.

Even if your trenches involve Excel spreadsheets and passive-aggressive emails.

Trenches are trenches.

## **What You're Going to Learn**

This book isn't about motivation.

Motivation is that friend who shows up at 2 a.m. full of ideas and energy and then ghosts you for three months.

Unreliable. Dramatic. Not invited to the planning meeting.

This book is about momentum, the simple, powerful, slightly stubborn force of not stopping.

We're going to:

Kill the myth that you need to feel ready before you move  
(you won't, and that's fine)

Destroy the idea that small steps don't count (they're the  
ONLY thing that counts)

Show you how to build momentum even when you're  
exhausted, scared, or completely lost

Teach you how to survive heavy seasons without losing  
yourself (or your sense of humour)

Give you tools to keep moving when everything in you  
wants to quit (or nap, or both)

And yes, I'm giving you playlists.

Because sometimes the right song is the difference  
between staying on the couch and getting up.

Because sometimes you need sound to drown out the noise  
in your head.

Because sometimes music is the only thing that makes you  
feel human again.

And because finding the right track when you're already in  
the middle of a meltdown is a job.

I built the Aura app to hold all of this—the Sonic  
Interventions (playlists), the tools, and Sage, our AI  
listener who's there when you need to vent, spiral, or

philosophize your way through the mess without judgment.

She won't give you a pep talk you're too tired to hear.

She'll just listen.

Sometimes that's all you need.

You don't need the app to use this book, it is entirely optional.

The movement is not.

## **This Book Is for You If:**

You're waiting to feel ready (you won't)

You're waiting for the perfect plan (it doesn't exist)

You're waiting for confidence (it shows up AFTER you move, not before, confidence is lazy like that)

You're waiting for things to get better before you start (they won't)

You're waiting for a sign (THIS IS THE SIGN)

This book is for you if you're tired of waiting.

## **Here's What I'm NOT Going to Tell You:**

That you need to "find your why" (your why is "I'm tired of feeling stuck," that's enough)

That you need to "believe in yourself" (you can believe in yourself WHILE moving, it's fine)

That you need to "manifest your dreams" (no)

That everything happens for a reason (sometimes things just happen and they suck)

That you just need to think positive (I will personally fight anyone who says this)

Nope.

None of that.

No woo-woo.

No toxic positivity.

No "good vibes only" nonsense.

## **Here's What I AM Going to Tell You:**

You don't have to wait to feel ready.

You don't have to wait to feel strong.

You don't have to wait to feel brave.

You just need to do the next small thing.

Even when you're scared.

Even when you're exhausted.

Even when you have no idea if it will work.

Even when you're doing it in your pyjamas at 3 p.m.  
because pants are optional when you're building  
momentum.

You don't need a breakthrough.

You don't need a perfect plan.

You don't need to feel ready.

You don't even need to change out of your sweatpants.

You just need to turn the page.

That's the first step.

Look at you.

Already moving.

Let's go.

That's the whole game.

My son showed me that you can be in the trenches and still  
shine.

Kate showed me that you can survive impossible things if  
you break them into today.

The volunteers showed me that courage isn't the absence of fear—it's moving anyway.

Now I'm going to show you how to do it in your life.

In your trenches.

With your fears.

With your doubts.

With your complete lack of a plan.

Starting right now.



Continue the journey in

# **THE MOMENTUM RULE**

Available now at [wildheartspublishing.com](http://wildheartspublishing.com)