Nadja Eat Move Glow, The Cookbook

CHAPTER ONE (of six)

When My Life Changed

“Sometimes the life you planned has to fall apart so you can build the one you were meant to live.”

I was married for twenty years to a dentist. One day, he came home and told me he was leaving. He had met an actress/model. Just like that, my life—our life—shifted.

We had two preteen children at the time, and I had been a stay-at-home mom for years, helping part-time in his dental office. Earlier in our marriage, I had quit university to help put him through dental school and worked as a nursery school teacher before becoming a full-time mother.

When he left, he moved two thousand miles away. There was no alimony, only $2,000 a month in child support—which, to his credit, he always paid. But our large home, the one in the exclusive neighborhood, was in financial trouble. There was a lien against it, and I had to face the reality that it was no longer ours.

Starting Over

The day we moved was one I’ll never forget. My dear friend Marie went ahead with the moving truck to meet it at our new, much smaller house. When the truck pulled up, the driver took one look and said, “We’re not unloading here—this must be the wrong address.”

Marie told him, “No, this is the right address. This is where they live now.”

He paused and asked quietly, “Is she okay with this?”

That small act of empathy meant more than he could ever know.

My mother always said, “Don’t love anything that can’t love you back.” The house, the cars, the possessions were just things. They shouldn’t define who you are or your character. Still, it was a harder lesson for my children.

My son, Terry, looked at our new house and asked, “Are my friends going to laugh at me when they see where we live?”

My daughter's tiny bedroom was the size of her former walk in closet. And my son's room was in the dingy basement. We were starting fresh with less. Some of my so-called "friends" drifted away. But the true ones remained—and I called that thinning the herd.

"Hardship doesn't build character—it reveals it."

It's during your hardest times that you learn who your real friends are.

Losing and Finding Myself

I had been out of the workforce for twenty years, and though I had once been a teacher, I no longer had the qualifications or the confidence. I sent out thirty résumés and got one interview—for a job I clearly wasn't qualified for. I'll never forget the look on the interviewer's face as I tried to answer questions as best I could.

Here's one piece of advice: don't cry in an interview. Of course, I didn't get the job.

At night, I prayed, "Lord, if I could just find a job, my troubles would be over."

But God had a different plan for me—one I never could have imagined. Sometimes, when life doesn't give us what we ask for, it's because we're being guided toward something far better.

"Rejection is often redirection."

I didn't know it then, but losing everything would become the beginning of my greatest success story.

When we moved into the little house, we still owed money, and the creditors followed. They called relentlessly and even showed up at my door—knocking, peering through windows, circling the house, and writing down the license numbers of any cars parked outside.

I became resourceful. I learned to stay quiet, to hide, and not answer the door until they left. That was hard for me. I had grown up with hardworking Ukrainian parents who never bought anything they couldn't pay for upfront.

But the day that changed everything—the day that became my turning point—was when a bill collector came while Veronica was home from school for lunch.

There was a table right under the front window, and I told her to hide under it with me. I still remember being on the floor, nose-to-nose with my daughter, her eyes wide, whispering, "Mommy, I have to go—I'm going to be late for school."

I whispered back, "We have to stay here until he goes away."

Trying to lighten the moment, I said, "Veronica, one day we're going to laugh about this."

But I wasn't laughing. That was the lowest moment of my life.

"Your rock bottom can become the solid foundation you build your new life on."

When the knocking stopped and silence filled the house again, I stood up and made myself a promise: no one would ever make me feel like that again.

That moment changed everything. I decided to stop feeling sorry for myself and start taking action. I didn't know how, but I knew I would never live like that again.

Writing My Goals

The closest thing I could find to write on was the cardboard liner from a pantyhose package. I wrote down six goals—goals so bold and wildly ambitious, I tucked them away, certain that if any one saw them they would think I'd lost my mind.

1. I will own a national company.
2. I will have my own newspaper column.
3. I will be a best-selling author.
4. I will be a public speaker.
5. I will have my own TV show.
6. I will bring value to people's lives.

But those "impossible" goals became my roadmap.

Within one year, all but one came true.

"Faith is not about having money or connections—it's about having an unshakable belief in yourself."

I didn't have money. What I did have was fierce determination, a sense of urgency, and the belief that somehow, if I moved forward, the right doors would open.

Once I committed to those goals, it felt as if the universe responded. Meetings happened. Phone calls came in. Opportunities appeared out of nowhere.

"When you finally decide what you want, life starts moving in your direction."

When no one hires you, hire yourself

If no one was going to hire me, I decided to hire myself.

I went back to what I loved: baking. I had always struggled with my weight, growing up above my parents' grocery store and restaurant. Food surrounded me—and I loved it. I thought every child came home from school, put on an apron, and helped their parents.

But my lifelong battle with weight had taught me discipline. I had spent years yo-yo dieting—starving, binging, starting again. This time, I wanted to create something different—desserts that tasted indulgent but were actually good for you.

In my tiny kitchen, I began experimenting. There were many failures. I'd call Terry and Veronica to be my taste testers- sometimes they wouldn't come

Then one day, I created my first winning recipe—a muffin that got the thumbs-up from both of them. That was all the encouragement I needed.

A friend of mine owned a coffee shop in Edmonton, Alberta. I asked her if she would sell my low-fat muffins there. At the time, low-fat baking was the trend, and people were searching for great-tasting, guilt-free treats. My muffins were low in fat and sugar, higher in protein, and—most importantly—delicious.

The first tray sold out immediately. Customers wanted more. That moment changed everything.

"When no one hires you—hire yourself."
"Sometimes the smallest success becomes the spark that lights your new life."

And just like that, a new chapter of my life began—not out of comfort or certainty, but out of necessity and faith.