

# WORK

By SHAUNTE DABNEY

Imagine being able to do what you love every single day, and on your own terms. You work, but it rarely feels like work... so much so you wonder if it's fair to even call it "work". Imagine getting to do something so incredibly dope and meaningful and the result is transformative, both for you and those you're called to serve. This is a little peek into a day in my life at the Butterfly Effect Counseling and Consulting.



SHAUNTE DABNEY

The journey to get here sure as heck ain't been no crystal stair, but it has fueled my passion to do what I do in support of so many women who look like me.

For generations Black women did not have the opportunity to consider that healing was possible, let alone THINK about counseling. The plight of Black women is like none other, and as a Black woman before I'm anything else, I take this work very seriously.

Not only am I conscious to walk it like I talk it, but I go hard in the paint for those I support.

The therapeutic relationship is a remarkably intimate one, and good fit is most important because your healing is at stake. The work works if you work it; I am confident that by working with me you will receive the support, guidance, and accountability needed to change your life.



# HOME

By SHAUNTE DABNEY

Your home should be your sanctuary... your safe place for rest, refuge, and relaxation. Moment of transparency: Home wasn't always my safe place, nor did it always provide rest, refuge, or relaxation. You probably wouldn't know it by walking in my home now, but again, the journey ain't been no crystal stair. I now have the privilege of doing what I love in my home and while I believe that it's important to separate your workspace from your living space (because boundaries, so I do have a dedicated home office space), the two are so connected for me. And I'm fairly certain that's because of how I show up in the work and in my home: authentic and in alignment. My home represents where I am today after all that I've had to overcome and embarking on my own healing journey. It represents being intentional while starting over. It represents creating space for myself and my daughter so that I can hold space for myself and my daughter. My home is peace; my home is comfort. My whole self is in every detail in my home. My whole self is in how I show up when serving. Home [and my calling] is where my heart is.



# PLAY

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There seems to be this expectation that therapists are supposed to “be” a certain way. I’m always tickled when I’m in discussions with some of my colleagues and they admit to hiding from their clients if they happen to see them in public... at the store, at a club or lounge... just outliving their lives....Yeah, no.

My perspective (emphasis on “My”) is that if I’m advocating for my client to heal so that she can live out loud and on her own terms, wouldn’t it make sense that I’m out here doing the same? What am I modeling if I’m ducking in the cut every time I see my client when I’m living life? Furthermore, clients share their deepest, darkest secrets... they are more vulnerable with their therapists than they are with their closest family and friends... but we’re ducking from them? Even further, how do we break the stigma of mental health and therapy if that’s what we’re doing? We are ethically responsible for maintaining a client’s privacy and doing no harm, but if you see me out at the store, at the gym, or turning up at a brunch, just know that THIS therapist is HUMAN.

