



The Music-Preneur Mindset Podcast

EP4: WTF Are My Pants?!?



You're listening to Episode 4 of the Music-Preneur Mindset Podcast.

Hello, and welcome! You're listening to the third installment of my Lessons Learned Series. You can access all episodes in the series, and from this podcast, using your podcast platform of choice, or by visiting www.therockstaradvocate.com/podcast.

Today I want to talk about the time I didn't take my own advice. For those of you who don't know, I'm a mindset coach for music-preneurs. I teach music professionals of all kinds how to slow the fuck down and focus on what's important in order to create a sustainable career in the music industry.

I teach the power of monotasking {opposite of multitasking} FOR A LIVING. And yet I managed to move half-way across the country without any pants. Yep. That's correct. No pants. Ok, I was wearing a pair while I drove across these United States, but that was about it.

I rented a Chevy Suburban, packed it to the brim, and took off... without my pants. I'll get to the details in a moment... but I want to first explain why I chose this story as part of my Lessons Learned series, aside from its catchy title.

I think it's important as you build credibility in this business, or any other business, to be transparent. I think it's important to stop acting as if you always have your shit together - because you don't. It's important to stop acting as if everything is exactly as you planned it, because it's not. And it's important to stop acting as if you'll always have it figured out, because you won't.

As I teach musicians how to create better productivity systems to get more done in less time, or how to master their time blocking skills for a better work/life balance, or how to create sales funnels to bring in more fans, many have asked me how I manage to hold it all together all the time.

HA! Yea... just because I know what's right, doesn't mean I always practice it. Sometimes life just takes over and we're holding onto what we can until the storm passes.

I've recently started reading [One Page Financial Plan](#) by Carl Richards. Richards is a certified financial planner and he was bold enough to admit that even he had fallen prey to financial ruin, even after he knew better.

In [Episode 2](#) I discussed how I didn't have enough self-confidence to leave a job I hated and in [Episode 3](#) I described how I parted ways with my former business partner while remaining friends. Both were lessons I learned before completing my Masters, before hiring a business coach, and before creating The Rock/Star Advocate.

These lessons were easy to discuss, as I could rely on ignorance - I was making mistakes because I hadn't yet known better. But this is a story

about how I did know better, and still managed to create quite a stressful situation for myself.

I explain all this to say that it's just as important to share your "failures" even after you've reached a certain level of authority or completed a particular milestone in your career.

Don't be afraid to be human.

And with that, let me begin. It all started back in August of 2015...

After two years of living with lyme disease, August brought on a rather painful relapse. It was most likely due to poor dietary choices, as sugar can spur on nasty symptoms {once again, I knew better - prepare yourself for the pattern ahead}.

During the relapse I became severely sensitive to light and sound. Living on the side of a major boulevard in one of the most populated counties in the country, not to mention in a building that was under construction 24/7 at the time, was not what one would call ideal.

It was then that I first contemplated subletting my apartment and moving to a quieter city for a bit. A few weeks later, during CMJ, I was walking through Manhattan at night and I almost stopped dead in my tracks, brought practically to my knees by the construction noise, loud music, and glaring lights from the streets. I knew right then and there that a move needed to happen.

I needed a break.

After looking at a few options, Nashville kept calling to me. I had been there only once before during a road trip taken with my freshman class while I was at Drexel. But I remembered thinking it was so vibrant without being loud and in-your-face about it.

Being born and raised in New York, I was ready for a change with a quiet, more manageable city that still had strong roots in the music industry. I had driven down during Thanksgiving week, found a cute little 1-bedroom and put down a deposit. Pepper and I would leave Jan 9, 2016.

I remember being so thrilled to have a quiet space to work on my business. There were so many projects I wanted to begin on and having time to work on them without the tempting distraction of friends and family, and the painful agitation of construction outside my building, seemed like just what the doctor prescribed for a successful year ahead.

I started packing as soon as I returned home. For a full month I lived out of boxes, afraid to leave anything out upon my leave.

I also did everything I warn others not to do – I over-promised clients, I took on too much at once, I said “No” to NOTHING, and I put myself last the entire time. I didn’t want to let anyone down. I didn’t want to disappoint.

I wanted to prove (to... myself?) that one little move wasn’t gonna slow me down.

I was a well-oiled machine.

But, there's one problem – I'm not a machine. I'm a person. A person needs sleep, and breaks, and time to adjust to big changes.

The day before I was set to leave my mother surprised me with a mother-daughter day at Elizabeth Arden's Red Door Spa {I'm sorry I'm contracted by my cousin Mike to always say it like that}.

It's difficult for me to relax, but somehow I managed. After an afternoon of massages and facials, we returned home. I was in my apartment, packing the last few items and when I went to text a message to a friend, I couldn't find the phone.

I started looking everywhere, and couldn't find it. I ran to the car, not there. Checked in the couch cushions, not there. Emailed my mom to see if it landed in her bag, not there.

Pure panic began to set in.

It's amazing how attached we get to our devices. My biggest fear was that I'd have to get a new phone which would come with a new number, which would replace a number I'd had since senior year of high school, when cell phones hit the mass market.

I started scrambling, drove all the way back to Red Door Spa {about 30 miles away in rush hour traffic}, and came back 2 hours later only to find the phone had slipped into the floor of the backseat of the car.

So much for relaxation to prep for a big trip!

You would think I would have learned then to slow down. NOPE!

I stayed up most the night obsessing over things that were of little priority. I awoke the next day rushing to the car rental parking lot to pick up the Suburban while my mom drove the other car back. I then insisted in packing everything myself, as to not disturb the building staff while my mom looked after Pepper so I could leave the front door open.

I managed to get every last item securely tucked away in the car. I hugged my mom goodbye, placed Pepper in her bed which was balancing on top of a few boxes in the back seat, and we were on our way, right on schedule.

What happened once I arrived, however, showed just how much all of that lack of self care had caught up to me...

I showed up to the apartment on Sunday evening, barely functioning. I walked into the apartment, flicked on the switch and no lights came on. "Makes sense," I thought, "I never called to put the electricity in my name."

I unpacked, locked up, returned the car, and Pepper and I settled into a hotel room nearby. The next morning I returned and the building manager said, "Surprised you didn't stay last night, something wrong?"

I told them about the lights and they said, "Didn't you try the chord on the ceiling fan? We don't shut the electricity off between tenants." No. No I did not. Because I was barely a human by the time I got there.

Next I began unpacking. Shirts? Check. Shoes? Check. Toilet paper I stole from the hotel? Check. Pants? Pants.... Pants... Bueller.... Shit. No pants. WTF did my pants go?!

My best bet is that I left them in the laundry room of my old place when I was scrambling to do laundry last minute. Because I was rushing. Because I tried to do too much. Because I was a machine who's not a machine.

Moral of the story: Take care of you. Put yourself first so you can be your best. And always remember your pants.

Luckily, I found an H&M gift card from the holidays in one of my bags. So not ALL was lost...

Which brings me to this week's free download - a copy of my Packing Checklist.

I first created this list as a 'Rock'source, as I like to call it, for my book, The Rock/Star Life Planner. I now sell it on my website on my Rocksources page, but I'd like to offer it to you for free as a thank you for listening and being with me here today.

I invite you to download the Packing Checklist and print out multiple copies to keep with you every time you plan a getaway. You can go to

www.therockstaradvocate.com/ep4 and download the checklist to ensure that if you're going to stress while on the road, it won't be over something you left at home.

I thank you for sticking with me and listening to my story today.

I invite you to check out the other lessons learned in my series which are now available at www.therockstaradvocate.com/podcast. The last lesson in the series continues where I left off here today in my short-lived visit to Nashville. If you thought losing your pants was bad... hold tight.

In the meantime, if there is any way that I can help you slow down, put yourself first, or help you get some clarity on what you're going through, I'd be more than happy to!

Feel free to email me at any time: suz@therockstaradvocate.com.

Until next time, Rockstar! Have a wonderful week and I hope to see you back here next Wednesday so we can get grounded to get rising! Take care.