



BROAD DAYLIGHT — A SAMPLE LETTER

LIVED BY VERBS

An example of the things I talk about in the newsletter

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While you were being distracted by the promise of perpetual rumspringa, you became the victim of economic espionage.

Rumspringa was supposed to be a season — the running-around years, with a homecoming at the end. Somebody figured out there was money in making the running-around permanent. So they sold us a life with no homecoming: keep scrolling, keep shopping, keep chasing, keep comparing. Meanwhile, you ran around trying to live like the neighbors — who were pretending to have more than they did.

And while everyone ran, the watchers watched. They studied what we wanted. They mapped our households through our own screens. Then they labeled us with nouns — man, woman, black, white, left, right — and started fights between the labels, so that nobody was standing guard over what actually matters. That was the whole play: **a house busy fighting itself never notices who's hauling away the yield.**

Here's the piece nobody hands us: **nouns divide. Actions multiply.** A noun sorts you into a pen. A verb builds something — and what it builds feeds everybody. Multiply the yield, for all of us.

We've been living our lives by nouns. A life that is worth living — and that lasts — is lived by verbs.

And here's why the nouns work so well, especially on men: **nouns are vertical.** They stack people on a ladder — who's above, who's below, who's winning. A man on a ladder is easy to defeat: kick his rung, dangle the next one just out of reach, or point him at the climber beside him. **Verbs are horizontal.** They lay life flat — two people shoulder to shoulder, doing the work, side by side. That's where men actually want to live. And on the horizontal plane there's no rung to kick and nobody underfoot to fear. The only hierarchy left standing is the one bigger than all of us — and that one was never the neighbors.

The connection, the warmth, the intimacy between men and women? It naturally returns when we stop running around and start focusing on what matters again: **the land and the children.** Nobody has to manufacture the closeness. It grows on its own in a house where both people are doing their verbs.

So here are the twelve. This is how we take back our own lives — correcting what went wrong, and protecting our future. The newsletter walks them with you, one at a time:

1. Remember what matters.
2. Feel it in your body.
3. Decide what is working against you.
4. Grow your backbone.
5. Protect the land and the children.
6. Witness behaviors.
7. Preserve dignity.
8. Bring someone joy or ease.
9. Prepare for tough times.
10. Tell the whole truth.
11. Be more alike, but honor the differences.
12. Reconnect every night.

Notice what's not on that list: no group to hate, no label to wear, no side to join. You can't identity-politics "protect the land and the children." Verbs can't be sorted into pens. They can only be done — at your table, on your ground, starting tonight.

This week's one small move: pick the verb that stings a little when you read it. Don't fix anything yet. Just notice, for seven days, where that verb is missing from your house. Discomfort is recognition, not a verdict. It points toward the strain — hopefully before splinters, and long before cracks. The compass needle comes next: it points toward home.

And learn the three stages now, because we'll use them all season: first the **strain** — the load. Then the **splinters** — the visible sign. Then the **crack** — but only if untended. A strained beam is still holding. Catch it at the splinter stage, shore it, and it never cracks at all.

The running around ends where the flow begins. There's more where this came from — every Sunday, free.

Nothing is wrong with you. You were sold a rumspringa with no homecoming. This letter is the road home.

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