

Your invitation to..



Collective HOPE

REAL HOPE.
RAW STORIES.
SHARED HOPE WHICH BECOMES PERSONAL
CREATIVE TESTIMONIES.

Whether you are walking through body image struggles,
an eating disorder, or anxiety or supporting someone who is - this night is for you.

We believe that hope is strengthened when it is shared. This night will bring together individuals, carers and health professionals together in a safe and supportive environment around the message of hope.



The theme this year is Wild Hope.
It is uncontainable hope - it rises when circumstances say otherwise.

Fearless hope - it dares to believe in healing and freedom against all odds.
Hope is creative - it looks for new ways forward even when old paths seem closed.
Hope is resilient - it refuses to shut down even when disappointment or fear try to silence it.
It is the hope that says "this is possible."

Date: 22nd November

Time: 7pm

Location: Equippers

65 Chapel Street, Tauranga

It is a free community event - just email
jess@redefinedcoaching.co

Stories from people who have Attended

Attending Hope Night was such a powerful experience for me. Sitting in a room hearing from people who were experiencing complete freedom, while also recognising that they had dealt with similar thoughts and fears, was so inspiring and really challenged the belief that this was something only I was dealing with. It showed me that even though the thoughts feel so consuming right now they did not have to define my future as the panel was direct evidence of this in action. This really helped me in being able to see the eating disorder from a different perspective, which planted such a powerful seed of hope for me. The freedom people shared and the openness in the room was incredibly inspirational and despite the eating disorders reservations, the way it shone a light on my healthy self really instilled a sense of drive and motivation in me going forward to fight for the life I deserved.

A couple of months ago, I went to a HOPE night hosted by my eating disorder coach Jess. Honestly, I had no idea what I was walking into. Part of me didn't even want to go. But I knew that if I'm serious about recovery—if I'm serious about actually getting my life back—I can't just keep doing the same safe, familiar things. I have to step into the uncomfortable. I have to stop pretending I'm fine when I'm not. I have to stop hiding from the thing that's already taken so much from me.

HOPE night... it's hard to explain. I don't have the perfect words. It's something you have to feel, not just hear about. But what I can say is that something shifted in me that night. For the first time in a long time, I felt HOPE that didn't feel fake. Not the kind where I say, "I'll be okay" just to get through the day. Real hope. The kind that makes you pause and think, maybe this fight isn't pointless. Maybe I'm not beyond saving. Maybe recovery isn't just for other people.

Since then, it hasn't magically gotten easy. Far from it. I still wake up terrified some mornings. I still feel crushed by the weight of this illness. I still stumble, and sometimes it feels like I'll never be free. But I keep coming back to that night. To the feeling that—even in my fear, even in my setbacks—I am still capable of moving forward.

The truth is, I don't know exactly how this will look. I don't know how many times I'll fall before I stand stronger. But I do know this: I'm not giving up. I can't. HOPE reminds me that there's still light here, even when I can't see it clearly. And that light means I'm not lost. It means there's still possibility.

And maybe that's enough right now—to keep holding onto HOPE, even when my hands are shaking.

Amy.