

Ep #333: “No One Is Coming to Save You” Is Baloney



Full Episode Transcript

With Your Host

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This is *Feminist Wellness*, and I'm your host, Nurse Practitioner, somatics and nervous system nerd, and life coach Béa Victoria Albina. I'll show you how to get unstuck, drop the anxiety, perfectionism, and codependency so you can live from your beautiful heart. Welcome, my love, let's get started.

Hello, hello my love. I hope this finds you doing so well. I thought through exactly what I wanted to say for the Fourth of July. And I want to talk about this phrase that's been going around on social media and it gets shared like it's some kind of like gospel truth. And it's the, I find problematic idea, "No one is coming to save you." You've heard it. I mean, jeez, you've probably even said it. So many of us have.

And listen, maybe it lit a fire under you in a moment when you desperately needed someone to help you snap yourself awake, to actually take charge in your own life. And listen, I get it. There's a slice, there's an angle of that idea that sounds like empowerment. You are responsible for your own life. No one's going to do your sitz bath or send that email you're terrified of sending or sit on the meditation cushion for you.

But, and this is a massive but here, I take serious umbrage with that phrase. Because here's what they don't say when they just say, "No one's coming to save you." That phrase doesn't exist in some neutral self-help vacuum. It comes wrapped in the suffocating, soul-crushing packaging of white supremacist capitalist heteropatriarchal individualism.

That insidious myth that if you just hustle hard enough, fix your mindset enough, cold plunge enough, intermittent fast and mortify the flesh enough, then, then you'll finally maybe, just maybe, be okay. Like maybe an acceptable human, maybe. No promises, but maybe.

Oh, and of course, you won't need anyone. Because isn't that the goal, right? No one's coming to save you, so who are you going to save? You won't need anybody. You'll be so independent. And isn't that what we want? Independence. Right? That's the dream we're supposed to be chasing. But what about support? What about kindness, compassion, empathy, love,

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mutual aid? Those become coded through this phrase, "No one's coming to save you," as optional things. Maybe even as weak, as failures, signs you're having a codependent slip, or you're falling off the wagon, or being too much or extra for wanting what we all need. Which is, after all, each other. It's the whole damn point.

And that messaging is literally rewiring your nervous system, our collective nervous system, our society, for ever more isolation. And right now, in these times of rising fascism and manufactured division, that isolation isn't just personally harmful, it's politically dangerous. Because here's what authoritarians know that we've forgotten somehow. Isolated people are easier to control. Ask any abuser. Disconnected communities obviously can't organize. When we're all struggling alone in our separate silos, we can't build the collective power needed to resist systems that profit from our suffering. Beginning, middle, and end, right?

And so the pull-yourself-up-by-your-bootstraps mythology isn't just toxic wellness culture, though it is. It's a tool of oppression in a deep and lasting way. It keeps us from seeing that our individual struggles are not individual. They're connected to larger systems of harm. It stops us from organizing, from mutual aid, from checking in on our neighbors, from masking up to protect those who can't, from revolution.

Listen up, my beauty. You, yeah, you, my darling, tender little teddy bear of a human. You are not a silo. No, you are not. You are a mammal, a social creature, a being with a nervous system that was like literally biologically, evolutionarily wired for co-regulation. Your body was built to settle, to orient, to soothe through connection, through reciprocity, mutuality, through the felt sense of being with. Not just in some like quarterly drinks surface-level kind of way, but in the deep porch sitting soup on the stove, "I got your spare keys and I know how you like your coffee. Of course, I'll drive you to the airport," kind of way.

That whole "no one's coming to save you" thing, it's rewiring our brains for danger. It tricks your nervous system into staying hypervigilant, into

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scanning the horizon for threats instead of scanning for people who could help. And then, like the cruelest self-fulfilling prophecy, you become more alone. You literally wire your body towards disconnection as you repeat the story, "This is all on me."

Because what we practice, we strengthen. So if your story is no one is coming, you stop reaching out. I mean, of course you do. You stop calling your friends when you need help moving. You don't ask anyone to bring soup when you're sick. You don't reach for a hand when you're falling apart in the grocery store.

And if you're someone with codependent, perfectionist, or people-pleasing habits, what I call emotional outsourcing, chances are you've already been over-functioning for other people while under-receiving for yourself for years, if not since the second you were born. This messaging just digs that trench deeper. It tells you that needing support is failure, that help is weakness, that if you're struggling, it's on you to fix it in isolation. Right?

Here's what decades of neuroscience, attachment theory, and social psychology tell us. We co-regulate. It's not like nice to have, it's not a luxury, it's biology. Our autonomic nervous systems literally evolved to connect with others. Ventral vagal activation, your heart rate slowing when your friend rubs your back, that's programmed in. It's the cortisol drop when you cry in someone's arms after a rough day. It's that oxytocin, that love chemical, flooding your system during a hug that lasts six seconds or more. These are the mechanisms through which the body feels safe enough to start repair.

The research on social connection is staggering. Chronic loneliness impacts mortality risk equivalent to, are you sitting down? Smoking 15 cigarettes a day. That's a lot of cigarettes. But here's the flip side. Social support doesn't just feel good, it literally changes your brain. Studies show that people with strong social networks have better immune function, lower inflammation, improved cognitive function, and live longer, healthier lives.

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Work on attachment shows us that we are wired from birth to seek and maintain emotional bonds as a survival strategy. And Deb Dana's Polyvagal-informed theories demonstrate how co-regulation with safe others literally rewires our nervous system towards resilience.

And here's what makes me rage. This isn't news to capitalism. They know connection heals. They know isolation sells. Why do you think every advertisement promises belonging through consumption? Why do you think social media platforms are designed to give you just enough connection and that promise of dopamine to keep you scrolling but never enough to truly feel satisfied? My beauty, they are literally monetizing your mammalian need for connection.

And sure, yeah, fine, personal responsibility matters. I'll never pretend otherwise. Come on. But that healthy breakfast with all the protein that you made this morning? You didn't make that on your own. Somebody planted those oats. Somebody harvested them, drove them across the country, unloaded them into the co-op, stocked the shelf, cashed you out. The road the truck drove on? Public infrastructure built by thousands of hands. The money you used to buy the food, maybe earned at a job someone trained you for, maybe supported by childcare your neighbor helped provide. Even in what looks like independence, we are utterly, completely, beautifully interdependent.

So here's what I need you to know deep in your bones. No one is coming to save you. Like not in the fairytale, knight on a horse, sweep you off your feet kind of way. And hundreds of people already have. Hundreds. I mean, think about it. Really think. Every teacher who believed in you when you couldn't believe in yourself. Every friend who held space when you were falling apart. Every stranger who held a door, every neighbor who waved, every person who contributed.

The people who built the roads you drive on, who grow the food you eat, who keep the lights on, who work the oil rigs, who designed the phone that connects you to the people you love, and those who work to keep those

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power lines connected. Thousands more are waiting to help if you let them, if you reach out. If you stop pretending you're supposed to do it all alone.

And listen, if you're hearing this and you're thinking, but I don't feel loved, I don't have that support, okay, okay, I see you. If you're someone who grew up in systems that taught you love was conditional or dangerous or something you had to earn through being perfect, that you had to tap dance for your lovability, as I'm fond of saying, of course this all feels foreign. Of course your nervous system is wired for hypervigilance instead of connection. Of course it is.

And my beauty, that is not your fault and it's completely understandable. We live in a culture that has systematically dismantled the village, the third space. We've replaced extended family with nuclear family isolation. We've traded front porches for private fences. We've substituted community gathering spaces with individual consumption spaces. No purchase, no bathroom. We've made needing help a moral failing instead of a human reality.

For those of us raised in this mess, connection can feel terrifying. What if they leave? What if they see the real you and run? Your nervous system reactivity makes sense. Your guardedness makes sense. Your isolation makes sense. Your knee jerk, "I'm fine, I'm fine, but what about you?" makes sense. And you still deserve connection.

So what if we stop pretending otherwise? What if instead of wiring your nervous system toward rugged individualism, you wired it towards belonging, toward knowing, not just intellectually, but deep in your cellular memory that you're not alone and never have been? There've always been people, but there's always also been plants, animals, the Earth herself. You've never been alone because it's not possible. Pachamama, our Earth mother, is always with you.

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So what if you spent your precious energy not in isolation, trying to fix yourself alone in some sterile self-improvement bubble, but in connection? If you're starting from scratch, here's how we begin. But first, a little word.

So my love, let's move on to our remedies. One, start with the tiniest kitten step. Teeny tiny. And if you're new to my world, welcome. I love you. You are beloved here. Listen, baby steps, those are enormous. You've met a baby, right? Or you were one maybe at one point. That's what? Two inches big? That's ridiculous. Don't take a baby step. You're going to fall right on your snout. Don't you even think about it. I want to invite you to take a kitten-sized step. The teeniest little, tiniest little, "Ooh, so squishy" little baby kitten-sized step. That's what we do in this family. We take the smallest step possible, we get steady on our feet, and we take another, right? So we don't set ourselves up for failure. We tiny succeed, tiny succeed, and we parlay that into the massive success you're always being because you were born perfect.

Huh? You like that? All right. Step one, kitten step. Make eye contact with the cashier. Say, "Hello, how are you?" when you walk up to someone, the grocery store. Bring courtesy back. Bring connection back. When you get on the bus, say, "Hi, thanks for the ride." Say good morning to your neighbor. Text one person and say, "Thinking of you." Little heart on it if you want, and a little koala emoji.

The goal isn't to become instantly vulnerable, to start divulging every one of your wildest fears. No, you silly goose. It's to begin to remind your nervous system that humans can possibly be safe. And through this process, you'll step back into your discernment so you can trust yourself to know which ones actually are, because that's what would come up immediately and anchored. How do I know that they're safe? Well, you don't at first, but we learn to get back in touch with your intuition so your intuition can tell you.

Two, find your people through shared values, not shared trauma. Join a mutual aid group. Volunteer for causes you care about. Mine, food banks. Love a food bank, especially as a native Spanish speaker. Food banks,

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free clinics, somewhere where I can be supportive for mi gente, right? Attend community meetings, school board, library board. Show up for the protests. Show up for the mutual aid. The best connections often happen when we're working towards something bigger than ourselves.

Practice receiving before you need it. Let someone buy you coffee. Accept help carrying the groceries. Say yes when someone offers to give you a ride. To say, "Can you hold the elevator, please?" "Hey, would you hold the door?" Our nervous systems need practice believing that care can be given freely. So practice in the tiniest, tiniest, least likely to trigger your nervous system ways, practice, practice, practice.

Four, we're on four, right? One, two, three, four. Four, create rituals of connection. Implement weekly check-ins with friends. It doesn't have to be like some huge complicated thing. It doesn't need to be like an hour and a half Zoom call. It can be a text message. My girl Krista and I, we text about our priorities for the day every morning. It takes three seconds. 12 seconds. Check in with friends. Consider having monthly potlucks, right? Have the people over, especially in, you know, the spring and summer when you can be outside. Connect with your people.

Consider going to or creating seasonal celebrations. Show up for others in small ways. Bring cookies to new neighbors. Offer to walk someone's dog. Share your garden tomatoes. Hold space for someone's story. Connection is reciprocal. Giving and receiving both build the network, and we need the network now more than ever.

Use technology intentionally. Send voice messages instead of endless texting, video calls instead of just phone calls. Join an online community centered around your interests and values. Don't be scared to use apps that we maybe think of for dating as a way to find friends. I've done it. It really works, and it's super fun. "I'm feeling isolated and looking to build more connection. Would you like to take a walk?" "I need help, but don't know how to ask. Could I practice with you?" Vulnerability is magnetic. It gives others permission to be real too.

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And remember, you're not looking for perfect people. You're looking for people willing to show up imperfectly, consistently, and with care. And if you are neuromagical, queer, disabled, BIPOC, otherwise marginalized, your need for connection and community might look different than other people's, and that's not only okay, it's beautiful. Find your communities. Seek out spaces where you can exist exactly as you are. Online communities count, chosen family counts. Whatever form of connection feeds your soul, that counts.

Being a bigger part of your friends' lives, letting yourself be seen in your mess and your joy. Sending the, "Hey, I'm spiraling, can we talk?" text or, "Hey, I'm walking, want to join me?" text. Sitting beside someone in silence and letting that be enough. Asking for help before it's an emergency. Bringing the treats, offering your couch, sharing your tools, driving to the airport, creating the village you want to have.

So, I want to offer this reframe, my darling, beautiful, amazing, tender ravioli. It's not, "No one is coming." It's, "We come for each other." We show up. We hold space. We bring casseroles and tissues and spare phone chargers and fierce love. And you deserve that kind of support. Not when you're better, not when you've fixed the anxious parts or healed all the trauma or become some perfect version of yourself. You deserve love, care, support exactly as you are in all your messy, beautiful human glory.

And in these times of rising authoritarianism, this isn't just about personal healing. It is, in fact, political resistance. Connected communities are way harder to control. People who know they belong can't be sold the lie that they're alone. When we show up for each other, we build the mutual aid networks that keep us safe when institutions fail us. When we choose connection over isolation, we're not just healing ourselves, we're healing the world. Because we don't heal alone. We never have. We're not supposed to. And that's not a bug. That's the most beautiful feature of being a human.

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So my beauty, stop trying to be a silo. Start being a village. The world needs what you have to give and you need what the world has to offer. It's time to come home to each other, to come home to ourselves, and to build the world we want to see.

Happy Interdependence Day. Show up for yourself. Show up for each other. Thanks for listening. Let's do what we do. Gentle hand on your heart should you feel so moved. And remember, you are safe. You are held. You are loved. And when one of us heals, we help heal the world. Be well, my beauty. I'll talk to you soon. Ciao, ciao.

Thank you for listening to this episode of *Feminist Wellness*. If you want to learn more all about somatics, what the heck that word means, and why it matters for your life, head on over to BeatrizAlbina.com/somaticswebinar for a free webinar all about it. Have a beautiful day, my darling, and I'll see you next week. Ciao.