

THE FOUNDER'S STORY

Repaired & Restored

A Story About Roots, Healing, and Coming Home

PART ONE: MY BEGINNINGS

The Seeds Were Planted Early

If you have ever sat in your car after an appointment where no one truly listened, this story is for you. Because I have been there too.

I have loved people for as long as I can remember.

I grew up in a home where we had dinner at home with the family. My mother cooked everything, and we waited for my dad to come home from work. On Sundays, we went to church, not as an obligation, but as a rhythm of life. My grandparents lived right next door. Family was always around. The door was always open.

We didn't have much but we had everything that mattered.

My mother never reached for the medicine cabinet first. We rarely went to the doctor because we rarely needed to. Looking back, I understand why . . . our home was built on roots. Deep ones. And those roots held us even when tragedy visited our family.

We spent our days outside, walking through the woods, driving down backroads, exploring the world with nothing but curiosity and time. Life moved slower then. And in that slowness, something was being formed in me that I wouldn't fully understand until much later.

My parents loved each other, genuinely, selflessly, and without performance. They were hard workers. Together, with their own hands, they restored an entire home built in 1930. Not because they had to. Because that is who they are. That taught me what marriage really looks like. What love actually costs. How to treat people. And that nothing worth having comes without the dignity of hard work.

Those are my beginnings.

I share them because so much of what I grew up with has been lost in the world today, and the world is desperately hungry for its return. The shared table. The multi-generational home. The natural remedy. The faith that shapes the week. The marriage that models love. The childhood spent outside.

These are not nostalgic luxuries. These are roots.
And without roots, nothing grows.

I lost sight of them for a while. And that loss cost me more than I knew at the time.

But as I dug back down to the roots of my own life, I found my way back to who I am, where I came from, and why I love what I do.

PART TWO: MY CAREER

The Calling Takes Shape

When it came time to choose a path, nursing chose me.

I began my journey in 2000 in pediatrics at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C., one of the great teaching hospitals in the country. It was there that something awakened in me that has never gone quiet: The love of teaching.

Georgetown taught me to be curious. To ask the question behind the question. To share what you know freely because knowledge passed on multiplies. In the years since, that love has expressed itself in ways I never anticipated, mentoring students, walking alongside families, teaching my staff, and investing one-to-one in the development of over 25+ nurse practitioners throughout my career.

Teaching is not something I do. It is something I am.

I became a Pediatric Nurse Practitioner and stepped into outpatient practice, and working with children brought me a kind of joy that is difficult to put into words. But it didn't take long to notice something important:

The mothers were struggling.

As we all know, children come first. Always. But I kept finding myself in conversations with mothers who were quietly falling apart while pouring everything into their families. I couldn't walk past that. So I went back to school and earned a second degree as a Nurse Practitioner in Women's Health.

Because I understood something that would become the foundation of everything I would build:

You cannot have a healthy family without healthy children.

You cannot have healthy families without healthy mothers.

And you cannot have a healthy society without faith.

In 2010, I was given the gift of opening my own practice, built around children and their mothers. What started as a focused niche grew beautifully. Grandmothers came. Aunts. Cousins. I hired nurse practitioners, opened the door to fathers, and before long, we were caring for whole families.

I poured over fifteen years of my life into that practice.

I loved it like a first child.

And in 2025, I sold it, not to walk away from the work, but to walk toward something deeper. I took time to rest, to study, to pray, to listen for what came next. This next chapter is the practice I always wanted to build, but this time with faith and roots.

But to understand the calling, you have to understand what happened to me first.

PART THREE: MY STORY

When the Healer Needed Healing

From the outside, my life looked full.

A great husband. A beautiful son. A growing practice. A life worth envying, by most measures.

But I didn't feel well.

Terrible headaches. Skin changes that came out of nowhere. Weight that wouldn't stop climbing, no matter what I did. Brain fog that made me feel like I was thinking through wet concrete. Exhaustion that no amount of sleep seemed to touch. A sadness I couldn't explain or shake.

I had every resource available to me. Labs, specialists, and imaging, I pursued all of it. I was a healthcare provider. I knew the system from the inside. And the system had no answers for me.

Things didn't stay the same. They got worse.

I was taking high doses of medication the way most people take a daily vitamin — just to get through the day. I had been exercising five to six days a week, and then one day I couldn't finish a workout without a screaming headache. I ate well, and still the weight came. My self-image was quietly eroding, not from vanity, but because I no longer recognized the woman in the mirror. Not because of how she looked. Because of how she felt.

And the hardest part?

The two people I loved most in the world, my husband and my son, I felt like I was failing them. Not because anyone told me that. Because I knew it in my bones. I wasn't fully present. I wasn't fully me. And I was far too young to accept that this was just life now.

I couldn't see a way out. But I knew I had to find one.

PART FOUR: THE TURNING POINT

Two Things Changed Everything

I was desperate. And desperate people either give up or go back to their roots.

I went back to my roots.

The first thing that changed was my approach to health.

I stopped looking for the answer in the same system that had no answers for me. I started digging.

I explored every version of natural medicine I could find. I enrolled in functional medicine and nutrition courses. I started reading, really reading, with the hunger of someone who finally understood that the surface was never going to be enough. Health books. Nutrition science. Herbal medicine. Root cause methodology.

The second thing that changed was my faith.

And this one is harder to explain, not because it is complicated, but because it is so personal.

I had drifted from my faith over the years. Not dramatically. Not all at once. Just slowly, the way it happens when life gets full, and society quietly whispers "Who needs that?"

I believed the whisper. And it cost me.

Then one day, sitting in the quiet of my own unraveling, I walked to my childhood church which shared a parking lot with my office.

Divine Providence.

I found myself walking in, not with answers, not with a plan, just with honesty. Wondering what had happened to me. How I had drifted so far from everything I had been given. How I had traded roots for the standards of a society that had nothing real to offer me in return.

I had drunk the world's version of health, success, and identity, and here I was. Unhealthy. Sad. Stuck.

So I did the only thing left to do.

I prayed.

Not as a last resort. As a homecoming. And God met me exactly where I was.

I had drifted not dramatically, but enough. The roots I had grown up with, the rhythms, the values, the deep sense that life is ordered toward something good and true and beautiful, I had let the noise of a busy, successful life crowd them out.

So for those who know me well, when I am in, I am ALL IN.

My husband knew it. My home knew it. Amazon definitely knew it.

More books started arriving daily. Anything about my Catholic Christian faith, all the spiritual books, the early church, all the saints, and all those who carried the torch before us. I came to

understand that healing comes from suffering. And slowly — root by root — things began to shift.

The headaches lifted. The weight released. The fog cleared. The sadness gave way to something I hadn't felt in years: joy. Real joy. The kind that doesn't depend on circumstances but depends on our Divine Healer.

I was being repaired.

I was being restored.

I was being redeemed.

PART FIVE: WHAT I LEARNED

The Bigger Picture

I want to be clear about something because it matters deeply.

Conventional medicine saves lives. I have seen it with my own eyes.

The team that operated on my husband's heart when he was a kid.

The children I watched heal from cancer at Georgetown University Hospital.

The doctor who listened to my dad and recognized that he was having a heart attack.

The nurse who took care of me when I had to go back to the hospital after delivering my son when he was three days old.

I will never discount that. Not for a single moment.

Conventional medicine has a place, an important, sacred, life-saving place in our healthcare system.

But I also have to tell you the truth:

We have gone too far in believing it is the only way.

For the first time in history, our life expectancy is declining.

Children are sicker than they have ever been.

Mothers are exhausted, dismissed, and told their labs are normal while they are quietly falling apart.

Families are being forced out of practices for wanting to make their own decisions about their own health and their own children.

Something is deeply wrong.

There is a growing notion that parents don't know how to care for their own children — that our bodies are not capable of healing naturally — that our instincts cannot be trusted. That we need to be managed, not equipped. Prescribed, not taught. That we should surrender our dignity at the door of a system that has forgotten we are whole persons, not collections of symptoms.

I reject that notion completely.

Your body was wonderfully made.

You were created with dignity, with wisdom, with the capacity for healing.

You know your child better than any chart ever will.

And you deserve a practitioner who genuinely believes that and acts like it.

Society has discounted the importance of families.

It has dismissed the beauty of functional and holistic health.

It has ignored, almost entirely, the role that faith plays in our wholeness.

I will not ignore it.

Because in my own journey, faith was not a supplement to my healing.

It was the foundation of it.

PART SIX: THE FUTURE

Why Repaired & Restored Exists — And Why It Exists For You

And so here we are.

Everything I grew up with.

Everything I studied and built over two decades of clinical practice.

Everything I suffered through and found my way back from.

Every mother I have sat with. Every child I have cared for. Every family I have walked alongside.

It all brought me here.

Repaired & Restored was born from the convergence of all of it: my love for children, mothers, and the whole family. My own health journey. My faith. My deep conviction that the world is desperately hungry for something it can barely name anymore:

Roots.

Not trends. Not prescriptions. Not a system that rushes you through and sends you home confused.

Roots.

The kind that holds you when life gets hard.

The kind that nourishes you when the world has nothing real to offer.

The kind that were placed in you by a God who made you wonderfully, on purpose, with purpose, for a purpose.

This practice exists for the mother sitting in her car after another appointment where no one truly listened.

For the child who has been labeled but never truly seen.

For the family that wants to do things differently but doesn't know where to start.

For the woman who, like me, believed what the world said about health and found herself empty.

You are not too far gone.

Your roots are still there.

And with the right support, they can hold you again.

Healthy families are not accidents.

They are cultivated, root by root, season by season, with wisdom, patience, and a community that refuses to let you walk alone.

You are uniquely made.

Don't let the secular world define that for you.

All that is good, true, and beautiful is waiting.

Let me journey with you.

Let us walk with your family.

We will be here, every step, every season, even if all you need today is a shoulder to lean on.

Welcome to Repaired & Restored.

With love and conviction —

Jamie Reidy 