

ROOTED & RADIANT REFLECTIONS

*FOR THE AGE WHEN BEING AFRAID CAUSED
YOU TO FORGET YOU WERE CREATED
ENOUGH*



THIS IS A GENTLE INVITATION TO RETURN TO THE AGE WHERE FEAR FIRST ASKED YOU TO HIDE.

THAT MOMENT YOU BEGAN TO BELIEVE YOU HAD TO EARN LOVE, HUSTLE FOR WORTH, OR WEAR A MASK TO BE ACCEPTED.

FOR ME, THAT AGE WAS 14—BUT THIS IS NOT A PRESCRIPTION. FOR YOU, IT MAY BE 4... OR 17... OR 9. WHATEVER AGE YOUR SPIRIT IS CALLING YOU TO REVISIT—IT MATTERS. SHE MATTERS.

THIS JOURNAL IS NOT ABOUT FIXING THE PAST. IT'S ABOUT OFFERING HER WHAT SHE DIDN'T GET: COMPASSION, PRESENCE, AND A PLACE TO BE FULLY SEEN. LET YOUR HEALING TAKE ITS TIME. THIS ISN'T ABOUT RUSHING—ONLY RETURNING.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE. LET'S BEGIN.



THE FIRST TIME I FELT I HAD TO BE SOMETHING ELSE TO BE LOVED.

WHAT AGE COMES TO MIND FIRST? WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THAT TIME? WHO WERE YOU TRYING TO PLEASE? WHAT DID YOU STOP DOING OR START DOING TO FEEL SAFE OR ACCEPTED? WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN YOUR LIFE AT THAT TIME? WHO TOLD YOU (SILENTLY OR DIRECTLY) THAT YOUR FULL SELF WASN'T WELCOME?

WHAT BELIEF ABOUT YOURSELF BEGAN TO TAKE ROOT? LET YOURSELF WANDER.
LET YOURSELF REMEMBER GENTLY.

A LETTER TO MY YOUNGER SELF

BELOW IS A LETTER I WROTE TO MY 14-YEAR-OLD SELF. READ IT WITH YOUR HEART OPEN—AND WHEN YOU'RE READY, WRITE YOUR OWN LETTER TO THE VERSION OF YOU WHO NEEDS YOUR VOICE THE MOST. WHAT DID SHE NEED TO HEAR THEN? WHAT DO YOU WANT HER TO KNOW?

DEAR 14-YEAR-OLD ME,

I SEE YOU. I FEEL YOU. AND TODAY, I'M LETTING THE ACHE RISE SO I CAN FINALLY HOLD YOU—NOT PUSH YOU ASIDE, NOT SHAME YOU, NOT TELL YOU TO BE STRONGER. JUST HOLD YOU.

I KNOW YOU WERE SICK A LOT. SOMETIMES TRULY. SOMETIMES EMOTIONALLY. SOMETIMES JUST LOST IN A WORLD THAT DIDN'T FEEL SAFE OR SOFT ENOUGH TO LAND IN. YOU DIDN'T ALWAYS KNOW HOW TO SAY "I'M OVERWHELMED" OR "I'M AFRAID," SO YOUR BODY SAID IT FOR YOU. I UNDERSTAND NOW. AND I FORGIVE YOU FOR THAT.

YOU WERE DOING THE BEST YOU COULD WITH THE TOOLS YOU HAD—AND BABY GIRL, THOSE TOOLS WERE BLUNT AND HEAVY. YOU WEREN'T MANIPULATIVE. YOU WEREN'T LAZY. YOU WERE HURTING. AND MAYBE NO ONE SAT DOWN BESIDE YOU LONG ENOUGH TO SAY, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO EARN YOUR REST. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE YOUR PAIN."

WELL, I'M SAYING IT NOW.

YOU GET TO BE TIRED TODAY. YOU GET TO UNRAVEL A LITTLE WITHOUT UNRAVELING EVERYTHING. YOU GET TO BE LOVED EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT PRODUCING, FIXING, OR PRETENDING TO BE OKAY.

THAT SURVIVAL MASK YOU WORE SO WELL? YOU CAN SET IT DOWN. I'M RIGHT HERE.

AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW—YOUR STRENGTH DIDN'T COME FROM PRETENDING TO BE INVINCIBLE. IT CAME FROM SURVIVING LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN ANOTHER WAY. TO WALK THIS NEW PATH WITH COMPASSION. TO BUILD A LIFE ROOTED IN TRUTH, EVEN IF THAT TRUTH IS SHAKY SOME DAYS.

SO REST, SWEETHEART. LET YOUR BODY SOFTEN. LET THE STORM PASS THROUGH. WE DON'T HAVE TO HUSTLE FOR WORTH ANYMORE. WE DON'T HAVE TO BE OKAY TO BE LOVED.

YOU ARE ALREADY ENOUGH.

WITH ALL THE LOVE WE NEVER STOPPED NEEDING,

ME

THE ONE WHO FINALLY CAME BACK FOR YOU.

A LETTER TO MY YOUNGER SELF

WHERE DOES THIS YOUNGER SELF LIVE IN YOUR BODY?

DO YOU FEEL HER IN YOUR STOMACH, YOUR THROAT, YOUR CHEST, YOUR JAW?

WHAT SENSATIONS SHOW UP WHEN YOU SPEAK HER NAME OR REMEMBER THAT MOMENT?

WHAT SENSATIONS, ACHES, OR SHUTDOWNS SHOW UP WHEN YOU REVISIT HER?

WHAT DOES SHE NEED NOW TO FEEL SAFE?

CLOSE YOUR EYES. BREATHE INTO THOSE PLACES. LET YOUR BODY SPEAK TOO.

A MOMENT OF RECLAMATION

IF SHE COULD CHOOSE ONE SONG, ONE OUTFIT, ONE FRIEND, OR ONE OBJECT TO REPRESENT HER TRUTH—WHAT WOULD SHE CHOOSE?

WHAT JOY DID SHE HAVE THAT GOT BURIED?

WHAT'S SOMETHING YOU CAN RECLAIM NOW, JUST FOR HER?

A COLOR. A CORNER OF YOUR ROOM. A DANCE IN THE MIRROR. A WORD. A SONG.

THIS IS WHERE REMEMBERING BECOMES RECLAIMING.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION INVITATION

LET YOUR HANDS SPEAK FOR HER. USE YOUR FAVORITE WAY OF EXPRESSING YOURSELF WITHOUT WORDS. COLOR. COLLAGE. DOODLE. USE STICKERS. CUT OUT A MAGAZINE PAGE. WHATEVER SHE LOVED—GIVE HER THAT NOW.

THIS SPACE ISN'T FOR PERFORMANCE. IT'S FOR PRESENCE. IT'S TO REMEMBER WHAT SHE LOVED. WHAT MADE HER FEEL MOST HER? LET YOUR INNER GIRL GUIDE THE PAGE.

CLOSING REFLECTION

"YOU DON'T NEED TO RELIVE THE PAIN TO RECLAIM THE TRUTH. SHE IS STILL WITHIN YOU, AND SHE IS STILL WORTHY."

LET YOUR FINAL PAGE BE A WHISPER TO HER. A VOW. A MANTRA.

YOU MIGHT WRITE: "I WILL NEVER ABANDON YOU AGAIN." OR: "YOU ARE SAFE AND LOVED."
LET IT COME FROM THE TRUTH YOU NOW REMEMBER.