

#LoveYourself – A Guide to Awakening the Soul and Putting the Ego to Sleep

Introduction – #LoveYourself – The Awakening

“At some point in our lives, we all long for home, to find our true selves, to be loved. What we don’t always realize is that the power resides only within us. We are taught and conditioned by society to constantly seek healing outside of our own heart and soul. The power to heal our own wounds, to find our worth, to fully and unapologetically love ourselves out of the ceaseless fire of life, is ours and always has been. Sometimes it takes an enormous amount of suffering to come to this conclusion but once it’s made, the world opens wide, we align with the Universe and from then on, anything and everything is possible. We find home, we find our true selves.” –Tena M. Dodds

I wish I counted the times that I’ve picked at my brain and the amount of times I said I’ve had enough of this life. Had I paid more attention, maybe then I would have healed myself sooner. Not asking the right questions got me further from my awareness and I mistook ignoring my worth for normal. I’ve been awake during the storm and I stood there in the middle of a hurricane of confusing emotions that made me question my existence. I watched it all explode before me and I watched it happen not knowing how to fix it or how to resuscitate myself.

For the longest time I was a DNR (Do Not Resuscitate) case, but what I didn’t know at the time was that there was still a fire burning in me that wanted to be ignited again. I fell in love with the idea that even though I had crumbled to the ground, I was given the opportunity to rebuild myself and it didn’t matter who knew me before. But I was so far gone into this whirlwind of my emotional crisis that I suddenly didn’t care what people thought anymore. I was always my harshest critic but the beauty of this entire journey held me in a place I never thought was possible.

I was always evolving into me, evolving from the seed that was planted long before I was ever fooled into believing that my life wasn’t in my own hands. I’ve watched myself bleed and I’ve heard my inner cries through the pains in my body. I heard them cry through the aches of my thoughts that were continuously screeching forth into oblivion. I heard myself wonder in the dead of night, trying desperately to speak through my heartache, through the ball that was lodged permanently in my throat to keep me from screaming. I heard it so many times but I ignored it. I was taught to ignore it. I ignored it for so long that the last decade of my life consisted of merely existing, not living and sadly evolving into nothing. The numbness of my existence had overtaken me and I realized I had walked so far away from the soul that was stored deep in my core.

The sounds of everyday proclaimed, my attention was present, but the rhythm was never at par with the true beat of my heart. All at once I was avoiding pieces of the puzzle and every time I did, something else arose. I was so good at ignoring myself that I forgot who I was and I became a person I no longer recognized. I was there, in physical form, but mentally and emotionally checked out. I was faking my life, wanting to sleep the many hours of my sullen reality away. When I was awake, I didn't know what was real or what it meant to be happy anymore. I lived off the happiness and reality of others, and even though I never really connected with it, I went along with it anyway. It became my profession.

I thought that being loved for whatever given value of love was as good as it got, when in fact there was so much more to it. Pain ran deep through my veins and I watched my eyes age. I grew so far from knowing my worth. I was a stranger walking through life thinking this was it. I'm going to fake it for the rest of my life and I'll die not even knowing who I am or what my true potential is. I was so far gone that I couldn't even try to find me. I was buried under all the scar tissue, behind the walls that stored my emotional battles, trapped deep in a place of self-limbo.

I fell one moment and it was so hard. It was so hard that I jolted. What was it that the Universe wanted to show me? There was just something in the midst of my wondering that shook me back to life. I was shaken to my core so intensely that the walls surrounding my true self started crumbling one at a time. As each wall fell, I realized that I could resuscitate myself back into my very being because I was suddenly feeling emotions that I thought were dead within me. I was in control the whole time. It was I that walked away from my being.

I was digging through the rubble, knowing I was still in there somewhere, hiding, waiting to be found again. It was as though my heart started to beat but not to the tune I was used to. It started beating to something more familiar, something more innate. I felt it pounding stronger, pumping life through my veins, bringing myself back to life, and leading me to learn to be comfortable in my own skin that I longed to call home. I kept shaking through my newfound awareness and as one wall was torn down, I was soon filling in the holes that remained in their place. The holes seemed bottomless, but somewhere deep within me, I saw the light seeping through, bright enough to reconnect me with my lost soul. I had proof that there was hope and knew there was life left inside me. I started to bleed again but I knew I had to. It was the only way life would be brought back to my being. I knew that eventually it would stop again but only because I would be present enough to heal myself with the light that filled me eternally.

I wonder what happens to the people who are never found. How they continue to live in darkness, watching their false selves walk through life, unheard, sad, lost, and veiled. I broke through that barrier and I honored the girl that never lost hope. I was always in there, hoping for a cure, hoping to be found so I could come out and play. I wanted to smile but only because I finally found a reason to. I was tired of feeding that darkness within me and knew it was my time to find the light instead. I wanted to feel my true emotions because they belonged only

to me. I crumbled and while digging through the rubble of my past, I found pieces of my true self waiting to be cradled, nurtured, and brought back to life.

I sprinkled lots of love into the remainder of the holes that still existed within me. I shed light on my pain and I allowed myself to feel it with the intent of going through the motions that I never thought were natural. A new journey begins in finding home within my soul. I started dealing with my pain but only at the pace I was comfortable with. This is all new to me. Every day, I honor myself for wanting this path, as not many people find themselves because they don't know where to look or where to begin.

My life is still a work in progress but I love that I can do anything I want because it's mine to fix, it's mine to love and it's mine to live. The color is slowly coming back into my face and in my body. I've decided to let go and allow the darkness to seep away like a mist that had chronically kept me blinded in sadness. I stood there, no longer chained to my agony, and with my own personal power my heart began to beat to its endless rhythm, filling my soul with the color of light, the color of love, the color of my life.