# Rediscovering Meaning Where the Heart Went Silent

Take a moment to settle in. Let your body find a position of ease... where nothing needs to be done... except being

here. Gently close your eyes, if you haven’t yet, and allow your breath to guide you inward. Inhale... and exhale...

like the slow tide coming in and out... And as you breathe, you can begin to imagine that each breath is creating a

little more space inside you. A gentle spaciousness... making room for something new. Now, imagine that you are

standing in front of a building. A place you've entered countless times. The facade is familiar. But today... something

feels different. The walls seem heavier. The door resists slightly as you push it open. You step inside, and a corridor

stretches before you. The air carries the scent of paper, dust, and something less tangible... routine, perhaps. The

echo of your footsteps blends with whispers of old conversations. You walk slowly. Each step takes you deeper into a

space you once knew... but that feels strangely foreign now. And somewhere within you, a question rises: “What am I

still doing here?” You walk past doors with names and numbers. Files piled high. And somewhere behind these closed

doors are the stories of people... people who come with their needs, their urgency, their stress... Sometimes they ask

for more than you can give. And in this moment, something in you says: “I’m tired.” Not just of the work... but of the

emotional noise. Of the weight of things that don’t feel meaningful anymore. Let yourself acknowledge that. Let that

part of you speak. And now, imagine that at the end of this corridor, there is another door. One you haven’t opened in

a long time. It has no label. Only a soft golden light leaking from underneath. You walk toward it. You place your

hand on the handle. And as you do, a memory stirs… Of why you chose this path. Maybe it was the thrill of justice. The

power of words. The feeling of helping someone find their voice. You open the door. And you find a room not filled

with files, nor demands, nor deadlines. But with your essence. Books you loved. Quotes that once gave you goosebumps.

Images of people you truly helped. A desk... but not cluttered. A place of creation, of clarity. In this room, you feel

different. Lighter. More you. And your breath becomes even deeper... even steadier. From this place, you can

remember: your worth does not depend on the noise around you. You are allowed to change. To shift. To recreate. Now

gently imagine that this light from the room begins to follow you... like a thread of gold... weaving itself into your

everyday life. Maybe it follows you as you open your emails. Or when a client calls. Or when you touch your robe before

entering a courtroom. This golden thread... a quiet reminder: “I have the right to choose meaning.” And now, as you

take another deep breath... you let this thread settle inside you. Not as a command. But as a knowing. Let it anchor

itself in the space where your doubt used to live. And feel... that even in the presence of uncertainty... something

new is growing. Pause here a moment... and notice what you feel. And when you’re ready... you can begin to return.

With one breath... you reconnect to the room you’re in. With the next... you gently move your fingers, your hands. And

with the third... you return fully, bringing with you the seed of something meaningful. Whenever you're ready... you

can open your eyes.