Take a moment now… just to let yourself breathe.  
Maybe lying down, maybe sitting — whatever position feels right… for you.  
And if you wish, you can close your eyes, or just let them rest somewhere… without tension.  
  
As your breath begins to gently slow down, you may feel… a permission to let go.  
Let go of your shoulders. Let go of your jaw. Let go even of the need to hold on, to understand, to think.  
Just… be here.  
With this breath… that comes… and goes…  
like a wave brushing the shore… without force.  
Every inhale connects you to life.  
Every exhale makes you a little lighter.  
  
And maybe already, something inside begins to slow down.  
A place in your body… becoming warmer… or calmer.  
As if the body were saying: “Yes, I’m ready… to let myself be carried.”  
  
Now imagine… that you are in a familiar house.  
Perhaps yours. Perhaps a dream house.  
Everything is calm. Nothing is urgent.  
The shutters let in a soft, filtered light.  
And in this room, there is a bed, or a chair, where you feel perfectly at ease.  
  
In this space, nothing can happen to you.  
It’s a cocoon.  
A place where vigilance can rest.  
Where even the thought, the fear… of “what might happen”… fades away.  
Here, no one judges. No one expects.  
Here, you can just exist.  
  
And whenever you feel that fear rise inside you…  
that reflex to “check, anticipate, control”…  
you can return to this space.  
Mentally.  
As if activating an invisible switch,  
one that says: “I am safe. Now.”  
You can even give it a shape… a gesture… an image.  
A keychain in your hand,  
or a soft cloth over your shoulders.  
Something that connects you to life.  
To your life.  
Still here.  
  
Now imagine… a mirror in front of you.  
An old mirror… like those you find at flea markets.  
You approach it gently, and in this mirror, you don’t just see your reflection.  
You see all the women you have ever been.  
  
The dreamy girl.  
The courageous mother.  
The devoted partner.  
The fighter, even in dark times.  
And the woman you are today.  
  
They’re all there.  
Looking at you.  
And together, they say:  
“You are not alone. You never were. We are here.”  
  
And behind them…  
other presences appear.  
Loved faces.  
Those who are gone but live on in the heart’s memory.  
Among them…  
perhaps the one you accompanied to the end.  
He says nothing, but he is there.  
And in that silence, you can feel… gratitude.  
For what you lived through together.  
For what you gave.  
  
And maybe instead of preparing to “be found”…  
you can prepare to find yourself again, each morning.  
Alive. Present.  
In this body that still supports you.  
In this breath that returns.  
In this invisible bond with those you love,  
who also live within you.  
  
There is a forest.  
Or a garden.  
A place in nature where you walk.  
Alone… yet not alone.  
Because the trees speak to you.  
The wind surrounds you.  
And even silence… is no longer empty.  
It becomes a sanctuary.  
A place of peace.  
  
You feel the solid ground beneath your feet.  
Each step is proof.  
“I am here.”  
And in this walk, in this silence, you are no longer waiting for someone.  
You are connected to something greater.  
A quiet presence… yet constant.  
An invisible thread that ties you to life,  
even in moments of solitude.  
  
And you may say, softly:  
“I am not alone. I am connected.  
I am the memory of those I love.  
I am the tenderness I give myself.  
I am the story I continue to write.”  
  
Let’s return to morning.  
A soft morning.  
A morning to come.  
Imagine yourself in your bed.  
The sunlight filters through the curtains.  
And before thought arises,  
before anxiety strikes,  
you place your hand on your belly.  
And you breathe.  
  
Just that.  
This gesture.  
Like a ritual.  
“I am alive. I am safe. This morning is a beginning, not an end.”  
  
And every morning, you can return to that gesture.  
That grounding point.  
That body signal to your unconscious:  
“All is well. I am here.”  
  
You may even associate a word with this gesture.  
A keyword.  
“Light.”  
“Presence.”  
“Strength.”  
Whichever you choose.  
And it becomes your companion, your ritual.  
  
In a moment, you will return.  
Bring a bit of that calm with you.  
A bit of that peace.  
It hasn’t gone. It’s still within you.  
  
Take a deep breath in…  
And feel…  
As if a part of you had grown lighter.  
As if the weight… of fear… of waiting…  
had been replaced with something gentler.  
  
When you’re ready, you can move your fingers…  
your shoulders… your face…  
as if to say to your body:  
“Thank you for being here, once again.”  
  
And when your eyes open…  
It won’t be the end of something.  
But the beginning of a new morning.