Settle in comfortably…

Take the time to feel how your body is resting here… now.

And as you gently breathe… you might already begin to sense…

that a part of you is moving… toward more calm… more understanding…

and maybe… a little more kindness toward yourself.

I invite you… to imagine…

that you’re entering a space where time doesn’t quite exist.

A space where what has been can be seen differently…

and what will be… can start to transform.

A space just for you.

And in this space, you can begin to feel…

the natural movement of your breath…

this soft, steady wave…

as if simply breathing… becomes a way to reconnect.

To yourself.

To your body.

To this body…

that has endured.

Withstood.

Carried so much.

And yet… is still here.

You don’t need to force anything.

Just allow… whatever comes.

Images, sensations, perhaps memories…

like bubbles rising to the surface of water.

They float up… show themselves… then gently pop…

And make room… for something else.

Perhaps today, you can take a moment…

to look differently…

at what you’ve lived through.

Not to relive the pain…

but to hear what it still wants to say.

And now imagine…

you’re walking on a path, in a peaceful place…

Maybe a forest… a beach… a soft hill…

A place where you feel good…

safe.

And on this path… you walk with your body.

Yes, that body.

The one you’ve sometimes struggled to understand.

The one you’ve at times blamed.

The one you thought… incapable.

Too weak. Too fragile. Too painful.

But today…

you see it differently.

Because this body… it survived.

It warned you… in its own way.

It held on.

And it is still here, ready to live something new.

So, as you walk through this peaceful place…

you can speak to your body.

Like a companion on the journey…

who has cried out without being heard.

And maybe just say…

“I haven’t always listened to you.

I haven’t always understood you.

But I want to learn now…

to trust you again.”

And maybe your body… responds.

In its own way.

With a shiver.

A softening.

A subtle sensation… like a new peace beginning to emerge.

And then, on the path…

a memory appears.

A difficult moment.

An announcement.

A brutal awakening.

Words that left a mark.

“If you had waited one more day…”

Take time to look at this scene.

From where you are now.

With today’s awareness. With your strength, and above all…

with the knowing that you made it through.

You passed through this…

and you’re still standing.

This memory is no longer a trap.

It can become a sign.

Proof that you are far stronger…

far more alive…

than you sometimes believe.

And beside that memory…

another may come…

the interrupted pregnancy.

The guilt.

The endless waiting.

The blood draws.

The word “chemo” echoing sharply in the air.

The dashed hopes.

The sense of unfairness.

Welcome this memory too…

without judgment.

As a page in your story.

Not a sentence.

A page.

And see who you’ve become…

through all of this.

Perhaps that strength…

you haven’t fully recognized yet.

Maybe you’ve focused on what was missing…

rather than what withstood.

But today, you can choose…

to look at yourself with love.

At this woman who’s been through pain.

Who kept going.

Who sometimes hid her sorrow to protect others…

But who now has the right… to feel her own.

Because feeling isn’t weakness.

It’s being alive.

And if you endured, it’s also because of that:

because you are deeply alive.

And now… I invite you to do one last thing…

Imagine that in your hand…

you’re holding a small light.

It is your light.

It carries… the memory of your trials…

but also the mark of your strength.

It holds… every moment you held on.

Every time you cried silently…

and carried on anyway.

Every time you protected others…

forgetting sometimes to protect yourself.

And now…

you can gently place that light on your chest.

Right where you once felt tightness.

And let it sink in.

Diffuse.

Soothe.

This light… is you.

This is who you are.

Not just a body.

Not just a survivor.

But a woman who chooses…

to make peace with herself.

And as you continue to breathe…

you may start to feel something…

a budding peace.

A more fluid breath.

A new feeling…

or perhaps an old one…

that gently returns.

Take time to savor this moment.

To let your body absorb…

this new way of feeling.

And know…

that anytime you need…

you can return here.

To this space.

To this breath.

To this presence with yourself.

And now…

when you feel ready…

you can bring your attention back here…

to the room…

gently move your fingers, your toes…

and open your eyes…

with this new awareness:

your body is not your enemy.

It is your witness.

Your messenger.

And your ally… for the path ahead.