Gently close your eyes… and take a deep breath in… As if you were giving your body permission to settle… truly settle… After all this time spent watching everything, anticipating everything, feeling everything too deeply…  
  
Here… now… there is nothing to control. Nothing to anticipate. You can let this moment be… just what it is.  
  
I invite you to imagine… a soft, protective cocoon, like a light bubble forming around you. An invisible bubble, yet strong. It follows the shape of your body. It embraces every contour. And the more you breathe… the more familiar it becomes.  
  
Within this bubble, nothing can reach you. You are safe. Truly.  
  
And in this newfound safety, something begins to ease… as if a lock opens from within. Maybe in your belly… where fears used to settle… where anxiety would sometimes tighten without warning.  
  
You can bring your attention there… to that belly. And gently, simply, rest your hand… like a message of peace. As if telling your body: “I hear you. You don’t need to shout anymore.”  
  
And while you breathe into your belly, I’ll invite you to go back in time… to those moments when it all began. Not to relive them… but to observe. With new eyes.  
  
You’re young… in a foreign country… you’ve just had your first child. You are alone… no family nearby… your partner is present but not truly supportive. You feel overwhelmed. Inexperienced. And every small symptom becomes huge. Every little vomit, every fever… feels like a world of fear. And that’s okay.  
  
Because you became a mother. And no one prepared you for that invisible weight.  
  
You did your best. And you always have.  
  
You can see yourself… in that kitchen… with your baby… and now say to yourself: “I honor you. You were brave. You weren’t crazy. You were alone with too many responsibilities. And you held on.”  
  
Then, the other memory appears. That hospital abroad. You're lying down. With an IV. Your body tense. The children are there. You’re scared you’ll die. But you don’t. You make it. You come home. You carry on. You overcame it.  
  
Let that scene be the proof that your body knows how to return to life. That it knows how to handle. That it knows how to get through.  
  
And then… the sound of a gunshot. That murdered woman. You were pregnant. You heard the shot. You knew life could change in one second. And you got scared. Scared it could happen to you. Scared that life might one day take your children away. Afraid… once again… of not being able to protect.  
  
But today, you are no longer in that street. No longer in that scene. You are here. Alive. Present. And you can choose not to carry that fear any longer.  
  
You can say to your unconscious: “I understand the message. I understand I needed safety. But now, I create that safety inside myself.”  
  
And in this cocoon… this bubble that continues to wrap around you… you can create an image.  
  
Imagine your children… serene. Happy. In a safe place. Maybe their room. Maybe a garden. They’re playing. Laughing. And you, you’re at a distance. But you feel them. You know they’re okay. That you don’t need to be right next to them for them to be protected.  
  
You can breathe with this image.  
  
You can let it settle deeply.  
  
And even anchor it with a gesture… perhaps your hand on your heart… or on your belly… like a reminder that you can return to this, to that inner safety.  
  
Every time your mind wanders… every time the fear rises… you can do this gesture again. You can reconnect with the bubble.  
  
You are no longer in the past. You are here. Safe. And you can slowly learn to delegate to life. To trust. To not predict everything. To not control everything.  
  
Because you are not alone. You are loved. Supported. And healing.  
  
And now… I will count from 5 to 1… and with each number… you bring back this sense of calm.  
  
5… Your belly softens.  
  
4… Your heart releases.  
  
3… Your mind clears.  
  
2… You feel a quiet strength.  
  
1… You are here. Present. Grounded. And all is well.  
  
You can open your eyes… when the time is right.