“Taming the Shadow, Walking with the Light”

Take just a moment... to let yourself breathe.  
Maybe lying down, maybe sitting — the position doesn’t matter, as long as it feels right… for you.  
And if you wish, you can close your eyes, or simply let them rest somewhere... without tension.

As your breath begins to slow down gently, you may start to feel… a permission to let go.  
Letting go of the shoulders. Letting go of the jaw. Letting go of the need to hold on, to understand, to think.  
Just… being here.  
With this breath… coming in… and going out…  
like a wave brushing the shore… without forcing anything.  
Each inhale connects you to life.  
Each exhale makes you a little lighter.

And maybe already, something in you begins to slow down.  
A part of your body… growing warmer… or calmer.  
As if your body is saying: “Yes, I am ready… to be carried.”

Now imagine… you are in a familiar house.  
Perhaps your own. Perhaps a dreamed one.  
Everything is calm. Nothing is urgent.  
The shutters let in a soft, filtered light.  
And there is a bed or a chair in this room, where you feel completely at ease.

In this space, nothing can happen to you.  
It’s a cocoon.  
A place where vigilance can rest.  
Where even that thought, that fear… of “what might happen”… fades away.  
Here, no one judges. No one expects anything.  
Here, you can simply exist.

And every time you feel that fear rise within you…  
that reflex to “check, anticipate, control”…  
you can return to this space.  
Mentally.  
As if you activate an invisible switch,  
the one that says: “I am safe. Now.”  
You can even give it a shape… a gesture… an image.  
A set of keys in your hand,  
or a soft shawl around your shoulders.  
Something that connects you to life.  
To your life.  
Still here.

Now imagine… a mirror before you.  
An old mirror… like the ones you find in antique shops.  
You slowly approach, and in this mirror, you don’t just see your reflection.  
You see all the women you’ve been.

The dreamy girl.  
The courageous mother.  
The devoted partner.  
The fighter, even in dark times.  
And the woman you are today.

They are all there.  
They look at you.  
And together, they say:  
“You are not alone. You never were. We are here.”

And behind them…  
other presences appear.  
Beloved faces.  
Those no longer here, but who still exist in the memory of your heart.  
Among them…  
perhaps the one you stayed with until the end.  
He says nothing, but he is there.  
And in this silence, you can feel… gratitude.  
For what you went through together.  
For what you gave.

And maybe instead of preparing to “be found”…  
you can prepare to find yourself, each morning.  
Alive. Present.  
In this body that still supports you.  
In this breath that returns.  
In this invisible connection to those you love,  
and who also live within you.

There is a forest.  
Or a garden.  
A place in nature where you walk.  
Alone… and yet accompanied.  
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 firm 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 in connection with something greater.  
A quiet… but constant presence.  
An invisible thread connecting 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 the morning.  
A gentle morning.  
A morning yet to come.  
Imagine yourself in 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.  
That 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 anchor point.  
That bodily signal to your unconscious:  
“All is well. I am here.”

You can even pair this gesture with a word.  
A keyword.  
“Light.”  
“Presence.”  
“Strength.”  
The one you choose.  
And it will become your ally, your ritual.

In a moment, you will be able to return.  
Bringing some of that calm with you.  
Some of that peace.  
It hasn’t disappeared. It’s here, within you.

Take a deep breath…  
And feel…  
As if a part of you has become lighter.  
As if the weight… of fear… of waiting…  
has made room for something softer.

When you’re ready, you can move your fingers…  
your shoulders… your face…  
as if telling 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.