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for the deep feelers 3

The right person will know how to hold your love.

The right person will choose you just as deeply as you choose them. You will not have to quiet the way you care, you will never feel like you are too much. You will not have to beg for the love you deserve. One day, you will be met where you are. One day, you will be someone's favorite thing, and you will not be confused

— you will not feel like you are fighting for someone who isn't fighting for you. One day, you will understand that it never mattered how tightly you held on to the wrong people, how intensely you tried, because the right people were always going to find you. The right people were always going to stay.

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- Group 4: The Classified

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Remember — even the strongest souls get exhausted.

The strongest human beings, the ones who laugh the loudest and hope the hardest, the ones who are always there for others — those souls often need people there for them. So, please — check on your kind friends.

Check on the people in your life who are tender, the ones who are always open to give so much of who they are for those who need it. Check on the people in your life who love with every ounce of their being, who feel deeply and care deeply, and try to fix and mend and make sure that those around them are okay. Please, just check on the people in your life who are brave, who are soft for this world. Check on the people in your life who protect others at all costs —

because those souls need protecting, too. Those souls need to be reminded that they deserve the love they keep giving to everyone else.

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When you are ready to put your heart into the world again, do not look for the kind of love you recognize, for the kind of love that mirrors something that did not beat the odds. Instead, search for the kind of love you need — as you are, in this season of your life. Do not compare it or doubt it when it arrives, because it will be different. It will always be different. It will hold you differently, and it will say your name differently, and it will laugh differently, and hope differently, and you will make different memories within it; you will feel it in your bones in a way that you won't be able to express, in a way that will feel new and somewhat scary, but right. Do not seek familiarity, do not keep searching for your past in your future. Trust what comes.

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The kindest people are not born that way, they are made. They are the souls that have experienced so much at the hands of life, they are the ones who have dug themselves out of the dark, who have fought to turn every loss into a lesson. The kindest people do not just exist — they choose to soften where circumstance has tried to harden them, they choose to believe in goodness, because they have seen firsthand why compassion is so necessary. They have seen firsthand why tenderness is so important in this world.

You will not find a love that is perfect, but you will find a love that is real.

You will not find a love that is perfect, but you will find a love that sees you. The kind that brings down your walls, that asks you to share the parts of your soul you have tucked away and kept hidden from the world. You will not find a love that is perfect, but you will find a love that shows you that it is okay to be the kind of person who balances both hope and hurt within them, that it is okay to be the kind of person who has not always known how to quiet the beating of their heart within their chests. And this love, it will hold you there. It will not vilify you for the ways you have to heal your sadness, for the ways you show up in this world. This love, it will not flinch at the sight of your darkened past — it will hold you there. Not just when you are a gleaming example of beauty or perfection, but when you are baring your teeth. When you are unraveled before it. It will not run from you when you take off your mask.

You will not find a love that is perfect, but you will find a love that connects. This love, it will not shy away from the depth of you. It will dive. It will sit you down and ask you about your childhood home. It will ask you what it felt like to lose your mother, what it felt like to always be the person who never quite fit

in. This love, it will know you. And on some levels, it will feel like it always has — that you have been carrying around a longing for it that on some level your soul was always waiting to reconnect with its heart, was always waiting to come back home to the parts of itself you eventually found in another human being.

You will not find a love that is perfect, but you will find a love that reminds you that goodness exists. This love, it will inject honey into the soul of you, it will feel like warmth has cracked within your bones. And you will see how it learns you, and fights for you, and stays to weather the storms by your side. You will be reminded that there is connection in a world that often chooses distance over depth. You will be reminded that there is hope

At the end of the day, when you care deeply, when you're empathetic, when you believe in love and the beauty of another human being so deeply — sometimes, you can convince yourself to fight wars for someone who isn't fighting for you, sometimes you can convince yourself to keep trying, or to not give up, but that isn't something to be ashamed of. You tried for something, you risked, and even though it did not work out, you in return learned how to set boundaries, how to go forward with your heart and protect it — not in a way that is guarded and hardened to the world, but rather in a way that is informed, that helps for it to be preserved and nurtured, that doesn't let it settle for things that aren't for it. Now you know what you do not want. Now you know what you do not want to feel. Now you know the kinds of things you crave, the respect you deserve, and you won't settle for the opposite any longer. Forgive yourself for how you got to that understanding.

Forgive yourself for taking your love back. Forgive yourself for outgrowing certain people in your life.

Forgive yourself for all of those moments you had to protect your energy, for all of those moments you had to make the hard decision to choose yourself, because by staying, and trying to fight harder, and give more, and be more, and fix and fix and save and save, you were only ever depleting yourself to the point of ex-

haustion. Forgive yourself for all of the times you tore up pieces of your own heart in order to mend another human being, hoping that it would heal them and nourish them and make them better or happier. Forgive yourself for wanting to save the people you loved.

Understand that sometimes, in order to do that, you have to walk away. Because you cannot fix the people you love. You cannot heal them. They have to do that on their own. And if someone isn't showing up for that healing, if they are content with having you hold them together, then that will only ever ruin you. Walking away to refuel yourself, giving your heart

Listen — if you are in love with someone who cannot love you back at the moment, please understand that this is not a reflection of your goodness, this is not a reflection of your worth. Sometimes life weathers people in different ways. We are all on this Earth just trying to figure ourselves out, just trying to mend the breaks in our souls, just trying to deal with what is heavy within us. Sometimes we're ready and another person is not.

Sometimes we try and another person does not. Sometimes we pour ourselves into another human being and they cannot contain all that we are. Sometimes we fight and another person surrenders. Sometimes we choose to make things work, and another person decides that they cannot choose that same reality. And that is okay.

I need you to understand that is okay.

Because at the end of the day, if someone does not meet you where you are, you cannot keep asking them to do so. If someone cannot reciprocate your love, if someone cannot give you what you truly deserve, you have to understand that aching for them to do so before they are ready is a form of self-destruction. Your heart is a vast and tender thing; you cannot keep trying to shrink it into what someone else needs. You cannot keep pouring your love into a vessel that cannot contain it. You cannot keep pouring your love into a soul that has not opened their eyes to all that they are receiving. You cannot keep pouring your love 43

into a heart that is closed off to it. It will only leave you empty. You have to walk away. You have to let this person grow on their own terms, because you can't love someone into their potential. You can't love someone into being ready. They have to do that on their own.

And I know how hard it is to walk away from someone you deeply care for. I know how hard it is to lay all of that love down, to close your heart off to all that it sees in another human being. But in walking away you will learn how to pour all of the love that you were giving to the wrong person back into yourself.

chosen. You deserve to be loved the way you love others. At the end of the day, you deserve to be inspired by your life.

Life is meant to be lived.

You have to chase the things that ignite you. You have to do the things that bring you joy. You have to surround yourself with the people who bring you back home to yourself, with the people who respect you and embrace you in ways that make you feel like you are worthy and accepted and loved. You have to do the work to heal yourself, even when it hurts — especially when it hurts, so that you do not continue to approach your life within the boundary of what is heavy within you. You have to put yourself out there, and you cannot worry about what other people think, you cannot rob yourself of experience or happiness or inspiration because you are scared of how you will be perceived. You have to be unapologetic in the way that you exist here. You have to believe that your ideas, and your hope, and your being, deserve to take up space. You have to believe that you have purpose.

Because our existence is finite. And as hard as that is to understand, as hard as that can be to connect with, from time to time remind yourself that in the most human way — we are all living on borrowed time.

Sometimes, love doesn't win. Sometimes beautiful things end because you outgrow another human being, sometimes love becomes too heavy to hold

the potential and the lessons and the evolution have reached a threshold, there is nowhere else to place your hope. However, that is not something you should deem a failure or something that should break your heart. That is something to celebrate. You managed to care for someone in the deepest way, and you grew one another into human beings who are going to go off into this world and change other people with that love. You did all that you could for one another, and instead of forcing something that wasn't working or fulfilling you anymore, you chose to walk away. You chose to release your grip, to believe that there were other things in store for your hearts. There is bravery in that.

Maybe the hardest seasons of life teach you a different version of happiness. Maybe in those seasons, the things you live for, the things you value most, seem so small in comparison to what you were filling your soul with in the past, seem so quiet in contrast. Maybe it is within those moments that your eyes are opened, that you learn how to find joy, and peace, and safety in that which you didn't even notice before.

Maybe in the seasons of life where your heart aches, or loss has built a home within you, happiness changes. Maybe it becomes your morning cup of coffee —

sitting and drinking it as the sun rises and the world wakes up around you. Maybe happiness becomes the way the light plays with the trees in your favorite park; maybe it is the way the sky looks at your favorite time of night, the way the moon fills the air with an energy you can feel in your bones when you really sit with yourself and let your solitude wash over you.

Maybe in the messiest moments of life, happiness is your mother's voice. Maybe it is the beauty you feel when you see your friends' faces, when you hug them for twenty minutes straight, when you sit with them in silence and feel so understood, and so seen, in all that you are.

In a society that has taught us to favor being cool over being connected, promise yourself that you will always choose to be the person who cares. To be the person who does not desensitize themselves, to be the person who slams their heart into the people who excite it without hesitation, without worrying if it is too much or too intense or too loud. Trust me when I say that you will never scare off the souls that will fully understand you, and nurture you, and celebrate you, by being open to this world, by being honest, by being the kind of person who loves deeply. Do not water yourself down, do not silence the parts of yourself that leap towards the beauty you see in another human being. Be all that you are. Be all that you are.

One day it hits you — that you spent so much of your life closed to the world. That you spent so much of your life trying to protect yourself from the love you craved, that you gave so much of your energy to a version of existence that was cut off from believing in the beauty, in the good, as a form of survival.

One day it hits you — that if there is any magic in this world, it exists in being seen by other human beings, in connecting. One day it hits you — that if there is any magic in this world, it exists in being unguarded and vulnerable; it exists in allowing for yourself to surrender to your hope. It exists in not being afraid of what life is trying to teach you, in not allowing yourself to run from what is asking to be felt within your soul.

One day you just open. The cost of staying fortified and hidden away becomes too high. One day, you lay down your arms. You let love rush in. You let it wash over you. You crack your shell, you expose your heart to this world, and you trust that you are worthy of being seen there. You trust that you are worthy of being known there.

Instead of vilifying yourself for staying longer than you should have, for giving your heart to those who could not hold it, instead of getting upset that you settled — celebrate the fact that you've opened your eyes to all that wasn't growing you, celebrate the fact that you had the courage and the strength to walk away.

Celebrate the fact that you are aware now.

Stay open. Please, just stay open — because when you close yourself off to potential hurt, you also close yourself off to potential awe, potential joy. When you assume that you will never be seen and accepted for who you truly are, you rob yourself of the opportunity to be known, to be surprised by those who will show up in your life and hold your heart the way you have always hoped for it to be held. Yes, being vulnerable may hurt you. But it may heal you. There is always that risk — but you are here to risk your heart. So risk it, because there are situations and human beings in this world of billions that will meet you where you are, that will make you aware of just how beautiful it is to be fully open and seen and unafraid of falling. There are moments you're going to connect with, small and intense and deeply special moments, that will stick to your bones and remind you why you tried, why you took the chance. And it is up to you to tuck those moments into yourself for safekeeping, it is up to you to always believe in that beauty. Because this world will never be devoid of dark, but that just means there will also always be light.

When you are trying to let go of someone who cannot hold your heart, when you are trying to move on from someone who cannot care for you the way you deserve to be cared for, when you are trying to gather the courage to walk away from the person who only ever makes you feel like you are hard to love — remember what you are worthy of.

Because don't you deserve to find someone who chooses you the way you choose them? Don't you deserve to find someone who reciprocates your love, who wants to hold you on the days that feel dark and devoid of light, who wants to encourage your growth and see you realize your dreams and celebrate birthdays with you, and milestones with you, and make the sunniest kind of memories with you?

Don't you deserve to find someone who wants to stand by your side, firmly, and know deeply in their heart that you are something special, that you are their favorite thing? Don't you deserve to find someone who sees you — who actually sees you, in all that is light and all that is dark within you, in all of your mess and all of your virtue? Don't you deserve someone who loves you there?

But there are also moments in life, unexpected and jarring, that will come out of nowhere and those will be healing moments, too. You will let go of them when you smell their perfume in public and it doesn't make your stomach flip. You will let go of them when your song comes on the radio and it doesn't scratch pain-fully at the memory of what it felt like to fall in love with them. You will let go of them when you hear that they were out with another person, that they are slowly opening their heart to the world again. You will let go when you decide to do the same. And this doesn't mean that you are fully healed, but this means that you are taking the steps towards your hearts rebuilding. That you are learning how to exist with the memory of them, that you are not trying to rush it out the door, but rather, you are learning how to be thankful for it, how to slowly appreciate it for what it has taught you without needing it back.

Be patient with your healing. It is happening, even when you cannot feel it.

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Moving on is not about forgetting, is not about deny-ing the memory. Moving on is about having gratitude for what has impacted your heart without having to dismiss your experience or disregard it. Moving on is about folding the memory into yourself — letting it remind you that you fought for something, that you tried, that you felt.

If you have lost someone that was once a beautiful part of your life, remind yourself that energy cannot be created or destroyed, it can only be transformed —

that is a scientific law. Everything in this world exists within a cycle — our bodies, the nature around us, the stars, the whole entire universe. Everything is constantly going through phases of life and death, and if we think of that law, we can appreciate those periods of evolution, those periods of death, and reframe that as periods of transformation. The energy that exists within that person, the love you shared, the hope you felt —

it is never gone. It exists out in the world somewhere.

When you are mourning the loss of a human being, when the grief feels heavy and you wish that they could be experiencing certain things beside you, that you could just share one more moment with them, that you could make just one more memory — remind yourself of that law. They may not be in your life in the way you remember them, but their energy, and their love, and their heart, still exists in this world.

They are all around you. They are always with you.

Because the truth is — we never really lose the people we lose. They are in the sunsets, and in the rain, and in the forests, and in laughter, and music that takes our breath away. We never really lose their love, their beauty, because that energy doesn't disappear — it finds new ways to reach you. Pay attention.