

The Reflection

You've spent your whole life waiting for someone to finally see you, to notice how hard you've tried, to understand what you've survived, to appreciate what you've carried, to recognise your courage. To tell you, you did well. It's one of the deepest human longings there is. To be seen.

But what if you've been waiting for recognition from the wrong person? What if the one opinion you've been missing is your own?

How many times have you reached a milestone and immediately moved the finish line? How many times have you survived something extraordinary, only to tell yourself, I was just doing what anyone would have done. No, they wouldn't.

- ♥ Not everyone would have questioned everything they were taught.
- ♥ Not everyone would have faced their past.
- ♥ Not everyone would have interrupted generations of conditioning.
- ♥ Not everyone would have rebuilt themselves from the inside out.
- ♥ Not everyone would have chosen healing when blame, bitterness or resignation would have been easier.

You did, and yet you **still hesitate to acknowledge it**. I wonder why? Is it because somewhere along the way you were taught that recognising your own courage was conceited?

You became generous with praise for everyone except yourself, you applauded people, thanked people, admired people, while overlooking the person who had to live every single day through the difficult changes - you.

Imagine spending your life searching for someone extraordinary only to discover you've been looking out through their eyes all along. That's what this conversation is really asking of you: **to finally recognise the person you've become.** Because when you do, you'll stop introducing yourself with your wounds, defining yourself by your past, stop seeing yourself as the person who was hurt, and begin seeing yourself as the person who rebuilt themselves.

The moment you recognise yourself:

- ♥ You stop waiting for permission to become more.
- ♥ You stop asking whether you're capable - you have evidence to stop wondering whether you'll survive: you already have.
- ♥ You stop searching for someone or something to save you.
- ♥ You finally meet yourself, the person who stays on your side and builds a life that's got your back.

I'd like you to do something that may feel surprisingly uncomfortable: **Recognise Yourself For Refusing To Let Your Story End Where Your Pain Wanted It To.** Other people may admire the life you've built, they may admire your peace, your wisdom, your strength, your kindness, your courage. They'll see

the finished masterpiece, but you'll know something they never will: you'll know who built it.