

Tears of a Thousand Years

Things hadn't been going well. So many parts of my life were falling apart.

And here I was, driving up the highway, crying, the tears streaming down my cheeks.

Yeah, I had cried before, but these tears were different. It felt like I was crying tears that had been bottled up for ages. The tears of a thousand years.

The 6 months prior to this had not been good. Things in my life seemed to be unravelling.

It's hard when things unravel...not just getting a bit frayed around the edges, but unravelling in not one, but in many areas of your life. When the things that give your life its solidness are dismantled and there seems to be few areas of firm footing. And you start to doubt those because you know they too could be dismantled.

This moment, crying as I was driving up the highway, was to fundamentally change my life.

Not only did it seem like something deep inside was being released, for the first time in my life I was able to be there for myself at a whole new level. As I cried I was emotionally there for myself, safely and gently holding the deep place in my heart from where the tears flowed.

It's funny that even though I had specialized in self care for others, and that I had spent my life supporting and guiding others through difficulties, that this experience was new. I had never really experienced just how real, how powerful, and how transforming being emotionally present to myself was.