



Letter to Yourself by Jodi Girouard

Is it so hard to believe that you are loved? That you are an intricate pattern of sentiment created on a canvas of capability? Each stroke, each mark, each horrible scar has transformed your creation into the kindness that you have become. You do not need to succumb yourself to fear, despair, unaware that others are not as blind as you find yourself when you look at me.

For I see the greetings, the meetings, the sweet charity of hope that you endow, that you allow into the hearts of others. Believe in yourself, your spirit, visit the gentle fields where you once ran, the greenery, the scenery, the violets you picked for Mama. Let go the drama that trains you into trauma. Hold life hard like you squeezed onto those wilting wild violets that you raced home to give to love.

Above the sky is gray but your day can be beautiful. Remember when you climbed trees with friends? The ends of your days stuck to you like the sap on your fingers lingering tightly against the trunks, the limbs, the simple abundance of joy for each girl and boy.

You have withstood such pain and the voices that remain, the negative noise, the neighbors that you abhor....cast them into the silence of your sorrow. Tomorrow they may not be around. Find your feet upon the ground, sound steps, the burgeoning belief that there will be relief.

For now, somehow, talk gently to yourself. Hold onto the passion that pursues you in writing, uniting in the discovery of a phrase, the maze of memories that you see, the goodness that you spread, the life lived that could be ahead.