

BOOK

Excerpt

Without A Voice - A Woman's Journey to Resiliency
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CHAPTER 15 - THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS



Allowing forgiveness to clean out your heart makes room for the one thing that makes all the difference in the world: LOVE. There are so many people out there who are vested in loving you, respecting you, and valuing your worth. But none of that can enter your heart if it is already full of bitterness, fury, and hostility. You have to do the work as painful as it is because there is no one else that can do it for you. Forgiving is not easy at all. It takes a deep dive into understanding what caused your pain, reliving it and learning how to let it go. And just like any kind of scarring, it takes time so be kind with yourself in the timing of that process.

Lastly, forgiveness of others is worthless if you can't forgive the most important person in your life which is You. For years, I felt I deserved the situations in my life for making bad decisions. The guilt of having failed consumed me. I failed at being a child worthy of love. I failed for bringing pain into my son's life. And I failed for not being the person everyone else needed me to be. But so often we give vindication to others easier than how we redeem ourselves. We are so critical of our imperfections and then wonder why others see us that way as well. Forgiving yourself starts with self-compassion. With a sense of inherent worth despite your actions or circumstances. It's allowing the discovery of self with patience and love and giving yourself permission to be imperfect and make mistakes along the way. That no one was born with all the answers and figuring them out in failures was part of succeeding. In honoring yourself, you find that you will begin to attract those who love you exactly as you are. And nothing you ever do ever merits self-deprecation.

When I began the exercise of forgiving myself, I had to start deep within. I realized that there was still a little girl inside of me in dire need of so much healing and loving and I was the only one who could provide that. I closed my eyes and looked for the forgotten little girl sitting in the corner of my memory that always yearned for a simple hug, to be noticed, to be appreciated and who had the audacity to want to be loved. For someone to look at her and know she had always been more than enough, and her value was priceless. That she was perfect with all her imperfections and her innocence was still intact. That all the chaos she lived through; was not a punishment, but a formative base of the amazing woman she would become. When I forgave myself, I forgave the lost little girl inside and now I had a chance to give her all she ever wanted: to be loved. In her, I found the love of my life... I finally fell in love with me.