

# Broken Heart Wide Open – My Redemption From Rejection

BY LISA ALEXANDER

Enough already. I get it now.

This is me, handling rejection from my birth family and mother, both as an infant and as an adult.

I have been seeking meaningful connection. Validation that I'm lovable. Validation that I'm not alone. Validation that certain things last forever and never change. Validation of the idea that mothers always love their babies.

My initial list of possibilities:

*It's possible, they don't like or love you.*

*It's possible, they don't love themselves and therefore, can't love you.*

*It's possible, you bring up unpleasant feelings for them.*

*It's possible, they bring up unpleasant feelings for me.*

*It's possible, they are too deeply wounded to love you.*

*It's possible, you've done something unforgivable in their view.*

*It's possible, they were right the first time and they are unable to have you in their life.*

It's highly likely they're forgivable, but no longer welcome in my life. It's said that rejection points you in a new direction. Sure. Rejection can also break your heart. And when your heart breaks, you have more to give.

So, here I am. More love to give. Heart wide open, broken. Look at the pieces. More to give.

No pity. I am not weak. I would be weak if I had a glass heart, carefully blown by an artist, fragile and rarely

touched. But no, this heart is tough, has lived a bit, and is broken wide open. Peeking in, I find prescription bottles of Ambien, photos of loved ones past and present, parenting plan agreements, sounds of laughter, and even daisies.

My broken heart is art – the kind of art you walk around in a circle, over and over again. An untitled sculpture. A bit grotesque, yet pulling you in with wonder.

There's no denying, the pain hurts like hell. I mean it is a broken heart. Beauty, pain and possibility.

The potential is there that when our heart breaks, we have more to give. That breaking is the beginning. Digging deep within, finding the energy to start giving “pieces” away and, in the process, create something new.

If you have known this pain or if your heart is broken, I am sorry. Here we are – let's go for it.

Heart wide open. Broken. But wide open.

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .*

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you think  
you are weak  
when everytime  
you break,  
you come back  
stronger  
than before.

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