

He Helps Me Believe That Sometimes Home Is A Person

BY RENEE DUBEAU

Five years post-divorce, I thought my healing work was done. I thought I loved myself with the full capacity of my heart and soul. I thought my outlook on life was as rosy as it would ever be. I thought I had everything figured out. Then, life sent me a wonderful surprise, and I fell in love.

Falling in love seems to be the worst thing that can happen to a writer like me. Where does one find inspiration in a happy heart? And, how does one convey in words the deep swirling, ecstasy, bliss, and fear that occur simultaneously while opening our hearts to a new partner?

If I were to try to put that complex emotion into words, the most simple, honest way I could describe my new love, is this: He helps me believe.

He helps me believe that there are still good men in the world. He shows me every day that chivalry is not dead. The southern gentlemen I thought only existed in movies are real-life unicorns who walk among us.

It's more than opening doors or buying flowers. It's holding me in the safety of his embrace while I sleep. It's his strong arm pressed against my chest when the car comes to a sudden stop. It's the way he keeps his promises. The way he jumps up from the dinner table to wash the dishes after I've prepared a meal. The way he creates space for me to be exactly who I am, and encourages me to follow my crazy dreams.

These romantic gestures come so naturally to him, sometimes I don't know if he even realizes he's doing it. But each time he does, he helps me believe a little more in the power of those little, everyday things that make a person feel honored, respected, and loved.

He helps me believe in the power of real, raw, passionate, beautiful, physical pleasure. Sex that does not hurt. Sex that does not demean or degrade. Sexual expression that allows for fantasy and fun, and deep soul connection.

He helps me believe that my satisfaction is important, and my body is wholly adequate and desirable. He helps me believe that I am okay, after years of believing I wasn't. And in that, I see how very wrong I was to hate my body, and punish myself for the misdeeds of others who failed to see her as sacred and perfect.

He helps me believe in daddies. Daddies whose hands don't hurt their children. Daddies whose words empower and encourage. Daddies who provide for, protect and nurture their little ones. He helps me believe in daddies who read bedtime stories, kiss boo-boos, build erupting volcanoes for science projects, and get a little choked up when their baby nails their flute solo.

He helps me believe in daddies who stay. They stay because leaving their children would be like cutting off their own hands. They stay because they intuitively understand that their engagement in the lives of their children is vital to their well-being. They stay because they know how their relationship with their children will influence all future

relationships they have with men.

He helps me believe that the kind of daddy I wished and prayed for as a child was not something I imagined, but something very real that a few, really lucky little girls get to experience in this lifetime. This gives me infinite hope that the husband I dreamed of is also real.

He helps me believe in fairy tales and super-heroes. Even though this princess is totally capable of saving herself, it sure feels nice to have a prince hold my hand through the hard stuff. Sometimes, he rescues me and I am overwhelmed with gratitude for the way he gives himself to me so selflessly.

The way he protects me, and supports me through life's challenges is something I've never experienced. He reminds me that sometimes home is a person, not a place. That safety, comfort, and love can be embodied by those who wish to extend such things to the ones they cherish.

He helps me believe that we can build a life and a future from a place of pure honesty. Our only motive to share a big, happy adventure together.

He helps me believe in love. Real love. The kind of love where both partners give and take equally. The kind of love that allows both partners to be exactly who they are in the world and inspires them both to be the best versions of themselves. The kind of love that allows for disagreements with kindness and respect, and celebrates milestones and victories for each individual as victories for all.

He helps me believe in me, in us, in families, and forever. He helps me believe that the best years of my life haven't happened yet. He helps me believe that we are an unstoppable force, and nothing will keep us from accomplishing all we desire together.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

[Cracking Through My Personal Bullshit – You Don't Have To Be Perfect, To Be Loved](#)

You deserve a lover who wants you disheveled, with everything and all the reasons that wake you up in a haste and the demons that won't let you sleep. You deserve a lover who makes you feel safe, who can consume this world whole if he walks hand in hand with you; someone who believes that his embraces are a perfect match with your skin. You deserve a lover who wants to dance with you, who goes to paradise every time he looks into your eyes and never gets tired of studying your expressions. You deserve a lover who listens when you sing, who supports you when you feel shame and respects your freedom; who flies with you and isn't afraid to fall. You deserve a lover who takes away the lies and brings you hope, coffee, and poetry.

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