

The Journey Of The Divine Feminine As She Releases Another Year

BY TEGAN DOVER

In March 2016, I created a journal to release all of my thoughts onto. Below is my final entry from that document. May it serve as the beginning of something even bigger than I could ever imagine.

Hello again, old friend. It seems like we have been on this journey a lot longer than just 21 months. You have been my closest confidant, concealing all of my tears, anger, happiness, excitement, and fears. When I started writing, I was looking for something. I didn't know what it was, only that I was lacking whatever it was.

I have learned that what I was seeking was my Divine connection to Self.

Now, a year after making the decision to separate from my son's father and pursue a life that aligned with my truth, I am wiser, stronger, and more humble than ever before.

I have walked through many fires to arrive at this shore. I have braved high tides and what, at times, seemed like merciless storms. Those storms tested my will to continue, to be true to my heart. They left me battered and bruised with barely the clothes on my back but each time, I rose. I got up and marched on.

I cried oceans of tears as I mourned the losses of my childhood and of the female ancestors before me. I sat with

the young girl that grew weak and tired after endless searching for her Mommy. I sat with the young woman, scared and feeling completely alone as her body became numb after brutal sexual assault. I lifted the gaze of that same woman as she peered at her body in the mirror, bringing her focus to the divine beauty within her. I sat with her as she raged against all of the transgressions done against her, while she was told to just be a “good girl and mind her manners”.

I reminded her that she is worthy, that she alone is enough.

She is not defined by her career, her financial status or her looks. Most importantly I reminded her that she is never alone.

As I say goodbye to 2017, I look back with gratitude, giving thanks for the path that has brought me to this point. A point in my life, where I can say I know without a doubt who I am. I know I am not defined by the labels of ADHD, Epilepsy, PTSD, Severe Brain Injury Survivor, Rape Survivor, and daughter of an emotionally abusive, alcoholic, and substance abusing mother. Labels that I previously carried as a shield and as a prison.

The only descriptive terms I choose to associate with now are, Infinitely Supported Creative Divine Feminine.

I carry these words as a badge of honor that no one can take away from me. The scars of my past remind me of the courage and strength I have within me. They are part of my story now, but they alone do not define me. I am so much more than the sum of my experiences.

You, my dearest, are so much more than the sum of your experiences. We are infinite beings, living for a time on this planet called Earth. This is my battle cry, my fight song, my promise to never surrender to the tides that seem to flow against me because I know now, everything happens *for* me. So I will take up my board and I will ride this tide to the next shore.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl recommends 52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#)

Sip a little more:

[Wrecked To Rooted – Standing Tall Through The Storm](#)

[How To Make, Break & Keep Yourself Whole](#)

Be brave.
Go for your heart's innermost desire. Unleash it into the world. By doing so you unveil the most needed treasure for the multitudes who's hearts beat through the same desire system. Each beat is a prayer.

Leahanne Woods Smith

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