

# It's Okay Now, Beleaguered Soul – Take Baby Steps & Breathe

[BY CHRISTY WILLIAMS](#)

Boy, was she something.

She was as badass as they come. Brave and bold and sassy.

She was amazing and confident and in love with herself and what was happening in her life.

But she didn't love her daily life. That grind that came with dealing with the minutiae left her with nothing for herself.

It made her restless.

And then...she started to fade.

The woman she had spent two years rediscovering. The one she forgot about. Who came back courtesy of an awakening...started disappearing again.

She felt it. She felt herself slipping away. Felt the darkness approaching.

And while her professional world came to life, her personal world started to spiral.

All she could do was cope.

And numb.

And pretend.

She was so good at pretending. Until she wasn't.

Until she was tired of wearing the mask.

Tired of smiling. Tired of wishing her world was different.  
Tired of another year.

And then her world came crashing down.

Things happened that weren't supposed to happen. Not to her family, at least.

So she retreated. And focused on the only thing she could possibly focus on.

That thing that needed her most right now.

So much that she knew she had to put her own soul on hold. Again.

Willingly. Gratefully. Lovingly.

Because only one thing mattered now. No...ever.

The only thing that would ever matter.

When the dust settled...when her world shifted back into focus...when she wasn't gripped by fear every moment of every day...she knew.

Still not sure she would ever breathe easily again, she knew she had to take a baby step forward.

Is it safe now? To take that baby step?

What about now?

She knew in her heart that it was.

Whether she could breathe or not.

She took the baby step.

And then another. And another. And yet another.

And every time she did...another spiral happened.

Another moment when she held her breath and prayed and begged for it all to be okay.

For her heart and her loves to make it through it all.

Only looking back could she see that perhaps the two parallel events were happening in conjunction with each other.

One waiting for the other to happen? Or one reacting to the other? Even subconsciously...?

And now, those two converge.

As she holds her breath like she's never held it before.

And then she takes the deepest, most hopeful breaths she's ever taken.

Waiting. Praying. Hoping. Loving.

Always loving.

This is her life now.

So different from the one she lived five years ago.

Before she woke up.

Before she saw.

Before she felt again.

Before she knew.

Now, she is closing one door and opening another.

And she likes what she sees on the other side.

*Photo by [Rowan Chestnut](#) on [Unsplash](#)*

***For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Tears to Triumph: The Spiritual Journey from Suffering to Enlightenment](#)***

*Sip a little more:*

*Awakened Soul, Being A Lost, Hot Mess Is Better  
Than Being Comfortably Numb*

*5 Easy Ways To Summon The Sparkle When The  
Embers Start To Fade*

“We are all born with genius.  
It’s like our fairy godmother. But  
what happens in life is that we  
stop listening to our inner  
voices, and we no longer have  
access to this extraordinary  
ability to create poetry.”

MILTON GLASER

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