

I Am Like A Puzzle With Pieces Scattered Throughout Time

[BY GRETCHEN SPLETZER](#)

I am like a puzzle with pieces scattered throughout time.

I am leaving for the jungles of Peru tonight to drink the ayahuasca tea and work with the Shamans in the Amazon to find my pieces and make my puzzle whole again.

When I was born into this world, the pain hurt so bad. It hurt and something was wrong. My body had broken through the birth process and no one knew for two weeks. I cried and I cried more than any baby should cry.

My Dad, sensing something was very wrong, took me back to the hospital and it was discovered that I had a broken collar bone. But that was only the beginning. Perhaps it was me – my baby instinct to push away a mother's love that couldn't be. Or could it be that it was her incapability of soothing and healing the brokenness within me?

So the love that should have been never came to be, and instead, I was thrown into a thousand pieces and I scattered to the point that I could not see the whole me – the me that you see.

Inside, I felt broken, flawed, unlovable, and ugly – that I wasn't good enough and that there was something very

wrong with me. I had to be things I was not, to strive for goals that were not my own, to look like someone who I wasn't.

At the halfway point between then and now, I began to search and gather the pieces of the puzzle that was me. I loved and lost and loved and lost and with each loss, through some mysterious grace, a little more of me came together – and after more years and more love came less loss.

Sisters and brothers came from other mothers and women with white hair pulled me to my feet over and over again. They held my hand, their eyes sparkled when they looked at me, and a different picture came into view.

But still, inside I was sad. I could feel there was something I couldn't find, some pieces of the puzzle of me, a keystone, the healing I still needed, beyond all talking, self-help books, and seminars. I was to find this all on my own, not with others, not thru sparkles in another's eyes, but accessing the original grief of being unloved and being unseen when I needed it most to grow whole.

My sense of worth, of value, my preferences, and the birthright of being whole have not been able to come online.

I have never fully been who I really am because I never really knew.

The winds of life had continued to blow around the pieces of the puzzle that are me. I didn't know what I didn't know and yet, I also knew but wasn't sure enough to even have my own back or stand on my own two feet.

And now, today, I begin an important journey, a pilgrimage, a quest to find the borders and corners and the last few pieces to make the picture whole, to heal the broken body and the broken heart.

To finally embody what I feel but couldn't be, and complete the puzzle that is me.

Photo by [Anter Blackbird](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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I wanted movement and not
a calm course of existence.
I wanted excitement and
danger and the chance to
sacrifice myself for my love.

Leo Tolstoy

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