

From Girl To Woman: Shy, Shielded & Small To Dancing Wild Warriress

By Bridget Luff

I used to think I was weak. I couldn't do push ups. I was a scared of just about everything, and couldn't run fast. I couldn't speak loud or know all the answers. I was a drifty, dreamy, head in the clouds kinda girl.

My quiet gentle voice was not listened to, nor taken seriously.

So I built a really big shield. A shield of shy. A shield of aloof. A shield of not speaking my feelings, my words, my truth. Because the things I saw and felt and heard were were not what a young girl was meant to think and feel and hear.

And the good little girl found escape routes to feel free. Falling into fantasies. Living in a world of the past and the imaginary future. Avoiding the now, because *now* hurt. Her sweet soul shrivelled up in a snail's shell.

My mind could pull me out of what was really real and what I truly did feel. My body began to hunch and crunch up, twisting and contorting itself to become invisible. I was becoming a woman but was still trapped inside a girl's body.

The woman inside began to sob, she needed to be free in order to be happy.

My insides were tied in knots and in deep pain, but I kept the plastic poker face. Sucking it in, strapping it up, attempting to be what I was not.

The tension mounted, until a little snap, the woman couldn't stand it anymore; [she took over in a wild raw rage and through my eyes years of tears fell.](#)

The act began to fail, the cracks began to show and there was a choice to make:

I could continue the slow invisible lie where inside I was dying. Or I could choose the other reality where the real me actually lived, where I sought happiness rather than misery. Where I chose to plug in rather than pull out.

On a dark night as I lay with a swirling mind in a bed, I had a waking dream where real-life angels came to me. It was then, I knew there was no choice. I had to live and be well again. I had to be me.

I started to speak loud and clear.

I followed my gut and refused to do what the world told me to.

My words were weapons piercing through my shame. I began to share how I truly felt and show who I really was. I lashed out against the restricted cage I had been living in, breaking my own rules to breathe again.

The shattering of the shield was a silent break because it was invisible. I was the one who had put it there.

Through speaking my truth, through moving back into me, I began to connect back to my life, my people and my path. Me pulling myself out of the dark ditch, again and again, me choosing life in every moment is my practice, and my discipline.

[Me sharing my scrambling attempts to live is what saves me.](#)

And as I open up more and more, my body unravels and reveals

Her: the dancing warriorress, the loving lioness, the wild woman emerges, real, raw, beautiful.

Living is being present in life

Living is feeling the now

Living is being in your body

Listen deep to her and hear your soul whisper

And as you begin to listen

the universe echoes back to you

that you are free.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Women Who Run with the Wolves](#) .

Up & Coming with Bridget:

Join Bridget on a journey to be well, to be wild, and to be free. The Wild Well Project starts February 2017 – a six month in person and online course for all soulful creative wild women. Visit [here](#) for details.



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