

Remove The Mask, Share Your Stories & Together We Can Heal The Feminine Collective

[BY SAMANTHA WILSON](#)

“When you stand and share your story in an empowering way, your story will heal you and your story will heal someone else.” ~ Iyanla Vanzant

I'm proud to be a woman. Not that I believe women are better than men. I don't believe that at all. But we are different. If men are physically stronger, we are the emotional powerhouses. We rock it when it comes to emotions; we get them, we work through them, and we help others deal with their emotional wounds.

We are emotionally intelligent creatures. It is part of our birthright and down the ages, we have come together in circles to share that emotional intelligence, tell our stories of pain and pleasure, which in turn helps others. The ones that came before us would educate those yet to walk the feminine path, not by directing which is a masculine trait but by sharing experiences, which is the feminine way.

The wise women in society were valued and revered for the knowledge they could pass to the young. Yet society has changed. There is a sense that where women once collaborated, society has stepped in and competition now thrives.

It's all about keeping up with the Joneses and how we are outwardly perceived. Youth is valued over experience, beauty over knowledge, and material wealth over creative and spiritual happiness. A woman would have been revered for her experiences, her emotional battle scars, and the wealth of knowledge she carried. She is now subjected to a barrage of

criticism for aging, her body size, for not being perfect, for not having the right clothes, and on and on.

We have a population of wise women who are made to feel inadequate, unworthy and ready for the knackers yard when this is far from the truth.

These wise women are weakened by society when they should be the ones leading society!

The quest for perfection that we are subjected to leaves a woman in fear of showing her wounds, telling her stories, and allowing herself to heal – and therefore heal others.

We are expected to live with a mask to keep up appearances for fear we might be negatively labelled and criticised.

We are forced to be outwardly fake and the mask only serves to create a barrier, keeping us from healing our wounds and from healing each other.

From my own experience, I had perfected the mask up until I couldn't stand it any longer and finally threw it off. The last few years have been a journey of tending to my wounds, listening to my own story, telling others, and finally starting to own it. During that time, I have been humbled to listen and create space for other women to share their stories.

A strange thing happens when a woman opens up and speaks about her wounds, her story. I almost sense a drop-down in the energy and suppose it is. We go into the underworld of the woman's soul, the place where her secrets are kept. It's a humbling experience.

It almost feels as if the woman has entered a different

awareness as she sifts through her memory box and speaks of her fears, her hopes, and desires. She doesn't need solutions, she just needs the space and by telling her story, you can guarantee that the woman listening or reading relates and unlocks something in her own memory box.

It is time for women to realise that we all have wounds; we are all battle-scarred emotionally. Not just from our lives but from the collective wounds all women have from living in a patriarchal society. And it really is okay not to be okay. We don't need to keep up the pretense. The crying alone. The feeling alone because of the barrier, the mask we have around us to fit in and behave "normal."

It is time for us to step into our truth and own our stories; the good, the bad and the ugly. And through owning our stories, our stories stop owning us. We let the past go and create a better place for each and every one of us.

Women try to tame themselves as they get older but the women who feel and look the best are the ones who grow wilder. Join me on my [Growing Wilder E-Course](#) and awaken your wild spirit.

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For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Mastery of Love: A Practical Guide to the Art of Relationship: A Toltec Wisdom Book](#) .

Sip a little more:

***Comparison Will Kill You – Surround Yourself
With Other Flowers & Just Bloom***

In A World Where You Can Be Anything, Be Kind,

My Friends

5 Signs Your Soul Is Crying For Freedom

Healing is f*cking messy. It's alienation. It's detachment. It's bat shit crazy. It's jet black inky darkness. It makes you ache for the void and mundane. You want to quit everything, but you can't. You won't. Not now. No baby, not ever. Because even though it aches the mother of all aches, you've changed. Underneath all that bullshit, there you are. Brand new. Born again. An angel of earth who's woken up to their cosmic mission. And you ain't ever going back. And, there's more like you out there. We're waking up right next to you in the dark, wild one. So don't worry about fixing any part of you and let your wicked shambles raise the goddam roof on this whole thing.
-ThugUnicorn.com

#WEALLHAVEWOUNDS

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