



There is so much uncertainty, anxiety, fear, sadness, and chaos in the air. In the midst of all of this, I am feeling pulled by the small things that matter.

The scent of the incense that I burn after each healing that carries out from my healing room window down to our deck.

The socks, the winter hat, and the small feathery toy that my cat carries everywhere and sometimes lays down on my yoga mat as gifts.

The giggles of my daughter as we tickle her and she playfully asks for more tickles.

The sound of the super loud video gaming podcast that my husband listens to. I have no idea what they are talking about but it lets me know he's nearby.

The thoughtfulness of a friend, a loving and encouraging email, a short text message, just checking in.

The feeling of water running all over my body as I take a shower like taking a breath before diving deeper into life.

The size of our hearts asking to be expanded with every little obstacle to living from our truth.

The feeling of a cold compress against the back of my skull as a migraine hurricane rages inside my head.

The chill I feel at night and to be able to be surrounded by the safety and thickness of my comforter.

The taste of good food, summer tomatoes, dark chocolate, Nutella on bread, and everything we cook with lots of love.

Hugging, holding hands, snuggling.

Becoming a good listener for myself and everyone else even on the days that I am struggling to exist beyond breathing.

Finding a spark in me and rushing to write the light out as words.

Love matters. Let's find all the big and small things that surround us asking to be noticed with love. Let's love more.

With love and delight,

Damla