THE GENTLE RETURN

A Scroll of Self-Forgiveness and Grace

I come not to fix --
but to hold.
Not to punish --
but to forgive.

There is nothing I must prove to be worthy.
Nothing I must earn to be loved.
No pain I must carry to be whole.

The version of me who wandered,
who doubted, who fell --
was never lost to the soul.
They were only finding the way back.

I turn to myself now, not with judgment --
but with open arms.
I offer the words I once longed to hear:
"You are not bad."
"You are not broken."
"You are still mine."

I place my hand upon the heart of the child within.
I tell them:
"You are safe now. I've got you.
You don't have to be strong anymore."

I lay down every story of shame,
every weapon once turned inward,
every weight of old regret.

Let them be gathered.
Let them be lifted.
Let them be light.

The child in me --
still believes in magic.
The soul in me --
still believes in grace.

So I return to myself --
gently, quietly, truly.
Not to become new --
but to remember I was never less.

I do not carry punishment.
I carry the promise of compassion.
I do not seek redemption.
I am the return.

With reverence and radiance,
With love and light -- Charming White Eyes