

Even In The Struggle by Tara Sophia Mohr

Even in the struggle, you are loved.

You are being loved not in spite of the hardship, but through it.
The thing you see as wrenching, intolerable, life's attack on you,
Is an expression of love.

There is the part of us that fears and protects and defends and expects,
And has a story of the way it's supposed to turn out.

That part clenches in fear, feels abandoned and cursed.

There is another part, resting at the floor of the well within, that
Understands:

This is how I am being graced, called, refined, by fire.

The secret is, it's all love.

It's all doorways to truth.

It's all opportunity to merge with what is.

Most of us don't step through the doorway.

We stay on the known side.

We fight the door, we fight the frame, we scream and hang on.

On the other side, you are one with the earth, like the mountain.

You hum with life, like the moss.

On the other side, you are more beautiful:

Wholeness in your bones, wisdom in your gaze,

The sage-self and the surrendered heart alive.