

The not
knowing
holds the
answer,
Dear.



Manon Huntjens

Dear reader,

Sometimes what has been is no more. What will be is not yet clear. It's the empty space we sometimes fear, but it's also where we can find a deeper part of our being.

It's where life is found, and magic can appear. So let's dare to be in the empty together.

Wherever you are, don't try to make sense of it. We are not supposed to 'get it' until we reach the end. And we won't know we've reached the end until we get it.

And sometimes we don't even notice the old story ended and the new beginning began.

It just did. Without telling us.

Love,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Mama'.

For when you don't have the answer yet.

stop searching for the answer
it will come and show itself
in an unexpected corner of your being
your heart will whisper with gentle power
what your mind needs to hear
when it's ready to receive

maybe within the blink of an eye
maybe in a day or a week
maybe longer than you wish
but always

perfectly on time

trust that if you do not have the answer yet,
it is still on its way to you

if you can feel it in your heart
you will one day see it with your eyes

a power larger than yourself
will show up for you

let all fall into place
but always

in unexpected ways

I'm fine with being in the unknown.
If I know what's coming.
And how.
Preferably also when.

**For when you are trying to move forward while
holding on to the old.**

we carry the past
like we carry heavy bags
filled with things
we will never need

if only we would dare
to put them down

we could look around
without something
pulling us away
from the path we are on

we could move forward
without something
holding us back
from the path ahead

don't let the life
that was
stand in the way
of the life that is

don't let the life
that could have been
stand in the way
of the life that awaits

Magic

Maybe
you are trying
to hold yourself together.

.

Maybe
you are meant
to fall apart,

Because **magic**...
you will build
from the pieces.

Roots

she is her own season
she grew roots so deep
for nobody to see
but when she is ready
ready to bloom
she will kiss the sky, the sun,
and the moon

fear showed up to tell her
she would never break free
from the cage
she kept herself in
that she would always know
she had wings
but would never fly

she listened

fear was not trying
to keep her from flying.
it was just trying
to keep her from dying

she said

"thank you fear
now,
let me take you
under my wings"

Does the process know we are trusting the process?

Who is in control of the process?

and don't forget...

without this chapter
your book wouldn't be
the beautiful novel it is

without this chapter
all the other ones
wouldn't be written

without this chapter
all the other ones
wouldn't make any sense

and maybe this life
is just one book

in a sequence of many

P.S. There is always a new story waiting for you. More
beautiful than you can now imagine.

You can think all
the thoughts you want
just do not believe them

For when you still have to let something go

What hurts more than letting go
is a grip
holding onto something
that is meant to roam free.
Something meant for us
can never leave us.
It will come back on its own,
stronger and freer than ever before.

So when your tender heart whispers
"let go,"
let go like a tree letting go of its leaves when
winter comes,
not shaking loose leaves that are not ready to go,
not trying to hold onto something that was never
meant to stay anyway.
The tree is not afraid to stand naked in the cold
for a while.

**We have our own seasons.
Sometimes winter lasts longer,
but spring always comes.
Don't rush to yours.**

The letting go

She said she had to let it go, but she did not know how.

"Dear one," her heart whispered,

"Having holds a doing, having holds a must. Letting go holds no doing, letting go won't be forced nor pushed. You can decide to let it go, yet you can't make it happen. When you are ready, it will go on its own. Maybe it will leave without a single word, be out of the door in an instant. Maybe it will happen gradually, slowly losing its grip on you. Until one day you wake up and you notice something is not holding you so tightly anymore. You will feel a lightness in your bones without realising it."

She listened and released a sigh,
and felt a grip loosen lightly.

She let go

And just like that,
she let go.

She didn't shout it to the skies.

She didn't whisper it to the waters and
she didn't even tell the trees.

She didn't need anyone else to hear.

She didn't even say it in silence to herself.

She let go in a way that didn't need deeds or words.

So just like that,
she let go.

It's not that you trust and let go
it's that you let go,

and in the letting go trust awaits you.

Well

sometimes it seems
life dug you a well
you could never get out of
until you did
with dust in your bones
and fire
in you heart
you understood
it was just there
to make you grow taller
than you thought you were

For when you have to get up again

I don't care
how many times you fell.
I don't care
how hard you fell
and how much it hurt.

All that matters
is that you stood up,
that you weren't afraid
to fall down.

Or maybe you were scared
and you dared anyway,
or maybe you didn't dare
but still did.

All that matters
is that you weren't afraid
of what others would say
if you would fall.

Or maybe you were scared
and you dared anyway,
or maybe you didn't dare
but still did.

All that matters
is that you fell
and got up again,
again and again,

with open arms
and an open heart.

even the eagle
born with wings
had to learn to fly

if you let go of the need to arrive
you never feel the need to rush
because when you have nowhere to arrive
you are never running late

and one day you will wake up
and notice
the excitement of what will be
outgrew the pain of what was
and the fear of not knowing
is taken over by the trust
that does not need to know

**more will be different
than ever was the same**

There is only an ever unfolding path.
Trust that the current of life
takes you where you need to be.
Patiently step into it powerfully
and follow the gentle current of your soul.

And remember...

You have to go through it on your own.
But you're not alone.
You're never alone.
Nobody ever is.

We are in this together.

And don't forget...

You are brilliant.
All the way.

www.manonhuntjens.com

to stay connected



P.S.

There is no such thing as dreaming too big.
There is only thinking too small.
Do not make it logical; make it magical.

