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Before she was your mom...

She was a little girl with dreams, fears, & stories of her own.

Hi ,

This one has been sitting on my heart lately.

We Were Girls First

Sometimes raising our daughters means healing parts of ourselves, too.

Since becoming a mother, I keep thinking about this quiet truth:

Your mom was once a little girl, too.

Before she was making appointments, packing lunches, remembering everyone's favorite snack, answering texts, folding laundry, and trying to keep the whole world moving...

She was little.

She had dreams before she had responsibilities.

She had feelings before she had words for them.

She wanted to be chosen, listened to, celebrated, protected, and understood.

Before she began putting everyone else's needs first, she was once the main character in her story.

Somewhere in motherhood I feel like we lose sight of the person we once were. Not because we stop existing, but because we're so busy carrying everyone else.

We're remembering appointments, making sure shoes still fit (plot twist, they **never** do), answering questions, solving problems, constantly checking that running mental list. Day after day, year after year. Holy HELL.

Somewher along the way, the girl who had big dreams of her own slowly moves to the bottom of the list.

But she's still there. She never disappeared. We just got busy surviving.

And maybe that's one of the reasons so many of us look at our daughters and feel something catch in our chest. Because when we watch them becoming who they are, they remind us of who we were.

Sometimes she's bold, imaginative, emotional, loud, sensitive, curious, but she's always completely herself. And a little voice inside you whispers:

I hope she never learns to shrink.

Maybe part of raising our girls differently is remembering that we were girls first.

Not perfect girls.

Not easy girls.

Not quiet girls.

Just little girls who deserved softness, safety, wonder, patience, and room to become.

So this is your reminder today:

Before you were someone's mother, partner, caregiver, employee, or the person everyone depends on...

you were a girl with dreams of your own. And she didn't disappear, she simply grew up.

We're all going through life for the first time together. We're still just those little girls. None of us have a rulebook.

And the more compassion we offer ourselves, the more capacity we have available for our girls. Maybe the most beautiful gift we can give is to make sure they know what so many of us forgot: She is allowed to remain the main character in her own story.

With love,

Bree

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