

July 2025

SAVE
MY
FISH

On a hot, sweaty, muggy day where the air weighed one thousand pounds, She-Who-Hates-The-Heat, was called outside. The beauty and order of the pristine Houston manicured lawns and the perfectly painted houses beckoned her and so, listening to her heart, She-Who-Hates-To-Sweat, went for a walk. Then the iron bench positioned next to the man-made, murky lake called to her and she sat herself down. Scanning the water littered with rocks and limbs, she saw the glassy, blue green fish with scales shining in the sun, flapping, struggling to break free. She-Who-Hates-Touching-Slimy-Things reached down to free this sweet fish from her prison of debris. In that moment, she listened to the whisper of the universe: Save My Fish. Such a simple act, yet at once it built trust in her sweet self. Maybe being freed is possible. Maybe we do have the power to save.

“I wish you could hold my hand”, she said. “Yea, me too”, I said. Europe is a long way away for a kiddo to go to alone. But this girl knew what she wanted and had the heart to make it happen. She also needed connection. We exchanged bracelets to wear for the month, promising it will tangibly remind us we are connected.

HOLD
MY
HAND

Such a small thing, yet it is keeping us oh so close over lo so many miles and time and space. We are holding hands across the Atlantic and it's making all the difference. Maybe being connected across the universe is possible. Maybe we do have the power to be one, no matter the distance.

TRUST
MY
HEART



Whenever I find myself spiraling down an emotionally dark rabbit hole, there's usually a towering stack of evidence piled high from the latest piece of information I have voraciously consumed, then crammed into the corners of my heart where I believe my defects hide. With that, judgement is rendered and I am declared wrong and bad, awaiting sentencing. This never ends well. I become anxious, cloudy, confused, and sure I will end up in a dark corner somewhere.

The farther I get from me, the more anxious I become.

But what if I am not defective? What if I am simply responding to my life in ways that make sense? What if my struggles have a story to tell, as Dr. Becky Kennedy of *Good Inside* suggests? What if when I search for the story, it shows me that I can trust my heart. What if you and I are the same? What if your struggles, too, are telling an important story? What if by listening, you discover the power of trusting your good heart? Maybe there is power in trusting our hearts. The universe is calling: SAVE THAT FISH ... HOLD THAT HAND ... TRUST YOUR HEART ...

I am with you ready to find that power.