



You Can Set It Down Here

LETTER ONE

From the Porch

Dear one,

Before you come any farther, I want you to know something.

You do not have to arrive here composed.

You do not have to gather yourself before you walk through the door.

You do not have to know what you need, explain where you have been, or find the right words for whatever has brought you here.

You can simply come as you are.

Tired.

Hopeful.

Uncertain.

Carrying too much.

Feeling everything.

Feeling almost nothing.

You are welcome here in all of it.

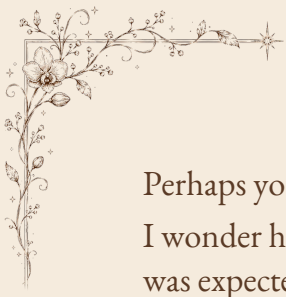
There is a chair on the porch.

Come sit down.

You can set your things beside you for a while.

Not only the bag in your hand or the coat across your shoulders.
The other things too.
The conversation you keep replaying.
The decision you have not made.
The list waiting for you.
The person you are worried about.
The responsibility no one seems to notice you are carrying.
The pressure to hold everything together.
You do not have to put any of it away forever.
Just set it down beside the chair.
Let the porch hold it for a few minutes.
It will still be there if you need to pick it back up.
But perhaps you do not need to hold everything every moment simply because it belongs to your life.





Perhaps you can sit without carrying it for a little while.

I wonder how long it has been since you entered a place without immediately looking for what was expected of you.

Who needs help?

What needs fixing?

Where should you sit?

What should you say?

How can you make yourself useful?

Women become very skilled at entering a room and reading it before they ever notice how they feel inside it.

We learn to anticipate.

To adjust.

To notice who is uncomfortable.

To make things easier for everyone else.

And sometimes, after years of doing this, we forget that there are places where we do not have to earn our right to stay.

This is one of those places.

You do not need to help me carry anything.

You do not need to make conversation.

You do not need to be interesting, insightful, cheerful, or ready for change.

You do not need to turn this moment into something meaningful.

You can sit quietly.

You can stare out at the trees.

You can wrap both hands around something warm.

You can take the breath you did not realize you had been holding.

Nothing is required of you here.

Maybe you came because something in your life has become too loud.

Maybe you are standing at the edge of a change.



Maybe nothing is terribly wrong, but something has not felt quite right for a while.
Maybe you have a good life and still feel far away from yourself inside it.
That can be difficult to admit.
We think longing only belongs to people whose lives are visibly broken.
But sometimes longing appears in a life we are grateful for.
It does not mean we are ungrateful.
It may simply mean there is a part of us asking to be included again.
A part that has been patient.
A part that understands how much needed to be done.
A part that knows why everyone else came first for so long.
But she is still there.
And perhaps she is the one who led you to this porch.
I will not ask you to reinvent your life here.
I will not tell you to wake earlier, try harder, think positively, or become the best version of yourself.
I have a feeling you have spent enough time trying to become someone who can manage everything.
Perhaps we begin somewhere else.
Not with who you should become.
With who is already here.
The woman who has lived through every day that brought her to this one.
The woman who kept going.
The woman who adapted.
The woman who loved people.
The woman who made mistakes.

The woman who knew when something was wrong, even when she could not yet explain it.

The woman who is still capable of recognizing peace when she feels it.

She does not need to be replaced.

She may simply need somewhere quiet enough to hear herself again.

So today, there is nothing for you to solve.

Just notice what it feels like to sit somewhere without being hurried toward the next thing.

Notice the chair beneath you.

The air.

The light.

The warmth between your hands.

Notice what your shoulders do when you remember that no one here is asking you to hold them up.

You can let them lower.

You can unclench your jaw.



You can breathe without making the breath deep or healing or useful.
Just breathe the way your body wants to breathe when it knows it has arrived somewhere
safe enough to pause.
You may not feel at home yet.
That is all right.
Sometimes home is not something we recognize immediately.
Sometimes it is built through return.
One chair.
One quiet moment.
One honest thought at a time.
You do not need to decide today whether this place belongs to you.
Sit for as long as you like.
Leave when you are ready.
Come back when something inside you remembers the way.
The porch light will be on.
And whatever you have been carrying—
for now,
you can set it down here.
With warmth,
From the Porch

