



The Woman You Are Becoming Is Still You

LETTER SEVEN

From the Porch

Dear one,

There may be days when you hardly recognize yourself.

You look at the way you respond now.

The things you no longer tolerate.

The questions you have begun asking.

The boundaries you are learning to hold. The desires you can no longer pretend not to have.

And part of you wonders:

Who am I becoming?

Perhaps another part whispers:

What if I lose who I have always been?

Change can feel unsettling, even when it is necessary. Especially when the version of you that is changing has been loved, relied upon, praised, and understood by the people around you. But dear one, the woman you are becoming is not a stranger.

She is still you.

She is not arriving from somewhere outside your life.

She has been here all along.

Beneath the roles.

The expectations.

The ways you learned to survive.

The ways you learned to belong.

She may be the part of you that became quiet because there was no room for her voice.

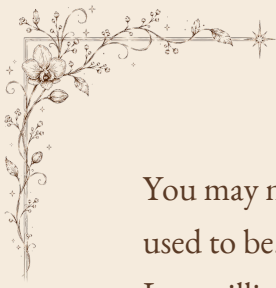
The part that learned to wait.

To adapt.

To be patient beyond what was fair.

To make peace with things that never truly felt peaceful. Becoming does not always mean creating a new self. Sometimes it means uncovering the one who had to remain hidden.





You may notice that you are less willing to explain yourself than you used to be.

Less willing to abandon your own needs to avoid disappointing someone.

Less willing to stay in conversations that leave you feeling small. Less willing to call exhaustion strength.

This may feel unfamiliar.

You may worry that you are becoming difficult.

Cold.

Selfish.

Too much.

But perhaps you are not becoming harder.

Perhaps you are becoming clearer.

There is a difference.

Clarity does not mean you have stopped caring. It means care is no longer the only thing guiding your choices. Your wellbeing has finally been invited into the conversation. Some people may prefer who you were before. Not necessarily because they do not love you. But because the old version of you was familiar.

She answered quickly.

Adjusted easily.

Carried more than her share.

Accepted the explanation.



Made herself available.

Stayed quiet to keep things calm.

The woman you are becoming may interrupt patterns that once felt dependable to others.

She may say no.

Ask for time.

Change her mind.

Choose differently.

And when she does, the people around her may need to change too.

Not everyone will welcome that.

Their discomfort does not mean you have become someone unkind. Sometimes it only means they are meeting a part of you they were never required to consider before.

You may miss the old version of yourself.

That is allowed.

Even when change is good, there can be grief.

You may miss her certainty.

Her ability to keep going.

The way she could make almost anything work. You may miss the relationships that felt simpler before you began telling the truth.

You may miss the illusion that if you tried hard enough, loved well enough, and stayed patient long enough, everything would eventually become what you hoped.

We do not leave our former selves without tenderness.

They carried us here.

They made choices with the understanding they had. They protected us with the tools available to them. You do not need to reject who you were in order to honour who you are becoming.

Perhaps the woman you were stayed because she believed leaving would cause too much pain.

Perhaps she kept giving because she did not yet know she was allowed to stop.

Perhaps she apologized for having needs because she had learned that belonging required ease.

Perhaps she remained silent because speaking felt unsafe.

Do not shame her.

She was not weak.

She was doing what she knew how to do.

She deserves compassion, not contempt.

The woman you are becoming can take her hand. She can say:

You brought us this far.



You do not have to carry us the same way anymore.

Growth is not always graceful.

Sometimes it looks like confusion.

A conversation you replay for days.

A boundary you hold firmly and then cry about afterward. A decision that brings relief and grief at the same time. A season when you know what no longer fits but cannot yet see what comes next.

You may feel caught between identities.

No longer who you were.

Not yet settled into who you are becoming.

This in-between place can feel lonely.

But it is not empty.

It is where change is learning how to live in your body.

You do not have to rush through it.

There is no need to present a finished version of yourself.

You are allowed to be uncertain.

To change slowly.

To try something and realize it is not right. To speak differently one day and lose your courage the next.

Becoming is not a straight line.

It is a collection of small returns.

A truth spoken.

A pattern noticed.





A choice made with more honesty than before. A moment when you stay with yourself instead of leaving.

These moments may seem small.

But they are how a life begins to change from the inside.

Maybe you are becoming quieter.

Not because you have less to say.

Because you no longer need to explain every choice.

Maybe you are becoming more visible.

Not because you need attention.

Because hiding has become more painful than being seen.

Maybe you are becoming softer.

Or stronger.

Or less available.

Or more open.

Maybe you are learning that these qualities can exist together.

You can be tender and boundaried.

Generous and discerning.

Warm and unwilling to be mistreated.

Hopeful and honest about what has hurt. There is room in you for more than one truth. You may worry that change will make your past meaningless. That if you choose differently now, everything you gave before was

wasted.

It was not.

The life you lived taught you.

The love you offered was real.

The work mattered.

The years mattered.

The woman you were mattered.

You are not erasing her by growing.

You are carrying forward what was true and releasing what no longer belongs.

A tree does not betray its earlier seasons by growing new leaves. It continues becoming what it has always been. There may be parts of you returning that you thought were gone.

Curiosity.

Playfulness.

Desire.

Courage.

Creativity.

A sense of humour you have not heard in a while.

The wish to be outside.

To make something.

To travel.

To rest.

To wear the colour.

To take up space.

To begin again.

These parts may feel younger than you expected. They may remind you of who you were before life asked so much.

Welcome them gently.

They are not asking you to go backward.

They are asking to come with you.

Becoming is not always about adding more.



Sometimes it is a shedding.

You may be releasing roles you have outgrown.

Beliefs you inherited.

Responsibilities that were never truly yours. Relationships built around a version of you that no longer exists. Habits that once brought comfort but now create distance from yourself.

Letting go can feel like losing identity. But perhaps the identity was only the armour. Perhaps what remains when it falls away is not emptiness.

It is you.

There may be people who say, "You have changed."

They may say it with admiration.

Concern.

Disappointment.

Accusation.

You do not have to defend the fact of your becoming.

You have changed.

Life changes us.

Love changes us.

Loss changes us.

Truth changes us.

There is no virtue in remaining exactly the same when experience has asked us to learn.

The question is not whether you have changed. The question is whether the change is bringing you closer to what feels

honest.

You can ask yourself:



Do I feel more present in my own life?

Do I trust myself more than I did before?

Am I making choices from fear, or from truth?

Do I feel more spacious inside my own body?

Am I becoming someone I can remain beside?

The answers may not all be yes.

That is all right.

You are still listening.

Perhaps you are afraid of becoming someone you do not like. That fear can be useful when it asks you to remain thoughtful.

To consider your impact.

To stay open to repair.

But do not let it force you back into a life that required your silence. You can grow without becoming careless. You can choose yourself without treating others as though they do not matter.

You can hold boundaries and still examine your own behaviour. Becoming more fully yourself does not mean believing you are always right.

It means you stop abandoning your own knowing before the conversation has even begun.



You may have spent years looking for certainty. Waiting to feel completely ready before making a change. But sometimes readiness arrives after the step.

Confidence may not come first.

You may have to move while your voice shakes. You may have to choose before everyone understands. You may have to trust a quiet knowing that cannot yet explain itself.

This is not recklessness.

It is what courage often looks like from the inside. The woman you are becoming does not need to be impressive.

She does not need a new title.

A dramatic transformation.

A perfectly healed life.

She may simply be a woman who rests when she is tired.

Who tells the truth sooner.

Who no longer confuses love with self-erasure.

Who chooses a slower pace.

Who lets herself want something.

Who notices when a burden does not belong to her. Who leaves the room when peace is no longer possible.

Who stays when staying is honest.



Who listens inward before reaching for the world's opinion.

That is becoming too.

You may not always like her choices.

Sometimes she will surprise you.

She may ask for more than you feel ready to give.

She may refuse what you once accepted.

She may lead you toward unfamiliar places. But she is not trying to destroy your life.

She is trying to bring you into it.

More fully.

More honestly.

With less distance between what you feel and how you live. For today, you do not need to decide who you are becoming.

Just notice what is already changing.

What no longer feels possible to ignore?

What have you begun protecting?

What truth keeps returning?

What part of you feels stronger, even if it is still afraid?

What are you doing now that the woman you were could not yet do?

Let the answers be evidence.

Not that you have become someone else.

That you are coming home to more of yourself

And when you feel uncertain, remember this



You are not leaving every version of yourself behind.
You are gathering them.
The child who hoped.
The young woman who adapted.
The woman who carried too much.
The woman who began to question.
The woman sitting here now.
They are all part of you.
None of them has to be erased.
They can travel together.
There is no final version waiting at the end.
You will continue changing.
Learning.
Releasing.
Returning.
There will always be more of you to meet.
That is not something to fear.
It is one of the gifts of being alive.
So take your time.
You do not have to prove that you are transformed. You do not have to announce your becoming.
Let it happen quietly.
In your choices.
In your boundaries.
In the way you speak to yourself.
In the life you are slowly making room to inhabit. Dear one, the woman you are becoming is still you.
She has always been you.
She is simply learning that she no longer has to disappear.
With warmth,
From the Porch

