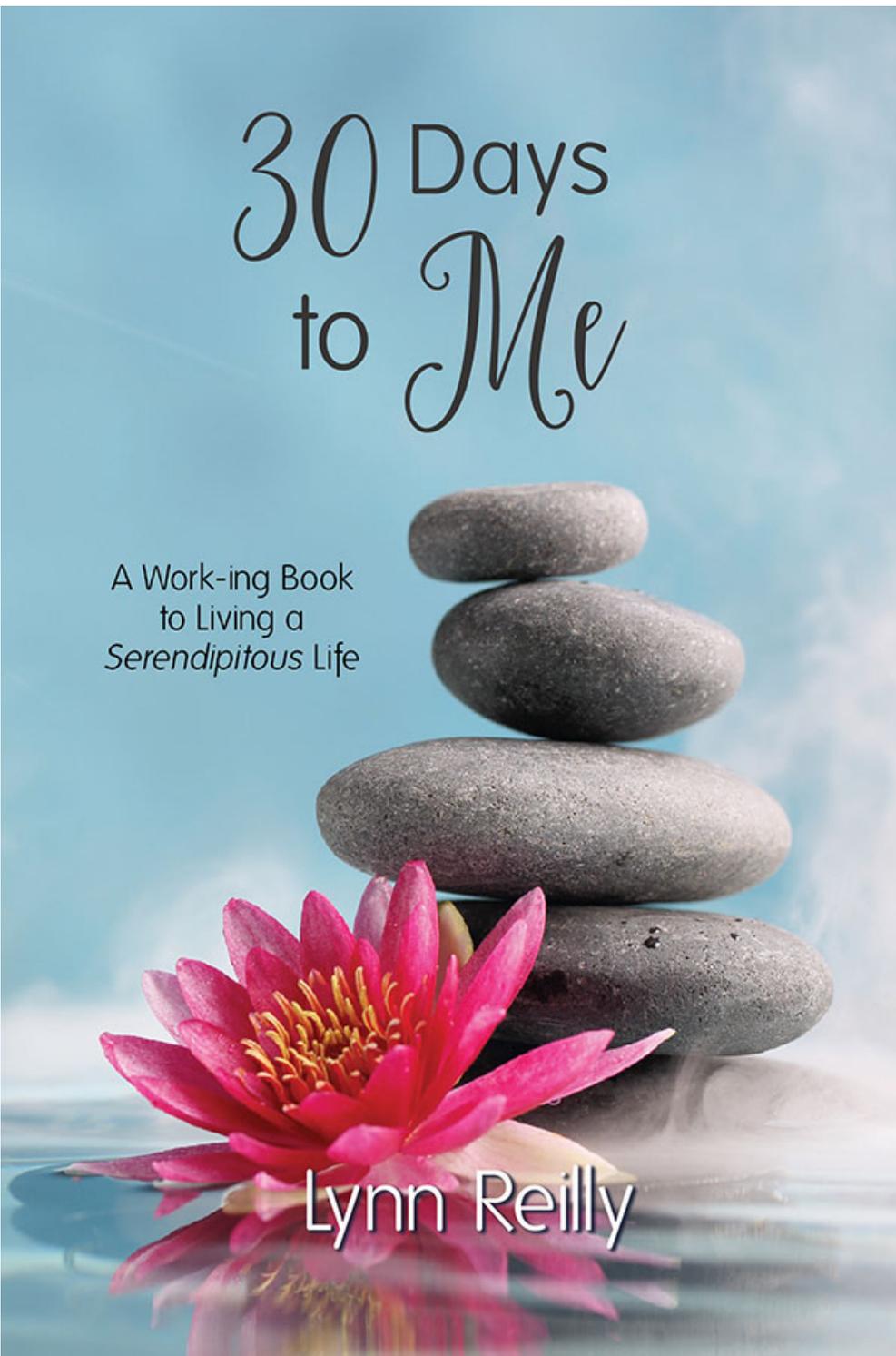


# 30 Days to Me

A Work-ing Book  
to Living a  
*Serendipitous* Life



Lynn Reilly

30 Days  
to Me



Lynn Reilly

 Sacred Stories  
PUBLISHING

# *You. You're Missing You.*

I sat on my front porch, sobbing; my heart felt completely broken into pieces. The pangs of loss were fierce. I felt the grief from the past few years flood me—a lifetime of emotion. It was a huge wave, overpowering, and devastatingly harsh. The pain felt all too familiar.

“Why is this happening to me?” I questioned. “What was I missing?”

And then I heard the little voice pipe in. You know the one. The one that always seems to know the answers.

“You. You’re missing you. You’ve spent your life focusing on everyone else. It’s time to focus on you.”

My tears began to slow down. I wasn’t sure what it meant, but I was intrigued. I asked for more answers, and they came.

“Learn how to love you. Reconnect with yourself. Love and accept who you are, and the rest will fall into place.”

Hmm, sounds lovely, but really, I wasn’t sure I knew how. I felt disconnected, lost, sad, lonely, angry, confused, and lots of other downer words that could fill up a page. But I knew there was some truth to those statements. And I wanted to learn how to do it. I again asked that voice to speak up.

“Tell me what to do!” I demanded.

I could have been a little gentler, but I was feeling impatient, and my nature is not one who appreciates waiting.

The inspiration came quickly. I knew exactly how to love and support others; that’s what I did best. Now I had to learn how to love and support myself. And it had to be enjoyable. No more of this tortured stuff. I needed to treat myself as a priority, with the attention I was craving, and I was determined to do just that. I was to take the next thirty days to create a new habit—the habit of taking care of myself, my needs, my priorities—and try something new....

# Day 27



*The best love is the one that makes you a better person,  
without changing you into someone other than yourself.*

—Unknown

If you are a natural overgiver, there's a great chance that spending time devoted to yourself is not a regular occurrence. In fact, the idea may sound dreamy, but when given the opportunity to do whatever you want, you're not even sure what that could be.

When was the last time you had a day to yourself doing exactly what you wanted to do and only what you wanted to do?

If you're anything like me, spending a day with myself was a foreign concept. I still remember when my kids went to their grandmother's house for a few hours each Mother's Day. It felt like the ultimate gift to just have some time alone with no responsibility. My long walks felt luxurious, and being in a quiet house alone was almost too good to be true.

When I realized I needed to get to know myself, really know myself to love myself completely, I decided to start dating myself to find out what I was all about. The concept alone felt like a wild discovery.

The first date day I ever had with myself, I called out sick from work

and went for a drive. I headed toward a quaint little town I'd discovered on my way to one of my daughter's soccer games. I had so much on my mind. I was in the middle of a divorce, trying to understand what I was doing and where I was going, and I felt totally overwhelmed. The drive alone felt freeing.

The town had several restaurants and shops I wanted to explore, and I enjoyed the space I created. I sat in a cozy café, reading a book about energy therapy. I took notes and journaled my own experiences. I was completely content being on my own, and it felt amazing.

After I left, I kept driving and found new little discoveries along the way, embracing my emotions as they came up and enjoying my own company. I couldn't recall ever being so content in my own skin as I had on that adventure. I felt brave, confident, and ready to spend even more time with myself. I had a feeling I was going to like what I discovered.

And I have. I now know I'm due for a date day when I'm tired and edgy for several days, and I don't want to do anything for anyone else but force myself to anyway, which, of course, creates resentment and natural angst. These are my symptoms of disconnection from myself and clues that I am proportionally giving more than I am receiving. It's my cue that it's time for me to prioritize my own needs if I want to feel good about giving and not feel frustrated.

I have been on countless date days with myself since then, and I have to say, each time I enjoy my own company even more; away from expectations, away from responsibility. I always come home feeling refreshed and reconnected to myself. Every. Single. Time.

Now it's your turn.

If you could do whatever you wanted for a day, what would you do? If you start to feel like you can't take the time to be alone, then ask yourself why you are any less important than anyone or anything else you'd take the day for without even questioning it.

## Plan a Date Day

If you could plan a day or even an hour for yourself, what would you do? It's time to plan it out. Any amount of time you can fully commit to yourself and



