



*The pain doesn't disappear when we
decide to rebuild ourselves—
it's the messiness that remains between
our broken bits.*

*There are no guarantees waiting for us,
no promise of endless joy
or endless sorrow.*

*But maybe surrendering to the hope
that we can build something new is
a pathway through grief.*

*Maybe, just maybe, if we're tender
enough with ourselves, it will lead us
toward something we can't yet imagine.*

—Renee Wood

