

Take a deep breath...

from the soles of your feet...
all the way to the top of your head.

And just settle...
into the stillness of this moment.

As you breathe,
feel yourself calming...

softening...

Becoming more still.

Bring to mind the story...

You were walking along a path...
and came to a fork in the road.

You chose the path that felt brighter.

And up ahead,
something caught the light—

glinting in the sun.

The quartz stone.

You picked it up.

You turned it in your hand.

And you placed it in your pocket.

Take another deep breath.

Return now to the path...

Feel your feet moving
stone to stone.

Notice the air.

The scent of it.

The warmth of the sun on your face.

And ask yourself gently:
What was it that you found
along that path?

*Breathe, and keep asking
what was it.*

What did it symbolize for you?
What did it represent?

Perhaps it was something from childhood...
a lost keepsake...
a moment from your lifeline.

Perhaps it was words
you needed to hear...

a hug you longed for...
or one you remember receiving.

Just allow it to come.

No forcing.
No searching.
Just noticing.

And whatever it is...

Know this:

You can take it with you.



Now, take another breath...

And slowly return.

Pick up your pen.

Begin to write.

A minute... five minutes... ten...

Let whatever wants to come... come.

You are in the right place.
You are receiving exactly
what you are meant to receive.

As you write, notice:

What stayed with you?
What lingered?
What mattered most?

And if you had to keep just one thing—

One sentence...
One phrase...
One knowing...

What would it be?

*Underline it.
Or write it again.
Right now.*

That...

is what belongs on the card.

When you feel complete,
set your journal aside.

Take your postcard...

And write that one sentence—
that one word—

that one truth

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And if you feel called...

Place a stamp on it.
Send it to Rowan Hollow.

It will be received.
It will be read.
It will be held... sacred.



And if the card is yours to keep...
You may photograph it,
scan it,
and send it through the portal.

Either way—

It has already found its way home.

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