

How to Love Me: A Step by Step Guide.

Dear- ,

We'll just leave it at that: Dear.

I know that most women don't come with a manual and that every woman is unique and special and beautiful but I am here to help you out. I am going to tell you exactly what I want and how I want it. I am going to tell you my expectations, my hopes for us and any deal breakers that you may face along the way.

This way, if ever there is a doubt, you can refer back to this letter and know that in this moment, this woman absolutely comes with instructions and instead of expecting you to read my mind or figure me out, I am going to give it to you straight.

Love me.

Not just the good parts or the pretty parts or the parts that make you feel good, love all the parts that make me...me. Love the vein that pops in the center of my forehead when I am trying not to cry because it means I am trying to be strong. Love the scars that cover the surface of my skin because it means I survived whatever was beneath them. Love my one Spock ear because it's unique and love my crooked front tooth because it means although my smile is not perfect, you have seen it.

Respect me.

If you wouldn't treat your mother, sister, daughter or superior a certain way, do not think for a second that it is acceptable to do to me. I may feel safe. I may be the easiest target of your frustration, anger, disappointment or apathy, but I can assure you I am not. Hold me above all others, because when family passes and careers end and friends move on, I will remain.

Cherish me.

Because our time here is precious and can be cut short at a moments notice and everything you left unsaid will be like an anchor in your heart. Cherish me because each sunset is different and no sun rise is guaranteed and my eyes will never look the same when gazing upon them.

Learn me.

Not just the easy stuff like my favorite color (green) or my favorite flower (sunflower). Learn the way I clench my teeth in a movie to keep from crying, learn the way I hold my fork for a time when I can no longer bring food to my lips, learn the way my mind works for a time when I may need you to help find what was once me.

Engage me.

In conversation, in learning, in experiences, in life. Bring me into your world, your daily life, your circle of friends & family. Engage me in a way that secures my importance to you so that you can be gently

reminded in ways you never considered. On days when you are angry and someone asks about me, you will instantly soften, because you know that whatever you are upset about will pass and be grateful that I am in your life to ask about.

Acknowledge me.

Always, for the very denial or omittance of me significantly reduces the importance of me to others in your life. Acknowledge my feelings, my dreams, my hopes because although you may not share them or understand them to avoid them or renounce them leads back to respect. And I need you to respect me.

Acknowledge the little things I do for you, like make your breakfast, pour your coffee or stock your favorite foods. I don't need your praise, but I do need to know you notice.

Finally...

Dream with me.

What would we do if we won the lottery? What is our dream vacation? What kind of house do we want to live in? Where do we want to end up? What will we name our dog? Because even if it's just the two of us in a wooden shack somewhere I want to know that if you had it your way I would be included in those grand plans and you would carry me with you to the ends of the earth, because you just want to be...with me.

Please note love that none of these things cost a dime. There is no three karat wish list. My expectations of you are there in black and white. All I ask is that you follow these instructions to the best of your abilities.

You have all the tools you need.

~ Me

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