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REFLECTIONS

Learning to Love the Person in the Mirror



I wonder...

What does it really mean to love myself?

Not to improve myself.

Not to prove myself.

Not to compare myself.

But simply... to love myself.

Even those words can feel uncomfortable.

We speak easily of loving our partners, our children,
our friends, even the animals who share our lives.
Yet saying *I love myself* can feel strangely different.

Perhaps somewhere along the way, we learned
that loving ourselves too openly was conceited.
That recognizing our gifts was boasting.
That placing ourselves among the people
worthy of our own love was selfish.

So we learned to soften the words.

I like myself.

I'm comfortable with who I am.

I'm grateful for the person I've become.

All beautiful things to feel.

But still, *I wonder...*

*Why can it be so difficult to simply say,
"I love myself"?*



I wonder...

*When did loving myself become confused
with thinking I was better than someone else?*

Healthy self-love does not need comparison.

I don't need someone else to be less beautiful
for me to see beauty in myself. I don't need to
diminish another person's intelligence, gifts,
accomplishments, or light in order to recognize
my own.

Perhaps loving myself is not about deciding
where I belong on some invisible measuring scale.

Perhaps it is simply being able to say:

I see my gifts.

I honor my strengths.

I appreciate who I am.

Without adding *more than you* or *less than you*.

There is room for all of us to shine.

— ♥ —
*Can I recognize something beautiful in myself
without comparing it to anyone else?*



I wonder...

*Can I love myself without first
requiring myself to be perfect?*

Perhaps loving myself means seeing all of me.

My strengths and my imperfections.
My courage and my uncertainty.
The choices I celebrate and the ones
I might make differently today.

It means honoring the body that has carried me,
the mind that has guided me, the emotions that
have moved through me, and the spirit that
continues to grow and discover.

Self-love doesn't ask me to pretend
there is nothing left to learn.

It simply asks me to stop withholding love
from the person I am while I am still becoming.

Perhaps I don't have to wait.

Perhaps this person—right here, right now—
is already worthy of my tenderness,
my patience, my respect, and my love.

*What part of myself am I
still waiting to love?*



*be kind
to the
beautiful,
becoming
you*



I wonder...

— ✨ —

What would happen if someone simply asked me:

What do you love about yourself?

I have asked this question of Reiki students for many years.

And I have learned to wait.

Sometimes there is silence.

Sometimes the answer becomes "I like myself."

Sometimes I hear about accomplishments, strengths, or what other people appreciate about them.

And gently, I ask again:

But what do you love about you?

It is such a simple question.

Yet perhaps the silence that follows tells us something important.

Maybe we have spent so much of our lives learning how to evaluate ourselves that we have forgotten how to simply appreciate ourselves.

So, before turning the page, I wonder...

— ♥ —

What do I love about me?



I wonder...

When did I begin measuring my worth?

Perhaps it started innocently.

A grade on a paper.

A place on a team.

A compliment—or the absence of one.

As I grew, the measurements grew with me.

How successful am I?

How do I look?

What do I weigh?

What have I accomplished?

Am I doing enough?

Somewhere along the way, perhaps I began
confusing these measurements with my value.

But how do I measure kindness? Courage? Compassion?
The love I have given? The times I kept going
when life was difficult?

Maybe the most meaningful parts of me
were never meant to be measured.

Perhaps my worth was never something
I had to earn at all.

*What measuring stick have I been using
to decide how I feel about myself?*



I wonder...

*When did I begin looking at someone else
to decide how I should feel about me?*

Comparison can happen so quietly.

Someone seems more successful.

More beautiful.

More confident.

Further along.

And suddenly, without anything
about me changing, I can feel like less.

But another person's beauty does not
diminish mine. Their success does not
lessen what I have accomplished. Their
gifts take nothing away from my own.

Perhaps I was never meant to use someone
else's life as the mirror for mine.

I can celebrate who they are without
questioning who I am.

There is room for both.

*Where in my life am I still looking
sideways instead of looking within?*



I wonder...

*When did becoming "better" become
something I was always supposed to be doing?*

Do more.
Achieve more.
Lose the weight.
Look younger.
Be healthier.
Be more successful.
Be more spiritual.

Growth can be beautiful.

But even self-improvement can carry
a quiet message:
Who I am right now isn't quite enough.

What if I could continue to learn, change,
heal, and grow without withholding love
from the person I am today?

Perhaps I don't have to become
someone better before I become
someone I love.

*What am I waiting to change before
I give myself permission to love who I am now?*



I wonder...

— ✨ —

*What if, for a little while,
there was nothing about me
that needed to change?*

When I began giving myself Reiki,
I discovered something very different.

There was nothing to accomplish.
Nothing to prove.

I could simply place my hands
on myself and receive.

Reiki met me exactly where I was.

And in those quiet moments,
I began to understand what it felt like
to give to myself—not because I needed
to become better, but simply because
I was worthy of receiving.

— ♥ —

*What would it feel like to simply
give to myself, without asking anything
of myself in return?*

— ✨ —



I wonder...

*When was the last time
I was completely present with myself?*

There is something different
about giving myself Reiki.

For a little while,
I am not taking care of anyone else.

I am not solving a problem.
I am not planning what comes next.

I am simply here.

My hands.
My breath.
My body.

Giving.
Receiving.

Perhaps this is part of self-love too.

Not something I have to feel
or even understand.
Just the willingness to spend
a few quiet moments
giving to myself—and allowing
myself to receive.

*What happens when I give myself
the same presence I so freely
give to others?*



I wonder...

— ✨ —

*What changes when I stop
being quite so hard on myself?*

It didn't happen all at once.
There wasn't a moment when I
suddenly loved everything about myself.

It was quieter than that.

I began to notice the way I spoke to myself.
The judgments.
The criticism.
The things I would never say
to someone I loved.

And little by little,
something began to soften.

Not because I had finally
become someone different.

Perhaps I was simply beginning
to treat myself like someone I loved.

— ✨ —
*If I spoke to myself as I would
someone I deeply loved,
what might I say differently?*



I wonder...

*Why do the old thoughts
sometimes return, even when
I thought I had moved beyond them?*

Some days, I still catch myself criticizing.
Comparing.
Doubting.
Feeling not quite enough.

The difference is, I notice it now.

I don't have to believe every thought
that passes through my mind.

I don't have to invite it in,
offer it a chair, and let it stay.

I can notice it.
And gently return to myself.

Perhaps loving myself was never about
never having those thoughts again.

Perhaps it is about no longer
making a home for them.

*What am I ready to notice,
without allowing it to take up
residence within me?*





I wonder...



*How would my life feel
if I truly believed I was enough,
just as I am?*

What would open up
if I stopped trying to become
someone I think I should be?

There is a kind of freedom
in letting go of the constant striving.

When I allow myself to be me,
without needing to prove anything,
I have more space to breathe,
more energy to create,
and more love to give.

Maybe I don't need to be perfect.
Maybe I just need to be present.
Maybe I just need to be me.

And maybe that is enough.



*What would become possible
if I trusted that I am already enough?*



I wonder...

— ✨ —

*What am I learning about myself
that I never saw before?*

The more time I spend with myself,
the more I begin to see things
I used to miss.

Not because anything is wrong with me.
Because I am finally paying attention.

I see my strengths.
I see my patterns.
I see the places where I need gentleness.

I see how far I have come.
Even if it doesn't always feel like it.

And I see hope.
Not the loud kind.
The quiet, steady kind
that says, "I am becoming someone
I am proud to be."

— ✨ —
*What am I ready to see about myself
with love and an open heart?*



I wonder...

— ✨ —

*When I picture my life fully lived
with love, what comes to mind?*

I imagine a life
that feels peaceful most of the time.

A life where I can be of service
without losing myself.

A life filled with simple moments
that make me smile.

A life with people, places,
and experiences
that nourish my soul.

A life where I listen to my heart
and take care of myself
along the way.

It is not about having it all.
It is about having what matters.

And trusting that is enough.



— ✨ —
*How would my days look
if I chose what truly matters
to me?*





I wonder...

*How might my life change
if I learned to appreciate the body
that carries me through this life?*



This body has been with me through every part of my story.
It has carried me, healed me, held me,
and kept me going.

It has laughed with me, cried with me,
danced with me, and rested when I needed it most.

It has changed over time.
It is not as young as it once was.
And that is okay. It is still here. It is still mine.

Today, I choose to thank it.
To care for it. To honor it.
To see it with kindness and gratitude.

It is not perfect.
But it is perfectly me.



*What is one way I can honor
and care for my body today?*





I wonder...



There are parts of me
that feel strong and certain.

And there are parts that worry.

Become angry.

Feel hurt.

Make mistakes.

Sometimes don't know what to do.

For a long time, I may have believed
those were the parts I needed to fix,
hide, or move beyond.

But they are part of me too.

Perhaps self-love means
making room for all of myself.

Not indulging every feeling.

Not allowing every emotion to lead the way.

Simply listening.

And offering the frightened, hurting,
uncertain parts of me the same compassion
I would offer someone I love.

*What part of myself might be asking
for compassion rather than correction?*



I wonder...



*Who am I when I look beyond
everything I use to describe myself?*

My name.
My age.
My body.
My roles.
My accomplishments.
Even the stories I tell about who I am.

They are all part of me.
But perhaps they are not all of me.

There is something beneath them.
Something quieter.
The part of me that has witnessed
every chapter of my life and somehow remained.

Perhaps this is the part of me Reiki
has been quietly inviting me to remember.

Not the person I am trying to become.
The person—the soul—I have always been.



*If I could see myself through
the eyes of my own soul,
what would I see?*



PAGE EIGHTEEN

I wonder...

What do you love about yourself?



I wonder...

*What if the reflection was never
the thing that needed to change?*

I have spent so much of my life looking into the mirror
and seeing what could be different.

What could be better.
What could be fixed.

But perhaps something else has been changing.
The eyes looking back.

Eyes becoming softer.
Kinder.
More willing to see the whole of me.

My body.
My feelings.
My story.
My spirit.

All of it.
All of me.

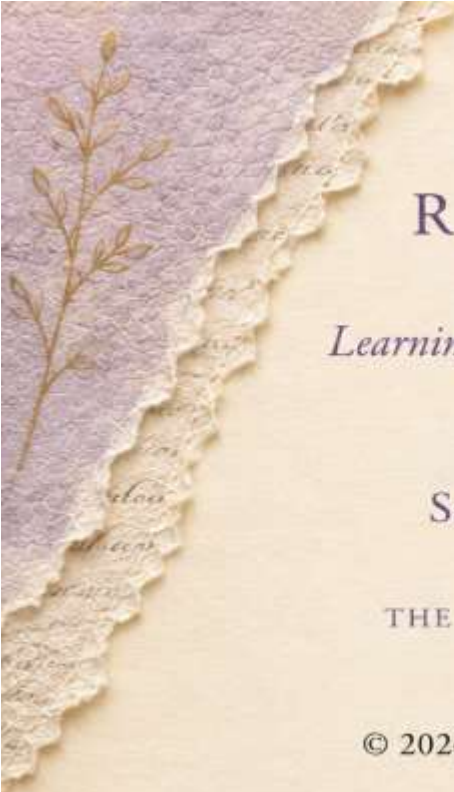
Perhaps the person in the mirror was never waiting
to become worthy of my love.

Perhaps she was simply waiting for me to see her.

— ✨ —
*Perhaps Reiki doesn't teach us how to
become someone worthy of loving.*

— ✨ —
*Perhaps it helps us remember
that we already are.*





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THE ART OF LIVING WITH REIKI



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