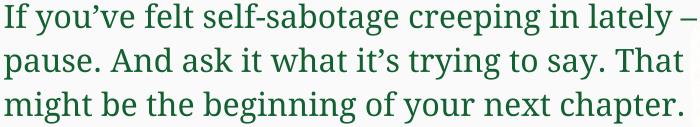


The Doorway of Self-Sabotage



I ask myself:

What is this trying to teach me? What is it trying to protect me from?

That's when I pause. I breathe. And I talk to that part of myself – the critical one, the saboteur – in a compassionate voice. Not like it's broken. Not like I need to force it away. But like it's a younger version of me that once thought the only way to survive was to stay small.

And when you meet those parts with curiosity and kindness, something shifts. The grip loosens. The fear softens.

Michael Cucchiara

