

Entering the Sensual World of Loving Yourself

Good Morning! Today we're gonna talk about self-love.

On January 1st, I committed to taking one self-portrait every single day. For the whole year. And then on February 1st, I started taking Vivienne McMaster's self-portrait class called "*Be Your Own Beloved*".

I take pictures of myself all the time. I started taking self-portraits after my divorce in 2008. Before that, I never took my own picture. Never.

I hated looking at my own face, so I just never, never took self-portraits.

But the power and the strength that I felt from ending such a toxic relationship, after so many years and so much of my identity tied up in it, was really attractive to me, so I started taking my self-portraits.

And I have steadily become more comfortable with it, and it's become more familiar and even fun and delightful.

Over the course of the *Be Your Own Beloved* class, my world has changed.

I have a confession. Since I take my picture all the time, I didn't think that my world would be changed by this class. I thought it would be a really fun challenge to have a specific kind of self-portrait every day.

And I thought it would help shake me up a little, because I get into this sort of routine of self-portraits and I wanted something new and different.

But I wasn't really expecting for my world to be rocked.

My world has been rocked.

Looking at my own face every single day, on purpose, through the lens of my camera, which is a sacred art form - it's my connection to the world and to the divine. It is showing me my own divinity.

It is reminding me that my soul and your soul are not that far separated, and that we're both just a tiny piece of the divine. And it's bringing me such love and such delight for myself.

And it's not just my face! I stood on a picnic table with my camera nearby, taking full body shots while I was dancing!

I would never have done that a month ago. Never. Because I couldn't stand the reality of my entire body.

But the more I look at the reality of my entire body, the more I love my entire body.

My whole self.

I used to love pieces of my whole self. I loved my hands, when my cuticles weren't too dry, because then my hands kind of looked weird. And I loved my hair, when I had the right haircut. And I loved my eyes, unconditionally. And I loved my face, from the right angle. And my shoulders. Etcetera. You know, little bits and pieces. My toes. I love my toes.

But through this course of self-portrait, I have fallen in love with the whole picture.

With all of me.

And let me tell you, that is incredible. It's entirely different and completely unexpected.

So my challenge to you is, how can you find love for your whole self? Not just a piece of yourself.

Stand in front of a mirror, where you can see your whole body. And love your whole self. All of it! All of your weird bits, and things you don't like, and that freckle you hate and that weird funny curve that you think is horrible.

Try loving it. Explicitly. Say it out loud. "I love you weird freckle. I love you weird curve." And see how it changes everything.

I love all of you.

Good luck, this is a tough one. Let me know how it goes.

And take especial care.