

Powering Your Babe Vibes:

METHODS ^{OF} SELF CARE

BY JODIE LAYNE & KARA HAUPT

#babevibes
#methodsofselfcare

Babe Vibes, at its core, is self care. Self care is an action, as is calling yourself a babe and speaking to yourself with affection and love. You are a powerful, mighty babe who deserves radical care and love. Take care (of yourself).

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TAKE CARE (OF YOURSELF)

Self care is an idea that has often inspired guilt, shame, and overwhelm in my life. I grew up in a religious environment that taught me to believe the self was the enemy — the ultimate hurdling block between me and God (“happiness”). I was supposed to give up myself, and give it to God and others, without any direction on how to do this, or at least any way to do this without being overwhelmed with disgust with myself. I was taught I wasn’t worthy of God’s love and that I should live my life with that knowledge, with a “gratitude” that even though I was despicable, God loved me anyway. This is a very dangerous way to think, this sort of self-awareness

can and will affect how you “let” people treat you and it removes all tenderness, grace, and forgiveness to oneself. There wasn’t any acknowledgement that environment and culture teach a lot of untrue and dangerous things about certain groups, particularly women and young women, and how the reasons you feel bad about yourself are truly not your fault, but ideas that have been taught to you since birth.

Later on after I left that way of thinking, I was still wary of self love and self care. It made me feel inadequate. “Everyone is beautiful” rhetoric can only go so far, particularly in a world where

daily experience — and the systems that support it — exercise the exact opposite. It took me a while to understand my aversion to self-love, until I realized that I wanted confirmation that it wasn’t my “silly, stupid, woman-brain” creating these feelings, but rather the very real system of misogyny. I heard once that self care was an action, not a final place of being and that really shook me. Self care and self love are actions you can perform and often times they will change how you feel, but if you don’t feel it that’s okay too. I also had to remember that even though I “officially” left that way of thinking, that it didn’t mean I was going to unlearn

BY KARA

everything I had believed for most of my life. Unlearning toxic ideas about people and about yourself takes time and it takes patience when your logic doesn't match your feelings, or experience.

I also thought too much self-love would make me stagnant and lazy. I've often been very hard on myself. I've always been a go-getter, a creator of projects and goals. I often, and unfortunately, find my self-worth there and when I don't measure up, whether that be through procrastination or lack of time, I would take myself to town. I would (and will) speak negatively, words like *"God, Kara get your shit together. You had all that time, why didn't you do it. You are pathetic. You are wasting your talent. You are a fraud. You can do this, but you're not, why the fuck not, you are ridiculous"* and there is this part of me that thinks this rhetoric will teach me, that it will be the right

kind of "tough love" to finally show me, that I will get fed up and CHANGE. Except, I *do* get fed up, but I simply shut down. I get so paralyzed that I cannot do anything and I end up feeling more shitty about myself and the cycle begins again. In those moments I am not caring for myself. I'm not listening to what I need, or what I want, and it very rarely produces a solution.

At the beginning of this year I started to police how I spoke to myself when it came to my work and my work ethic. I added smiley faces to notes I'd write myself, I told myself it was okay that I was tired or that I didn't want to work on something, I started to speak to myself with the tenderness that I speak to my friends. What's funny too is that this has been the most productive year of my life. I stopped shutting down when I got overwhelmed, I was either able to speak to myself with frankness and kindness and

"Self care is the things I do and things I don't do."

re-focus or I stepped away and relaxed. I also stopped blaming myself and my "bad work habits" for my anxiety, I acknowledge that it is a separate entity out of my control. They work together certainly, but my "laziness" was not the reason for my anxiety.

Self care, and the methods that facilitate it, are unique to every person. Self care is a practice, just like art-making or athleticism, it has to be exercised and it has to be customized. My self care manifests as radical gentleness in the way I speak to and think of myself, in to-do lists, in late night cleaning sessions, long showers, glasses of ice water, crying, going to bed early, etc. Self care is the things I do and it's the things I don't do. I don't drink espresso because it

makes me feel more anxious, I don't keep people in my life that exhaust me, I don't stay out late consistently etc. For me, self care is both radical gentleness (to myself) and defensive boundaries (to the world).

Self care is an action, one that does not berate when feelings don't coincide with the feeling. But, often — and quite wonderfully — they can change. Self care changes the way you see the world and yourself. You deserve to treat yourself with the kindness and the care you exercise toward others.

Take care (of yourself), babe.

BY JODIE

NOTHING MATTERS BUT YOU, BABE

What would you do for your best friend when they're having a shitty day/week/month/year/life? How about your partner/boyfriend/girlfriend/spouse? Would you tell them to suck it up, stop moping around, and forge ahead? Or would you tell them that it's okay if other people say and do things that make you feel small and weak, that it's okay to be run down and tired and triggered?

You'd probably bring them a coffee or a magazine or essential oils or bourbon or crystals or ice cream or your

best listening ears. You'd probably encourage them to feel whatever they needed to feel, without reason and without judgement. You'd probably listen to them cry or take them out to distract them or maybe just sit with them. You'd send them a text with the funniest combination of emojis possible and puppy videos and articles about resilience.

Why are we so quick to feel affection for and to let our hearts ache and bleed for one another, but not for ourselves? Why can't you be your own

best babe and your own favorite person in the world? Feel deeply about yourself. Show it in the best way you know how. You don't have to draw a bubble bath or throw yourself a parade — just feel tenderness towards the babe inside of you and let yourself receive it.

Caring for myself resists everything I've been taught about not being worthy enough. Caring for myself puts the determination of my own value in my hands. Self-care is a big fuck you to the kyriarchy and all the systems

of oppression that affect my life. Self-care keeps me alive and gives me permission to take up space. It nurtures my voice, validates my pain and pleasure. It keeps me alive and sustains me for another day. Every day I'm alive I can call out sexism, homophobia, transphobia, racism, fat shaming, heterosexism, ableism, and ageism.

Self-care isn't just massages and silly tv shows and long walks and ice water and orgasms. It's work: knock 'em down, drag 'em out work that means diving down into the

dark and twisty parts of yourself that are tender and raw or that are bruised and covered in scar tissue.

It means looking at the things that break you down and counteract them with things that build you up. It means looking at the truest essence of yourself and seeing what they need.

Seeing the barriers that society and your family and your beliefs about who you are and what you're allowed to do and what you're allowed to want have set up between you and your strongest, bravest self is crucial to self care. It's tearing through those barriers or digging under them or building a bridge over them or washing them away with your tears. It's checking in every day. It's saying no to things that break your agreement for self care with yourself. It's saying no to the people who make you feel small and unworthy. It's saying yes to your own pleasure, yes to your

selfishness, yes to your self-preservation.

Nothing matters but you, babe. Nothing matters except how you get yourself through.

Community, your band of babes, and family (both birth and chosen) is important as hell. They're the supports that you need, the people who can hold you accountable for your own self care. You'll need to support them too, when you can. We often can't discern our own patterns from being right in the sticky, gooey, good mess of our own lives. We need that outside perspective.

Being able to real talk and having babes who will lay it all out there for you is important. However, knowing when you can't bleed for someone and knowing when your capacity to truly help others is diminished is also a gift. Self-care is community, but it's not giving more than you can afford. As much as we expect our friends to be honest with us, we need

“Caring for myself resists everything I’ve been taught about not being worthy enough.”

to be honest with them about how emotionally available we can be.

Women are socialized to assume the role of caregivers from an early age. We’re supposed to play house instead of office. We’re meant to love our dolls and stuffed animals instead of our lego sets. We’re expected to put others first, magically intuit and take care of the emotional needs of others. Some babes adopt this role naturally — the

way that they love is warrior-like. There are some of us who adopt this begrudgingly or not at all.

The care that they give is a weapon against everything that tells us that women should be catty, in competition with one another — that we’re all after the same slice in the patriarchal pie. They care that they give to the men and children in their lives enables a new generation of baby babes to grow up and allows

the men to unlearn the societal standards of harsh masculinity. But it leaves little room for the affection and tenderness to extend to oneself.

If you fire everyone else’s oven there aren’t going to be any flames for your own. Tempering the nurturing urges we feel compelled to, inwardly or as a symptom of gender binary, and redirecting it towards our own baby selves is rebellious.

Feeling like we’re worthy of our own attention and gentleness is radical. Extending the compassion we extend to others is a middle finger to those things we were taught in preschool. Taking selfies isn’t vanity, it’s self-celebration. Talking about how rad you are isn’t bragging, it’s truth-telling. Being proud of how hard you hustle and your ability to overcome is just real talk.

A great babe I know (shoutout, Julie Lalonde) once taught me that the key to true self care is taking the time to get to know yourself enough to know what your non-negotiables are. Do you need 10 hours of sleep a night? Never do anything that compromises that. Do you need a green juice every morning to make sure you’re all vegged up before your day gets hectic? Stock up on produce and wake up 15 minutes earlier. Does a coat of lipstick and a blowout recharge you? Put it in your budget. Is seeing a therapist every few weeks the key to your mental health? Call a community health clinic. Is your one-hour jog an essential part of your day? Make a sweat date and don’t break it. Does an orgasm every night help to soothe your anxiety and bring on deeper slumber? Figure out one or two or even three things that keep you feeling invincible and do whatever it takes to do them on a regular basis. I swear that you’re worth it.



PLAY
LIST

JODIE

It seems to go in waves for me: self care becomes alternately about reminding myself that my vulnerability is real and strong and beautiful and, conversely, that I can't start a fire worrying about my little world falling apart (as Bruce Springsteen would say). My self care looks like tenderness and quiet and ferocity and fearlessness. Lately it seems I spend much more time kicking my own ass to remind myself that I'm capable and gorgeous and that the world needs to hear my voice. So this the the music that dries my tears — the soundtrack for penciling in my brows and putting on my good underwear and throwing up the middle finger to the patriarchy.

+ **Half About Being A Woman** by Caroline Smith

+ **Fighting Fish** by Dessa

+ **Bossy** by Kelis

+ **Batches and Cookies** by Lizzo

+ **Yoncé** by Beyoncé

KARA

For me, self care is being radically patient with my feelings, surrounding myself with empowering women, and being okay with feeling down once in awhile. And that's why each of these songs so much to me.

+ **Flawless (Remix)** by Beyoncé featuring Nicki Minaj

+ **Love Me** by Katy Perry

+ **Let It Die** by Feist

+ **Walking Off Strong** by Caroline Smith

+ **Beautiful** by Carole King

CAKE BY THE POUND

Since I was tiny enough to fit in the clearing at the meeting of our lilac bushes, I knew that being tiny was important. Not just to hide away with books and the scent of those purple petals, but to look acceptable. I learned that fat was to be feared — in myself and in others. I learned that smoothness of figure was desirable and that desire was powerful. I learned to find more things wrong with my body than right with it. That I was a chubby kid didn't even particularly weigh those lessons heavier on my 10-year-old shoulders: it's the messaging that the tiny girls got when they were praised for their body size, too. Being fat certainly makes my relationship with my body and with other people's perceptions of beauty and health more complicated, but there isn't a babe out there who hasn't been delivered the memo that being slim is desirable and shrinking is an achievement.

I don't remember when I started calling myself fat, but I do know that it made me feel at home in my body for the first time in what felt like forever. It felt like a descriptor that made sense, the way short or brunette or curvy made some sense of what I looked like but didn't define me or even

my appearance. I felt like it gave me permission to just accept my round stomach and my soft upper arms and my squishy chin as matter-of-fact — no judgement.

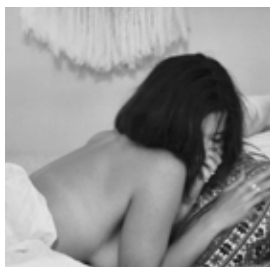
When we stop letting ideals and the words that govern them have power over us — at least some of the time — we can maybe start to believe in the importance of caring for ourselves. We take away the ability for others' judgements about our bodies to shape our own. We let ourselves that both our bodies and us are worthy of time and pleasure and love and devotion. Just as we are. Right where we're existing. Right now.

Lesley Kinzel says we don't have to start loving our bodies, but that we can aim to stop hating them — even if for just small intervals. The best way to take care of someone or something is to be motivated by love that seeks out the best for them. Eat like you love your body and the pleasure and purpose that comes along with that. Move your body like you love it with gentleness and discipline. Adorn your body like you're smitten with it.

BY JODIE

SELF (IE) CARE

BY KARA



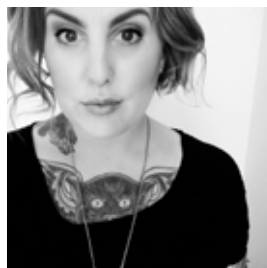
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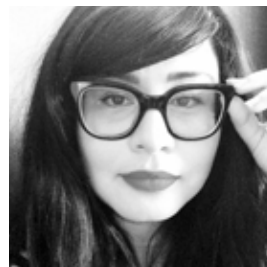


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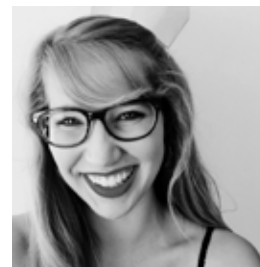


JODIE

Selfies are an act of care. As women, we've been told since birth by culture that we are ugly and that our bodies are ugly and that we should "love ourselves," but if we love ourselves too much or in the wrong way, that we are self centered, silly, and narcissistic. All of that is bullshit. Selfies are powerful, because they allow you to control your image. They allow you to celebrate yourself and your body — on your terms. They allow you to say "Hello! This is me! I feel cute and wonderful and I want to remember this and I want to share it with you!"



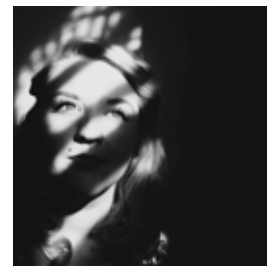
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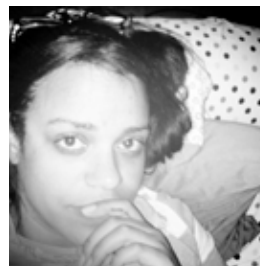
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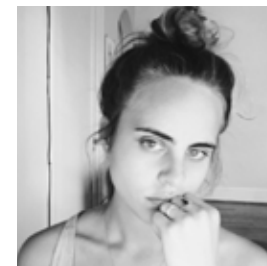
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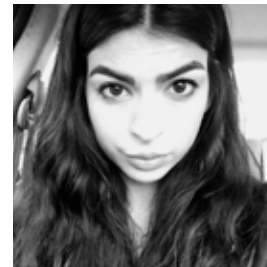
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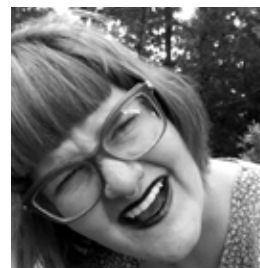
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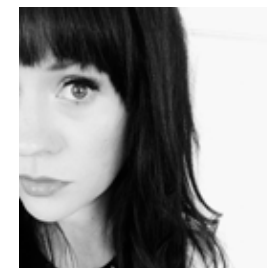
BETH



MOOREA



ERIKA



ELSIE

“Not Indulgence, Preservation.”

SELF CARE IN A WHITE SUPREMACIST SOCIETY

Name: April Blackbird

Age: 30

What I do: Qualitative researcher, part-time hairstylist, MUA & photographer.

What does self care mean to you?

Self care means being aware of your needs and being in tune with yourself to such a degree that you're able to identify when you need to set boundaries and when you need to take breaks for yourself. With that said, I strongly identify with Audre Lorde's conception that: "Caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare."

Like many social justice advocates, I became pretty passionate about feminism at 16 years old - a brown Kat Stratford (a la 10 Things I Hate About You) if you will. In those days, 'intersectionality' wasn't really a thing, so I went pretty hard for white feminism/riot grrrl stuff (I still have a soft spot for Bikini Kill). I guess that being so disconnected from my culture left me searching for an identity to fill that space. I did eventually become disenchanted with the lack of consideration for Other communities within the feminist movement. So, that mixed with the overwhelming information I was consuming regularly

about the countless atrocities going on around the world and how little I felt that I was doing to help - it happened, I got burned out.

It was a mixture of beginning to question my identity within these communities, my growing awareness of the world around me and not knowing how to digest it or even reconcile it with my place in the world.

I mean, I went through some pretty dark years once I was diagnosed with depression and anxiety disorder. It's taken a lot of growth and a lot of self-reflection to figure out what works for me. Furthermore, I feel like many of us who struggle with mental health issues become acutely aware of when we absolutely need to step back and take breaks - we learn to identify our triggers. I've also been lucky enough to have access to those resources (family, friends, healthcare, etc.) which have allowed me to become more self-aware. It's important to note that many people in my community are not so fortunate.

What are a few of the million ways that living in a colonized society affects you as a Plains Cree and Ojibway woman?

Where do I even begin? Haha! If I can quote Assata Shakur: "I hate war, and I hate having to struggle. I honestly do because

I wish I had been born into a world where it was unnecessary. This context of struggle and being a warrior and being a struggler has been forced on me by oppression. Otherwise I would be a sculptor, or a gardener, carpenter - You know, I would be free to be so much more... I guess part of me or a part of who I am, a part of what I do is being a warrior - a reluctant warrior, a reluctant struggler. But I do it, because I'm committed to life."

With that said colonization has affected the way that I live my life in every single way. Once you've opened your eyes to injustice, you can't just close your eyes to it if you have a conscience. My ancestors fought, struggled, starved to death, were murdered for the rights I have as a First Nations person today. I've been given not only the gift of that awareness, but I've also been blessed with many other tools to resist and aid mine and other marginalized communities. To waste any of that on selfish endeavors would be spitting on the graves of all of those who came before me to be honest.

How does self care help you resist colonialism?

Self care has helped me take time to reflect on and become aware of the ways colonialism continues to shape the way I see my self and my place in the world. Self care reconnects me with an identity colonialism has attempted to make me ashamed of and even completely strip me of. Self care reminds me that there are others in the struggle and that I'm not alone - even when it sometimes feels that way. Self care also reminds me not to feel guilty about the way that I live my life - that living and participating in a colonialist society isn't a choice and I am doing the best that I can. And probably most importantly, self care prevents me from becoming so unhealthy that I am

unable to participate in the struggle.

What are some ways that you practice self care?

As an Indigenous woman who has seriously become committed to her own decolonization journey, I do take time to pray and smudge when I'm feeling especially shitty. Colonization has negatively effected the way that I've thought about religion and spirituality in the past and it's something I consciously work on - reframing the way that colonization has shaped the way I see the spiritual practices and knowledge of my community in general.

Additionally, I also try to surround myself with like-minded individuals as much as possible. There was a quote I saw floating around tumblr once: 'connect yourself with those searching for the same freedom' I can't find it but I definitely identify with the sentiment. Making friends with other individuals with similar world views has improved my life about 100%. It goes back to feeling less alone and knowing there are people who understand what you're going through.

Taking breaks from social media, reading the news, or just toxic people in general has also been important. I mean, in the age of social media people are constantly connected to their friends and information. Luckily, I'm the only person ever without a smartphone so just getting away from the house and laptop has really helped in that area! Also learning to disconnect myself from unsupportive people where possible has been important. For instance, using my facebook account exclusively as a place where I can keep in touch with those I've built a 'community' with has cut so much unnecessary anxiety, stress and drama in general.

ASK FOR HELP!

BY STEPHANIE MCGOLLOUGH

I gotta be honest, I started seeing a therapist because the man I was seeing at the time had started therapy, and requested that I do too. But, more importantly, I stayed in therapy long after that relationship ended because I was depressed and I had an inability to live up to my potential, but I couldn't figure out why. Even though I always thought of myself as a smart and capable person, I seemed to keep making unhealthy choices for myself, and I wasn't fully engaged with my life. My therapist has helped me to identify and process dysfunctional patterns that would otherwise be invisible to me as I act them out — patterns that were serving as walls between me and the healthy life I wanted to be living. I've been able to discover why I have those patterns (we all have them, and there are always reasons for them), and to process the things from my past that made me set them up in the first place. Through this processing, my dysfunctional patterns drop, my walls come down, and I move through the world more authentically with a better sense of freedom.

Doing things that make us feel more free and authentic is the very nature of self care. Working with a therapist allows us to take care of ourselves by taking responsibility for our lives, owning where we've been, processing our unhealthy patterns, and recognizing our potential. I know that this has allowed me to move forward in my life in ways that literally were not possible before.

So, if you are thinking about wanting to see someone, here are a few things that may be helpful:

- + Be willing to find a good fit. Therapy functions because of the relationship between you and your therapist, so it may take a few tries before you find the right one. Once you get that relationship locked in, though, you'll be amazed at the insights and the feelings of safety that a good therapist can provide. You will be doing work, but the therapist holds space and keeps you grounded through it all, while asking you the right questions.
- + Remember that therapy is not always about feeling better afterwards. You will experience major shifts in the way you see your pasts and your current situation. This can get kinda weird. But the ability that is unlocked to experience your personal potential is well worth it. This is the kind of self care that can hurt a bit, like a good workout. Sometimes you're sore after, but that's when you know you're growing.
- + Give yourself time. We build our unhealthy patterns over many many years. Try to remember that processing those patterns will not happen overnight. If you are gentle and patient with yourself and with your process things will move into place.

HOW TO GET HELP

*A great source of information for referrals for counseling mental health treatment is **Mental Health America**. This organization's job is to connect individuals with accessible mental health services in their area. Their website in general is an excellent source of information for someone trying to decide if they want to seek counseling and for those looking to find a counselor in their area. Their website provides mental health screening tools, a crisis line, information on different types of treatment and different types of clinicians (counselor vs psychologist vs*

psychiatrist, etc), along with wellness tools for those who are feeling well and want to maintain/make self care a priority.

They have chapters all over the country, and most of those chapters have a pro-bono program for those who are unable to pay for counseling services. Many public mental health services also operate on a sliding fee scale, as well, so what clients pay will be based on their income.

If you're in college, most colleges provide access to free counseling. Ask your Student Services office for more information.

“Treat your first appointment with any mental health clinician as an interview. They will absolutely be interviewing you, and taking inventory of your background in order to ensure the best possible treatment. The thing that clients don't understand is that they also get to interview the clinician. Ask them what their philosophy or specialty is, what kind of clients they typically work with, etc. See if their answers resonate with what you're looking for. If they don't, don't feel like you have to see them.”

– Chelsea Francis, MSED

TAKE CARE OF YOUR-FUCKING-SELF

BY DANIKA McGLURE

I am mean, I am selfish, and I am obsessed with my own interests. It has taken 22 years of discomfort, periods of unhappiness, and being unsatisfied for me to accept the fact that I am completely happy with allowing myself to be self-absorbed. To me, being selfish has become a method of self-care. I can remember several times, both in my adolescent and adult life, where I have been scolded by peers, family members, and friends for doing what I feel is in my best interests. The words, “selfish,” “mean,” and “self absorbed,” have been thrown at me more times than I can count throughout my life, all of which I have been socialized to be ashamed of, especially as a woman. I would encourage myself, and all babes out there to reclaim those words in positive ways, particularly when it involves making decisions that are in your best interests and that will make you the most happy. I find myself in all situations lately repeating the mantra “*take care of your-fucking-self...take care of your-fucking-self...take care of your-fucking-self.*” And I do it. And I do it in whatever way necessary. Sometimes that has to be mean. And that is fucking OKAY.



“Be mean. Be selfish. Be self absorbed.”

Self care and meanness manifests itself in so many ways. Telling that dude at the bar to get the fuck away from you when they're harassing you is self care. Cutting harmful people out of your life is self care. Flaking out on your friends when you need some time for yourself is self care. Saying “no” is self care. Saying “fuck no” is self care. Saying “fuck you” is self care. And will people tell you that you're being mean? Or selfish? Probably. Was it necessary for you to be mean or selfish in order for you to feel comfortable in any given situation? If the answer is “yes,” do it. DO IT. To quote one of my favorite, selfish, mean women, “I do not have time to make other people happy when I am still learning how to make myself happy.”

I think I really began to embrace the ideas of selfishness and meanness only recently after a particularly difficult breakup.

And I believe it's important to discuss this in particular, because sometimes selfishness and meanness in regards to self-care are necessary even when the other person hasn't exhibited abhorrent or problematic behavior. I had started seeing someone, who, on paper, was an exemplary human being. This person was a feminist, we had similar interests, they treated me well, and they were completely kind and wonderful to be around. This never changed. And then I woke up one day and just didn't want to be in it anymore. There was no big fight, they hadn't done anything shitty, I just woke up uninterested, and knew this wasn't what I wanted to be doing in my life. When this same thing happened in seventh grade, I broke up with my boyfriend over a voicemail (GO ME!) and my mom made me leave another voicemail and ask to be his girlfriend again because my reasons weren't good enough, and I was being mean and selfish. My mom, in the more recent situation, thankfully, didn't make me call and ask for the relationship to continue. As the breakup progressed, things started to become unhealthy for me. It was a very traumatic split for my partner, and it began to manifest itself in unhealthy ways for our continued friendship, and I had to cut them out of my life for a period of time. Being stern, being mean, being selfish, and being aggressive about no longer seeing or speaking to this person was one of the more difficult things I have done in my life. But it was necessary. And it was going to make me feel healthier and more balanced. I needed to be selfish. I needed to take care of my-fucking-self. And sometimes taking care of your-fucking-self will hurt others. And that is okay. **Be mean. Be selfish. Be self absorbed.**

ME

TH

OD

S

- + *Take a shower.*
- + *Drink a glass of ice water.*
- + *Masturbate.*
- + *Cry.*
- + *Sleep!*
- + *Write about what's on your mind.*
- + *Make a reasonable to-do list.*
- + *Make a healthy, filling meal.*
- + *Make a huge-ass bowl of fresh berries with sugar sprinkled on top.*
- + *Take a night or day off.*
- + *Write positive, affirming notes for yourself and leave around your home.*
- + *Take selfies until you believe you're beautiful.*
- + *Meditate.*
- + *Do the dishes, clean the house, pay your bills, send that email: whatever will be nagging you and keeping you from really resting — do it.*
- + *Be naked.*
- + *Lay on your back on the ground.*
- + *Go outside for 10 minutes.*
- + *Learn something.*
- + *Water your plants or someone else's.*
- + *Pet an animal.*

- + *Find out the moon phase and go look at it.*
- + *Tell someone who should fuck off, to fuck off.*
- + *Have sex.*
- + *Play hooky, you're allowed to!*
- + *Put on lipstick.*
- + *Exercise.*
- + *Stretch.*
- + *Create a blend of essential oils labeled "Good Vibes" and carry it around in your pocket.*
- + *Drink a cup of tea.*
- + *Go to the library and read all the magazines.*
- + *Visit an animal shelter and hold animals.*
- + *Bake yourself cupcakes.*
- + *Put on your fanciest outfit.*
- + *Paint your nails.*
- + *Call your best friend.*
- + *Go for a photo walk.*
- + *Do YouTube yoga exercises.*
- + *Stargaze.*
- + *Take a power nap.*
- + *Take a bubble bath.*

*Have a great method of self care? Post it on Instagram with the hashtag **#methodsofselfcare.***

TALK THE TALK

When engaging in self-talk, ask: would I say this to someone else? What would my intentions be? How would I want them to feel? Constructive criticism and truth-telling are a gift, but they're not the same as trashing someone.

Instead of saying: I just need to suck it up and get over it.

Say: Feeling all the feels is a gift. It's okay to be tender-hearted. What do I need to cope? What do I really need to accomplish? What's most important? I am resilient.

Instead of saying: I shouldn't be bothered by this.

Say: I am bothered by this for a reason. It's okay if this hurts me, I'm allowed to figure out my boundaries.

Instead of saying: I really suck at this.

Say: I'm not as good at this as I am at _____. I don't need to be good at everything. I can ask for help.

Instead of saying: I'm a goblin.

Say: I don't feel cute today, but my cuteness isn't who I am. My babeliness is about me and not the way I look. Maybe I'll feel cute tomorrow.

THE END.

P.S. You are worth it.

#babevibes
#methodsofselfcare

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