

In the betrayal trauma world, we often call this anniversary “D Day,” referencing the date someone discovers her partner’s infidelity, online secrets and/or sex addiction. In the past 9 years, I’ve supported many women through their “D Day” anniversaries. And while I obviously recognize them as the onset of an unspeakable pain, I also recognize them as the impetus of an incomparable strength, resilience, and authenticity.

On this date last year, life completely SHATTERED for one of my youngest coaching clients. **I wrote these words last night in honor of this beautiful young woman:**



## “On THAT Day”

ON THAT DAY...

You were abandoned by your significant other.  
That same day, you began to show up  
for your significant self.

ON THAT DAY...

Your world fell apart.  
That same day, you bravely began to put the pieces  
back together.

ON THAT DAY...

Your heart was shattered into a million, miserable pieces.  
That same day, your soul began repairing itself into one  
indestructible whole.

ON THAT DAY...

You felt consumed by shock, trauma, fear and grief.  
That same day, you learned exactly how impossible  
you are to consume.

ON THAT DAY...

You felt stupid and foolish for not knowing.  
That same day, you were smart enough to exchange  
blind trust for wisdom and intuition.

ON THAT DAY...

You felt utterly unloved and unwanted. That same day, you  
loved yourself enough to want something more.

ON THAT DAY...

You were rejected by your beloved partner.  
That same day, you rejected the idea that love should die  
alongside your marriage.

ON THAT DAY...

You honestly thought the pain might kill you.  
That same day, you began to see how truly death-defying  
your spirit actually is.

ON THAT DAY...

You disavowed your girlish belief in fantasy and fairy tales.  
That same day, you began writing your powerful tale of  
womanly triumph.

ON THAT DAY...

His actions left you absolutely speechless.  
That same day, you found the words and will to whisper,  
“I still have something beautiful to say.”

ON THAT DAY...

You felt weak and worthless as a woman.  
That same day, you proved that strength and worthiness and  
womanhood go hand-in-hand; they’re a killer combination,  
one that no man (or his mistress) can ever  
strip away from you.

ON THAT DAY...

Someone you loved betrayed your deepest knowledge and  
trust. That same day, you began to trust the God  
who knows no betrayal.

ON THAT DAY...

Love was ripped from your horrified, trembling fingers.  
That same day, you joined hands with the God who created  
an eternal form of love—one that can never, ever, ever  
be taken away.

