Tell Me I Am Pretty

March 7, 2017 By Nicole Lemelle

“Be faithful in small things because it is in them that your strength lies.” ~ Mother Teresa

I love the way you love me. But sometimes, unanticipated events can cause a person to adjust priorities. And simple pleasures get lost in the melee.

I remember when we would lay on the couch and talk for hours. I would use your stomach as my pillow and ramble on about my boring day at work. Your soft words would soothe my bleak outlook. Reassuring me everything would be ok.

You treated me like nothing else mattered. While at the same time, my diagnosis made me feel like I didn’t matter.

My only positive constant was your encouragement. It always neutralized those unhappy feelings.

I loved when you would tell me I was pretty. I know it sounds silly but those words were like an intervention on my thoughts. It delivered me from my anxiety.

But then you stopped. You drifted away. Other things became more important. Maybe living with so much uncertainty was too overwhelming. I can see how it could be.

I have to remember, you have a life too. I must respect that. And watching you constantly deal with my issues shatters my heart into a million pieces.

I just hope you know it’s not all my fault. Certain aspects of my life are uncontrollable. Wrestling with my pain puts me in a space where my actions are based on emotion. And on those sad days, I hold my face and stare in the mirror. My tears are so dramatic, it’s like I’m crying in slow motion. While trying to figure out how did I get to this place? Not believing what has happened. Not knowing how to react. But also realizing, I can’t do it alone.

So here I am, once again asking for your help. Looking for those encouraging words. Something low and quiet, whispered in that special way.

Usually self-affirmations are enough. But now I’m holding out for more. I need your help to keep my hope alive.

So tell me I’m pretty, despite my flaws. It will help me make it through the day. Then tell me again tomorrow and I’ll be inspired to stay.

Simply tell me I’m pretty. That’s all you have to do. I know I’m hard to love right now, so I’ll make it easy for you.

Just tell me I’m pretty. That’s all I want. And I’ll tell you; you’re pretty too.

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