

The
BOOK
of
EMOTIONS

Or — how it feels to feel

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A heart project and an invitation

Sometimes we shut down, turn off our emotions. It might be our way to make it through. Our way to stay sane and keep some parts of ourselves safe.

Almost everybody do it, but some of us have felt the need to tune out for long periods, months or even years.

For me, it became years. The chaos around and within me was too complex to cope with. Without really noticing I pushed my feelings down and away and emotion after emotion was shut off.

And then the day came when I felt safe and secure enough to want to smile and I noticed that I lost the ability to freely feel.

THE BOOK OF EMOTIONS

My wish is to create a book on emotions and feelings. A guide to everybody or anybody who have shut down or lost their own system of navigation.

It would give me, personally, a greater knowledge and support in my journey and I hope it can be of help to others.

THE INVITATION

Each month during 2017 the door to explore one emotion will be opened. I will do it with my craft – graphic art and book design. But a books is nothing without words and I am not a writer.

My invitation goes out to all heart leaders, highly sensitives, empaths and survivors that feel called to write and contribute with their perspective on feelings and emotions.

Coming together we can create a small encyclopedia on emotions for anybody and everybody who needs guidance.

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: bookofemotions/annalinder.com

ANNA LINDER is a Swedish based graphic artist supporting heart leaders and soulful women to craft beautiful brands, books and web designs that align their vision and story. The Book of Emotions is her heart project. Website: annalinder.com



TRUST

Trust lends a hand to help you up.

Trust encourages you to keep going.

*Trust takes you to places outside of
your comfort zone.*

*It extends a hand inviting you in to
places unknown.*



What is Trust?

AIMEE DUFRESNE

What is Trust?

Trust.

Pema Chodron writes about becoming comfortable with groundlessness. Accepting groundlessness.

Trust.

Leaping without knowing what lies ahead.

Trust.

My husband and I put trust to the test when we left any home base behind for a life of travel. The first night we arrived at a hotel en route and they had lost our reservations. Seeing the fear in my eyes, the man behind the counter comforted me, "It all works out in the end. Everything works out in the end."

Trust.

Is love truly love without it?

Trust.

Trust is what lies in the groundlessness.

Trust is the blanket on a cold night. An umbrella shielding you from the pounding rain.

Trust gets you through the tough times. Trust tells you it's going to be okay.

Trust whispers comforting words in your ears when your eyes are blurry with tears.

Trust lends a hand to help you up.

Trust encourages you to keep going.

Trust takes you to places outside of your comfort zone.

It extends a hand inviting you in to places unknown.

Trust is your private benefactor, reminding you of riches to come.

Trust holds your hand as you let go, again and again.

Trust promises more, better, bolder, wiser.

Trust is there, its sweet voice tempting you to savor every moment.

But will you listen?

Will you take the hand of Trust?

Will you heed its messages to let go, to rise again, to keep going?

Will you embrace the groundlessness, believing in Trust?

How different your life would be if you did...or if you didn't.

Trust awaits your decision.

AIMEE DUFRESNE is a Joy Catalyst and soul-shifting creator, writer, and traveler. She is the proud author of *Keep Going: From Grief to Growth*, a memoir about love, loss, life's journey and the power of perseverance. Aimee is currently writing her next book, *52 Lessons I Learned From My Father*. Website: aimeedufresne.com.



Dear Trust

TRACY STAMPER

Dear Trust,

Thank you for those times when I thought you had failed me, for they eventually taught me that you hadn't failed me at all. Thank you for teaching me to return to the greatest teacher I have: my body.

Thank you for being there...

... when the bottom dropped out.

... when the rug was pulled out from under me.

... when I feared I would fall into the abyss.

... when I didn't know who to turn to or where to turn.

These are the times when we need to call on you.

These are the times to actively seek you out.

These are the times to flex and strengthen our Trust muscle.

These are the times to peel back the layers and dig down into the Truth of what is Trustworthy.

Truth and Trust travel hand-in-hand.

As the saying goes, the body always knows.

When you seemed to be nowhere to be found, dear Trust, I learned to root down into and through self. And there you were, right there beneath

my feet. Always. I realized that when all else failed, Mother Earth was there to catch me and hold me. Always.

From this remembering came a great sense of Trust that I can find support at any time. You taught me that you are always one sensation away: all I have to do is sense the soles of my feet to reconnect to the Truth that I can Trust the support of Earth beneath me. And when the proverbial manure hits the fan and I need the most immediate, direct reminder, I lay belly to Earth in order to ground and nourish my Body, Emotions, Mind and Spirit with this somatic knowing of Mother Earth's support. When it feels as though all else has been stripped away, this Truth I can Trust.

Thank you for being yet another reminder that all spiritual work is an inside job. Every single pondering of whether or not I can Trust so-and-so or this-and-that is simply a reflection of the Truth that my only jurisdiction is self. I can never know another as assuredly as I can know myself. That deep knowing is the root of Trust. Therefore, I can most deeply Trust myself. Thank you for this invitation to connect on ever-deepening levels to self. Trust is really not about the other. When I find myself asking who or what I can Trust, I see your mirror leading me back home.

*I can never know another as
assuredly as I can know myself.
That deep knowing is the root
of Trust.*

As our dance continues, may I become more and more highly attuned to the moment-to-moment messages that you speak to me through my body. In honor of our bodies' knowing Truth more immediately and deeply than the conscious mind, may I practice becoming ever more perceptive to reading my body's signals and Trusting my body's bone-deep knowing. Listening ever deeper to my body allows me to bypass the mental laps my mind can run in circles, and go straight to the heart of the matter of Trusting my heart's Truth. May I relax more and more fully into Trusting the Truth of my body.

Home is where my heart is and Truth is the language my heart speaks.

Home is where my feet are planted.

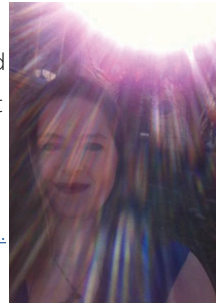
Home is that circle of Mama Earth I Trust to hold me in this moment.

The invitation to Trust is an invitation to return to the Truth of my body.

The Truth of my body invites me home again and again and again.

In this, I Trust.

TRACY STAMPER is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in *Rebelle Society* and *Elephant Journal*. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: [facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/](https://www.facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/)



WHAT IS THE OPPOSITE TO TRUST?

distrust

fear

anxiety

chaos

uncertainty

insecurity

suspicion

horror

reactivity

extreme sensitivity

critical scrutiny

panic

detached

unawareness

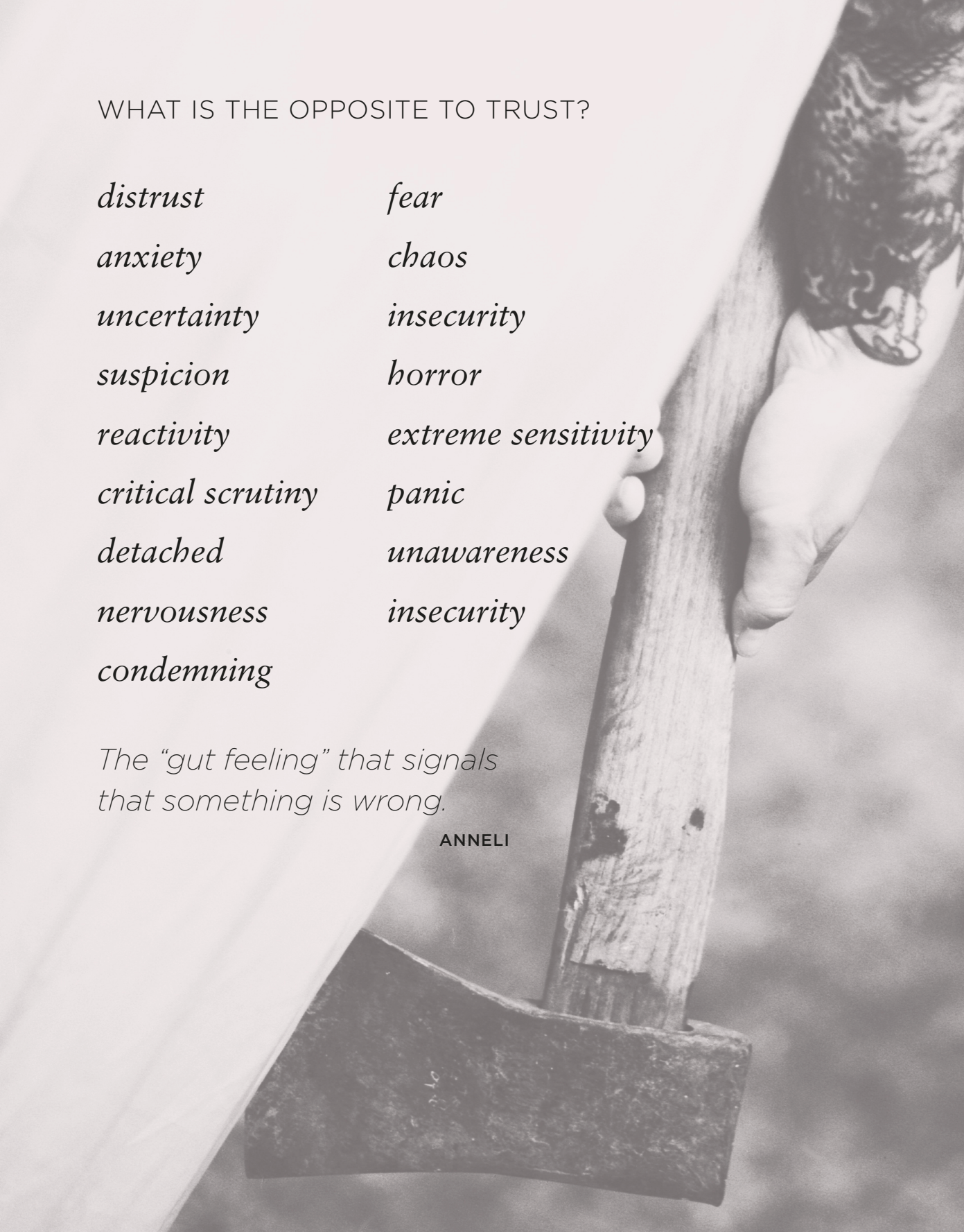
nervousness

insecurity

condemning

*The “gut feeling” that signals
that something is wrong.*

ANNELI



Voices and faces in boxes

BRETTON KEATING &

MARTIN FERDINANDS

In this piece, the two authors reflect on trust within the framework of a story. All names, characters, events and incidents are products of the authors' imaginations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

VALERIE

The Dutch word *weltrusten*, meaning “sleep well,” albeit unintentionally, rather poetically contains the word trust sandwiched inside.

I say poetically because what better display of the ultimate level of trust than to lie asleep? Eyes closed to the universal workings filling both outside and in, so continues the intricate dance continues of what-will-come-in-the-morning-will-come.

Such was the nature of our relationship.

It's funny because he slipped me his invitation at the pinnacle of my inability to trust anyone. I had very little hope in the world, yet in the same breath, hope was all I had.

The divorce looked clean from the outside, as far as divorces go. Friends would tell me over lunches I could no longer afford on my art

teacher's salary, how they didn't understand. He hadn't cheated, what did I mean by we *fell out of love*? Didn't we know marriages don't actually require love—well, yes, surely we did know that, but what they do require is a willingness to work, and both of us were quite simply, in the full complexity of the notion, no longer willing.

I knew the marriage was over a full three months before he did. And even after he knew, and I knew that he knew, it still took us another nine to admit it out loud. Twelve months of keeping the side door shut, so as not to smell the carcass that lay rotting on the tracks we so blindly chose to live beside. The blast of the horn in the night no longer woke me with a start, as it had in nights prior. During those nights, I didn't manage to fall asleep to begin with.

So the divorce happened, and we both got through it matter-of-factly, at least by external appearances, for the sake of the children, and then a year later (so a full two from the death of the marriage), my mother sent me three plane tickets, because, as she so eloquently phrased it, children need things like the kept-up appearances of holiday.

I found myself sitting at a glass table in a seaside resort in Sint Maarten (the Dutch side, as my ex had claimed the French in the settlement papers), mulling over how Aubrey had grown less stealthy in her ability to push food around on her plate, and how little Timmy's nervous stammer only seemed to worsen despite vocal coaching, in the past two years. Two years, not one, because children, like dogs, always know from the beginning.

We finished lunch and Timmy stuttered something barely decipherable but which I understood, about going for a swim. I said I would meet him there after signing the check, and to my too-cheerful question of whether she would like to join, Aubrey only sulked before returning to the shining screen of her iPhone that my ex-husband had purchased for her, despite our former agreement that ten years was far too young

for such a thing, because, in his words, per usual left perfectly unsaid, all children of divorced parents need a cell phone.

The waitress gave me the check, and in my distracted haste, I almost missed the scribbled note, slipped inside, “Meet tonight? At the bar, 10pm. –The man in the green shirt”. I glanced up and met a soft smile, kind eyes. My heart skipping a beat, I knew, against every hesitation and reason not to, that yes, I would meet the man in the green shirt at 10pm at the resort bar.

And that was how I met Mark.

MARK

Nervous. Incredibly nervous. When she saw the note, I thought her expression confirmed what I had hoped—she would come. *But would she really? I mean, why would she?* These doubts quickly turned on myself, bringing on the usual avalanche of self-criticism.

But then there she was. And it was different. I had been travelling for quite a few months now, been away from what used to be home, and had had my times alone, in the comfort of my own solitude, and my meetings with other travellers. I enjoyed those meetings, too. In fact, I had started to take real pleasure in talking to people, getting to know them, learning from each other’s experiences—I felt much more outgoing than how I had always been at the place that used to be home. But here she was, Valerie was her name—of course, I first forgot, then got it wrong, and then had to ask (awkward!). With her, things were different from different.

Of course, the conversation that first evening was the same conversation travellers always have. Where are you from? (She’s from the Netherlands. I’m from the UK.) How long are you travelling? (A quick 10 day stay at the resort for her and her children, paid for by her mother. For me it is the weather conditions that forced me into this overly luxurious hotel—I should have been outside, surfing and teaching surfing classes,

as I have done for four months and will do for I-don't-know-how-many-more-months.) What do you do back home? (She teaches art classes. I gave up my position as an underpaid assistant professor in continental philosophy in Cambridge to find out how it feels to live outside of libraries, amongst people who don't keep up appearances.) But underneath the exchange there was a sense of comfort I have only seldom felt in my life, a sense of acceptance that I cannot give even myself. It seemed we weren't just getting to know each other; it felt like we were catching up.

We continued catching up over the next few days. The presence of her children meant the only moments we had together were the margins of the day. Early morning conversations over tea before her children came down. Perhaps a conversation by the swimming pool, if for once Aubrey left her iPhone (and thus Valerie) alone to go for a dive. And every night. Every night we would find each other again and again, as if we always had, as if we belonged.

We seemed to belong together, naturally. Our conversations grew longer and more intimate. Our silences did too. Our goodbyes before going to bed got longer too. And every time she would whisper to me that word I didn't know, it sounded like "will trust..."

Although it sounded like something good and worthwhile, and intimidating too, I never found out what "weltrusten" means while we were both in Sint Maarten.

It was the first thing I asked her about the next time we spoke, both of us diminished to a face on the screen and a voice from the speakers. Blessings of modern technology! Her explanation of the word was so striking that I could not respond of the coff. I came back to it a few days later when we were finally both online again...

Mark: Hey Valerie! Have time to talk today?

Valerie: Well, I'm in the train so I can't do a call. I can chat if you'd want to... what's up?

[13:57:13] *Mark*: Well, I really wanted to tell you that I thought your explanation of “weltrüsten”, how you linked trust to sleep, was beautiful.

[13:57:42] *Valerie*: Oh thank you!

[13:58:17] *Mark*: I was also thinking how it is interesting how on the one hand sleep is one of the easiest things on earth... while also sometimes when it is hard to fall asleep, there is no way. You're just lying there, wide awake, turning left to right, right to left... you know how it goes.

[13:59:55] *Valerie*: So when you're tossing and turning... is that because of a lack of trust? Hmm... I don't think so?

[14:00:14] *Mark*: No?

[14:00:17] *Valerie*: But what's your experience of it?

[14:00:28] *Mark*: I thought your analogy actually extends that far.

[14:00:36] *Valerie*: I think you're right! Because if you're in your thoughts (unable to sleep) it shows a lack of trust in life. Trust is being in the moment.

[14:01:38] *Mark*: Yes, wow.

... But I also think it is a particular way of being in the moment. I mean, fear is also a way of being in the moment, but it has a totally different orientation. Or perhaps, rather, it is a way of not being in the moment.

[14:03:04] *Valerie*: Well there are different types of fear. There's fear in the moment like when there's actual danger. That is actually very rare. The rest of fear is probably some kind of projected future danger.

Wait... were you implying fear is the opposite of trust?

[14:05:20] *Mark*: I think that is a really good question, whether fear and trust are opposites. I think they are definitely related, but not necessarily mutually exclusive.

[14:05:36] *Valerie*: You can fear life but also trust it.

[14:06:24] *Mark*: Yes, the human heart is endlessly complicated, and trust is usually relevant exactly when there is fear.

[14:06:54] *Mark*: If there is no fear and nothing to fear, trust becomes idle...

[14:07:10] *Valerie*: Oh, interesting! Do you mean that fear heightens trust to some degree?

[14:07:34] *Mark*: Let me think how to make this thought concrete... okay, to use a mundane example, say I am back in school and have a test coming up, and I am studying for it. I may still be afraid that I won't do well, but then I can reflect back on how much I prepared. Then I will feel confident. And confidence, really, is another form of trust. In Chinese the word for confidence is *zixin*—literally, self-trust.

[14:09:51] *Valerie*: Really? That is so interesting! Because you know, in Dutch, the word is “*zelfvertrouwen*.” It is made up in exactly the same way: “*zelf*” is “self” and “*vertrouwen*” is “trust.”

[14:10:08] *Mark*: Ha! Us and words! :)

[14:10:08] *Valerie*: All about the words!

*If there is no fear and
nothing to fear,
trust becomes idle*

[14:10:30] *Mark*: Anyhow, if, on the other hand, I am totally not afraid of failing the test, then there is no reason to reflect back on how much I studied, no reason to trust in my own abilities and preparation.

[14:11:19] *Valerie*: Yes, so fear provides an opportunity to pay attention to trust.

14:11:25] *Mark*: Yes! ~~~methinks.

[14:11:38] *Valerie*: Whenever you say the word fear, I always think of falling backward into a backbend in yoga practice. There's fear in the moment, but also trusting that I'll land. It's an opportunity to overcome fear by trusting.

[14:12:50] *Valerie*: But then, without fear, is trust still there? Because without fear, you just fall back no problem... is it still trust in that case?

[14:13:26] *Mark*: What do you think?

[14:16:21] *Valerie*: I think it becomes less necessary. Perhaps people who aren't fearful just have a deeper instilled reserve of trust in themselves and the world.

[14:17:01] *Mark*: That makes sense.

[14:17:15] *Valerie*: The rest of us are still working on our trust—ha!

[14:17:24] *Mark*: Interesting, because in English, too, I think we would call those people confident.

[14:17:38] *Valerie*: Confident or naïve... or unharmed. Who knows...

[14:22:44] *Mark*: Yes, I think that is right: people who don't fear may simply have a large reserve of trust and confidence... whether that is true confidence or naïveté. But at the same time, I think what I was originally getting at is a more phenomenological perspective—that is, what it feels like, when it feels, how we trust.

And when we are stepping into new things, uncertain what they will bring, afraid, even, of what they might bring, it is right then that we actually can feel trust and feel what it means. It is right there in the contradictions of the heart.

[14:25:14] *Valerie*: The contradictions of the heart—what do you mean by that?

[14:30:51] *Mark*: Well, it'd be easiest to explain what I meant if you'll allow me to use an example that might a bit vulnerable.

[14:35:50] *Valerie*: Yes, please do give your example.

[14:36:51] *Mark*: Well, when we first decided we would meet again, we were telling each other how excited we were... but also nervous... and yet, in going ahead and doing it, there is trust... and some kind of fear (in the form of us being nervous).

[14:42:26] *Valerie*: Yes! There's much trust involved in meeting again.

Especially now that I'm having a difficult time with my children. It is easier to trust when things are going smoothly. And there's always the question of inviting in new love... is it the right time? Is it too soon? All questions you are familiar with as we've discussed them before.

But if I'm to be perfectly honest, what I'm going through now feels a bit easier because I have the prospect of us meeting again, even if it does involve the conflicting sentiments of trust and fear (for both of us).

[14:45:47] *Mark*: Thank you for saying that, in two ways actually.

[14:46:16] *Valerie*: ?

[14:46:46] *Mark*: Well, first for your honesty just now: expressing that you do have a harder time with trust in your current situation. And I appreciate that you say that—it makes me feel more trusting if anything, because of your willingness to honestly express the truth. This then also opens a new pathway for conversation: trust and honesty.

(The other one is that your situation is more bearable because at least there is me coming to look forward to.)

[14:49:13] *Valerie*: Thank you for saying that. On a different note, you took a leap of faith when you passed me that note in the hotel!

[14:50:43] *Mark*: Happy I leapt, trusted one voice in my head over another... complicated contradictions of the heart.

[14:51:08] *Valerie*: Why is your heart contradictory? I'm curious what you mean by that.

[15:31:38] *Mark*: oh... ehm...

[14:52:31] *Mark*: I mean when I said that before, I meant how we may have one or another fear... and at the same time we also have this sense of trust, that especially in that case trust is powerful (and so needed!).

[14:52:54] *Mark*: But were you asking specifically about passing you that note?

[14:53:00] *Valerie*: Yes—both.

[14:54:28] *Mark*: When I passed that note I did doubt myself and had many second, third, fourth, fifth, and even millionth thoughts running through my head (and heart, ha!). There was my usual fear of new situations, my self-doubt, feelings of unworthiness. I had met many new people during my travels... but passing that note to you, that was new. I wanted to and yet feared doing it. And yet, I couldn't help myself. There was a silent place of trust inside too. I knew I was inviting in the Unknown—such a general condition of life!! And it felt like I could trust it, as if there was a very natural movement towards growth.

[14:54:40] *Valerie*: Oh! We're approaching Leeuwarden... gotta run! Speak later!

[15:41:20] *Mark*: Oh... yes, we'll chat again later. Have a great day!

[15:42:15] *Mark*: Also... I really want to say thank you! Look forward to talking to you next time; and to seeing you next month! Time flies. But I wish it flew faster!

MARK

Time had flown during our conversation. Although there were plenty of intervals in between our messages, I had not used that time to prepare the surfing class I was to teach later that day. As I was teaching, I found myself distracted, thinking of Valerie and feeling the rush that comes with

thinking of her. It felt just like being in high school all over again. Didn't we all experience it there? That we would have a crush on some boy or girl and find ourselves unable to focus during class. The only difference was that now, I was the instructor, the center of attention—all eyes were on me.

None of those eyes seemed to notice my absent-mindedness. After class, I asked one of the students, if he had noticed anything about me. "No, you seemed as confident as ever!"

Confident as ever... What a joke! I thought... I am never confident.

Confidence, trust, love. The ideas were buzzing through my head as I went to sleep that night. At first I was kept awake by happy memories. Memories of our late-night solitary dances to the concerts of silence and rain and oceans breaking on the beach in Sint Maarten. I lay wide awake with a smile.

But then my mind started wondering. Was Valerie upset? I had admitted my original doubts around the note I passed her in the hotel. Is she disappointed in me? Is that why she never responded to my goodbye, didn't give any affection as she went offline?

I worried. I doubted. Myself. Her. What was, is, and what will be.

Then, in a moment of silence that allowed me to hear the waves again, I felt Valerie's presence, heard her whisper "Weltrusten, dear." I fell in a deep sleep.

VALERIE

Prior to our conversation, we had decided to meet again, perhaps against my better judgment but sometimes the heart knows best. But then speaking to Mark only confirmed the decision, in both mind and heart. I had never fallen for someone the way that I had with him. With others, there was attraction, and a bit of excitement, perhaps... but this felt different. It felt like a conversation with an old friend. It felt like we could talk about

any and everything. He felt like someone I could trust the bleeding bits of my heart with, and he would not only be there to listen and accept them, but would gladly care for them as his own.

In the stillness that comes with the distance between us, I found myself never once doubting his intentions. Sometimes there were entire days when he was surfing and we couldn't connect. The time difference when he was travelling didn't help. But even with silence, even in the night, I slept peacefully. I slept in a way in which I trusted not only the pending morning, but also the surrounding darkness. I trusted the unknown. Because in certain, rare moments that you know must happen by intricate design, the unknown feels known.

MARK

When I woke up, I was in a particularly philosophical mood. Instead of entrusting these words to my journal to be re-read later and deemed superficial after all, I offered them up to Valerie as an email.

Valerie, goedemorgen (that is how you say it in Dutch right?),

Woken up to trust and curiosity on my side of the ocean. I was thinking a bit more about trust and wanted to share my thoughts—I hope you don't mind a monologue from me. ;)

Remember how we related trust and confidence yesterday? I realized something about my own lack of confidence and how I've tried to compensate... often I give myself challenges—like surfing some large wave or exercising for a long stretch of time without breaking—and expect myself to meet them. I push myself hard if needed. When I accomplish a challenge like this, I feel I am worthy of my own trust. Passing my own tests makes me feel confident.

So, this morning I was going to set myself some ridiculous challenge again. (I won't even mention it. You'll just laugh at me and my macho

masochism!) But then... I realized that I am human. (Yeah, imagine, right?) We can trust in the law of gravity—except if you are Rupert Sheldrake perhaps—or the law of the excluded middle—unless you belong to the likes of Russell. It will always be true and dependable.

But with myself... I am human. I can do the best I can and then I might succeed. Or I might fail. And sometimes I can't even try the best I can. I can't trust in myself as a law, but I can trust in my own humanity; I can have confidence in my own heart, my qualities, my capacity for growth, even as I accept that I—me with my contradictory heart! —may not be predictable.

And then in that sense... you know, I think saying "I love you" is beautiful and I mean it when I say it. But perhaps what may even be more beautiful would be to say "I trust you." And, really, I do, although I cannot hold you captive in my hopes and expectations (nor in my fears and anxieties), I can see the beauty of your humanity and have confidence in who you are and will be.

I trust you.

BRETTON KEATING is a yoga instructor for adults and children, barre instructor, Reiki healer, writer, and artist. For her heart-centered writings, please visit her blog (brettonkeating.com). For creative work, including poetry and your fairy tale within, here is her website (whitecottonrose.com).



MARTIN FERDINANDS climbs trees, practices yoga, meditates and writes in his journal. When he is not doing any of those, he reads and translates texts from various Asian spiritual traditions as part of his graduate studies. So far, none of his creative writing has been published, except for a Dutch piece ([found here](#)).

Next chapter

The Book of Emotions is an ongoing project and every month will be focused around one feeling and become one chapter in the upcoming book. Each month a digital sneak peak of each chapter will be released – free for everyone to share with the world.

UPCOMING EMOTIONS

Anger and freedom was the focus for Janaury and Feburary. March was about Support and April gave us Vulnerability and this chapter is about Trust. The feelings for the upcoming months are:

June: Hope

July: Shame

August: PEace

CONTRIBUTE

If you feel called to contribute you will find information on the website for the project: bookofemotions/annalinder.com

The Authors

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BRETTON KEATING is a yoga instructor for adults and children, barre instructor, Reiki healer, writer, and artist. For her heart-centered writings, please visit her blog (brettonkeating.com). For creative work, including poetry and your fairy tale within, here is her website (whitecottonrose.com).

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MARTIN FERDINANDS climbs trees, practices yoga, meditates and writes in his journal. When he is not doing any of those, he reads and translates texts from various Asian spiritual traditions as part of his graduate studies. So far, none of his creative writing has been published, except for a Dutch piece ([found here](#)).

TRACY STAMPER is a dancer at heart, in mind, of body, and with words. Her writing has been featured in Rebelle Society and Elephant Journal. Her current favorite colors are purple, orange and glitter. She likes her chocolate dark, her inspiration flowing and her car dances to be uninhibited. Website: facebook.com/DancingPenTracyStamper/