

THE FERN IS NOT A SPONGE



Observe the atmosphere - don't absorb it.

The Fern is Not a Sponge

Some Ferns are incredibly affected by what is happening around them.

-  Harshness.
-  Arguments.
-  Murder documentaries.
-  Scary films.
-  Loud music.
-  Constant requests.
-  Constant background noise.
-  The radio playing all day.
-  Bad news.
-  Fear.
-  Worry.
-  Tension.
-  Other people's distress.

Even when nothing is directly happening to them, they can still feel the atmosphere around them.

It can get into their head, their body and their thoughts.

And sometimes they don't even realise they're carrying it - they simply know they don't feel right.

They feel unsettled, on edge, heavy, overstimulated, worried or unable to switch off.

But the Fern Wasn't Designed to Absorb Everything

A Fern may be highly sensitive to her environment, but that doesn't mean she was created to carry everything she notices.

There is a difference between sensing something and taking responsibility for it.

She can notice fear without carrying fear.

She can recognise someone's pain without taking it on as her own.

She can hear bad news without becoming responsible for fixing the world.

She can walk into a tense room without making its tension her burden.

She can notice it - and then give it to God.

Give it to the Gardener

This is where the Fern needs to learn something very important.

She has a Gardener.

God is not asking her to absorb everything happening around her.

He isn't asking her to carry every fear.

Every tragedy.

Every person's pain.

Every piece of bad news.

Every frightening thought.

Every atmosphere.

Every problem.

He is asking her to bring it to Him.

“Cast all your anxiety on Him because he cares for you.”

- 1 Peter 5:7

The Fern can say:

**“God, I can feel this.
I can see this.
I can hear this.
But I don't need to carry it.
I'm giving it to You.”**

And then let the Gardener carry what she was never designed to hold.

She Doesn't Have to Watch Everything



Perhaps this is why some things affect a Fern more than they seem to affect other people.

- The murder documentary.
- The disturbing film.
- The constant news cycle.
- The radio running in the background.
- The endless scrolling.
- The arguments.
- World events.
- The frightening stories.
- The negativity.
- The noise.

Just because she *can* consume something doesn't mean she needs to. Or should.

Her sensitivity may actually be giving her useful information.

“This isn't good for my soil.”

And she doesn't have to feel guilty for protecting her environment.

- She can turn it off.
- She can leave the room.
- She can choose something gentler.
- She can create quiet.
- She can stop feeding her mind things that leave her feeling unsettled or imbalanced.

The Fern Doesn't Have to Become the Weather

A Fern cannot control the weather.

- There will always be storms.
- There will always be difficult people.
- There will always be suffering.
- There will always be bad news.
- There will always be things happening in the world that are outside of her control.

But the Fern doesn't have to become the weather.

She doesn't have to absorb the storm simply because she can feel it.

She doesn't have to carry the world's fear because she is sensitive enough to notice it.

She doesn't have to become anxious because someone else is anxious.

She doesn't have to shrink back because someone else is angry.

She doesn't have to become frazzled because the world is overwhelming.

Let the Gardener Carry It 

Perhaps the real work for a Fern isn't becoming less sensitive.

It's learning what to do with her sensitivity.

- Notice it.
- Name it.
- Discern it.
- And then give it to God.

 Let Him carry what she cannot.

 Let Him hold what she doesn't understand.

 Let Him deal with what she cannot fix.

 Let Him protect her heart from becoming hardened by everything she sees.

Her sensitivity can be a gift.

But she was never designed to carry the weight of everything she senses.

She is the Fern. He is the Gardener.

And there is a very important difference.

She doesn't have to carry what belongs in His hands.

Notice It. Don't Absorb It. Give it to God.

And let the Gardener tend to the garden.

Your Forest is waiting. 

Tammy x

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