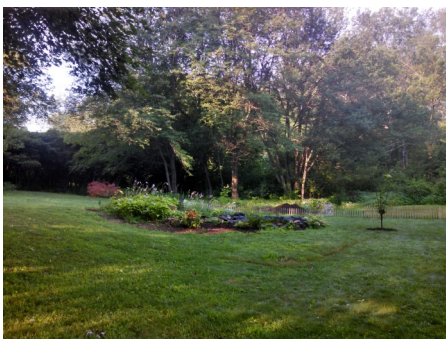


Photo Series of Self Love

by [Christine Sarno-Doyle](#)

These are photos that came to mind when invited by a friend to join her in posting photos which represent self-love.



This is a photo of my yard taken last summer in 2015. It's peaceful and it embraces nature. I so love the space. It feeds my soul. Even more, I created the space out of overgrown brush, dying trees, and a decaying shed. The entire area had to be cleared out which meant destroying and removing all that was detrimental to new growth. The process was chaotic and upsetting. It was a mess. And yet I knew it had to be dealt with a step at a time, a day at a time, a season at a time.

What you see in the photo was two years in the making. As arduous a process as it was, it was necessary to get to a place where this space once again nourished all that surrounded it. Wild life and plant life alike.

I didn't know it until now. This space I've created that I look upon every morning is a reflection of my own journey to wholeness. I moved to this address almost three years ago. Before moving here I had taken stock of all that surrounded me in my life and found much was choking the life out of me. A big part of my life had to be cleared out. The process was chaotic and upsetting. I was a mess. And yet I knew I needed to keep working and moving forward in order to get to a better place where I would once again be supporting and nourishing to all who and that surrounded me.

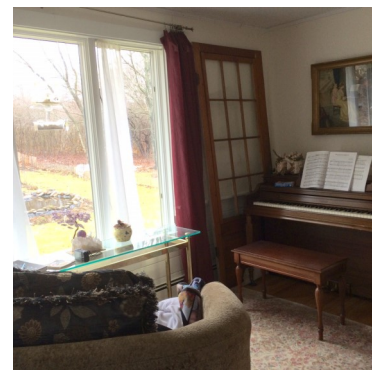
Today I feel whole and healthy. When I trust my soul, I find beauty everywhere.

Thank you, Dianne. This was quite an epiphany.

The door in the corner of the photo was once the front door of the summer cottage my grandparents built in the late 1940s which my mom and dad converted to a year-round home in the 1960s, the house in which I grew up. I have pictures of mom sitting on the front steps, 1950s before she married my dad. Everyone I've ever loved has touched the handle and walked through that door. Grandparents, my mom and dad, all of us kids, my late husband, my son, aunts, uncles, cousins, neighbors, family friends, close friends, classmates some of whom I'm still close with to this day.

When I heard that my son and daughter-in-law were replacing the front door, I asked if I could have it. Along with the memories, I feel energy in what may seem to others as an inanimate object made of wood and glass. For me it's inspirational and mystical.

A few years ago, I decided to downsize and simplify my living space. What do I keep and what do I clear out? At first the task seemed extensive. I've become more aware of energy, however, as it relates to people and to objects. And, I have come to trust my instincts. So I took my time and slowly I became aware of all that held positive energy for me, all that held no energy, and all that held negativity. All the items that felt negative, were the first to go. The items that were inspired stayed. Those I'm uncertain about, for the most part are working their way towards a new home. I wish to have all that surrounds me encompass positive energy, to have meaning. There's a story behind nearly every piece of furniture, artwork and memorabilia in my home.



My plan for the door was to use it for my office. I envisioned walking through this door every day as I go to my desk and compose, create. But, I had overlooked the size difference. An outside is larger than one inside. Scaling down the door to fit the office was too extensive. So, how best to use it?

It sits in the next best place beside my morning perch where in the early hours of the day I journal, meditate, have my coffee and look out at the birds, animals, and nature. The wall needed some artwork too.