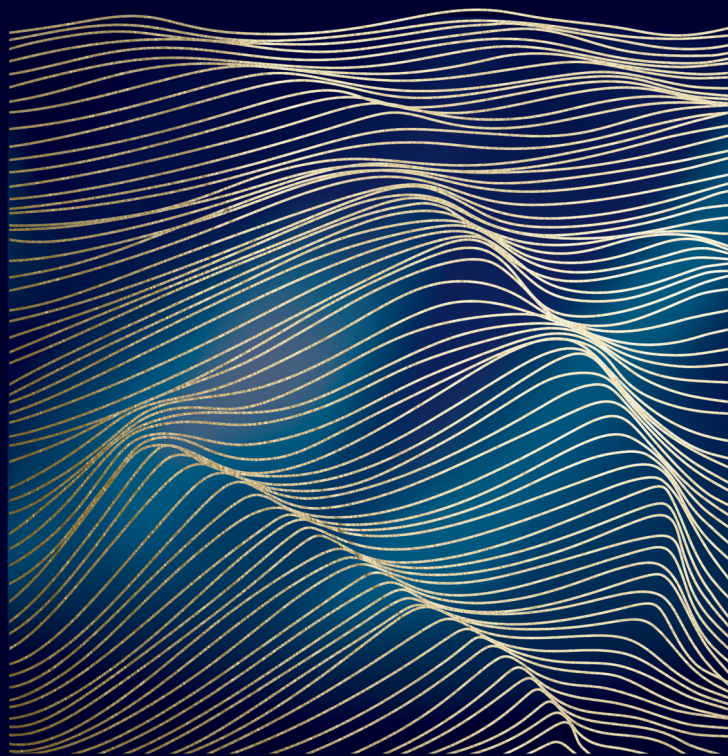


THIS IS ME  
LETTING YOU GO



HEIDI PRIEBE

FREE PDF PREVIEW

**FIND THE FULL  
BOOK HERE**

THIS IS ME  
LETTING YOU GO

HEIDI PRIEBE

THOUGHT  
CATALOG  
Books

THOUGHTCATALOG.COM

## 1

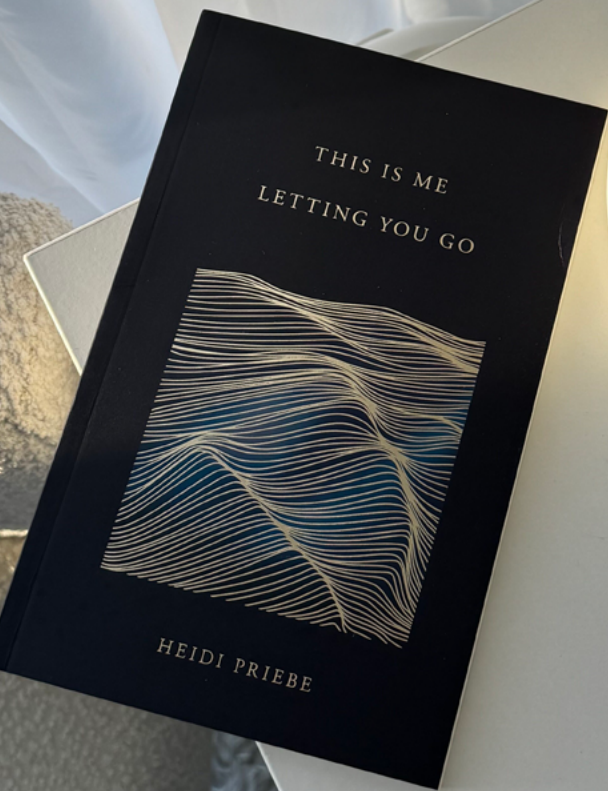
READ THIS IF NOBODY TEXTED  
YOU GOOD MORNING

First of all: Good morning, beautiful.

Is it too late to say that? I know you've probably been awake a while—likely hours or even all day. I know you may have gone this whole time without hearing it—shrugging back to friends and family who asked you how you're doing with a non-committal “Fine” because that is what we're meant to do as humans—answer meaningful questions with arbitrary phrases. I know that you may not be fine. I know you may have had a lackluster day. And I know that something as incredibly mundane as a “Good morning” text may have made all the difference in the world. It's okay if that's the case. It's okay to sometimes ache for those simple and kind-hearted gestures.

Because the truth is that good morning texts are more than a half-hearted means of communication. They are a sign that we are thought of. Cared for. Adored by someone who may not be immediately present. They are a reminder—one we perhaps should not need but sometimes do—that we are appreciated in our entirety. So, if you did not get one this morning, here is what I want you to know:

You deserve to have a good day today, not because of some universal law that necessitates good things happening to worthwhile people, but because we all do. We all deserve to have a beautiful morning and a



Buy The Book

[click here](#)

correspondingly fantastic day, regardless of who loves us, appreciates us, or thinks of us first thing when they wake up in the AM. Just because someone is not around to appreciate the complexities of who you are does not mean you deserve anything less than pure joy. And in case there's no one else to remind you, here is what else I want you to know:

There's a particular way you laugh that can make an entire room light up, if only for a moment in time. There is a way you tilt your head when you are concentrating that makes you look unbearably kissable—as if you were placed on this earth only to stare at things and frown in the most endearing form humanely possible. There is a noise you make when you are falling asleep—a soft, almost inaudible sigh that sounds like the ethereal embodiment of all that is tranquil and calm. There are a thousand minute intricacies that make up the tapestry of who you are, and not a single one has ceased to exist since the last time that somebody loved you.

I know we're not supposed to need reminders of that. I know that we're supposed to be strong and self-sufficient and reassured—certain of our own worth, questioning only the value of others. But we're human. We forget.

We forget that we are lovable. We forget that we're desired. We forget that we are anything other than the hard-shelled, busybody workaholics we've all been trained to behave as. We forget that we, too, merit adoration.

And here's what is easiest to forget: Who you are doesn't cease to exist because there's nobody there to admire it. The way you bite your pencil is still cute, even when nobody teases you for it. How you hold yourself still exudes confidence, even if there's no one to assert it to. The way your eyes light up when you're talking about what you love is—and endlessly will be—attractive, regardless of who is there to listen to you speak. All the little quirks that make you up are not extinguished because somebody once chose against them. You still deserve to have a good day, even when there's no one there to wish it to you. Even if you forget to remind yourself.

Someday, someone's going to love all of those tiny things about you. Someone's going to love the way you cough. They're going to laugh at the way you lose your keys while you're actually holding them. Someday, someone is going to stare at you from across a crowded room and know exactly how you're feeling based on the way your head is tilting or the type of wine you've used to fill your glass. Someone is going to appreciate all of your obscurities eventually, but right now, they are all only your own. And that's okay. First and foremost, you will always belong to yourself.

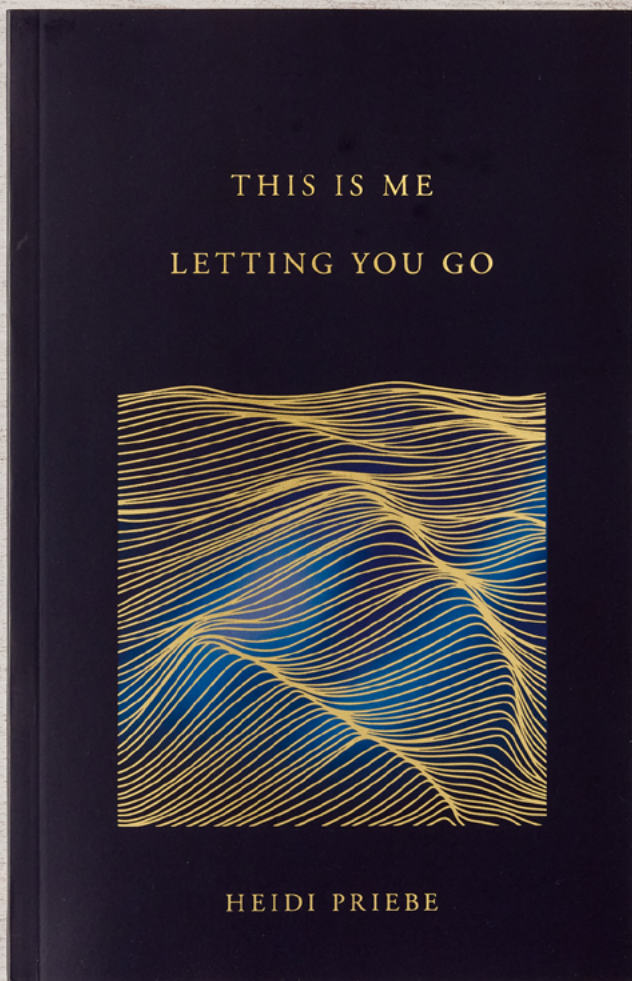
Here's what I urge of you if you did not receive a good morning text today: Don't forget what makes you incredible. Don't let your own intricacies slide. Because the lovable parts of you are not gone—I absolutely promise you that much.

You are so much more than the person who nobody texted this morning. You are encompassing. You are fierce. You are a blazing, roaring fire in a world full of people who've been burnt. So please, refuse to let the wounded people extinguish you. Refuse to be tamed. Refuse to flicker down into a lump of meager, burnt-out coal because somebody else is not tending to your flame.

At the end of the day, we're all in charge of what we bring to our lives. So be the person who brings light to your own, even if nobody else shows up for it. Be the person who has a good day, even if nobody wishes you to have one. Find a way to fuel your flame when no one else remembers to because the world needs the light you give off.

And you, my dear, are too intense a power to be reduced by something as small and insignificant as the lack of a good morning text.





Buy The Book

[click here](#)

6

YOU SHOULD CHOOSE THE  
LIFESTYLE YOU WANT OVER  
THE PERSON YOU WANT

Life presents us with a lot of hard choices.

What clothing to put on in the morning. Milk or cream in our coffee. Who to spend the rest of our lives with, and what to do if we want completely different things out of it than they do.

There are pre-designed answers to these questions, of course. High-waisted jeans. Milk is less fattening. Pick the person you want to be with because love conquers all. We have a specific set of rules we ought to follow as we plow through the tough questions in our lives, and they all come with pre-determined outcomes.

The outcome of choosing the right pants is getting complimented by the trendy girl in your office. Picking milk means you won't feel as bloated. Picking the person you love over the life that you want means your sense of self-worth will slowly degrade and deteriorate over years of contentedly slipping into bed beside someone you're comfortable with.

I want to make it clear that I'm not bashing marriage. Or relationships. Or romance of any kind. I love love. I love it too much. I lose my mind, heart, and footing over love much more often than I'd like to admit,



and that's the only reason I know anything about this in the first place. Love is wonderful, worthwhile, and enriching, but it should never be a standoff between the person and the life you want.

Love shouldn't have to be the biggest compromise of your life. I know that you've been told otherwise. You've watched movies, read novels, and heard adages from relatives and friends who perhaps have very successful relationships—love requires constant compromise. You can't have it all. And perhaps they are right. You can't have it all. But you should be able to have what matters.

You should be able to be with somebody you love and also live a life that entices, invigorates, and inspires you. You should be able to pursue what you want out of this world in every fearless way you want to without running the risk of losing the person you value most. You should be able to have, at the bare minimum, a relationship that allows for growth and exploration on the part of both parties.

What you have when you have a relationship that forces you to whittle or water yourself down is a mismatch of values. You may have found someone you love. Even someone you want to spend your life with. But if the only time you see eye-to-eye is when you're staring into each other's, you're signing yourself up for a lifetime of hard choices.

You can make it work with someone who wants different things than you. It's been done countless times. If one wants a steady 9-5 and the other wants to endlessly roam the globe, you can find an in-between. One can settle down, or the other can speed up, or you can find a satiated in-between where both of you are halfway to happy. But is this the life either of you really want? Is this the life you'll be happy with when you look back at it? Will you be glad you compromised and put aside your desires for another person?

If the answer is yes, then you're set. Some compromises are worth it. But if the answer is no, I encourage you to move on. To cut the cord. To do

the hard thing that none of us want to do and to go pursue the life that you wish you were living.

Here's the stark truth about the person who is right for you: They want the same lifestyle that you do. How do I know this? Because that is, by definition, what makes them right for you. To be with someone whose eyes light up when yours do, whose heart races when your blood also pounds, who is enticed and inspired by the same forces that drive you forward, is a gift many of us never truly get to experience.

Because we settle. We settle for the person we love over the person who could push us—to be bigger, stronger, greater versions of ourselves. We tell ourselves that love is enough. That it conquers everything. But we forget that love shouldn't be the thing that conquers our lives—we should be. And we should do it deliberately, triumphantly, by the side of somebody who shares all of our joys and successes.

So how do we meet such a person? That's simple—we do more of what we love. We give ourselves up to uncertainty, to searching, to pursuing what we want out of life without the certainty of having someone beside us while we do it. We throw ourselves wholeheartedly into the things that we love, and we consequently attract the people who love what we love. Who value what we prioritize. Who appreciate all that we are. We throw ourselves into the heart of possibility instead of staying comfortably settled inside of certainty. Because we owe it to ourselves to do so. We owe it to ourselves to live the greatest life that we're capable of living, even if that means that we have to be alone for a very long time.

At the end of the day, love is wonderful, but it isn't enough to make up for an entire lifetime of compromising your core values. You don't want to spend forever gazing into somebody's eyes, expecting to find all of the answers you need inside of them. Wait for the person who is gazing outward in the same direction as you are.

It's going to make all of the difference in the world.

## 14 THINGS IT'S TIME YOU FORGAVE YOURSELF FOR

1. **The big things that you changed your mind about.**  
The dream job you never thought you'd quit. The person you didn't think you'd leave. The plans you had for the future that never came to fruition because something else got in the way. Life ebbs and flows, and to keep up with it, we must do the same. We have to forgive ourselves for the awareness to change our minds about the really big things.

through pain.

The crazy things you did  
than good. The  
letter

## 10

READ THIS IF THERE'S SOMEONE  
YOU CAN'T FORGIVE

I hate every cliché that exists about forgiveness.

I know every adage, every piece of advice, every regularly endorsed opinion on the topic because I've scoured my way through the literature. I've read every blog post about letting go of anger. I've written down Buddha quotes on Post-its and stuck them to my wall. I know that no part of it is simple. I know the adages are tired. I know the gap between "deciding to forgive" and actually feeling peace can seem entirely unbridgeable. I know.

Forgiveness is a vast, un-traversable land for those who crave justice. The very thought of letting someone walk away scot-free from what they've done makes us sick. We don't want to simply wipe our hands clean. We want to transfer the blood onto theirs. We want to see the scores evened and the playing field leveled. We want them to bear the weight of their actions, not us.

Forgiveness seems like the ultimate betrayal of yourself. You don't want to give up the fight for justice after what has happened to you. The anger is burning inside you and pumping toxicity throughout your system. You know that, but you can't let it go. The anger is as inseparable a part of you as your heart, mind, or lungs. I know the feeling. I know the second heartbeat that is fury.

But here's the thing about anger: it's an instrumental emotion. We stay angry because we want justice. Because we think it's useful. Because we assume that the angrier we are, the more change we will be capable of incurring. Anger doesn't realize that the past is over and the damage has been done. It tells you that vengeance will fix things. It's on the pursuit of justice.

Except the justice we want isn't always realistic. Staying angry is like continually picking the scab off a cut because you think that if you keep the wound open, you won't get a scar. It's thinking that someday, the person who wronged you can come give you stitches with such incredible precision that you'll never know the cut was once there. The truth about anger is that it's nothing more than the refusal to heal because you're scared to. Because you're afraid of who you'll be once your wounds close up and you have to go on living in your new, unfamiliar skin. You want your old skin back. And so anger tells you to keep that wound bleeding.

When you're seething, forgiveness seems impossible. We want to be capable of it because, intellectually, we know it's the healthiest choice to make. We want the peace forgiveness offers. We want the release. We want the madness in our brains to quiet down, yet we cannot find a way to get there.

Because here's what they all fail to tell you about forgiveness: It's not going to fix anything. It's not an eraser that will wipe away the pain of what's happened to you. It does not undo the pain that you've been living with and grant you immediate peace. Finding peace is a long, uphill battle. Forgiveness is just what you take to stay hydrated along the way.

Forgiveness means giving up hope for a different past. It means knowing that the past is over, the dust has settled, and the destruction left in its wake can never be reconstructed to resemble what it was. It's accepting that there's no magic solution to fix the damage. It's the realization that as unfair as the hurricane was, you still have to live in its city of ruins.

And no amount of anger is going to reconstruct that city. You have to do it yourself.

Forgiveness means accepting responsibility—not for causing the destruction, but for cleaning it up. It's the decision that restoring your own peace is finally a bigger priority than disrupting someone else's.

Forgiveness doesn't mean you must make amends with those who hurt you. It doesn't mean befriending them, sympathizing with them, or validating what they have done to you. It just means accepting that they've left a mark on you. And that, for better or for worse, that mark is now your burden to bear. It means you're done waiting for the person who broke you to come put you back together. It's the decision to heal your wounds, regardless of which marks they will leave on your skin. It's the decision to move forward with scars.

Forgiveness isn't about letting injustice reign. It's about creating your own justice, your own karma, and your own destiny. It's about getting back onto your feet and deciding that the rest of your life isn't going to be miserable because of what happened to you. It means walking bravely into the future with every scar and callous you've incurred along the way. Forgiveness means saying that you're not going to let what happened to you define you any longer.

Forgiveness doesn't mean that you are giving up all of your power. Forgiveness means you're finally ready to take it back.



THIS IS ME  
LETTING YOU GO



HEIDI PRIEBE

## 15

READ THIS IF YOU FEEL  
LIKE IT'S TAKING YOU TOO  
LONG TO MOVE ON

Everybody seems to have a different rule about how long it should take you to get over something. If it's a relationship, they tell you half the length of it. If it's a loss, they tell you approximately a year—long enough to go through each special occasion when you're used to having them by your side. We use language like 'moving on' and 'letting go' as though they're actions as simple as shutting a door and physically walking away. We uncurl our fingers and drop whatever we are holding—that's letting go, right? That's all it takes?

I don't think I've experienced a single loss in my life that I've gotten over in the time frame that seems to have been allotted by society as 'acceptable.' And I suspect that I'm not alone there. It is not human nature to let go. We are, at our core, territorial creatures. We fight to hold onto what we love. Giving up isn't in any way instinctual.

If there's anything I wish we could talk more about, it's the in-between stages of letting someone go. Because nobody lets go in an instant. You let go once. And then you let go again. And then again and again and again. You let someone go at the grocery store when their favorite type of soup is on sale, and you don't buy it. You let them go again when you're cleaning your bathroom and have to throw out the bottle of body

wash that smells like them. You let them go that night at the bar when you go home with somebody else, or you let them go every year on the anniversary of the day you lost them. Sometimes, you'll have to let one person go a thousand different times, a thousand different ways, and there's nothing pathetic or abnormal about that. You are human. And it isn't always as simple as making one decision and never looking back.

Moving on isn't always about speeding enthusiastically forward so much as it's about having one foot on the gas and the other on the brakes—releasing and accelerating in turn. You're not a failure for getting to someplace amazing and still feeling like a part of yourself is missing once you get there. You're not pathetic for mourning while you grow. The bad things don't disappear in the blink of an eye, and the good things don't spring up into existence without reigning at least a tiny bit of collateral damage. It takes time for everything to even out. And it should.

The truth is, none of us want to think of ourselves as works in progress. We want everything to happen instantaneously: Falling in love, falling out of it, letting go of what we know we ought to leave in the past, and moving on to whatever comes next. We hate the in-between spaces—the times when we're okay but not quite there yet. The periods where we suspect that growth is happening but have nothing to show for it. The days when everything feels like it's falling into place, and yet we still go home and cry into our pillow because there's nobody to share our good fortune with. If success is a staircase, we are eternally taking two steps forward and one step back, and that's okay. That's how we keep ourselves in check. It's how we keep ourselves from blowing the whole shebang.

We have to be patient with ourselves as we move through the parts in between where we've been and where we're going. We have to let the chasm motivate rather than dishearten us. It's okay to not be there yet. It's okay to be unsure of every step that you take forward. We don't talk about how moving on sometimes feels like we're fighting every part of our most basic instincts, but we should. We should talk about how growth is often every bit as painful as it is beautiful.

Because growth and letting go are so complexly intertwined that we often only see one or the other. We forget that they can exist side by side—releasing the old while letting in the new. We forget that we have the ability to do the exact same thing. And that if we'd only stop beating ourselves up over it, we might realize just how far we've already come.

## 15

READ THIS IF YOU FEEL  
LIKE IT'S TAKING YOU TOO  
LONG TO MOVE ON

Everybody seems to have a different rule about how long it should take you to get over something. If it's a relationship, they tell you half the length of it. If it's a loss, they tell you approximately a year—long enough to go through each special occasion when you're used to having them by your side. We use language like 'moving on' and 'letting go' as though they're actions as simple as shutting a door and physically walking away. We uncurl our fingers and drop whatever we are holding—that's letting go, right? That's all it takes?

I don't think I've experienced a single loss in my life that I've gotten over in the time frame that seems to have been allotted by society as 'acceptable.' And I suspect that I'm not alone there. It is not human nature to let go. We are, at our core, territorial creatures. We fight to hold onto what we love. Giving up isn't in any way instinctual.

If there's anything I wish we could talk more about, it's the in-between stages of letting someone go. Because nobody lets go in an instant. You let go once. And then you let go again. And then again and again and again. You let someone go at the grocery store when their favorite type of soup is on sale, and you don't buy it. You let them go again when you're cleaning your bathroom and have to throw out the bottle of body

# This Is Me Letting You Go

by Heidi Priebe

Buy The Book

[shopc.at/letgo](https://shopc.at/letgo)

THOUGHT  
CATALOG  
Books

—shop  
catalog

[instagram.com/thoughtcatalog](https://www.instagram.com/thoughtcatalog)

[tiktok.com/@thoughtcatalog](https://www.tiktok.com/@thoughtcatalog)

[instagram.com/shopcatalog](https://www.instagram.com/shopcatalog)

[tiktok.com/@shopcatalog](https://www.tiktok.com/@shopcatalog)



Heidi Priebe is the author of *The First New Universe*,  
*The Comprehensive ENFP Survival Guide*, and  
*The Comprehensive INFP Survival Guide*.

[instagram.com/heidipriebe](https://www.instagram.com/heidipriebe)  
[youtube.com/@heidipriebe1](https://www.youtube.com/@heidipriebe1)



Thought Catalog Books is a publishing imprint of Thought Catalog, a digital magazine for thoughtful storytelling, and is owned and operated by The Thought & Expression Co. Inc., an independent media group based in the United States of America. Founded in 2010, we are committed to helping people become better communicators and listeners to engender a more exciting, attentive, and imaginative world. The Thought Catalog Books imprint connects Thought Catalog's digital-native roots with our love of traditional book publishing. The books we publish are designed as beloved art pieces. We publish work we love. Pioneering an author-first and holistic approach to book publishing, Thought Catalog Books has created numerous best-selling print books, audiobooks, and eBooks that are being translated in over 30 languages.

[ThoughtCatalog.com](https://ThoughtCatalog.com) | **Thoughtful Storytelling**

[ShopCatalog.com](https://ShopCatalog.com) | **Shop Books + Curated Products**

# THOUGHT CATALOG Books

Thought Catalog Books is a new kind of book publisher. Founded in 2012, Thought Catalog Books is the print and physical media division within the Thought Catalog Network.

Books connect our company's digital-native roots with our love of traditional book publishing. Our books are designed as beloved art pieces. We publish work we love.

Pioneering an author-first and holistic approach to book publishing, we have created numerous best-selling print books, audiobooks, and eBooks in over 30 languages.

---

## Shop Catalog

Thought Catalog Books releases are sold internationally through [shopcatalog.com](http://shopcatalog.com)—our official online marketplace specializing in thoughtful books, apparel, home goods, and accessories carefully crafted to inspire your mind and surroundings.