

The Real (or what I think of as my best or highest self) Version of Me is, in the words of a mantra I once learned, alive, alert, awake, aware, and enthusiastic about life. In addition, she is:

- Friendly
- Kind
- Curious
- Kind of quirky
- Unafraid
- Creative
- A leader
- Opinionated, but in a nice way
- Loving and Affectionate
- Generous and Thoughtful
- Authentic
- Willing to take risks, fail, or be disliked
- Compassionate
- Serious about issues, but not about herself
- Gregarious
- Smart
- Kind of funny, or really, sort of silly
- Artistic
- Open-minded
- Open-hearted
- Optimistic and hopeful
- Faith-filled
- Forgiving
- Accepting
- Loveable (but not to everyone's taste, and that's okay)
- Flexible
- Emotionally healthy
- Organized and efficient

The not-real me, the version of me that was created by a lifetime of trauma and put downs, is afraid, afraid, afraid, sad, isolated, shut down, confused, complaining, judgmental, constricted, inauthentic, brittle, inflexible, tired, quiet, pessimistic, closed minded, closed hearted, unlovable (or afraid that she is), beaten down, angry and resentful, perfectionistic, self-doubting, and controlling. She lives in the past and in negative projections of the future. I don't like her very much, but I try to have compassion for her.