

Self Esteem

by Virginia Satir

I am me.

In all the world, there is no one else like me.

There are persons who have some parts like me, but no one adds up exactly like me.

Therefore, everything that comes out of me is authentically mine because I alone chose it.

I own everything about me.

My body, including everything it does.

My mind, including all its thoughts and ideas.

My eyes, including the images of all they behold.

My feelings, whatever they may be anger, joy, frustration, love, disappointment, excitement.

My mouth and all the words that come out of it polite, sweet or rough, correct or incorrect.

My voice loud or soft.

And all my actions, whether they be to others or to myself.

I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, my fears.

I own all my triumphs and successes, all my failures and mistakes.

Because I own all of me I can become intimately acquainted with me.

By so doing I can love me and be friendly with me in all my parts.

I can then make it possible for all of me to work in my best interests.

I know there are aspects about myself that puzzle me, and other aspects that I do not know.

But as long as I am friendly and loving to myself I can courageously and hopefully,

look for the solutions to the puzzles and for ways to find out more about me.

However I look and sound, whatever I say and do, and whatever I think and feel at a given moment
in time is me.

This is authentic and represents where I am in that moment in time.

When I review later how I looked and sounded, what I said and did, and how I thought and felt some
parts may turn out to be unfitting.

I can discard that which is unfitting, and keep that which proved fitting.

And invent something new for that which I discarded.

I can see, hear, feel, think, say and do.

I have the tools to survive, to be close to others, to be productive, and to make sense and order out of
the world of people and things outside of me.

I own me.

And therefore I can engineer me.

I am me.

And I am okay.