

# Walk-Inward Reflection Guide

## **Before You Begin:**

This is not something to complete.

There is no right pace.

No right distance.

No outcome to achieve.

This is an invitation to walk.

Not to get anywhere,

but to notice what is already here.

Choose a route that feels safe and familiar.

Walk without headphones if you can.

Let the world sound like itself.

When you're ready, begin walking.

We call ourselves Human Beings.

But how often do we truly practice Being Human?

Do we remember what it means?

In its truest sense?

In its purest form?

Being.

Being is existence itself.

That which is existing.

*Look around you.*

“To exist, to happen, to come about.” rooted from Old English: *bēon* / *beon*

“To be, to exist, to grow, to become.” from Proto-Germanic: *beunan* / *biju*

“To grow, to become, to come into existence.” - from Proto-Indo-European (PIE): *bheu*

Being.

Not static.

Not fixed.

Not passive.

But moving.

Emerging.

Unfolding.

Growing.

Evolving.

Not mechanical.

Organical.

Being.

Not a noun.

Not a name.

But a verbing.

An Action.

A living process of unfolding  
and growing into form.

Never finished.

Always happening.

Human.

From Latin hūmānus, meaning earthly.

And humus meaning soil, ground, earth.

So literally,

Human = earth-being

Grounded.

Embodied.

Of the soil.

To be human

is to belong to the ground.

Like a tree...

It begins in darkness.

A small, tiny seed, buried beneath the soil.

Yet within, it holds the entire blueprint of a giant.

When the conditions are right;

Warmth, moisture, sunlight.

The seed awakens.

Its first act;  
to send a fragile root down into the dark earth  
before daring to reach up to the light.

Before growth, comes grounding.  
Before reaching for the sky,  
it learns to anchor deep.

*I wonder...*

*What feels like your ground right now?*

*Where are you rooted?*

*Where have you been uprooted?*

You don't need to answer.  
You don't need words at all.  
Just let these questions pass through you.  
Notice what lingers.

*Is there anything you once knew about yourself  
that you may have forgotten?*

From the soil, a tender shoot emerges.

Thin.

Green.

Full of hope.

It bends with the wind

but does not break.

It learns resilience,

adapting to storms, heat, shade.

Animals might nibble its leaves.

Children might tread its roots.

Yet still, it grows.

Inch by inch.

Year by year.

Quietly building strength unseen.

*Where in your life are you still small?*

*What part of you bends instead of breaks?*

*What are you protecting until the time is right?*

As the tree grows taller, something shifts.

No longer fragile,  
but not yet fully formed.

Its trunk thickens  
unevenly.

Its branches reach out,  
awkwardly.

Some branches grow strong.  
Others fall away.

Growth here is messy.  
Uncertain.  
Imperfect.

Yet necessary.

*What feels unfinished or awkward in your life right now?*

*Are you still growing into your shape?*

*Is a part of you strengthening even if it doesn't look or feel like that yet?*

Now, the tree stands tall.

A pillar of stability.

Its roots spread far and wide beneath the ground,  
mirroring its vast canopy above.

What is held beneath the surface  
is just as expansive  
as what the world can see.

It offers shade, fruit, oxygen, and home.

Birds nest in its branches.

Squirrels store food in its hollows.

It breathes in carbon dioxide,  
and breathes out life.

It becomes a living ecosystem.

Not existing for itself alone,  
but through connection,  
contribution,  
giving.

*Where do you give naturally, without any effort or performance?*

*Do you confuse usefulness with worth?*

*Who finds shelter in your presence, even if you're not aware of it?*

Each ring inside its trunk tells a story.

A vault of memories made,

droughts endured,

storms survived,

seasons passed.

*As your feet keep moving:*

*Which seasons have shaped you most deeply?*

*What did you survive that you rarely honour?*

*What story do you keep telling? Is it still true?*

As time passes, the tree slows.

Its bark thickens.

Its leaves fall more freely.

It no longer grows taller,

but wiser.

It begins to return its energy to the earth.

Its fallen leaves enriching the soil.

Its branches breaking down into nourishment for new life.

And when it finally falls,

its decay becomes the foundation

for thousands of new seeds.

Nothing in nature truly ends.

The tree becomes soil.

The soil feeds another seed.

And the cycle of life continues.

The spirit of the tree lives on.

It lives on in the forest it nurtured,

in the air it purified,

in the creatures it sheltered.

Its legacy

not in what it kept,

but in what it gave.

*Walk with this gently:*

*What are you being asked to lay down, not because you failed, but because it's complete?*

*What parts of you are ready to become nourishment rather than achievement?*

*If your life were a forest, what new growth might be fed by what you're releasing?*

Being.

Being is not fixed.

It's forever growing.

Forever changing.

Forever unfolding throughout your life.

Being.

Becoming thyself.

**Thank you for walking.**

If this stirred something, I recommend letting it settle for a few days.

Then, when it feels right, walk with this guide again, perhaps next week.

The same questions.

The same path, if you like.

Notice what feels familiar, and what quietly emerges as new.

Until next time,

Enjoy being exactly where You are and exactly who You are.

Gemma

P.S.

If this walk resonated with you, you're very welcome to share your experience.

You can email me at [gemma@gemmaheath.com](mailto:gemma@gemmaheath.com). I genuinely love hearing what emerges for people as they begin to realign and reconnect in their own way.

And if you feel called to walk inward a little further, you can find optional reflections and live

Walk-In-Together walks here: [gemmaheath.com/walk-inward](https://gemmaheath.com/walk-inward)