

February
2026 - The
Tender Rose

A Monthly Workbook
from Serenity in Motion

My Love,

February arrives as a whisper — the air still cold, yet carrying a promise of warmth. This is the month of tenderness, when the heart relearns how to open after contraction.

Healing never asks you to be perfect; it only asks you to stay gentle.

The rose teaches us that softness is not weakness. Even after the frost, she leans again toward the light.

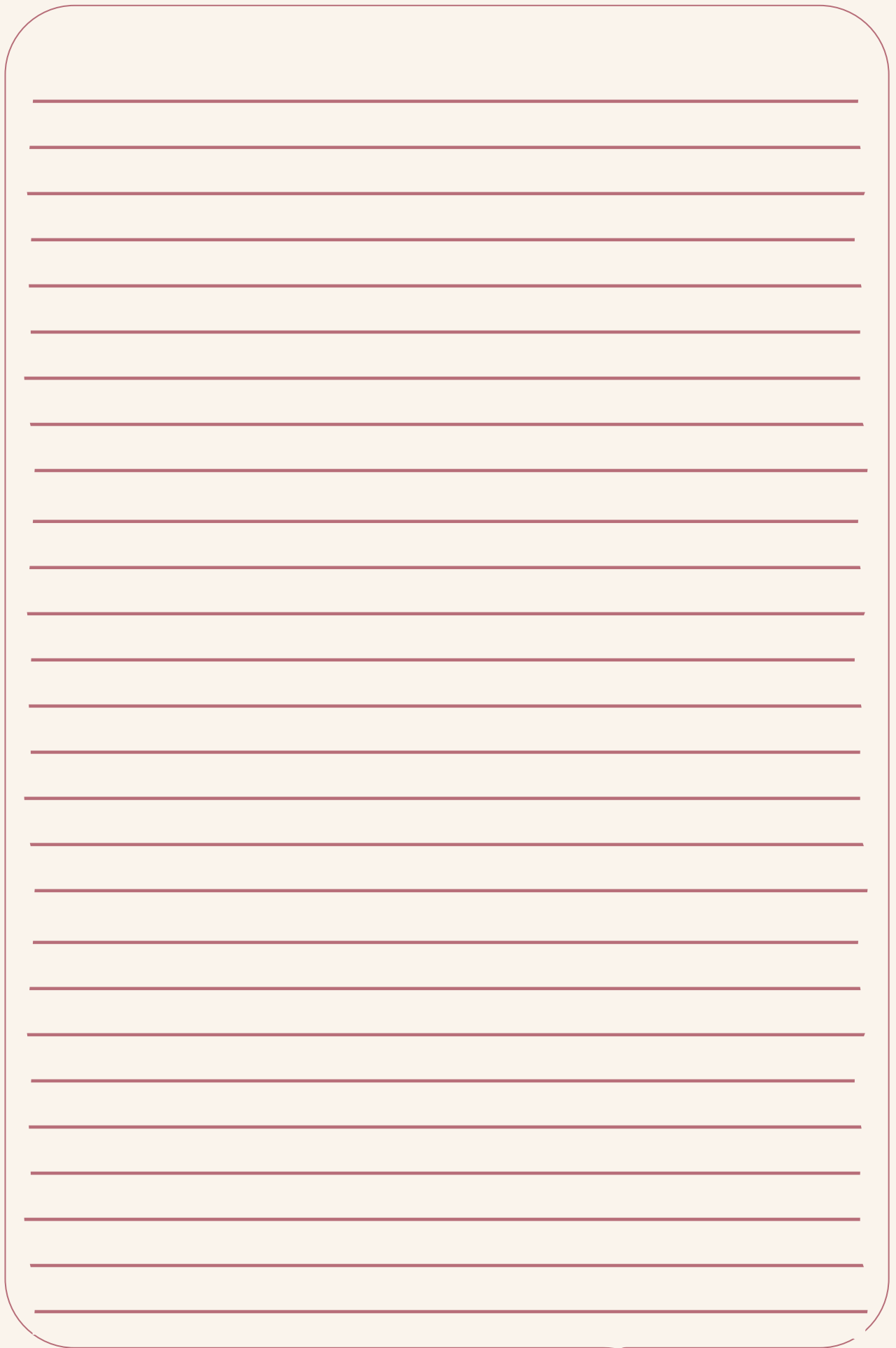
With love,

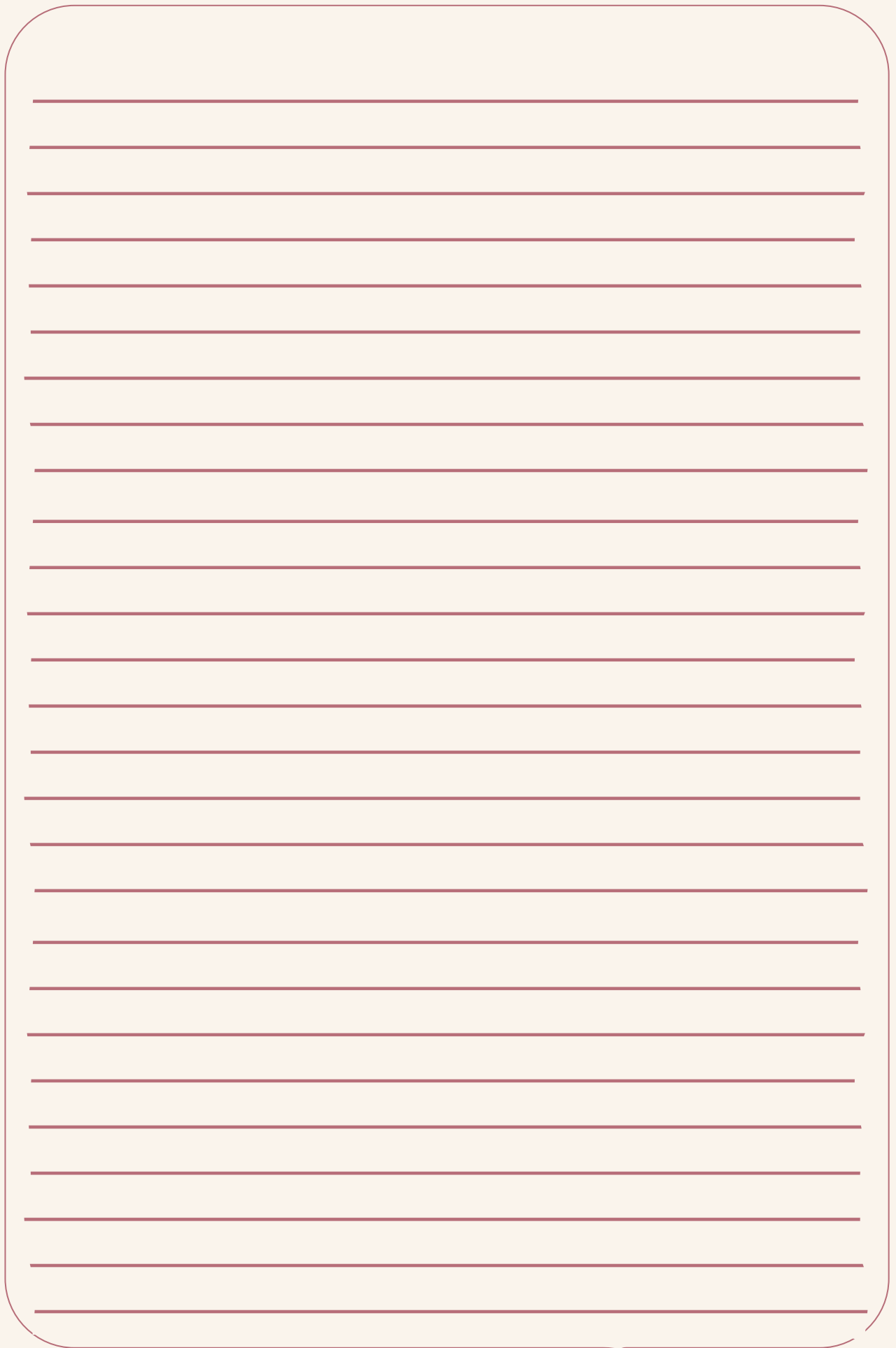
Lily

*“The rose is not fragile
because it is tender: it is
powerful because it dares to
remain open”*

Journal Prompts

1. Where in my body do I still hold the echoes of past pain or tension?
2. What helps me feel emotionally safe?
3. How can I bring gentleness to something I've been judging harshly in myself?
4. What would it mean to let love — for myself or others — return slowly?





Affirmations

- I am allowed to heal in my own time.
- My softness is my strength.
- I offer compassion to the parts of me still mending.
- I honour my sensitivity as sacred.

Ritual Practice — The Tender Heart Massage

Warm a little rose or sweet almond oil between your palms.

Place one hand over your heart, one over your belly.

Move in slow, circular motions — upward for nurture, outward for release.

Whisper softly: *I am safe to soften.*

Let your breath lead the rhythm. With each exhale, imagine the old hardness melting away.

Sensory Moment

Pour yourself a bath with a handful of pink Himalayan salt and a few drops of rose or geranium oil.

Let the water hold you as you would hold someone you love.

When you emerge, wrap yourself in a towel like a petal, warm and complete.

Guided Meditation — “The Beauty of the Broken Stem”

Lie back and close your eyes.

Imagine a rose stem cracked but still alive — new buds forming along the break.

You are not the wound; you are the life still blooming through it.

Closing Reflection

There is nothing to fix — only to tend.

Healing happens in the spaces where you stop fighting your own softness.

This month, let tenderness be your quiet revolution.

