

September 2026 - The Fading Rose

A Monthly Workbook
from Serenity in Motion

My Love,

The rose teaches us that beauty does not end
— it evolves.

As petals fall, she does not mourn her bloom;
she surrenders to the soil that will cradle her
next beginning.

This month, you are invited to honour
endings — not as failures, but as sacred
passages.

Let yourself soften into stillness, into release,
into the exquisite melancholy that precedes
renewal.

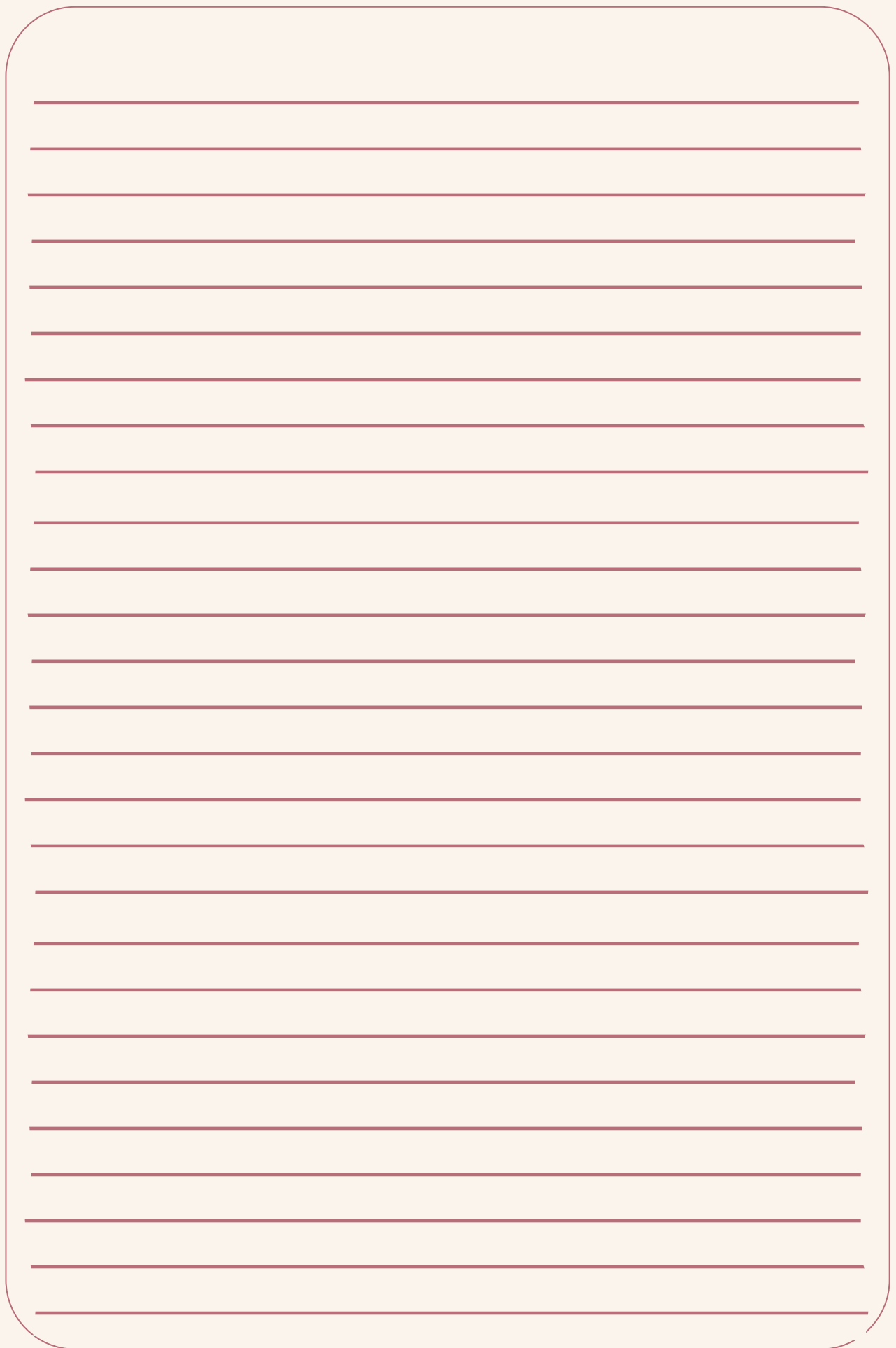
With love,

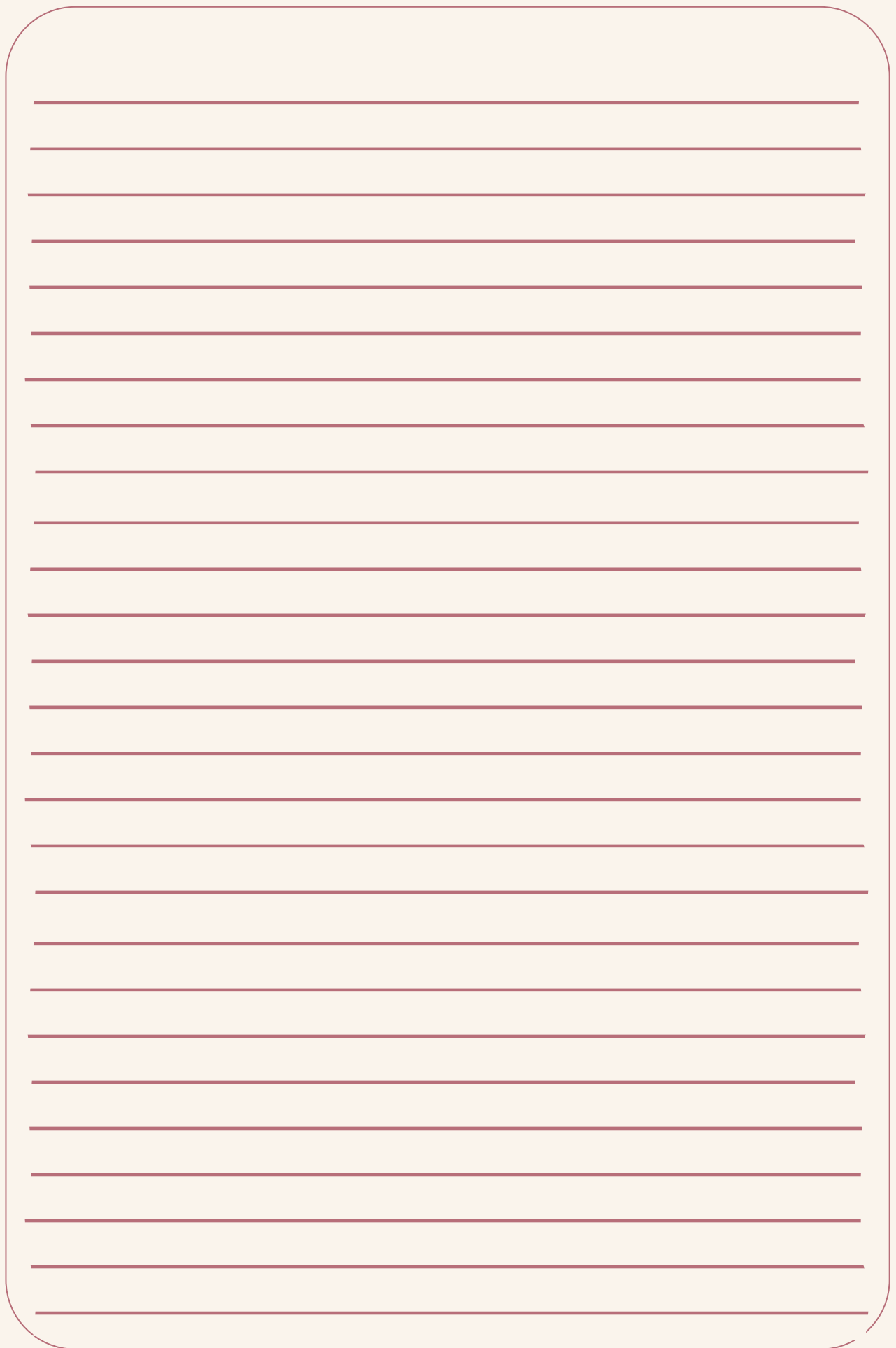
Lily

*“Even her silence was a
form of grace.”*

Journal Prompts

1. What am I being invited to release — gently, without punishment?
2. Where have I been holding on out of fear rather than love?
3. What endings have shaped me into someone softer, wiser, more whole?
4. How can I create space for rest when the world speeds up?





Affirmations

- I release with reverence.
- Rest is my way of honouring the cycle.
- I trust endings to make space for new softness.
- My worth does not fade; it deepens.

Ritual Practice — The Beauty of Fade

Sit by a window with a candle lit.

Hold a dried rose (or any flower) in your hand.

Reflect on what it once was — fresh, fragrant, alive — and what it still is — delicate, dignified, beautiful.

Whisper: *I am allowed to change shape and still be worthy of love.*

When you're ready, lay the flower on your altar, your bedside, or outside under a tree. Let nature hold it.

Sensory Moment — The Quiet Petal

Brew a cup of warm chamomile or rose tea.

Wrap yourself in a soft blanket and sit in silence for five minutes.

Let your breath slow. Feel yourself arriving in the now.

Whisper: *I do not need to keep blooming. Rest is still beauty.*

Movement Ritual — Seasonal Slowness

Lie on the floor or your bed.

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

Begin gentle rocking, side to side — like a petal carried by wind.

Let each exhale feel like surrender.

This is your nervous system remembering that letting go is safe.

Closing Reflection

The rose fades not to vanish, but to return.

In every petal that falls, there is the promise of another spring.

This month, let yourself soften without apology.

You are the Fading Rose — elegant in release, radiant in repose.

