



Unlocked: THE NIGHT I MET MYSELF

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There are nights when life changes slowly,
and there are nights when it changes all at once.

This was one of the “all at once” nights.

From the beginning – from July 6th in Avalon, if we’re being precise –

I knew what I had stumbled into was big.

Bigger than me.

Bigger than my life.

Bigger than whatever “normal” was supposed to look like.

I felt like I had discovered a portal.

A door that shouldn’t exist...

but somehow did.

The confusing part wasn’t the discovery.

It was walking it backwards –

trying to figure out how on earth I was supposed to bring something this big

back into a world as small as “real life.”

Because in the abstract, it felt enormous:
the patterns, the synchronicities, the revelations.
But in the day-to-day?
It was just me –
sitting at my desk, running numbers, building websites,
eating leftovers, sorting laundry,
and praying that I could drag this entire mad idea across the
finish line
without collapsing in the process.

Some days I thought I was building an empire.
Some days I thought I was losing my mind.
Most days, honestly, it was both.

But the synchronicities...
God, the synchronicities.

Little signs everywhere.
Perfect alignments.
Moments that felt like they were winking at me.

And I kept thinking:

“How lucky am I?
How is everything lining up so perfectly?
How is every part of my life setting itself like dominoes just
waiting to fall?”

I thought the magic was happening around me.

And then – on November 16 – I walked into my cottage
and felt the entire universe laugh at me.

Not cruelly.

Not mockingly.

But knowingly.

Softly.

Almost lovingly.

Every object in my cottage seemed to be smirking.

The tree.

The candles.

The little notes.

The carefully chosen pieces.

The perfect touches I had placed for me without realizing I had placed them for me.

My cottage was telling me a secret I had somehow missed:

It was you.

It was always you.

It has only ever been you.

All the beauty I thought I had “fallen into”...

I had built.

All the synchronicity I thought was “sent to me”...
I had created.

All the alignment I thought was “luck”...
was actually my own choices, my own patterns, my own inner
world
reflected back to me in 3D.

Every turn, every detail, every so-called miracle –
it was me.

Me, running around my life setting things up.
Me, following my instincts.
Me, building beauty I didn’t give myself credit for.
Me, thinking I was discovering magic
when the magic was actually myself.

It hit me so hard that for a moment,
it felt like a balloon finally letting go –
just releasing, floating, flipping, spinning downward
toward the place it always belonged:

here.

In my body.

In my home.

In my actual life.

And the strangest part?

Nothing looked different.

The room didn't change.

The tree was the same.

The cottage was the same.

I was still standing where I had always been standing.

But I was different.

It was the moment the protagonist finally catches up
to the story the universe has been trying to tell her.

The night I met myself.

Because here is the lesson of the loop – the one I didn't
understand until now:

**You are always you.

The whole journey is just realizing it.

Over and over.

Until one day, you wake up inside the person you've been becoming all along.**

November 16 wasn't the night everything changed.

It was the night I realized everything had already changed.

I didn't discover a portal.

I discovered myself.

And honestly?

That was the magic the whole time.

— Haven

When in doubt, always say yes to love 