

The Reclamation Letter Kit

5 letters to the child who didn't get to be one

What a Letter Is For

A reclamation letter is not a demand for forgiveness. It's not a solve-the-childhood exercise. It's a witness statement: the child you were gets to be seen by the adult you are now. And seeing is the beginning of everything else.

You don't have to be poetic. You don't have to be healed. You just have to show up on the page and say the thing you wish someone had said to you back then.

12 Opening Lines (When You're Stuck)

- **"Dear little me – I see you."**
- **"I'm sorry it took me this long to write this."**
- **"You didn't do anything wrong. You were just small."**
- **"I know what you had to do to survive. I'm proud of you for it."**
- **"The way you were treated was not a reflection of your worth."**
- **"I'm here now. I'm not going anywhere."**
- **"You were never too much. You were met with too little."**
- **"I remember the thing you think nobody saw. I see it now."**
- **"You get to be angry. You get to be sad. You get to be both."**
- **"You were a good kid. You deserved good adults."**
- **"I'm writing to you because you deserved a witness."**
- **"We're going to do some of the things you never got to do. Together."**

The 5 Letter Templates

Five letters, five addresses. Fill in the blanks, or read them as-is and let the words do the work.

Letter 1: To the Child I Was

Open with: "Dear little me – I see you."

Witness: "I'm sorry you had to be so quiet. You didn't do anything wrong. You were just small, and the world was loud."

Promise: "I'm taking it from here. You can put the weight down now."

Letter 2: To the Adult Who Didn't See It

Open with: "I'm not writing to punish you."

Witness: "I'm writing to say that a child needed you, and you weren't able to show up the way they needed."

Promise: "I'm not waiting for you to make it right. I'm taking the job of protecting that child myself."

Letter 3: To the Stuffie That Got Me Through

Open with: "You were the quietest witness of all."

Witness: "You never judged, never demanded, never told me to grow up. You just stayed. Thank you for staying."

Promise: "You're still allowed to be here. We both are."

Letter 4: To the Kid I Protect Now

Open with: "You didn't get a childhood. You get something else now."

Witness: "You get small joys without a 'should' attached. You get the cereal you wanted. The cartoon. The nap."

Promise: "I've got you now. The way you deserved from the start."

Letter 5: To Myself in Ten Years

Open with: "If you're reading this, we made it."

Witness: "We were the child who had to earn love. Look at what we've become – someone who knows joy isn't earned."

Promise: "Keep taking the small things back. They're yours."

You don't have to send any of these. Writing them is the sending.

The Reclamation Inventory: 10 Small Joys You're Allowed to Take Back

- The cereal you wanted as a kid but never got to choose
- The animated movie, watched unironically, on the couch
- The coloring book and the 64-pack of crayons – use all of the colors
- The swing set, the slide, the park, without a 'you're too old' voice
- The stuffie that gets a spot on the bed, not the closet
- The birthday celebration that's just for you – candles included
- The playground behavior: run, spin, skip, giggle – your body is allowed
- The nap with a blanket fort, no alarm, no apology
- The sticker on the water bottle, the laptop, the hand – joy is a decoration
- The 'just because' – one small thing you do because it makes you happy, not because it serves anything

3 Reflection Prompts

- **Which letter felt hardest to write? What does that tell you about what still needs witnessing?**
- **What is the one thing you'd reclaim from your childhood first, if there were no judgment?**
- **What would the child you were need to hear, today, from the adult you became?**

The Child Is Still There

The child you were didn't disappear. They got quiet, they learned to perform, they waited. And now that you're writing to them – they get to be heard for the first time. That's not regression. That's reclamation. From The Unadulging Society · sfwagere.com