



# Returning to Trust and Safety

A hypnosis script for coming home to your body

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## WHO THIS IS FOR

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Anyone who notices they've been treating their body like something to supervise rather than something to live in — tracking sensations, checking in anxiously, staying on alert. Not a replacement for medical care or therapy. A skill practice in returning attention to trust.

### How This Script Is Built

This script is built to move toward trust and rest, using a safe, observing stance as the way there — rather than asking your body to override its watchfulness directly, it first makes the watching itself safe to notice, then lets ease arrive on its own.

Two elements carry most of the weight: **permissive language**<sup>1</sup> throughout, almost entirely invitation rather than instruction, and a **safe-observer perspective**<sup>2</sup>, the same protective distance used in trauma-informed work, so nothing is asked to change before it feels safe to.

### Before You Begin

*Stop the world for your client. Before you read this to anyone else, go into hypnosis yourself first. You, the hypnotist, arrive in the state before you ask anyone else to.*

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1, 2 — part of Erika's 8-Dimensional Hypnosis framework. Full guide coming soon at [cascadehypnosiscenter.com](https://cascadehypnosiscenter.com).

## THE SCRIPT

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*Read slowly. Pause at line breaks. Begin wherever your client already is.*

Find a position that feels comfortable. Let your body settle into whatever surface holds you now. There is nothing to do here, nothing to fix, nothing to figure out. Just this. Just now.

Begin by noticing the weight of your body. The places where you make contact with the chair, the floor, the surface beneath you. Your body held. Your body supported. Without any effort on your part, something is already holding you.

And your breath. You don't have to change it. You don't have to breathe in any particular way. Your breath finds its own rhythm, the way it always has, the way it will long after this moment. Simply let it move. Simply let it be.

Your shoulders, softening just a little. Your jaw, releasing whatever it's been holding. Your hands, open or closed, resting as they naturally want to rest. There's no right way for your body to be right now. There's only the way it is.

As your body settles, you might notice something very subtle beginning. A kind of... permission. As if some part of you that has been on watch, on alert, is receiving the first quiet signal that it's safe, just for now, to rest.

Gently, let your attention drift inward. Not to search for anything. Not to monitor or measure. Simply to be present with what is already here.

Imagine a meadow in the early morning. The kind of stillness that exists before the world fully wakes. A gentle breeze moves through the tall grass, unhurried and easy, and the grass accepts it without resistance. Without effort. Without trying to be anything other than what it is.

This is where we are going. Into that kind of ease. And your body already knows this place. Some part of you has been here before, in the spaces between worry, in the quiet before sleep, in the moments you forgot to monitor anything at all.

Let your breath carry you there now. Each exhale releasing a little more. Each inhale bringing just enough nourishment for the next moment. Nothing more is needed.

With each breath you take, you may notice your body growing heavier in the most pleasant way. Your legs settling into stillness. Your arms releasing their readiness. The back of your neck, softening. Your whole body learning, in this moment, that it doesn't have to brace against anything.

Go deeper with me now into this place of gentle ease.

Somewhere in your body, there is a sensation of warmth. It might be subtle, like the first suggestion of sunlight on a cool morning. Or it might be more present, spreading through your chest, through your belly, down through your limbs. You don't have to look for it. It simply surfaces as you pay attention, the way warmth always surfaces when we stop long enough to feel it.

Your body has intelligence. Vast, quiet intelligence. Right now, without any conscious direction from you, your heart is beating. Your cells are communicating. Your breath is moving. A thousand processes are unfolding in perfect order, without you having to oversee any of them. Without you having to check. Without you having to make sure.

Your body already knows how to take care of itself. This is not something you have to learn. This is something you are remembering.

There was a time, and you can sense it somewhere beneath language, when you lived inside your body with trust. When sensations were simply information, not alarms. When breathing was just breathing. When a heartbeat was simply life, moving through you, rhythmically, reliably, without interpretation.

That way of being hasn't gone anywhere. It's been waiting. The way a meadow waits beneath winter's snow, alive beneath the surface, holding the green that will return when the season shifts.

And the season is shifting now.

You may notice, in this quieter state, how monitoring feels in the body. The subtle tightening. The held breath. The narrowing of attention into a watchful point. You don't have to judge that part of you. That part was trying to help. It believed that watching closely would keep you safe. And in its own way, it was doing the best it knew how.

But there is another way of being safe. A deeper kind. The kind that comes not from vigilance but from trust. The kind a leaf has, resting in a gentle breeze, surrendered to the motion without alarm. The leaf does not monitor the wind. It simply moves with it. And it is held.

Somewhere in your body, there's a place that already knows this kind of safety. It might be in your chest. It might be in your belly. It might be in the long muscles along your spine, or in the palms of your hands, or somewhere you wouldn't expect. You don't need to find it deliberately. Simply allow your awareness to settle, the way a stone settles through still water, finding its resting place without searching.

When it settles, notice what's there. A quiet, possibly. A softness. Something that feels almost familiar, the way a remembered song feels familiar before you can name the tune.

Your body knows how to be well. It has been well before. It will be well again. And some part of it is well right now, in this very moment, doing exactly what a body does when it's allowed to simply be.

This is the truth your nervous system is learning to trust again. Not through effort, not through force, but the way clouds release rain. When the conditions are right, it simply happens. Effortlessly. Naturally. The way your body heals a cut without being asked, the way sleep finds you when you stop trying to catch it.

Change, when it comes, may arrive in different ways. Sometimes it moves suddenly, like a shift in wind, and you find yourself on the other side of something

without quite knowing how you crossed. Other times it moves the way seasons move, so gradually you only notice when you look back and realize how far you've traveled. Both are real. Both are complete. Both are yours. Whatever pace emerges is the right pace for you, and your whole system already knows it.

So you might find that even today, something feels different. A loosening. A quiet. A breath that goes a little deeper without you willing it. Or it may be in three days, or a week, that you notice you went an hour without checking in anxiously. And in that hour, you were simply... living. And that will be enough. More than enough.

Right now, in this place of deep rest, let your body receive a simple truth that it already knows: you are safe. Not because nothing will ever be uncomfortable. Your body is wise, and resilient, and it has carried you through every hard thing you've ever faced, and it is still here, still breathing, still holding you.

Your body is not your enemy. It is not a system that needs constant oversight. It is a living, breathing partner that speaks to you in sensations, not catastrophes. Resting here now, that partnership has a chance to reset. To return to something more like trust. More like ease. More like the relationship you were born into, before monitoring became a habit, before vigilance replaced listening.

You are returning to yourself. Not becoming something new. Returning. The way a river returns to its bed after flooding. The way morning returns. The way breath returns after the longest exhale.

In this returning, your whole body is receiving something. Every cell. Every breath. Every quiet beat of your heart.

Imagine it now. In the days ahead, you move through your morning and your body is simply there with you, a companion rather than a concern. Your breath easy. Your shoulders belonging to you, not to the weight of monitoring.

And tonight, when you lay your head down, you might notice your body settling more quickly into rest. The exhale long and complete. Sleep finding you the way it found you as a child, without effort, without negotiation.

Tomorrow, when a sensation arises, you may find yourself pausing differently. Not with alarm, but with something quieter. A gentle curiosity. Your body offering information, and you receiving it calmly, the way you'd receive a message from a trusted friend.

Next time something feels uncertain in your body, you might find there's a breath available to you that wasn't there before. And in that breath, a steadiness. Not because nothing matters, but because you remember, somewhere beneath thought, that you can be with whatever arises.

With each day, your relationship with your body grows more familiar again. More spacious. Your attention moving outward into your life, into the people you love, into the things that call to you, as the constant watching quietly, gradually, naturally releases its grip.

One small shift creating the next. Each moment of trust teaching the next moment how to trust.

Until you find yourself living exactly what you came here for: a felt sense of safety and trust returning to the body, moving from monitoring to trust.

What's already beginning in your body right now is real, and it is yours.

And now, gently, we begin to return.

Becoming aware of the room around you. The sounds in the distance. The weight of your body, present and here.

Your breath, a little fuller now. Your arms and legs, beginning to remember their readiness to move.

I'll count slowly from one to five. With each number, you return a little more, bringing everything you've received with you, settling it into your body as your own.

One. Your awareness gently expanding. The room becoming more present.

Two. A little more aware now, a little more here in the room. Your fingers and toes beginning to move if they want to.

Three. Halfway back. Carrying with you a quiet sense of trust. A sense of your body as a safe place to live.

Four. Almost fully here. Your eyes wanting to open. Your breath easy and full.

Five. Fully aware, fully present, fully yourself. Eyes opening when you're ready. Grounded in this body. Grounded in this moment. Trusting what you know.



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