

Behind the Rose

I never imagined that one day I would stand in front of a mirror and mourn the woman looking back at me.

It didn't happen all at once.

It happened one strand at a time.

One brush.

One shower.

One tear.

At first, I convinced myself it was stress. Maybe it was the changing seasons. Maybe it was something that would pass if I just waited a little longer.

But it didn't stop.

Every morning, I found another reminder waiting for me on my pillow. Every shower became something I dreaded. Every glance into the mirror felt like another piece of me was disappearing.

People often think alopecia is only about losing your hair.

It isn't.

It's about losing something that has been part of your identity for most of your life. It's about wondering if people will still recognize you... or worse, if they'll only notice what you've lost.

I know those thoughts because I lived them.

Long before my hair began to fall, my heart had already been carrying unimaginable grief. Losing my husband changed everything. The pain was heavy, and some days it felt impossible to breathe beneath its weight. Grief has a way of touching every part of your life—your heart, your mind, your body, and sometimes even your reflection.

As my hair continued to fall away, I wondered if I was losing myself too.

There were days I didn't feel beautiful.

There were days I didn't feel strong.

There were days I didn't know who I was anymore.

But even in my darkest moments, something remarkable was happening beneath the surface.

God was growing roots.

Roots of faith.

Roots of resilience.

Roots that could never be taken away.

I began to understand that my beauty had never lived in my hair. My identity had never rested on my appearance. My worth had never depended on what the mirror reflected.

The woman God created was still there.

She had simply been buried beneath pain, fear, and grief.

That realization changed everything.

Rose Alopecia wasn't created because I had all the answers. It was created because I refused to let another woman believe she had lost her value when she lost her hair.

I wanted to create a place where women could breathe again.

A place where tears were welcomed.

A place where healing was celebrated.

A place where every woman could remember that she is still worthy of love, confidence, joy, and purpose.

Because every rose has seasons.

There are seasons when it blooms in breathtaking beauty.

There are seasons when the petals fall.

There are seasons when it appears broken.

But beneath the soil, something extraordinary is taking place.

Its roots are growing deeper.

Its strength is increasing.

Its next season is already being prepared.

Maybe that's why you've picked up this book. Maybe you're standing in front of your own mirror, wondering if you'll ever feel like yourself again.

If that's where you are, I want you to hear these words with your whole heart:

You are not broken.

You are not forgotten.

You are not defined by alopecia.

You are still becoming.

And just like the rose, you will bloom again.

Welcome to Rose Alopecia.

Welcome to your rebirth.