

A Different Kind of More: The Beauty of Living with Less Stuff



Image via Tiny Buddha

By Courtney Carver | [Tiny Buddha](#)

She was all that mattered. I was deeper in debt, legal fees, and uncertainty than ever before, but I held on tight to my vow to give her more.

I would give her everything. I'd work harder, make more, buy her more, take her to see more, do more, and prove to her that everything would be okay. I had no idea that this new goal would be just as damaging, and just as hard on my heart.

My desire to give my daughter more wasn't wrong, just misguided. While I could never have articulated it then, I did

want more for both of us, but not more stuff and money.

What I wanted was more love, connection, laughter, and adventure, but that was too hard to measure. Instead, I made more money, worked more, spent more, and accumulated more. Living with less opened the door to a different kind of more: more space, more time, more light, more freedom, and yes . . . more love. It has always been about love.

My mom showered me with love on our trips to Boston, and I went into debt loving my three-year-old with Christmas presents she could never appreciate. All of the more . . . it wasn't just for Bailey. It was for me too because I didn't just think more + more = more, I thought more + more = love.

By letting go, I was able to see that love could stand alone. It didn't have to come attached to presents, shopping trips, or big work bonuses or acknowledgments. I didn't have to earn or prove love. When I got rid of the stuff, the debt, the busyness, and the distractions that were swallowing me, I was surrounded by love. It was everywhere.

I had enough.

I am enough.

I don't need more approval.

I don't need more money and stuff.

I don't need more anymore.

When I discovered that I was enough without anything else, I saw that I was love. I am love. You are too. We've been the love we seek all along. It's just been hiding beneath all of the layers of clutter, busyness, and show we use to protect ourselves from the pain.

Diamonds Are Not This Girl's Best Friend

Diamonds are not my best friend but they used to be. It wasn't just jewelry but all the things I bought to lift me up, prove my worth, and demonstrate my love. As I became more and more

me and started experiencing the world from this new stuff-less place, I realized that diamonds are not this girl's best friend.

My best friend is a magical rooftop sunrise. My best friend is the ocean. My best friend is a hike in the mountains. My best friend is a peaceful afternoon. My best friend is a really good book. My best friend is laughter. My best friend is seeing the world. My best friend is time with people I love. Diamonds have nothing on my best friends.

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