

21-Day Devotional

She is Free

MARIA COLEMAN



Introduction:	She is Free.....	5
Day 1:	She is Chosen	7
Day 2:	She is Free from Fear and Anxiety	11
Day 3:	She Walks by Faith.....	15
Day 4:	She Finds Strength in Surrender	19
Day 5:	She Grows in Grace, Not Perfectionism	23
Day 6:	She Lives with Purpose	27
Day 7:	She Runs with Endurance	31
Day 8:	She is Empowered by Community	35
Day 9:	She Follows Jesus	39
Day 10:	She Endures the Storm	43
Day 11:	She Extends Compassion	47
Day 12:	She Chooses Peace Over Worry	51
Day 13:	She Walks in Forgiveness	55
Day 14:	She Finds God in Weakness.....	59
Day 15:	She Walks in Joy	63
Day 16:	She Breaks Free from Lies and Labels.....	67
Day 17:	She Lives with Unshakable Faith.....	71
Day 18:	She Believes God's Promises	75
Day 19:	She Finds Strength in Contentment.....	79
Day 20:	She Lives with Eternal Perspective	83
Day 21:	She Knows Who She Is.....	87
Conclusion:	What's Next.....	91



She is Free

Let's be honest. Most of us do not need another book sitting on our nightstand collecting dust. What we need is space to breathe, space to hear God again, and space to remember who we are in Christ. That is why I wrote this 21-day devotional. It is not about being "perfectly spiritual" or checking off a box. It is about giving God a chance to speak straight into your life for three intentional weeks and letting Him remind you that you are His daughter, you are loved, and you are free.

I know what it is like to feel weighed down by fear, comparison, perfectionism, or just the never-ending to-do list. Sometimes we get so tangled up in surviving life that we forget what it means to actually live. That is why these 21 days are short on purpose. You can read them in the carpool line, on your lunch break, or before you crash at night. Each day has a scripture, a story to make it real, and a simple challenge to put it into practice. It is not just inspiration. It is application.

Here is my challenge to you: do not just skim it. Write down your reflections, even if it is just a sentence in your notes app. Better yet, grab a friend or two and go through it together. Freedom multiplies when we do it side by side, laughing at the awkward parts and cheering each other on.

Over these next 21 days, I believe God will surprise you. He will speak into places you thought were stuck. He will remind you that your

worth is not negotiable. And He will show you how to walk lighter, freer, and bolder.

You are not here by accident. You picked up this book because something in you knows there is more. And you are right. There is.

So here we go. Twenty-one days. One simple step at a time. Let's trade the lies for God's truth, the labels for His love, and step into the freedom He already paid for.

You were always meant to live free.

Blessings,

Maria Coleman



She is Chosen

"Even before he made the world, God loved us and
chose us in Christ to be holy and without fault in his eyes."

Ephesians 1:4 (NLT)

When my middle son Carter was about a year old, he could barely talk but he carried himself like a man who knew exactly who he was. One day I was playing with him in his room and I decided to ask, "What's your name?"

Without hesitation, he stood a little taller, puffed out his tiny chest, and proudly declared, "Akata!"

Now, if you've ever tried to have a serious conversation with a toddler, you know it's like trying to interpret tongues without the Holy Spirit. I squinted at him, tilted my head, and repeated, "Yata?"

He glared at me. "No. Akata."

So I tried again. "Ohhh, Yada?"

By now, his little fists were clenched, his eyebrows were scrunched together, and he looked at me like, *What is wrong with this woman?* The frustration was bubbling over. Finally, I got it right: "Carter!"

Instantly, the storm broke. His whole face lit up like fireworks on the Fourth of July. He grinned ear to ear, threw his arms in the air, and shouted, "Yeah!"

I couldn't stop laughing, but I also couldn't stop thinking about it. Even though he could barely form words, he already knew who he was. His name was settled in his heart long before he could say it clearly.

Fast forward a year. He's talking in full sentences now, and I decided to test him again. "Carter," I asked, "are you Mexican?" (We're a blended family, so this was not a random question.)

With absolute seriousness, he shook his head and said, "No."

I raised my eyebrows, waiting for him to explain. Then with all the confidence of a little boy who knows his truth, he said, "I'm Carter."

That was it. That was his answer. Out of all the ways he could have described himself, his ethnicity, his age, his role in our family, even his undying love for Paw Patrol, what came out first, what came out strongest, was his name. His identity. The one his parents had given him.

And I thought, that's how it's supposed to be. His first answer wasn't about what he looked like, where he came from, or what he could do. It was about who he was. Carter. Identity first. Everything else came second.

Living Free

God didn't just pick you because He ran out of options. Scripture says He chose you before the foundation of the world and not reluctantly, but with joy. That means your name was already on His heart before you had a chance to impress Him or embarrass yourself.

And I don't know about you, but there are plenty of days when "chosen" is the last thing I feel. Sometimes I feel like "the one who overthinks everything." Or "the one who lies awake at night replaying conversations." Or "the one who doesn't know if she's doing life right." Anxiety can sneak in like that, making me believe I have to earn my place in this world or figure everything out before I can rest.

But here's the truth: none of that changes who you are. You can be battling fear, unsure about your next step, or exhausted from trying to keep it all together, and God still looks at you and says, "Daughter. Chosen. Loved."

Most of us don't live like Carter with his toddler confidence. We don't throw our arms up in victory and shout who we are. Instead, we

shrink back into the labels we’ve been given. We introduce ourselves by what we do: “I’m single.” “I’m in grad school.” “I’m in between jobs.” Or if we’re really honest, the label in our head is, “I’m not enough.”

But here’s the shift: when you root yourself in the fact that you are chosen, anxiety loses its grip. You stop striving to be perfect. You stop obsessing over what people think. You stop comparing yourself to the woman who seems to have her whole life figured out. Instead, you breathe. You rest. You remember that your identity isn’t fragile or up for debate. It is secure.

You are His daughter. Chosen. Wanted. Loved. Even on the days you eat dinner over the sink, scroll too long on your phone, and wonder if you are falling behind.

Challenge (Optional)

Grab a piece of paper and draw a line down the middle. On the left side, write the lies, fears, or labels that have been trying to define you. On the right side, replace them with God’s truth. For example:

Overlooked	Seen and chosen by God (Ephesians 1:4–5)
Too much	Fearfully and wonderfully made (Psalm 139:14)
Always anxious	Peace-filled daughter of God (Philippians 4:6–7)
Failure	More than a conqueror through Christ (Romans 8:37)
Not enough	Complete in Christ (Colossians 2:10)
Shame	No condemnation in Christ (Romans 8:1)
Purposeless	Created for good works God prepared for me (Ephesians 2:10)

You finish, tear the paper in half. Throw away the side filled with lies and keep the side with truth somewhere you'll see it this week. Let it remind you daily that your identity has already been decided by God.

Reflection Questions

1. When someone asks, "Who are you?" what comes out of your mouth first?
2. What labels, lies, or fears have tried to define you that are not from God?
3. How would your daily life look different if you truly lived from the identity of being chosen?

Prayer

Father, I thank You that before the world began, You chose me. You didn't pick me by accident or as a last resort. You wanted me. You delighted in making me Your daughter.

Today I lay down every label, lie, fear, and comparison that has tried to name me. I tear them up and throw them away. I choose to believe what You say about me.

I am chosen. I am loved. I am seen. I am Yours.

Let that truth be louder than every other voice in my head today. Help me to walk with the boldness of a child who knows exactly who she is. In Jesus' name, Amen.



Free from Fear and Anxiety

"Don't worry about anything. Instead, pray about everything.
Tell God what you need, and thank him for all he has done.
Then you will experience God's peace, which exceeds
anything we can understand."

Philippians 4:6-7

When If worrying burned calories, I would have abs of steel by now. Honestly, I could retire every personal trainer in America. I don't just worry, I rehearse entire worst-case scenarios in my mind like I'm directing a Broadway play called *Anxiety: The Musical*.

The truth is, worry and I have had an on-again, off-again relationship for years. There were seasons where it had me wrapped around its finger, and others where I've learned to shut the door on it. I wouldn't say worry defines me anymore, but every once in a while, it tries to sneak back in like an old boyfriend who "just wants to talk."

One morning my husband was leaving the bedroom, and I called out, "Hey, if you happen to go to the kitchen, could you maybe get me a drink?" He stopped in the doorway, gave me this confused look, and

said, “Are you asking me to get you a drink right now?”

Instant panic. “No, no, no, only if you’re already going that way... like if you’re in the neighborhood of the fridge.” He raised one eyebrow and said, “Maria. I’ll just get you a drink. You can ask me.”

I laughed, but it hit me. If I can’t even ask my husband straight up for water, how many times do I do the same thing with God? Instead of boldly asking, I tiptoe around like He’s going to be annoyed at me for needing too much.

That’s what anxiety does. Even when you think you’ve conquered it, it shows up in sneaky little ways, convincing you that your needs are too big or too much. But God never rolls His eyes at us. He invites us to ask, to trust, to hand it all over.

And women, we’re talented at this worrying thing. We can take one thought and spiral it into the apocalypse. “She didn’t text me back” becomes “She hates me” becomes “I will die friendless and forgotten” in about five minutes.

Living Free

Worry loves to act like the boss of your brain, but God has already fired it. Philippians 4 tells us that when we start to spiral, the answer is simple: swap worry for prayer. Anxiety doesn’t get to be the ruler of your thoughts, it can actually become the reminder that it is time to talk to God.

Here’s how it works. You feel that familiar tightness in your chest, your stomach does a flip, and your mind starts singing the greatest hits of “What If.” That is your cue. Instead of starring in *Anxiety: The Musical, Act Two*, you stop and say, “God, I’m giving this to You.”

And the crazy part? Peace actually shows up. Not the “everything magically fixed itself” kind of peace, but the “God is sitting right here with me in the chaos” kind of peace. The kind that makes no sense but somehow calms your heart anyway.

I imagine God listening to my mental spirals like, “Really? We’re doing this again?” But instead of rolling His eyes, He leans in closer and says, “Hand it over. I’ve got you.”

Living free doesn’t mean you’ll never feel anxiety again. It means

when it knocks, you know Who to hand it to. And every time you do, peace wins.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Trade-In

Every time you catch yourself worrying today, stop and say out loud: “God, I’m trading this worry for Your peace.” Then immediately thank Him for three specific things in your life. Worry and gratitude cannot live in the same moment. Let gratitude be your weapon.

Option 2: The Alarm Trick

Set three alarms on your phone today—morning, midday, and evening. When they go off, pause and pray for one minute. Hand over whatever is stressing you in that moment. Invite God into it, then thank Him for being in control. Watch how intentionally breaking up your day with prayer begins to reset your mind.

Reflection Questions

1. What is the worry that most often steals your peace?
2. How does it usually show up — in your thoughts, your sleep, your conversations, or your body?
3. What would it look like for you to turn that exact worry into prayer this week instead of replaying it in your mind?

Prayer

Father, I thank You that You have not given me a spirit of fear, but of power, love, and a sound mind. Today I hand You the worries that have been weighing me down. I choose to stop carrying them on my own.

When anxiety rises, remind me to turn it into prayer. When fear whispers lies, remind me of Your truth. When I feel out of control, remind me that You hold my life in Your hands.

I trade my worry for Your peace. I trade my fear for Your presence. I trade my anxious thoughts for Your promises.

Thank You that Your peace guards my heart and my mind in Christ Jesus. I walk in that peace today. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Walks by Faith

"Now faith is confidence in what we hope for and
assurance about what we do not see."

Hebrews 11:1

I wish I could say I was born full of faith, but the truth is I was born full of ambition. My whole childhood revolved around grades, GPA, and preparing for college. Both of my uncles were attorneys, my mom was an educator, and getting good grades was basically a family sport. I was that kid who thought extra credit was a love language.

By elementary school, I was already doing "extra work" to pad my... whatever you call it when you're trying to make your college application look impressive. By high school, I was commuting an hour and a half every day to a magnet school designed to crank out future doctors, lawyers, and CEOs. My friends were filling their lives with Friday night football games. I was filling mine with AP classes, honor societies, and essays titled "Why I Am a Perfect Fit for Harvard."

At 15, I was interning at a law office. I thought I was on track to become Elle Woods from *Legally Blonde*, minus the pink outfits. The plan was Ivy League, attorney, six-figure salary, boom. My future was set.

Then God interrupted everything.

I was in high school when I sensed Him saying, "You're not supposed

to be a lawyer. I'm calling you to Bible college." Bible college. You've got to understand—this was not on my five-year plan. This wasn't even on my five-hundred-year plan. I had worked for years building this identity, and suddenly God was asking me to throw the whole thing out.

It felt ridiculous. All my friends from the magnet program were headed to Ivy League schools. Meanwhile, I was about to tell them, "Yeah, I'm skipping Yale to go to Bible college." Even my own parents, who were pastors, sat me down and said, "Maria, don't throw your life away. You've worked too hard."

It was the hardest step of faith I had ever faced. To obey God meant disappointing people I loved, walking away from thousands of hours of work, and stepping into a future that felt uncertain and honestly a little embarrassing.

But here's the thing about faith: it doesn't always look glamorous in the moment. It doesn't always get applause. Sometimes it feels more like jumping off a moving train and hoping God packed you a parachute. Yet that yes changed everything. At Bible college, I met my husband. Years later, I stepped into ministry and discovered the purpose God had for me all along.

Looking back, I thank God that He disrupted my perfectly planned resume, my AP classes, and my Ivy League dreams. Faith didn't feel safe at the time, but it turned out to be the best decision of my life.

Living Free

Faith doesn't always look like parting the Red Sea. Sometimes it looks like changing your college plans, breaking off a relationship, switching careers when it makes no sense, or saying yes when everyone else thinks you're crazy. Faith is rarely convenient, and it almost never fits neatly into our five-year plan.

The truth is, faith is less about perfect circumstances and more about trust. Sarah believed for a son even when it seemed impossible. Rahab risked everything to hide the spies. And Maria had to walk away from her carefully built Ivy League dreams for a future she couldn't see. That's what faith does — it asks you to trust God's character more than you trust your own plans.

Living free means you don't have to have every detail figured out. You don't need everyone's approval. You just need to obey the nudge of God's voice. Faith may not look glamorous in the moment, but it always sets you on the path where God's purpose meets you.

Challenge (Optional)

Think about one area of your life where God might be asking you to trust Him more. It could be a decision you've been putting off, a relationship that needs boundaries, a dream you've been too scared to start, or even surrendering your timeline to Him.

Write it down in one sentence:

"God, I trust You with _____."

Then pray it out loud and take one small step of obedience today. It doesn't have to be dramatic. Sometimes faith looks like sending the email, signing up for the class, apologizing first, or deleting the number you know you shouldn't call. Take the step. Give God your yes.

Reflection Questions

1. What is one area of your life where God might be asking you to trust Him more right now?
2. What fears or excuses keep you from taking that step of faith?
3. How would your life look different one year from now if you gave God your yes today?

Prayer

Father, thank You that faith is not about me having everything figured out, it is about trusting that You already do. Today I give You my plans, my dreams, and my fears. I surrender the part of my life I've been holding onto.

I choose to say yes, even when it doesn't make sense. I choose to obey, even when it costs me. I choose to trust, even when I cannot see the outcome.

Remind me that You are faithful. You always keep Your promises. Help me to walk in confidence, knowing that my obedience is never wasted.

Today I declare: I will walk by faith and not by sight. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Finds Strength in Surrender

"Humble yourselves before the Lord,
and he will lift you up in honor."

James 4:10

Strength and surrender don't usually belong in the same sentence. Our world teaches us that strength means being independent, in control, and totally self-sufficient. But I learned the opposite during one of the most overwhelming seasons of my life.

I had just found out I was pregnant with our youngest child, Kendall. The problem? My middle son Carter had just turned three months old. Three months old.

So there I was, holding a tiny infant who couldn't even hold his own head up yet, when I stared down at a positive pregnancy test in my other hand. I wish I could tell you I laughed or clapped or shouted hallelujah. Nope. I cried. And not cute tears either. I mean full-on ugly sobbing in the bathroom with mascara running and tissues everywhere.

I was already exhausted, already stretched thin, and now I was about to be a mom of three under the age of four. I didn't even remember what sleep felt like. My house looked like a baby bomb went off, I had

a toddler who could undo any baby-proofing system invented, and now God was adding another baby into the mix.

I remember calling a friend to vent. She listened patiently and then said something that almost made me hang up on her. “Maria, maybe God is teaching you how to surrender.” Excuse me? Surrender? I was hoping for “Girl, you’re supermom, you’ve got this” or maybe “Pack your bags, I’m sending you on an all-inclusive vacation.” Instead, I got a sermon.

At first, I was offended. Like, ma’am, please don’t spiritualize my meltdown. But deep down, I knew she was right. I couldn’t muscle through this season on caffeine and stubbornness alone. I was going to have to lean on God in a way I never had before.

And here’s the thing. That pregnancy taught me something I never wanted to learn: surrender isn’t weakness. It is actually the doorway to supernatural strength. The kind of strength you don’t find in your planner, your self-discipline, or your coffee cup. The kind of strength that only shows up when you throw up your hands and admit, “God, I cannot do this without You.”

Living Free

We think strength means holding it all together, proving we can handle it, and making sure nobody sees us crack. But James 4 flips that idea upside down. God says strength is actually found in surrender.

The world tells us, “Don’t quit. Push harder. Keep hustling.” But God says, “Lay it down. Let Me carry it.” His strength is not for the moments when we are impressive, it is for the moments when we admit we are exhausted and out of ideas.

The day I found out I was pregnant with baby number three while holding baby number two, I learned that surrender isn’t giving up, it is giving over. There is a big difference. Giving up says, “I quit.” Giving over says, “God, I’m handing this to You.”

Living free means you do not have to prove how strong you are. You do not have to grind your way through every storm. You do not have to be a superwoman. You just have to be surrendered. And when you are surrendered, God promises to lift you up and give you strength you did not even know you had.

Challenge (Optional)

Today, take a moment to ask yourself: *What am I holding onto so tightly that it is wearing me out?* It might be control over your schedule, the pressure to be perfect, fear of the future, or even the need to fix someone else's life.

Write it down on a piece of paper. Underneath it, write this prayer: *"God, I give this to You. I cannot carry it, but You can."*

Then do something physical to symbolize surrender. Crumple the paper and throw it away. Put it under your Bible. Or even lay it at the foot of your bed as a reminder that you are not carrying it anymore.

Let today be the day you stop muscling through on your own strength and start leaning on His.

Reflection Questions

1. What area of your life feels the hardest to surrender right now?
2. Why is it difficult for you to let go of control in that area?
3. How might your life look different if you trusted God to carry it instead of carrying it yourself?

Prayer

Father, I confess that I like to be in control. I want to hold it all together and prove I can do it on my own. But today I choose to surrender. I lay down the areas I have been gripping so tightly, and I hand them over to You.

Give me the strength that comes from Your Spirit, not from my striving. Remind me that surrender is not weakness but the doorway to Your power.

Lift me up when I feel low. Fill me with peace when I feel overwhelmed. Teach me to trust You more and lean on Your strength instead of my own.

Today I declare: I will find strength in surrender. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Grows in Grace, Not Perfectionism

"My grace is all you need. My power works best in weakness."

2 Corinthians 12:9

I used to think perfection was the goal of the Christian life. You know, a color-coded planner, houseplants that never died, kids who said "please" and "thank you" in public, and me walking around like a Proverbs 31 woman with flawless eyeliner. Instead, real life looked more like me tripping over Legos, killing a succulent in record time, and once realizing I wore two different shoes to the grocery store.

The truth is, perfection has always whispered to me like it was possible if I just worked a little harder. My house could be spotless if I scrubbed one more time. My body could be flawless if I tried one more diet. My schedule could be manageable if I bought one more planner. And do not even get me started on Instagram. I would scroll and see women with matching family outfits, kids who looked like they stepped out of a Zara Kids ad, and kitchens with not a single crumb in sight. Meanwhile, I was over here bribing my toddler with Cheetos so I could send one email.

There was a season where I wore myself out chasing the illusion. I packed perfect lunches for my kids with handwritten notes, only to find out later they were trading my organic granola bars for someone else's Oreos. I cleaned my house before people came over, only for them to open the one drawer I had stuffed everything into. I even attempted a Pinterest recipe that promised to be "foolproof" and managed to burn it so badly I set off the smoke alarm.

The harder I tried to be perfect, the more imperfect I felt. Exhaustion set in. Frustration followed. And the worst part was the shame. I thought, "If I cannot keep it all together, maybe I am not enough."

That is when God reminded me of Paul's words in 2 Corinthians 12: "My grace is all you need. My power works best in weakness." Grace does not meet me when I am impressive. It meets me when I admit I am a mess. His power shows up in my weakness, not in my Instagram highlight reel.

Living Free

Perfection says, "Do more. Be more. Prove yourself." Grace says, "Rest. Receive. You are already loved." One voice pushes you into exhaustion. The other pulls you into freedom.

The truth is, perfection will always dangle a finish line just out of reach. No matter how hard you try, it will whisper that you could have done better. A cleaner house. A better body. A more successful career. Perfection is relentless, and it will never clap for you.

Grace, on the other hand, meets you right where you are. It does not wait for you to get it all together first. It steps into your weakness and fills the gaps you cannot close. Grace says, "You do not have to earn My love. You already have it."

Living free is not about lowering your standards or quitting when life gets hard. It is about trading the crushing weight of perfection for the steady gift of grace. It is about learning to say, "I am not enough on my own, but Christ in me is more than enough."

When you stop performing and start receiving, you discover that your worth is not tied to your spotless house, your flawless performance, or your perfectly curated image. Your worth has already been

settled at the cross. That is what gives you permission to breathe, to rest, and to live free.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Imperfect Win

Pick one area of your life today where you normally feel pressure to be perfect, the spotless house, the flawless outfit, the perfectly worded email. Instead of aiming for perfection, give yourself permission to do it “good enough.” Then thank God for the space His grace creates in your life. Notice how freeing it feels to stop striving.

Option 2: The Grace Reminder

Write the word **GRACE** on a sticky note (or set it as your phone background) and place it somewhere you will see often today. Every time you notice it, pause and whisper, “*God’s grace is enough for me right now.*” Let that truth interrupt the old cycle of striving and perfectionism.

Reflection Questions

1. Where do you feel the most pressure to be perfect right now?
2. How does chasing perfection leave you feeling — physically, emotionally, and spiritually?
3. What would it look like for you to rest in God’s grace instead of striving for perfection this week?

Prayer

Father, thank You that I do not have to be perfect to be loved by You. Thank You that Your grace meets me in my weakness and fills the gaps I cannot fill on my own.

I confess the places where I have been striving to look impressive or to prove my worth. I lay down the pressure to perform, and I receive Your grace instead.

Teach me to live free. Remind me that my identity is not in my performance but in Your love. Help me choose rest over striving, peace over perfection, and grace over shame.

Today I declare: Your grace is enough for me. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Lives with Purpose

"For we are God's masterpiece. He has created us anew in Christ Jesus, so we can do the good things he planned for us long ago."

Ephesians 2:10 (NLT)

You have probably heard the saying, "Comparison is the thief of joy." Theodore Roosevelt was right, but I think it is worse than that. Comparison does not just steal joy. It steals purpose.

Most of us know the feeling. You scroll through social media and suddenly feel like everyone else is ahead of you. Someone is training for a marathon while you are out of breath walking up the stairs. Another person is landing promotions while you are just trying to remember if you paid the electric bill. Someone posts their "morning routine" with green juice, journaling, and Pilates at sunrise, and you are thinking, *Congratulations, I have been hitting snooze since 2004.*

It shows up everywhere. A friend is posting travel photos from Italy while you are eating leftover pizza in sweatpants. Someone else is running a side hustle on top of their career while you are running late

to everything. Even scrolling through what other people are eating for lunch can make you feel like you are behind in life. Suddenly, your turkey sandwich feels like a personal failure.

Comparison does not just make you feel behind, it makes you feel disqualified. It whispers, “She has the spotlight, so you must not matter. She has the big story, so yours must be small.” And if you listen to that lie long enough, you stop walking in your own purpose and start wishing you had hers.

I know, because I have been there. I remember sitting in counseling when my therapist asked me to say out loud, “I fully love and accept myself.” I could not do it. I laughed nervously, then choked on the words like I was trying to swallow gravel. The truth was, I did not accept myself. Deep down, I thought, *If I could just be more like her—prettier, smarter, more confident, more polished—then maybe I would finally measure up.*

But that is the trap of comparison. It blinds you to what God has already placed inside you. It distracts you from the masterpiece He already calls you. And the more you chase her purpose, the further you drift from your own.

The turning point for me was Ephesians 2:10. God says we are His masterpiece. Not a knockoff. Not a clearance-rack copy. A masterpiece. And if the Creator of the universe calls you His masterpiece, then you do not get to live like a cheap imitation of somebody else.

Living Free

Comparison will always try to convince you that someone else’s calling is shinier, more important, or more valuable than yours. But God never asked you to live her story. He asked you to live yours.

You were not created as background scenery in someone else’s highlight reel. You were created on purpose with purpose. The way you think, the passions that stir your heart, the gifts you carry, and even the pain you have lived through are not random. God has woven all of it together so that your life can reflect Him in ways no one else ever could.

The trap of comparison is that it turns your eyes sideways. You start looking at what she is building, what she is accomplishing, and what she is becoming. Before long you are no longer walking forward in your

own lane, you are stumbling because your eyes are on hers. No runner ever won a race by staring at the person in the next lane. The only way to run with endurance is to look ahead and stay focused on your finish line.

Living free means choosing to lift your eyes from her path and fix them on God's plan for your life. It means catching yourself in those little moments when you think, *Her story looks better*, and instead reminding yourself, *God wrote my story for a reason*. It means remembering that your worth is not measured by her promotion, her appearance, or her timeline. Your worth is found in Jesus.

When you stop wishing for her purpose, you finally have the freedom to live in your own. And that is where joy returns, peace settles in, and your life begins to make the impact God intended from the very beginning.

Challenge (Optional)

Take ten minutes today to make a list of five things that make you uniquely you. They might be skills you are good at, passions that light you up, personality traits that stand out, or even hardships that shaped you. Write them down in a notebook or the notes app on your phone.

Then pray over your list and ask God to show you how He can use each of those things for His purpose. Keep it somewhere you will see this week as a reminder that your story has weight and your purpose is real.

Reflection Questions

1. When do you notice comparison creeping in the most — work, friendships, social media, family, or somewhere else?
2. How has comparison tried to shrink or distract you from walking in your God-given purpose?
3. Looking at your "Purpose List," which of the five things you wrote down do you most need to start embracing as part of your calling?

Prayer

Father, thank You that I am not an accident. You created me on purpose and with purpose. Forgive me for the times I have compared myself to others and let their story distract me from my own.

Today I choose to stop wishing for her life and start walking fully in mine. I thank You for the gifts, passions, and even the struggles You have placed in me. I believe You can use every part of my story for something good.

Help me to see myself the way You see me. Teach me to trust that I am Your masterpiece, created to do the good works You prepared for me long ago.

Today I declare: I will live with purpose, not comparison. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Runs with Endurance

"Let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin
that so easily entangles, and let us run with endurance the
race that is set before us, fixing our eyes on Jesus,
the pioneer and perfecter of faith."

Hebrews 12:1-2

Running and I have never been close friends. Some people get a "runner's high." I get a "runner's why." As in, *why am I doing this to myself?* I have always thought runners were a mysterious breed of humans who wake up at 5 a.m., drink kale smoothies, and say things like, "I only feel alive when I'm on mile ten." Meanwhile, if I run to catch the microwave before it beeps, I need a nap.

I once tried jogging around my neighborhood, and by the end of the street I was already bargaining with God. *Lord, if I stop now, does this still count as my race?* My lungs were burning, my legs were spaghetti, and a guy walking his golden retriever passed me. The dog looked like he was headed to a photoshoot while I looked like I needed medical attention.

Later, I decided to get serious and hired a trainer. I even joined a

fitness class. Years into it, the coach still makes fun of the way I run. Apparently, I swing my arms like one of those inflatable tube men outside a car dealership. At first it embarrassed me, but now I just make fun of how seriously he takes coaching a group of women who are not trying to break records. He acts like he is training us for the Olympics when in reality most of us are just trying to survive the warmup without pulling a muscle or, if we have had kids, without peeing ourselves.

But here is what I have learned. Endurance is not really about running. It is about life. And life is not a sprint. It is more like a marathon with surprise hills, random detours, and the occasional pothole that takes you out when you least expect it.

When the writer of Hebrews tells us to “throw off everything that hinders,” I picture trying to run a marathon with a heavy backpack full of junk. Fear, shame, guilt, resentment, unforgiveness — they weigh you down the same way. You might still be moving forward, but you will not last long if you are carrying all that baggage.

The other part of endurance is focus. I learned this growing up as a ballerina. When you are spinning in circles, you only stay upright by spotting one fixed point. If you do not, you get dizzy and crash into the mirror. If you do, you can spin again and again without falling. Faith works the same way. If I keep my eyes fixed on Jesus, I can endure things that would have taken me out otherwise. But the second I start staring at distractions or comparing myself to someone else’s pace, I lose my balance.

Running may never be my sport, but learning endurance has been my saving grace. It is not about speed. It is not about looking impressive. It is about staying the course, one step at a time, eyes locked on Jesus.

Living Free

Endurance is not about speed. It is about staying in the race. The problem is, we often measure ourselves against the people sprinting past us. We think if we are not running as fast as her, we must be doing something wrong. But faith is not graded on pace. It is measured by perseverance.

The writer of Hebrews says to throw off everything that hinders. That means letting go of whatever is weighing you down: guilt from the past, fear of the future, resentment you have carried too long, or distractions that keep you from focusing. You cannot run your race if your arms are full of baggage.

The second key to endurance is focus. Fixing your eyes on Jesus is what keeps you steady when life starts spinning. If you stare too long at your circumstances, you will get dizzy. If you spend your energy looking sideways at someone else's pace, you will trip. But if you keep your eyes on Him, you can keep moving forward, even when it feels slow, even when it feels hard.

Living free means refusing to quit, even on the days you feel behind. It means choosing to keep putting one foot in front of the other, no matter what the people around you are doing. Endurance is not glamorous, but it is powerful. It is not about being the fastest. It is about being faithful.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Backpack Check

Take ten minutes today to write down the things that are weighing you down: fears, regrets, grudges, distractions, or unhealthy habits. Picture them as heavy items stuffed into a backpack you are trying to run with. Then pray over your list and ask God to help you lay each one down so you can run lighter and freer.

Option 2: The One More Step Rule

Today, when you feel like quitting, whether it is at work, in a conversation, in prayer, or even in a workout, tell yourself, “*One more step.*” Do not focus on finishing the whole race. Just take one more step of obedience, one more step of trust, one more step of faith. Endurance is built step by step.

Reflection Questions

1. What “backpack” are you carrying right now? What fears, regrets, or distractions are weighing you down?
2. Where in your life do you feel like quitting, and what would it look like to take one more step instead?
3. How can you keep your eyes fixed on Jesus this week instead of being distracted by circumstances or comparison?

Prayer

Father, thank You that You have called me to run my race with endurance. I confess that sometimes I get tired, distracted, or weighed down by things I was never meant to carry. Today I give You the fears, regrets, and burdens that have slowed me down.

Help me to fix my eyes on Jesus when life feels overwhelming. Teach me to take one more step when I want to quit. Remind me that it is not about running the fastest, it is about being faithful.

I declare that I will not give up. I will keep running my race, lighter and freer, with my eyes fixed on You. In Jesus’ name, Amen.



She is Empowered by Community

“They devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and to fellowship, to the breaking of bread and to prayer... And the Lord added to their number daily those who were being saved.”

Acts 2:42, 47

Community is great... in theory. In reality, it usually starts out awkward. It is walking into a living room full of strangers clutching your store-bought chips and salsa like a security blanket, praying someone else forgot to cook too. It is being asked to “share something interesting about yourself” and suddenly forgetting every detail of your life. You panic and blurt out, “Uh...I like tacos,” and then hate yourself for the rest of the night.

And then there is the food. Life Groups are a spiritual test all by themselves. Somebody always forgets what they signed up to bring, so you end up with six pans of brownies, a family-size bag of Doritos, and one lonely salad nobody touches. Meanwhile, there is always that one woman who rolls in with a color-coded charcuterie board like she is competing on the Food Network. I am standing there with tortilla chips

and store bought salsa like, “Yeah... this is what I meant to bring.”

Then there are prayer circles. If you know, you know. Everyone is holding hands, taking turns praying, and instead of listening, you are rehearsing what you are going to say in your head. Then it gets to you, and your mind goes blank. The woman before you prayed like she was auditioning for a worship album, and now you are up next: “Uh... thanks God... for stuff.”

Awkward? Absolutely. Messy? For sure. But here is the surprising part — somewhere between the nervous introductions, the lopsided potlucks, and the circle prayers that make you sweat more than a spin class, strangers start turning into friends. You start carrying each other’s burdens. You start laughing until your stomach hurts. And before long, you realize you are not just in a group. You are part of a family.

Living Free

The truth is, faith was never meant to be a solo project. From the very beginning, God designed us for connection. In Acts, we see the church growing stronger because they prayed together, ate together, learned together, and supported each other. Their power was not in perfect programs but in committed people.

Community is messy, inconvenient, and sometimes awkward, but it is also where real transformation happens. It is where you realize that you are not the only one who gets nervous praying out loud or the only one who brings store-bought brownies to the Life Group. It is where you discover that laughter around a living room can heal more than a lecture, and where someone else’s faith can hold you up when yours feels shaky.

Living free means refusing to believe the lie that you are better off alone. It means showing up even when you feel busy, tired, or a little socially awkward. Community is where you grow roots that keep you grounded when life shakes you and wings that lift you when your own strength runs out.

And do not forget this: you are not just in the room to receive. You are a gift to the room. Someone needs your encouragement. Someone needs your prayers. Someone needs to know your story so they can see

that they are not alone. Your presence matters more than you think. Your laugh, your honesty, even your Costco cookies can make someone feel like they belong.

Picture it: a group of women praying for each other like family, texting encouragement when life feels heavy, dropping off food when someone is sick, and cheering when someone gets the job, the breakthrough, or even just survives a hard week. Now picture yourself being that person for someone else. That is how God designed community to work. It is not perfect, but it is powerful.

This is the gift of community. You are stronger when you are surrounded. You are braver when you are backed up. And you are freer when you stop hiding and start connecting.

Challenge (Optional)

This week, practice both sides of community, receiving and giving.

Show Up: Pick one way to lean into community. Go to a small group, say yes to a coffee invite, or text a friend to check in. Do not wait until you feel ready or perfect. Just show up, be real, and let yourself be known.

Be the Gift: Think of one person who might need encouragement. Send a text, drop off a snack, pray for her, or simply remind her that she matters. Small gestures often carry the biggest weight.

Reflection Questions

1. When have you felt the most loved or supported by community? What made it meaningful?
2. What usually keeps you from showing up — busyness, fear, or feeling like you do not belong?
3. How could you be a gift to someone else in your community this week?

Prayer

Father, thank You for the gift of community. Thank You that You never designed me to do life alone. I confess that sometimes I hide, I hold back, or I convince myself that I am fine on my own. But I know I need people, and I know people need me too.



She Follows Jesus

"Come, follow me," Jesus said, "and I will send you out to fish for people." At once they left their nets and followed him.

Matthew 4:19-20

When Jesus called His disciples, He did not hand them a detailed job description or a five-year plan. He simply said, "Follow me." No guarantees. No fine print. Just an invitation to relationship.

Sometimes we overcomplicate what it means to follow Jesus. We think it is about having the right checklist, saying the right words, or memorizing the right verses. But following Him is not about rules. It is about trust.

I once heard someone describe it like this: following Jesus is like being invited on a road trip but not knowing the destination. You do not have the GPS. You do not get to sit in the driver's seat. You just get in the car, buckle up, and decide that you trust the driver enough to take you where you need to go. Terrifying? Absolutely. But also kind of freeing.

And here is the wild part. The disciples said yes immediately. They dropped their nets, left their jobs, and walked away from the lives they had always known. No hesitation. No excuses. Just yes.

If it were me, I am not sure I would have been that quick. I probably would have said something like, "Sure, Jesus, but can I finish this Netflix

episode first? Also, I really need to swing by Target, and maybe update my LinkedIn profile so people know I am making a career change. Oh, and are there snacks on this road trip?”

We stall. We negotiate. We tell God we will follow once life is less busy, once the kids are older, once we make more money, once we feel more qualified. Meanwhile, the disciples left everything without knowing where they were going. They did not know the details, but they knew the voice of the One calling them was worth trusting.

That is what following Jesus looks like. Not having it all figured out. Not waiting for the perfect time. Just saying yes and trusting Him with the rest.

Living Free

Following Jesus has never been about having every detail mapped out. It has always been about trust. The disciples left their nets, their careers, their comfort zones, and simply said yes. They did not know the destination, but they trusted the One leading them.

Living free means we stop waiting for the perfect moment to obey. It means we stop negotiating with God about our schedules, our qualifications, or our five-year plans. If we wait until everything makes sense, we will never move. Faith often looks like stepping out first and figuring it out as we go.

It is not about perfection, it is about proximity. The closer you stay to Jesus, the more your steps start to look like His. The more you trust His lead, the freer you are from anxiety about the future.

Jesus does not ask you to have it all together before you follow Him. He asks you to come as you are. To bring your questions, your flaws, your half-baked faith, and still say, “Yes, I will follow.”

Living free is not about knowing the whole road ahead. It is about knowing the One who walks beside you on it.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Immediate Yes

Think of one area where you feel God nudging you — maybe to forgive

someone, start something new, or step out of your comfort zone. Instead of overthinking it, practice saying, *“Yes, Jesus, I will follow.”* Take one simple step today toward obedience.

Option 2: The Road Trip Test

Imagine Jesus inviting you on a road trip without telling you the destination. Write down three things you would normally want to know before saying yes (like timing, comfort, or control). Then pray and tell Him, *“I trust You more than I trust my need for details.”*

Reflection Questions

1. What are the “details” you usually want from God before you are willing to follow?
2. Where might Jesus be nudging you right now to say yes without overthinking?
3. How would your life look different if you trusted Him enough to obey immediately?

Prayer

Jesus, thank You for inviting me to follow You. Forgive me for the times I stall, negotiate, or wait for the perfect conditions before saying yes. I confess that I want to know the plan, the timing, and the details, but today I choose to trust You more than my need for control.

Give me courage to obey quickly and faith to walk even when I do not see the whole path. Teach me to stay close to You, to trust Your voice, and to find freedom in simply saying yes.

Today I declare: I will follow You wherever You lead. Amen.



She Endures the Storm

"One day Jesus said to his disciples, 'Let us go over to the other side of the lake.' So they got into a boat and set out. As they sailed, he fell asleep. A squall came down on the lake, so that the boat was being swamped, and they were in great danger. The disciples went and woke him, saying, 'Master, Master, we're going to drown!' He got up and rebuked the wind and the raging waters; the storm subsided, and all was calm. 'Where is your faith?' he asked his disciples."

Luke 8:22-25

Storms come in all shapes and sizes. Sometimes they are the big ones you never saw coming, like a diagnosis, a job loss, or a relationship falling apart. Other times they are the smaller, daily storms that pile up until you feel like you are sinking anyway. Like when you are already late, hit every red light, and then spill coffee on yourself before the meeting. Or when your toddler has a meltdown in Target, your teenager slams a door for the third time today, and your phone buzzes with an email from your boss that just says, "We need to talk." No subject line. No details. Just enough to make you spiral through every possible worst-case scenario.

And then there are the “first world” storms that still feel very real. Your Wi-Fi drops in the middle of a Zoom call and you are frozen with your mouth wide open. You spend thirty minutes looking for your keys only to realize they were in your hand. You heroically plan a healthy dinner, only to discover the chicken is still frozen solid. Little storms, but they add up.

I love the story of Jesus calming the storm, but I also laugh at the disciples because I get it. They had Jesus in the boat, and they were still freaking out. Same. I can have God’s promises written on my mirror, highlighted in my Bible, and saved as my phone wallpaper, and still lose it the moment life does not go the way I planned.

What gets me is that Jesus knew the storm was coming. He still told the disciples to get in the boat. And then, while they are losing their minds, He takes a nap. A nap. I cannot fall asleep if my neighbor’s dog is barking or if the ice maker makes a weird noise, and Jesus is knocked out in the middle of a hurricane.

But maybe that is the point. His peace is not tied to the storm ending. His peace is present in the middle of it. The disciples thought the storm meant God had forgotten them, but it was actually the place where they were about to discover His power in a brand new way.

Living Free

Storms have a way of making us forget who is in the boat with us. Fear gets loud, the waves feel overwhelming, and suddenly it feels like God must be asleep or uninterested. But the truth is, Jesus never promised a storm-free life. He promised His presence in the middle of it.

Living free means shifting your focus from the storm to the Savior. It is learning to recognize that even when circumstances are out of control, He is not. Peace is not found in a perfectly calm life. Peace is found in the presence of Jesus.

The disciples thought the storm meant disaster, but it was actually the setup for a deeper revelation of God’s power. The same is true for you. Your storm is not proof that God has abandoned you. It may be the very place where you learn to see His authority in a way you never have before.

Think about it. Anyone can feel peaceful on vacation in Hawaii with an umbrella drink in hand. That does not require faith. But being at peace in traffic, at peace when the bills pile up, or at peace when you are waiting for a doctor's call back? That is supernatural. That is what Jesus offers.

Living free means you do not have to wait for the clouds to clear before you breathe again. You do not have to wait for the waves to settle before you trust again. It means you can walk into a meeting, fold laundry, sit in a waiting room, or face the unknown and still have peace because the One who commands the wind and waves is holding your life.

Challenge (Optional)

Challenge Option 1: Name Your Storm

Take a few minutes today to write down the biggest storm in your life right now. It could be something heavy like finances, health, or family tension, or something small but draining like endless stress at work. Underneath it, write this declaration: "Jesus is in my boat." Pray over it and ask God to give you peace in the middle of it, not just when it is over.

Challenge Option 2: Practice Peace in the Small Stuff

Choose one small storm today that would normally make you lose it — traffic, waiting in line, spilled coffee, a frustrating email, or your Wi-Fi cutting out in the middle of Zoom. Instead of spiraling, pause and pray, "Lord, I trust You. Bring me peace right here." Train your heart to look for His presence in the daily annoyances so you will recognize His peace when the bigger storms come.

Reflection Questions

1. What "storm" are you facing right now, big or small, that has been stealing your peace?
2. When life feels chaotic, what do you normally focus on first — the waves of the problem, or the presence of Jesus in the boat with you?

3. How would your response change if you truly believed Jesus was calm, present, and in control in the middle of your storm?

Prayer

Jesus, thank You that no storm is stronger than You. Thank You that You are not absent when life feels overwhelming, but present and at peace. Forgive me for the times I let fear and anxiety drown out my faith. Today I shift my focus from the storm to You.

I give You the things that feel out of control in my life. Speak Your peace over my heart the same way You spoke to the wind and the waves. Teach me to trust You not only when the storm ends, but right here in the middle of it.

Today I declare: my faith is in You, my peace is in You, and my future is in You. Amen.



She Extends Compassion

"When Jesus landed and saw a large crowd,
he had compassion on them and healed their sick."

Matthew 14:14

Compassion sounds simple until you are tired, busy, or hangry. Then suddenly being kind feels like climbing a mountain. Jesus, on the other hand, had every excuse to withdraw. In Matthew 14, He had just received devastating news: John the Baptist, His cousin, His friend, the one who had baptized Him, had been brutally murdered. Jesus was grieving. He wanted to slip away to a quiet place, to process, to pray, to just be alone.

But the crowds would not let Him. They followed Him on foot, bringing all their needs and problems with them. If that had been me, I probably would have snapped. "Not today, people. Try again tomorrow. Office hours are closed." But Jesus was different. The Bible says He looked at them and was moved with compassion. He saw their need, and even in the middle of His own pain, He chose to love them.

That wrecks me. Because if I am honest, I struggle to show compassion when I am even slightly inconvenienced. The disciples did too. When they saw the massive, hungry crowd, their first thought was not

compassion. It was logistics. *How are we supposed to feed all these people? We barely packed snacks.* So they came to Jesus and basically said, “This is not our problem. Send them away.” Translation: *DoorDash is not in the budget and we are not feeding 20,000 people tonight.*

And honestly, I get it. Compassion is easy when people are polite and grateful. It is much harder when someone cuts you off in traffic, takes the last good parking spot at Costco, or rolls into the express checkout lane with 37 items. In those moments, my first thought is not, *Wow, how can I serve them today?* It is usually, *Lord, smite them*, followed by an internal debate about whether I should honk or just pray silently through clenched teeth.

But Jesus flips the script. He tells His disciples, “You give them something to eat.” In other words, stop outsourcing compassion. You already have something to give. Then He took what felt ridiculously small, five loaves and two fish, and multiplied it to feed thousands.

That is what compassion does. It takes what you think is too little and lets God make it enough. Compassion is not about waiting until you feel like you have everything together. It is about showing up, even when you are tired, grieving, or overwhelmed, and trusting that God can work through you anyway.

Living Free

Compassion is not just a feeling, it is an action. The Bible says Jesus was moved with compassion, which means He did not just feel sorry for people, He actually did something about it. That is the difference between pity and compassion. Pity says, “That is too bad.” Compassion says, “What can I do?”

Living free means realizing you already have something to give. You may not have endless time, unlimited energy, or a bottomless bank account. But you do have something. You have encouragement. You have a kind word. You have a meal you can share, a prayer you can pray, or even a smile that can change someone’s day. Do not underestimate what seems small in your hands, because in the hands of God it can be multiplied.

Think about it: five loaves and two fish fed thousands. A phone call can remind someone they are not forgotten. A short prayer can carry someone through a dark day. A simple act of kindness can ripple farther than you will ever see. Compassion is not about doing everything. It is about doing something with what you already have.

And here is the beautiful thing: compassion is not one-sided. It blesses the giver as much as the receiver. When you extend compassion, you step out of your own stress, pain, or distractions, and you let God use you to lift someone else up. In the process, your own heart gets lighter too.

You are not just in community to take. You are there to give. Your presence is a gift. Your story is a gift. Your prayers are a gift. Your honesty is a gift. Someone needs what you carry. When you realize that, you stop waiting until you feel qualified or perfect and start letting God use you as you are.

Living free means waking up each day and asking, “Who can I show compassion to today?” Because compassion is not something you save for big emergencies. It is a lifestyle. It is choosing to be interruptible, to notice people, to see need and respond with love. It is how we reflect Jesus to the world.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Small Act

Today, look for one simple way to show compassion. It could be sending an encouraging text, paying for someone’s coffee, holding the door, or offering a kind word. Do not wait for a big dramatic moment — practice compassion in the ordinary and let God multiply it.

Option 2: The Compassion List

Make a short list of three people in your life who might need encouragement right now. Pray over each one, and then pick one practical way to reach out to them this week. It could be a meal, a phone call, or just reminding them they are not alone.

Reflection Questions

1. When is it hardest for you to show compassion: when you are tired, busy, hurt, or inconvenienced?
2. Who in your life has shown you compassion in a way that really impacted you? How did it change you?
3. Where is God inviting you to extend compassion this week, even if it feels small or inconvenient?

Prayer

Jesus, thank You for showing compassion to me over and over again. Even when I am tired, distracted, or unworthy, You see me and You care. Forgive me for the times I have been quick to turn away from people instead of moving toward them with love.

Give me eyes to see needs around me and the courage to respond. Take what feels small in my hands and make it more than enough in Yours. Remind me that I am not just a receiver of compassion but a giver of it too.

Today I declare: I will extend compassion freely, because You first extended it to me. Amen.



She Chooses Peace Over Worry

“Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?”

Matthew 6:25–26

Worry is sneaky. It starts small, then before you know it, it has hijacked your whole day. One second you are lying in bed trying to fall asleep, the next you are running through thirty different “what if” scenarios like you are auditioning for a doomsday reality show.

I once went through a season where worry had me by the throat. My baby was not sleeping well, and I convinced myself something must be seriously wrong. Every cry felt like an alarm bell. I logged his sleep, his eating, even the times he sneezed. If he coughed once, I was already on WebMD diagnosing him with seventeen different diseases. Spoiler

alert: Googling symptoms at 2 a.m. never leads to peace. It only convinces you you have five minutes left to live.

I spiraled so badly that I started pre-writing the ER intake form in my head. I was catastrophizing every little thing. Meanwhile, my baby was just... a baby. Babies cry. Babies wake up. Babies are dramatic little humans who cannot use words yet. But in my mind, I was one step away from calling in a medical helicopter.

Then one night, as I sat up rocking him through yet another meltdown, I felt the Holy Spirit whisper, *Check the date you downloaded that movie*. At first it made no sense, but then I realized the timeline of my baby's strange behavior lined up with a sad animated film I had let him watch on repeat. Turns out he was simply upset and overstimulated by the movie's themes. I deleted it, and within a week, the "mystery illness" disappeared. My baby was fine. My soul, however, was wrecked from worry.

That moment taught me something: worry robs peace, but trust restores it.

Living Free

Worry pretends to be productive, but it never actually solves anything. It burns energy, eats up your joy, and leaves you more exhausted than when you started. Jesus said not to worry about your life, because your heavenly Father already knows what you need. If He takes care of the birds in the sky, He can certainly take care of you.

Living free means learning to trade the loop of "what if" for the truth of "God will." Instead of rehearsing every possible disaster, you start rehearsing God's faithfulness. Instead of carrying the weight of tomorrow, you remind yourself that God's grace will meet you when you get there.

Peace is not pretending the storm does not exist. Peace is trusting that God is bigger than the storm. And here is the key: peace is a choice. Worry will always knock, but you get to decide if you will let it in.

When worry rises, let it be your signal to pray. When fear whispers worst-case scenarios, fight back by speaking God's promises. When anxiety makes your chest tight, slow down, breathe, and remember who is holding your life.

Choosing peace is not about ignoring reality. It is about choosing a greater reality—that God is already in control.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Worry Trade

Every time you catch yourself starting to spiral today, stop and write it down. Then underneath it, write a prayer that turns it over to God. For example: “*I’m worried about money*” → “*God, I trust You to provide.*” Tear up the worry side and keep the prayer side somewhere you can see.

Option 2: The Gratitude Shift

When anxiety rises, pause and thank God for three specific things in your life right now. Gratitude and worry cannot hold the same space. Let thankfulness push worry out of your mind and invite God’s peace in.

Reflection Questions

1. What is the worry that most often steals your peace?
2. How does worry usually show up in your life — in your thoughts, your sleep, your body, or your relationships?
3. What would it look like for you to trade that worry for peace this week?

Prayer

Father, thank You that You care for me more than I can imagine. You know my needs before I even ask, and You have never failed me. I confess that I let worry run wild in my mind and steal my peace. Today I choose to release my anxious thoughts and place them in Your hands.

Remind me that Your peace is not based on circumstances but on Your presence. Teach me to pause, breathe, and trust You when fear rises. Fill me with gratitude that shifts my perspective and steadies my heart.

Today I declare: I will not live in worry. I will walk in Your peace. In Jesus’ name, Amen.



She Walks in Forgiveness

"Then Peter came to Jesus and asked, 'Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother or sister who sins against me? Up to seven times?' Jesus answered, 'I tell you, not seven times, but seventy-seven times.'"

Matthew 18:21–22

Forgiveness sounds noble until you actually have to do it. It is easy to nod along in church and agree that forgiveness is important, but then someone cuts you deeply, and suddenly "seventy-seven times" feels more like seventy-seven too many.

Peter thought he was being generous when he suggested forgiving someone seven times. In that culture, most rabbis taught you were obligated to forgive up to three times. After that, you could write the person off. So when Peter doubled that number and added one, he probably thought Jesus was going to be impressed. I can almost picture him puffing out his chest like, "Seven times, Jesus. Look how spiritual I am."

But instead of congratulating Peter, Jesus blew the lid off the whole system. He said, "Not seven times, but seventy-seven times." In other

words, stop counting. Forgiveness is not math, it is a lifestyle.

That had to stun the disciples. Seven already felt extreme, and Jesus raised the standard to a number that meant infinity. Imagine Peter's face — he went from expecting a gold star to realizing he was going to need a whole new category for grace.

And honestly, I get it. I wish I could say I am quick to forgive, but the truth is I hold on to offenses like they are collector's items. I replay what happened in my head like it is a movie, except in my version I always have the perfect comeback line. I have also been guilty of the petty grudge. Like when someone cuts me off in traffic and I speed up just to glare at them through the window. Or when someone takes the parking spot I was clearly waiting for, and I dramatically circle the lot pretending I am fine while internally writing them out of my will. Or when somebody slides into the church seat I always sit in, and I worship through clenched teeth like, *It's fine, Lord. I forgive them... eventually.*

None of that helps, of course. It just keeps me chained to something God is trying to set me free from. Holding a grudge feels powerful for a moment, but in the end it only poisons me.

Forgiveness does not mean what happened was okay. It does not mean you have to trust that person again or pretend it did not hurt. Forgiveness simply means you are choosing to hand the offense over to God so it does not keep infecting your heart.

Living Free

Forgiveness feels impossible when you focus on the size of the offense. That is why Jesus flipped the script. He was showing that forgiveness is not about keeping score, it is about keeping your heart free. When you hold on to bitterness, you are the one who stays chained. But when you release it, you are the one who walks out free.

Living free means refusing to let someone else's actions control your spirit. It means choosing to believe that God is the ultimate judge and that He is better at justice than you are. Forgiveness is not saying what they did was fine. It is saying, "I trust God enough to handle this better than I can."

Sometimes forgiveness happens in a moment. Other times, it is a

process. You may have to pray the same prayer again and again until your heart catches up. But every time you choose forgiveness, you loosen the grip bitterness has on your soul.

And here is the secret: forgiveness is not just for them. It is for you. It is the doorway to peace, healing, and freedom. You cannot run your race while carrying resentment like a backpack full of bricks. Forgiveness throws the weight off so you can move forward lighter.

You do not have to feel ready. You do not have to have closure. You do not even have to like the person. Forgiveness is not about feelings. It is about obedience. And when you choose it, you discover that God can heal places in your heart you thought would always stay broken.

Challenge (Optional)

Think of one person who has hurt you. Instead of replaying the offense in your mind, pray a blessing over them. Ask God to do good in their life. This does not mean you have to trust them again or be close to them. It simply means you are handing the offense to God and choosing freedom instead of bitterness.

Reflection Questions

1. Who comes to mind when you hear Jesus say, "forgive seventy-seven times"?
2. What emotions or fears rise up when you think about forgiving them?
3. How would your life feel lighter if you fully released that person to God today?

Prayer

Father, thank You for forgiving me more times than I can count. I confess that I have held on to hurt, replayed offenses, and let bitterness take up space in my heart. Today I choose to release the people who have hurt me into Your hands.

Help me remember that forgiveness does not excuse what they did, but it frees me from carrying it. Give me strength to forgive even when I do not feel like it, and remind me that You are the perfect judge who sees it all.

Heal the places in me that have been wounded. Fill the empty space left by bitterness with Your peace and love. Today I declare: I will walk in forgiveness and live free.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Finds God in Weakness

"But he said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.' Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me."

2 Corinthians 12:9

Surrender is not usually the word we want to hear. Our world tells us to push harder, hustle longer, and hold on tighter. We admire independence and control. Yet the Bible flips that upside down: strength is actually found in surrender.

I learned this lesson when I was first married and laser-focused on my career. I had just landed a job as an executive assistant, reporting directly to the president of the organization. I was the youngest person in the office, and I felt like I had to prove myself every single day. My life was meetings, schedules, phone calls, and managing details that were way above my pay grade. I was determined to show I could handle it all.

Then came a weekend snowboarding trip to Mammoth. I was not an expert, but I thought I could at least get down the mountain without

incident. Wrong. One bad fall later, I was holding my wrist in pain, and the X-ray confirmed it was broken. I had never broken a bone in my life, and now suddenly I could not type, carry files, or open a water bottle on my own.

Back at work, it was a disaster. I was trying to manage the president's schedule with one good hand. Typing emails looked like a toddler had taken over my keyboard. I dropped files, papers, pens, and anything else I attempted to carry. People had to open doors for me, help me with basic tasks, and constantly ask if I was okay. It was humbling in the most uncomfortable way.

And the deeper I went into that season, the clearer it became: the real issue was not my wrist, it was my pride. I hated looking weak. I hated needing help. I hated that people had to cover for me or that my work was not flawless.

One Sunday at church, the pastor preached on pride, and it was like the Holy Spirit highlighted my entire life on the projector screen. I realized I had been worshiping self-sufficiency instead of trusting God. My broken wrist was not just slowing me down, it was forcing me to surrender.

That season taught me that surrender is not giving up, it is giving over. It is admitting I cannot do it all and that I was never meant to. Breaking my wrist broke more than a bone. It broke my pride. And in that breaking, I finally found real strength in God.

Living Free

Surrender is not weakness. It is the moment you stop trying to impress everyone with how capable you are and finally admit that you need God. The world tells us strength means pushing through, proving yourself, and holding it all together. But God says His power shows up best when we finally lay it all down.

That season in my life taught me that sometimes God allows interruptions to reveal what is really going on in our hearts. For me, it was pride. I wanted to look like the youngest person in the room who could do it all, who did not need help, who never dropped the ball. But

surrender forced me to let people in, to let God carry the weight, and to accept that weakness is not failure — it is the doorway to His strength.

Living free means you do not have to fake being strong all the time. It means you can admit when you are overwhelmed, when you cannot do it alone, and when you are barely hanging on. Instead of covering it up, you invite God's grace to meet you right where you are. And His grace is more than enough.

Real strength is not in proving how much you can handle. Real strength is in trusting that God can handle what you cannot.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: Name and Release

Write down one area of your life where you are white-knuckling for control. It could be your schedule, your finances, your health, or a relationship. Say out loud, “God, I give this to You.” Then pray over it, asking Him to carry what you cannot.

Option 2: Ask for Help

Choose one simple way to let someone help you this week. It could be accepting a meal, asking a friend to pray with you, or letting someone else carry part of the load. Surrender is not weakness. It is inviting God's grace through the people He places around you.

Reflection Questions

1. What area of your life do you find the hardest to surrender to God?
2. How does pride show up for you — in trying to prove yourself, in refusing help, or in hiding your struggles?
3. What would it look like this week to invite God's strength into your weakness instead of pushing through on your own?

Prayer

Father, thank You that Your grace is enough for me. Thank You that I do not have to hold everything together on my own. I confess that pride keeps me from surrendering. I try to prove myself, impress others, and carry loads I was never meant to carry.

Today I lay it down. I give You the areas where I feel overwhelmed and exhausted. I choose to stop striving and start trusting. I believe that Your power shows up best in my weakness.

Teach me to surrender daily. Teach me to let go of control and lean into Your strength. Today I declare: I will find strength not in myself but in You. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Walks in Joy

"Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice!"

Philippians 4:4

If complaining burned calories, I would be in the best shape of my life. We complain about group texts that will not stop buzzing. We complain when the drive-thru messes up our order even though we saw three kids under the age of sixteen trying their best back there. We complain about slow Wi-Fi like it is a personal attack on our existence. We complain about people who put their carry-on in the overhead bin sideways and take up the whole row.

And sometimes we complain about blessings too. The job we begged God for suddenly becomes "too demanding." The house we once dreamed of now feels "too small." The kids we prayed for become the kids who spill juice on the floor for the third time today. Complaining is natural. Joy takes intention.

Paul wrote to the Philippians, "Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice." Notice he did not say rejoice once everything settles down or rejoice when all your prayers are answered. He said always. Which means even when life feels chaotic, even when the outcome is uncertain, even when it would be easier to complain.

For a long time, I thought joy was something that just happened when everything lined up perfectly. If the laundry was folded, my to-do list was shrinking, and I had a good hair day, then I felt joyful. But the Bible makes it clear that joy is not tied to circumstances. Joy is tied to Jesus.

I remember a season when everything in my life felt heavy. I was juggling too much, worried about the future, and joy felt completely out of reach. Then one Sunday in church, a woman I admired stood up and began to worship with her whole heart. Tears streamed down her face, but her hands were lifted high. I knew her story. She was walking through loss and hardship. From the outside, she had every reason to complain. But there she was, radiating joy in the middle of her pain.

That day I realized joy is not pretending everything is fine. Joy is choosing to praise God even when everything is not. Joy is not denial of reality. It is the declaration of a greater reality — that God is still good, His promises are still true, and He has not left me.

Joy is not waiting for the storm to pass. It is learning to sing in the rain.

Living Free

Joy is not something you stumble into when life finally behaves. Joy is a choice you make when life does not. Complaining will always have an open invitation in your heart, but joy requires you to shut the door on grumbling and open your mouth in praise instead.

Living free means refusing to let your circumstances dictate your attitude. It means you stop waiting for everything to be perfect before you rejoice. You start rejoicing because God is perfect, even when everything else is not.

Joy is not ignoring reality. It is declaring a greater reality: God is good, God is faithful, and God is present. Joy says, “My bank account may be tight, but my God is my provider.” Joy says, “My body may be tired, but my spirit is strong in Him.” Joy says, “I do not know the outcome yet, but I know Who holds the outcome.”

And here is the beautiful thing: joy is contagious. When you choose joy, it not only changes your outlook, it lifts the people around you. A smile, a laugh, a word of gratitude can shift the whole atmosphere in a room.

Living free means walking into every day with the decision that joy will lead you, not complaints. It is remembering that you do not get joy from a perfect schedule, perfect hair day, or perfect latte. You get joy from a perfect Savior.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: Flip the Script

Catch yourself every time you want to complain today. Instead of voicing the complaint, speak gratitude out loud. For example: instead of “This traffic is awful,” say, “Thank You, God, that I have a car.” Instead of “This laundry never ends,” say, “Thank You, God, that I have a family to care for.” Watch how your attitude shifts as you flip complaints into praise.

Option 2: Joy List

At the end of the day, write down five things that brought you joy, no matter how small. It could be a good cup of coffee, a text from a friend, a funny meme, or even just the fact that you made it through. Pray over the list and thank God for showing up in both big and ordinary ways.

Reflection Questions

1. What do you find yourself complaining about most often? What does that reveal about where your focus is?
2. How have you seen joy in someone else’s life even when their circumstances were difficult?
3. What would it look like for you to choose joy this week instead of waiting for life to be perfect?

Prayer

Father, thank You that true joy is not found in perfect circumstances but in Your presence. Forgive me for the times I complain more than I rejoice. I do not want my words to be filled with grumbling. I want them to be filled with gratitude.

Teach me to rejoice always. Help me to see the small blessings in my day and to praise You for them. Remind me that joy is my strength and that You are the source of it.

Today I declare: I will not let circumstances steal my joy. I will walk in joy because I walk with You.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Breaks Free from Lies and Labels

"So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed."

John 8:36

Labels do not always sound negative. Sometimes they come wrapped in love, but if we are not careful, even those labels can shape how we see ourselves in limiting ways.

When I was a little girl, I was very small and very petite. I was the ballerina type. Pink leotards, tiny slippers, hair slicked into a bun so tight my eyebrows moved. My dad, who loved me dearly, would call me his "delicate flower." It was his way of protecting me, of cherishing me, of seeing me as the treasure I was to him. And I loved it. Every little girl wants to be adored by her dad, and I knew he meant it as affection.

But here is the funny part. Somewhere along the way, I took that sweet nickname and turned it into a label. "Delicate flower" became "fragile person." I grew up thinking I was the type who needed bubble wrap. Sports? Too rough. Adventures? Too risky. Heavy lifting? Absolutely not, I might snap in half. If you had asked me to help move furniture, I probably would have quoted my dad: "Sorry, I am a delicate flower."

Then I got married. And my husband, instead of babying me, started

encouraging me to try things I never would have imagined. He believed I was stronger than I gave myself credit for. He pushed me past comfort zones, and sometimes I hated it. But slowly I realized that the label I had been carrying was actually holding me back. It was never meant as an insult, but I had let it define me.

And here is the bigger truth. Scripture never calls us delicate flowers. Psalm 1 says we are trees. Not fragile flowers that wilt in the sun or shrivel when the wind blows. Trees. Mighty, deeply rooted, planted by streams of living water. Trees that bear fruit in every season, whose leaves do not wither, who stand firm no matter what comes against them.

That is a very different picture than the ballerina with fragile wrists I thought I was. God's Word says I am not easily broken. I am planted. I am steady. I am strong.

Living Free

It is amazing how quickly a nickname or a label can sink into your identity. Sometimes it is spoken over you with love, other times it is spoken out of cruelty, but either way it can shape the way you see yourself if you let it.

The problem is that labels are limited. They box you in. They shrink you down. They convince you that you are fragile, too much, not enough, or permanently stuck. But God does not speak in limiting labels. He speaks in eternal identity.

Psalm 1 does not describe you as fragile or fleeting. It calls you a tree, planted by streams of living water. That means you are rooted, steady, fruitful, and resilient. A flower might be pretty for a moment, but it wilts in the heat and fades with the seasons. A tree lasts through storms, bears fruit that blesses others, and provides shade and strength for generations.

Living free means refusing to accept the labels that people have placed on you, even the ones that sounded sweet at first. It means trading in lies like "fragile" for truths like "strong in the Lord." It means declaring that you are not what others have named you. You are who God says you are.

And who does He say you are? Planted. Rooted. Flourishing. Strong.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Label Swap

Write down a label you have carried that is not from God. It might be something someone else said about you, or even something you have said about yourself. Then, next to it, write the truth of Scripture that replaces it. For example:

Fragile	Strong in the Lord (Ephesians 6:10)
Not enough	Complete in Christ (Colossians 2:10)
Overlooked	Chosen and seen (Ephesians 1:4)

Keep the truth where you will see it this week and let it remind you who you really are.

Option 2: Speak It Out

Every morning for the next week, look in the mirror and declare one truth about your identity in Christ. Say it out loud. For example: *"I am planted, I am rooted, I am flourishing."* Speaking truth has power. Replace the lies you have believed with the Word of God until His truth becomes louder than the labels.

Reflection Questions

1. What labels, even well-meaning ones, have you carried that shaped how you see yourself?
2. How have those labels limited you or held you back from stepping fully into who God says you are?
3. What truth from God's Word do you need to embrace instead: fragile flower or mighty tree?

Prayer

Father, thank You that I am not defined by labels or lies but by Your truth. I confess that I have let words spoken over me, even affectionate ones, shape how I see myself. Today I choose to lay those labels down.

Your Word says I am planted, I am rooted, and I am strong in You. I do not wilt with the seasons. I flourish because my life is connected to living water. Remind me every day that I am not fragile, I am faithful. I am not limited, I am loved.

Help me to walk in freedom and strength, fully confident in who You created me to be. Today I declare: I am not a flower that fades. I am a tree planted by streams of living water, bearing fruit that will last.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Lives with Unshakable Faith

"They will have no fear of bad news;
their hearts are steadfast, trusting in the Lord."

Psalm 112:7

Faith without risk is not really faith at all. It is easy to talk about trusting God when nothing is on the line, but real faith always requires stepping out into the unknown.

The biggest step of faith I ever took was planting a church at 26 years old. I was a brand-new mom with a baby who was not even one yet, still figuring out how to keep a tiny human alive, and God was asking us to start something else: a church. Honestly, some days it felt like having twins.

We left the comfort of my family's church, where my dad was the pastor and I had been in ministry for years, to move 40 miles away to the San Fernando Valley.

We started small, with a Bible study in our living room on Sunday nights. Our furniture was mismatched, toddler toys were everywhere, and I prayed no one would notice the stains on our carpet. We would worship, open the Word, and dream about a life-giving, life-changing church.

To make it work, we had to downsize in a big way. We moved into a tiny apartment, and I became the apartment manager. That meant that between leading Bible study and diaper duty, I was also unclogging toilets and chasing down tenants for rent checks.

And yes, we were scared. Statistically, church plants fail more often than they succeed. We were young, broke, and a little naïve. But we knew God had spoken. We were not starting a church to impress anyone. We were starting it for people far from God to meet Him.

Looking back now, the risk we took brought us closer to God, closer to each other, and eventually it changed thousands of lives. That is what unshakable faith does. It feels scary in the moment, but the fruit is worth it.

Living Free

Faith always costs you something. It might cost you comfort, stability, reputation, or control. But every risk you take in obedience to God comes with a reward that far outweighs what you gave up. The risk is temporary, but the fruit is eternal.

Living free means you stop asking, “What if I fail?” and start asking, “What if God moves?” It means you stop measuring your steps by safety and start measuring them by obedience. Sometimes the reward is seeing lives changed. Sometimes it is watching God provide in a way you never imagined. Sometimes it is simply knowing you are closer to Him because you trusted Him.

Unshakable faith is not reckless, but it is risky. It requires stepping out when you cannot see the end result. And here is the beauty: every time you risk in faith, God proves Himself faithful. What feels scary in the moment often becomes the story you look back on as the turning point, the very place where God did more than you thought possible.

Challenge (Optional)

Challenge Option 1: Take the Next Step

Think about one area where God may be asking you to trust Him. It could be starting something new, having a hard conversation, or giving

in a way that stretches you. Write it down, pray over it, and then take one step of obedience this week, no matter how small.

Challenge Option 2: Share Your Faith Story

Think back to a time when you took a risk to obey God and He came through for you. Share that story with someone this week. Your obedience in the past can encourage someone else to take their own step of faith today.

Reflection Questions

1. Where in your life do you sense God asking you to step out in faith right now?
2. What fears or risks make it hardest for you to obey?
3. Looking back, when have you seen God's faithfulness in response to a step of faith you took? How does that encourage you today?

Prayer

Father, thank You that You are faithful and trustworthy. I confess that sometimes I let fear keep me from stepping into what You are asking me to do. I hold on to safety and comfort instead of trusting You with risk.

Today I choose faith. I give You the areas of my life where You are asking me to obey, even when I cannot see the outcome. Strengthen my heart to trust You more than I trust myself. Remind me that every step of faith brings me closer to You and allows me to be part of the lives You are changing.

Today I declare: my faith will not be shaken, because my trust is in You.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Believes God's Promises

"For no matter how many promises God has made,
they are 'Yes' in Christ. And so through him the 'Amen'
is spoken by us to the glory of God."

2 Corinthians 1:20

One of the hardest parts of faith is believing God's promises when fear feels louder. For me, that fear was dogs. When I was a little girl, I was attacked by a dog, and it left me traumatized. From that day forward, I lived with an intense fear of them. "Uncomfortable" does not quite cover it. If a dog walked into the room, I would not just keep my distance. I would jump onto the couch like the floor was lava and start screaming. It was dramatic, and maybe even a little funny to watch, but to me the fear was completely real.

Over time, it just became part of my identity. I was "the girl who doesn't do dogs." I would avoid friends' houses if I knew they had one. I crossed the street at the sight of a dog, even if it was on a leash. And yes, I am not proud of this, but I once panicked when a tiny Chihuahua barked at me from behind a screen door. To everyone else it was harmless, but

to me it was basically a velociraptor.

For years, I figured that was just who I was, and that I would always carry that fear. But God's Word would not let me stay there. Over and over I would come across verses reminding me that He has not given me a spirit of fear, but of power, love, and a sound mind. That was His promise to me. It was not an audible voice, but it was as if He kept whispering through Scripture, "You do not have to live like this forever. You can overcome."

So I started doing the hard work. I met with a counselor and began facing my fear slowly. And it was humbling. Every time a dog got near, my brain immediately went into survival mode. It did not matter if the dog was wagging its tail or carrying a chew toy. My body acted like it was a wolf ready to eat me.

At one point, I decided to get really serious about it and our family adopted a little puppy. Let me tell you, the first few weeks were rough. I remember thinking, What sane person adopts their own phobia? Every time the puppy jumped or barked, I overreacted. I was discouraged because fear is powerful, and retraining your brain takes longer than you want it to.

But I kept holding on to God's promise. Slowly, little by little, fear started to loosen its grip. It took more than two years of prayer, counseling, and consistent practice, but today I actually take my dog on walks. Do I let him climb in my lap yet? No way. Am I suddenly an animal lover who wants five more pets? Not even close. But am I free from the kind of paralyzing fear that once controlled my life? Yes.

God kept His promise. His Word gave me courage. And every step of the journey reminded me that His promises are stronger than my fears.

Living Free

God's promises are not just words on a page. They are lifelines we can hold on to when fear tries to take over. Believing His promises does not always erase fear overnight, but it gives you the courage to face it one step at a time.

For me, that looked like two years of counseling, prayer, and baby steps with a puppy in my house. For you, it might look like trusting God's

promise of provision while you stare at a stack of bills. Or holding on to His promise of peace when anxiety keeps you awake at night. Or believing His promise of healing when your body still feels broken.

Living free means choosing to believe what God says is true even when your circumstances tell a different story. It means reminding yourself that His Word is stronger than your feelings, your fears, and your doubts. His promises are yes and amen in Christ.

You may not see the full breakthrough right away, but every time you choose to act on His promises instead of your fears, you are walking in freedom. God is faithful. He does not break His Word. And He will finish what He started in you.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: Write It and Walk It

Pick one promise from God's Word that speaks directly to a fear or worry you are facing. Write it on a card or sticky note and carry it with you. Every time that fear rises up, stop and read the promise out loud as a declaration over your life.

Option 2: Replace the Lie

Identify one lie that has been circling in your mind this week. Then find a specific promise in Scripture that cancels it out. For example: "I am not safe" → "The Lord is my refuge and strength" (Psalm 46:1). "I am alone" → "He will never leave me or forsake me" (Hebrews 13:5). Keep reminding yourself of the promise until it becomes louder than the lie.

Reflection Questions

1. What fear or struggle in your life feels louder than God's promises right now?
2. Which specific promise from Scripture do you need to hold on to in this season?
3. How can you remind yourself daily of God's promises so that His truth becomes louder than your fear?

Prayer

Father, thank You that every promise You have spoken is true. Thank You that Your Word is stronger than my fears and steadier than my emotions. I confess that I often let worry and doubt become louder than Your voice. Today I choose to believe what You have promised.

Remind me that You are faithful, even when I cannot see the answer yet. Help me to replace lies with truth, fear with faith, and anxiety with peace. Give me the courage to walk step by step in confidence that You will do what You said You will do.

Today I declare: I will not be defined by fear. I will be defined by the promises of God.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Finds Strength in Contentment

"I know what it is to be in need, and I know what it is to have plenty. I have learned the secret of being content in any and every situation, whether well fed or hungry, whether living in plenty or in want. I can do all this through him who gives me strength."

Philippians 4:12–13

When Paul wrote, "I can do all things through Christ," he was not talking about climbing Mount Everest or setting world records. He was talking about contentment. He said, "I have learned the secret of being content whether I have a little or a lot." That is encouraging, but also convicting, because contentment might be one of the hardest lessons to learn.

It is funny how quickly we adjust to luxuries and then act like they are non-negotiable. I remember when cars had cotton seats and roll-down windows, and nobody thought twice about it. Then one day I got a car with seat warmers. At first it felt like such a treat, but it only took about a week for me to wonder how I ever lived without them. Now if my seat is not toasty in under thirty seconds, I feel offended. That is

what happens with comfort. It slowly shifts from gift to expectation, and before you know it, contentment slips away.

I also remember a season when we were determined to buy our first house. We were putting in offers, saving, and strategizing, but my heart was consumed with it. Every “no” felt devastating. What started as a good desire quickly became an idol. I thought life would finally feel stable once I had those keys in my hand. Contentment was always just one offer away.

But then God reminded me of Philippians 2:3, which says, “Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit.” What I called wisdom and responsibility had actually become striving and idolatry. So we surrendered it. We told God, “If we never own a house, You are still enough.” And this time, we meant it.

Once we let it go, everything shifted. We stopped obsessing. We stopped looking at Zillow every five minutes. We stopped making the dream of owning a house the center of our prayers. And funny enough, that was when God opened the door. When the timing was right, He made it easy. The house was a gift, but the greater gift was the contentment we had learned before it came.

Contentment is not pretending life is perfect. It is deciding that God is enough in every situation. Whether you are living with little or living in plenty, driving a car with cotton seats or one with seat warmers, contentment comes from Christ who gives us strength. That is the secret Paul discovered, and it is the one God is still teaching me.

Living Free

True strength is not about having more, achieving more, or controlling more. True strength is found in learning to be content. Paul said he had learned the secret of being content in every situation. That word learned is important. It means contentment does not come naturally. It is something we grow into as we walk with Christ.

Living free means refusing to let your peace rise and fall with your circumstances. It means choosing to believe that God is enough when your life feels full and when it feels empty. It means enjoying blessings without clutching them, and surrendering desires without letting them consume you.

Contentment is not about lowering your standards or pretending you do not care. It is about shifting your heart so that your joy is rooted in Christ instead of in what you have or do not have. You can be content in a small apartment just as much as in a big house, because the source of your peace is not the square footage but the presence of God.

And here is the beautiful thing: when you learn contentment, you also gain freedom. You stop chasing after what you think you need to finally be happy. You stop comparing your life to everyone else's. You stop letting ambition or fear drive your decisions. Contentment anchors you in God's strength, and from that place, you can handle whatever comes your way.

That is what it means to say, "I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength." Not that we can do everything we want, but that we can endure everything life throws at us because our peace is rooted in Him.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The Gratitude Reset

Take five minutes today to list ten things you are grateful for that have nothing to do with money or possessions. It could be a friendship, laughter, fresh air, or God's presence in your life. Gratitude shifts your focus and strengthens contentment.

Option 2: The Let-Go List

Write down one thing you have been striving for or obsessing over that has been stealing your peace. Pray over it and tell God, "I surrender this to You." Fold the paper and place it in your Bible as a reminder that you are trusting Him with it.

Reflection Questions

1. What little luxuries or comforts have you gotten so used to that you now treat them as necessities?

2. In what area of life do you find it hardest to be content right now?
3. How would your peace change if you truly believed God is enough, whether you have much or little?

Prayer

Father, thank You that my strength does not come from my circumstances but from You. Teach me the secret of contentment that Paul learned. Help me to be satisfied in every season, whether I have little or plenty.

I confess that I often let my desires or ambitions steal my peace. Today I lay them down. I choose to believe that You are enough for me. Root my joy in Your presence, not in what I own or what I achieve.

Fill me with gratitude for the blessings I already have. Teach me to surrender the things I want but do not need. And help me live with a heart that is steady, thankful, and strong in You.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Lives with Eternal Perspective

"So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen.
For what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal."

2 Corinthians 4:18

I learned about eternal perspective in junior high in a way that was painful at first but unforgettable. My dad was asked to take over a church that was about to close because hardly anyone was coming. That meant leaving behind the church I grew up in. For me, that was devastating. My youth group was my whole world. If you remember junior high, you know your friends are basically your lifeline. Walking away from them felt like walking away from my entire identity.

When we got to the new church, it was basically empty. No youth group, no friends my age, nothing familiar. Overnight I went from sitting in youth group every week to serving. I was teaching kids in children's ministry, helping on the worship team, and showing up not to receive but to give. At the time I did not see it as spiritual maturity. I saw it as misery.

I will never forget that first Sunday. Nobody showed up. I looked at my dad and said, "Hey Dad, there's still time. We can drive back to our

old church and still make it before service starts.” He shook his head and said, “No, we are going to worship right here. Get up on the keyboard, your mom will lead worship, and we are going to honor God even if nobody else comes.”

So we did. My mom sang, I played the keyboard, and we led worship to a room full of empty chairs. Honestly, I thought it was pointless. But right in the middle of worship, a family of five walked through the doors. They stayed for the service, and they became part of our church family. They are still with us to this day.

Looking back, that moment taught me what eternal perspective really means. Faith is not about comfort, popularity, or whether everything feels exciting. It is about showing up, being faithful, and trusting that God can take even the smallest act of obedience and use it to change lives forever.

Living Free

Eternal perspective is not something you wake up with one morning. It is something you learn, usually the hard way, when God asks you to keep showing up even when things do not look the way you hoped.

Living free means realizing that what feels small or even pointless in the moment may be the very thing God uses to change someone’s eternity. Playing a keyboard to an empty room felt ridiculous to me as a teenager. But that act of worship opened the door for a family to walk in and find a church home that they are still part of today.

The truth is, most of the things we stress about will not matter five years from now. The scratch on your car, the email that went unanswered, the Instagram post that did not get enough likes — none of it lasts. But people last. God’s kingdom lasts. What you do for Christ lasts.

Eternal perspective frees you from measuring success by numbers or applause. It shifts your focus from “How big does this look right now?” to “How much will this matter in heaven?” That is when faith becomes steady. That is when you realize that no act of obedience is wasted.

Living free with eternal perspective means lifting your eyes above what is seen and remembering that every prayer, every act of service, every step of faith is an investment in forever.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: The 5-Year Filter

Every time you feel stressed or frustrated today, pause and ask yourself: *Will this matter five years from now?* If the answer is no, let it go. If the answer is yes, pray and ask God to show you how to respond with an eternal perspective.

Option 2: Invest in Forever

Do one thing today that carries eternal weight. It could be sharing your faith with someone, encouraging a friend who is struggling, serving in your church, or spending time in prayer. Remind yourself that every act of obedience, no matter how small, is building something that lasts.

Reflection Questions

1. What temporary things do you find yourself stressing over that will not matter five years from now?
2. How does remembering eternity change the way you look at your daily struggles or sacrifices?
3. What is one way you can invest in something eternal this week?

Prayer

Father, thank You that this life is not all there is. Thank You that what I do for You carries eternal weight. I confess that I often get distracted by temporary things and let them steal my focus and joy. Help me lift my eyes above what is seen and remember what truly lasts.

Teach me to live with eternal perspective. Remind me that people matter more than possessions, that serving You is more important than comfort, and that every act of obedience is an investment in forever. Give me strength to be faithful, even when it feels small or unnoticed.

Today I declare: I will not be consumed by the temporary. I will live with eternity in mind. In Jesus' name, Amen.



She Knows Who She Is

"But you are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's special possession, that you may declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light."

1 Peter 2:9

When you know who you are in Christ, it changes how you make decisions, especially the biggest ones of your life. Marriage is one of those decisions. You are not just marrying someone's smile or sense of humor. You are marrying their character, their habits, and the direction they are heading.

When I was 20 years old, I was dating the man who would later become my husband. We met at Bible college, which sounds like the safest place in the world to find a godly spouse. But let's be real, Bible college is still full of 20-year-olds trying to figure life out. Some of them were skipping chapel, living off fast food, and hoping nobody noticed.

He was a good guy, but at the time he was not going to church regularly and still had habits that did not line up with the vision God had

given me for my life. As much as I cared about him, I could not ignore that we were heading in different directions.

So I did what every hopelessly-in-love but determined young woman does. I wrote him a breakup letter. I handed it to him, thinking he would just read it quietly and that would be the end of the story. Instead, he handed it back and said, “Will you read it to me out loud?”

That moment was every bit as awkward as you are imagining. My hands were shaking, my face was red, and I wanted to crawl under the table. But it led to one of the most honest conversations we had ever had. I told him plainly that if he was not going to pursue God wholeheartedly, I was not going to waste my time dating him.

At 20 years old, I was falling in love with him, but I also knew my worth. I knew I was God’s daughter. And because I knew who I was, I knew the kind of man I was supposed to walk alongside. That kind of confidence only comes from knowing your identity in Christ.

Now let me be clear. This happened before we were in a serious relationship, and it is not advice for marriages. Once you are married, God will fight for your marriage with you. But when you are dating, you are still deciding who to link your life to. That is where knowing your worth matters most.

What happened next was not me changing him. It was God. My boyfriend realized he needed to step up. Later he admitted he knew he was about to lose the greatest gift God had ever put in front of him. His words, not mine. He chose to grow into the man God was calling him to be. And it was Jesus, not me, who changed his heart.

Looking back, it is kind of wild that I had the courage to do that at 20 years old. But that is what happens when you know who you are. When you know your identity in Christ, you do not settle for less than what He has for you.

Living Free

When you know who you are in Christ, you make different choices. You stop looking for approval from other people and start living from the approval you already have in Him. You stop trying to earn love by lowering

your standards and start walking with the confidence that you are already deeply loved by God.

Living free means you understand your worth. You are God's daughter, chosen and set apart. That truth gives you courage to set boundaries in relationships, wisdom to walk away when something is not right, and boldness to wait for God's best instead of settling for what is easy.

It is important to remember this: in dating, you are choosing the direction of your future. If the person you are with is not pursuing God, you cannot expect your relationship to magically end up in the right place. Once you are married, God calls you to fight for that covenant, but when you are dating, you still have a choice. Knowing your worth in Christ helps you make that choice wisely.

Living free also means you do not rely on someone else to define you. Your identity is not wrapped up in being "in a relationship" or "single" or "married." Your identity is rooted in Jesus alone. When you know that, you will not compromise who you are just to be loved, because you already are.

That is the power of identity. When you know who you are in Christ, you live free, confident, and unshakable.

Challenge (Optional)

Option 1: Identity Declarations

Write down three truths from Scripture about who you are in Christ. For example: "I am chosen" (1 Peter 2:9), "I am loved" (Jeremiah 31:3), "I am God's workmanship" (Ephesians 2:10). Say them out loud every morning this week. Let God's truth drown out insecurity and lies.

Option 2: The Relationship Check

If you are dating, take time this week to pray and honestly ask: *Is this relationship helping me pursue God or pulling me away from Him?* If you are not dating, pray for the wisdom and strength to never settle for less than God's best. Write down one boundary you can set or one standard you will not compromise because of who you are in Christ.

Reflection Questions

1. What labels or lies have you believed in the past that made you question your worth?
2. How does knowing your identity in Christ give you courage to make wise choices in relationships and life?
3. What boundaries or standards do you need to reaffirm so that you do not settle for less than God's best?

Prayer

Father, thank You that my identity is secure in You. I am chosen, loved, and set apart as Your daughter. Forgive me for the times I have forgotten my worth and settled for less than what You had for me.

Teach me to walk with confidence in who I am in Christ. Give me wisdom to make choices that honor You, strength to hold my boundaries, and courage to wait for Your best.

Help me remember that my value does not come from a relationship status or what others think of me. My value comes from being Yours. Today I declare: I know who I am in Christ, and I will not settle for anything less than His plan for my life.

In Jesus' name, Amen.



What's Next

You made it. Twenty-one days of digging in, showing up, and letting God reshape the way you see yourself. That alone is proof that you are not the same woman who started this journey.

Here is the truth: life will still throw its ordinary chaos at you. You will open the fridge and stare at food like it is a puzzle you cannot solve. You will find yourself holding one sock and wondering how the other one escaped the dryer. People will still test your patience, and unexpected problems will pop up. But none of those things get to define you anymore. You know who you are, and you know Whose you are.

Over these 21 days you have learned to silence fear, laugh at comparison, and tear off labels that never belonged to you. You have discovered that perfection is overrated, peace is underrated, and contentment is stronger than ambition. You have seen that joy can take root in the middle of struggle, that community is worth the risk, and that eternity is bigger than whatever feels urgent today.

Most importantly, you have remembered that your value is not fragile, it is not changing with the wind, and it is not negotiable. You are God's daughter. That is settled.

So what's next? Keep walking free. Keep choosing truth when lies sound easier. Keep stepping out in faith when safety seems more comfortable. Keep planting yourself in God's promises when everything else

feels uncertain. The world does not need another woman chasing applause or pretending to have it all together. The world needs a woman who knows she is free.

And that woman is you.

Challenge (Optional)

Now that you have finished these 21 days, consider going through this book again with a group of ladies. You do not have to be the expert—you only have to be an example. You can say, “I have done it once, and it changed me. Let’s do it together.” The most powerful mentoring often comes not from expertise but from walking alongside others with honesty and faith.

Closing Prayer

Father, thank You for these 21 days of freedom. Thank You for reminding me who I am in You: chosen, loved, and secure. I promise to keep walking in the truth I have learned, not just for a season but for the rest of my life. Guard my heart from fear, comparison, and lies, and fill me with courage, joy, and peace.

Use my life to serve others, to encourage those who feel bound, and to point people back to You. Let my freedom become a testimony that invites others to find theirs in Christ.

I am free because of Jesus, and I will live in that freedom every day, for Your glory and for the good of others.

Amen.