

Lord Jesus Christ,

Before I write another sentence, quiet my striving and awaken my delight in You again.
Let me taste and see that You are good before I attempt to say anything good for others.

Deliver me from the hunger to build myself through words.

You are not asking me to become impressive, only faithful.

When I believe my worth rises and falls with applause, remind me that before I ever carried a message, I was already loved.

Guard me from the tyranny of relevance.

The world tells me to remain visible; You invite me to remain abiding.

Free me from performing for algorithms, trends, or approval.

If hiddenness becomes my portion for a season, let me not interpret silence as Your absence.

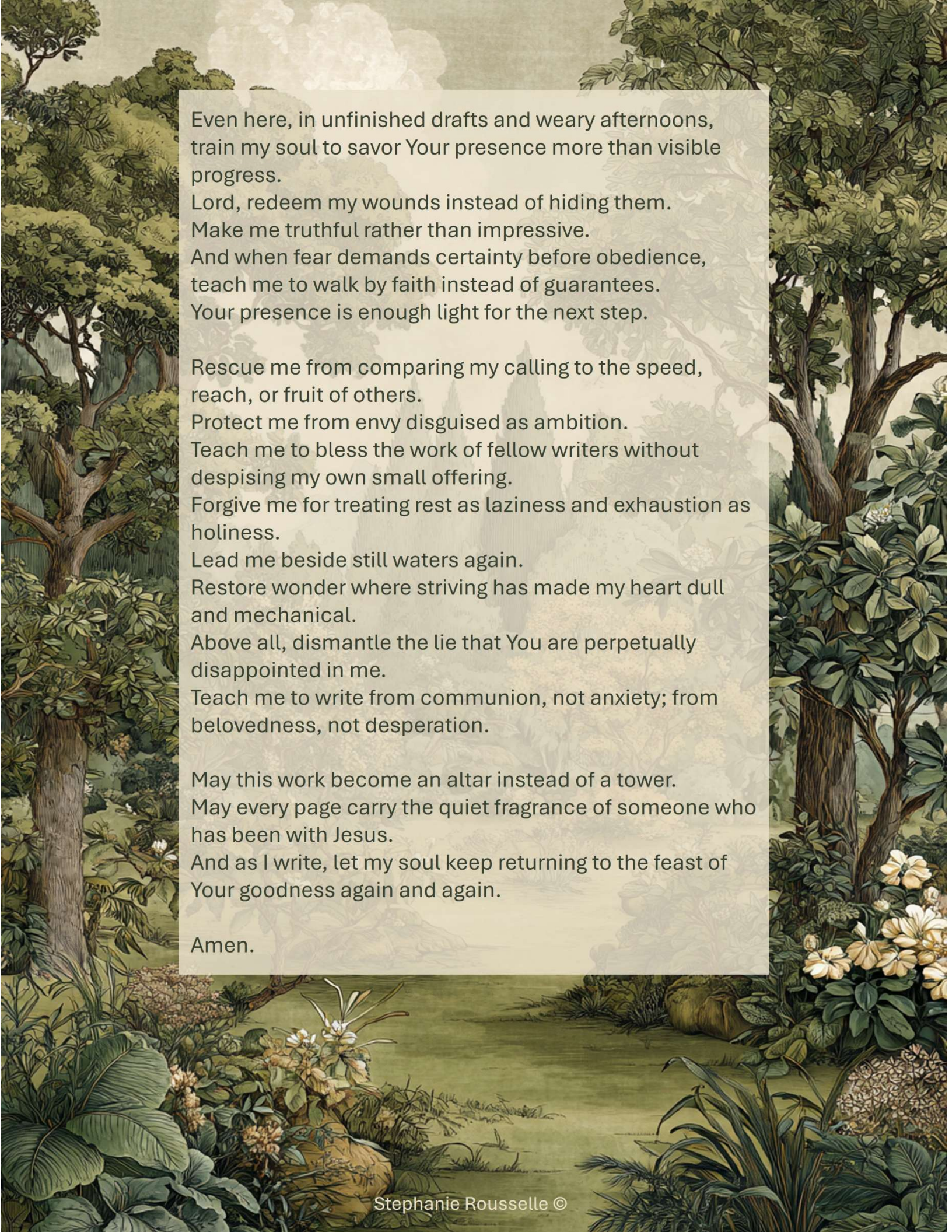
When criticism pierces me, keep me from surrendering my identity to strangers.

When praise intoxicates me, keep me from feeding on human approval like bread that cannot satisfy.

Anchor me deeper than public opinion.

When writing feels slow, difficult, or barren, keep me from mistaking resistance for abandonment.

Teach me to labor without panic.



Even here, in unfinished drafts and weary afternoons,
train my soul to savor Your presence more than visible
progress.

Lord, redeem my wounds instead of hiding them.
Make me truthful rather than impressive.
And when fear demands certainty before obedience,
teach me to walk by faith instead of guarantees.
Your presence is enough light for the next step.

Rescue me from comparing my calling to the speed,
reach, or fruit of others.
Protect me from envy disguised as ambition.
Teach me to bless the work of fellow writers without
despising my own small offering.
Forgive me for treating rest as laziness and exhaustion as
holiness.

Lead me beside still waters again.
Restore wonder where striving has made my heart dull
and mechanical.
Above all, dismantle the lie that You are perpetually
disappointed in me.
Teach me to write from communion, not anxiety; from
belovedness, not desperation.

May this work become an altar instead of a tower.
May every page carry the quiet fragrance of someone who
has been with Jesus.
And as I write, let my soul keep returning to the feast of
Your goodness again and again.

Amen.