

A raw, gentle invitation to want something different.



LET ME BE HONEST

by Amanda Elise C

WORTHY
COLLECTION



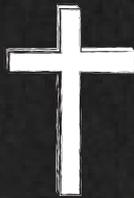
Mini Journal
from the
heart.

Hey



14/07/25

This is the part where you feel the ache but show up anyway. This is the part where you begin.



Psalm 34:18



If you're holding this journal, it means something inside of you hasn't stopped hoping. Maybe you're still using. Maybe you've relapsed. Maybe you're tired of running from your own reflection.

This isn't a workbook for the perfect. This is for the one who's cried on the bathroom floor. For the one who wants to believe in God, but mostly just feels guilt. For the one who's terrified of staying the same, but doesn't know how to begin again.

This journal won't save you. But it will sit with you. It will whisper, "You are not too far gone."

Welcome. You're still worthy.

With you in this
— Amanda Elise



WHAT'S THE THING YOU
KEEP DOING... THAT
LEAVES YOU EMPTIER
EVERY TIME?



Maybe it promises comfort.

But it always costs peace.

Don't shame it.

Just name it.

You can't heal what you pretend isn't there.

IF YOU GOT CLEAN...
WHAT ARE YOU SCARED
YOU'D LOSE?



Is it the edge?

The escape?

The version of you that coped by disappearing?

What if recovery doesn't erase your identity—
what if it restores it?

WHAT WOULD A FREE LIFE ACTUALLY FEEL LIKE?



Try to picture it.
Not just the clean days—
but the mornings.

The real laughs.

The kind peace.

The steady breath.

What would you be full of... if you weren't always
emptying out?

FOR THE ONE WHO'S TIRED OF PRETENDING



God,

I don't want to fake it anymore.
I want freedom more than I want control.
You say I'm loved before I'm cleaned up.
You say I'm worthy, even here.
Help me want what heals.
Help me release what breaks me.
Show me the next honest step.

Amen.

YOU'RE NOT BROKEN.
YOU'RE BECOMING.

