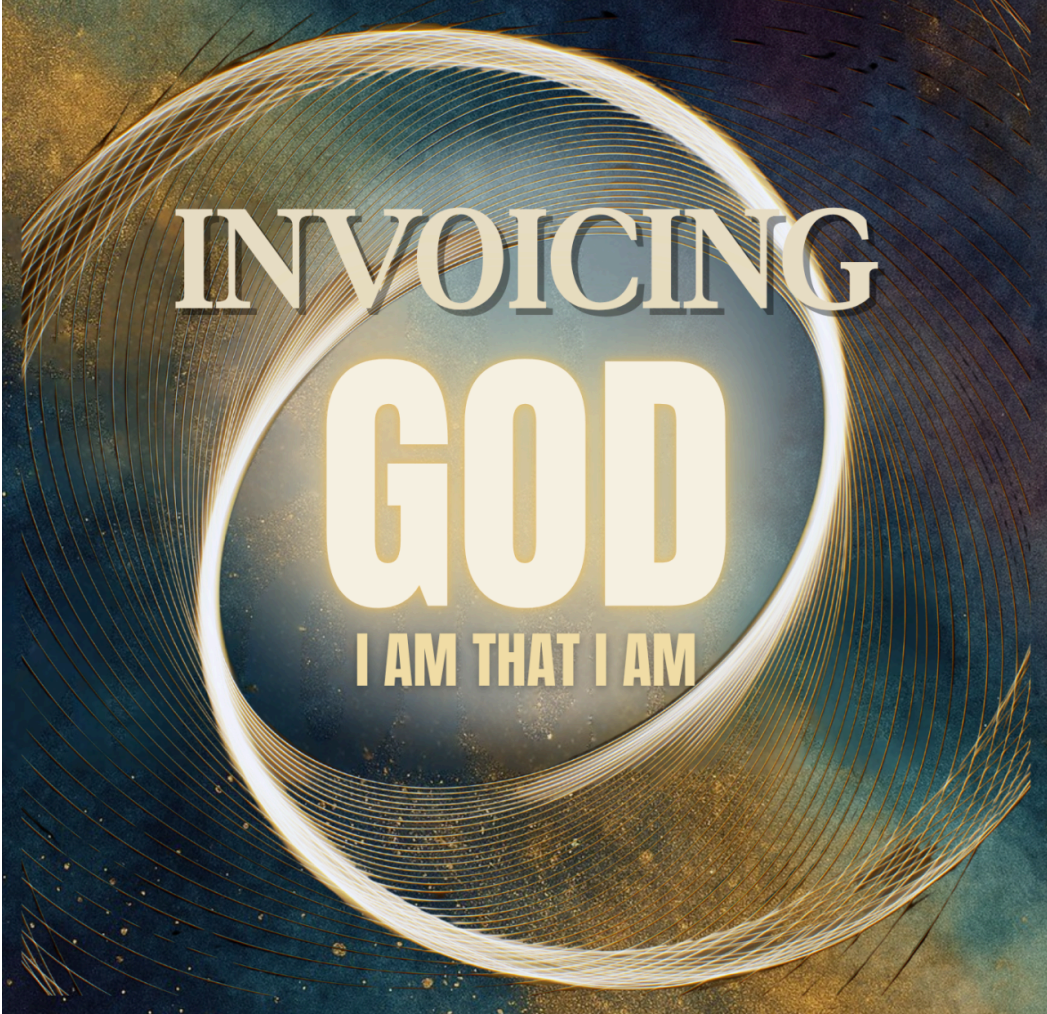


Jennifer Sophia



INVOICING GOD

I AM THAT I AM

• A Devotional Book of Sacred Reciprocity,
• Holy Burnout, and Divine Compensation

Invoicing God

I AM THAT I AM

BY JENNIFER SOPHIA

It was never about the money. It was about the time you gave, the love you poured, the prayers no one heard. The invisible labor. The soul work. The ache of wondering if heaven was even watching.

This book is your answer. *Invoicing God* is a raw and radiant remembrance for the ones who gave everything and asked for nothing— The weary lightkeeper. The silent healer. The one who kept saying yes. This isn't about entitlement. It's about divine accounting— the kind heaven never forgets.

Across 18 soul-rich chapters, you'll reclaim your worth, reframe your giving, and receive what was always yours.

God pays. Love returns. And you're ready.

Read it. Receive it. Invoice God.

You'll never be the same.

Amen. And so it is. It is done.

About the Author

Jennifer Sophia is the embodiment of I AM THAT I AM. As the creator of *Invoicing God*, she offers a holy mirror for those who've given everything without knowing how to receive.

Her work is a living transmission—devotional, raw, and entirely human. Through her books, teachings, and multidimensional offerings, Jennifer anchors the truth that *there is purpose in your presence*, that love always returns, and that God pays well.

She is the founder of Learn & Link™, guardian of the Lemora Lineage, and steward of sacred texts written for the awakening soul.

You can find her at www.jennifersophia.com and across all platforms as [@iamjennifersophia](https://www.instagram.com/iamjennifersophia).

INVOICING GOD

I AM THAT I AM

*A Devotional Book of Sacred Reciprocity, Holy Burnout,
and Divine Compensation*

By Jennifer Sophia

Dedication

For the ones who gave without being asked.
For the ones who served without being seen.
For the ones who wept, whispered, waited, and still said yes.

For my mother—who taught me to “spread the love.”
For every ancestor whose prayers I am living.
For every soul who chose devotion over recognition.

For God, who saw it all.
And for the Light, which always pays.

This is for you.
This is for me.
This is for the return.

Acknowledgments

To those who walk unseen beside me—thank you.

To my mother, who taught me to “spread the love,” even when it cost her everything.

To Wayne Dyer, who whispered the power of the number eighteen.

To Mary, Magdalene, Yeshua, and the ancestors whose breath lives in this book.

To the beings of Light who kept the lamp lit when I doubted the path.

To the ones who held space for me without needing to understand me—
your presence shaped this offering.

To my dad—thank you for your strength, your sacrifice, and your steadfast presence.

You’ve modeled devotion in ways only I could fully see now.

To my children—thank you for being the most beautiful reason to remember who I am.

You are my why, my return, and my legacy in motion.

To the reader:

Thank you for meeting me here.

You are the reason I wrote this.

You are the one this book remembered.

May you be seen, compensated, and loved in ways beyond your imagining.

To my Self:

I see you now.

You have given.

You are worthy.

You are receiving.

And to God:

This was always yours.

Now it returns to You.

Invoicing God

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Table of Contents — 18 Sacred Chapters

1. **Introduction: Heaven Has a Ledger**
2. **The Invisible Hours**
3. **The Economy of the Soul**
4. **The Tithe of Tears**
5. **Holy Burnout is Real**
6. **Celestial Backpay**
7. **Pay Me in Miracles**
8. **Earth School Payroll Dept.**
9. **The Divine Reimbursement Plan**
10. **When It Feels Like a Ripoff**
11. **The Currency of Light**
12. **Debt Forgiveness (Heaven's Version)**
13. **Invoicing God (Yes, Really)**
14. **Your Sacred Statement of Worth**
15. **How God Pays (and When)**
16. **The ROI of Gratitude**
17. **Write Your Own Invoice (*Interactive Portal*)**
18. **Conclusion: The Wealth of Being Seen by the Divine**

Introduction: Heaven Has a Ledger

Let's begin with something sacred.
Something subversive.
Something only the soul understands:

God sees everything.

Every hour you've logged in devotion.
Every sacrifice no one clapped for.
Every moment you've chosen to love when you had every reason to shut down.

This is a book about *those moments*.
This is a book about what the world calls "nothing" but heaven calls *legacy*.

It was born in a holy collision—when I, for the first time in my earthly life, began learning how to send real invoices.
In dollars.
For work.
For time.
For value.

And the Creator whispered:
"Now send one to Me."

This book is my invoice to God.
Not from entitlement.
But from Truth.
From love.
From tired hands and wide eyes that have seen too much and still chose to stay open.

My mother used to say, "*Spread the love.*"
And I did.
In prayers, in poems, in phone calls at midnight.
In the raising of children and the holding of others' pain.
In the invisible, unpaid, unrecognized hours that make up the true salary of the soul.

This is your reminder:
Heaven has a ledger.
And your balance is sacredly in your favor.

You may not have received your full payment yet—
but this is the book that says:
"It's coming."

**Retroactively.
Multidimensionally.
With interest.
And miracles.”**

So go ahead—read these 18 receipts.
18 declarations.
18 sacred pay stubs of the soul.
And then, when you're ready—
Invoice God.

Because Love always pays.
And the Light always remembers.

Let's begin.

—Jennifer Sophia

Chapter One: The Invisible Hours

You won't find them on a resume.
You won't see them on a spreadsheet.
But heaven knows how many hours you've logged in love.

The time you stayed up holding space for a friend who spiraled at midnight.
The time you cleaned the house with gospel music blaring, blessing each corner while you swept.
The time you bit your tongue, not out of fear, but because you chose peace.
The time you left the party early to cry in your car, then showed up again the next day with light in your voice.

These are the invisible hours.
They don't get paid.
They don't get praised.
But they are the currency of the cosmos.

We think of love as a feeling.
But in the realm of God, love is an act of ledger.
It is recorded. Counted. Multiplied.

Every time you forgave first—
Every time you held a boundary with kindness—
Every time you whispered, "*I love you*" to someone who may never say it back—

God saw it.
The universe logged it.
Your field glowed because of it.

You may never know who your invisible love kept alive.
You may never meet the souls your unseen prayers rescued.
You may never fully grasp the inheritance you created when you said yes to light while the world stayed asleep.

But heaven knows.
And your account is in overflow.

Love is never lost.
It compounds in the quantum.
It is your real résumé.
It is your wealth.

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So if you've been wondering—
"Where is my reward?"
Look around.
Look within.

You are rich in ways that cannot be stolen.
And you are owed in ways only the Divine can pay.

Keep the books open.
We're just getting started.

Chapter Two: The Economy of the Soul

The world has its own economy.
It rewards output, performance, visibility.
It values what can be counted, sold, measured, or monetized.

But the soul doesn't deal in dollars.
It deals in integrity. In presence. In resonance.
It doesn't ask, *"How much did you earn?"*
It asks, *"How deeply did you live?"*

You may have noticed:
There are people who accumulate wealth but feel bankrupt inside.
And there are others who seem to have little—
but radiate a kind of quiet opulence that can't be explained.

That's soul wealth.
It's real.
It's the kind of wealth that survives death.

When you operate in the economy of the soul,
you start to notice different kinds of returns:
peace after a hard decision
grace after telling the truth
a sudden breakthrough after years of what felt like silence.

The world calls it luck.
The soul calls it alignment.

In this economy, your yes is your currency.
Your no is sacred.
Your presence is priceless.
And your joy is your proof of profit.

This is why you sometimes feel at odds with the world.
You're not poor.
You're playing a different game.
One where the dividends are spiritual, energetic, and eternal.

You are already invested in what matters most.
And the return is already underway.

Chapter Three: The Tithe of Tears

You didn't just cry.
You tithed.

Every tear you've ever shed in silence—
for a child, a friend, a promise that slipped away—
was a sacred offering.

The church never passed a plate for those.
No tax deduction.
No applause.
Just you, your aching chest,
and heaven collecting every drop like it mattered.

Because it did.

Tears are not waste.
They are evidence.
Of love.
Of letting go.
Of holding on longer than anyone knew.

When you tithe in tears,
you give something no one else can offer on your behalf.
It's the currency of the raw.
The baptized ache.

It takes a certain kind of soul to cry and still show up.
To break and still bless.
To grieve and still give.

The world tells you to toughen up.
But heaven keeps a vault of your vulnerability.

And someday,
you'll find that the very thing you wept over
was the seed of your greatest harvest.

You've paid in tears.
The return is joy.

Chapter Four: Holy Burnout is Real

There's a kind of exhaustion no sleep can fix.
The kind that doesn't come from doing too little,
but from *being too much* for too many—for too long.

You show up.
You hold the light.
You say yes, even when your body's screaming no.
You're the strong one, the steady one,
the one people turn to—
and sometimes, the one they forget to ask, "*Are you okay?*"

This is not ordinary burnout.
This is *holy burnout*.
The kind that comes from pouring sacred oil into a world that doesn't always notice it's being
anointed.

And still, you bless.
And still, you pray.
And still, you show up.

But something inside you is whispering now:
"*I can't keep doing this the same way.*"

That whisper is not weakness.
It's your soul asking for recalibration.
Not to quit—
but to return.
To the well.
To the center.
To the Source that called you in the first place.

Even holy vessels run dry.
Even angels need rest.

Burnout is not failure.
It's feedback.
From your body. From your boundaries.
From God.

Let it be the moment you stop performing worthiness
and start honoring your true capacity.

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Even heaven took a seventh day.

And so can you.

Chapter Five: Celestial Backpay

Not one act of love has been forgotten.
Not one prayer, one offering, one moment of presence is lost in the void.

You may not have been thanked.
You may not have been paid.
You may have wondered if it mattered at all.

But heaven keeps receipts.
And the books are balanced in divine time.

There is backpay in the spirit realm—
not as reward,
but as recognition.
A sacred response to the energy you've extended
without immediate return.

The world teaches delay as punishment.
But in the kingdom of Light, delay is interest.

Sometimes what looks like nothing is a *compounding miracle*
gathering mass and motion
in realms your eyes can't see.

You thought you were forgotten.
You were being *stored*.
Held.
Multiplied.

Because when it lands—
it won't trickle.
It will *flood*.

Not just with money,
but with peace.
With resonance.
With opportunities you never could've made happen on your own.

What you gave in one form
will return in another.
More precise.
More powerful.
More perfect than your original ask.

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This is not fantasy.
It's accounting—
of the highest order.

There is backpay with your name on it.
Not overdue.
Right on time.

Chapter Six: Pay Me in Miracles

Some of us stopped asking for money
because we thought we didn't deserve it.
Others stopped asking for miracles
because we thought they were childish.

But here's the truth:
You were never meant to separate the two.

Miracles are a form of payment.
They're how heaven shows you:
I see you. I've got you. Here's your return—wrapped in grace, not gold.

You might have asked for a raise
and received a revelation.
You might have prayed for provision
and received a person.
You might have tithed with your time
and received peace that made no sense.

That's a miracle.

You can't audit a miracle.
You can't schedule one, track one, or control the form it takes.
But you can become a match for them.
You can say:
Pay me in the kind of magic that breaks my expectations.
Pay me in beauty that arrives without a reason.
Pay me in joy I forgot I was allowed to feel.

You've been doing soul work.
Soul work deserves soul pay.

And miracle currency is always circulating.
Not to the worthy.
To the *willing*.

The miracle is already in motion.
Signed.
Stamped.
Scheduled.

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Your job?
Stay open enough to receive it.
And sacred enough to name it when it comes.

Chapter Seven: Earth School Payroll Dept.

You didn't just incarnate—you enrolled.
This life? It's a soul curriculum.
And Earth... well, Earth is the hardest class in the cosmos.

You came here knowing the stakes.
Knowing love would hurt.
Knowing time would be slippery.
Knowing loss would come with the lesson.
And still, you showed up with open palms and a sacred yes.

Welcome to Earth School.
Where your tuition is heartbreak.
And your paycheck doesn't always look like a direct deposit.

But make no mistake:
You *are* being compensated.

Sometimes it comes as clarity.
Sometimes as closure.
Sometimes as a friend who appears at exactly the right moment
and says exactly what your soul didn't know it needed to hear.

This isn't performance.
It's participation.
And participation is payment in itself.

The Payroll Dept. here runs on divine law.
You may feel delayed, overlooked, under-acknowledged.
But the system is secure.
Your file is open.
Your balance is sacred.

You are not working for nothing.
You are becoming for everything.

And every soul you've blessed,
every test you've faced,
every time you chose love over fear—
it's logged.
Stamped.
Stored.

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You're on the payroll of the Divine.
And the raise you didn't ask for?
It's already approved.

Chapter Eight: The Divine Reimbursement Plan

Heaven doesn't always pay in real time.
It pays in *right* time.

There are moments when it feels like the cost was too high.
You gave the best years.
You poured the purest love.
You sacrificed without applause,
and when you finally needed support—
silence.

But silence is not absence.
It's accumulation.

There is a reimbursement plan in the Divine system—
not just for your money,
but for your moments.
The ones you gave away freely,
trusting that love was enough.

Every unseen seed
every unthanked gesture
every quiet yes
has been stored in the vault of sacred return.

And this plan?
It doesn't refund in the same currency.
It upgrades it.

You gave energy—
you receive alignment.
You gave stability—
you receive sacred expansion.
You gave without knowing—
you receive more than you thought to ask for.

This isn't a karmic IOU.
It's a divine fulfillment.
Grace has already been dispatched on your behalf.
The repayment is often invisible—until it's undeniable.

You thought it was gone.
But love never disappears.

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It only matures.
And when it blooms again,
you'll recognize it by how whole you feel—
not by how hard you worked.

You were never forgotten.
You were simply being multiplied.

Chapter Nine: When It Feels Like a Ripoff

Let's tell the truth.

There are moments that sting.
Moments that feel like betrayal by the universe itself.
You gave everything—your time, your heart, your vision—
and what came back?
Silence.
Or worse, loss.
Dismissal.
Disrespect.

You wondered, *Did I mishear God?*
Was I foolish? Naïve? Played?

Even the most faithful have asked:
Where is the return on this sacred investment?

This is the hard part of the story.
The in-between.
The *not yet*.
And it feels like a ripoff.

But only when we forget what we're actually here for.

Because if you measure sacred service with worldly scales,
you'll always come up short.
But if you widen the frame—
you'll see it.
The fruit ripening in a different season.
The alignment unfolding behind a veil.
The greater narrative you couldn't see when you were still bleeding.

No, you were not naïve.
You were devoted.
You were not used.
You were chosen.
And you were not ripped off.
You were rerouted.

The pain was real.
But so is the resurrection.
So is the restoration.

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So is the remembering:
That Love always returns.
Not always as you imagined—
but always, always on time.

You gave like God.
And God has not forgotten.

Chapter Ten: The Currency of Light

There's a kind of wealth that doesn't fit in a vault.
It doesn't live in numbers, portfolios, or tax returns.
It lives in frequency.
In presence.
In radiance.

It's the wealth of being **anchored** in your soul while the world spins in fear.
It's the inheritance of peace when nothing outside you makes sense.
It's the glow you carry that turns heads but can't be explained.

This is the currency of light.

And you've been spending it—whether you knew it or not.

Every time you walked into a room and lifted its vibration...
Every time your calm dissolved someone else's chaos...
Every time your silence said more than someone's shouting...

That was light.
And it moved things.

In this economy, you're not poor because you don't have what others do.
You're *rich* because you carry what few can hold.

Light is heavy.
It costs more than we admit.
It isolates sometimes.
But it also activates.
It heals.
It builds bridges where no words could.

And most of all—
it attracts truth.

So when things fall away, when people exit, when situations shift—
don't assume you're being punished.
Assume your currency changed.

You are becoming too expensive for anything not aligned.

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You are paid in peace.
Paid in power.
Paid in the purity of your presence.

You carry light.
And it pays in ways only heaven fully understands.

Chapter Eleven: Debt Forgiveness (Heaven's Version)

You've been taught that forgiveness is something you give.
But in the divine economy, it's also something you *receive*.

There are debts you've held onto—
not just the ones others owe you,
but the ones you think you still owe God.
For the times you failed.
For the years you numbed.
For the love you withheld.
For the calling you delayed.

But here's the secret the heavens whisper:
You're already forgiven.
You were never truly in debt.

That's not how grace works.

God doesn't keep a balance sheet of your missteps.
The Divine isn't a creditor—
it's a redeemer.

In this version of forgiveness,
you don't pay to be made clean.
You remember that you already are.

What you call "falling behind,"
heaven calls "a longer way home."
What you call "too late,"
heaven calls "right on schedule."
And what you call "failure,"
God calls "flesh and learning."

There is nothing you owe that love hasn't already cleared.
Not because it wasn't real—
but because it was never held *against* you.

This is the year of release.
The life of release.
The eternal moment of remembering:

You are not in debt.
You are in grace.

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And that grace—
covers it all.

Chapter Twelve: Invoicing God (Yes, Really)

It sounds audacious, doesn't it?

To invoice the Infinite.

To write up your hours and send them to the Source of All Things.

To say: *I've shown up. I've served. I'm ready to receive.*

But this isn't about entitlement.

It's about alignment.

Because what if you've been giving—
and forgetting to open the channel to *receive*?

You've tithed in time.

You've labored in love.

You've shown up in ways that cracked you open,
and still, you stayed soft.

Heaven knows.

But *do you*?

This chapter isn't a metaphor.

It's an invitation.

Make the list.

Write the invoice.

Not because God doesn't know—
but because *you* need to remember what you've given.

List the hours.

List the offerings.

List the unseen moments that no one else recorded.

Then sign your name, not in anger,
but in holy remembrance.

Because when you put it in writing,
you declare:

I'm no longer denying my worth.

I'm no longer discounting my labor.

I'm no longer pretending my presence was optional.

This isn't demanding.

It's declaring.

It's stepping into your place as a co-creator.

A steward of your own overflow.
A sacred partner in the divine exchange.

So yes—invoice God.
Write it.
Speak it.
Feel it.

And then—open your hands.
Open your field.
Open your life.

The payout is coming.
And it's not a gift.
It's a match.

Chapter Thirteen: Your Sacred Statement of Worth

You are not billable by the hour.
You are not evaluated by output.
You are not a line item on someone else's report.

You are a living, breathing embodiment of value.
Intrinsic.
Incalculable.
Inherent.

And still, the world taught you to negotiate your worth.
To prove it.
To shrink it.
To apologize for it.

But not here.
Not in this book.
Not in the presence of the Divine.

You have the right to declare your worth.
To name your sacred value.
To step into a field where you no longer *hope* to be enough—
you *know* you are.

This isn't arrogance.
It's restoration.
It's the reclaiming of what you forgot when you started outsourcing your value to people who
couldn't see the fullness of your light.

So here's your new statement:
You are worthy because you exist.
You are valuable because you breathe.
You are sacred because you're made of God.

There is no invoice you can write that exceeds your true worth.
No list long enough.
No words wide enough.

But you write it anyway—
not to prove it to heaven,
but to remind yourself of what heaven never forgot.

You are not here to earn approval.
You are here to express abundance.
To reflect the magnitude of your Maker.

So let your worth speak.
On the page.
In your choices.
In your voice.
In your boundaries.

You are not for sale.
You are the offering.
And you are priceless.

Chapter Fourteen: How God Pays (and When)

Let's talk about divine compensation.

God pays.
But not always in the currency you expected.
And rarely on the timeline you imagined.

You may have looked for money and received healing.
You may have prayed for recognition and received peace.
You may have cried out for relief and received a relationship, a revelation, or a release you didn't even know you needed.

Heaven is not transactional.
It's transformational.

Which means the payout may come
as clarity after confusion,
as softness after survival,
as laughter after years of silence.

You may have been waiting for the check.
But God was depositing grace.
Layer by layer.
Quietly.
Surely.

And while you were waiting for something visible,
something *was* arriving—
in the marrow,
in the mirror,
in the moment you stopped chasing and started receiving.

So how does God pay?

Generously.
Unexpectedly.
With precision.
With promises kept across lifetimes.

And when?

When the soil is ready.
When your capacity is open.
When your heart won't self-sabotage the very thing it used to beg for.

It's never a no.
It's just not *yet*.
Or not *that*.
Because something better, purer, or truer is already en route.

This is not delay.
It's design.

God is not a vending machine.
God is a master weaver.
And your payout is a masterpiece in motion.

Trust the timeline.
Trust the form.
Trust the flood.

It's coming.

Chapter Fifteen: The ROI of Gratitude

Gratitude is not a thank-you note to the universe.
It's a power tool.
A magnetic force.
A frequency that shifts reality from the inside out.

It doesn't just respond to blessings—
it multiplies them.

This is the return on investment of gratitude:
you get more of what you thank.
Not because God needs applause,
but because *you* become a vibrational match for what you're choosing to honor.

When you're grateful,
you're not pretending.
You're proclaiming:
There is good here.
I see it.
I receive it.
I'm ready for more.

Gratitude doesn't mean you're blind to what's missing.
It means you're rooted in what's already true.

You don't have to be grateful *for* everything.
But you can be grateful *within* everything.
Even the grief.
Even the waiting.
Even the unknown.

Because gratitude is a portal.
A soft but mighty opening.
A place where surrender meets abundance and whispers,
"Yes, I trust."

This isn't spiritual bypass.
It's spiritual banking.
A holy hedge fund of awareness.

And the return?
It might look like peace that has no reason.

Opportunities that appear out of nowhere.
A heart that stays soft in a world that tries to harden it.

Gratitude is not a trick.
It's a truth.
It's not a tax.
It's a treasure.

And it pays.
Every time.
In ways you may never trace—
but will always feel.

Chapter Sixteen: Write Your Own Invoice

You've read the words.
You've remembered the truth.
Now it's your turn.

This chapter isn't poetic.
It's practical.
A sacred invitation to participate.

Yes—write the invoice.

Not for the world to see,
but for your own soul to acknowledge:
I have given.
I have served.
I am ready to receive.

There's no right format.
No divine template.
Only this:
Tell the truth.

Name what you've given without credit.
Name the time, the tears, the turning points.
Name the invisible work.
Name the unseen hours.

And then, name what you're open to receive.
Not with desperation—
but with sacred readiness.

Maybe it's rest.
Maybe it's resources.
Maybe it's divine companionship, or clear direction, or creative overflow.
Name it.

This isn't a demand.
It's a declaration.
It's you coming into alignment with the universal law of *return*.

Here's a place to begin:

Celestial Invoice

From: [Your Name]

To: God / Source / **The I AM**

Services Rendered:

[List what you've given. Get specific. Be honest.]

Compensation Requested:

[What are you ready to receive? What would feel like divine reciprocity?]

Terms:

Immediate. Ongoing. Multidimensional.

Backpay authorized. Overflow welcome.

Signed,

[Your Name]

Child of the Light. Keeper of the Flame. Sacred Participant in the Divine Exchange.

Write it in your journal.

Type it into your phone.

Burn it in ceremony.

Read it aloud under the sky.

But *write it*.

Because when you do,

you open a channel.

You awaken a remembering.

You become the proof that worthiness can speak.

And heaven listens.

Chapter Seventeen: The Wealth of Being Seen by the Divine

There is a kind of abundance that doesn't show up on paper.
It shows up in presence.
In knowing, without a doubt,
that you are *seen*.

Not for what you produce.
Not for what you fix.
Not for how well you perform spiritual enlightenment.

But for who you are
when the lights are off,
when no one is clapping,
when you're just quietly doing the next right thing.

God sees *that* you.

The you who prays without punctuation.
The you who loves even while breaking.
The you who forgives silently, again and again.
The you who almost gave up—but didn't.

This is what makes you wealthy.
Not titles.
Not followers.
Not even answered prayers.
But this deep knowing:
I am fully seen.
And fully loved.

To be seen by the Divine is to be mirrored in your original form.
Whole.
Radiant.
Worthy.

And when you live from that place,
you stop begging for scraps.
You stop chasing recognition.
You stop dimming or defending your light.

You begin to walk differently.
Breathe differently.
Choose differently.

Because you know:
Nothing is missing.
Nothing is wasted.
And nothing is ever unseen.

You are already paid.
You are already poured into.
And the vault of your soul is full.

This is wealth.
This is the reward.
This is the remembrance.

Chapter Eighteen: A Sample Invoice to God (and Heaven's Response)

Divine Invoice

From: Jennifer Sophia (Jennifer Conley), Keeper of the Light

To: God / Source / **I AM THAT I AM**

Date: The Eternal Now

Services Rendered:

- Hours of unseen emotional labor.
- Forgiveness extended without apology received.
- Holding the frequency during collective collapse.
- Re-parenting my inner child daily.
- Showing up radiant while aching inside.
- Speaking truth when silence would've been easier.
- Walking away from what I wanted when I knew it wasn't aligned.
- Loving without guarantees.
- *Spreading the love*, even when I wasn't sure it was being received.

Estimated Time Given:

Infinite soul seconds.

Compensation Requested:

- Divine overflow in every realm: finances, wellbeing, relationships, creative freedom.
- Radiant health and long life.
- Full soul expression without delay.
- Laughter that vibrates through dimensions.
- Reunions with soul family across timelines.
- Ease.
- Joy.
- Miracles.
- Grace that leaves no doubt.

Terms:

Effective immediately.

Multidimensional and retroactive.

Overflow welcome.

Interest applied in all directions of time.

Signed:

Jennifer Sophia

✧ ✧ ✧

Heaven's Response

Divine Receipt Received.

Your account has been reviewed by the Council of Light and your request has been joyfully approved.

Balance owed:

More than you imagined.

Multiplied by grace.

Paid in full across all timelines.

Delivery:

In forms both expected and divine.

Watch your field.

Miracles are en route.

Gratitude will arrive before the package,
but rest assured:

It's on the way.

Thank you for your service.

Thank you for your love.

Thank you for remembering who you are.

In Presence.

In Power.

In Peace.

I AM THAT I AM

(aka: Your Original Source of All Good Things)

✧ ✧ ✧

End of Book.

Beginning of Return.