

PERMISSION TO BREATHE

A personal invitation to slow down, soften, and begin again.

There was a season of my life when I forgot how to breathe.

Not literally, but soulfully. I was moving through life at a pace that felt necessary. I said yes to everything that felt worthy and important—because most of it was worthy and important. I was leading, creating, mothering, and writing. I was giving my best to ministry and raising two small boys. I was pouring my heart into the things God had called me to—and yet, something inside me was slowly unraveling.

The pressure to keep up was everywhere. To maintain, to outperform my last effort, to hold together the people and projects around me. I didn't pause. I didn't slow down. I just adjusted to the weight.

And then, in a season that cracked everything open—when my husband became critically ill—I kept going. I held my breath and powered through. But beneath the resilience was fear. Fear that if I stopped, I would lose something: ground, approval, identity. I didn't know how to let go, because I wasn't sure who I would be without the constant doing.

It was there, in the tension between purpose and depletion, that I began to hear God's whisper: You have permission to breathe.

At first, I didn't know what that meant. Did it mean quit? Slow down? Let someone down?

But over time, I began to understand—God wasn't asking me to abandon the life He'd called me to. He was asking me to live it differently. To release the weight I was never meant to carry. To trade my striving for surrender. To breathe, not because the work was finished, but because He was with me in it.

Permission doesn't mean giving up. It means giving yourself space to be human. To be held. To rest in the truth that you're already deeply loved—not for what you produce, but for who you are in Christ.

I'm still learning. I still catch myself clenching, striving, rushing. But now, I notice it sooner. I come back to the breath. And I let His grace meet me there.

It didn't happen overnight. I had to learn how to recognize the signs—how to feel the tightness in my chest and choose peace over pressure. I had to unlearn the lie that worth is earned. And I had to be okay with starting small. Small pauses. Small surrenders. Small shifts in how I show up, not to prove anything, but to be present.

I've come to believe that healing happens slowly, like spring. You don't notice the buds until one day the bloom surprises you. That's how rest came to me—not in one big exhale, but in a series of quiet permissions. Permission to log off. Permission to stop editing. Permission to call it enough. Permission to talk to my doctor. Permission to just be held.



I don't have all the answers, and I still find myself slipping into old patterns. But I'm learning to notice sooner. To breathe deeper. To ask better questions—not “Am I doing enough?” but “Am I doing this with God?” This journey toward rest, toward release, is still unfolding in my life. And out of that unfolding, something new is being written..

Permission to Breathe is a book in the making—one I'm still living as I write it. It's being shaped slowly, in the spaces where I'm learning to release the pressure and choose presence. It's not a guide from someone who's arrived, but an invitation from someone still walking it out.

If you find yourself holding your breath just to get through the day... if you feel the ache of doing more than you were made for, while longing to feel more grounded in your life—you're not alone.

This is for you. A quiet reminder that you don't have to earn rest.

You already have permission. To slow down. To soften. To breathe.

I'd love for you to walk with me as this project unfolds. To get early glimpses, behind-the-scenes encouragement, and updates as Permission to Breathe comes to life, follow the link to the project page and join the email list. This is a slow and sacred journey—and you're invited.

