

CREATE THE SPACE FOR
THE LIFE GOD IS CALLING YOU TO BUILD.

Create — THE — Space

THE HIDDEN POWER OF LETTING GO



BY NATHANIEL JAMES JOHNSON

Create the Space: The Hidden Power of Letting Go

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Dedicated To **Andre Barrett Spivey**

Thank you for sharing a lesson that changed the way I see life.
Your words continue to remind me that before God can fill our
lives with something new, we often have to create the space for it.

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How to Use the Power Prompts

This book isn't just meant to be read. It's meant to be experienced.

At the end of each chapter, you'll find a Power Prompt.

These prompts were designed to be used with an **AI assistant** to help you reflect more deeply on the lessons in each story.

Using the prompts is completely optional. You can still enjoy and benefit from this book without them. But if you'd like a more personal and interactive experience, they can help you think through the ideas in a deeper way.

How to Use Them

1. **Read the prompt slowly**

Replace the words in brackets with something real from your life.

2. **Speak, copy and paste or type the completed prompt into your favorite AI assistant.**

3. **Read the response**

Just notice what feels true, uncomfortable or surprising.

4. **Return to the prompts**

These prompts won't do the work *for* you.

But they will help you see **where the work actually is**.

And once you see it, you can create the space to move forward.

Table of Contents

1. Too Much

2. The Cost

3. Trapped

4. Fear

5. Loyalty

6. Letting Go

7. Empty Space

8. The Present

9. Surrender

10. Reflection

Continue the Journey

Too Much

For God is not the author of confusion.

— 1 Corinthians 14:33

The Story

There was a time when her house was spotless. You could eat off the floor. Everything was clean. Everything had a place.

Then her husband died.

After that, people checked on her. Friends came by. The family called. They told her she shouldn't be alone all the time. They said she should get out of the house. Maybe go to dinner. Maybe meet someone new. At least be open to the idea. She smiled and nodded.

Inside, she thought, ***They don't understand. They still have their husbands. They don't know what this feels like.***

So she stopped answering as much. She stopped inviting people over. She stayed inside. The quiet felt safer than the questions.

To keep herself busy, she started shopping. At first it was small things. Things she told herself she needed. She had ideas, projects she planned to work on one day. She had money from the life insurance policy, and spending it gave her something to look forward to.

Boxes filled the rooms. Tables disappeared. Walkways grew smaller. She didn't notice how bad it had gotten. She lived in it every day. Little by little, it just became normal.

Bills went unopened. Time passed. One day, the lights were cut off. She didn't tell anyone. When people asked how she was doing, she just said she was fine.

At night, she would light candles and one evening, she accidentally knocked one over. **At first, it was a small fire.**

She rushed toward the kitchen to get water, but stopped. The path was blocked. Every room was filled. Boxes, clothes, junk. There was barely space to move. The fire grew faster than she expected.

Smoke filled the house. She knew she had to leave. But before she did, she turned back.

She looked for a box she remembered. One that held her husband's things. She found it and grabbed it. It was heavier than she expected. When she tried to move, it slowed her down. The doorway felt farther away. There wasn't enough space for her to carry the stuff.

The fire grew louder. She stood there holding the box. She had a choice. **Let it go, or die.** She dropped the box and ran.

Outside, she watched the house burn. Everything went with it. The box. The plans. The things she thought she needed. It hurt to watch. But she was alive.

Standing there, watching the life she once knew burn away, she realized something.

The things she had been holding onto weren't keeping her safe. They were keeping her a prisoner. And for the first time in a long time, she felt free.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I'm holding onto **[Insert Answer]**, and it's getting in my way.
Help me see what I'm afraid to lose, and show me one small step I
can take to create space.

Example:

I'm holding onto **[old memories]** and it's getting in my way. Help
me see what I'm afraid to lose, and show me one small step I can
take to create space.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Choose one sentence that feels true
- Think about it today when you feel stuck

Always Remember:

You can't carry everything with you and still escape the fire.

The Cost

*Do not be deceived: God is not mocked.
A man reaps what he sows. — Galatians 6:7*

The Story

He was doing well when he met her. He worked. He showed up. He talked about where he wanted to go in life. He believed people could change if someone cared enough to help them.

That's when he met Amy. She wasn't perfect, but he saw something special in her. She was kind and he loved her despite her faults.

Amy drank. Not to celebrate. Not to have fun. She drank to forget.

There were things in her past she never talked about. Things that happened when she was young. Things that took something from her before she knew how to protect herself. Drinking helped quiet the memories. It helped her sleep. It helped her not feel the pain that was buried inside.

But when Amy drank, she changed.

Her words turned sharp. Her moods turned fast. Some nights she cried. Some days she laughed. Some nights she disappeared.

He asked questions. She avoided answers.

Still, he stayed.

He told himself she just needed love. He told himself he could help her. Helping people was something he had always done. He

knew what it felt like to be helpless, and walking away felt like giving up.

Each time, he tried harder. He talked more. He bent more. He ignored the feeling in his chest that told him this wasn't right.

After a while, he started drinking too.

At first, it was just to keep the peace. To sit with her. To understand her world. But hurt has a way of spreading. Pain looks for company. And people who carry old wounds often find each other without realizing it.

He had his own past. Things from when he was young. Moments where he felt small and unseen. Drinking made it easier not to feel that either.

Soon, it wasn't just her escaping anymore. They were both trying to forget.

His friends noticed first.

They told him she wasn't good for him. His family warned him too. They said love shouldn't feel like this.

He listened—but he didn't leave.

Sometimes she would tell him things in anger, things he figured she only meant in the moment.

“I don't want to be with you,” she would say. Then later, she would call him back. Each time, he stayed.

The arguments grew louder. The nights grew longer. His life began to shrink around the relationship. Missed opportunities. Missed peace. Missed chances.

He was trying to move forward. She was trying to forget.

One night, she had been drinking again. She was leaving, with another man this time.

He stepped in. Not to fight. Not to hurt anyone. Just to stop it. Just to say something. Just to make it make sense.

He didn't know the man had a gun. He didn't know it would be the last time he would ever see Amy.

Situations like this don't start in one night. They build slowly, choice by choice. Staying too long. Ignoring warnings. Telling yourself love will fix what love can't reach.

**Sometimes the cost isn't just peace.
Sometimes the cost is everything.**

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I'm staying connected to **[Insert Answer]**, even though it's hurting me.

Help me see what this connection is taking from my life, and show me one small step I can take to protect myself.

Example:

I'm staying connected to **[someone I love]**, even though it's hurting me.

Help me see what this connection is taking from my life, and show me one small step I can take to protect myself.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today when love feels confusing.
-

Always Remember:

Love does not cancel consequences.

Trapped

*My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength
of my heart. — Psalm 73:26*

The Story

She had never thought of herself as overweight.

Everyone in her family looked the same. Her parents were big. Her grandparents were big. Family photos showed the same bodies, generation after generation. This was just how they were built.

That's what she was told.

The first time she noticed something was different, she was still a child.

She had a small crush on a boy at school named Tommy. Someone told him. He didn't know who she was, so they pointed her out across the playground.

Tommy looked, laughed, and said,
"The fat girl?"

The other kids laughed too.

She didn't understand the word. She didn't know what *fat* meant. She only knew that the laughter made her feel ashamed, dirty, sad.

That night, she asked her mother what does *fat* mean.

Her mother pulled her close and said, “You’re not fat. We’re just big-boned. That’s how our family is.”

The answer felt comforting.

The pain softened. The confusion settled.

She never questioned it again.

As she grew older, the weight came on slowly. So slowly she didn’t notice it. In her mind, she was still the same girl she had always been. I’m just big-boned, that’s what she would tell herself, but she still avoided mirrors and pictures too. Not because she hated herself—but because it was easier not to look too closely.

Food became comfort.

When she was stressed, she ate.

When she was lonely, she ate.

When she was tired, she ate.

Everyone around her ate the same way. Society told her to love herself just the way she was—and she wanted to believe that.

But it didn’t feel like the truth. “If I’m perfect just the way I am, then why am I alone?” she would think to herself.

She was always tired all the time. Moving felt harder than it should have. She watched other people move forward—dating, marrying, being chosen—while she stayed where she was.

Some people overlooked her. Others treated her like she should be grateful for attention.

She learned to laugh things off, but when she was alone at home, it hurt.

One day, she overheard something that stopped her.

It came from a doctor on a screen, explaining bodies in simple terms.

“There’s no such thing as a fat skeleton,” he said. “Bones can be tall or short. But once everything else is gone, skeletons are roughly the same size.”

She sat still.

She had heard “big-boned” her whole life. It had never sounded wrong before. But now the words landed differently.

If bones weren’t the reason...

Then maybe this wasn’t permanent.

The thought didn’t make her angry. It made her curious.

So she started looking.

She listened to people talk about health, energy, and habits. Just real stories from people who had been where she was, and found a way forward.

She learned things no one had ever explained to her.

That bodies respond to consistency. That habits shape energy. That change doesn’t happen by accident.

If she wanted something different, she had to be intentional.

She didn’t try to change everything.

She decided to start with one.

One walk. One better meal. One small movement when she didn't feel like moving at all.

Some days, one push-up was all she could do.

At first, even that felt hard.

But when she did one, sometimes she did two.

When she did two, sometimes she did five.

The more she showed up, the stronger she became.

What once hurt started to feel easier. What once felt impossible became normal. The weight came off slowly—but something else came faster.

Her confidence.

Her family noticed.

They asked questions. They watched her. And for the first time, the idea settled in their minds too—that maybe this wasn't just “how we are.”

Not because anyone had lied.

But because everyone had only known what they were taught.

She wasn't trapped anymore. Not because her body changed. But because her belief did.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been using **[Insert Answer]** to cope instead of heal.
Show me one small step I can take to care for myself differently.

Example:

I've been using **[food]** to cope instead of heal.
Show me one small step I can take to care for myself differently.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Choose one sentence that feels true
- Do one small thing today that honors your body.

Always Remember:

You were never meant to be trapped inside your own life.

Fear

*For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power,
love, and a sound mind. — 2 Timothy 1:7*

The Story

Jamal didn't choose this life. He was born into it.

Where he grew up, the streets were already divided before he ever stepped outside. One side of town wore one color. A few blocks over, everything changed. You didn't cross certain streets. You didn't talk to certain people. You didn't ask too many questions.

Not because someone explained it to you. Because everyone already knew.

If you were born on this side of town, this was your side.
If you were born over there, you were the enemy.

By the time Jamal could walk to the park by himself, he knew where he was allowed to sit. By the time he could ride a bike, he knew which streets to avoid. The rules weren't written down. They were enforced.

Correction came early.

If Jamal stepped out of line, older boys handled it. Sometimes with words. Sometimes with fists. Pain wasn't personal—it was training. You learned fast who you belonged to and what happened when you didn't listen.

Fear kept order.

He saw violence before he understood it. He saw fights turn serious. He saw people disappear. He learned which names not to say out loud. They told him the stories growing up.

They said the only way out was prison or death. They said nobody ever really left. They said if you tried, someone would make an example out of you.

So Jamal adapted. If you couldn't beat it, you joined it.

Hurt people hurt people. And helping them hurt others felt safer than being next.

By the time Jamal understood what a gang really was, he was already part of it.

Then he met **Nia**.

Nia didn't grow up like he did. She asked questions he had never asked himself. She talked about moving. About working somewhere quiet. About a life that didn't revolve around watching your back.

For the first time, Jamal imagined something different. Then Nia told him she was pregnant. The news hit him harder than any fight ever had. He was going to be a father, and for the first time he could see a future.

Nia showed him options.

Her aunt offered them a place out of state. A fresh start. No colors. No corners. Just work and family.

Jamal listened. But fear listened too.

The streets had raised him. The same guys who once corrected him with fists were the ones who stood between him and his enemies. They watched his back. They shared food. They laughed together. They loved each other.

They were his brothers.

What once felt like survival had turned into strength.
What once hurt had turned into home.

The game wasn't just something he feared anymore.

He loved it. He loved the respect. The familiarity. The way the streets made sense when the rest of the world didn't.

It was like loving someone who hurt you, but also protected you.
Walking away didn't just feel dangerous. It felt like betrayal.

Still, something had shifted. Nia was pregnant.
And for the first time, Jamal was thinking about leaving.

Just not yet.

He told himself they would leave soon. After he got some more money. When the weather was better, but it seemed like it was always something preventing them from leaving.

That's how the streets keep you.

One afternoon at the park, Jamal got into an argument with one of his own. Someone he grew up with. Words turned to shoves. Shoves turned into fists. Jamal won the fight.

But pride doesn't heal when you lose in front of everyone. It waits.

A week later, Jamal and Nia were walking to the store.
Talking about nothing important. Just life.

A voice called out from behind.

“Wassup—you remember me?”

Jamal turned. There was no time to think.

The sound was sharp. Loud. Final. Jamal hit the ground.
Nia fell beside him.

The hospital lights were too bright. Everything felt slow and loud
at the same time. Jamal kept asking the same question.

“Where’s Nia?” “Nia?”

They had to hold him down. He didn’t understand why his hands
were shaking or why there was blood on his shirt. A nurse kept
telling him to lay down. He wouldn’t. He couldn’t. He could only
think of **Nia**.

Then the doctor came. They sat him down.

“We have good news,” the doctor said.

“And we have bad news.”

Jamal stopped breathing. “The baby survived.”

His chest tightened. “The mother didn’t.”

The words didn’t land all at once. They came in pieces. Like
echoes. Like something said underwater. The doctor kept talking.

“The baby will need special care. We need to know... do you have
family? Would you like to consider adoption?”

Jamal looked down at his hands.

He thought about the streets. The colors. The rules.

He thought about Nia. About the way she talked about a different life. About the future she could see, even when he couldn't.

"No," Jamal said quietly. They looked at him.

"I'm keeping him."

Later, alone, Jamal stood by the window. The city looked the same as it always had. Same blocks. Same corners. Same choices waiting for him.

But something was different.

To be the father Nia believed he could be, Jamal knew one thing was true:

He would have to create the space for the future he wanted this baby to have, and he wouldn't allow the streets to be a part of it.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

Fear has been shaping my choices around **[Insert Answer]**.
Help me see what fear has taught me to believe, and what it's
actually costing me.

Example:

Fear has been shaping my choices around **my image**.
Help me see what fear has taught me to believe, and what it's
actually costing me.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Sit with it before reacting.
- Reflect on it today anytime fear arises

Always Remember:

Fear doesn't protect you.
It only decides what you're willing to lose.

Loyalty

Do not be misled: 'Bad company corrupts good character.

— 1 Corinthians 15:33

The Story

Some of his earliest memories were of being with his father.

Long drives in the truck. Windows down. The hum of the road filling the space between them.

The silence felt safe to him.

His father worked hard. He provided. He showed up. He fed him, clothed him, taught him how to stand on his own. When his father spoke, it was never loud—but it was final.

“This world don’t care about you,” he’d say. “So you better know where you belong.”

Once, while they were outside, his father pointed to the birds in the yard.

“Redbirds fly with redbirds,” he said.

“You don’t see redbirds and bluebirds mixing.”

It wasn’t said with anger. It was said with certainty.

Another time, walking through town, his father pulled him closer.

“Stay where you fit,” he said. “Mixing only brings problems.”

And once, when he was older, his father said it plainly.

“Whatever you do,” he told him, “Don’t go mixing son. That’s betraying your race, and I didn’t raise you like that.”

He loved his father. And because he loved him, he listened.

This wasn’t hate to him. It was loyalty. It was protection. It was what had been passed down.

Then one day at school, he saw **Danielle**.

He noticed her before he knew anything about her.

Her skin caught the light in a way he had never seen before—smooth, deep, black, beautiful. The way she moved. The way she smiled. It stopped him.

And then she looked at him. Not past him. Not through him. At him. Something in him went quiet.

They started talking. Nothing serious at first. Just small things. But when she laughed, his world felt lighter. When she looked at him, his father’s words faded into the background.

He still loved his dad. He just couldn’t hear him the same anymore.

He didn’t tell his parents. Not because he was ashamed, but because he didn’t want to choose.

He wanted love and loyalty to share space. They couldn’t.

When his father found out, the disappointment didn’t come as a shout. It came as a line.

“This isn’t what we raised you for,” his father said.

“You’re throwing away who you are.”

He tried to explain. He talked about Danielle. About how she treated him. About how she made him feel seen. How special she was.

His father didn't argue. He decided.

“If you stay with her,” he said, “you can’t stay here.”

His mother stood quietly nearby. Tears in her eyes. She didn't speak—but she didn't stop it either.

So he left.

Not because he stopped loving them. But because he couldn't erase himself to belong.

Time passed.

He married Danielle. They built a life. They had a daughter.

The distance wasn't loud. It didn't announce itself. It showed up in missed holidays. Short phone calls with his mom. Years had slipped by without visits.

Then the call came late. It wasn't his father. It was his aunt.

Her voice was tired. Careful. She told him his mother had passed. She told him there would be a wake. A funeral.

Then she paused.

“And your dad...” she said. “He’s not doing good.” “He isn't taking it well.”

That part stayed with him.

They hadn't spoken in years. Not since the day he left. Not since the line had been drawn.

Still, this was his mother. He needed to pay his respects. So they went.

The house was full when they arrived. Familiar faces. Low voices. The smell of old memories. His mother's picture rested at the front, smiling the way she always had.

And then he saw his father. He was crying.

Crying the way someone cries when something has been taken that can't be replaced.

He had never seen his father cry before.

The man who had always been firm. Certain. Unmovable. Now he looked small.

Their daughter walked ahead of them. She was older now. Talking. Curious. Brave in the way children are.

She stopped in front of her grandfather and looked up at him.

"It's okay," she said softly. "Don't cry."

The room went still. His father looked down at her.

Really looked.

He knelt and opened his arms. She stepped into them without hesitation.

He held her. Then he smiled through tears.

“Aren’t you,” he said, his voice breaking,
“the most beautiful little bluebird I’ve ever seen.”

He looked up at his son. “I was wrong,” he said. “I was wrong.”

No speech. No defense. Just pure honesty.

He looked at Danielle and at their daughter.

“If you’ll let me,” he said, “I want to be part of your lives.”

For the first time, loyalty didn’t sound like separation.
It sounded like love.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

Loyalty has been keeping me connected to **[Insert Answer]**, even when it conflicts with who I'm becoming.
Help me see what staying loyal is costing me, and show me one step I can take to create space for a healthier future.

Example:

Loyalty has been keeping me connected to **[old beliefs]**, even when they conflict with who I'm becoming.
Help me see what staying loyal is costing me, and show me one step I can take to create space for a healthier future.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Choose one sentence that feels true
- Reflect on it today when loyalty feels heavy

Always Remember:

Loyalty should protect your growth, not prevent it.

Letting Go

Cast your burden on the Lord, and He will sustain you.

— Psalm 55:22

Sometimes we try to let go of the wrong thing, because we're afraid to release what's really in the way.

The Story

She was young. Too young to have learned how to ask for help without fear.

The night was cold, and the alley behind the store smelled like trash and rain. Her hands were shaking, not just from the chill, but from everything that had led her here.

She hadn't planned this. She hadn't even known she was pregnant until her body forced the truth on her. Pain came fast. Panic came faster. And then there was a baby, small, quiet, breathing.

She wrapped it in the only clean thing she had.

Her first instinct was to throw it away. I can just put it in the dumpster and no one would have to know.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I don't know how to do this."

Then something stopped her. A memory.

A woman once came to her school. Long ago. Said something simple.

Said if you don't know what to do with a baby—*take them to a fire station*. They won't ask questions. They won't turn you away.

So she walked. Each step felt like tearing something out of her chest.

The man she was with had said it plainly before.

“If you get pregnant, I'm gone.”

“If you leave, I'll find you.”

“If you ruin this, I'll ruin you.”

She believed him.

I can't keep it. He'll kill me if he finds out. I don't even have a place for it to sleep.

Each step felt heavier than the last. Every sound behind her felt like him. Every car made her flinch. She kept checking over her shoulder, clutching the bundle tighter, whispering to herself.

Just get there. Just get there.

The fire station lights were on.

She stood across the street for a long moment, frozen. She stared at it in the light and thought how beautiful you are, little one. Her hands shook. Her chest burned. But it had to be done.

She set the baby down near the door. Stepped back. Turned.

Her feet moved before her heart agreed.

She didn't make it far. A cry cut through the night.

Small. Weak. Precious. It stopped her cold.

Her body reacted before her thoughts could catch up. She turned back, breath caught in her throat. The sound broke something open inside her, something fear had been sitting on for years.

A door opened. A firefighter stepped out. Calm. Steady. He looked at the baby. Then at her.

“You can come back,” he said gently.

“We can help you too.”

She shook her head. Words stuck in her mouth.

“I can’t,” she whispered. **“He’ll kill me.”**

The firefighter didn’t rush her. Didn’t argue.

He just said, “Whoever is making you afraid to keep your child—that’s who you need to let go of.”

She stood there shaking, the baby crying between them. The sound made her tremble in a way nothing else had. It wasn’t loud. It wasn’t demanding. It sounded like need.

And for the first time in her life, someone needed her. Not for what she could give. Not for what she could do. Just for who she was.

In that moment, she decided. Whatever journey she had to walk. Whatever or whoever she had to let go of. Whatever it would take.

She would do it for this baby. She stepped forward and picked her baby up.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I'm holding onto **[Insert Answer]**, even though it's costing me my peace.

Help me see what I'm afraid will happen if I let go, and show me one safe, honest step I can take to create space for something better.

Example:

I'm holding onto **[an unhealthy relationship]** even though it's costing me my peace.

Help me see what I'm afraid will happen if I let go, and show me one safe, honest step I can take to create space for something better.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Choose one sentence that feels true
- Reflect on it today when letting go feels heavy

Always Remember:

Letting go isn't losing love. It's releasing what's hurting you so something better can live.

Empty Space

Be still, and know that I am God. — Psalm 46:10

The Story

The apartment didn't feel like his yet. The boxes were stacked against the wall, still unopened. A couch sat where it fit, not where it belonged. The place smelled unfamiliar, like fresh paint and someone else's life.

This was the space he had wanted.

When the marriage started falling apart, he used to imagine this part. A place of his own. No arguments. No explaining himself. No shrinking his ideas so they'd fit the room.

They hadn't been fighting much. They had just stopped reaching.

He didn't feel supported anymore. His dreams felt inconvenient. His thoughts felt like interruptions. Space had sounded like freedom.

Now he had it.

After work, he came home to rooms that didn't expect anything from him. No one asked how his day went. No one waited. No one noticed when he stayed up too late or didn't eat.

For a long time, she had been his only friend.

The person he talked to at the end of the day. The one who knew his fears. The one place he felt understood without having to explain himself.

Now there was no one to call.

He didn't have friends he trusted with the truth. No one he felt safe enough to say, *I'm not okay*. So he said nothing.

He thought about dating. Downloaded an app. Stared at the screen. Closed it. He didn't trust himself not to reach for comfort instead of connection.

He knew he was hurt. He just didn't know what to do with the pain.

Some nights he tried to numb it. A drink. Then another. It slowed things down, but it didn't fix anything. The next morning, the same thoughts were waiting for him. Just with a headache now. He realized he wasn't healing. He was wearing himself down.

Some nights the tears came before he could stop them. He had felt alone in the relationship, but he had never felt alone like this.

One evening, he noticed something he hadn't before. The problem wasn't the space. It was how he was thinking inside it. His mind kept telling him the same story.

No one was coming to save him. And that's when it clicked. If no one was coming, then he was going to have to save himself. So he stopped waiting.

He started taking care of himself in small ways. Eating better. Moving his body. Talking to himself without tearing himself down. He stopped treating the space like a punishment and started using it as a place to rebuild his life. The space didn't disappear. It just stopped hurting. Because for the first time, he wasn't alone in it. He had himself.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I'm sitting in empty space after **[Insert Answer]**, and I don't know what comes next.

Help me see how my thinking is shaping this space, and show me one small way I can show up for myself instead of waiting to be saved.

Example:

I'm sitting in empty space after **[losing a loved one]**, and I don't know what comes next.

Help me see how my thinking is shaping this space, and show me one small way I can show up for myself instead of waiting to be saved.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Notice one thought that isn't helping you.
- Choose not to believe it today.

Always Remember:

Empty space doesn't mean something is missing.
It means something new has room to grow.

The Present

*Do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will
worry about itself.* — **Matthew 6:34**

The Story

The old monk led his student beyond the temple walls without a word.

They walked past the stone steps, past the trees where the other students trained, until the ground grew uneven and the path narrowed. The monk stopped in a clearing between two slopes and stepped aside.

Two ropes lay on the ground.

One stretched behind them, disappearing down a rocky trail. The other stretched forward, running into the forest and out of sight.

The monk said nothing.

The student hesitated, then picked up both ropes.

At first, he tried to hold them together, one in each hand. The tension pulled immediately. His arms shook. His shoulders burned. He couldn't stand still.

He tightened his grip. The rope behind him snapped hard.

His feet slid out from under him.

He fell backward, striking his head on the ground. The rope kept pulling, dragging him several feet before he let go.

His chest heaved as he scrambled back to where he had started, dirt on his robe, pain spreading through his body. He tried to stop the pull, digging his heels in this time, but the rope kept moving. Each second hurt more than the last. The rope cut into his hands, splitting the skin, leaving them raw and bleeding. He couldn't hold on to it. He watched as the rope quickly shot out of sight.

The monk hadn't moved.

The second rope still lay where he first started.

The student reached for it.

This rope didn't jerk him forward. It pulled slowly—steadily—just enough to keep him moving. He followed it into the trees, branches brushing his arms, roots uneven beneath his feet. Then the ground changed.

The rope no longer stretched forward through the forest. It rose. He stopped.

A mountain stood in front of him, sudden and steep, its peak swallowed by clouds. The rope ran along its face and disappeared into the mist.

He couldn't see where it led. The mountain disappeared into cloud. There was no ground beneath it. No sense of how far it went.

His hands burned where the other rope had torn them open. His body remembered the pain before his mind could decide what to do next.

He imagined slipping. Falling. Being dragged again. This time to his death.

He wrapped the rope around his hands anyway.
As the rope began to rise, fear took over, and he let go.

The rope continued upward without him.

Exhausted, bleeding, and confused, the student sat on the ground and looked up at the monk.

For the first time, the monk moved. He walked to where the ropes had fallen. The student watched silently as the monk lifted them — not with urgency, not with strain. He laid them side by side. Then, slowly, he tied them together. A simple knot.

The monk did not pull the ropes. He did not hold them. He stepped back. Moments later, the ropes tightened on their own. Somewhere far behind them, unseen hands pulled. Somewhere far ahead, unseen hands answered. The knot held. The student stared, breath catching in his chest.

The monk spoke quietly. “The past and the future were never the problem,” he said. “Trying to hold them was.”

He gestured to the knot resting on the ground between them.
“When you cling to the past, it drags you into pain.” “When you chase the future, it pulls you into fear.”

He paused. “But when you stand still... and allow them to meet...” He tapped the knot gently with his foot. “They work together without effort.”

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I feel pulled between **[Insert Answer]**, and it's draining my energy.
Show me one small way I can practice patience in this moment.

Example:

I feel pulled between **[the past]** and **[the future]**, and it's draining my energy.
Show me one small way I can practice patience in this moment.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
- Pause after each sentence.
- Notice which part feels hardest to accept.

Always Remember:

The present doesn't need to be forced.
It only needs to be entered.

Surrender

*Do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul.
Rather, fear Him who can destroy both soul and body in hell.*

— **Matthew 10:28**

The Story

The bell above the door never stopped ringing.

It chimed when customers walked in, chimed when they walked out, like nothing bad was allowed to happen under that sound.

Then the man came in.

His hoodie was up. His eyes were wide. His movements were fast but unsure, like he was acting out a plan he didn't believe in. He held a small gun in his hand, but his hand was shaking so badly it looked like the weapon was shaking too.

"Everybody down!" he shouted.

People froze before they moved. A mother pulled her child close. An older man raised both hands slowly. The cashier stepped on the silent alarm as he backed away from the register.

The woman by the aisle didn't move fast enough. Or maybe she did, but fear made time strange.

The man grabbed her arm and yanked her toward him, pressing the gun to her side.

"Don't move!" he yelled again, louder this time, like volume could fix what he'd already done.

Someone ran. Someone screamed. The bell kept chiming as the door swung open and shut.

Then the store went still.

Outside, sirens rose in the distance and got closer. Blue lights flashed across the front windows, turning the shelves into strobe lights—chips, cereal boxes, soda cans blinking like they were part of a scene.

The man's breathing was loud in her ear.

He dragged her behind the counter, away from the front glass, like the wall of candy bars could protect them. He kept peeking toward the windows, flinching at every sound.

"Please," she said quietly, trying not to shake.

He looked at her, eyes wild.

"Don't start," he snapped. "Don't start talking."

But the truth was, he didn't want silence either. Silence let his thoughts get loud. So he started talking.

"They don't know," he said. "They don't know what it's like."
"But I'm gonna show them."

She didn't answer at first. She listened. The way you listen to someone standing too close to the edge.

"What's your name?" she asked. He stared at her like the question offended him.

"You think this is a game?" he said. "You think I'm about to sit here and let you talk me out of this?"

She swallowed. “No,” she said. “I think you’re scared.”

That landed.

He blinked hard, like he was trying to reset himself.

“I’m not scared,” he said. “I’m not going to prison. I’d rather die first.”

Outside, a loudspeaker cracked.

“PUT THE WEAPON DOWN! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!”

The man jerked, then pressed the gun tighter against her.

“Shut up!” he hissed, not at the police—at her. Like her breathing was too loud.

The woman’s heart slammed in her chest. She stared at the register screen like it could tell her how to escape.

She thought about her kids.

The way her youngest held her leg before school. The way her oldest pretended not to need hugs anymore but still leaned in at night.

She thought, *I can’t die in a convenience store*. So she did what fear always told her to do.

She tried to manage it.

“Listen,” she said softly. “You can still come out of this okay. You can still surrender.”

He laughed, but it wasn't humor.

"Surrender?" he said. "To who? You think they care about me? You think they're gonna be gentle with me?"

He swallowed hard.

"I already did too much," he said. "I'm already in too deep. Ain't no turning back now."

The woman watched him as he spoke. He wasn't a monster.

He was a man who had run out of options and decided to steal one.

But the gun in his hand didn't care about his reasons. And fear didn't care about her prayers.

The loudspeaker crackled again, closer.

"LAST WARNING! RELEASE THE HOSTAGE!"

The man's eyes filled with water, and it made her stomach drop. Because a scared man with a gun is more dangerous than an angry one.

"You don't understand," he said, voice breaking. "I can't go out there." She could hear something underneath his words.

Not pride. Terror. He wasn't holding her hostage. He was trying to hold himself up.

Her hands were shaking now. Her mouth went dry.

She tried again, because her children needed her alive.

"What if you put the gun down," she whispered, "and I tell them you didn't hurt me?"

He stared at her like she had offered him a fairy tale. “Nah,” he said. “You’re gonna go out first.”

Her stomach turned. “Go out,” she repeated, barely audible.

“Yeah,” he said. “You go. You tell them to back up. Tell them I’m coming. Tell them—tell them I ain’t afraid to die.”

She felt the wall behind her. Cold tile. A poster for lottery tickets peeling at the corner.

And for a second, something strange happened. The fear in her chest was still there—but it didn’t feel real anymore.

It felt like a stranger that had been running her life. A voice that always said:

*Stay quiet. Don’t make it worse. Just survive.
Just do what you’re told.*

And in the middle of that store, with the sirens outside and the gun pressed close, another thought rose up, small, steady, clear:

“If I allow fear to rule me, it will keep asking for more.”

She didn’t know where the thought came from. Maybe it was something she heard as a child.

Maybe it was the part of her that had survived other things.

But it was there. And it was stronger than the shaking in her hands.

She looked at the man. He was watching her like he expected her to beg. Like he expected her to cooperate.

Like fear had already won.

The loudspeaker crackled again.

“RELEASE HER NOW!”

The man’s jaw tightened. “Move,” he whispered. “Go.”

The woman took a breath. A deep one. Not to calm herself. To decide. She turned her head slightly so she could see his face.

“I can’t do that,” she said.

His eyes widened. “What?”

“I won’t go out there for you,” she said, voice trembling but clear.

“I won’t teach my children that their mother is a coward.”

His hand shook harder.

“You wanna die?” he spat. And for a second, everything in her wanted to fold.

To apologize. To take it back. To shrink.

But then she saw her children again—in her mind. Clear as a picture. And she heard something else, just as clear:

Don’t fear the one who can take your life.

Fear the One who holds your soul.

She swallowed, then nodded slightly—like she was agreeing with a truth she couldn’t unlearn.

“If you’re going to do it,” she said quietly, “then do what you’re going to do.”

He blinked, stunned. She continued, steady now.

“But I’m leaving.”

His face twisted. “You can’t just—” “Yes,” she said. “I can.”

She turned her body, slowly. Not sudden. Not dramatic. Just final. She took one step toward the door.

The man lifted the gun, panic flashing across his face. “Stop!” She didn’t stop. She didn’t run either.

She walked—like she belonged to herself. Then she heard it. A sharp, metallic *click*.

The sound of the hammer being pulled back.

“If you shoot me,” she said, voice shaking, “you’ll have to shoot me in my back.”

Her heart hammered so hard it hurt. But she kept walking.

One step. Then another. The bell above the door chimed softly as her hand touched the handle. For a moment, nothing happened. The store held its breath.

Then she heard it— Not a gunshot. A sound smaller than that.

A sob. A grown man’s sob, cracked open by the weight of his own fear.

“Wait,” he whispered. She paused, just long enough to glance back.

He was crying now, gun still in his hand, pointed nowhere.

“I can’t,” he said, voice breaking. “I can’t do this.”

She didn’t lecture him. She didn’t comfort him. She just said the simplest thing she could.

“Then don’t.”

Outside, the sirens continued. The lights continued. The world kept moving.

The woman opened the door and stepped out. The air hit her like life.

Behind her, she heard the gun clatter to the floor. And then she heard a man’s voice—shaking, small, human—calling out to the police.

“I’m coming out,” he said. “I’m coming out.”

She walked forward into the lights with her hands raised—not because she was guilty,
But because she was free.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

Fear has been shaping my choices around

[Insert Answer].

Help me name what I'm afraid will happen,
and show me the **next right step** I can take with courage.

Example:

Fear has been shaping my choices around

[speaking up].

Help me name what I'm afraid will happen,
and show me the **next right step** I can take with courage.

Action:

- Read the response slowly.
- Sit with it for one full minute before reacting.
- Write one brave sentence you will say or do today—and follow through.

Always Remember:

Courage isn't the absence of fear.
It's obedience in spite of it.

Reflection

Search me, O God, and know my heart. — Psalm 139:23

Creating space isn't just cleaning your house.
It's cleaning your **life**.

Because sometimes what's filling your life isn't joy.
It's grief. It's fear. It's habits. It's loyalty to people who don't love you right. It's a past you keep replaying. It's a future you keep trying to control.

And the truth is simple:

You have to learn how to hold on with open hands.

This book wasn't written to entertain you. It was written to show you something.

That letting go isn't loss. Letting go is **obedience**. Letting go is **freedom**. Letting go is **space**. And space is where **God builds**.

Power Prayer

God, search me and show me what's in my way.
Show me what I'm holding that's holding me back.
Give me the courage to release what I can't carry anymore.
Help me create space for peace, purpose, and obedience,
and teach me to live in the present with peace, patience, love, and faith.

-Amen

Continue the Journey

Thank you for reading **Create the Space**.

I hope these stories reminded you that sometimes the greatest breakthrough doesn't come from adding more to your life. Sometimes it comes from letting go of the things that no longer belong there.

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A Prayer for You

Father, thank You for the person reading these words. Protect them and the people they love. Bless their home, their family, their health, and the work of their hands. Provide what they need. Open the right doors, close the wrong ones. When they are tired, renew their strength. When they are afraid, remind them that You are with them. When they feel lost, direct their steps. And in every season, help them remember that every blessing comes from You.

In the Mighty name of Jesus, amen.
