



ALL THINGS  
**LOVELY**

Inspiring Health and Wholeness  
in Your Home, Heart, and Community

JENN JOHNSON

**WORTHY**  
PUBLISHING

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**I DEDICATE THIS BOOK**  
**to my love, Brian Johnson,**  
**and our five incredible kids,**  
**Haley Bren, Tèa Kate, Braden Tyler,**  
**Ryder Moses and Malachi Judah.**  
**I love you all more than anything.**



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## Introduction

My biggest prayer for you as you read this book, is that it encourages and strengthens your relationship with God and from that, it helps you reflect and magnify Him in all you say and do.

No matter what your situation in life is right now, I guarantee—like mine—it’s a lot to deal with. I wrote this book to inspire you to get healthy emotionally, spiritually and physically; to deal with everything messy in your life (no junk drawers); and to challenge you to practically love people in the area of hospitality—from opening your home to host, to opening your hearts for the possibility of adoption. Welcoming people into your **real** life, (the good and the ugly parts), being there for them in the highs and lows of life and loving them like Jesus did, encouraging, teaching, healing and eating together. One of my favorite things about Jesus is how He met with people in their homes.

This book allows you to “come as you are”—bringing all your hopes, your goals, your ideas, and everything messy in your life. I hope to inspire you to create space in your life for all things holy and lovely—in your home, your heart, your health, and your hospitality.

As for me, my life is an absolute circus most days! I’m married to Brian, my amazing husband of twenty-one years (he is the MAN). We have five incredible kids, ranging from one year old to twenty years old—three are biological and two are adopted. We have a dog, 3 cats, a few goats and chickens...and thankfully they all live outside. And because all of

that isn’t enough work on its own, (Don’t worry, we have help) I like to grow a few things in my garden on the side and I LOVE to cook. Brian and I have been leading Bethel Music and our local worship team for over 20 years. We love to worship God and serve the local and global Church, singing, writing, teaching and raising up leaders. And we’ve been working on renovating and rebuilding our house for the last nine years. (Yes 9. And that explains why we’re crazy. Ha!) Our life is definitely...full. Very full. It’s a wild ride but we love it and wouldn’t have it any other way.

We love inviting people into our home; I often joke with Brian that we should replace our front door with a revolving door since we have people coming and going all day every day. We love hosting—from birthdays, baby showers, holidays, and everything in between, we love to take every opportunity to celebrate life. We keep a lot of extra food stocked because our house is known for being open to friends, family, and team who need to “stop by and talk”, or for our kids friends to have a place to hang out multiple times a week.

While we love having people over all the time, no matter how hard we try to keep our home or lives clean and “presentable”...it’s impossible. But I’ve learned that inviting people in often means inviting them into your mess. With this book, I want to invite you into our home and our family. Our real life. Like for example, am I currently looking at a huge pile of laundry that needs to be folded as I write this? Yes, yes I am.



Throughout this book, I want to share wisdom, tips, and insights I've learned from cleaning out the emotional, physical and spiritual junk drawers in my life, finding the peace that order and health allow and the joy and strength community brings. My greatest tip: find what works for you and your family. If the way my fridge looks inspires you, by all means, take notes. But my fridge isn't perfect. It just works for our family. That's all. The same goes for how I take care of my body and how I host people. The point is, I want to be very clear that God will help you (and hopefully this book too) find what works for you.

We serve a happy and holy God who wants to lead and guide us in every area of our lives, and this book is a celebration of just that. I pray that as you read this it will help you become passionate and intentional in every area of your life, healthy, clutter free, and that you love Jesus and people even more.

So, welcome into our life. I love each and every one of you and if I don't know you yet, I can't wait to hang out and eat delicious food in heaven with you and God. The party will be at my house.

XOXO  
**Jenn**



Finally, brothers and sisters, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable—if anything is excellent or praiseworthy—think about such things.

—*Philippians 4:8*



Part  
01 | **H O M E**



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I grew up in beautiful, Northern California. My parents are amazing and it's clear where my love for God, community, the church and hard work began.

My parents both worked full time, my Dad a logger and my mom a nurse and hairstylist, and they were both leaders in the church. I spent a lot of time as a kid playing in the redwood forest with my brother, sister, and cousins or at our Grandma Jane's house helping her work in her huge garden. She definitely had a green thumb; she grew vegetables, herbs, flowers, and trees. To this day, one of my favorite things is the smell of a tomato plant. My childhood was wonderful—filled with school, bible study, friends, summer camps, youth events, birthday parties, baby and wedding showers, church twice on Sunday and a LOT of potlucks. We had a very happy home. And whether it was my Dad waking me up singing a country song, one of our family playing an instrument or blaring the newest Christian music that just came out...there was almost *always* music in our house.

From when my parents got married, still to this day, they've lived in a "fixer upper" (they've lived in and remodeled 7 houses). Growing up, there was almost always some part of our house being remodeled so clearly, I got my love of that from them. Brian and I are living in our third "fixer upper." I think there's something so spiritual about renovation. Definitely a God concept to restore and make all things new.

My mom let us kids decorate our rooms how we liked (within good measure), and I LOVED to

decorate and change my room design frequently—from Holly Hobby to Rainbow Bright to Anne Geddes and sunflowers. I couldn't wait to have my own house one day to decorate. A big house with a big family, maybe a dog and a garden just like my grandma Jane's.

About ten years ago, after three kids, four houses, and two remodels, Brian and I decided that we wanted to find our forever home...for me it was a house like the one in the movie *Father of the Bride* or *Home Alone*. The place where our kids could grow up and our grandkids would eventually come visit.

We dreamed of a house with a huge great room so we could host people...a lot of people. Gatherings and community have always been a big part of our lives, both growing up in small towns and churches. At the time, we were a few years into leading the worship team at Bethel, and we were experiencing a lot of growth. We had our whole team over to our house once a month, to worship, pray, eat and hang out together and we were busting at the seams, there were people coming out doors and windows!

We also dreamed of having land, and it felt like this was the time for that as well. Both of us love the outdoors so much. We both grew up near the woods so lots of trees were a must. We wanted the kind of land where we could have a garden (lots of tomato



plants), animals, a pool, and space for our kids to run around and explore. We dreamed of a property where we could host all kinds of gatherings inside or out, like dinner parties, holidays, retreats, birthdays, baby showers, staff meetings, and album release parties. We wanted to spread out—and we dreamed of a beautiful property where people could come relax in nature, have fun, get refreshed, be inspired, connect and feel loved by us and Jesus.

When our two oldest kids were in school, I would take our youngest Braden, (who was three at the time) drive around looking at houses with land. Brian and I were in love with a particular area of town in Redding—wooded acres, close to town and the airport, small herds of animals, orchards and

gardens everywhere and most importantly...lots of huge, beautiful trees.

I'll never forget the day I found it—THE house. Braden had fallen asleep in the car and I was driving around our favorite area looking for anything for sale. I found a quiet, little, roughly paved road, and at the end there was a property entrance that looked overgrown and abandoned. I couldn't see the house from the road, so I decided to drive in. I figured if it wasn't abandoned, like it looked to be, I would just apologize for the intrusion. As I drove into the property, the road wound around to an old bridge over a beautiful creek that led up to the house. *It was magical.* Overgrown and abandoned... but magical. I doubt it would have impressed many

people, but I could see what it *could* be! SO much potential. I imagine that's how God looks at our lives sometimes. Never overwhelmed or hopeless... always full of potential no matter how much work is needed.

The tiny shack of a house definitely fell in the run-down category, and the land itself felt like a jungle, (or the secret garden) with an insane amount of blackberry bushes and overgrown *everything...* but it was beautiful and I knew it could be the perfect home even though it was in shambles. I grabbed my phone to call Brian and told him to come see it. He jumped in his truck and came over, he was as excited as I was. When he drove up, he smiled, his eyes filled with excitement. I remember

it like it was yesterday, we walked around the property imagining how we could clean it up, where a garden could go, and what we would change. It was perfect.

We called our realtor and he made a few calls and found out it was owned by the property's next door neighbor. It was on twenty acres, it hadn't been updated since the 70s and no one had lived in it for years. There was only one problem...it wasn't for sale. But we had a vision, so we figured, why not ask if the neighbor would be willing to sell? Our realtor contacted him and (miracle!) he WAS willing to sell! We were over the moon excited. After a few days, we started escrow hoping it would be quick...but it wasn't. The crazy back and forth escrow lasted

forever. One hurdle after the next, months went by, (the owner lost the deed and a million other crazy things) we wondered if our dream would ever happen.

In the midst of all this, we were going through a lot of challenges at church. A few key people on our worship team were moving and it really affected what we had worked so hard to build plus some other difficult dynamics and “growing pains” we were having to work through. Brian and I were arguing a lot from the stress of dealing with it all emotionally.

At some point during this trying season, Brian and I flew to England to lead worship for an event and it was nice to be away from the house escrow drama as well as the drama that was happening with our team. The trip came as a welcomed break, especially because the kids were staying home with grandma on this trip (Hallelujah!), so even the long flight felt like a vacation.

One night while we were there, a woman I didn't know came up to me during prayer ministry time at the end of the service and asked if she could pray for me. I love receiving prayer and I'll let just about anyone pray for me, (unless I get a weird feeling) and this lady had a very peaceful presence and actually reminded me of a close friend. So I said, “Of course.”

For the next two hours, she led me through an incredible inner healing session. She told me to ask God, “What lies have I been believing?” Instantly, this is what I heard God say: “You believe that you haven't loved well, and you haven't led well. Because if you had, no one would leave you.” I started sobbing. That was the lie, loud and clear. And I could feel it being uprooted like a weed. Just like in gardening when things grow, like the church and team had, weeds had grown too. They needed to be pulled out and this lie was one of them. I told her what God had showed me and she said, “Thank you Father for showing her the lie. Now I ask you to show her a picture of the truth.” Instantly God showed me a scene from the prodigal son story in the Bible—and it was like watching a movie and

fast-forwarding to the exact part in the story that I needed to see...the part when the son is leaving his home, his family, and his father. I felt God say to me, “The father didn't chase after his son in the story. He let him go. Sometimes, even in family, to love them well means you have to...let them go.”

Let. Them. Go. That was it. That's what I had to do.

One by one, faces came to mind—people who wanted to leave “home,” and who I needed to let go. I repented right there for wanting them to stay and trying to control them, because I thought I knew what was best for them. But it had become clear that it wasn't my decision to make. I needed to not only have an open hand to anyone who came onto the team, but also anyone who left.

She prayed with me through a few more things she was hearing from God and gave me a huge hug. The room that had once been packed with thousands of people now only had a couple left, waiting on us to turn out the lights. The woman told me her name was Helena and she handed me her phone number, and told me I could call her anytime if I needed anything. I thanked her again and again, my shirt soaked from tears, but my heart ten pounds lighter.

I told Brian about my healing encounter with God (and Helena), and he was so happy for me. It also made him realize he needed, and wanted, the same thing for himself. We headed home to California the next day and Brian ended up doing a phone call with Helena a few days later from home. Here's where it gets even more fun: this woman knew nothing about our dream house-shack-land situation, yet as she was praying with Brian, God showed her an image of a house that had been abandoned and overgrown with “briars” also called...blackberry bushes. Brian was wide-eyed as she described what she saw. “I see this house as a picture of your heart. God wants to untangle and remove the thorns, restore it and enlarge it.” What?! Amazing! And God's timing for this could not have been more perfect.





Our hearts healing and being restored and the restoration of this house and property were connected! Of course. It made so much sense. It's just like God to parallel something in the natural and spiritual.

Shortly after we had this revelation, our realtor called. After TEN long months, our house escrow closed! We knew it wasn't a coincidence. Driving to our house that day, I heard God say to me, "I didn't want to give you your promise until your hearts were ready for it." He wasn't holding out on us; He just wanted our hearts free and ready for what he

had in store for us. Like when you pull all the weeds out of a garden bed before you plant something.

Over the last nine years, we have worked SO hard to turn that shack on the overgrown land into a dream home on gorgeous property. We just kept dreaming and hosting and dreaming again, going waaaaay beyond the dream we first envisioned when we found the house. It hasn't been easy though; the journey has taken a lot of blood, sweat, and tears. (Especially being clean freaks, living in a constant construction site for nine years.) We've gone through low lows, heartache, and hardships. But God's been with us through it all.

Our house has become everything we could have ever dreamed of and more. It's been an incredible space for us, our kids, friends and the million other people that God has brought through our doors and around our table. Though it was a long process from beginning to end, we were so intentional with every decision we made, wanting it to be a space curated with love, beauty and excellence. Everything from worship sessions, retreats, singles mixers, bible studies, youth group events, and kids who need a safe place to come, SO many parties, and always lots of food in the kitchen for whoever comes by,

because they "just need to talk." Our house is a space where people can come to get advice, prayer, and good food. Where they can have fun, connect, worship, feel known, loved, maybe pet a goat and ultimately feel... "Home"...a part of community. And that is exactly what we dreamed it could be.

In Isaiah 38:1 the prophet Isaiah tells another one of God's servants, Hezekiah, to "Get your house in order." It's one of those phrases in the Bible that feels like it's in bold print for me. Although it's written as a warning from Isaiah telling Hezekiah that he's going to die (yikes), the point is that he's telling him to get everything in order and take care of things in his life that need attention. God actually wanted to show mercy to Hezekiah; after Hezekiah heard this prophecy, he prayed to God and God added fifteen years to his life (Isaiah 38:5). Perhaps an application of this get-your-house-in-order verse is that when God is doing something life changing, He tells us to prepare for it. Nothing buried, hidden, or avoided. No unhandled business. *No junk drawers*. I love the charge of, "Get your house in order"—and I believe this is about our *whole* lives: our homes, health, hearts, and connection to community. And how these four things are often connected.

I know many of you holding this book right now feel the chaos of life—whether you're a parent of little ones, grandparents, or single with one room to call your own. We all need simplicity, order, and a space that makes us happy and peaceful. I believe we all want to be able to open up a closet—or start a conversation or begin a new relationship—and not feel chaotic from the clutter we haven't dealt with.

I hear you.

This book will help you empty the junk drawers. *All the junk drawers*. Everyone has them somewhere (in our homes, hearts, and bodies). It's nothing to be ashamed of, just something to be honest about, because then it becomes one hundred percent possible to get those drawers into beautiful order. If you put the work in, you can and will get to a place that feels clear, clean and peaceful. You can and will

breathe easy and know there is nothing hidden or ignored. You need courage though—no doubt about that. Whether it's old hurts, old parking tickets, or old habits there's usually something shoved back somewhere in the dark corners of our lives and we need courage to bring them to the light. What I've learned is that clutter will only (and always) breed more clutter and chaos. No sense in hiding it, ignoring it or pretending like it's not affecting you. No, we are going to face all of our junk drawers together. We're going to pull everything out, go through it and get our whole lives into shape.

These transformations often start emotionally and spiritually and then you see the results physically. And it's the same for your home, health and heart. "Get your house in order," means having a holistic vision for all parts of your life. For example, if you read the Bible and pray all the time, but you eat junk and don't exercise...you're not "healthy" holistically. When you choose to live holistically healthy, you'll know what you have and where it is, (every mismatched sock will finally meet its match or its maker), your heart will be free, your body will be full of energy, and your house will be in order that you'll probably want to have people over and throw a great party. (I'll give you recipes and more to help you with that, too!)

No more sweeping things under the rug. It's time to deal with it.

We all have junk drawers—whatever those might hold—but I also recognize we're not all in the same place. Some of us need emotional purging ASAP. Some of us are feeling crushed under the weight of bitterness or stuck in a rut of unhealthy eating or exhaustion. Some of us need to literally dig into our closet full of clothes and give away about half of it. Some of us need to have those difficult conversations we've been avoiding. (And don't feel bad if it's all of the above! You've got this.) We all need renovation or a good purge somewhere, if not multiple areas in our lives.

**But don't be overwhelmed!** Let the Holy Spirit guide you. And this book will help!

When you start taking on those junk drawers

and getting your house in order, you will see SO many fruits of the Spirit in your life.

So...are you ready to tackle some junk?

**Take a Moment to Pause:**

**1 | Start by inviting the Holy Spirit** into this process with you, even if you're new to experiencing God's Holy Spirit or have never done something like this. Listen for any internal promptings, instincts, pictures, or words. *Write down anything that comes to mind during your pause and reflection with the Holy Spirit. A verse, a person, a drawer in your house, anything. Even if it's something random, like an apple, and doesn't make sense...ask Him to tell you more about it. He will. And you can always ask God questions! Like, "who do I need to forgive?", "who do I need to help" or "where do I start purging my house?"*

**2 | Take note.** Whether it's on paper, in your journal or on your phone, write down anything you get from the Holy Spirit—even if it seems like a stretch, a challenge, or an unexpected area of your life. God is always speaking and wants to talk to you about every detail of your life. The good and the parts that need work. He is a kind and loving Father.

**3 | Put up your word from God.** One of my favorite scriptures is at the end of this chapter. Whatever God speaks to you or scripture He's highlighting, put it in a place you'll see often—like your home screen, your mirror, in the kitchen, next to your front door or in your car.

Staying connected to what God is speaking to you is important. I love church and how God speaks through leaders but it's also important to stay in His Word daily and listen to his voice for what he's speaking directly to you.

*You can say this prayer out loud or simply in your head.  
Change it any way you want to...this is simply a guide to get you started.*

**Holy Spirit, I thank you that you are with me and you want to help me. I am ready to listen and pay attention to your direction. I want to know the areas of my life that need cleaning, purging, or healing. I'll quiet my mind and listen to your voice. I will follow your lead on how to bring health to any part of my life.**

**"Search me, God, and know my heart; test me, and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."**

*—Psalms 139:23-24*



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You know those moments when you lose yourself in something—a movie, a sport, a book, music, or other activity—time disappears and the world fades away; you emerge from this state only to realize that five hours have passed and you haven’t eaten? There are a few things that I do and I really lose track of time.

The first thing is worship. Whether I am writing a new song alone in my living room or on a stage in front of thousands of people, I completely get “in the zone” consumed with God’s presence and sometimes I totally lose track of time.

Another “zone” I get lost in is hosting. When I throw a party, I buzz around making sure needs are met, things are “Zhuzh-ed” (Definition: to make something more interesting or attractive by changing it slightly or adding to it.) and cups are full. I’ll forget to eat for hours and that is very unlike me! I LOVE good party food.

And another thing I lose track of time doing is... organizing. I try to approach everything in life with a “heart of worship”, like Colossians 3:23 says,

“Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord”

Some things that I do, I have to try hard to have that mindset—but organizing is not one of those things. I love organizing and the peace it brings. My love of organizing and order began in childhood but has developed a lot over the years. I love helping other people organize their spaces too. Like Marie Kondo says, “I love mess”...(even more when it’s someone else’s).

I remember when one of my friends at home was at her wit’s end raising two little kids and she had just had another baby. I called to check on her and she started sobbing; her husband was at work, her house was a mess, and she was at her max. I knew what was needed: containers! Actually, containers were just the start of the help she needed, and I knew it because I’d been there. “Can I help?”, I asked. She responded...”Please.” I told her I was on my way over, right after I picked up a few things. When I got to her house, she was so happy and so was I—because as much as I love being a wife/mom/worshiper etc., I equally live for loving and helping people, hosting and bringing order.

We headed to her kitchen, and both started laughing at the chaos surrounding us...kids stuff everywhere, dirty dishes piled high in the sink, a baby on her hip and a little one at her feet...she teared up again, as she laughed. I understood exactly how she was feeling because I had been there, many times. My friend knew she needed help and she was ready to accept it. Her vulnerability in letting me into her messy house was courageous... and because of her vulnerability and courage...she got the help she needed. Sometimes, to get the help



you need, you have to be humble and ask for it.

So in my friend's house that day, I started by making us some coffee. I poured her a cup and took her baby into my arms and she set up a movie and snacks for her older kids in the living room. I handed her back the baby and rolled up sleeves. We were going to start by tackling the kitchen. First I loaded the dishes, cleaned the countertops, wiped everything on the counter down and prepped her kitchen to make space for some massive upheaval. I smiled and said, "OK. Everything's gonna come out. Don't panic. It gets worse before it gets better." It's true...Sometimes it does get worse before it gets better. Whether it's physical or emotional junk, this is how it seems to go. But believe me, it's worth the worse to get to the better.

The kitchen makeover took about five hours. I created three piles: trash, errands, and donations.

In no time, I had a big pile of trash, (lids that didn't fit anything, broken items, processed foods that she didn't want her family eating) a pile of "errands", (library books, friends' containers from dropped-off meals, Target returns) and lastly, a large pile of donations (like the fondue set she never used and things from her wedding that she was keeping only because she felt bad getting rid of them). "Don't keep things in your house that you don't love and use," I coached her. "If you want to keep it because it's a keepsake, then keep it contained in the garage. Not inside your house. That space is limited and precious."

By the fifth hour, we had that kitchen dialed. Every square inch was purged and organized. Airtight containers and mason jars were filled with cereal, baking ingredients and snacks. (Mason jars are a great, cheap chic way to organize.)

Spices were alphabetized, toddler plasticware was within toddler-reach; glasses and dishware were *out-of-toddler-reach*. The pantry was emptied of everything unwanted or expired and rearranged so that her whole family could see everything they needed to see. Now the kids could be more self-sufficient and able to help themselves, so that she didn't have to run "kitchen command" all the time.

But in the midst of all this sorting and purging, something else changed when I started asking her questions about her life. As I was cleaning cabinets, she began letting out some raw frustrations about how overwhelmed she felt. I listened and gave her any wisdom I was getting from God as she talked. After a little while of emotional pouring out, I guided the conversation in another direction and asked her to tell me what was amazing in her life right now. Her eyes lit up as she began telling me

all the good things. And her frustration turned to gratefulness. It was lovely. No, all of her problems didn't go away, but focusing on gratefulness is a great foundation to work on things that need change. For example, sometimes the baby you prayed for equals 400,000 dirty diapers. A lot of the things she was frustrated about were things she prayed for. Been there.

She went from gratitude to hope. We talked about guarding our words and how they have so much power. I told her that instead of the common, go-to expression: "My life is so crazy!" (self-fulfilling prophecy), I would say, "yes, life is full, but I like it full...I just need the Holy Spirit to guide me in prioritizing, organizing and tackling it all." I reminded her what a good friend she's been to me and others. I told her she's an amazing wife and mom. And now with an organized kitchen, and