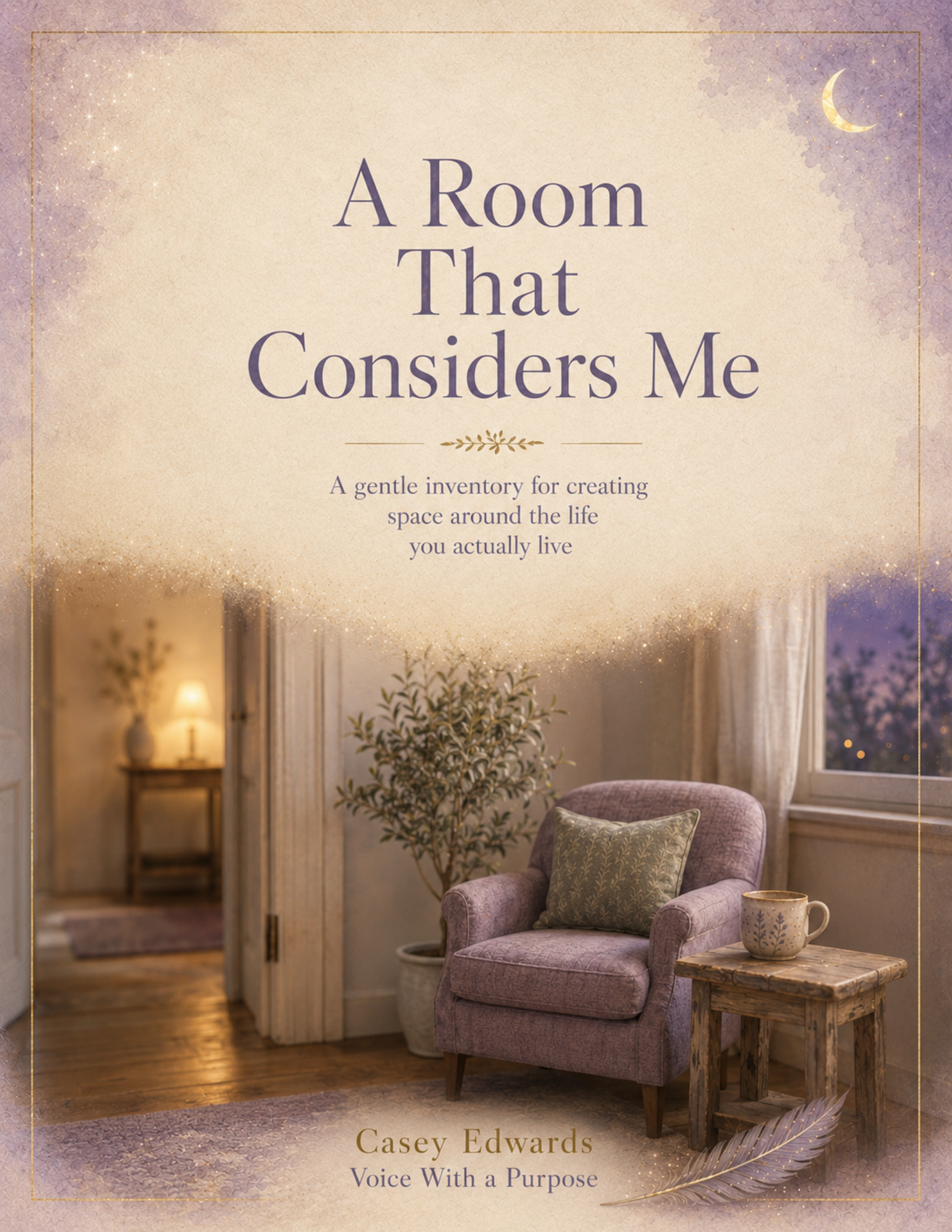




A Room That Considers Me

— — — — —
A gentle inventory for creating
space around the life
you actually live

Casey Edwards
Voice With a Purpose



THIS JOURNAL BELONGS TO

May these pages hold what is true,
make room for what is changing,
and remind you that unfinished
does not mean unworthy.



A ROOM THAT CONSIDERS ME

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This journal offers a gentle space for personal reflection.
It is not a substitute for professional medical, mental health,
therapeutic, or crisis care.





BEFORE YOU BEGIN



You do not have to arrive here with the right words.

You do not have to know what you are feeling, what you are healing from, or what you are supposed to do next.

You may come here certain.

You may come here confused.

You may come here carrying something you have not yet learned how to name.

There is room for all of it.

These pages are not asking you to become a better version of yourself.

They are not keeping score.

They are not waiting for you to be more grateful, more healed, more productive, more forgiving, or more certain.

They are simply offering you a place to notice what is true.

Some days, you may fill an entire page.

Some days, one sentence may be enough.

Some days, you may open this journal, sit quietly for a while, and write nothing at all.

That counts too.

You are allowed to move slowly here.

You are allowed to change your mind.

You are allowed to return to something you thought you had finished.

You are allowed to leave a question unanswered.

And you are allowed to discover that the person you are becoming needs something different from the person you used to be.

There is no correct way to enter this room.

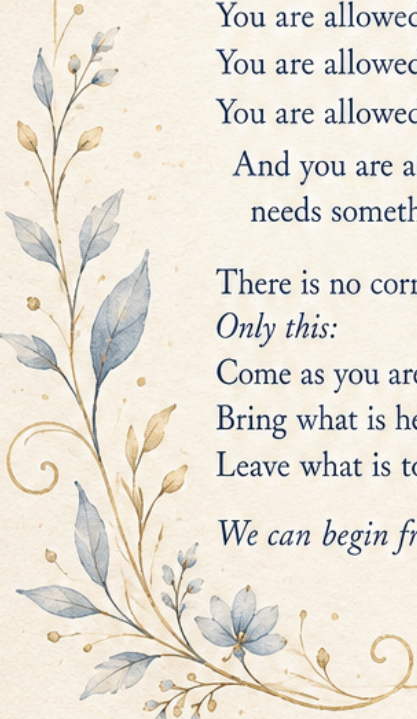
Only this:

Come as you are.

Bring what is here.

Leave what is too heavy for today.

We can begin from there.





A ROOM THAT CONSIDERS ME



Before we ask what needs to change,
let us notice what it feels like to *be considered*.

To enter a space where you do not have to shrink.
Where your tiredness is not treated like laziness.
Where your silence does not need defending.
Where your boundaries are not an inconvenience.
Where your needs are not evidence that you are difficult.
Where you are allowed to take up exactly as much room
as being human requires.

For a moment, imagine such a place.
It does not have to be a real room.
It may be a porch, a garden, a quiet corner, a memory,
a person, a feeling—or something you have never
experienced before but somehow know you deserve.

Notice what happens when you picture it.

What becomes softer?

What unclenches?

What no longer needs to be explained?

IN A ROOM THAT CONSIDERS ME...

I would feel _____

I would no longer have to _____

I would be allowed to _____

I would ask for _____

I would protect _____

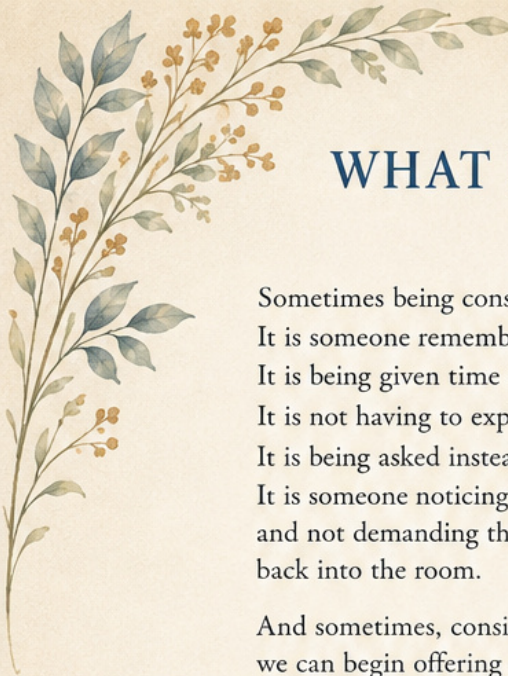
I would finally let myself _____



ONE QUIET QUESTION

*What would change if I began
considering myself, too?*





WHAT HELPS ME FEEL CONSIDERED



Sometimes being considered is quiet.
It is someone remembering what overwhelms you.
It is being given time to answer.
It is not having to explain the same boundary twice.
It is being asked instead of assumed.
It is someone noticing that you have gone quiet
and not demanding that you perform your way
back into the room.

And sometimes, consideration is something
we can begin offering ourselves.
A slower morning.
A changed plan.
A closed door.
A glass of water before one more task.
Permission to say, *not today*.
Permission to say, *I need help*.
Permission to admit that something is *too much*.

I FEEL MOST CONSIDERED WHEN...

Someone _____
I am given _____
I do not have to _____
My boundaries are _____
My body is allowed to _____
I can say _____



SOMETHING I NEED MORE OF

SOMETHING I NEED LESS OF

A SMALL WAY I CAN CONSIDER MYSELF TODAY

ONE QUIET QUESTION

*What have I been calling 'too much'
that may actually be a reasonable need?*

