

## PROLOGUE:

I suppose I should start at the beginning... or maybe the middle. Honestly, I'm not even sure how I got here. It's like I blinked, and suddenly I was 45—standing in the mirror, wondering where the time went and how my life drifted so far from what I imagined it would be.

If you grew up in the '80s, you probably remember the game MASH—Mansion, Apartment, Shack, House. That silly fortune-teller game we used to play with a crumpled piece of paper and a pen, predicting our future with absolute confidence. It told me I'd be rich, living in a mansion, married with two kids, teaching during the day, and driving a Lamborghini. Cute, right?

Well, let me tell you—there's no mansion, no kids, no Lamborghini, and definitely no teaching gig. Not one part of it came true.

For a long time, and I mean a very long time, I carried around this low, persistent ache—this sense that I never quite fit in. I was the girl who drifted around the edges, always watching, always comparing. I'd size up a room, study people's faces, and wonder what their stories were—and if theirs turned out better than mine. I didn't even have to know them; I just assumed they were living lives I didn't qualify for.

It was exhausting.

## WHEN IT FEELS TOO LATE

I held onto shame, resentment, self-doubt. I felt invisible to the world—and worse, invisible to God. Like He skipped over me. While others had at least one good thing going for them—a strong family, a tight friendship, a marriage, a meaningful job—I felt like I had nothing. No title, no role, no purpose.

At least, that's what I believed.

I used to joke that when God wanted a good laugh, He'd tune into my life. Because from where I stood, there was no divine plan—just chaos. I wasn't someone's daughter, someone's sister, someone's wife or mother. So what was I?

I came to Christ in March of 2024—right before my first trip to Italy. Looking back, I know now that He had been chasing me my whole life, but I was too stubborn to hear Him. It's like

I was tuned into the wrong radio station all those years. I believed in something—a vague “higher power,” the universe—but the idea of a man named Jesus who knew me, loved me, and had a purpose for me? That felt like too much to hope for.

But grace has a way of finding us.

And when it did, I realized I wasn't the only one who had ever felt lost, behind, or unseen. The Holy Spirit opened my eyes. God had been with me the whole time. I do have a purpose—and it's not defined by status, titles, or timelines. It's defined by Him.

Now, I live differently. Every day I ask God to guide me, to carry the fears I've laid at His feet, and to remind me that I am not too late. My story isn't finished. And neither is yours.

## WHEN IT FEELS TOO LATE

Have you ever looked at your life and whispered, “How did I get here?”

Maybe the dreams you once held have faded into the background. The years passed, and with them, opportunities, passions, maybe even pieces of yourself. You wonder if it’s too late—to start again, to become who you were meant to be, to believe that more is still possible.

### When It Feels Too Late: A Grace-Filled Journey Back to Purpose

is a guided faith-based journal for women who feel like time has run out on their dreams or calling. Through reflective prompts, empowering scripture, and space to process your story, this book helps you shift your focus from what’s been lost to what’s still possible—because with God, nothing is wasted, and nothing is too late.

Each chapter invites you to:

- ◆ Reflect on the gap between expectation and reality—and reclaim hope in the middle of it
- ◆ Recognize the unseen growth God has already cultivated in your journey
- ◆ Release the timelines and comparisons that have stolen your joy
- ◆ Rediscover gratitude as a powerful tool for healing and clarity
- ◆ Rewrite the narrative of your life in alignment with God’s promises

## WHEN IT FEELS TOO LATE

This isn't just a journal. It's a sacred space for honest reflection, gentle redirection, and powerful revival.

Whether you're 30 or 70, this journey is for every woman who's ever whispered, "I thought I'd be further along by now."

Your story isn't over. In fact—it might just be beginning.



**"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."**

**—Joel 2:25 (KJV)**