

When the Music Still Plays



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A Story of Surrender, Survival, and the Light That Remains

Ash's room had once looked like a storm.

Music paper covered the floor. Wires tangled across the desk. Lyrics written in sharp lines were taped to the walls, layered on top of each other like they were trying to shout louder than the silence outside her door.

It matched the rest of the house.

Noise filled every space—raised voices, sudden tension, the kind of quiet that wasn't peaceful but careful. Ash learned early how to stay alert, how to read a room before she entered it. She learned how to disappear without leaving.

After her father died, everything changed.

Her mother became smaller somehow. Quieter. Like she was always apologizing without saying the words. And when someone new entered their lives—someone harsh, unpredictable—Ash watched her mother shrink even more.

Ash didn't know how to stop it.

So she tried to feel powerful somewhere else.

She cut her hair sharp. She dressed loud. She built armor out of sound and style. If the world was going to be cruel, she decided she would be tougher than it.

Music became her refuge.

With headphones on, the house faded. The noise softened. The pain loosened its grip just enough for her to breathe. Music didn't ask questions. It didn't judge. It stayed.

There was a time when Ash didn't want to be where she was anymore.

No more pain.

No more noise.

No more suffering.

She didn't have words for it back then—only the feeling of wanting everything to stop.

Life didn't stop.

It changed.

Her body carried the weight of that change. The chair she used now was part of her story, but it wasn't the story itself. She didn't explain it to people. She didn't need to.

Some escapes cost more than we expect.

For a long time, Ash lived like her room—chaotic, overstimulated, guarded. Her thoughts raced. Her emotions came in waves. She told herself she was strong, but inside she was exhausted.

Until one night, something shifted.

She looked around her room and realized it felt just as loud as the rest of her life.

And she didn't want that anymore.

Slowly, deliberately, she began to change it.

She cleared the floor.

She stacked her papers neatly.

She removed everything that didn't serve her peace.

She didn't do it all at once. Healing never works that way.

What remained was space.

And in that space, music sounded different.

Cleaner. Softer. Truer.

Ash began to write not to escape—but to release.

Music became her therapy. Her prayer. Her way of letting go.

She played late at night, not for anyone else, but for herself. She let the notes carry what her body had stored. She cried without shame. She breathed without fear.

And slowly, something unexpected happened.

Her mother started listening.

Not with words.

With her heart.

She would pause in the hallway. Sit quietly nearby. Let the sound wash over her. For the first time in a long time, she *felt* her daughter—not as a problem to fix, but as a soul trying to survive.

Ash's music said what Ash never could.

The grief.

The fear.

The loneliness.

The strength.

One night, Ash noticed her mother crying—not in despair, but in recognition.

“I didn’t know,” her mother whispered once. “I didn’t know how to help you.”

Ash didn't blame her.

She had learned something important on her journey: pain does not make people cruel—unhealed pain makes them lost.

"You don't need anyone to complete you," Ash said gently. "You were created whole."

Her mother wept harder then—not from guilt, but from relief.

For the first time, she asked God for forgiveness—not because she was bad, but because she was ready to heal.

Change came easier after that.

Not perfect.

Not instant.

But real.

Ash continued writing. One song, in particular, became her turning point. She wrote it in the quiet of her cleaned room, surrounded by peace she had chosen.

Ash's Song (Surrender)

*I've been holding every sound inside,
Every weight I didn't know to name.
I'm tired of fighting what I can't fix,
I'm ready now to lay it down again.*

**I am falling—catch me now,
I am calling—show me how.**

*I don't need to know the whole way through,
I just need to trust You'll lead me out.*

*I surrender what I cannot carry,
I open my hands, I let it be.
Fill this space with something holy,
Teach my heart how to breathe in peace.*

**I am falling—catch me now,
I am calling—show me how.**

I am holding-Love ME NOW

Jesus Hold Me, to my Father's House.

As the song ended, Ash sat in silence.

And in that silence, she felt it.

God had never left.

He had waited—patient, steady—until her heart was ready to open.

Her inner light, once buried beneath noise and fear, began to glow again. Not loudly. Not dramatically.

Steadily.

Ash learned that change doesn't begin by hating who you were.

It begins by loving yourself enough to choose better.

She forgave herself for the past.

She honored her body for surviving.

She lived in the present, wanting more for herself—not because she was broken, but because she was worthy.

Her life wasn't perfect.

But when the music still played, she knew she was still here.

And that was enough to keep going.

 **Journaling Reflections**

Take a quiet moment with these questions. Write honestly. There are no wrong answers.

1. Have you ever felt overwhelmed by noise—inside or around you? What helped you cope?

 **Journaling Reflections**

2. In what ways does your environment reflect how you feel inside?

 **Journaling Reflections**

3. What is something you use to release pain in a healthy way?

 **Journaling Reflections**

4. What does surrender mean to you—not giving up, but letting go?

 **Journaling Reflections**

5. Is there a part of your past you need to forgive yourself for?

 **Journaling Reflections**

6. What helps your inner light stay bright when life feels heavy?

 **Final Prayer**

God of Love,

Thank You for staying when life felt unbearable.

Thank You for meeting me where words could not reach.

Help me release what I cannot carry.

Teach me to trust Your guidance, step by step.

Fill my heart with Your love, especially in quiet moments.

Help me forgive myself, live in the present,
and choose what brings peace and life.

When I feel like I'm falling,
catch me.

Show me how to move forward.

So Be It.



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Final Thoughts: Letting the Light Through

Ash's story reminds us of something important:

Our hearts do not open through force.

They open through **surrender**.

Surrender does not mean giving up on life.

It means letting go of what we were never meant to carry alone.

When Ash stopped fighting her pain and instead allowed herself to feel it, something gentle happened. The noise inside her softened. Space appeared. And in that space, God's presence could finally be felt.



Opening the Heart Through Surrender

We open our hearts when we:

- Admit we are tired of carrying everything
- Allow ourselves to feel instead of hiding
- Let go of control and ask for guidance
- Trust that God is near, even when life feels heavy

Surrender is not weakness.

It is an act of courage.

🌟 Keeping Our Problems Smaller Than God

Ash's pain was real—but it was not greater than God's love.

When we replay worries over and over, they begin to feel larger than life. But the story shows us that problems do not disappear by being ignored—they soften when we stop letting them live inside our hearts.

We can learn to:

- Acknowledge what is happening without absorbing it
- Notice pain without letting it define us
- Remember that God's love is wider than any moment

When God becomes bigger in our thoughts, peace has room to return.

Music as a Pathway to God

Ash did not meet God first through words.

She met Him through **sound**.

Music helped her body release pain her mind could not explain. It slowed her breathing. It calmed her nervous system. It created a safe space where love could enter.

Positive, intentional music carries a higher emotional frequency—it lifts, soothes, and heals. When music is filled with hope, honesty, and surrender, it becomes prayer without needing perfect words.

Music reminds us:

- God speaks in many languages
 - Healing reaches us in different ways
 - Love can be felt before it is understood
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 **Jesus as Our Guide and Model**

Jesus did not rush people into change.

He listened.

He noticed.

He stayed.

Ash's journey reflects the way Jesus guides us:

- He meets us where we are
- He heals before He teaches
- He invites transformation through love, not shame

Like Jesus, we are called to:

- Be gentle with ourselves
- Choose love over fear
- Walk forward step by step, even without all the answers

Jesus shows us that light does not need perfection—it needs openness.

Letting the Inner Light Shine

Ash's inner light was never gone.

It was waiting.

When she chose surrender, forgiveness, and self-compassion, her light returned—not loudly, but steadily. And once it shone, it began to touch others too.

We let our inner light shine when we:

- Love ourselves enough to heal
- Forgive ourselves for the past
- Live in the present with hope
- Choose what brings peace and life

Light grows when it is shared.

A Final Reminder

You do not need to have everything figured out.

You do not need to be perfect to be loved.

When life feels overwhelming, remember:

When the music still plays, hope is still alive.

When the heart surrenders, God draws near.

When the light shines within, it can reach even the darkest places.

And you are never walking alone.