

The Girl Speaks



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“God sees
what the
system
overlooks.”

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A Letter From Me

Dear Reader,

*You may have found this guide at a moment when
everything feels like too much.*

*Maybe you're searching for clarity. Or maybe, like I
once was, you're simply trying to keep breathing.*

This isn't a legal manual.

It's a quiet offering.

*Built from years of lived experience, moments of
despair, and fragile hope.*

*Created by someone who's sat in the waiting rooms,
held back the tears in court corridors,
and whispered prayers in the middle of the night.*

I'm a parent — not a professional.

*But I've walked through systems that tried to define
me.*

*And I know what it's like to feel both seen and
invisible at the same time.*

This guide is for you.

For the days when words fail.

*For the moments you wonder
if anyone understands.*

*For the hope you can't always hold, but still refuse to
let go of completely.*

*Inside, you'll find calm tools,
encouragement, and gentle space to reflect.*

There's no right way to use it.

*Just take what helps. Leave what doesn't. Return when
you're ready.*

*And if you're a person of faith — as I am — know this:
God sees what the reports never will.*

Your love is not invisible to Him.

And His strength is made perfect in our weakness.

You are not alone.

You are not failing.

*You are still standing — and that matters more than
they know.*

With quiet strength and faith,

The Girl Speaks



*I know how it feels to pray with a breaking heart.
To beg God for justice, for mercy, for strength — and
then still feel like you're drowning.*

*I've cried out in court corridors, whispered verses in
the dark, and questioned whether anyone
was still listening.*

*Even if God was...
But He was. He always is.*

*This road is not easy. It's lonely, and it costs more than
most people will ever see.*

*But I believe with everything in me that God is not
absent in this chaos.*

*He sees the truth. He holds the moments you can't
share with anyone else.*

*And He is still working, even when the outcome
doesn't look how we hoped.*

*You are not walking this alone.
Even here — even now — you are held.”*

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