

# A Different Kind of New Year

A Guided Reset for Moms

# An Invitation

I'll be the first to admit, I love a good nostalgia session. New Year's processing is my jam. Give me a coffee shop and 2 uninterrupted hours and I am in heaven.

But add in the chaos of the Christmas season. Curating perfect moments for the kids, baking too many cookies, forgetting to send out Christmas cards, buying and wrapping all the presents (are you tired yet?). The thought of adding one more thing to your plate can feel, well, impossible.

January has a way of sneaking up on us with fresh demands.

The world calls it a fresh start. A clean slate. A chance to finally get it right.

And whether you are the mom who loves a good New Years resolution, or would rather just go back to bed, no one can escape the subtle messaging that announces itself come January first.

Pressure to do more.

Pressure to feel grateful.

Pressure to prove that this life you're living is meaningful.

If you're entering a new year feeling slightly untethered, spiritually foggy, emotionally tired, unsure how you drifted so far from yourself, you're not broken.

You are responding normally to a very loud world.

This guide is not a plan.

It is not a checklist.

It is not a promise that everything will feel lighter tomorrow.

It is simply an opportunity to pause. My prayer is that this will be an invitation to notice what has been shaping you without your consent, and to gently re-anchor yourself in what is true.

# Before You Begin

You do not need a quiet house (or coffee shop), a perfect journal, or a clear head.

Your kids might interrupt you 20 million times, or you might just read a question and not know what to answer. That's fine. There is no right way to move through this.

Answer what you can.

Skip what feels forced.

Return later if you need to.

Clarity does not come from trying harder.

It comes from telling the truth.

# Part One: Taking Inventory

Before we name where we're going, we have to acknowledge where we've been. The highs and the lows, the big moments and the seemingly small ones.

Take a few moments with each question. Bullet points work best for me.

1. What felt heavy this past year that no one else seemed to notice?

2. Where did you feel most divided between who you are and what you do?

3. What drained you slowly, not all at once?

4. When did you feel most like yourself? Even small moments count :)

# Part Two: Naming the Pressure

Pressure is rarely loud. Sometimes it feels like it's reasonable. Helpful even. Maybe it comes in the form of well-meaning advice, a podcast or an Instagram reel.

But unnamed pressure quietly reshapes us.

Read the statements below. Circle or mark the ones that feel familiar.

I feel pressure to enjoy every moment of motherhood.

I feel pressure to optimize my time, my body, my children, my home.

I feel pressure to keep up with information I never asked for.

I feel pressure to prove that motherhood is enough.

I feel pressure to appear grateful even when I feel overwhelmed.

I feel pressure to \_\_\_\_\_

Now reflect:

1. Which of these pressures feels most present in your life right now?

2. Who or what reinforces this pressure?

3. What has it cost you to carry it?

# Part Three: Re-Anchoring in Purpose

I don't know who needs to hear this, but purpose is not something you have to manufacture. You already have it, you just might need to return to it.

1. Beneath the noise of this year, what has remained steady?

2. Where have you sensed God's presence—not in big moments, but in small, ordinary ones?

3. What does faithfulness look like in your life right now, apart from results or recognition?

4. If you stopped trying to prove anything, what would change?

# Part Four: Carrying This Forward

You do not need a word for the year (unless you want one).

You do not need a five-year vision (unless that sounds fun).

You only need a posture.

Finish the sentences below slowly.

This year, I am releasing the pressure to:

This year, I am choosing to pay attention to:

This year, I want to live anchored to:

# A Closing Prayer

God,

You see every part of my life. Everything that has happened so far and everything that will come. You know what I fear and what I try to hold on to, what I hope for.

Help me release what was never mine to carry, quiet the voices that confuse, and teach me to recognize Your voice. You are present in the ordinary and your faithfulness is enough.

Amen.

*The Lord will fulfill His purpose for me;  
Your steadfast love, O Lord, endures forever.*

*Psalm 138:8*