



*You're Not Lost.  
You're Becoming.*



A journal for the ones who feel behind,  
but are really just brave.

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## *About the Author*

Ariana is a leadership coach, mental health advocate, facilitator, and founder of multiple heart-led ventures, including Zehaava, Concordia, and LoveLiveLearn.

After over two decades in the corporate world, leading strategy, people development, and organizational growth, she chose to walk away from everything familiar to build something slower, deeper, and more honest. This journal was born in the ‘quiet’ between that decision, and what followed.

Ariana believes in building work that feels like home, where integrity matters more than image, and where humans are treated as whole beings, not just performers.

Her journey is layered: she’s a coach certified in neuroscience-based methods, a practicing student of clinical psychology, a mother, a solo founder, a storyteller, and a seeker - always choosing alignment over approval.

When she’s not facilitating deep change with individuals and teams, she’s writing in journals, drawing mandalas, or sipping warm chai by the window - the same one that held her first moment of becoming.



*For the ones who chose  
a path with no map.*

*For the ones building  
something they can't  
fully explain yet, but  
know they must.*

# *This Journal Belongs To*



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*5 words that describe me the best*

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## *A Note from the Author*

*Dear you,*

Maybe you're sitting with this journal on a day that feels too quiet.

Maybe you're in between chapters of your own life.

Maybe the world around you is still catching up, with the truth you already carry inside.

Wherever you are, I want you to know,

You are not alone in the 'in-between'.

This journal wasn't born out of strategy.

It wasn't designed as a planner, or a tracker, or a productivity tool.

It was born on quiet mornings...

In between deep exhales, closed laptop lids, and silent "What now?" moments.

It came to life on days when I had no answers — only honesty.

And the hope that writing it down would help me stay grounded.

It wasn't written to offer answers.

It was written to offer company.

Company on the days when you doubt your voice.

Company on the days when the path ahead feels foggy.

Company when you're wondering if your "becoming" is valid, visible, or even valuable.

*@alignwithariana*

*This is not a success story. It's a 'becoming' story.*



And if you're holding this journal in your hands,  
I trust you're somewhere in the middle of your own.

Whether you're just starting out...  
Whether you're in your second wind...  
Whether you're wondering if it's too late to begin again...  
This space is for you.

You won't find step-by-step instructions here.  
But you will find stories.  
The raw, messy, meaningful ones.  
The ones that don't always make it to LinkedIn updates or  
Instagram captions.  
The ones that sit quietly, inside most entrepreneurs, dreamers,  
creators...but rarely get spoken out loud.

Each chapter in this journal is an echo of a lived experience.  
Of walking away from security,  
Of building from scratch,  
Of questioning everything,  
Of holding grief and growth in the same palm.  
You'll meet stories  
Of silence, Of strategy, Of self-trust.

You'll be invited into my reflections; not as a template, but as a  
mirror.  
And then, the most important part:  
You'll be invited into your own. Because this isn't just my journal.

*It becomes yours the moment your pen meets these pages.*



So I hope that as you write, reflect, and revisit these pages,  
You feel less pressure to have it all figured out.  
And more permission to be exactly where you are.

You are not late.

You are not lost.

You are building something, even when it doesn't yet look like much.

And if you ever forget the strength it takes to choose your own path,  
Come back here.

Come back to your own words.

Because becoming is not a milestone.

It's a muscle.

And you, dear reader, are doing it beautifully.

*So, who is this journal for?*

It's for the entrepreneur who's doubting their path.

The creative artist who's wondering if their voice matters.

The leader who's tired of leading alone.

The human who just needs a quiet space to breathe and begin again.

If you've ever said:

"I thought I'd be further by now."

"I miss being seen."

"I want to keep going, but I don't know how."

Then, you belong here.

*Right here. In these pages. In this pause.*





So take your time.  
Read slowly.  
Write honestly.  
Come back to the stories when you need company.  
Return to your own reflections whenever the world outside feels too loud.

There is no right way to move through this journal.  
Only your way.

Welcome to this space.  
I'm so glad you're here.

With love & light,  
Ariana

*@alignwithariana*



## *The inception.... When it all began.*



It was 10 o'clock on a Monday morning.

I was sitting by the window — the one that used to offer a quick glimpse of light between tightly packed meetings. In my hand was a warm cup of tea. Made slowly. Sipped in silence.

This is truly what I had craved all my life. Slow mornings, silent spaces, freedom to choose, really choose, where I want my time and energy to be invested. And be there for those who matter the most, my friends, my family, and myself.

I was just 18 years old when I started my first job. Stretching from 7 am to 11 pm, shuffling between making calls, learning basic computer skills, having conversations with walk-ins, managing accounts and everything in between; all for just Rs. 1000/- per month. I remember not having proper clothes to wear for this job, borrowing them from my hostel warden. I remember the pressure of converting queries into enrolments. It all started too early in life and it never really stopped. Not when I fell ill, not when I was pregnant, not when I gave birth.



I vividly remember that morning. It was 4 am. My 2-month-old boy, carefully tucked by my side, feasting on his morning meal.

I remember pulling myself away from him, slowly and gently; careful, so as to not wake him up.

I remember the tears that rolled down that day. I was not ready to go back to work. I wanted to be beside my child, to experience motherhood — fully, completely, deeply.

Yet, I had to. Yes, I had to wake up, get ready, and go for a 5 am shift. It wasn't a career; it was what put food on our plate.

I haven't forgotten three and a half years of all sort of night shifts, even those starting at 3 am, and sleeping only for 3 hours in the day, so I could spend, rather invest more time with my little boy.

I recollect the day I dropped my 9-year-old boy in a boarding school in Ooty, not because I wanted to enjoy my 20s with my friends. But because I had no time to be with him, running between office work, late nights, and court cases.

Something in me broke that day, something that I haven't been able to mend. even after 18+ years.

The day he asked me, “Why don't you come to pick me up from my bus stop like other parents?” — that innocent question still echoes in my heart, tugging the deepest strings of my core.



I had lost a lot, my youth, my time with my son, my time to build a relationship that stayed, friends and even family members.

I had become more and more distant - from people, from the world, and even from myself.

Not because I wanted to, but because I either didn't find time from my work schedules, or when I did, I just wanted to be with my silence, myself, and my family.

So, when I chose to leave a well-established career, a stable job, and a team that made me feel, '***I mattered***'...

I expected it to be more liberating, more relaxing and more calming.

***But did it???***





*Sometimes it's not the  
noise we miss,  
it's the feeling of being  
needed.*

*But 'quiet' has its own  
way of showing us,  
we still matter.*

## *Chapter 1*

### *When Silence Greeted Your Leap*

#### *Redefining Belonging*

It was my first real workday after stepping away.  
And for the first time in a long time, there were no notifications,  
no buzzing phone, no new messages — waiting for my input.

The day stretched ahead of me...open, wide, and strangely still.  
And as I sat there, something unexpected crept in.  
Not relief.  
Not freedom.  
But grief.

Because I hadn't left in bitterness or burnout. I had left at a time  
when I was Appreciated. Trusted. Valued.

When I resigned, there were heartfelt messages.  
People told me it was a loss to the team.  
That my voice brought structure and sanity to chaos.  
That my ideas had shaped programs that would last.  
That my presence in meetings gave others the confidence to  
speak up too.  
I was known as someone who could hold complexity and create  
clarity.

*Someone who could Build. Anchor. Lead.*

*@alignwithariana*



And then — *SILENCE.*

The very people who once leaned on my presence...didn't reach out.

Not to ask how I was doing.

Not to check in on what I was building.

Not even to say they missed me.

That, that truly was the hardest part.

Because it made me wonder, *“Was I only visible when I was useful?”*

But then, something softer began to emerge.

After many such silent mornings, and blank thoughts, a friend I hadn't spoken to in months, sent a text -

*“You're not forgotten. Haven't spoken in a while. Just know, I'm here.”*

And in that quiet, I found something sacred.

Belonging that wasn't transactional.

Connection that didn't depend on credentials.

People who didn't need me to be a “leader” to care about my life.

I paused and whispered to myself...

*“Those who stay when the applause fades, are the ones worth building the next chapter with”.*



What I learned through these moments was a loud and clear reality, one we often forget, one that often blindsides us....

### *You're Not Alone in This*

Do you know? According to the 2023 Startup Snapshot Report, 7 out of 10 early-stage entrepreneurs report feeling intense loneliness, especially in the first 12–18 months, after leaving stable work environments. Not just because of the work, but because of how relationships change.

The departure from a structured identity, especially one validated by teams, systems, and recognition, often creates a vacuum. You step away from a title, and watch how many of your relationships were tied to it. You pause your pace, and realize how much of your identity was wrapped in performance.

Even J.K. Rowling, before the success of Harry Potter, spoke about how few people stayed in her life when she hit rock bottom.

Arlan Hamilton, the founder of Backstage Capital, often said,

*“You find your people not at the top, but in the trench. The ones who climb in, and sit beside you, without a timeline for when you’ll rise again.”*



Years later, she said,

*“You find out who’s for your glow, and who was only for your grind.”*

Even Howard Schultz, who went on to lead Starbucks, left his first stable job and felt the sting of distance from old colleagues; until his new journey found its rhythm.

*Their stories remind us:*

You are not too sensitive.

You are not being dramatic.

You are becoming.

And that includes grieving - who and what, no longer fits.

So, if you are in that *‘in between’* and *‘becoming’* space...

Where the future isn’t as clear, and the past hasn’t left your life fully. Where the mornings come with wonder, and evenings close with deep introspection.

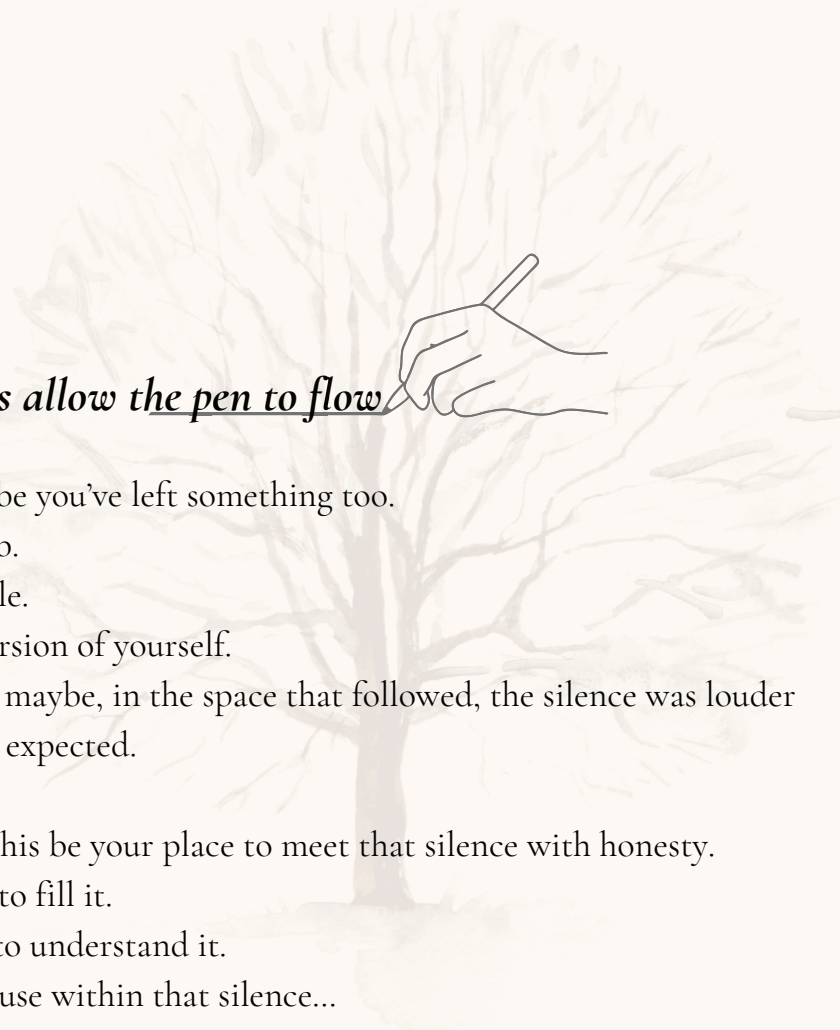
Where self-doubt begins to set in, you question your choices, your decisions, or even your ability.

If you are anywhere in this space, irrespective of your career or personal journey,

*I invite you to reflect with me.*

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*Let's allow the pen to flow*

Maybe you've left something too.

A job.

A role.

A version of yourself.

And maybe, in the space that followed, the silence was louder than expected.

Let this be your place to meet that silence with honesty.

Not to fill it.

But to understand it.

Because within that silence...

*there may be something you're finally ready to hear.*

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*Here are some suggested prompts*

*You don't need to answer all. Start with the one that tugs at you.*

*When have you walked away from a space where you were appreciated?  
How did the silence after that decision, make you feel?*

[illegible]

*Who surprised you by staying connected, and what did that connection mean to you?*

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*What are you learning now about the difference between being valued and being truly seen?*

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I am not invisible  
in the silence.

I am simply  
returning to myself.  
I honour what I  
left behind

and what is waiting  
to emerge.



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# *Your Creative Space*

Draw what your silence looked like. Or paste something that held you when no one else did.

This space is for honoring who stayed. Even if it was just you.



[illegible]

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of horizontal lines for writing practice.





*“There is a strange  
ache in building  
something new...*

*the kind that holds  
both grief and grace in  
the same breath.”*

## *Chapter 2*

### *That One Message That Made You Stay*

#### *Reclaiming Meaning When Motivation Fades*

Most of us feel or even believe that the most difficult thing in life, is to make choices. Especially those that change something in you, around you or for you.

If you however dig a little deeper, you will observe that, what is much more difficult than making choices, is to retain them.

To commit to the consequences that follow - favorable or unfavorable.

To sit with the uncertainty that follows and lingers.

What is more difficult is to accept when to hold on and when to let go. My journey, has been no different.

It was one of those days. You know, the kind where you wake up with a long to-do list, but your heart feels absent from it all.

Where every small task feels heavy.

Where you open your laptop, stare at the screen, and wonder, “What am I even doing?”

The emails had slowed down. The ideas weren’t flowing.

Even my tea — the same cup that usually grounded me — felt like routine, not ritual.



I had poured weeks into designing something I deeply believed in.  
Pitched it with hope.  
Pushed through discomfort.

And still...no sign-ups.  
No confirmations.  
No movement.

It felt like I was sending love letters into the void — and the void was silent.

I remember opening Instagram that morning just to distract myself. And that's when I saw it.

A DM.

From someone I didn't know well.  
She had attended a short workshop of mine, months ago.

Her message said:

*“I just wanted you to know...your words in that session helped me make a decision I'd been avoiding. I didn't say anything then. But I've been following quietly. Thank you for being who you are.”*



I read it twice.

Then once more. And I just...sat there.

Not because it was a testimonial.

Not because it affirmed my offering.

But because, in that moment, when my own belief in myself was flickering — someone else's belief held steady.

That day, I realized something important...

Impact doesn't always echo back in applause.

Sometimes, it whispers.

Quietly.

Faithfully.

Exactly when you need it the most.

That message didn't fix everything.

But it gave me one breath.

It gave me a pause.

It gave me enough to take one more step forward.

*And sometimes — that's all we need.*



## *You're Not Alone in This*

In a survey conducted by The Hustle in 2022, 63% of entrepreneurs said that they often feel like their work goes unnoticed or unappreciated during the early years — especially when building slow, meaningful businesses rather than flashy, instantly scalable ones.

The world celebrates visibility.

But what about the quiet builders?

The ones who work from alignment, not algorithms?

People like Elizabeth Gilbert, who wrote *Eat, Pray, Love*, often talked about *“creating for the joy of it, not for the reception of it.”*

She continued writing for years after her success, fully aware that not every piece would make it to the bestseller list.

Because she wasn't writing for noise. She was writing for connection.

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*To you, holding this book,*

“If you picked it up and have come this far, you are finding your voice slowly within the blank spaces, the silence, and the reflective prompts. I see your struggle, I hear your pain, and I want you to know that every bit of it, every minute of it — matters.

Your journey, whatever you may have chosen, is yours alone; not a measurable goal, in comparison to where the world is heading, but a compass-driven purposeful path you have mindfully chosen. Even if it's not, it is yours.

Those moments of void that silently consume the best of your positive thoughts and fill it with fear, doubt and even anxiety. Those sleepless nights when every grey cell of yours is subconsciously calculating funds, making plans, generating ideas. Every single moment is a part of this journey, the journey of becoming...which requires so much of being... in the here and the now.

You my dear, are not falling behind because your work is quiet. You're not failing because it hasn't gone viral.

Your impact might be blooming in places you cannot see yet.

*And for that, I commend you.*

*@alignwithariana*





*And now, I invite you to take a pause and reflect.*

Has there been a day where it felt like no one was listening?  
A week where you questioned why you began at all?

Maybe you didn't get a message like I did.  
But maybe you gave one to someone else.

And maybe it's time to recognize the ripples you've already  
created... even if no one's clapped for them yet.

*This is your space to meet yourself with honesty, and to remember  
that your voice matters. Even when it's quiet.*

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*Here are some suggested prompts*

*Write like no one's watching. Because this space is only for you. Don't evaluate your grammar, your words, or the punctuation, too. This is your sacred space of being...*

*When was the last time you felt like giving up, and what kept you going, even for one more day?*

[illegible]

*Can you recall a message, moment, or gesture that reminded you 'your work matters'?*

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*Who has believed in you quietly, and have you told them what it meant to you?*

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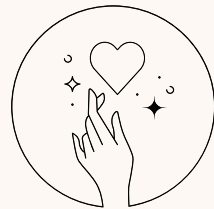
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This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. In the bottom right corner, there is a circular logo. Inside the circle, a stylized hand is shown holding a heart shape. There are several small, four-pointed star shapes scattered around the hand and heart. The entire page is otherwise blank.



I am allowed to miss the  
familiar, even as I reach  
for the unknown.

I trust the pause  
between chapters.

Becoming takes time,  
and I am not late.



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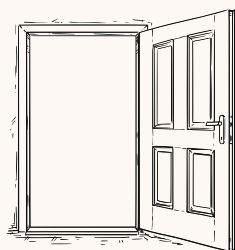
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# *Your Creative Space*

What does the 'in-between' look like to you? A road? A fog? A door?

Add a sticker, image, or word that reminds you to trust the unknown.



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A small illustration in the bottom right corner shows a person with dark hair, wearing a yellow shirt, sitting and writing on a notepad with a pen. The notepad is open, and the person is looking down at it.



*“Sometimes clarity  
doesn’t come from  
answers...”*

*but from sitting long  
enough with the  
questions.”*

## Chapter 3

### *You're Not Late. You're Becoming*

#### *Releasing Perfection, Embracing Pace.*

When the lights faded away, figuratively and literally, the silent became louder, almost deafening.

It was 11:42 pm. The house was quiet, everyone asleep. The lights were dim. I had been sitting at my desk for hours.

Tabs open.

Notes scattered.

A half-eaten dinner on one side, cold tea on the other.

I had spent weeks refining this offering.

It mattered to me.

It came from lived experience. It was personal. Thoughtful.

And yet — I kept rewriting the same paragraph. Redoing the same deck.

Every time I neared the finish line, a voice in my head whispered,

“Maybe it’s not ready yet.”

“Maybe you’re not ready yet.”

I told myself it had to be perfect. The structure, the branding, the flow, the outcome.

*But if I was honest — it wasn't about quality.*

*It was about fear.*

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Fear that no one would care.

Fear that it wouldn't "land."

Fear that this work - my work - would be met with indifference.

Sometimes, we question ourselves more than others really care.

We doubt our abilities, our efforts, and even our thoughts. Every moment, as if, becomes a lens.

A lens we look at ourselves through...

minutely, micro-observing every move, every word, every effort.

And then, we carefully place it on the scales of self-judgment, on a measuring scale we have crafted ourselves, using years of influences, experiences and the social fabric that holds us tucked warm (or so it seems).

Such doubts, such self-inflicted wounds, create a sense of constant fear. Fear of failure, of rejection, of judgement, of resentment, of refusal, of abandonment and even of the unknown.

This fear engulfs our present clarity, making the vision of the future, even of the next moment, blurry and distant.

*So, I closed everything.  
All the tabs. All the templates. All the expectations.*



And I opened a blank screen.  
I took a deep breath.  
And I wrote a post.

It wasn't polished.  
It wasn't structured.  
But it was honest.

It spoke of starting again. Of self-doubt. Of creating in the dark.  
And to my surprise — it resonated.

People responded not to the product, but to the person in the post.  
Because each of us, every single one of us, goes through this fear, this  
resentment, at least once in our lifetime if not more. And when  
someone out there finds the courage to be raw, unfiltered and share  
it with the world, we somehow find our own voice in it, we somehow  
feel heard, ourselves.

They didn't need me to be perfect.  
They needed me to be real.

That night, I learned something I carry with me still..  
You don't have to arrive fully formed to be worthy of being seen.  
You just have to show up.

*Becoming isn't about getting it "right."  
It's about getting closer... to yourself.*

@alignwithariana



And you know when you see someone else, someone you know nothing about, opening up, you know that...

## *You're Not Alone in This*

Studies show that 70% of first-time entrepreneurs delay launches or new offers due to fear of judgment or not being “ready” enough (SCORE, 2022).

We tell ourselves it's about timing, tools, preparation. But often, actually more than often, it's about *permission*.

Giving ourselves permission to begin before we feel fully ready.

To learn while doing.

To build while becoming.

Viola Davis once said in an interview, *“I'm not always confident when I step into the role. But I trust that I'll find myself in it.”*

That's the work.

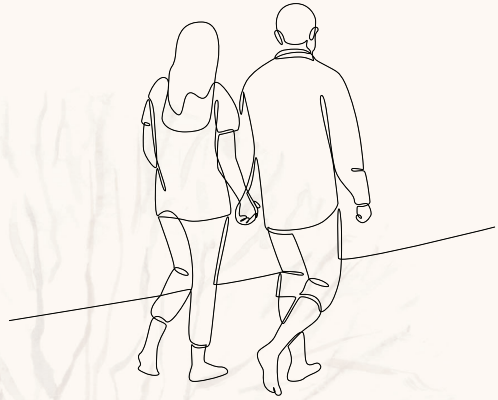
That's the journey.

You're not late.

You're just unfolding.

*And as you do, you will find moment like these again, and again.*





***So, hold on, come, walk with me, and join me as...  
I Invite You to Reflect***

You may have spent days, months, even years, preparing something from your heart.

And maybe it's still sitting in drafts.

Or maybe you've launched it...but felt disappointing when the world didn't respond the way you'd hoped.

Wherever you are, just know,

You are not behind.

You are not invisible.

You are exactly where you're meant to be.

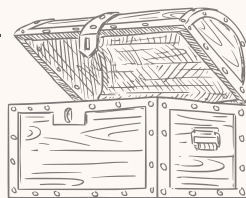
***And the work you're doing, even in silence, is part of your becoming***



*Here are some suggested prompts*

*Be gentle. Start with the sentence you've been avoiding.*

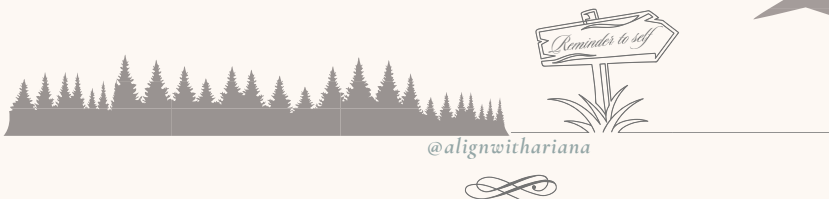
*What have you been putting off in the name of perfection? What fear might be hiding underneath your need to “get it right”?*



[illegible]

I don't need to have it  
all figured out.

My why will find me  
when I listen gently.  
I am rebuilding with  
intention, not urgency.



# *Your Creative Space*

Sketch or collage a moment where you remembered your why. This space is for the breadcrumbs of purpose you've found along the way.

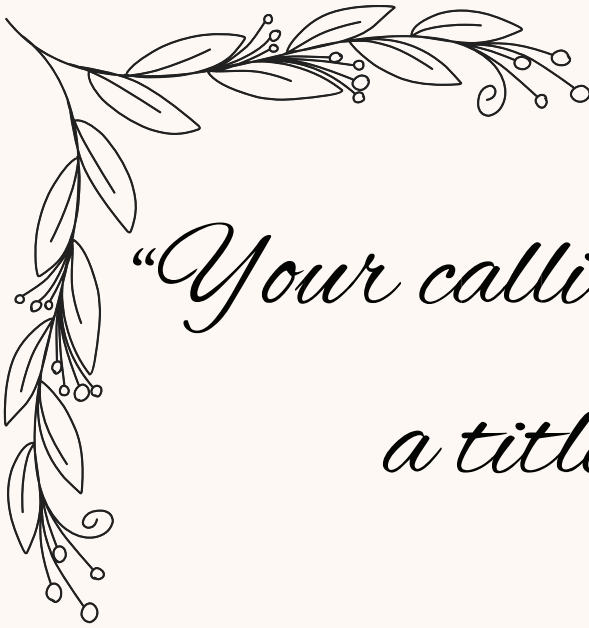


[illegible]

49

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 28 horizontal lines. The first 24 lines are full-width, and the last 4 lines are shorter, ending at approximately 65% of the page width.





*“Your calling is not  
a title.”*

*It's the quiet  
discipline of showing  
up, even when no one is  
watching.”*

## *Chapter 4*

### *The Day I Sold Nothing but Felt Full*

#### *Redefining Success Beyond Outcomes*

It was the last Friday of the month.

I opened my tracker. Zero.

No sales.

No new sign-ups.

No inquiries.

I stared at the numbers for a few seconds, not in panic, but with quiet heaviness.

For years, last day of the month, brought with it a kind of hope, a sense of security, safety and assurance. Assurance that the bills will get paid in time, that tuition fees will not be delayed, that the groceries can be restocked, and a few outings for the month can be planned.

I have never been very fond of shopping for myself, not when I had little to nothing, not when I had enough to sustain, not even when I had a little to spare. But when it comes to getting something for someone else, I tend to go above and beyond to make them feel special. For years, I sent gifts, flowers, and little surprises to my friends and family, for every little reason you can think of, and sometimes, for no reason at all.



It had been nearly 4 months now, no gifts ordered, no surprises sent, no moments made special for anyone.

That day reminded me of a time when I was moving from one city to another and was in-between jobs for 2 months. Those 2 months were harrowing to say the least.

My son's tuition fee was pending, there was no money left to survive another month, and hopes of landing a day job after working for years in night shift, looked distant.

I remember visiting the office of a local holiday club to apply for the position of a receptionist. After 10+ years of experience, I was back to where it all started.

By God's grace, things turned around and I did get offered a day job in a reputed firm, albeit at a lower level, but I was more than happy that I didn't need to leave my son in a night creche.

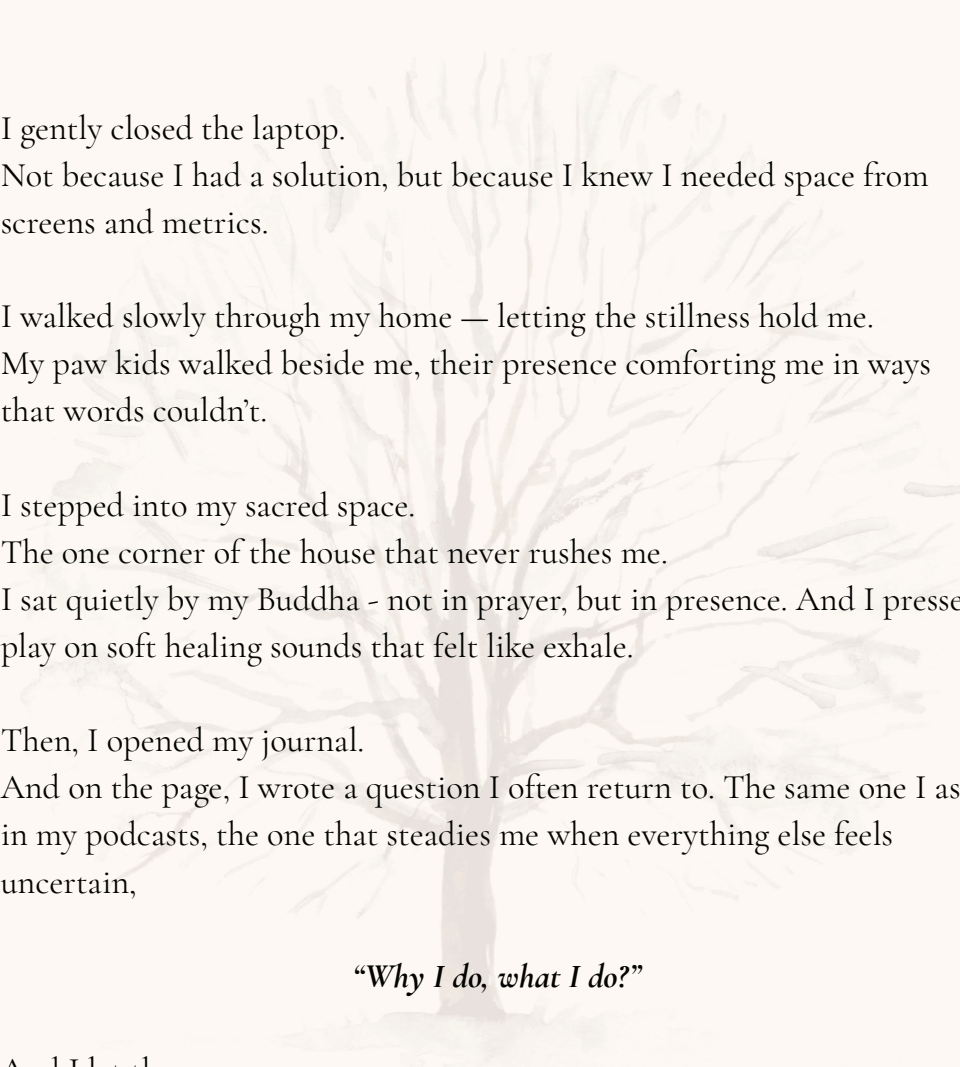
As I sat there, looking at the numbers, all these memories came flooding into my mental space, and ruined every single sacred thought I could have had, even if it was just for that moment.

That day, there was no team to collaborate and strategize with.  
No stakeholders waiting for updates.  
No external urgency driving decisions.

*Just me — and the reality of what was.*

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I gently closed the laptop.

Not because I had a solution, but because I knew I needed space from screens and metrics.

I walked slowly through my home — letting the stillness hold me.  
My paw kids walked beside me, their presence comforting me in ways that words couldn't.

I stepped into my sacred space.

The one corner of the house that never rushes me.

I sat quietly by my Buddha - not in prayer, but in presence. And I pressed play on soft healing sounds that felt like exhale.

Then, I opened my journal.

And on the page, I wrote a question I often return to. The same one I ask in my podcasts, the one that steadies me when everything else feels uncertain,

*“Why I do, what I do?”*

And I let the answers come...

Without filtering.

Without performing.

Without editing.



The answers that emerged weren't new, weren't unknown to me...  
but they sure were the quite reminders I needed.

The nudge my soul yearned for...all the '*because*' came to surface.

because I believe in creating safe spaces.

because I want to help people feel less alone in their mess.

because clarity and compassion are not luxuries, they are necessary tools  
for a healthy living.

That afternoon didn't bring in money.

But it brought me back to meaning.

And that was enough.

I closed my journal, placed my hand on my heart, and sat in silence for a  
while.

Not chasing the next thing.

Just...*being*.

And reassuringly, I felt full.

Not from outcome.

But from alignment.

*Another reassuring reminder that...*



## *You're Not Alone in This*

You know, according to research done by MindTheBridge (2022), 65% of early-stage entrepreneurs experience emotional dips tied directly to income fluctuations, especially when building work that's deeply personal.

And yet, the same study found that those who intentionally reconnected with their *why*, experienced greater resilience and longevity.

Toni Morrison said, *"You are not the work you do. You are the person you are."*

Some months, your success won't show up in revenue.

It'll show up in clarity.

In stillness.

In how gently you return to yourself.

And that is ok.

Let your success be defined by you, fully, consistently, and intently.

Listen to your inner voice, your true calling, and your core.

*I urge, you pause more often, look within more often,  
deepen your self-compassion more often.*





*And in the same breath... I now Invite You to Reflect*

Maybe this month didn't go as planned.  
Or maybe you're just tired of proving your value to systems that don't reflect your truth.

Come back.  
Not to hustle — but to honesty.

Ask yourself, not what's next, but *“Why I do, what I do?”*

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*Here are some suggested prompts*

Write slowly. Let your **why** rise up through the silence. Try not to reason, but to flow, to let the thoughts, the dreams, the desires, flow on this journal as they are, raw, pure, and unfiltered.

*What outcomes are you using to measure your self-worth, and do they reflect your truth?*



*Can you recall a moment where your reason felt stronger than your results?*

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*What anchors you when nothing else is moving?*

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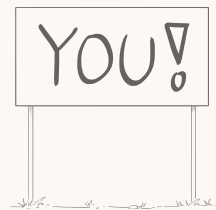
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This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. In the bottom right corner, there is a small graphic of a signpost. It consists of a rectangular sign with a thin black border, mounted on two vertical posts. Inside the sign, the word "YOU!" is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font.





I honour the effort  
behind every invisible  
task.

I am allowed to be proud  
of how far I've come -  
even if I'm not there yet.  
My strength is in the  
slow, steady steps.

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# *Your Creative Space*

Reflect on the invisible labor. Map the unseen effort, the quiet wins.”

Acknowledge your behind-the-scenes hero, YOU.



A stylized illustration of a person with dark hair, wearing a brown t-shirt and blue jeans, sitting on the floor and writing on a notepad. The person is positioned in the bottom right corner of the page. The background is white with horizontal lines.

63

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 25 horizontal lines. The first 22 lines are full-width, while the last three lines are shorter, ending before the illustration of the student.





*“We carry the weight  
of every workplace we’ve  
been part of.”*

*But now, I get to  
build a place where no  
one has to shrink to fit  
in.”*

## Chapter 5

### *The Mirror Doesn't Lie, But It Can Be Kind*

#### *Leading Others by Leading Yourself*

For years, I was the person who held things together from within. Within the family, in my friends' circle, and even at work.

There were times when I took the blame silently, to maintain the so-called peace at home. My friends and their needs always came first, an unsaid motherly affection for each of them, whether they asked for it or not.

At work my team mattered the most to me. Irrespective of the reporting structures, those who worked with me, I always felt responsible for their success, their happiness, their rights, and their growth. I was deeply invested, I always have been, I still am.

I wasn't always the one on stage, or at the front of the room. But I was the one quietly building the back-end of systems that helped people thrive. The one who asked the uncomfortable questions in meetings. Who brought structure to chaos. Who stayed up late refining processes, even when the credit didn't follow.

*And I did it with a full heart....because I cared.  
About the people. The quality. The purpose.*

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Despite all my intentions, as an employee, there were limitations of what and how much I could do for the people. Dr. Abdul Kalam's example about leadership had become my second nature as a leader, in all walks of life —

*“The success is the team's success, but the failure is yours to stand up for”.*

And I walked this path irrespective of what came our way.

I have seen resistance,  
I have seen judgments,  
I have seen harsh words,  
and even quiet, biased whispers, every time I walked into the board rooms full of men in leadership positions.

Somehow, what was more visible was my gender, and not what I brought to the table -  
years of hard work,  
and credible success stories as a leader.

My words were dismissed, my proposals kept getting pushed for rework, and my team was the last to be considered for promotions. I fought, sometimes loudly, but most of the times silently.

*I learned a lot many lessons and grew as a person, as a leader,  
and as a human being...*



But here's what stayed with me most:  
I saw what worked,  
and what didn't.

I saw how power was used.  
How aggression was rewarded.  
How silence and being polite was considered equivalent to weakness.  
How HR policies looked pretty on paper,  
but made people feel disposable in practice.

And I made myself a quiet promise.

*“If I ever built something of my own — I would do it differently.”*

Brick by reflective brick.

*A space where, people are called team members, not resources.*

They truly are assets that make every single thing happen. What would we ever do without them?

Is any success, any movement, any growth, any deal, anything... possible without people?

I know you may be thinking, *“Oh, AI is here, automation is happening”*.  
Yes, it is, but no machine can ever replace what a human, a person, can bring to your work space, to your mission, your life.



*A place where, leave is not treated like guilt. It's embraced like trust.*

I have seen employees think a thousand times before taking their own earned leaves, even if they could barely focus. Not because of dedication, but because of the fear of judgment, of people forming opinions about them and their work ethics, even without knowing the complete story.

Opinions that take years to change, or may be never really do.

*A space where, wellness isn't a check box.*

It's embedded into the way we pace, pause, and plan.

Work-Life balance, Work-Life harmony, Work-Life integration, DEI and so many more... the terminology has evolved, but have organizations?

These terms over the period have lost their true purpose in most cases. I have seen them becoming a checklist, of achieving certain numbers that could be proudly displayed to that one leader who actually cared. I have seen it becoming a hiring pitch and not a human-to-human connection.

I have seen it becoming everything on papers, on slides, in board rooms and interview discussions, but barely anything in reality.

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*A place where, tools are a part of daily efficiency, not as control mechanisms, but as enablers.*

I know of organizations that monitor every minute of idle time on employee systems. I know of employees who sit and write reports of why they were away from their system for 15 minutes.

It reminded me of that famous short animated film 'Alike', a poignant and powerful short film that beautifully captures the quiet tragedy of routine overpowering creativity.

Set in a world drained of colour, it follows a father who unknowingly pushes his son into the same mechanical, expectation-driven life he leads, until the boy quietly rebels, led by wonder and art.

The film uses colour as a visual metaphor, subtly showing how joy fades when we conform, and returns only when we dare to choose different.

Without a single word spoken, it says everything, through simple animation, stirring music, and moments that feel all too real.

It reminded me of how each of us knowingly or unknowingly become a part of the rat race, pushing our dreams, our desires, our passions aside.

*Conforming to the social norm,  
surrendering to the influences and pressures.*

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And this, leads not just our personal lives, but slowly creeps into our unconscious, impacting our behaviours with others. We begin treating people like machines, like resources, that can be pushed till they break down, then repaired and reused.

When I began building my own space, my sacred workspace, I consciously, consistently, and tirelessly created space where people can simply be, share without the fear of being judged, and rest without the guilt of not doing enough.

And most of all, a space where people can talk. Where they can say, *“I’m overwhelmed,”* or *“I’m not proud of this week,”* without fear.

Because I know what it feels like to keep performing while quietly burning out. To be measured only by what you haven’t done, never by what you’re becoming.

That’s why our performance enhancement plans aren’t punishment methods. They’re coaching tools. They’re designed to pause and ask,

- Where are you stuck?
- What support do you need?
- What potential do we see in you — and how can we bring it alive?

*It’s not about tracking failures. It’s about nurturing future readiness.*



And sometimes, when I look around, at the way our team communicates, the systems we've built, the culture we're protecting, I smile.

Because I realise, the same person who once created these systems for someone else...is now finally using them to nurture their own vision.

And the mirror? It doesn't lie. But it has become kind. Not because I've figured everything out, but because I've stopped needing to prove my worth to it. And so I reiterate, that

### ***You're Not Alone in This***

According to Deloitte's 2023 Human Capital Trends, only 21% of employees feel their organization's policies reflect real empathy or psychological safety. And yet, over 80% of emerging entrepreneurs say they want to "build differently", with more flexibility, fairness, and humanity at the core.

It's not easy. But it is possible.

Satya Nadella once said, "*Empathy makes you a better innovator.*" The same goes for leadership. And for culture-building.

Sometimes, it's not about rewriting the rules.

***It's about remembering what it felt like to be on the other side,  
and choosing better.***





*So if you are building something, for yourself or your team, I Invite You to Reflect*

You don't have to be a founder or team leader to shift a culture. You just have to notice, "What do you wish someone had created for you?"

Now ask:

*What might it look like to build that space for someone else?  
Or even just for yourself?*

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*Here are some suggested prompts*

*These aren't strategic prompts. These are human ones.*

*What leadership wounds from your past have shaped your present choices?*

[illegible]

*How are you building differently, in your home, work, or community?*

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*What does “safe space” mean to you, and how can you create more of it?*

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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



I am building what  
I once longed for.  
I lead with care,  
not control.

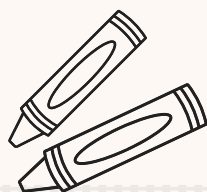
This is a place  
where people can  
breathe...  
including me.

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# *Your Creative Space*

Color in your values. Scribble your hopes. What does your culture feel like?



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[illegible]





*“You don’t have to  
do it all.*

*But sometimes, you  
will.*

*Not because you  
must, but because  
you can.”*

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## Chapter 6

### The Redefinition of Growth

#### *Becoming More Than One Thing*

When I stepped into entrepreneurship, I didn't come in with a blueprint. I came in with lived experience, strong intuition, and the courage to begin.

But I also knew, I couldn't build something meaningful on instinct alone. I had to learn. *Deeply. Quickly. Honestly.*

And so, I began.

I didn't take a break. I chose a different kind of rigour.

Behind the scenes of every offering, I was also a student.

I enrolled in an MSc in Clinical Psychology, not just to validate my interest, but to deepen my understanding of the mind, ethically and academically.

I pursued and acquired brain-based coaching certification, studying neuroscience-backed frameworks that now forms every coaching conversation I hold.

I taught myself how to write podcast scripts, record episodes, and share *stories that hold both pain and power.*

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I learned how to use 'Canva'. How to post on social media, not just for visibility, but with intentionality.

But it didn't stop there.

I taught myself how to build and manage websites from scratch. How to use AI tools early, responsibly, mindfully; to work smarter, not faster.

I continue to learn how to research audience insights, run competitor analyses, build marketing funnels, and understand what the market actually responds to.

I went from being *'the person who could hold space'* to *'the person who could also structure systems, research trends, and design touch-points.'*

Not because I had to do it all. But because I wanted to understand it all. And as I grew, so did the vision.

I researched certification credibility.

Got trademarks and registrations in place.

Built processes from scratch.

Tested learning platforms.

Laid the legal and ethical foundations for the brands I lead, not with shortcuts, but with depth and diligence.



The journey hasn't been easy for sure, not even a straightforward one to say the least.

There have been times when my days started with the first ray of the sun and lasted beyond the cries of the crickets in the distant silent streets.

There were times when my silent tears smudged the ink of my journal under the dim lights past midnight.

Days when I sat looking into the screen, finding solutions to technical issues I never knew I could solve.

So when people ask, "*How are you doing all this?*"  
The honest answer is - "*by learning while doing.*"

By showing up to the discomfort of being a beginner again.  
By choosing responsibility over speed.

And by redefining growth not just as what I do for others, but as what I choose to become myself.

But, let me remind you again, that...

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## *You're Not Alone in This*

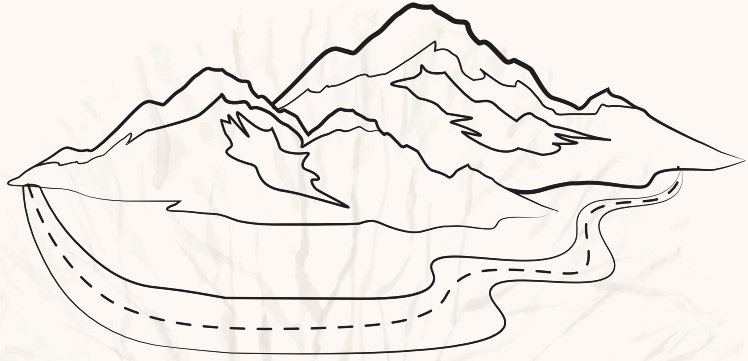
According to the Global Entrepreneurship Monitor, 85% of early-stage entrepreneurs report spending more than half their time learning things they've never done before — from legal documentation to digital marketing to content creation.

Growth is no longer vertical. It's diagonal, zigzag, overlapping. And for heart-led leaders, it's also deeply intentional.

Michelle Obama once said,

*“Becoming isn't about arriving.  
It's about evolving; on your own terms, and in your own time.”*





## *So, let me Invite You to Reflect*

Maybe you've taken on tasks you never imagined yourself doing. Maybe you're juggling learning, building, earning, and unlearning, all at once.

If so, pause here.  
Not to plan your next certification.  
But to honour how far you've already come.

This is what growth looks like now...

*Curious. Cumulative. Courageous.*

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*Here are some suggested prompts*

*You are not just growing. You are becoming multidimensional.*

*What have you learned in the last 6–12 months that surprised even you?*

A series of horizontal lines for writing, with a row of five small plant illustrations at the bottom. The plants are stylized line drawings showing growth from left to right, starting from a seedling and progressing to a small tree-like plant.

*Where have you allowed yourself to be a beginner again?*

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*How are you expanding your identity, not just your offerings?*

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What growth are you most proud of, even if no one else sees it?

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. In the bottom right corner, there is a small, stylized black-and-white line drawing of four vegetables stacked vertically. From top to bottom, they are: a heart-shaped tomato with a small stem and leaf, a bell pepper, another bell pepper, and a carrot with its leafy top. The drawing is simple and decorative.



I am more capable than I knew.  
I am not afraid of starting again.  
I trust the version of me that  
keeps showing up.



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# *Your Creative Space*

Draw your becoming, not what you're doing, but who you're growing into. Leave space here for who you're still becoming. It's okay if it's blank.



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[illegible]

[illegible]

# Gratitude



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*This is where it all begins.  
This is where it all rests.*

## *For the Ones Who Stayed When Nothing Was Working*

This journal is dedicated to the ones who stayed...  
When nothing was certain, when nothing was stable, when  
nothing made sense.

For the ones who reminded me that becoming is possible, because  
love and belief held me, when I couldn't hold myself.

This journal began with honesty.  
It closes with gratitude.

The kind of gratitude that can't be captured in passing thank-  
yous.

The kind that's born from days when there was nothing to hold,  
except the hands of people who refused to let go of you.

Because the truth is...this journey hasn't been easy.

I put all my life savings into building what now exists.  
Not knowing if I'd ever recover the money.  
Not knowing if people would see what I was trying to create.

There were days when I paused before ordering a meal, not  
because I didn't feel like eating, but because I had to check if I  
could afford it.

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We cut corners, not just in our lifestyle, but in our desires. We made sacrifices as a family.

And through every wave of change, *my family* stayed.  
Not just physically.  
But emotionally.

They held space for my breakdowns.  
They stood quietly beside me during the nights I couldn't sleep.  
They didn't flinch on days when I said,  
*"I don't think I can do this anymore."*

They didn't panic when I quietly updated my resume and said,  
*"Maybe it's time to go back to the familiar world of fixed salary and structured systems."*

They didn't judge.  
They believed.

They celebrated every small win. Every returned call.  
Every conversation that felt like it might lead to something.

*They reminded me that movement, no matter how small,  
was still momentum.*



To *my son*,  
and so much more than that.

My safe space.  
My gentle mirror.  
You held me with compassion — on days I broke down,  
reminded me of my worth — on days I forgot it,  
and showed me that nothing external,  
no job title, no balance sheet, no client — defines who I am.

*You became the steady breath in my storm.*

To *my partner*,  
My anchor  
My grounding force  
The wind under my wings

Your strength was quiet, yet unshakable.  
You stood tall beside me through every breakdown,  
every financial hurdle,  
every moment I whispered, “*Maybe I can’t do this anymore.*”

You never let me compromise — not on quality,  
not on values, not on the heart of what I believe in.

*Your unwavering belief gave shape and substance to mine.*

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*My friends.* Just three of them.

They didn't walk away.  
Even when I went silent.  
Even when I wasn't available.  
Even when I had nothing to offer back.

They stayed.

To *Lekha, Usha, and Bhavani*,  
my three constants.

You loved me at my lowest, accepted me at my most distant, and  
never asked for more than what I could give.

You adjusted to the calls I didn't return, the messages I left  
unread.

You showed up anyway, when you were worried, when you missed  
me, when I couldn't reach back.

You pulled me out gently from my silence, made me laugh when I  
had forgotten how to, and reminded me that the world outside  
work still existed.

*You still loved me. Unconditionally, Unapologetically*

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Then there were *the strangers*.

People who reached out after one workshop.

One post.

One conversation.

To the ones who became consistent partners,  
after just one conversation...

People who referred me again and again.

Who offered possibilities without asking for guarantees.

Not all of it converted into leads or contracts, but their belief?

That was a spark I held close.

**Ravi, Monika, Kshitij, Mrinalini, Surbhi,**

*Thank you.*

You gave me something deeper than work,

*you gave me trust.*

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And to *my team...*

The ones who now walk this journey with me,

*Thank you.*

For choosing this space.

For not treating this like a job.

For believing in the dream,

even when it's still being built brick by brick.

To *Keerthi*,

My North Star.

My guide.

My mentor.

My therapist.

The light that keeps me honest, aligned, and deeply anchored,  
in what we are trying to build through LoveLiveLearn,  
in the world of mental health.

*You are the compass that makes sure we never lose our way.*



To the **strongest Crew**,

you know who you are.

Each of you, in your own way, have become a cornerstone of this palace we are building.

Not just by showing up for tasks, but by showing up with heart.

By staying beyond hours, thinking beyond roles, giving beyond expectations.

Thank you for watching over expenses like they're your own.

For stepping into ownership without needing a job description.

You don't just work here.

*You've become part of this story, and part of the soil from which  
Zehaava continues to grow.*

To **Sonia**,

You are not just my **growth partner**, but a co-visionary.

You aligned not only with my work, but with my way of working.

With you, Concordia no longer feels like a distant dream, it has wings.

It has landed, touched lives, and left **impact that echoes in every testimonial, every transformation, every success story.**

You managed the pulse of our people, so I can focus on building the dream we share.

You've brought in leadership that has allowed me to breathe, step back, and focus on building the rest of Zehaava with confidence.

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To *Sukreet*,

who began as a stranger and became family.

Your presence in this journey is no coincidence. It is foundation.

To *Pratishtha*,

Our first hire. You stayed. You grew. You evolved.

And your consistency reminds me that faith, when placed in the right people, expands.

To *Vidhi*,

who took charge of some of my most sacred projects at LoveLiveLearn.

Your ownership made those dreams visible, buildable, real.

To *Shifa*,

thank you for standing beyond and beside me, building something broader, deeper, more meaningful than either of us imagined.

To *Mousmi*,

your gentle presence and deep intentional support builds a desire to keep going in me, every morning, every single day. You came, you tugged my heart and you conquered.

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And a special mention to **Dviti**,  
who joined us as an intern, but never once worked like one.

Your creativity, your compassion, and your quiet sense of ownership have shaped the way we show up on social media. Thank you for showing up with so much more than skill, you show up with soul. Thank you for co-designing this journal with me and bringing it to life.

I often tell my team,

*“We’re not yet decorating the palace. We’re still lifting the bricks. Still mixing the mortar. Still sweating in the sun of uncertainty. We are building with bare hands, and hopeful hearts. But nothing worth holding on to, was built in a day. And this space we’re building? It will be that.*

*A palace of dreams. A sanctuary of purpose.  
A space that feels like home — warm, welcoming, reassuring.  
And when we get there, when we finally hang the chandeliers,  
and open the doors wide,  
Let it be known...We didn’t just arrive.*

***We built it. Together.”***

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To every one of you who stayed through the dust and the doubt.  
Thank you...

For staying when you didn't have to.

For believing when I couldn't.

For holding space when the world went silent.

This journal is as much yours as it is mine.

Because your presence helped me become.

*Thank you.*

For believing.

For becoming.

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*The prompts may have ended,  
so has my story now.*

*Your thoughts have a new home  
from here.*

*“Open your heart, let it spill onto  
the pages, because some truths are  
too sacred to be spoken, but too  
beautiful not to be written.”*

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Let's honor being normal, slow paces and messy today."*

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[illegible]

*"Every flower matters. So bloom... in your own way, at your own pace."*  
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Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal lines.

*"Slow down, to go far."*  
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Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top, middle, and bottom lines) for letter formation.

*"Be kind, not nice. Being kind enables you to balance between courage & compassion."*  
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This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Your mind is your temple. Keep it clean."*  
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@alignwithariana

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*“When you expect unconditional love from others, why put so many conditions on self love.”*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"It's Ok! To not know the complete picture. That's where your self-trust is tested."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Let's honor being normal, slow paces and messy today."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Inspiration depends on where you choose to see."*  
@alignwithariana

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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's part of a bound notebook.

*"In the sowing of today, is the shaping of tomorrow."*  
@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"With every falling leaf, space for a new one is created."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a full page of blank white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for writing or drawing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

*"In a rabbit paced life finding your 'Tortoise Zone, is a bliss of another level."*  
@alignwithariana

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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Peace. A choice we make every moment."*  
@alignwithariana

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[illegible]

*"Guard your silence, Protect your peace."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"When you learn to give at your lowest moment, no moment will be low anymore."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Not every inspiration comes from a success story. Let the world learn from your mistakes."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Love yourself & let your self, love."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

*"Look intently, seek genuinely, listen deeply... and what the dots connecting."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"When you choose Love & Compassion, you will always be at peace."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Love. If you don't get it, be it."*  
@alignwithariana

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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Sometimes, the light isn't at the end of the tunnel, it is right on the path."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Be your own sunshine, Dance in your own rain."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Building character is to let the storm in, and continue to hold your ground."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"The true essence of time is, in the Now. Live in the Moment."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Strength is in holding on, strength is in letting go, strength is also in standing still."*

@alignwithariana

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*"Every rising wave, must fall and return. It's the cycle of life."*

@alignwithariana

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*"The best things in life, test your patience and perseverance."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Let's honor being normal, slow paces and messy today."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Instead of being scared of darkness, try lighting a candle."*

@alignwithariana

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*"Walk your path with undeterred courage and immovable faith."*

@alignwithariana

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*"Put your emotions to work. They arrive to serve."*  
@alignwithariana

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*"Smile often. Because the courage in you feeds on it."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*Hope, is half baked doubt. Shift to trust & belief."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of horizontal lines for writing practice.

*"Keep the promises made to self."*  
@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Be kind & compassionate. Start with Self."*

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*"While your mind wanders the world, your peace awaits you within."*  
@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Celebrate everyday, every moment. As if it were your last."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"When you silence the voices around and listen to your core, you find your bliss."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Love always, Care often, Evaluate seldom, Judge never."*  
@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"When the currents of life go against your will, Flow."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

*"Embrace every emotion. Let it come, play it's role and leave."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"You are a beautifully unique creation of the universe."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Listen to the best advice you can get... from your core."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Let the past rest where it should... in the past."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Looking for motivation? Look in the mirror."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's part of a bound notebook.

*"It's ok to break down. It's ok to be scared, anxious, or just tired. It Is Ok."*

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Set yourself free, of opinions & boundaries, of experience & emotional baggage."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Don't look for Happiness. Make it, create it, multiply it, share it."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a full page of blank handwriting practice paper. It features multiple sets of horizontal blue lines spaced evenly down the page. Each set consists of three lines: a top line, a middle baseline, and a bottom line, providing a guide for letter height and placement. The paper is otherwise completely blank, with no margins, text, or other markings.

*"If only, second thoughts came first."*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Everything once full, begins to flow. What are you holding on to?"*  
@alignwithariana

@alignwithariana

[illegible]

*"Loving self is to treat yourself with the same kindness you would give to a dear friend."*

@alignwithariana

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

*"Moving ahead is progress, staying put is progress, taking a step back, is progress too."*

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## *Until we meet again...*

If you've reached this far, I want to thank you.  
Not for finishing these pages,  
but for sitting with them.

For showing up with your whole self, in the quiet pauses,  
on the foggy days, in between the noise of everything else you're  
carrying.

This journal wasn't written in a rush.  
It arrived slowly, across seasons of my own becoming.  
It was born in the in-between moments:  
the ones filled with questions, breath, reflection, and return.

For over two decades, I've held space for transformation.  
As a guidance counselor, learning specialist, coach, and founder -  
my work has always circled back to one thing 'helping people  
come home to themselves.'

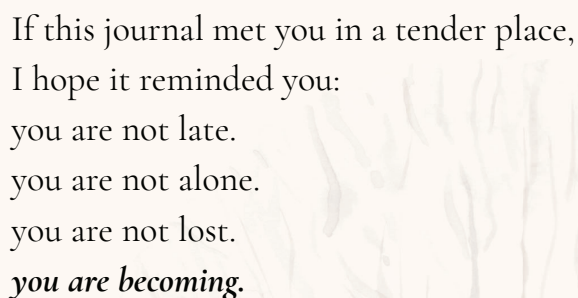
That homecoming doesn't always feel clear. But it is always worth  
it.

Through *LoveLiveLearn*, *Concordia*, *Zehaava*, and in everything  
I've built -  
from the counseling & coaching offerings, learning services,  
products, programs to reflective workshops...  
my deepest intention has remained the same:

*to offer space for you to pause, reflect, feel, and realign.*

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If this journal met you in a tender place,  
I hope it reminded you:  
you are not late.  
you are not alone.  
you are not lost.  
*you are becoming.*

And becoming isn't a finish line. It's a lifelong return to your truth.

Thank you for allowing my story to sit beside yours. You've made this journal yours by simply showing up.  
With gentleness, with solidarity, and with deep trust in your path.

*Grateful I remain*  
*Ariana*



## *If My Words Spoke to You...*

If something in these pages resonated, if a sentence stayed with you,  
or a question met you at the right time...

You may want to explore some of my other work:

- LoveLiveLearn – a space for emotional clarity, workshops & healing
- Concordia - serving individuals & organizations to build to their optimum potential
- Manifesting Eternal Love – a book on life, connection and quiet courage
- Audio Notes – short reflections on becoming and belonging (via Swell)

You'll find more at:

 [www.lovelivelearn.in](http://www.lovelivelearn.in) | [www.concordiasolutions.in](http://www.concordiasolutions.in) | [www.zehaava.com](http://www.zehaava.com)

 [@alignwithariana](https://www.instagram.com/alignwithariana) |  [linkedin.com/in/ariana28/](https://www.linkedin.com/in/ariana28/) |  [swellcast.com/alignwithariana](https://swellcast.com/alignwithariana)

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