YOU ARE SAFE HERE

— PRAY —

THE DEEMYX PRAYERIQ
PHILOSOPHY & PRACTICE MANUAL



PART I — PRAYER IS THE FOUNDATION

Chapter 1 · Relationship, Not Religion

> VISUAL
> *Chapter opener — a wide dawn sky, soft gold light low on the horizon, the gold butterfly small and rising in the upper corner. Generous white space. The chapter title sits in the quiet, not crowded.*

🙏 You don't have to clean up first.

You don't need the right words, the right outfit, the right past, or the right week behind you. You don't have to become somebody else before you're allowed to pray.

Prayer was never an audition.

Your life this morning may include a mistake. It may include a mess. It may include years away. None of that has to be handled first. This conversation can start anyway. It can be the *subject* of the conversation. That's a very different thing. Bring it exactly as it is: unexplained, untranslated.

Maybe nobody has ever told you that plainly. Let this book tell you first. **You are safe here** 🫶. And you were safe to come to God long before you found this page.

🤔 Prayer Is Not a Performance

For a lot of people, prayer feels like being watched.

We lower our voices. We polish our sentences. We reach for words that sound holy enough. Then, in the middle of praying, we stop talking to God. We start performing instead. We perform for an audience that isn't even in the room. That audience might be the grandmother who taught us. It might be the church that judged us. It might be the version of ourselves we wish we were.

Part of the problem is the picture we inherited. Most of us were handed an image of prayer before we ever chose one. Somebody showed us that image. It may have been a parent. It may have been a pastor. It may have been the house we grew up in. They showed us what God was supposed to sound like. They also showed us what we were supposed to sound like back. If prayer has always felt like a test you keep failing, that picture may be the problem. For some of us, the picture came with fear attached. Pray wrong and you're in trouble. Pray right and maybe, maybe you'll be heard. No wonder so many people quietly stopped trying.

Not you.

👀 Jesus saw that coming.

Right before he taught anyone how to pray, he gave a warning. He warned about people who turned prayer into a stage. They stood where everyone could see them. They prayed to be noticed. Then he gave the alternative. It was almost startlingly private:

> *"But when you pray, go into your inner room, shut your door, and pray to your Father, who is unseen."*
> *— Matthew 6:6 [Scripture]*

In other words: prayer was never meant to be graded by an audience. God is not sitting in the front row with a scorecard. There is no panel. There is no applause to win and no line to get wrong.

When prayer becomes a performance, we stop being honest. Honesty is the entire point. A polished prayer that hides the truth helps no one. God already knows the unedited version. The room with the shut door is simply where we stop pretending we don't know it.

And it's why nobody gets to grade your prayer from the outside. Not the church you left. Not the family group chat. Not the voice in your own head keeping score. The door shuts on all of them — not in anger, just in honesty. In that room there are only two voices, and one of them already loves you. ♡

💭 A Room, a Door, a Conversation

Notice where Jesus sends us. He doesn't send us to a stage. He doesn't send us to a line at a service window. He sends us to a room. The room has a door that closes.

That's what a relationship looks like.

Relationships aren't built by trading. You don't insert the correct prayer and receive a blessing out of the slot, like a vending machine. And God is not a machine you can run. You can't run him with a special formula. You can't run him by being louder. You can't run him by getting the words in the right order.

A relationship is built the way every real one is. You show up. You tell the truth. You stay long enough to listen.

That's why prayer in this house is allowed to sound human. It can hold gratitude. It can hold grief. It can hold anger, confusion, questions, and silence. Yes, silence counts. Listening is part of every conversation worth having. This conversation is no exception. Some prayers are two sentences and a long quiet. They still count. 🕊️

And it changes Monday morning. A relationship isn't a Sunday event. It's a running conversation. It walks into the week with you. The conversation doesn't pause just because the week started. Think of the decision you're avoiding. Think of the person you're angry with. Think of the grief you keep meaning to reschedule. All of it belongs in the room. Especially the parts you'd rather leave out. Especially those.

God is not fragile. You can bring the unfiltered version: the doubt, the complaint, the question you were told never to ask. The conversation can hold it. That's what makes it a relationship instead of a performance.

Relationship over religion isn't a slogan here. It describes where prayer actually lives. Prayer doesn't live in the building. It doesn't live in the ritual. It doesn't live in the label on your upbringing. It lives in the ongoing, honest conversation between you and God.

> VISUAL
> *A single open door with dawn light coming through it, drawn simply — gold line work on white. No figure in the doorway. The reader is the one standing there.*

✨ The Line Is Always Open

Think of it the way you'd think of a phone line that's never busy.

No hold music. No office hours. No "your prayer is important to us" while you wait for a representative. The line is open at 3 in the afternoon and at 3 in the morning, in the hospital parking lot, and in the kitchen, and in the car you had to pull over.

And nobody has to prove they are good enough to use it.

We mean that literally. DEEMYX PrayerIQ answers a real prayer line. A stranger can call that number at any hour. Someone will pray with them right away. We built it because the picture works both ways. When somebody reaches out, somebody picks up. That one sentence says what this whole book teaches about God. The rest of the book just slows down to look at it.

With God, the line was never installed in the first place. It will never be disconnected. It simply *is*. It has been waiting on your voice. It has not been waiting on proof that you are good enough.

Maybe you were raised in church and drifted. Maybe you started Muslim, or Catholic, or Buddhist, or in a house where God was never mentioned at all. Maybe you haven't prayed in twenty years. Maybe you're not sure what's on the other end of the line. You only know you'd like to talk.

You don't have to convert to anything to pray. You don't have to give anything up, join anything, or pass anything. There are many doors into this room. What matters is that you came through one. Different doors. Same room. Same welcome.

Later in this book, we'll take our time with how Jesus himself taught people to pray. We'll look at the words he gave. We'll also look at why he said a person could simply *ask, seek, knock* (Matthew 7:7) [Scripture]. For now, remember two simple things:

The conversation is already open. 🔥 You were never locked out of it.

And you don't owe God a list of what you've done right. You don't have to open with your good deeds. You don't have to apologize for your hard years. You can just speak. Relationships don't begin with you having to defend yourself.

They begin with hello.

🫵 Try It: A Two-Minute First Prayer

For anyone who hasn't prayed in a long time, or ever. No formula. Just honesty.

1. **Close a door.** A bedroom, a bathroom, a parked car, anywhere you won't be performing for anybody. If you can't close a real door, close your eyes. That counts.
2. **Say what's true.** Out loud or in silence, in your own words: *"God, I don't even know if I'm doing this right. It's been a long time. Here's where I actually am…"* Then just tell the truth about where you are.
3. **Say what you need.** Not what you think you should need. What you *actually* need. One honest sentence is enough.

4. **Listen for the last thirty seconds.** Don't rush off the line. Sit in the quiet. A conversation has two sides.

That's it. That was a real prayer. It may be the most real one you've ever prayed. None of it was performed.

> VISUAL
> *Closing spread — the dawn horizon again, wider now, the gold butterfly higher and smaller, well on its way. Below it, open white space: the journal page that follows this chapter begins here, and it belongs to the reader.*

Where the Faith Started

Her faith did not start in a church. It did not start with lessons, and it did not start with rules. It started in a childhood that gave her very little to stand on.

Before she was born, her parents were teenagers, and they had a son.

He died as a baby, suddenly, the way doctors call it SIDS.

Her grandparents pressed the young parents to have another child. They believed a new baby would ease the grief.

She was that baby.

She calls herself a rainbow child. A rainbow child is the child who comes after the storm. She came after a loss she never saw, into a house still grieving it.

Her mother told her later that part of why she did not raise her, was that she had felt pressured into having her. She had been wanted as a comfort before she was known as a person.

She grew up in competition with her brother.

He was gone. She was here. And still, in her child heart, she felt measured against him. A child who is gone cannot fail. She could, and she knew it. It was a competition she could never win, because he was gone.

Her father once spoke of her brother as very smart. It landed on her as a comparison. It landed as a mark she had not reached.

So she grew up without a foundation. She bounced from place to place her whole childhood. She moved again and again; school after school. New rooms. New faces. Nothing stayed long enough to feel like hers.

The moving followed her into adulthood. In her early twenties, the disorientation began. She would wake up and not be sure where she was.

At twenty-seven, she woke up in her own new apartment. She had just come through a season of sleeping in her car and in motels. The apartment was hers, and it was new. And for five to ten minutes, she did not know where she was.

A childhood with no foundation had followed her into the first home she made for herself.

But her faith is older than the apartment. It goes back to when she was seven or eight years old.

In those years, she was sometimes left with a male babysitter. A man who was supposed to be watching the children was not safe. He put her in danger, more than once. He put another child in danger too. This page will not say more than that. The danger is not the point of this story. What she did inside it, is.

One night, she ran. Panicked, she climbed up to a top bunk, and there, on that bunk, she prayed.

She had no polished words. She had no formula. She begged God to help her. She begged God to save her.

Then she asked for the biggest thing her child heart could imagine. She asked God to send her brother.

She knew he was dead. She knew it plainly and completely. And she believed, just as plainly, that God could do it anyway. She believed God could bring her dead baby brother into the physical world to help her, if she prayed hard enough.

And she made God a promise. If He sent her brother, she would never tell anybody that He sent him. A child was bargaining with heaven, in the only currency she had: her silence.

After that, everything went black.

She does not fill in that black space, and neither will this book. What is in her memory, clear across all the years since, is the praying.

This page tells the praying. It does not claim her brother came. She has never claimed that. The promise she made that night is honored in the telling.

She names that night as where her faith started. Not in a lesson. Not in a building. On a top bunk, in panic, at seven or eight years old.

That is why her faith is so strong. It was born in her as a reach. A child who had no foundation under her, reached for the one foundation she believed could not move.

Look at that first prayer again. It had no audience. It had no performance in it. It was a relationship before she had a word for relationship.

She rose from that childhood. She rose from the moving, and the measuring, and the waking up lost in her own home.

It started with a child who believed God could do the impossible, and who asked Him for it with her whole heart. It has been strong ever since, because she has never forgotten where it started.

Before You Turn the Page

💭 Your journal page follows this chapter, and it opens with one question. Take it slowly. There is no wrong answer, because no cleaned-up version is required:

If you could say one completely unedited sentence to God, no cleaning it up, no making it sound spiritual, what would it be?

Write it exactly as it sounds. That's not just a journal entry.

That's the sound of a door opening. 🦋

DESIGNED PAGE

The Anchor Card

DESIGNED BLOCK
the Anchor Card — a single clean card, gold border, the butterfly small at the top. Large type, generous spacing. This is the card's exact text:

THE ANCHOR CARD — THE PRAYERIQ WAY TO PRAY

1. **ANCHOR** — Start with who He is. *"Father, You are…"*
2. **HONEST NEED** — Say the true thing, unedited. *"God, here's what's real…"*
3. **ALIGNMENT** — Set your want beside His will. *"Your way, even in this."*
4. **SURRENDER** — Open your hands. Release the timing, the method, the outcome.
5. **PERSISTENCE + PRAISE** — Come back tomorrow. Thank Him before it changes.

You are safe here. The line is open.

Before You Turn the Page

💭 Your journal page follows this chapter. It opens with one question. Take it slowly:

Of the five steps, which one do you almost always skip, and what are you afraid might happen if you stopped skipping it?

Underneath it, pray that one step, just that one, in writing, unedited.

The steps we skip are usually the ones we need most. Go back for yours.

Five steps. Same Father, in the room with you the whole way. 🦋

Righteousness of God

How can I be certain, that I'm the righteousness of GOD?
Could it be the peace I have, though my spirit gets so tired?
In this hell that we call life, when no one is around…
And the emptiness is loud, cause the silence has a sound.
It is dark, it is cold, yet stained eyes, see only light.
A relationship with GOD, makes the darkness, oh so bright.
Can't tell you with my mouth, but take a glance at my heart.
Yea it's scarred, a little tainted, yet HE gave a brand new start.
Tell me you don't heart it, the little voice, yea…that's HIM.
If it's righteous thoughts of good, or to keep away from sin.
I hear the voice, it's funny cause, sometimes it cause debate.
To love those that hurt me, when the world tells me to hate.
It is hard, when you feel alone, and the world don't understand.
Just because it feels so good, don't mean it's not a sin.
I'm reeling, my mind is spinning, then I feel a little weak.
Love the story of David, so my destiny, I push to seek.
My faith can get me to it, pray for strength in spirit and mind.
Pray for wisdom, understanding, and knowledge, and HE gives it every time.
The times I start to worry, have to remind and think about.
Blessings I have, gift of salvation…can then no longer pout.
Miracles do happen, look at me, my life is proof.
Just the fact that I'm alive, verifies HIS word is truth.
Righteousness of GOD, that makes me royalty, I'm an heir.
To infinite things my heart and mind desire, bold faith lets me declare.
Halleluia, thank you Jesus, Can't believe, that you chose me.
Glad to be the woman, that you set me here on earth to be.

— written in 2001

Twenty-five years later, she sat down and answered it.

Righteousness of God — 25 Years Later

Now I am certain, that I'm the righteousness of GOD!
I have found my place of peace, no matter how much my spirit felt tired!
Survived the hell that we call life, and no one was around…
The emptiness echoed loud, silent danger has a sound.
It felt dark, it felt cold, yet a third eye now can see the light.
Relationship, and not religion, makes you trust God with every fight.
Don't believe these words, cuz I said so, and evaluate your heart.
No matter where it has led you, He's always loved us from the start.
If you listen close, you'll hear it… the little voice, oh yea… that's HIM.
If it's thoughts of love, and gratitude, and not judging others for their sins.
I hear the voice, and it's funny cause, it can sometimes cause debate.
To forgive and love those that hurt me, when my spirit feels full of hate.
It feels harder, when you feel alone, and the world don't understand.
Just because it may have happened, it won't define who I know I am.
When I crash out, my mind starts spinning, gives an impression that I am weak.
The story of David's strength in weakness became the prayer format I chose to seek.
My faith got me through it, even when I bent so far that I was broken,
both my spirit and my mind.
Then prayed for truth, and understanding, regardless of where it led, or what I'd find.
At times I still tend to worry, then I remember, and think about.
Blessings assigned to me felt lost, but God chose a different route.
Miracles do happen, every testimony that I have given is unmitigated truth.
Faith becomes receipts for manifestations, from prayers that began in my youth.
Righteousness of GOD, that is both a title, and a way to live life…
No longer tied to religious doctrine, dogma, hypocrisy, and strife.
Thanks to Jesus' ministry, that taught me exactly the way to pray.
No doubt each and every one of them, led to the woman I am today.

— re-written in 2026, after 25 years

> VISUAL
> *Closing spread — the same horizon as the opener, later: a full band of gold now, low and certain, and the butterfly a dark silhouette rising into it — the smallest shape in the frame and the only one moving. Below, open white space: the journal page that follows this chapter begins here.*

Before You Turn the Page

💭 Your journal page follows this chapter. Like everything in this chapter, it is an invitation, not an assignment. If today is not the day for it, let it wait. It will keep.

One room. Many doors. The same Father.

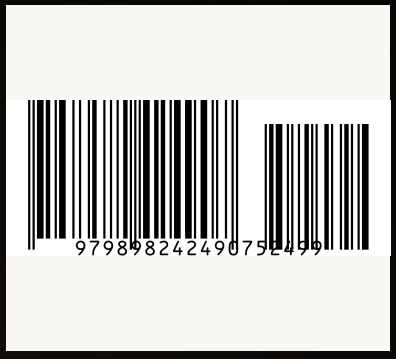
This is a book for people who still believe in prayer — and are done with performance.

Inside are sixteen chapters of philosophy and practice: how Jesus actually taught us to pray, what the world's faiths agree on, the laws that were never hidden, and a way to pray built for real life — honest need, surrender, persistence, and praise.

Every chapter ends in practice: try-its, workbook pages, and journal room. Because prayer is not something you study.
It is something you do.

Prayer is the foundation. Truth is the standard. Love is the practice. Elevation is the journey.





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Keep Reading

This sampler gave you the first chapter, the Anchor Card, and both poems. They are a taste of the whole book.

You Are Safe Here — PRAY

The DEEMYX PrayerIQ Philosophy & Practice Manual

WHAT THE FULL BOOK HOLDS

Sixteen chapters of philosophy and practice

Workbook and journal pages built into every chapter

Two complete prayers, worked step by step — and the Anchor Card

Your First Seven Days: a guided first week of the practice

Both poems — 2001 and 2026 — side by side

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