



# Rest in Humanness

*An invitation to be in humanness.  
To rest inside it, not rise above it.*

# Humanness: the quality or state of being human

A SOFT INVITATION.  
NO PRESSURE.  
NO TIMELINE.  
NO RIGHT WAY.

We like writing around here.  
Not the polished, publishable kind  
(though that's cool too).

We mean the kind that spills out  
sideways—into your Notes app, across a  
napkin, on the back of your kid's math  
homework, or mid-voice memo rant you  
accidentally turn into a TikTok.

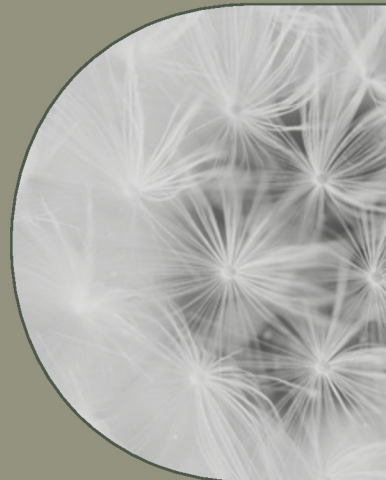
You don't have to keep what you write. You can  
burn the page. Delete the reel. Toss the receipt.  
But giving something words gives it shape.

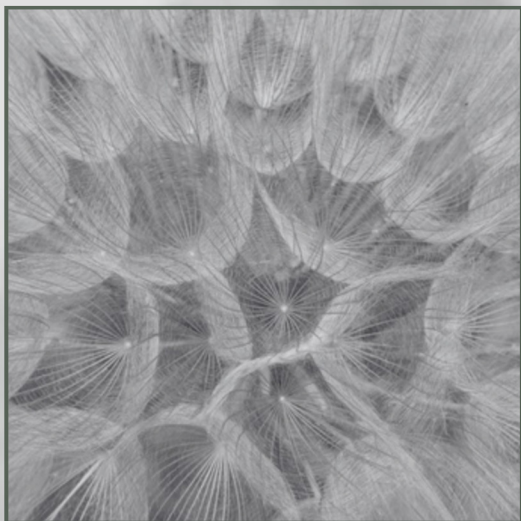
THIS IS A ZINE FOR THAT KIND OF WRITING.  
THE KIND THAT GETS SOMETHING OUT OF YOU.

And when you shape it, you might start to see  
it more clearly. You might even find your own  
wisdom sitting there, blinking back at you.

There's no one way to move through this.  
You can read it in order, skip around, use  
it once or return when you need.

But know this: you don't have to be  
anything other than human to belong here.





# BEING SEEN

A QUIET  
EXPLORATION OF  
VISIBILITY, MASKS,  
AND THE SECRET  
HOPE THAT  
SOMEONE MIGHT  
ACTUALLY SEE THE  
REAL YOU—  
AND NOT RUN AWAY  
SCREAMING.



**You don't have to perform.**

Not here.  
Not today.

There's a quiet ache most of us carry—  
sometimes just under the surface,  
sometimes in flashing neon:

**Will anyone ever see the real me?**

Not the curated version. Not the competent  
one. Not the healing-in-progress highlight reel.  
Just the you that's a little weird, pretty tired,  
and very much “still figuring it out.”

***Here's the thing:***

You're not hiding because you're broken.  
You're hiding because you're brilliant at  
adapting.

Your masks? They're tools. Protective gear.  
Proof that you're a master of survival.  
But also?

They get heavy.

***This is your invitation to put one down.  
Just for a moment.***

# WRITING PROMPT



What part of  
you longs to  
be seen, but  
rarely gets  
the chance?

Write it a note.  
A love letter.  
A post-it.  
Let that part know:  
I see you.  
I haven't forgotten you.  
You matter here.





## Optional Practice: Mirror Exercise (Zero woo required)

Stand in front of a mirror. Look at yourself like you're meeting a friend for the first time—one you're oddly fond of.

Say: "Hey. I know you. I'm proud of you."

If that feels weird, great. Write down why. There's gold in that discomfort.



You don't have to be understood to be real.  
(Being understood is nice. But it's not a prerequisite for existing.)



# LETTING IT BE MESSY

A SOFT  
EXHALE FOR  
THE PARTS OF  
YOU STILL IN  
PROGRESS.



Somewhere along the way, a lot of us absorbed the myth that growth should look like a graph trending steadily upward.

Smooth arcs. Clean breakthroughs.

Some magical point where we finally get it together.

**But let's be honest:** Growth is more like... scribbles. Doodles in the margins. One step forward, nap, spiral, snack, repeat.

**Messiness isn't a detour. It is the path.**

**The truth is:** you don't owe anyone clarity before you're ready.

Not your friends.  
Not your therapist.  
Not your Instagram followers.

Especially not your inner critic who thinks you should be "over it" by now.

This is your reminder that you are allowed to be a work in progress. **Even when you're the one doing the work.**

# WRITING PROMPT



Where in your life do you feel the pressure to be neat, clear, or resolved?



Let yourself write a list called:  
“Things I’m In the Middle Of.”  
Don’t edit. Just name them.  
Stuckness counts.  
So does not knowing.



## Optional Practice: Permission Slip


Write this out and keep it visible:

**I am allowed to be where I am.**

**I am not a self-improvement project.**

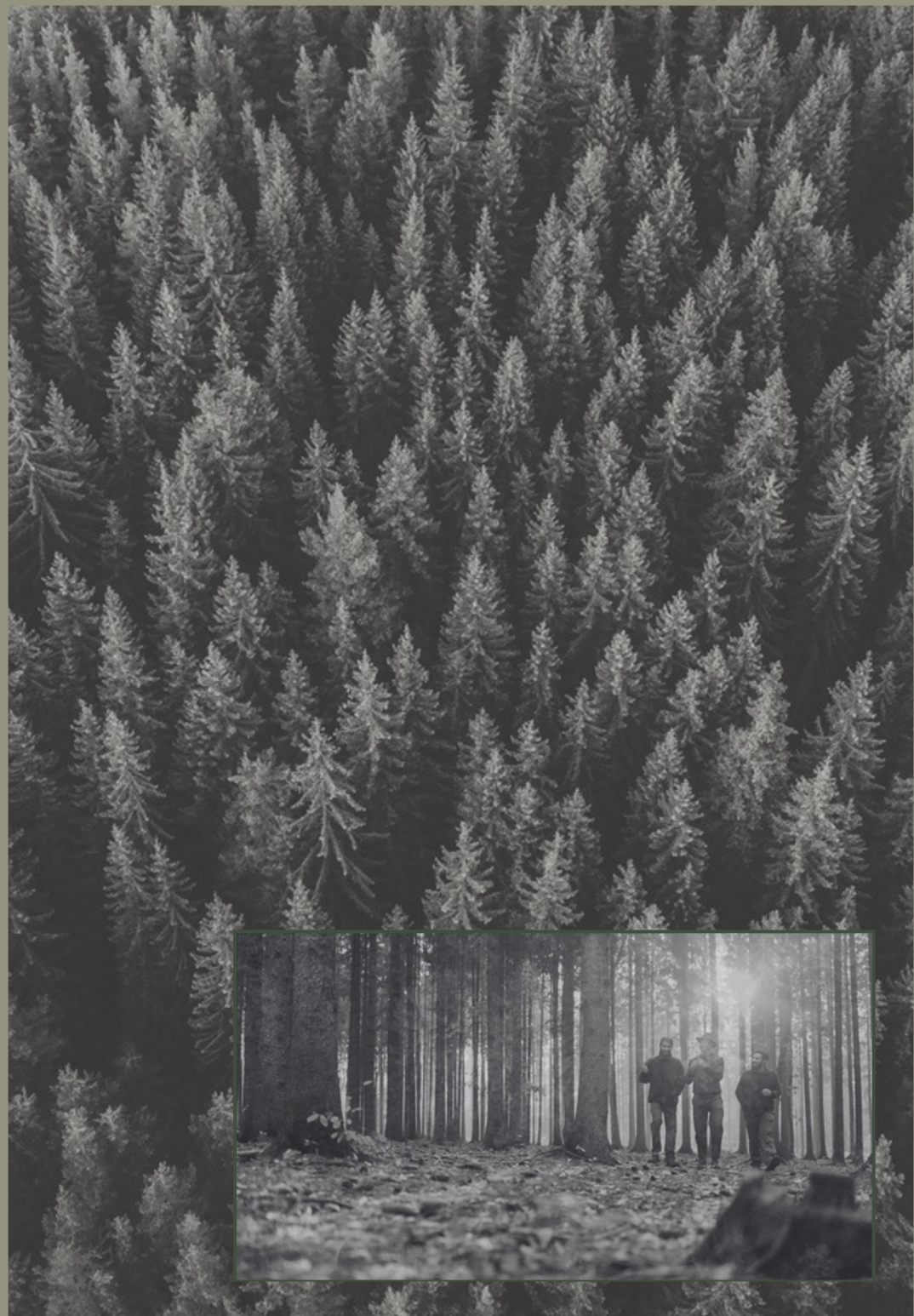
**I am a person. Messy. Becoming. Enough.**

Now underline the one line that hit the hardest.  
That's your truth for today.



“Being human means sometimes not knowing  
what to do—and showing up anyway.”

(Or lying on the floor for a while first. That counts too.)



# HOLDING YOURSELF GENTLY

A SHORT  
LESSON IN  
NOT BEING A  
JERK TO  
YOURSELF  
(DISGUISED AS  
PERSONAL  
GROWTH).



You know that voice in your head?

The one with the clipboard, the side-eye,  
the never-ending improvement plan?

Yeah, that one.

You don't have to fire them (yet). But maybe...  
just for a moment, you can invite another part  
of yourself to speak.

Someone quieter.

Kinder.

Less obsessed with your productivity stats.

Someone who doesn't think you need to earn  
rest or deserve grace.

That someone is still you—just the version that  
knows you are not broken, just tender.

That you've been carrying a lot. That trying  
counts. That softness is not failure.

You don't have to love every part of yourself  
right now. But could you be curious?

Could you be... less cruel?



WRITING  
PROMPT

What would it sound like if your inner voice spoke like a good friend?



**Try this:**

Write a short letter from that voice to you. Not a pep talk. Just presence.

**Begin with:** “Hey. I see you.”



## Optional Practice: Grace Audit

Write down one thing you didn't get done. Then list three things you did, even if they felt small.

(E.g., replied to one message. Brushed teeth. Didn't yell.)

**Remind yourself:** Progress is sometimes invisible while it's happening.



“GRACE ISN'T EARNED. IT'S OFFERED.”

Offer some. To yourself. Today.



# YOU ARE THE WISDOM

YOUR LIFE  
DIDN'T LEAVE  
YOU EMPTY-  
HANDED.



We live in a world that loves credentials,  
experts, and algorithms.

There's a time for those. But there's also this  
other kind of knowing—the kind you pick up  
when you're just... living.

The kind you earn by sitting  
with grief when no one's  
watching.

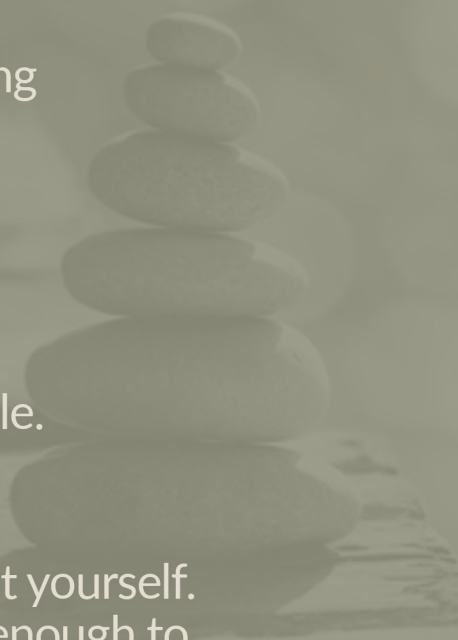
That's wisdom.

Not flashy. Not quantifiable.  
But real. And hard-won.

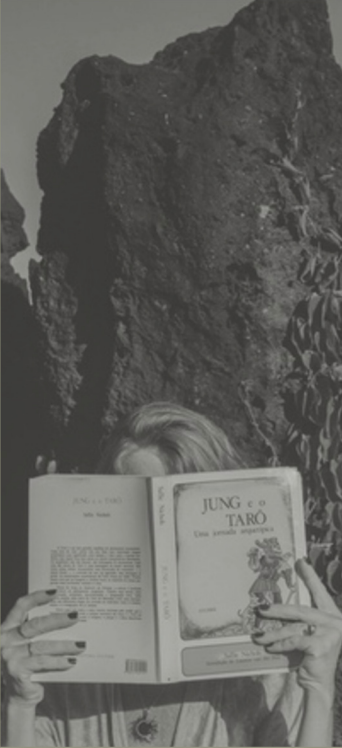
You might not always trust yourself.  
But you've lived through enough to  
carry truth.

Even if it's quiet.

Even if no one handed you a certificate.



## WRITING PROMPT



What has  
life taught  
you that  
no book  
ever  
could?

**Write it like a headline.**

Or a whispered mantra.

Or a tattoo you haven't had the guts to get (yet).

Examples:

- "I can be scared and still show up."
- "Love doesn't have to look like sacrifice."
- "I don't need to explain everything to be valid."

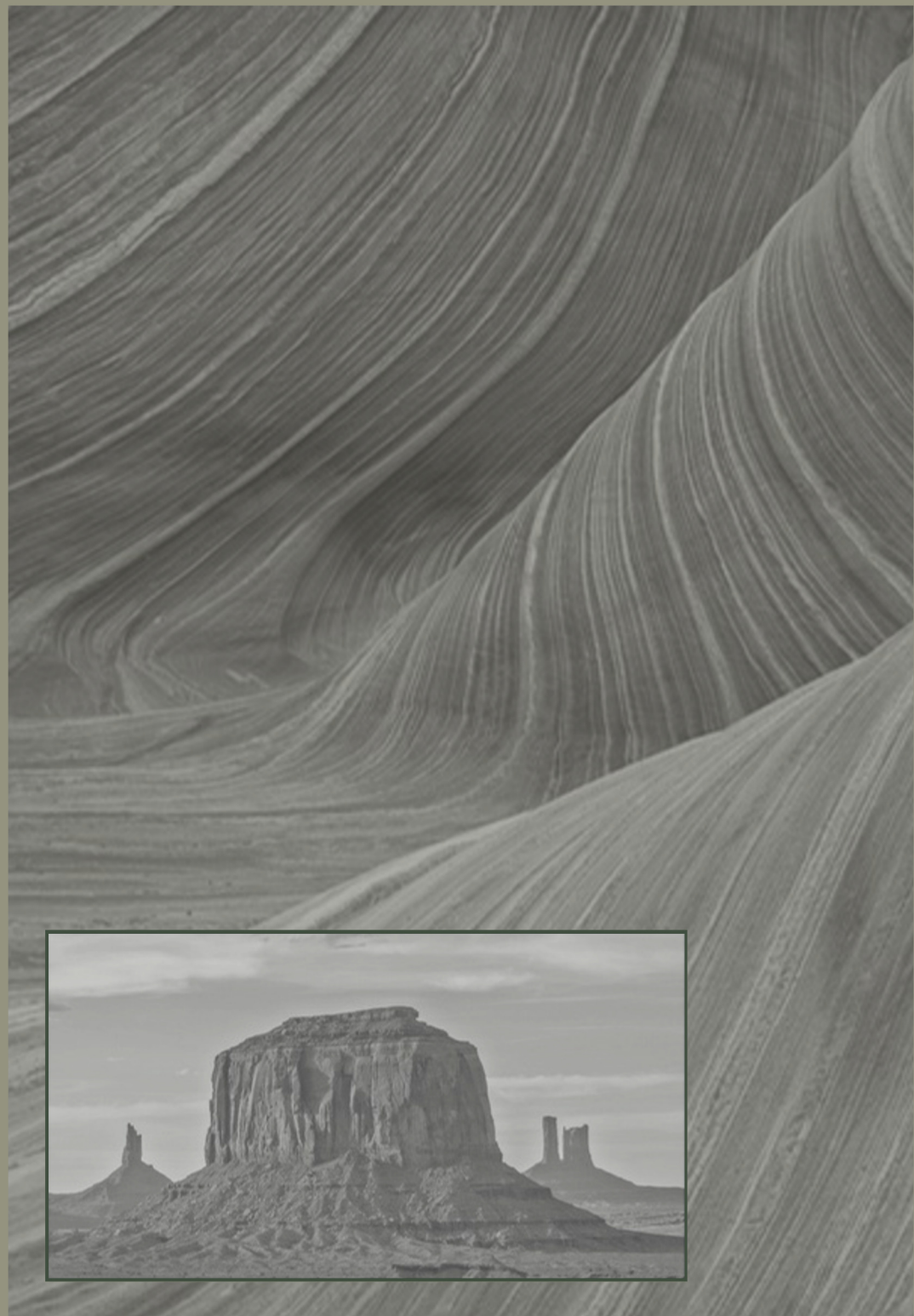


## Optional Practice: Pass It On

Pick one of your truths. Share it.  
With a friend, in a note, on your  
wall, in your voice memo app.

You don't have to be an expert  
to offer something real.





# NO GURUS. JUST US.

A REFLECTION  
ON SHARED  
WISDOM,  
WALKING  
ALONGSIDE,  
AND  
REMEMBERING  
THAT NO ONE  
HAS IT ALL  
FIGURED OUT.



There's this idea floating around—maybe you've felt it—that someone out there knows what they're doing.

They've hacked healing. Mastered mindfulness.

Bought the crystals and learned the system.

**But here's the truth most people won't post:  
EVERYONE IS WINGING IT.**

Seriously. Even the “experts.” Even the calm-looking ones. Even us.

At Everyday 7, **we don't believe in gurus.**  
We believe in each other.

We believe that **you hold wisdom.** That we learn through showing up real. That no one is ahead or behind—**we're just at different parts of the spiral.**

You don't have to teach a workshop to be a guide.

**Sometimes being honest about your own path lights the way for someone else.**



Who has helped you feel more like yourself—not by teaching, but by simply being real with you?



Write their name. Write them a thank-you, even if you don't share it. Or just hold them in your mind and smile a little.

**Then ask yourself:**

*What might I be offering someone else, without even knowing it?*



Optional Practice: Mutual Wisdom Jar

Write down one sentence of your lived wisdom. Or, you can hold it in your mind.

Something that helped you, or changed you. Put it in a “jar”—real or imagined.

When you're ready, offer it to someone else. No fanfare needed. Just... pass it on.



The wisdom is in the room.  
Sometimes, you are the room.



# Just One More Thing



You made it.

Maybe you wrote. Maybe you just read.  
Maybe you're still somewhere in between.

That counts.

This zine wasn't about fixing you.  
**It was about making space for you to see yourself again.**

Gently. Honestly. Without needing to clean it up for  
anyone else.

If any part of this landed, made you pause, or gave you a  
breath of oh... it's not just me—we'd love to walk with  
you a little further.

**We're Everyday 7.**

We believe in humanness over hustle. In shared wisdom.  
In showing up, unpolished and true.  
No pressure. No performance.

**Just invitation.**



[everyday7.com](http://everyday7.com)