

07 Love Who I Am – When You're Struggling to See Yourself Through God's Eyes

February 22, 2026

In response to Allison Eide's "Love Who I Am"

You can listen to the song here - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WQxgjNPC044>

This week I am returning to Allison Eide and her heartfelt lyrics that represent what so many are going through. For the younger generation – you are living it, for the older generations – you need to understand it. In past blogs if my writing went long I broke up into multiple parts, but I feel the Lord leading me to keep this one together – maybe somebody needs to hear it, all of it, right now.

“God, I need to see me through Your eyes. I've been so dependent on how I think they think of me, truth pushed aside by the opinions I've been harboring.”

Allison Eide captures what an entire generation is drowning in: the desperate search for identity in a culture that breeds confusion and capitalizes on it.

Who am I?

What am I?

Why can't I love who I am?

And underneath all those questions is the one she's really asking: **“If you wrote my life, please tell me why I've been struggling to love who I am?”**

The Culture of Confusion

We live in a time where identity has become fluid, subjective, self-determined. Where “your truth” and “my truth” can contradict each other and both be celebrated. Where questioning who you are is encouraged, but trusting the Author who created you is considered close-minded.

The culture tells you:

- You can be anyone you want to be
- You define your own identity
- If you don't love who you are, change who you are
- Your feelings are your truth
- Anyone who questions your self-definition doesn't love you

And young people are drowning in the freedom to be anyone – because when you can be anyone, you end up not knowing who you actually are.

Allison sings: *“I've been so dependent on how I think they think of me.”*

This is the exhausting reality of self-constructed identity. You're constantly checking: What do they think? What will they say? Am I acceptable? Am I enough?

And the goalposts keep moving. Because culture is a fickle author. One day you're celebrated. The next day you're canceled. One trend says you're valid. The next says you're problematic.

You can't build an identity on opinions that shift with the wind.

The Potter and the Clay

There's an ancient question in Isaiah 45:9:

“Does the clay say to the potter, 'What are you making?' Does your work say, 'The potter has no hands'?”

It's a rhetorical question. Of course the clay doesn't tell the potter what to make. That would be absurd.

And yet – isn't that exactly what we're doing when we reject how God created us and insist we know better?

The culture says: “You're the potter. You define yourself. You create your own identity.”

But the Bible says: **“It is he who made us, and we are his; we are his people, the sheep of his pasture.”** (Psalm 100:3)

Not “we made ourselves.”

Not “we define ourselves.”

He made us. And we are His.

That doesn't mean we don't have choices, agency, or responsibility. It means the foundation of our identity isn't subjective. It's established by the One who created us.

And here's the beautiful, terrifying truth: **The Author doesn't make mistakes.**

Trust the Author Holding the Pen

I am an author. When I write – especially fiction – I control the narrative. I control the outcome. The characters don't get to rewrite their own stories. They don't look up from the page and say, “Actually, I don't like how you made me. I'm going to be someone different.”

If they did, the story would fall apart. **Because characters only make sense within the narrative the author created for them.**

Allison's lyric captures this perfectly:

“I wanna love who I am, not through somebody's lens... But through the author holding the pen.”

God is the Author holding the pen.

Not culture. Not your friends. Not social media. Not even your own feelings.

God. The One who formed you in your mother's womb. The One who knows every hair on your head. The One who wrote your days before one of them came to be.

And here's what the Author says about you:

“For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.” (Ephesians 2:10)

Workmanship. The Greek word is *poiema* – a work of art. A masterpiece.

You're not a mistake. You're not a rough draft. You're not an accident that needs to be edited or rewritten.

You're God's workmanship. His art. Created with intention, purpose, and love.

“If You Wrote My Life, Please Tell Me Why”

But here's where it gets hard. Because if God wrote your life, why does it include so much pain?

Why the broken home?

Why the abuse?

Why the body you hate?

Why the mind that won't stop racing?

Why the struggles with identity, sexuality, gender, belonging?

Allison asks the question we're all asking: **“If you wrote my life, please tell me why I've been struggling to love who I am?”**

And here's the answer the culture doesn't want you to hear, but the gospel offers:

God allows brokenness so He can make you whole in ways you could never be without it.

A.W. Tozer once said: *“I am convinced God cannot use someone greatly until He has wounded them deeply.”* [This is my paraphrase.]

Not because God delights in wounding. But because wounds, when surrendered to the Author, become the very places where His strength is perfected.

Beauty from Ashes

Isaiah 61:3 promises that God gives *“beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”*

Notice: God doesn't prevent the ashes. He doesn't stop the mourning. He doesn't remove the heaviness before it arrives.

He allows it.

And then – **then** – He brings beauty from it.

Joel 2:25 promises: *“I will restore to you the years that the swarming locust has eaten.”*

Again: God allows the locust. He doesn't stop the destruction. But He promises restoration.

The ashes happen. The locust comes. But that's not the end of the story.

The Author is still writing. And He's writing redemption, not tragedy.

“I Want to Leave My Skin”

Allison's most gut-wrenching line:

“If I'm honest, I want to leave my skin - I'm so exhausting to live in.”

This is where the struggle with identity becomes unbearable. When you hate who you are so much that you want to escape your own body. Your own mind. Your own existence.

Maybe that's you right now.

Maybe you look in the mirror and can't pick a single thing you like.

Maybe you avoid mirrors altogether because seeing yourself hurts too much.

Maybe you've tried to reconstruct your identity – through labels, through transition, through performance, through anything that promises relief from the exhaustion of being you.

And maybe it worked for a while. Maybe the new identity felt freeing at first.

But eventually, the exhaustion returns. Because **you can't escape yourself by redefining yourself.**

The only way out of the exhaustion is surrender. Not to culture's version of who you could be. But to God's truth about who you already are.

“Pen to Paper, You Say That You Want Me Exactly as I Am”

Here's the line that breaks through all the confusion:

“But pen to paper, you say that you want me exactly as I am.”

Not “You want me if I change.”

Not “You want me once I figure myself out.”

Not “You want me after I become who I'm supposed to be.”

You want me exactly as I am.

Right now. In the struggle. In the confusion. In the self-loathing. In the exhaustion.

God doesn't look at you and see a mistake that needs correcting. He sees His workmanship that's still under construction.

The castle metaphor I use in my book applies here: **God doesn't demolish your castle. He renovates it.**

He doesn't reject who you are. He transforms you into who you were always meant to be.

There's a difference.

Culture says: "Reject who you are and become someone else."

God says: "I made you. Let me complete the work I started."

The Parts You Loathe

Allison sings: *"So prove that I'm worthy to love, even all of the parts I loathe. And I'm allowed to love me whole."*

This is the heart cry underneath all the identity confusion: **Am I worthy of love – all of me, even the parts I hate?**

And here's God's answer:

"But God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us."
(Romans 5:8)

Not "while we got ourselves together."

Not "while we figured out our identity."

Not "while we became lovable."

While we were still sinners. Still broken. Still confused. Still struggling.

Christ died for you.

Not for the version of you that you wish you were.

For you. As you are. Right now.

That's how worthy you are. **Not because of what you've done or who you've become. But because of who He is and what He's done.**

What the Castle Teaches About Identity

In my book, I talk about how we build castles – fortresses of self-protection – when we're wounded.

But here's what I've learned: **The castle you build to protect your identity ends up imprisoning it.**

You construct walls to keep people from seeing the real you. You perform to earn acceptance. You hide the parts you're ashamed of. You try to become who you think others want you to be.

And eventually, you lose track of who you actually are underneath all the performance.

Identity confusion isn't just about gender or sexuality. It's about any time you've lost yourself trying to be what others expect.

The girl who became the athlete to please her dad – and now doesn't know who she is without sports.

The guy who became the funny one to avoid being seen as weak – and now can't be serious even when he needs to be.

The person who became whatever each friend group needed – and now has no idea who they are when they're alone.

When you build your identity on others' opinions, you don't become yourself. You become a mirror – reflecting whatever people want to see.

And that's exhausting to live in.

Seeing Yourself Through God's Eyes

Allison's prayer at the end of the song:

“Help me love who I am, not through my own lens, but through Your eyes. And from your pen.”

This is the only path to lasting peace with your identity.

Not through culture's lens – which changes with every trend.

Not through others' lens – which shifts based on their own brokenness.

Not even through your own lens – which is distorted by pain, shame, and confusion.

Through God's eyes. From His pen.

What does God see when He looks at you?

Not your failures. Not your confusion. Not your struggles.

He sees His child. His workmanship. His beloved.

He sees the person He created you to be – not the person culture is trying to make you, or the person you're trying to become to earn acceptance.

He sees you. The real you. And He loves what He sees.

Because He made you. On purpose. With purpose.

The Hard Truth About Identity

Here's what the culture won't tell you but the gospel makes clear:

You don't get to rewrite your story. But you do get to surrender it to the Author who's still writing it.

You don't get to decide your biological sex. God did that at conception.

You don't get to create your identity from scratch. God established it before you were born.

But you do get to choose: Will you trust the Author, or will you try to be your own potter?

And here's the beautiful part: **Trusting the Author doesn't mean denying your struggles. It means bringing them into His presence and letting Him write redemption into them.**

God doesn't waste your pain. He uses it.

The ashes become beauty.

The locust's destruction becomes restoration.

The deep wounds become the places He uses you greatly.

What This Means Practically

If you're struggling to love who you are, here's what surrender looks like:

1. Stop building your identity on shifting ground.

Culture's opinions will change. Friends will disappoint. Feelings will fluctuate. None of these are solid foundations.

Build on the Rock: **You are God's workmanship. That's your identity.**

2. Bring your confusion into God's presence.

Don't hide it. Don't manage it alone. Don't let shame keep you from asking the hard questions.

“God, I don't understand why you made me this way.”

“God, I hate parts of myself and I don't know how to change that.”

“God, everyone says I should be this, but I feel like that. What's true?”

Ask. Wrestle. Bring it into the light.

3. Find safe people who will point you to the Author, not culture.

You need a courtyard – people who know you're struggling and won't shame you, but who also won't affirm confusion just to make you feel better.

People who love you enough to point you to God's truth, even when it's hard.

4. Remember: God's design isn't punishment. It's purpose.

The way God made you – your body, your mind, your personality, your story – isn't a mistake. It's the raw material for His masterpiece.

He's not done writing. Trust the Author holding the pen.

The Hope Allison Is Reaching For

At the end of the song, Allison isn't declaring victory. She's still asking for help:

“Help me love who I am.”

And that's honest. Because loving who you are in a culture that breeds confusion isn't a one-time decision. It's a daily surrender to the Author.

But here's the hope:

The Author loves you exactly as you are. And He's committed to completing the work He started in you.

“And I am sure of this, that he who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ.” (Philippians 1:6)

He's not done writing your story.

The ashes are real. The locust has eaten. The struggle is exhausting.

But beauty is coming. Restoration is promised. And the Author... He doesn't make mistakes!

Trust the pen.

Allison Eide

“Love Who I Am”

allisoneide.com

If you're struggling with identity:

- Christian Faith-Based Resources: <https://mentalhealthhotline.org/christian-faith-resources/> or call 1-866-903-3787 (24/7)
- Restored Hope Network (Christian support for sexual/gender identity): restoredhopenetwork.org
- Crisis Text Line: Text HOME to 741741
- National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 988 (call or text)

You matter. Your life matters. Please stay.

William James Meyer is the author of “Do You Live in a Castle? Breaking Free from the Walls That Hold You Hostage.” He writes from a Christian perspective as someone who spent years trying to construct his own identity before learning to trust the Author who created him. He's still learning.

Connect with him at www.williamjamesmeyer.com