

21 days to a better me...day 20



Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

John 5:24

One of the hardest things that i have ever had to do was to face myself in the mirror and be real with myself about the things that i need to change. And now that I see the problems, Lord give me the courage to deal with them.

How do I become a better me? By looking in the mirror and dealing with what I see!

Okay Lord, you love me enough that You allowed me to see how my past has hindered my present and my future. The past hurts and pains that I honestly thought I had dealt with have steadily and quietly made inroads into my makeup and my character. Those pains that have gone unchecked from childhood have put me in a place of mistrust, disillusionment and the inability to love unconditionally, even myself. I have developed the very unattractive habit of running away from the hard stuff. The list of bad behaviors that God allowed me to see is too long to get into, but suffice it to say, I can no longer act like they don't exist...or that they exist for someone else.

The reason that God allows us to see our faults is so that we do not wallow in the self pity that comes with finding out that we are not perfect, but He intends for us to

aggressively deal with them. Whatever it takes to uncover the sores of our past, we have to do it if we desire to be the best that we can be. As far as I am concerned, I want to once and for all, be free from my past. Now that may mean bearing my soul to a therapist. Some junk that we walk around with has to be handled with a professional touch. I am willing to do whatever it takes at this point.

I have believed for a very long time that the calling on my life is to minister to hurting women. I heard T.J. Jakes say once that God will use everything that we have been through for His purpose, nothing will be wasted. I believe that he is right. I can minister to women who have been raped by a stranger, suffered through abortion, lived with the unfaithfulness of a spouse, physical, mental, and emotional abuse by said spouse, homelessness and last but certainly not least, being separated from my child. I can't remember too many happy childhood days as I went to bed most nights wondering which parent was going to kill the other. But I am not alone. Many of you have your own grocery list of pain. Let's decide to use that list for good.

As long as the enemy can keep our pain covered, it will stew and fester like a canker sore, being irritated by the slightest touch or memory. Every rub is a reminder of the tender spot that lies beneath the scab of our smiles. Healing can only happen when the scab is removed so that the Balm in Gilead can begin the healing process. It's that healing Balm that kept me from suicide, becoming an addict and even worse, a woman with no hope. I see what needs to change and I thank God for the desire that He has placed within me to make those changes. I want to be able to show other women how God can help you begin again, no matter how old you may be. I want to show other women that no matter what you have been through, God can make your latter days greater and better than your first. I want to give hope to the hopeless. And for myself, I want the life that The Word of God says I can have. How about you?

My goal is to enjoy the new stuff that God has prepared for me. I realize that the scabs had to come off, as painful as that has been, so the healing could really happen. No one wants to take old junk into the new and grand places that God has prepared for all who love Him.

No more the victim.