

Awakening

*“Arise, shine, for your light has come, and the glory of the
Lord rises upon you.”*

Isaiah 60:1

Beloved,

Before anything else is asked of you, let this be said plainly:

If you are tired, overwhelmed, numb, uncertain, or quietly breaking—you are NOT failing. You are responding exactly as a woman does when she has carried more than she was meant to carry alone.

If prayer has felt heavy. If joy has felt distant. If you have loved fiercely and still wondered why it feels so hard—you are not alone, and you are NOT weak.

Many women arrive here not because they feel strong, but because something in them finally whispers. *I can't keep doing this the same way.*

That whisper is not defeat. It is discernment.

You have already proven how much you can carry. What God is inviting you into now is not more effort—but release.

This book begins with surrender.

Not surrender as giving up, but surrender as laying down the false strength that kept you braced. The strength that learned to endure instead of receive. The strength that learned to manage instead of trust. The strength that kept you functioning while quietly unraveling.

God does not meet women at the height of their control. He meets them at the end of it.

From the beginning, the enemy understood this. He did not aim first at your effort—he aimed at your heart. At your sense of belonging. At the quiet places where fear learned to speak louder than truth. If he could wound you there, he could shape the atmosphere of your home without ever announcing himself.

But here is what he miscalculated:

A woman who can surrender is not weak—she is reachable. And a woman who is reachable by God is dangerous to darkness.

I know this because I lived it.

Nearly thirteen years ago, I found myself in a place I never imagined—broken, pregnant, stripped of identity, alone, carrying loss I didn't yet have language for. I did not rise that day with clarity or courage. I collapsed. And in that collapse, God met me.

Not with urgency.

Not with correction.

With presence.

He did not ask me to fight first. He asked me to understand.

He began to show me where my pain had shaped my reflexes, where fear had disguised itself as responsibility, and where surrender—not striving—would become the doorway out. Slowly, faithfully, He taught me how healing restores authority, how peace steadies the nervous system, and how truth rebuilds a life from the inside out.

This book was born from that slow awakening.

Not a moment of intensity—but a return to wholeness.

Here, you will not perform or prove. You will be invited to see what has been operating beneath the surface—in your heart, your home, your relationships, and your spirit. You will learn how presence disarms chaos, how praise shifts atmosphere, how prayer becomes communion

instead of pressure, and how grace—not perfection—sustains transformation.

Most of all, you will learn this:

Your willingness to surrender is not the end of your strength.

It is the beginning of it.

Beloved, you are not here because you are behind. You are here because you are listening.

You are not weak because you are weary. You are wise because you stopped pretending you weren't.

You are His beloved—not after you rise, but before. And from that place, everything else becomes possible.

You do not have to brace here. You do not have to hold it all together.

This is not a call to perform. It is an invitation to be restored.

— **REBEKAH**