

30-days to Start Your
Healing Journey



Rhonda Blair



About Rhonda...

Rhonda Blair is an author, speaker, and crusader of “You’re Not a Mistake” ministry—a Christ-centered message of healing for those who have believed lies about their identity.

Rhonda’s life story begins with a painful narrative. From a young age, she was repeatedly told she was “a mistake,” words that shaped how she viewed herself for years. Her childhood was marked by instability, emotional wounds, and searching for belonging.

As a young woman, those identity wounds led her into abusive relationships and traumatic experiences that nearly cost her life. Over the years, she endured domestic abuse, abortion coercion, miscarriages, infertility struggles, addiction battles, a cancer diagnosis, and loss.

Yet even through the darkest chapters of her story, God was quietly at work. Rhonda eventually discovered the truth found in Psalm 139:13-14—that every life is intentionally created by God and that no person is a mistake in His eyes.

Today, she shares her powerful testimony at churches, women’s conferences, retreats, and ministry events. Her message brings hope to those struggling with shame, trauma, regret, or identity wounds. Through honest storytelling and biblical truth, Rhonda invites audiences to step into healing, experience God’s grace, and discover that their lives still have purpose.

Rhonda lives with her family and continues to advocate for healing, restoration, and the life-changing truth that no life is accidental in the eyes of God.

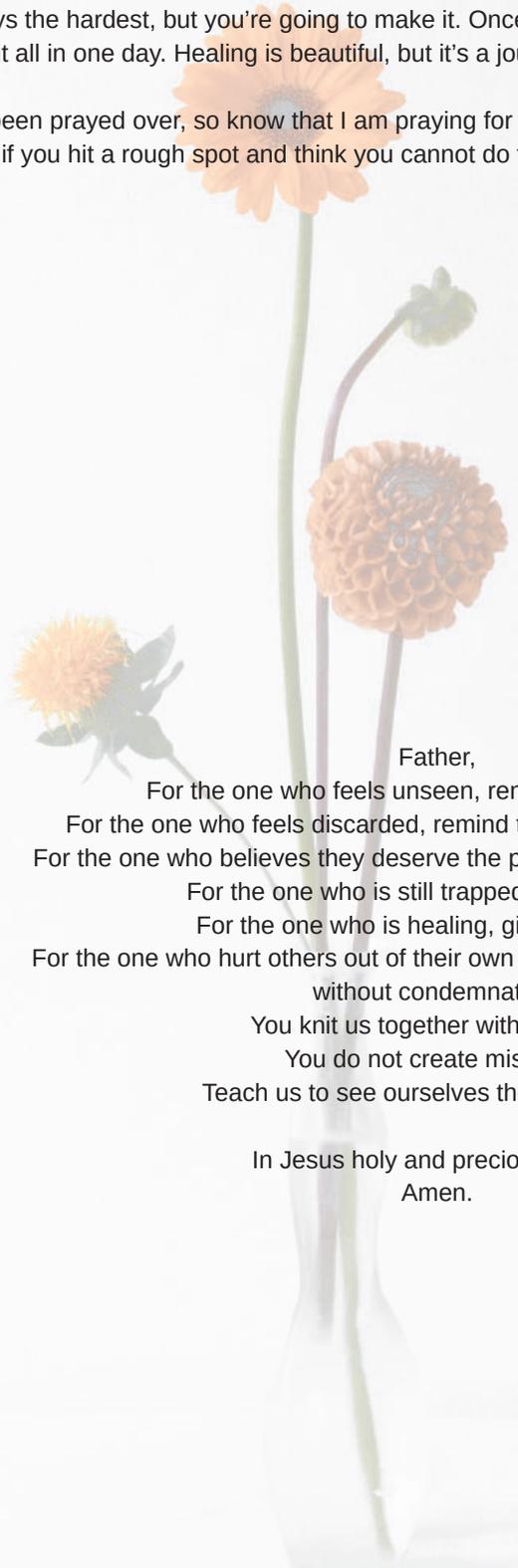


You're going to make it...

If you can relate to anything about me, you looked for all the self-help you could find. I cannot stress this enough, there are a lot of great pocket books that will tell you where to look or what to do, but back it up with the bible. I love my Pastor; he will tell you, "Don't take my word, take God's word." All of his messages are straight out of the bible. We want feel-good messages because we're broken and we think our hearts cannot take any more. Friend, let me just say, we have to go through the hard, tough stuff first before we can feel the good stuff.

The first step is always the hardest, but you're going to make it. Once that first step has been taken, it's baby steps. No one wants you to do it all in one day. Healing is beautiful, but it's a journey that is never-ending. Give yourself some grace.

This devotional has been prayed over, so know that I am praying for you and with you. We also have prayer partners ready to pray for you if you hit a rough spot and think you cannot do this... reach out, we're here for you.



Father,

For the one who feels unseen, remind them You see.

For the one who feels discarded, remind them You chose them first.

For the one who believes they deserve the pain they're in, silence that lie.

For the one who is still trapped, give courage.

For the one who is healing, give endurance.

For the one who hurt others out of their own brokenness, bring conviction
without condemnation.

You knit us together with purpose.

You do not create mistakes.

Teach us to see ourselves the way You do.

In Jesus holy and precious name,

Amen.

LET IT ALL OUT



LET IT ALL OUT



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Day One

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made

For You formed my inward parts; You wove me in my mother's womb. I will give thanks to You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; Wonderful are Your works, And my soul knows it very well. Psalm 139:13-14

There was a time in my life when I believed what was spoken over me more than what was written about me.

"You were a mistake."

"You weren't supposed to happen."

"I never wanted kids."

Those words didn't explode into my life all at once. They seeped in slowly. Quietly. Repeated often enough that they began to sound reasonable. Logical. True. Children don't question identity statements. They absorb them. When you hear that your existence was inconvenient, you begin to shrink yourself. You try to be quieter. Easier. Less expensive. Less emotional. You attempt to take up less space — because maybe, subconsciously, you think you already take up too much. But Psalm 139:13-14 interrupts that lie. David doesn't say God assembled him. He says God knit him. Knitting is deliberate. Personal. Intentional. It requires attention. Thread by thread. Row by row. You were not mass-produced. You were handcrafted. Before your mother knew she was pregnant, God knew. Before anyone reacted to your arrival, God celebrated it. Before someone labeled you, God named you.

Nothing about your life surprised Him. Even if:

- Your pregnancy was unplanned
- Your parents were unprepared
- Your childhood was unstable

You were not accidental. He formed your inmost being. That means your personality. Your sensitivity. Your resilience. Your temperament. Even the parts of you that have been misunderstood. Sometimes we struggle to believe this because our earthly beginnings were chaotic. We assume that because our environment was unstable, our existence must have been. But heaven was never in chaos. God was not reacting to your birth. He was preparing for your life. I used to wrestle with this. If I were so intentionally created, why did I feel so unwanted? Why did my life begin in instability? And slowly, through years of healing, I began to understand something profound: God's intentionality is not canceled by human dysfunction.

Your story may have started in confusion. But your soul started with a purpose. The enemy loves to attach identity to pain. If he can get you to believe you are a mistake, you will interpret everything through that filter. Rejection confirms it. Failure reinforces it. Loss strengthens it. But Scripture overrides it.

You are fearfully made — which means with reverence.

You are wonderfully made — which means uniquely, intricately, intentionally.

You are not a cosmic accident.

You are not a divine oversight.

You are not the product of bad timing.

You are known.

And being known by God is the safest identity you will ever carry.

Reflection Questions

- What words shaped your identity growing up?
- Have you ever consciously rejected the lie that you are accidental?
- What would change if you fully believed Psalm 139 applies to you?

Prayer

Father, I have believed words about me that were never spoken by You. Today I choose to agree with Your truth instead. Thank You for knitting me together intentionally. Help me see myself the way You see me — wanted, known, and designed on purpose. Amen.

Day Two

The Lie of "Accident"

For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand so that we would walk in them. Ephesians 2:10

There is one word that can derail a life before it even begins: accident. If you are told you were an accident, you may grow up feeling optional. Replaceable. Disposable. You may assume your presence is tolerated rather than celebrated. But Ephesians 2:10 uses a very different word to describe you: workmanship. Workmanship implies intention. Design. Skill. Deliberate construction.

The Greek word here is *Poiēma* — where we get the word poem. You are God's poem. His crafted expression. Poems are not accidents. They are composed. Even if your circumstances were messy, your creation was not. We often confuse circumstances with purpose. If the situation surrounding our birth was unstable, we assume our existence must have been too. But God does not operate under human panic. He prepares in advance. That phrase changes everything. Before you were born, before your mother held you, before your father reacted to you — God had already prepared good works for you to walk into.

Your trauma did not surprise Him.
Your mistakes did not disqualify you.
Your rebellion did not erase your assignment.
If anything, your survival confirms your calling.

The enemy tries to convince you that your pain is proof you were never meant to be here. But Scripture says your life is proof you were always meant to be here. The truth is this:
God does not create filler people. You are not background noise in someone else's story. You are not here by oversight. You were written into existence by a sovereign Author. When I began to grasp this, it shifted how I viewed my past. Instead of asking, "Why did this happen to me?" I began asking, "How is God going to use this?" That question changes posture. From victim to vessel. From accident to assignment. You may not understand every chapter of your story. But you can trust the One who authored it. And if He prepared good works in advance, then your existence was required for their completion.

You are not accidental.
You are essential.

Reflection Questions

- Do you secretly feel replaceable or optional?
- How would seeing yourself as "workmanship" shift your confidence?
- What good work might God be preparing you for right now?

Prayer

Lord, forgive me for believing I am accidental. Thank You for preparing purpose before I ever understood it. Help me walk confidently into the good works You've already designed for me. Amen.

Day Three

When Words Wound

Death and life are in the power of the tongue, And those who love it will eat its fruit. Proverbs 18:21

Words are not harmless. They build identities. They shape expectations. They form the internal dialogue we carry into adulthood. When a parent says, "You're a mistake," a child doesn't hear frustration — she hears identity. I carried that sentence like a hidden scar. It influenced who I dated. How I tolerated treatment. What I believed I deserved. It even influenced how I viewed God. If I was unwanted here, maybe I was unwanted everywhere. That is the power of repeated words. Proverbs says the tongue carries life and death. Not inconvenience. Not mild discomfort. Life and death.

We underestimate how deeply words embed themselves. Especially when they are spoken by someone we were wired to trust. Healing required something difficult: I had to stop rehearsing the words that wounded me. We often think healing requires confronting the person who hurt us. Sometimes it does. But more often, it requires confronting the voice we allowed to stay. Whose voice is loudest in your mind? Is it a parent? A spouse? A past partner? A teacher? Yourself? The enemy will amplify those voices. He will replay them when you fail. When you feel insecure. When you're vulnerable. But Jesus said, "My sheep know My voice." God's voice does not degrade. It does not mock. It does not shame.

It corrects — but it restores.

It convicts — but it invites.

It challenges — but it never humiliates.

Part of spiritual maturity is learning voice recognition. If a thought does not align with Scripture, it does not originate with God. If a sentence produces hopelessness, it is not divine. You are not required to host thoughts that kill your identity. You can evict them. And you replace them not with positive thinking — but with truth. The truth is not louder because it shouts. It is stronger because it stands. God's truth over you is not reactive. It is permanent.

When you begin agreeing with Him instead of your wounds, your healing accelerates.

Reflection Questions

- How has parental rejection influenced your relationships today?
- Do you equate being rejected with being unworthy?
- What would change if you truly believed God receives you?

Prayer

Jesus, teach me to recognize Your voice. Silence every voice in my mind that does not reflect Your truth. Help me replace wounds with words of life. Show me that my identity is in You. Amen.

Day Four

Rejection Is Not Identity

For my father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord will take me up. Psalm 27:10

There is a particular ache that comes from parental rejection. It is different from friendship betrayal or romantic heartbreak. It reaches deeper. Parents are meant to be our first safety, our first affirmation, our first understanding of belonging. When that foundation cracks, the fault line runs through everything. If the people who brought me into the world did not want me, what did that say about me? Children internalize rejection as personal failure. We do not yet have the maturity to understand that adults act out of their own brokenness. So we conclude something must be wrong with us.

Maybe I'm too much.

Maybe I'm not enough.

Maybe if I were different, I would be wanted.

Rejection becomes identity.

But Psalm 27:10 offers a radical alternative. David writes that even if father and mother forsake him, the Lord will receive him. Receive. That word carries warmth. It implies welcome. Acceptance. Invitation. God does not tolerate you reluctantly. He does not sigh at your existence. He does not manage you like an obligation. He receives you.

The pain of parental rejection is real. It leaves scars. It influences relationships. It affects how we attach to others. Sometimes it makes us cling too tightly. Other times it makes us keep everyone at arm's length. But rejection is an event. It is not your identity. You can be rejected and still be chosen. You can be abandoned and still be pursued. You can be unwanted by someone and still be wanted by God.

There were years when I lived as though rejection defined me. I tolerated treatment I should not have tolerated. I accepted crumbs because I assumed I did not deserve the feast. When you believe you are unwanted, you stop expecting healthy love. Healing required separating two things: their inability to love me and my worthiness of love. Those are not the same. Your value does not fluctuate based on someone else's capacity. If your parents struggled, if they were unstable, if they were angry, if they were absent — that speaks about their limitations, not your design. God is not confused about you. He does not need convincing. He does not second-guess His creation. You were not a burden to heaven. And the Lord receives you.

Reflection Questions

- What sentence from your past still echoes in your mind?
- Does it align with God's character?
- What truth can you speak over yourself today instead?

Prayer

Father, I have carried rejection as identity. Help me release it. Teach me what it means to be fully received by You. Heal the places where I still feel unwanted. Amen.

Day Five

Breaking Agreement with Harmful Words

and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free. John 8:32

Freedom is not automatic. It begins with agreement. Not agreement with the lie — but agreement with the truth. Many of us believe we are victims of the words spoken over us. And in many ways, we are. Words can wound deeply. They can shape identity before we are old enough to defend ourselves. But at some point in adulthood, we begin cooperating with those words. Not consciously. Not intentionally. But every time we repeat them internally, we reinforce them.

“I’m difficult.”

“I ruin things.”

“I’m unlovable.”

“I’m a mistake.”

The original speaker may no longer be present. But their voice lives on inside us. Jesus said truth sets us free. But truth only frees what we apply. You cannot break free from a lie you continue agreeing with. Breaking agreement does not require denying the pain. It requires refusing to accept the label. There is a difference between acknowledging that something was said and allowing it to define you. For years, I unknowingly built my life around disproving a lie. I overachieved. I people-pleased. I tolerated mistreatment. I tried to earn love. But you cannot outwork a lie you still believe. The turning point came when I began asking a simple question:

Does this thought align with Scripture?

If not, it does not get to stay. That is not positive thinking. That is spiritual discipline. Truth is not emotional. It is stable. God’s truth about you does not fluctuate based on your mood, your past, or your mistakes. When someone says, “You’re a mistake,” Scripture says, “You are workmanship.” When someone says, “You’re unwanted,” Scripture says, “You are chosen.” When someone says, “You always fail,” Scripture says, “You are more than a conqueror.”

Agreement is powerful. You can agree with your wounds. Or you can agree with your Savior. And freedom begins the moment you switch sides.

Reflection Questions

- What harmful phrase do you repeat about yourself?
- What Scripture contradicts that phrase?
- Are you willing to break agreement with the lie today?

Prayer

Jesus, I break agreement with every word spoken over me that does not reflect Your truth. Help me recognize when I rehearse lies and replace them with what You say about me. Amen.

Day Six

Hurt People Hurt People

Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other, just as God in Christ also has forgiven you. Ephesians 4:32

“Hurt people hurt people” is a phrase we hear often. It can sound dismissive—as if explaining pain excuses it. It does not. Understanding someone’s brokenness does not erase accountability. But it can loosen bitterness.

For a long time, I carried anger like armor. It felt protective. If I stayed angry, I would never be hurt like that again. But anger is heavy. It attaches itself to new relationships. It clouds discernment. It distorts tone. It makes us reactive. What once felt like protection slowly becomes a prison. The person who hurt you may have been operating from their own unhealed trauma. That does not make what they did right. But it explains why it happened. There is a difference.

When I began to view my birth mother not only as the source of my pain but also as someone shaped by her own wounds, something shifted. My perspective widened. My grip on the offense loosened. The story didn’t change—but my position in it did.

Compassion does not mean reconciliation.

It does not mean trust.

It does not mean access.

It means release.

It means you stop requiring someone else to become whole before you allow yourself to heal.

It means you stop waiting for an apology that may never come.

It means you entrust justice to God and choose peace for yourself.

Bitterness binds you to the person who hurt you. Forgiveness unties the knot. Ephesians says, “just as in Christ God forgave you.” That standard is sobering. God’s forgiveness was not partial. It was complete. And it cost Him everything. Forgiveness is not a feeling—it’s a decision. And sometimes it’s a decision you have to make more than once. Some wounds are deep, and healing is layered. You may forgive, and then feel the sting again. That doesn’t mean you’ve failed. It means you’re human. You simply choose again. Forgiveness does not mean you pretend it didn’t hurt. It means you refuse to let it poison you. It doesn’t erase memory—but it removes its power to control you. It doesn’t rewrite the past—but it frees your future.

You can forgive and still have boundaries. You can release and still say “no more.” You can be tender-hearted and still be wise. Kindness and strength are not opposites—they often walk hand in hand. There is freedom on the other side of release. A lightness you didn’t know you were missing. A peace that doesn’t depend on someone else’s change.

And maybe the most unexpected part—when you release them, you finally release yourself.

Reflection Questions

- What anger are you still carrying?
- Does holding it protect you — or exhaust you?
- What would forgiveness free you from?

Prayer

Lord, I don’t want bitterness shaping my future; I want healing. Help me forgive without minimizing what happened. Heal the anger and the hurt that still feels justified. Amen.

Day Seven

The Father You Needed

A father of the fatherless and a judge for the widows, is God in His holy habitation. Psalm 68:5

Not every child grows up protected. Not every child grows up affirmed. Some of us learned independence too early. Psalm 68 describes God as a father to the fatherless. That is not poetic exaggeration. It is personal restoration. Where you lacked protection, He provides covering. Where you lacked affirmation, He speaks identity. Where you lacked stability, He becomes steady.

God does not erase your past. He redeems it. He does not pretend your childhood was ideal. He steps into what was missing. For some of us, calling God "Father" is difficult. The word carries baggage. It carries memories. It carries absence. But God does not resemble your earthly father. He redefines fatherhood. He does not withhold affection. He does not erupt unpredictably. He does not withhold approval to manipulate performance. He is consistent.

If you grew up without protection, you may struggle to trust protection now. But God's fatherhood is not conditional. He fathers you because you are His. Not because you performed. Not because you fixed yourself. Not because you proved worthy. Simply because you belong.

For a lot of us, we had an absent parent. That doesn't mean we're abandoned; we were always and still are loved by God. We are never abandoned or alone. My father was overseas. Being away from me when I was little was out of his control. Our earthly father is important, but our heavenly Father is greater.

Reflection Questions

- What did you lack growing up?
- How has that shaped your view of God?
- Can you invite Him to fill that gap?

Prayer

Father God, where I lacked protection, be my defender. Where I lacked affirmation, speak identity. Where I lacked stability, be my steady rock. Help me trust You as the Father I needed. Amen.

Day Eight

God Sees You in the Wilderness

So Hagar gave this name to the Lord who had spoken to her: “You are the God who sees me,” for she said, “Here I have seen the One who sees me! Genesis 16:13

Hagar ran into the wilderness—pregnant, rejected, and alone. She was being mistreated by Sarah, her mistress. All she wanted was to escape the abuse. But God met her in the wilderness. Not in a sanctuary. Not in a polished prayer. In the wilderness.

Sometimes our deepest encounters with God happen outside structured religion. They happen in hospital rooms. Courtrooms. Bedrooms where tears soak pillows. Cars parked outside empty buildings. Homes where a child looks out the window, feeling hopeless. Places where there is no audience, no performance—just raw, unfiltered need. Hagar called Him “El Roi”—the God who sees me. Not the God who observes from a distance, detached and unmoved. The God who sees personally, intimately, and intentionally. Even if we do not know who He is, He knows us. There were moments in my life when I felt unseen—when pain was private and hidden, when I wondered if God noticed.

He did.
He sees abuse.
He sees coercion.
He sees depression.
He sees fear.
He sees anxiety.
And He sees you.

He sees what no one else has acknowledged. He sees what was dismissed, minimized, or ignored. He sees the silent battles, the words you swallowed, the nights you endured. Nothing about your story has escaped His attention. The wilderness is not abandonment. It is often the place of encounter. It is where distractions fall away. Where identity is stripped down to truth. Where survival turns into surrender. Where you stop pretending you’re okay—and God meets you exactly as you are.

The wilderness may feel empty, but it is not absent from God. It may feel quiet, but He is not silent. Sometimes, He is doing His deepest work in the places that feel the most barren. Hagar didn’t just encounter God—she received direction. She was seen, but she was also guided. God spoke into her situation, into her future, into her identity. Being seen by God is not passive—it is purposeful. He doesn’t just acknowledge your pain. He responds to it. And here is the beautiful truth—the same God who found Hagar in the wilderness still finds people there today.

You are not lost to Him. You are not hidden from Him. You are not too far gone, too broken, or too forgotten. El Roi sees you. In your wilderness. In your questions. In your healing. And the place you thought would break you may just be the place where you finally encounter Him.

Reflection Questions

- Where did you feel most alone?
- Can you identify ways God was present, even if you didn’t recognize it then?
- What wilderness season are you in now?

Prayer

El Roi, thank You for seeing me when I felt invisible. When I felt helpless, distressed or abandoned. When I didn’t know who you were, You knew me and were with me. Meet me in every wilderness season. Amen.

Day Nine

No Condemnation

Therefore, there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus. Romans 8:1

Condemnation is heavy. It whispers that you deserve punishment. It replays your worst decisions—even the ones you thought you had buried deep enough to forget. Satan is very crafty. He knows exactly where to press, what memory to stir, what shame to awaken. He doesn't need new accusations when the old ones still echo loudly in your mind. Condemnation sounds like truth, but it is laced with hopelessness. It tells you, "This is who you are." It keeps you stuck in cycles of regret, convincing you that change is out of reach and freedom is for someone else.

Conviction, however, invites change. It leads toward restoration. It says, "This is not who you were created to be." Where condemnation chains you to your past, conviction gently takes your hand and leads you forward. Condemnation pushes away. Conviction draws near. Condemnation isolates you in shame, making you want to hide—from God, from others, even from yourself. Conviction, led by the Holy Spirit, draws you closer to the heart of God. It doesn't expose you to destroy you—it reveals you so you can be healed.

Think about the woman at the well (John 8:11). He showed no condemnation of her adulterous ways. He told her to go and, from now on, not to sin anymore. He acknowledged her sin, but He did not define her by it. He met her in her brokenness and offered her a new way forward. Jesus said in (John 3:17) that He did not come to condemn the world, but to save it—offering grace, mercy, and freedom from the law of sin and death. That means the voice that constantly tears you down, shames you, and reminds you of who you used to be... is not His.

No matter what we have done, His mercy is sufficient—and it is new every morning. Not recycled. Not worn out. Not conditional. New. If you are in Christ, condemnation has no legal authority over you. None. The cross settled it. Every accusation was nailed there. Every sin—past, present, and future—was accounted for. Jesus didn't overlook your sin; He overcame it. When you continue punishing yourself for what God has already forgiven, you are living as though the cross was insufficient. You are carrying a weight that was never meant to remain on your shoulders.

Grace is not partial. It is complete. It doesn't cover some things and leave others exposed. It doesn't run out when you fall again. It doesn't depend on how well you perform. Grace meets you in your mess and calls you higher—not through shame, but through love. So when condemnation tries to speak, recognize its voice. It is loud, harsh, and final.

But conviction...

Conviction is steady, gentle, and full of hope.

One says, "Stay where you are—you'll never change."

The other says, "Come with Me—I've already made a way."

Reflection Questions

- Are you still condemning yourself for something forgiven?
- Do you struggle to accept grace?
- What would freedom from condemnation look like?

Prayer

Jesus, thank You that condemnation has no claim on me. Help me live in the freedom You died for. I don't want to feel like Your death on the cross was wasted. I don't want to feel like my life is being wasted. Amen.

Day Ten

Grieving What Was Lost

The Lord is near to the brokenhearted; He saves the contrite in spirit. Psalm 34:18

Grief is not weakness. It is love with nowhere to go. Many of us minimize our losses. We move forward quickly. We avoid lingering. We stay busy. We tell ourselves, "I should be over this by now." We compare our pain to others and convince ourselves it doesn't qualify as grief. But the heart does not heal through dismissal. It heals through acknowledgment. Unaddressed grief doesn't disappear.

It settles.
It lingers.
It waits.

Un-grieved loss becomes stored pain. It shows up in unexpected ways—in irritability, in numbness, in exhaustion you can't explain. It surfaces in moments that seem unrelated, in tears that come out of nowhere, in a heaviness you carry without understanding why. God does not rush grief. He sits in it. He is not standing over you with a timeline. He is not measuring your progress. He is not frustrated by your process. He is present.

Whether you lost:

- A baby
- A dream
- A relationship
- Your health
- Your innocence

He is close. Not distant. Not impatient. Close. Scripture tells us He is near to the brokenhearted. Not near once you've "moved on." Not near once you've figured it out. Near in the breaking. He does not ask you to be strong for Him. He invites you to be honest with Him. Grief is not something to fix—it is something to walk through. And God doesn't stand at the finish line waiting for you to arrive healed. He walks with you, step by step, through every wave of it. Some days, grief is loud. Some days it is quiet. Some days it feels like progress. Other days it feels like you've gone backward.

Healing is not linear—and God is not confused by that. Healing does not require forgetting. It requires acknowledging. And inviting God into the ache. It means allowing yourself to feel without shame. To remember without breaking. To honor what was lost without losing yourself in it. Grief and gratitude can exist in the same space. So can sorrow and hope. You can miss what was and still trust God with what is. And maybe one of the most sacred truths about grief is this—it is evidence that something mattered deeply. That love existed. That connection was real. God doesn't ask you to silence that love. He meets you in it.

So if your heart feels heavy...
if the ache still lingers...
if the loss still speaks...
You are not weak.
You are human.
You are loved.
And you are not walking through it alone.

Reflection Questions

- Are you still condemning yourself for something forgiven?
- Do you struggle to accept grace?
- What would freedom from condemnation look like?

Prayer

Lord, meet me in my grief. Show me that grieving is a process, that it can take time, but that You're there walking with me. Heal what I have buried. Restore what only You can. Amen.

Day Eleven

When Fear Feels Safer Than Faith

For God has not given us a spirit of timidity, but of power and love and discipline. 2 Timothy 1:7

Fear can feel familiar. And what's familiar often feels safe—even when it's destructive. When you grow up in instability, fear becomes a survival mechanism. You learn to read moods quickly. You anticipate explosions. You prepare for worst-case scenarios because that's what kept you safe before. But survival skills do not always translate into healthy adulthood.

Fear taught me to stay quiet.
Fear taught me to tolerate.
Fear taught me to brace for impact.
And for a while, those things helped me survive.

But what once protected me eventually started to confine me. Fear is loud. It demands attention. It convinces you that control equals safety. But fear is not from God. 2 Timothy 1:7 makes that clear. Fear may feel protective, but it is not divine. God gives power, love, and a sound mind. Power means you are not helpless. Love means you are not abandoned. A sound mind means you are not losing control.

Fear says, "Brace yourself."
Faith says, "Trust Me."
Fear rehearses disaster.
Faith remembers God's track record.
Fear scans for danger even when there isn't any.
Faith rests in truth even when circumstances feel uncertain.

Sometimes we cling to fear because trusting feels riskier. If I expect the worst, maybe it won't hurt as much when it happens. But that mindset keeps you emotionally barricaded—guarded not just from pain, but from peace, connection, and joy. Fear builds walls. Faith builds foundation. Healing required me to ask: Am I operating from fear or from faith? And sometimes the honest answer was... both. Because healing is a process of unlearning what kept you alive and learning what will help you live.

Fear isolates.
Faith connects.
Fear shrinks you.
Faith steadies you.
Fear keeps you hyper-aware of everything that could go wrong.
Faith gently reminds you of everything God has already brought you through.

Day Eleven

God does not shame you for feeling afraid. But He does invite you out of it. He meets you in your fear—but He doesn't leave you there. He speaks into it. He walks with you through it. He replaces it, little by little, with trust. And trust doesn't always feel bold.

Sometimes it looks like taking one small step without knowing the outcome. Sometimes it looks like choosing peace when your mind wants to spiral. Sometimes it looks like telling yourself the truth when fear is screaming lies. You do not have to live braced for the next blow. You are not that version of yourself anymore. You can live anchored.

Anchored in truth.
Anchored in identity.
Anchored in a God who is not unpredictable, not unsafe, not distant.

The same awareness that once kept you alert can now be transformed into discernment. The same strength that helped you endure can now help you stand. You don't have to abandon everything you learned—you just have to let God redeem it. Fear may have been your language for a season. But it does not have to be your future.

You are allowed to exhale.
You are allowed to feel safe.
You are allowed to live—not just survive.

Reflection Questions

- Where does fear still drive your decisions?
- What would operating from faith look like instead?
- Are you willing to release control?

Prayer

Lord, fear has shaped too many of my reactions, so many that they play out in my mind. Teach me to trust You rather than bracing for disaster with each thought. Replace fear and anxiety with Your steady presence. Amen.

Day Twelve

Shame Is Not Your Name

They looked to Him and were radiant, and their faces will never be ashamed. Psalm 34:5

Shame is different from guilt.

Guilt says, "I did something wrong."

Shame says, "I am something wrong."

Guilt points to behavior.

Shame attacks identity.

Shame attaches who you are to what you've done—or what has been done to you.

It blurs the line between your story and your worth until you can no longer tell the difference. If you've experienced abuse, abortion, addiction, infertility, anger, loss, or depression—shame tries to define you by those chapters. It reduces a complex, God-written story into a single painful label. But Psalm 34 says those who look to Him are radiant, not covered in shame. Radiant is not a word we associate with broken stories. But redemption transforms. Radiance doesn't mean your past disappears. It means it no longer has the power to dim who you are becoming.

Shame thrives in secrecy. It whispers, "Don't tell anyone." It isolates. It convinces you that if people really knew, they would leave. So you hide. You edit your story. You carry the weight alone. But what grows in the dark begins to lose its power in the light. Jesus was not intimidated by shame. He never stepped back from it—He stepped toward it. He met the woman at the well in broad daylight. He defended the woman caught in adultery. He restored Peter publicly after his denial. He didn't expose people to humiliate them. He revealed them to restore them. Shame loses power when exposed to grace.

Because grace does not flinch at your story. It doesn't recoil. It doesn't withdraw. It moves closer. The cross did not cover your sin halfway. It covered it completely. There is no hidden clause. No exception list. No fine print.

You are not the worst decision you made.

You are not the trauma you endured.

You are not the diagnosis you received.

You are not what was spoken over you in anger.

You are not what someone else failed to give you.

Shame says, "Stay hidden."

Grace says, "Come into the light."

Shame says, "You'll never change."

Grace says, "You are already being made new."

Day Twelve

And sometimes the hardest part isn't believing that God forgives you—it's believing that you are allowed to live free because of it. Shame will try to follow you, even into healing. It will remind you of who you used to be. It will try to convince you that freedom is temporary. But freedom in Christ is not fragile. It is finished.

You don't have to carry what Jesus already carried.
You don't have to wear what He already removed.
Shame is loud.
But grace is louder.
And grace doesn't just silence shame—it replaces it with truth.

You are seen.
You are forgiven.
You are restored.
You are not disqualified.
You are radiant.

Reflection Questions

- What part of your story still carries shame?
- Have you separated what you did from who you are?
- What would it look like to live unashamed?

Prayer

Jesus, remind me on those days when my past comes creeping up, that I'm not who I use to be. I don't have to feel the shame of what has been done to me but at the same time, I don't have to carry the guilt of the things I've done. You have forgiven me. My identity is, I'm the daughter of a king, King Jesus. Amen.

Day Thirteen

God Was There

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

There were moments I didn't feel God. Hospital rooms. Courtrooms. Quiet bedrooms filled with tears. Silence can feel like absence. Like prayers are hitting the ceiling and falling back down. Like heaven is quiet when your heart is the loudest it's ever been. But Psalm 23 does not promise we avoid valleys. It promises we do not walk them alone.

Even though.
Those two words matter.
Even though it hurt.
Even though it was unfair.
Even though it lasted longer than I wanted.
He was there.
Even though I questioned.
Even though I doubted.
Even though I felt forgotten.
He was still there.

Your emotions do not measure God's presence. He is not absent because you didn't feel Him. Feelings shift. Truth does not. Sometimes He is closest when you feel least aware. Not because He moved—but because pain can be so loud it drowns out everything else. But His presence is steady. Consistent. Unchanging. He is the God who stays. Looking back, I see fingerprints. Protection when I should have been destroyed. Provision when we had nothing. Strength when I had none. People who showed up at the right time. Doors that opened when everything else was closing. Moments I made it through that I know I couldn't have on my own. At the time, it just felt like survival. Now I see it was sustaining grace. You may not see it in the moment. Valleys rarely offer clear perspective while you're in them. Sometimes all you can do is take the next step. Breathe the next breath. Make it through the next hour. And that's enough. Faith doesn't always look like confidence. Sometimes it looks like continuing—without answers, without clarity, without feeling. But you are not continuing alone. God is not pacing outside your pain waiting for you to come out of it.

He walks with you through it.
He is in the waiting room.
He is in the silence.
He is in the questions you don't know how to ask.
And even when you don't feel held—you are.
Even when you don't hear Him—He is speaking in ways you will only understand later. Because one day, you will look back and see what you couldn't see then. You will notice the moments you were carried. The ways you were kept. The quiet miracles that held you together. And you will recognize—He never left. Not once.

Reflection Questions

- Where did you feel most alone?
- Can you now see evidence of God's presence?
- What valley are you currently walking?

Prayer

God, help me trust that You are present even when I feel alone. Take away the loneliness, the emptiness that can feel like You are not there. I know You are always with me. Amen.

Day Fourteen

Waiting Without Losing Hope

Yet those who wait for the Lord will gain new strength; they will mount up with wings like eagles, they will run and not get tired, they will walk and not become weary. Isaiah 40:31

Waiting is hard.

Waiting for healing.

Waiting for justice.

Waiting for pregnancy.

Waiting for remission.

Waiting can feel like inactivity.

Like you're stuck while everything else moves forward. Like your life is paused while others are progressing. It can feel like silence, like delay, like unanswered questions. But in Scripture, waiting is not passive. It is active trust. It is choosing to believe when you cannot see. It is remaining when you feel like giving up. It is holding on when the outcome is uncertain. Joseph waited. In betrayal. In prison. In obscurity. David waited. Anointed as king, yet hunted and hidden. Hannah waited. Year after year, carrying silent grief. Their waiting was not wasted. It was forming them. Waiting does not mean God is inactive. It means He is working in ways you cannot see.

He is aligning what you don't understand.

He is strengthening what you didn't know was weak.

He is preparing you for what you've been praying for.

Because sometimes the answer isn't delayed—it's being developed. Strength is renewed in waiting—not after it. In the middle of it, something is happening within you. Your endurance grows. Your faith deepens. Your dependence shifts from outcomes to God Himself. Waiting stretches you. But it also roots you. Hope does not mean ignoring reality. It means believing reality is not final. It means acknowledging the pain, the delay, the unanswered questions—and still choosing to trust that God is not finished.

Waiting often confronts us with what we truly believe. Do we trust God only when things move quickly? Or do we trust Him when things feel still? Because stillness is not the absence of movement—it is often the place of unseen work. God is not rushed. He is not late. He is intentional. And while you are waiting for the promise, He is working on the person who will carry it.

If you are in a waiting season, you are not forgotten.

You are not overlooked.

You are not behind.

You are being prepared.

Prepared for what you asked for.

Prepared for what you didn't even know to ask for.

Prepared for a version of your life that requires a stronger, steadier you.

So don't rush the process. Don't despise the waiting. Because what feels like a pause may actually be God positioning everything into place. And one day, you will see—the waiting was not empty. It was full of purpose.

Reflection Questions

- What are you currently waiting for?
- Has waiting made you bitter or stronger?
- What might God be shaping in you during this season?

Prayer

Lord, help me wait without losing hope. Strengthen me in the process. Show me that my timing is not Your timing. Prepare my heart and my mind. Amen.

Day Fifteen

The Battle in Your Mind

We are destroying speculations and every lofty thing raised up against the knowledge of God, and we are taking every thought captive to the obedience of Christ. 2 Corinthians 10:5

Your mind is a battlefield. Negative thoughts do not drift randomly. They build patterns. They dig trenches. They become strongholds. “You’ll never change.” “This will never heal.” “You’re too broken.” Left unchecked, those thoughts don’t just visit—they settle. They begin to sound like your own voice. They start to feel like truth. But not every thought deserves agreement. Taking thoughts captive means interrogating them. Is this true? Is this from God? Is this helpful?

And sometimes you have to go even deeper—What is this thought trying to produce in me? Fear? Shame? Hopelessness? Because God’s voice may convict, but it never condemns. It never strips you of hope.

You do not have to believe everything you think. Just because a thought is loud does not mean it is accurate. Just because it is familiar does not mean it is true. The mind will replay what it has rehearsed. So if lies have been repeated long enough, they begin to feel natural. That’s why renewing your mind is not instant. It is intentional. It is repetition. Truth over and over again. Even when it feels unnatural. Even when your emotions don’t agree yet. It looks like catching a lie mid-sentence and replacing it. It looks like choosing truth when your feelings are pulling the other direction. It looks like speaking life where your mind has been speaking defeat.

“You’ll never change” becomes

“God is still working in me.”

“This will never heal” becomes

“He is a God who restores.”

“You’re too broken” becomes

“I am being made whole.”

At first, it may feel like resistance. Like you’re fighting your own mind—because you are. But over time, something shifts. New pathways are formed. Old strongholds begin to weaken. Truth starts to feel more familiar than lies. Renewing your mind is daily work. Sometimes moment-by-moment work. Because the battle isn’t just what happened to you—it’s what continues to speak to you. Your thoughts shape your future more than your past does. Your past may explain where you’ve been. But your thoughts influence where you’re going. If your thoughts are rooted in fear, you will move cautiously. If they are rooted in shame, you will move hesitantly. But if they are rooted in truth, you will move with clarity and strength. You cannot always control what thoughts enter your mind. But you can choose which ones you entertain. You are not powerless here. You have authority over your agreement. You have the ability to redirect your focus. You have access to truth. And little by little, as you choose truth again and again—the battlefield begins to quiet. Not because the enemy stopped speaking, but because you stopped agreeing.

Reflection Questions

- What recurring thought needs confronting?
- What Scripture counters it?
- Are you actively renewing your mind?

Prayer

Jesus, help me discipline my thoughts. Teach me to replace lies with truth. Our minds can be a dangerous place; it can lead us to keep entertaining unjust thoughts, so much so that we begin to believe. Quiet the battlefield with Your word. Amen.

Day Sixteen

Healing Is a Process

For I am confident of this very thing, that He who began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Christ Jesus.
Philippians 1:6

Healing is rarely immediate. Sometimes it arrives quietly, unfolding with gentle grace. Other times, it crashes in like a wave—raw, loud, and full of rage. It doesn't come at convenient moments. More often, it finds you when you feel completely undone—like a tangled ball of yarn you don't even know how to begin unraveling. There were days I felt strong. And days I felt like I was falling apart all over again.

Progress is not linear. It twists. It pauses. It leads you back to places you were sure you had already left behind. There are moments when old wounds whisper again, when triggers surface without warning, when you wonder if anything has really changed at all.

But even there, God is working. God does not abandon projects halfway. He finishes what He starts. Even when you cannot see movement, He is restoring what was broken, strengthening what feels weak, and redeeming what once hurt you. Growth often looks like quiet endurance. Like choosing to try again. Like getting up when it would be easier to stay down.

Be patient with your process.

You are not behind.
You are not failing.
You are not forgotten.
You are being shaped in places no one else can see.
You are being refined, not rushed.

What feels slow is often sacred.

You are becoming.

Reflection Questions

- Where have you expected instant healing?
- What progress have you overlooked?
- Can you trust God with the timeline?

Prayer

Lord, thank You for not giving up on me, even when I give up on myself. Help me trust the process. Amen.

Day Seventeen

When God Feels Silent

Cease striving and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth. Psalm 46:10

Silence tests faith. We prefer clear answers. Audible direction. Immediate relief. We want confirmation, clarity, something we can hold onto. We want to know what God is doing—and when. But silence does not mean absence. It does not mean neglect. It does not mean God has turned away. Sometimes silence deepens trust.

Because when there are no answers to lean on, you learn to lean on Him. Faith grows when certainty shrinks. Not when everything makes sense—but when it doesn't, and you choose to trust anyway. Silence stretches you. It reveals what you rely on. It exposes whether your faith is rooted in outcomes or in God Himself. God is not ignoring you. He is forming you.

Forming patience where there used to be urgency.
Forming endurance where there used to be escape.
Forming depth where there used to be dependence on quick answers.

Silence is uncomfortable because it requires surrender. You can't force clarity. You can't manufacture direction. You have to wait—and trust. And waiting without answers can feel like vulnerability. Like you're walking without a map. Like you're being asked to move forward without seeing the path. But God has never required full understanding—only trust. Some of the most profound growth happens in quiet seasons. Not because nothing is happening—but because everything is happening beneath the surface.

Roots grow in silence. Strength develops in hidden places. You may not feel progress, but formation is taking place. Silence is not God withholding. It is often God's invitation. Inviting you closer. Inviting you deeper. Inviting you into a relationship that is not dependent on constant reassurance. Because if He answered every question immediately, you might trust the answers more than you trust Him. So in the silence—when prayers feel unanswered, when direction feels unclear, when heaven feels quiet—

Stay.
Stay in faith.
Stay in trust.
Stay in relationship.

Because silence is not the end of the conversation. It is often where God is speaking the deepest—in ways your heart will understand before your mind does. And one day, what felt like silence will reveal itself as shaping. He was not ignoring you. He was forming you.

Reflection Questions

- Where do you feel silence right now?
- How do you respond to it?
- Can you trust even without clarity?

Prayer

Father, teach me to trust You in silence, teach me patience and endurance. Show me that silence can be good and that I am growing in those silent moments. Speak to me as only You can. Amen.

Day Eighteen

Identity Over Performance

and a voice came out of the heavens; "You are My beloved Son, in You I am well-pleased." Mark 1:11

God called Jesus beloved before ministry began. Before miracles. Before sermons. Before crowds gathered or lives were changed. Beloved is identity, not achievement. It was spoken in stillness, not in performance. In relationship, not in results. You do not earn beloved. You are it. And that changes everything. Because if you believe you have to earn it, you will spend your life striving.

Trying to prove.
Trying to measure up.
Trying to become something God has already declared you to be.

Performance says, "Do more to be loved."
God says, "You are loved—now live from it."

Stop performing for approval. You already have it. You don't have to exhaust yourself trying to be enough. You don't have to chase validation from people who cannot define your worth. You don't have to carry the pressure of proving your value. Approval is not your assignment. Identity is your foundation. When you know you are beloved, you don't work for love, you work from it. You don't serve to be seen, you serve because you are already known. You don't strive to be accepted, you live as someone who already is. Beloved doesn't mean perfect. It doesn't mean you won't struggle, fail, or have moments of doubt. It means your position does not change when your performance does.

On your best day—beloved.
On your worst day—still beloved.
Nothing you do adds to it.
Nothing you fail to do takes it away.
And that kind of love frees you.

It quiets comparison.
It silences insecurity.
It breaks the cycle of needing constant affirmation.

Because when God has already spoken over you, no other voice gets to define you. So instead of asking, "Am I enough?" you begin to live from the truth—"I am already loved." And from that place, you can finally rest.

Rest in who you are.
Rest in whose you are.
Rest in the truth that you were never meant to earn what was freely given.

Reflection Questions

- Do you tie worth to productivity?
- What would resting in identity look like?
- Who are you without performance?

Prayer

Lord, thank you for loving me and accepting me as I am. Thank you for not requiring approval because you accept me as I am. You love me willingly and I You, there is no earning my identity. You're the very foundation that I am building my life on. On my best day and on my worst day, I am still Your beloved. Amen

Day Nineteen

Generational Patterns Can End

Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things passed away; behold, new things have come.
2 Corinthians 5:17

You may have inherited dysfunction. But you do not have to pass it on. Cycles can stop. Anger. Addiction. Manipulation. Emotional absence. Silence where there should have been safety. Control where there should have been care. What was modeled to you does not have to be repeated through you. In Christ, you are not bound to repetition. You are not doomed to become what you came from. You can choose differently. And sometimes that choice feels unfamiliar. Because healthy can feel foreign when dysfunction was normal. Peace can feel uncomfortable when chaos is what you've known. But unfamiliar does not mean wrong.

It often means healing. New creation means new direction. Not just a new label—but a new way of living. It means you pause where others reacted. You speak where others stayed silent. You set boundaries where others tolerated. You love without losing yourself. Breaking cycles is not easy. It requires awareness. It requires intentionality. It requires courage. Because you will feel the pull of what is familiar. You will feel the urge to respond the way you were taught. You will hear the echoes of old patterns whisper, "This is just who you are." But it's not. It may be what you learned, but it is not who you are becoming.

You are allowed to rewrite what was handed to you. You are allowed to build what you have never seen. You are allowed to create a different legacy. And maybe the most powerful part—it may start with you.

One decision.
One boundary.
One moment of choosing differently.

That's how cycles break. Not all at once, but one intentional step at a time. God does not just save you from your past, He empowers you to transform your future. So where there was anger, He teaches gentleness. Where there was addiction, He builds freedom. Where there was manipulation, He forms integrity. Where there was absence, He cultivates presence.

You are not repeating history.
You are rewriting it.

And what once flowed through generations can stop with you. Because in Christ, you are not just changed, you are free.

Reflection Questions

- What pattern needs to end with you?
- What will it take to break it?
- Who benefits when you do?

Prayer

Jesus, help me break generational patterns, let it end with me. Show me a new direction in the ways You would have me go. Remove dysfunction from my normal. Make me new in every way. Amen.

Day Twenty

Your Pain Has Purpose

And we know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose. Romans 8:28

Not all things are good. But God works through them. He does not call evil good. He redeems it. He steps into what was meant to harm and begins to reshape it for purpose. Your pain is not wasted. Even the parts you wish never happened. Even the chapters you would erase if you could. Even the moments that still ache when you remember them. God does not overlook those places, He enters them. He weaves what feels broken into something meaningful. Not always quickly. Not always in ways you expect. But always with intention.

It may become someone else's lifeline. Because there is a language that only someone who has walked through it can speak. There is a credibility that comes from lived experience. There is a depth of compassion that cannot be manufactured. Your story may be the very thing that helps someone else breathe again. Testimony is pain redeemed. It is not the denial of what happened, it is the declaration of what God did in the middle of it. It says, "This hurt me, but it did not finish me." It says, "God met me there, and I am still here."

You are not what happened to you.
You are who God is shaping you into.
Your past may explain your wounds, but it does not define your identity.

And nothing—
not abuse,
not infertility,
not cancer,
not loss,
disqualifies you from purpose. If anything, it deepens it. Because the places you've been broken are often the places God uses most powerfully. Not because He caused the pain, but because He refuses to let it be the end of your story. It qualifies you to comfort others. To sit with someone in their darkest moment and say, "I understand." To offer hope that is not theoretical, but lived. To remind someone that healing is possible, that God is present, that this is not the end. Your scars are not signs of disqualification. They are evidence of survival. Evidence of healing. Evidence that God was at work, even when it didn't feel like it. And one day, what you walked through will become part of what you stand on.

Not as a reminder of what broke you, but as a testimony of what God rebuilt. Nothing is wasted in His hands.

Reflection Questions

- Where might God use your story?
- What pain could become testimony?
- Are you willing to let Him redeem it?

Prayer

Father, redeem my pain. Use it for Your glory and someone else's healing. I know my pain had purpose; I know this now, and I praise You for the people who will heal from their pain. Amen.

Day Twenty-One

Trusting God With What You Cannot Control

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and do not lean on your own understanding. Proverbs 3:5

Control can feel like safety. When you've lived through chaos—abuse, instability, medical diagnoses, betrayal—control becomes your coping mechanism. You organize. You plan. You anticipate. You try to manage outcomes so you're never blindsided again. But control is exhausting. It gives the illusion of security while quietly feeding anxiety.

There were seasons in my life when I tried to control everything—pregnancies, outcomes, relationships, perceptions. If I could just manage it well enough, maybe I wouldn't get hurt again. But Proverbs reminds us not to lean on our own understanding. That verse doesn't dismiss intelligence. It addresses dependence. Leaning implies weight.

What are you putting your weight on?
Your ability to fix it?
Your ability to predict it?
Your ability to prevent it?
Or God?

Trusting God is not passive. It is intentional surrender. It is saying, "I will do my part, but I release the outcome." That is difficult when you have experienced loss. Because if you've lost before, surrender feels dangerous. But control has never guaranteed protection. God does not ask you to understand everything. He asks you to trust Him.

Trust grows in small increments.

One prayer.
One surrendered fear.
One honest confession.

You don't have to release everything at once. Just the next thing.

Reflection Questions

- Where are you trying to control outcomes?
- What fear sits underneath that control?
- What would surrender look like today?

Prayer

Father, I am tired of carrying what belongs to You. Teach me to trust instead of control and show me that I am not in control. Help me release outcomes into Your hands. Let me let it go and not try to take it back. Amen.

Day Twenty-Two

The Weight of Bitterness

See to it that no one comes short of the grace of God; that no root of bitterness springing up causes trouble, and by it many be defiled; Hebrews 12:15

Bitterness feels justified. It says, "You deserve to be angry." And sometimes you do. But bitterness is not the same as righteous anger. Anger can alert you to injustice. It can signal that something was wrong, that a boundary was crossed, that harm was done. Righteous anger moves you toward clarity and, at times, toward action. But bitterness lingers. It settles in. It doesn't just visit, it takes residence.

Bitterness attaches to your identity. It seeps into tone. It alters relationships. It distorts perception. It begins to color how you see people, how you interpret words, how you respond to situations that aren't even connected to the original hurt. The verse says a bitter root defiles many. It rarely stays contained. It spills into marriage. Parenting. Friendships. Into conversations that had nothing to do with the original wound. Into reactions that feel bigger than the moment. I didn't realize how much bitterness I carried until I saw it surface in moments that didn't warrant that level of reaction. A small comment felt like an attack. A minor disagreement felt like rejection. Unresolved pain was speaking.

Bitterness convinces you that holding onto resentment keeps you strong. That if you let it go, you're letting them "win." That releasing it means minimizing what happened. But that's not true. Bitterness doesn't protect you, it binds you. It keeps you tied to the moment, tied to the person, tied to the pain. It keeps replaying what happened, keeping the wound open instead of allowing it to heal. Forgiveness is not excusing behavior. It is choosing freedom. It is saying, "What happened mattered—but it will not control me anymore." It is releasing the right to revenge and entrusting justice to God.

You may never receive an apology.
You may never see remorse.
You may never hear them acknowledge the damage they caused.
But you can still release the weight.

Because your healing cannot be dependent on someone else's awareness. Your freedom cannot be tied to their response. Freedom is not dependent on their repentance. It is dependent on your decision. And sometimes that decision has to be made again and again. Because bitterness tries to resurface. It tries to remind you. It tries to pull you back into old patterns of thinking and feeling. But every time you choose to release instead of rehearse, you loosen its grip. You don't have to deny the pain. You don't have to pretend it didn't affect you. But you also don't have to carry it forever.

There is a difference between remembering and remaining. You can remember what happened without remaining bound to it. And when you finally let go, not because they deserved it, but because you need freedom—You begin to feel something shift. Lighter. Clearer. Free. Because what you release no longer has the power to define you.

Reflection Questions

- Where has bitterness influenced your behavior?
- What would forgiveness free you from?
- Are you ready to loosen your grip?

Prayer

Lord, uproot bitterness from my heart. I don't want pain shaping my future. Teach me to forgive without minimizing what happened. Amen.

Day Twenty-Three

When the Diagnosis Changes Everything

The Lord is my light and my salvation; Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the defense of my life; Whom shall I dread?
Psalm 27:1

Nothing quiets a room like the word cancer. Diagnosis has a way of shrinking your world. Appointments. Waiting rooms. Statistics. Treatment plans. Time feels different. Normal feels distant. Everything becomes measured by days, by results, by outcomes you cannot control. Fear tries to take over. What will happen to my family? What if this is the end? What if I don't survive? What if life never looks the same again?

What if?

Health struggles can shake faith. You may ask why God allowed it. Questions you never thought you'd ask, begin to surface. Prayers feel more urgent. Silence feels louder. Psalm 27 asks, "Whom shall I fear?" That question is not denial. It is perspective. It does not pretend that the diagnosis isn't real. It places something greater beside it. Fear loses power when God's presence is magnified. Not removed, but reduced. Not erased, but put in its proper place. That does not mean you won't feel afraid. It means fear does not get final authority. Your diagnosis is real. But so is your Defender. Your body may be under attack, but your soul is held secure.

God's presence in sickness does not always mean instant healing. Sometimes it means supernatural endurance. Sometimes it means unexpected peace. Sometimes it means testimony. And sometimes it means a miracle. And sometimes...it means strength for the next step. Grace for the next appointment. Courage for the next conversation. Because healing is not always immediate, but God is always present. He is in the scan results. He is in the doctor's voice. He is in the moments you feel strong, and in the moments you feel undone. He is not intimidated by your fear. He is not distant from your questions. He is not absent from your pain. Even here, He is with you. And while you may not control the outcome, you are not without hope. Hope does not deny reality. It anchors you in something greater than it.

So, when fear rises, and it will, you remind your soul: God is here, God is near, and God is still God. Regardless of the report. Regardless of the timeline. Regardless of what tomorrow holds. You are not alone in the hospital room. Not in the waiting. Not in the uncertainty. Not in the fight. And even now, you are being held.

Reflection Questions

- What diagnosis or fear still lingers?
- Where did you see God's faithfulness during that season?
- What would it look like to trust Him with your health?

Prayer

God, in every diagnosis and uncertainty, be my light. Help me trust You even when outcomes feel unknown. My test is a testimony for Your message whether it is good or bad. Amen.

Day Twenty-Four

Grief That Returns

For His anger is but for a moment, His favor is for a lifetime; Weeping may last for the night, but a shout of joy comes in the morning. Psalm 30:5

Grief is not linear; it revisits. Certain dates, certain songs, certain smells. Moments you didn't expect can suddenly feel heavy. A memory you thought had softened can feel sharp again. Grief does not follow a schedule. Loss doesn't disappear. It changes form. At first, it may feel overwhelming—like waves crashing one after another. Later, it may come more quietly. A subtle ache. A pause in your spirit. A reminder that something mattered deeply.

There were years when the grief of miscarriage and abortion would resurface unexpectedly. A pregnant woman in the grocery store. A baby cry, a birthday. Moments that seemed ordinary to others carried weight for me. Grief returned in waves. And sometimes those waves felt confusing. I thought I had already worked through this. Why does it still hurt like this? That does not mean you are failing. It means you loved. Grief is not a sign of weakness. It is evidence of attachment. Of hope, of something real. Joy coming in the morning does not mean the night was short. It means it was not permanent. Some nights feel long, some seasons stretch further than you expected. But morning still comes, not because the night wasn't hard, but because it doesn't last forever.

You can hold grief and hope at the same time.
You can smile and still feel a quiet ache.
You can move forward without leaving everything behind.
You can experience joy without betraying what you lost.
You can miss what was lost and still embrace what is present.
Both can coexist.
Both are valid.
Both are part of healing.

Healing does not require forgetting. It requires surrendering the pain to God repeatedly. Not once. But as many times as it resurfaces. Because grief has a way of circling back, and each time it does, you have another opportunity to place it in God's hands again.
Sometimes surrender looks like tears.
Sometimes it looks like prayer without words.
Sometimes it looks like simply acknowledging, "This still hurts."

And God does not grow tired of that process. He does not rush you past it. He meets you in it, every time. Grief may revisit, but it does not have to reclaim you. Because while the loss remains part of your story, it is not the end of it. And little by little, wave by wave, you learn this:

You are not drowning.
You are learning how to carry both—what was lost and what still is.

Reflection Questions

- What loss still revisits you?
- Do you allow yourself to grieve fully?
- How can you invite God into those returning waves?

Prayer

Lord, sit with me in my grief. When it resurfaces, remind me You are still near. Amen.

Day Twenty-Five

You Survived for a Reason

I will not die, but live, and tell of the works of the Lord. Psalm 118:17

There were moments in my life when survival itself felt uncertain. Abuse. Depression. Cancer. Suicidal thoughts. Moments where the weight felt too heavy. Where the future felt unclear, where simply making it through the day felt like a victory. But I am still here. And so are you.

That matters more than you realize. Because survival is not random. It may have felt fragile. It may have felt like you were barely holding on. But you were being held, even when you didn't know it. You survived because your story is not finished. There is still purpose in your breath. Still meaning in your existence. Still impact in your voice. The enemy tried to silence you.

Through pain.

Through fear.

Through exhaustion.

Through thoughts that told you it would be easier to give up.

But you are still breathing.

Still walking.

Still testifying.

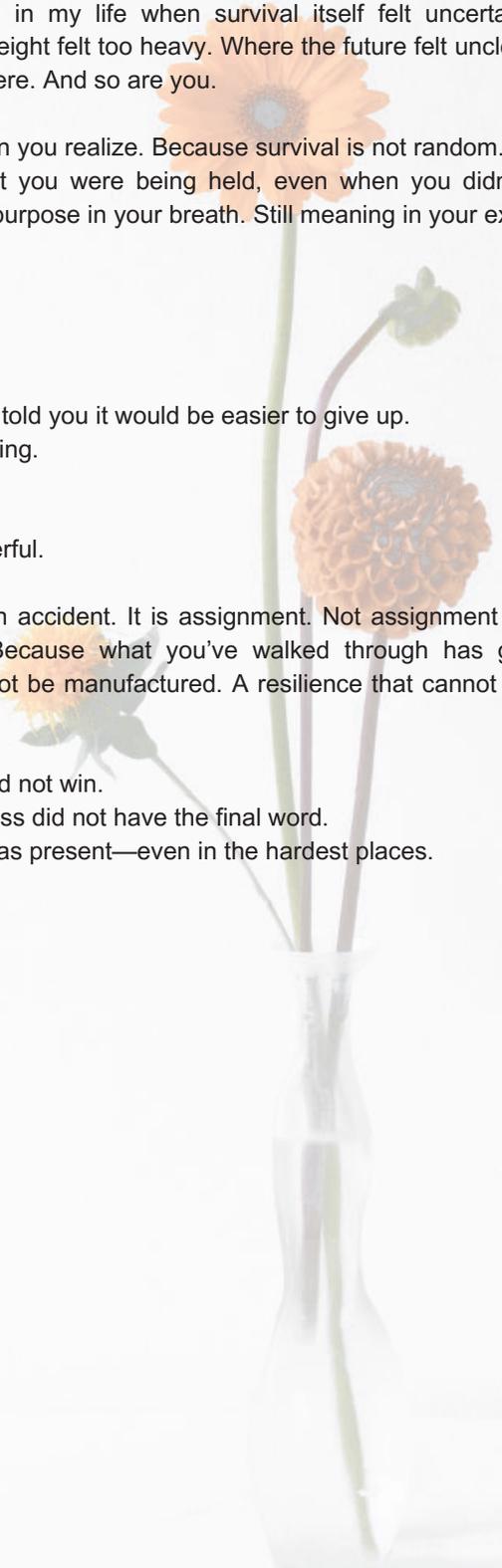
And that alone is powerful.

Your survival is not an accident. It is assignment. Not assignment in a heavy, pressure-filled way, but in a purposeful, God-designed way. Because what you've walked through has given you a perspective that cannot be taught. A compassion that cannot be manufactured. A resilience that cannot be faked. You are not alive merely to exist. You are alive to declare.

To declare that pain did not win.

To declare that darkness did not have the final word.

To declare that God was present—even in the hardest places.



Day Twenty-Five

Your story could become someone else's breakthrough. Because there is someone who feels like you once felt. Someone standing where you once stood. Someone wondering if they will make it through. And your life, your survival, becomes proof that it is possible.

Proof that you can endure.

Proof that you can heal.

Proof that God still moves in the middle of broken places.

The chapters that almost took you out may become the very chapters that help someone else stay. You don't have to have it all figured out. You don't have to have perfect words.

Sometimes your presence alone speaks.

Sometimes your honesty becomes the bridge.

Sometimes your "I made it through" is enough.

You are still here for a reason. Not by chance. Not by luck. By purpose. So don't minimize your survival. Don't overlook what it took for you to still be standing. Because every breath you take is evidence that God is not finished with you. And what once felt like the end may actually be the beginning of everything He wants to do through you.

Reflection Questions

- What did you survive that could have destroyed you?
- Have you considered that survival as purpose?
- Who needs to hear your story?

Prayer

God, thank You for keeping me alive. It was always in Your plan, You have a purpose for me. Show me how to use my survival for Your glory. Amen.

Day Twenty-Six

Rebuilding After Destruction

“Then I will make up to you for the years that the swarming locust has eaten, the creeping locust, the stripping locust and the gnawing locust, My great army which I sent among you.” Joel 2:25

There are seasons that feel stolen. Years lost to addiction. Fear. Trauma. Sickness. Time you can't get back. Moments you wish had been different. Chapters that feel like they took more than they gave. It can feel unfair. Like something was taken from you that should have been yours. Joel speaks of restoration. Not replacement, restoration. Not pretending it didn't happen. Not erasing the years. But redeeming them. God does not ignore what was lost. He sees it. He acknowledges it. He cares about it more than you know. And He redeems it.

Restoration may not look like going backward. It may look like unexpected blessing forward. Because God does not rewind time, He reworks it. He takes what feels wasted and weaves it into something meaningful. He restores in ways that don't always mirror what was lost, but often exceed what you could have imagined. What you lost may not return in the same form, but God has a way of bringing beauty out of what felt barren. He restores joy where there was sorrow. Purpose where there was pain. Clarity where there was confusion. God wastes nothing. Even your detours. Especially your detours. The places you thought disqualified you often become the very places God uses most. The years you thought were empty were actually forming something within you.

Strength.
Discernment.
Compassion.
Dependence on Him.

Detours may delay the route, but they do not cancel the destination. God is not limited by lost time. He is not rushed by your timeline. He is not hindered by what you've been through. He restores with intention. And sometimes restoration looks like this, peace where there used to be chaos. wisdom where there used to be confusion. freedom where there used to be bondage. Sometimes it looks like becoming someone you never would have become without what you walked through. And that doesn't make the pain good, but it makes redemption powerful.

So if you feel like years were stolen, you are not alone. But you are also not without hope. Because the same God who saw what was lost is the God who restores. Not by taking you back, but by bringing you forward into something purposeful. And one day, you may look at the life you're living and realize, Nothing was wasted.

Reflection Questions

- What years feel stolen?
- Where have you seen unexpected restoration?
- What are you still waiting to see restored?

Prayer

Lord, thank you for restoring what I was destroying. I can't go back in time and change anything, I can't keep hiding from what You're bringing to light. Thank you for mercy, grace and redemption. Amen.

Day Twenty-Seven

Learning to Receive Love

We love, because He first loved us. 1 John 4:19

Receiving love can be harder than giving it. If you grew up questioning worth, affection can feel suspicious. You may push it away. Test it. Doubt it. You may wait for it to change. For it to disappear. For the moment, it proves itself unsafe. Because when love has been inconsistent, your heart learns to guard instead of receive. So, you analyze it. You question motives. You look for cracks. Not because you don't want love, but because you're not sure you can trust it. But God's love is not fragile. It does not withdraw when questioned. It does not shrink when doubted. It does not depend on your ability to fully understand it.

It remains steady, consistent, and unchanging. It is not intimidated by your walls. It is not offended by your hesitation. It is patient with your process. Learning to receive love is part of healing. And it is a process. Because receiving requires vulnerability. It requires letting your guard down, little by little. It requires believing that you are safe, even when that feels unfamiliar.

At first, it may feel uncomfortable, even undeserved. But that discomfort is not a sign that something is wrong; it's a sign that something is new. You are learning in a different way. A way where love is not earned. A way where you don't have to perform to keep it. A way where you can rest instead of striving.

You are not a burden.
You are not too much.
You are not difficult to love.

Those were narratives formed in places that did not reflect God's heart. You are loved. Fully. Completely. Without condition. And as you begin to receive that truth, not just understand it, but accept it, something begins to shift.

You stop chasing what you already have.
You stop settling for less than what you deserve.
You stop questioning what God has already made clear.

Because when you know you are loved, truly loved, you begin to live differently. More freely. More securely. More whole. And what once felt unfamiliar will slowly begin to feel like home.

Reflection Questions

- Do you struggle to receive love?
- What fears surface when someone gets close?
- Can you rest in God's love today?

Prayer

Father, teach me how to receive love without fear. Show me that I am worthy of love, bind the doubt away when I get lost in my thoughts and start to believe them. Amen.

Day Twenty-Eight

Peace That Doesn't Make Sense

And the peace of God, which surpasses all comprehension, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:7

There were moments in crisis when I felt unexplainable calm. Not because everything made sense. Not because the situation was resolved. But because something deeper was holding me steady. That peace was not denial. It was divine. It didn't ignore reality. It didn't pretend the pain wasn't real. It simply refused to let fear take over. God's peace does not require circumstances to improve. It meets you right in the middle of them. In the diagnosis. In the uncertainty. In the waiting. In the questions that don't have answers yet. It guards your heart in the middle of them. Not by removing you from the storm, but by anchoring you within it.

Peace is not the absence of trouble. It is the presence of God. A presence that steadies your thoughts when your mind wants to spiral. A presence that quiets your spirit when everything around you feels loud. It's the kind of peace that doesn't make sense on paper. The kind that causes others to ask, "How are you okay right now?" And the answer is, you may not be okay in your circumstances, but your soul is held.

This kind of peace is not something you create. It's something you receive. It comes from knowing that God is still in control when everything feels out of control. It comes from trusting that even if the outcome is uncertain, His presence is not. Sometimes peace shows up as stillness. Sometimes it shows up as strength to take the next step. Sometimes it shows up as the ability to rest, even when you don't have answers. It doesn't always remove the weight, but it changes how you carry it. Because you're not carrying it alone.

And when fear tries to rise, peace gently reminds you,
God is here.
God is near.
God is enough.
Even now.

Reflection Questions

- When have you experienced unexpected peace?
- What situation needs peace now?
- Are you inviting God into your anxiety?

Prayer

Lord, guard my heart with Your peace. Peace that surpasses all, even when circumstances don't change. Even when it feels so uncertain or feels too loud, You bring peace to my storm. Amen.

Day Thirty

Not a Mistake

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you,” Jeremiah 1:5

Thirty days ago we began with this truth.

You are not a mistake.
Not an accident.
Not a burden.
Not a regret.

You were known before you were born. Before anyone had an opinion. Before anyone spoke words over you—good or harmful. God’s knowledge of you predates every label.

Before trauma.
Before rejection.
Before diagnosis.

You were known.
And you are still known.
Not partially.
Not conditionally.
Fully.

There has never been a moment when your life caught God off guard. Nothing you’ve walked through surprised Him. Nothing you carry has caused Him to reconsider you. Your story did not disqualify you. It shaped you. Every chapter, even the ones you wish were different, has been held in His hands.

Not wasted.
Not overlooked.
Not meaningless.

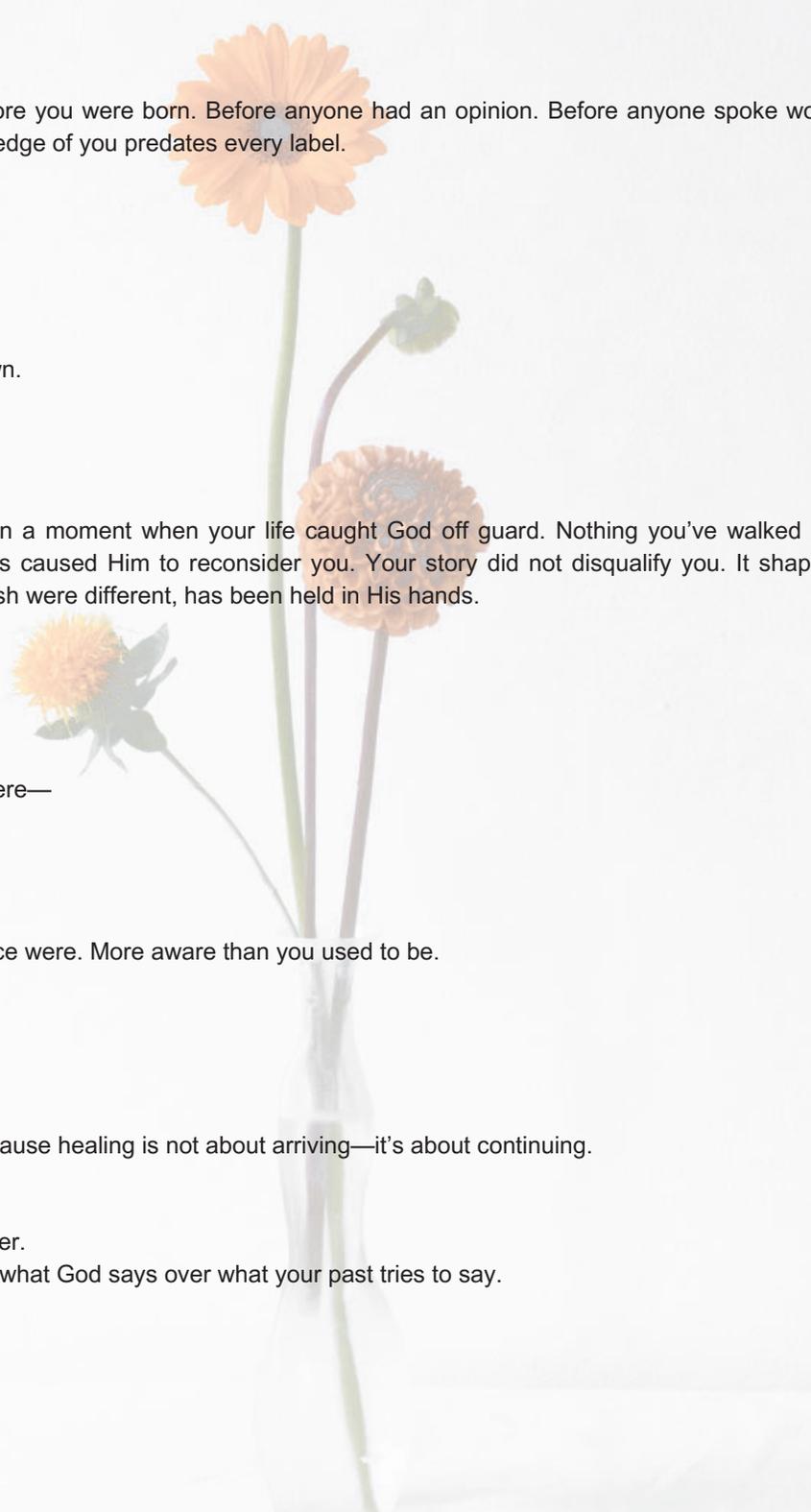
And now you stand here—
not perfect,
not finished,
but redeemed.

Stronger than you once were. More aware than you used to be.

Still healing.
Still growing.
Still becoming.

And that matters. Because healing is not about arriving—it’s about continuing.

Continuing to trust.
Continuing to surrender.
Continuing to believe what God says over what your past tries to say.



Day 30

You are not a mistake. Not because everything went right—but because God was always right there. You are not defined by what was spoken over you. You are defined by what God declared from the beginning.

Chosen.
Known.
Loved.

And even now—in the middle of your journey—there is purpose unfolding.

There are lives you will touch.
There is hope you will carry.
There is light you will bring into places that once felt dark.

You are a miracle in process. Not a finished product—but a living testimony.

A reflection of grace.
A story of redemption.
A life that proves God is still working.

So don't rush the process. Don't question your worth. Don't go back to believing what was never true. Because the same God who formed you is still forming you.

And He does not make mistakes.

Reflection Questions

- Do you believe you are not a mistake?
- What has changed in you over these 30 days?
- What truth will you carry forward?

Prayer

Father, thank you for writing my story. Help me live confidently knowing I was never a mistake. Amen.



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All scripture comes from the NASB95 Bible.

I think this picture is a good start! Meet my husband Charles, he does his best to keep a smile on my face! I'm not what he signed up for, my "baggage" that is.



We lead a happy life on a small farm where we raise chickens and rabbits, along with our 4 dogs, Boomer Boy, Guss Guss, Marley Rae, and Sissy Kae! We have 7 children and currently (I say this because our kids are not done!) 17 (<<<that is not a typo) grandchildren! Life is never dull when you have a family this size. You should see Christmas!

Come with me on this journey of healing, and you'll begin to understand why it takes someone with incredible strength and patience to carry the weight of my "baggage," the way my husband does. Emotional abuse, verbal abuse, and physical abuse are pieces of the past that still leave their marks, creating triggers he walks through with me. Mental health is real. PTSD is real. For years, I believed those were just labels people used to explain things away or make themselves feel better. But I've learned that healing truly begins when you are willing to face the how and the why of your story. When you do, the journey toward freedom can finally start.

So, I ask you—what's in your bag?

~~much love, Rhonda