

# *From Thorns to Roses*

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A READER'S EDITION



*Fushia Rose*

## Dedication

To God,  
who never wasted a single thorn,  
and who taught me that pruning is not punishment,  
but preparation.

To my mother,  
whose prayers have lifted me my entire life,  
who stood beside me as both parent and friend  
when no one else was there.

To my father,  
my closest confidant,  
who taught me Scripture not only with words,  
but with presence.

And to everyone who chose peace when applause was offered,  
obedience when certainty was absent,  
and faith when walking away felt harder than staying.

## Author's Note

I wrote this book now because I finally had the language and the stillness to tell my story.

For many years, my life looked stable, productive, and successful from the outside. Inside, I was learning lessons I did not yet have the words for. Some seasons require endurance before they offer clarity. Others demand obedience before understanding follows. This book comes from the place where those lessons have settled.

From Thorns to Roses is not a manual, a formula, or a story about arriving. It is a reflection on becoming. It is shaped by lived experience and written from the vantage point of where I stand today, with perspective, gratitude, and an unshakable respect for the quiet work that transformation requires.

Faith is present throughout these pages, but it is not offered as instruction or expectation. It is woven gently, as it was in my own life, steady, grounding, and often revealed more through practice than proclamation. My hope is that readers from many backgrounds will find something familiar here, whether that is resilience, loss, courage, or the slow decision to choose peace.

This story is told from my perspective. Out of care and integrity, some details have been softened, unnamed, or left intentionally private. The focus of this book is not to document every event, but to honor the internal work that unfolded alongside them.

If you are reading this during a season of transition, discernment, or quiet rebuilding, I hope these pages meet you with honesty rather than answers, and companionship rather than conclusions. Growth rarely announces itself while it is happening. Often, we only recognize it once we have made it through.

This book exists because of what I lived, what I learned, and who I became along the way.

The roses came later.  
But the thorns did their work.

## Note to the Reader

This book is a memoir shaped by personal experience and reflection. It is written from my perspective and reflects how I remember and understand the seasons described. Out of respect for the privacy of others, certain names, details, and identifying information have been changed or omitted.

The reflections shared here are not intended as advice or instruction, but as an honest account of growth, faith, and becoming. Readers are invited to engage with these pages in their own way and take what resonates with their own journey.

# Chapter One

## Integrity Before Outcome

What do you do when the life you prayed for becomes the one you have to walk away from?

I asked myself that question quietly, sitting at my desk on an otherwise ordinary day. On paper, everything pointed forward. A promotion was within reach. Years of work were being acknowledged. Stability was no longer something I was striving toward; it was something I had earned.

Nothing about the day looked unusual. Work continued. Conversations remained professional. Expectations moved forward as planned. Yet beneath the routine, something in me had shifted.

What I was wrestling with did not live in emails, meetings, or performance reviews. It was internal, a persistent tension between opportunity and integrity, one I could no longer ignore.

I had learned how to manage discomfort. I knew how to perform, adapt, and endure misalignment. But this was different. This was not about resilience. It was about alignment.

I realized the choice in front of me was not between success and failure, but between advancement and peace. Between what looked right and what felt faithful. Once that distinction became clear, confusion lifted, even if certainty did not.

The reckoning had roots.

Integrity had been modeled for me long before it was tested. Faith in my home was lived quietly through prayer, Scripture, and the belief that who you are when no one is watching matters. My mother's prayers covered me consistently. My father taught me faith through presence, praying with intention and trust. Together, they instilled something durable, a sense that approval did not need to be chased and worth was not assigned by titles.

As an adult, I carried those lessons into professional spaces. I learned how to succeed, lead, and deliver results. For a long time, I believed I could balance achievement and alignment seamlessly.

But some moments demand to be honored.

The promotion represented everything I had worked toward. It also required me to acknowledge that moving forward would mean negotiating parts of myself I was not willing to bargain with.

I prayed not for answers, but for honesty. What came was a knowing. Peace had become conditional.

The decision was not dramatic. It was prayerful, measured, and resolute. I chose not to move forward. I chose alignment over advancement. Peace over permission.

What followed was not relief, but steadiness. I had honored something essential.

Integrity, once chosen, has a way of leading you forward.

## Chapter Two

### Obedience Creates Space

After the decision, there was space.

Not the kind that feels immediately freeing, but the kind that requires stillness. Obedience had opened a door I could not yet see through.

I was also single.

For years, I had prayed for alignment in every area of my life, including partnership. I fasted. I committed to devotionals. I asked God not just for marriage, but for discernment. My past relationships had taught me that success could become a source of tension. I had been asked to minimize myself instead of being met fully.

God was not calling me to be less. He was preparing me to be met.

I had a trip planned to visit family for ten days. Once I realized what was happening at work, it became clear that returning immediately to my previous life would require ignoring what God was already confirming. Ten days became a month.

That extension was not avoidance. It was obedience.

Toward the end of that time, I met him. The encounter was simple, grounded, and peaceful. What followed unfolded quickly, but not impulsively. Engagement. Commitment. Marriage.

His last name is Rose.

Only later did I understand the symbolism. What felt like pruning had been preparation. Obedience had created room for what God had already ordained.

Two flowers. Two colors.

Fushia and Rose.

Obedience did not diminish me. It positioned me.

## Chapter Three

### Redirection Is Not Rejection

Returning did not bring clarity. It brought recalibration.

I applied for roles aligned with my experience. I interviewed well. I followed the process. And again and again, I was not selected.

This was new for me.

Historically, doors had opened easily. Now, despite credentials and preparation, they remained closed. I began asking different questions. Not why I was overlooked, but what I was being redirected toward.

Years earlier, I had formed my LLC. I purchased domains, opened accounts, built infrastructure. Every summer, I taught financial literacy and felt the same pull. This mattered. This felt like calling. Yet I stayed frozen, earning hundreds while spending thousands, prepared but hesitant.

What I once called rejection revealed itself as instruction.

The roles I wanted would have anchored me to a version of myself I had already outgrown. God was not withholding opportunity. He was removing distraction.

I was not failing to move forward. I was being positioned to build.

## The Bloom Is Still Ahead

I used to believe that stories ended with arrival.

But growth begins long before it can be seen. Roots deepen quietly. What looks like delay is often development.

The bloom is still ahead.

And that is not a deficiency.

It is a promise.

## Author's Afterword

This book was written in motion.

Not from the safety of arrival, but from the middle of becoming. Many of these pages were shaped while I was still building, still trusting, still learning how to take faithful steps without guarantees.

To my husband, thank you for supporting the vision when it was still forming, for encouraging the work even when the outcomes were uncertain, and for believing in me without requiring explanation or proof. Your presence has been a source of peace, strength, and grounding during a season that demanded all three.

This book carries my story, but it was not written alone.

The story continues.

## What's Next

If this story resonated, it's likely because you are standing in a season of transition too.

This Reader's Edition offers only a portion of the journey. The full story continues in *From Thorns to Roses*, where I explore the long middle of becoming, the courage required to build without certainty, and the faith it takes to move forward when outcomes are still forming.

Much of this work also lives beyond the page through financial literacy education, lectures, and conversations designed to help others navigate transition with clarity and confidence.

This is not the end of the story.  
It's simply where we meet.

— Fushia Rose