

A professional portrait of Torah Mathews, a woman with dark hair, wearing a black blazer over a white top, looking thoughtfully to the right.

TRANSFORMING PAIN INTO POWER

FROM BROKENESS TO WHOLENESS
THROUGH FAITH

A stylized signature of the name "Torah Mathews" in gold, with a small blue cross and a wavy line underneath the signature.

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Dedication

I dedicate *Transforming Pain into Power* to my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ — my Healer, my Restorer, my Redeemer.

All glory and honour belong to You alone. Without Your grace, there would be no story to tell, no strength to write these pages, and no hope to keep walking forward.

My journey to recovery is still unfolding, for healing is not a single moment — it is a walk of faith. Each day reminds me that restoration comes in layers. And yet, in every season — through every storm, in every valley, and on every small mountaintop — Jesus has been my only hope.

His presence has carried me through the darkest nights.

His promises have been my anchor when everything else was shaking.

I have learned that true healing is not about reaching a final destination but about walking daily with the One who heals.

My scars remain — but they no longer define me. They are living testimonies of God's sustaining grace in the middle of the process.

I further dedicate this work to:

- **To my children** — You are my greatest earthly blessing, my reason for persevering when life felt impossible. May you always know that even in the darkest storms, God's love is unshakable and His purpose for you is unchanging. I pray you will walk boldly in the calling He has placed on your lives, never doubting that you were created for such a time as this — who have shared in the pain and setbacks that arose from the trauma we endured. Your love, endurance, and unwavering presence have been a silent strength behind my journey.

- **Every soul who has walked through the fire** — feeling the weight of brokenness pressing in from all sides, yet still choosing, even in weakness, to whisper, “*God, I trust You.*”
- **Those who have been misunderstood, overlooked, or abandoned** — yet dared to believe that their story was not over. This is for you.
- **The silent warriors** — who have fought battles no one else could see, whose scars bear witness to both the pain and the perseverance.

“And He said to me, ‘My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ Therefore, most gladly I will rather boast in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

— *2 Corinthians 12:9 (NIV)*

Preface

This book was not written from a place of comfort or convenience. It was birthed in the middle of loss, devastation, and uncertainty.

These pages carry the rawness of real struggle, but they also carry the undeniable evidence of God’s faithfulness. Life’s battles often leave scars. Some leave us feeling as though we’ve been reduced to ashes. But the God I serve is the God of resurrection — the One who brings beauty from ashes, strength from weakness, and purpose from pain.

My journey is not a neat series of miracle moments tied with a bow. It is a walk of breaking and rebuilding... of weeping and worshipping... of confronting the lies trauma tried to carve into my identity and replacing them with the truth of who I am in Christ.

A Divine Calling

From the very onset of my trauma and throughout this ongoing journey of recovery, God anchored my heart to a promise — one that has carried me through storms I thought would break me:

“No weapon formed against you shall prosper,
And every tongue which rises against you in judgment You shall condemn.
This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord,
And their righteousness is from Me,”
says the Lord. — *Isaiah 54:17 (NKJV)*

This verse is not a promise that we will never face trials, false accusations, or attacks — we most certainly will. But it is God’s assurance that no matter how fierce the battle, the fight against His children is considered a fight against Him. And no one — no spiritual force, no human opposition — can win a battle against the Almighty.

It tells me:

- No attack will ultimately succeed — not physical harm, not financial ruin, not lies spoken in judgment.
- Every false word will be silenced — God Himself will be my vindicator.
- This promise is my heritage — not because of my own righteousness, but because of His.

And in one of my most desperate seasons, the Lord impressed these words on my heart:

“Fear not, as I am with you. Leave your trials at My feet. Be still and know that I am God; testify of what I have done, and how I continue to move in your healing. Trust Me to complete the good work I began in you, so that I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth. Many of My children are walking through darkness — let your testimony be a light

that leads them back to Me, so they too may receive hope, be healed, and have eternal life.”

Why This Story Matters

What the enemy meant for harm, God has used — and is still using — for good.

I share my story not because it is finished, but because God is still writing it.

My prayer is that as you read these words, you will:

- See your pain through the lens of God’s eternal purpose.
- Believe that healing is possible, even in the places that feel beyond repair.
- Know — deep in your spirit — that you are not forgotten, and your story is not over.

This is an invitation to walk with me through the valleys and the victories, the questions and the breakthroughs, and to witness firsthand what happens when we place our broken pieces in the hands of the Master Healer.

Chapter 1 - When the Storm Hits — The Day Everything Changed

A Sudden Collapse No One Saw Coming

It's one thing to face difficulty when you're prepared for it. But what do you do when life collapses without warning?

For years, I had built a stable life — two successful businesses, a corporate career spanning over two decades, and multiple property investments. I was the one other leaned on: the provider, the strategist, the one who always had it together.

Then came the day when it all fell apart. Like a house built on sand, everything I had worked for began to crumble — not slowly, not gradually, but almost overnight.

Stripped of Control, Identity, and Security

In the space of a few months, I lost almost everything. Financial ruin followed by personal betrayal. Dreams I had spent a lifetime building were gone — one foreclosure letter at a time.

I had always prided myself on my ability to think strategically, to navigate challenges, and to adapt quickly. So, I did what needed to be done — I tried to mitigate the damage. But even with all my skill and effort, I was powerless to stop the collapse.

The foundation I thought was solid had been shaken, exposing fault lines I didn't know existed. I was left with questions that haunted me: Who am I without my success? What happens when my strength isn't enough? Where is God in this?

More Than Financial Loss — A Spiritual Earthquake

The pain went deeper than numbers on a page or assets on a balance sheet. It was the stripping away of identity, dignity, and the security I had wrapped myself in.

The shockwaves rippled through every part of my life — emotionally, physically, financially, and spiritually. I found myself unable to sleep, unable to think straight, and at times, unable to breathe under the weight of it all.

This was more than hardship. It was a spiritual earthquake that revealed just how fragile the foundation of my life truly was.

“When the storms of life come, the wicked are whirled away, but the godly have a lasting foundation.” — Proverbs 10:25 (NLV)

The Beginning of a Different Journey

What I didn’t realize at the time was that this collapse, as devastating as it was, would become the doorway to a different kind of journey — one that had less to do with rebuilding wealth and more to do with rediscovering who I was in God.

It would take years before I could see it this way, but in that moment, I was left standing in the rubble, uncertain if anything good could ever come from the ruins of my life.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- When have you faced a moment that stripped away your sense of control?
- How did it challenge your identity, your security, or your faith?
- Where might God be asking you to see beyond the collapse into a new foundation?

Prayer

Lord, I confess that the storms of life have shaken me in ways I didn't expect. I've tried to hold everything together, but I can no longer do this in my own strength. Be my firm foundation when everything else crumbles. Help me trust that what feels like loss can become the ground where You build something lasting.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 2 - The Unseen Battle — What Trauma Really Does to the Mind, Body, and Spirit

The Three Spheres of Healing: Body, Mind, and Spirit

With time I began to understand that the adverse effects of trauma touch three spheres:

- Physiological — the toll on sleep, energy, hormones, immunity; even the body's pain and startle responses.
- Psychological — thoughts, memories, and emotional patterns that keep replaying the pain.
- Spiritual — the wound beneath the wounds; the part that wonders if God still sees you.

At this point, I was prescribed antidepressants. Medication is an important tool — and I was grateful to have access to it. But coping is not the same as healing. Therapy and medicine can stabilize the body and mind; the deepest transformation begins in the spirit.

Trauma Affects More Than Emotions — It Hijacks the Whole Person

Trauma lives in the body. It rewires the brain. It disrupts the nervous system. It infiltrates thoughts, emotions, behaviors — and even faith.

“The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I came so that My sheep will have life and so that they will have everything they need.” — John 10:10 (NLV)

The enemy wasn’t just after my **finances or business — he was after my identity, hope, and mind.**

You Don’t Just Get Over Trauma — It Gets Inside You

People picture a single event: a car crash, an assault, a diagnosis. But the event is only the start; the aftershocks can creep in silently, disguised as survival.

After everything I lost, I walked through life in a fog — functioning on the outside, frozen on the inside. I’d fall asleep from exhaustion, then wake with pounding in my ears. Shame, fear, and disbelief looped in my head.

No one tells you trauma doesn’t always scream. Sometimes it whispers: *You’ll never recover. This is who you are now.*

Trauma Doesn’t Just Happen To You — It Tries to Become You

This is the hidden danger: if you’re not careful, you begin to accept the broken version of yourself as “normal.”

That's where I found myself. For a season, I believed the lie that the woman I used to be was gone forever — that only a fragile shell remained. But God, in His mercy, began interrupting those lies.

He reminded me that what I was experiencing was not my identity — it was the residue of what I had endured. I am still walking through the effects, still wrestling with the scars, but I no longer walk alone.

Every day the battle continues — fear whispers, shame creeps in, exhaustion threatens. Yet God's sustaining grace meets me. My healing isn't finished, but His presence assures me I am not defined by trauma — **I am defined by Him.**

A War You Can't Fight Alone

As much as I wanted to be strong, I had to admit — I couldn't fight this battle alone. I needed Someone greater.

“The weapons we use to fight are not those of the world. They are God's powerful weapons. These weapons can destroy the enemy's strong places.”
— 2 Corinthians 10:4

This wasn't just bad luck. It was a spiritual assault. Once I recognized that, I could finally start fighting back — not in my strength, but in God's.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- Where do you feel “stuck” — fear, avoidance, exhaustion?
- Which sphere — body, mind, or spirit — have you overlooked?

- What lies has trauma whispered about who you are?

Prayer

Lord, my pain runs deeper than I realized. I've tried to survive, fix, and move on — but I need Your healing in every part of me. Touch my body, renew my mind, and restore my spirit. Expose every lie and replace it with Your truth. My story isn't over because You are the One who restores, redeems, and renews.

In Jesus' name, Amen

Chapter 3 - When the Ground Shakes and Identity Shatters

When Stability Collapses Without Warning

There are moments when the ground gives way without warning. One day everything is steady; the next, a landslide unravels it all...

In months, the business I poured years into crumbled. Two homes were lost to foreclosure. Investments evaporated. I tried everything — calls, negotiations, pivots — but every door closed. The rules had changed, and I was powerless to stop the collapse.

The Illusion of Control

Before everything fell apart, I didn't realize how much of my identity was tied to what I did, what I owned, and how others saw me.

“The entrepreneur.” “The problem solver.” “The one who could always be counted on.”

Those titles gave me worth — or so I thought. When they were stripped away, I was left asking: *Who am I now?*

Much of what I called security had been an illusion of control.

The Lies Trauma Tells

You are a failure. You'll never recover. You have nothing left to offer. God has forgotten you.

But Scripture reminds us:

“The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart. And He saves those who are broken in spirit.” — Psalm 34:18 (NLV)

God's Question to Me

I sensed the Lord ask: *“If you lost everything — every title, every possession, every relationship — would you still know who you are in Me?”*

The honest answer then was no.

It wasn't condemnation — it was invitation. God wanted not only restoration but **reconstruction** — rebuilding who I was on a foundation that couldn't be taken, shaken, or stolen.

In a rare light-hearted moment I whispered, “*Lord, all I have left to give You is my broken self. But if that’s what You want, You are most welcome to it.*”

Walking with God in the Rubble

Those early days were full of fear. There was no dramatic rescue — just a steady reassurance: *You are not alone.*

In the mornings, when anxiety gripped me, I whispered His promises to make it through the hour. At night, I pictured His scarred hands holding me.

Recovery isn’t a single breakthrough; it’s the daily choice to trust Him with both the broken pieces and the ones He’s already restored.

I am still a work in progress, yet God keeps meeting me in the rubble.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- What labels or roles have you tied your worth to?
- Which lies have you begun to accept as truth?
- What would change if your identity were anchored in Christ?

Prayer

Lord, I surrender the false identities I’ve built my life on. Replace the lies with Your truth. Even in the rubble, teach me to stand on Christ, the unshakable Rock. Remind me that healing is a journey — one I do not walk alone. Amen.

Chapter 4 - Breaking the Silence — When Hiding Your Pain Holds You Hostage

Why Isolation Is Dangerous for the Soul

There's a kind of pain you carry alone — not because you want to, but because you don't know how to name it...

Trauma hides in the unspoken places of the soul; shame grows heavier; grief becomes harder to voice.

I wore the mask of strength while unraveling inside. Silence has a cost — mentally, emotionally, spiritually.

The Enemy Feeds on Isolation

“Watch and keep your mind awake. Your enemy, the devil, is walking around like a hungry lion. He is looking for someone to eat.” — 1 Peter 5:8 (NLV)

Like a lion isolates its prey, the enemy isolates us in grief with whispers:

You're the only one. No one would love you if they knew. You're too broken to be healed.

Why We Stay Silent (Even When We're Dying Inside)

Silence feels safe — an illusion of control. But what we keep in the dark only grows stronger. What we bring into the light is where healing begins.

“Tell your sins to each other and pray for each other so you may be healed.” — James 5:16 (NLV)

Not everyone deserves access to your pain, but someone must.

I found a woman in my church who prayed with me regularly — a Spirit-led, safe place.

Breaking My Silence — One Tearful Step at a Time

I visited a new church just hoping to feel something again. A pastor welcomed me with warmth. I could barely respond; I slipped into a bathroom stall to weep — ready to leave — when I heard in my spirit:

“Go in. These are My children. Don’t be afraid.”

I returned. Worship was vibrant and alive. Something stirred in me that had been dead.

Even then, I was guarded. Nightmares returned. Mortgage payments doubled. Legal threats came in waves. But this time, I wasn’t completely alone.

God Speaks in the Darkness

One dark morning I whispered, *“Lord, I can’t take this anymore.”*

Peace came... and a vision: **Jesus' hands — large, rugged, pierced. Bloody, torn, unmistakably marked by suffering.**

Then He said: "*I did this for you.*"

It shattered the lies: I wasn't alone; my suffering had purpose; God wasn't distant.

"Jesus said... 'I am the Way and the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.'" — John 14:6 (NLV)

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- Where is God asking you to let light in?
- Who is the safe, Spirit-led person you can invite into your healing?

Prayer

Father, you see the pain I've carried in silence. Shine Your light into the hidden places. Surround me with people who carry Your compassion and truth. Help me to break the silence — and break the enemy's hold over my heart.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 5: Surrender Isn't Weakness — It's Where True Healing Begins

When Life Breaks You in Ways You Can't Explain

There is trauma that doesn't just hurt — it shatters. Panic in the chest. Breath running thin...

I wasn't asking for a breakthrough; I was begging God for air.

Recovery Is Easier Said Than Done

“Time heals all wounds” sounds cruel when you’re staring at ashes.

Recovery isn’t just rebuilding; it’s wrestling with God in the dark and confronting beliefs trauma planted:

God doesn’t care. This is punishment. There’s no way out.

But healing is messy, holy ground — and the first step is not action. **It's surrender.**

Why Surrender Feels Terrifying (But It's Exactly What We Need)

Surrender sounds like giving up, but in the Kingdom it’s the path to power.

“If you try to keep your life for yourself, you will lose it. But if you give up your life for Me, you will find true life.” — Matthew 16:25 (NLV)

God wasn’t asking me to fight harder; He asked me to lay it down — fears, shame, plans, pride, and the illusion that I could heal myself.

The Day I Finally Fell to My Knees

No music. No audience. Just me, shattered and exhausted:

“God... I surrender. I can’t do this without You.”

He didn’t shame me. He met me. Not with instant fixes, but with a peace that whispered: *You’re not alone anymore.*

A God Who Understands Pain — And Redeems It

“He was hurt for our wrongdoing... punished so we could have peace... beaten so we could be healed.” — Isaiah 53:5 (NLV)

Jesus knows suffering — and He overcomes. The same pierced hands still reach for us, not to shame, but to hold.

‘Letting Go’ Is How You Take Your Life Back

Surrender doesn’t erase trauma; it gives the pain a new purpose in God’s hands.

True healing begins not with striving, but with surrender.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- What pain is God asking you to surrender?
- What are you still trying to control?
- What does surrender look like practically and spiritually in your life?

Prayer

Father, I've held on too tightly — to fear, control, and disappointment. I lay it all at Your feet. Heal the parts I've tried to hide. Thank You for Jesus, who bore suffering so I wouldn't walk through mine alone.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 6 - When the World's Lies Collapse and God's Truth Stands

When Strength and Self-Reliance Fail

We're taught to be untouchable — to outwork, outshine, and never show weakness. But there comes a day when position holds no power, influence carries no weight, and wealth can't fix what's breaking...

The Lie of Being "Untouchable"

The enemy feeds pride and the shiny-object chase: luxury, more, outperform. We pass down the chains of worldly success at the expense of eternal purpose.

The Harsh Reality All Around Us

Grief and anxiety touch every home. Substance use rises. Prescriptions multiply. Self-harm and suicide claim lives in quiet desperation. Trauma touches all generations.

The Limits of Clinical Solutions

Clinical care helps but often focuses on coping rather than the root. Healing is layered and individual; there is no quick fix.

Medicine and therapy can steady you — but they cannot heal the soul.

The Void Only God Can Fill

If money or fame could heal, the wealthy would live untroubled. They do not.

Because the soul was made for God.

The Calling That Changes Everything

In my brokenness, God's call was clear: *Tell the world what I have done and how I continue to move in your healing.*

For years I wrestled, but His love was patient. My external life hadn't changed much, but my spirit hand — drawn to prayer, to His presence, to the safety of His voice.

The Cost of the Call

When family loses respect because you can't provide as before, the wound is deep. Yet God guarded my heart from bitterness and showed me how the world treats the broken.

Nothing could stand between me and my love for Jesus — my Lord, my Savior, my Redeemer.

Standing in Truth Without Apology

Some will be inspired by my testimony; others will reject it. That's okay.

Jesus Himself was mocked and rejected. I'm not here to force my story — only to obey the One who rescued me.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflection

- Have you relied on self-sufficiency more than God?
- Which worldly “solutions” failed to bring peace?
- How might God be calling you to use your pain?

Prayer

Father, thank You for Your unconditional love and the freedom to choose You. Forgive my self-reliance. Use my story to bring light to those in darkness. Help me stand firm in Your calling, trusting You to complete the good work You began.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 7 - Walking with God in the Rubble — Learning to Trust Again After Trauma

The Ongoing Journey of Recovery

Recovery is not a one-time event — it's a continual walk. The enemy is relentless, but so is God's presence...

“I will never leave you or forsake you.” — Hebrews 13:5 (NLV)

When You're Still Surrounded by Broken Pieces

I didn't wake up one morning whole. Debts, broken trust, grief, trauma, and fear still surrounded me — yet something shifted: I sensed God's presence as a lifeline.

“Even if I walk through the valley of the shadow of death... You are with me.” — Psalm 23:4 (NLV)

Fear Doesn't Leave Overnight

Fear still whispered: *What if this never gets better?*

But I had a history with Him — moments when He spoke clearly, scriptures that came alive.

Faith doesn't mean you never feel fear; it means you follow God anyway.

Learning to Worship Through the Pain

Returning to church, I wept in a bathroom stall until I heard: “*Go in. These are My children. Don’t be afraid.*”

Worship reawakened my faith.

The Battle Doesn’t End When Healing Begins

As I drew near to God, warfare intensified — nightmares, doubled mortgage rates, legal letters, relentless calls.

But I had learned to test the voices, and I knew Jesus still walked with me.

The Vision That Changed Everything

In despair I whispered, “*Lord, I can’t take this anymore...*”

A stillness came. I saw His pierced, scarred hands and heard: “*I did this for you.*”

“He was hurt for our wrongdoing... punished so we could have peace... beaten so we could be healed.” — Isaiah 53:5 (NLV)

Why Trusting Again Takes Time — But It’s Worth It

Each worship song, each verse, each encounter became a brick in rebuilding trust.

Jesus didn’t just save me; **He walks with me.**

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- Where have you taken a first step toward God again?
- Which lies are still speaking louder than His truth?
- Where have you sensed His presence — even in small ways?

Prayer

Lord Jesus, thank You for walking with me through the rubble. Help me trust You again. Heal the places scarred by fear and disappointment. I choose to take another step with You today.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 8 - Rebuilding from the Rubble — Trusting God One Step at a Time

The Slow Road to Wholeness

Healing wasn't an instant turnaround. It was slow, uneven, humbling progress — one surrendered day at a time...

"He heals those who have a broken heart. He heals their sorrows." — Psalm 147:3 (NLV)

When You're Still Picking Up Pieces

Sometimes God allows a slow rebuild so roots grow deep. This time, the foundation had to be truth, faith, and eternal purpose — not performance, pride, or self-reliance.

The Ongoing Battle in the Rubble

Whispers came daily: *You're too far gone. You're starting too late. This won't last.*

Lies lose power when confronted with truth. Jesus didn't just save me from the collapse — He stayed in the rubble with me and reminded me: "*You're not starting from scratch. You're starting from grace.*"

Small Acts of Faith that Build Big Breakthroughs

Rebuilding often looks like:

- Getting out of bed with a heavy heart
- Praying when you feel nothing
- Paying one bill in faith
- Worshipping with a trembling voice

“He gives power to the weak... He gives much strength.” — Isaiah 40:29
(NLV)

Rebuilding Is Not Going Back — It’s Moving Forward

God wasn’t calling me to recover my old life; He was inviting me into the life He intended all along.

Obedience over achievement. Being known by God over being recognized by people.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- Where are you still rebuilding with old tools?
- What new foundations is God asking you to lay?
- What small step of obedience is He highlighting?

Prayer

Lord, You care more about the foundation than the appearance. Teach me to build with Your wisdom, not my fear. I surrender the timeline, the outcome, and the process to You.

In Jesus’ name, Amen

Chapter 9 - Beauty for Ashes — How God Redeems Every Wound

When You Wonder If Anything Good Can Come From This
After trauma, betrayal, financial collapse, and warfare, I asked, “What now?” I didn’t want to bounce back — I wanted to rise forward. God’s answer: “I trade beauty for ashes.”

“...to give them beauty instead of ashes, joy instead of sorrow, and songs of praise instead of a spirit of no hope.” — Isaiah 61:1–3 (NLV)

What Beauty Looks Like After Loss

Beauty doesn’t always mean you get back what you lost.

Often, it’s compassion, spiritual sensitivity, courage, and an unshakable dependence on God. He doesn’t simply repair; **He transforms.**

The Unexpected Ministry of Pain

I never set out to share my story, but surrendered pain becomes a platform.

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony...” — Revelation 12:11 (NLV)

When Nothing Is Wasted

God wastes nothing — not sleepless nights, not unseen tears, not battles you thought you lost.

He restores voice, courage, identity, and — most of all — intimacy with Him.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- What part of your story have you been afraid to share?
- What beauty has already begun to emerge from your ashes?
- Can you see calling in the area of your deepest pain?

Prayer

Lord, You are the God who brings beauty from ashes. Some days I see more ashes than beauty, but I trust Your promise. Use my pain for Your purpose. Let nothing be wasted. Where the enemy tried to silence me, give me boldness to testify. Where shame tried to rule me, clothe me in Your glory. Redeem my story so that others might find healing.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 10: The Power of Testimony — Telling the World What God Has Done

Why Your Story Matters

Testimony carries holy weight. It's not pretending you're fully healed; it's pointing to God's goodness in the middle of the process...

God's call to me: "*Testify of what I have done, and how I continue to move in your healing, as you trust Me to complete the good work I began in you.*"

He didn't wait for me to be polished — He used my trembling yes.

You Are the Light Someone Else Needs

The world is full of people in their darkest hour. Your scars may be the proof someone needs that healing is real.

"Put your finger here, and look at My hands... Stop doubting and believe!"
— John 20:27 (NIV)

Obedience Over Reputation

Some will judge or misunderstand, but I'd rather be misunderstood by people than disobedient to God.

I don't speak from perfection — I speak as one rescued and still being rebuilt.

This Is How Movements Begin

Surrender your story and it becomes a weapon: silencing lies, breaking shame, shining light. Someone's breakthrough may depend on your obedience to speak.

The Final Call

My recovery is still ongoing. Some days I still have to fight and pray through pain.

But you are not alone. The same God who walks with me walks with you — writing your story with hope.

You are never too far gone for Him to restore.

Reflection & Prayer

Reflect

- What part of your testimony is God prompting you to share?
- Are fear or shame holding you back?
- What would it look like to surrender your story completely?

Prayer

Father, thank You for rescuing me and walking with me through healing. I surrender my story to You. Silence fear and fill me with boldness. Let my life be a living testimony of Your grace, power, and faithfulness.

I trust you, and I say yes. In Jesus' name, Amen.