Fighting off Rejection

 Outline

1. Understanding Rejection

**Section A. What is rejection? Did you inherit it or is it something you placed on yourself?**

Chapter 1. What is rejection? Define rejection.

1. Examples of rejection
2. Phases of Rejection

Chapter 2. Where does rejection come from? Spiritual aspect

1. Generational
2. Relational

Chapter #3 When did rejection enter me?

1. Birth
2. Childhood
3. Abuse
4. Death
5. Relationships
6. Church
7. Divorce
8. Healing from Rejection

**Section B. Now that you know the root cause why do you have so many symptoms?**

Chapter #4: The process of healing from rejection

Chapter #5: Unknown currently

1. The Aftermath of Rejection

**Section C. Rejection has a smell and others that deal with it can see it on you.**

Chapter #6: The residue rejection leaves.

Chapter #7: How to respond to new rejections.

1. Total Freedom from Rejection and Residue

**Section D. Do you live in a place of freedom or is there still evidence you just came out the fire?**

Chapter #8: What should the other side look like now that you are free.

Chapter #9: How to respond to new rejections. (may put in previous chapter 7)

Chapter 3: When did Rejection enter Me?

**A. Birth** (Section not finished)

**B. Childhood Section rejected through yes.**

Abandonment now I’m sure my mom wouldn’t call it that because in her eyes she didn’t abandon her child who would ever want that to be their title or be associated with the word abandonment, but in my eyes as I grew up that’s what I seen. Now at the time that you’re in it, you don’t consider it. You don’t think that’s it. Don’t get me wrong, I knew my mom loved me, but the issue was my mom gave me everything I wanted. No matter what I asked for she figured out a way. I don’t remember too many times my mom telling me no which is kind of like a contradiction for the spirit of rejection. Meaning that rejection means to be told no, to be overlooked. I didn’t know it was like an oxymoron. Meaning my mom always said yes, she rarely said no. I probably can count on one hand how many times she told me no. At the same time the spirit of rejection is when someone constantly keeps hearing no. For instance: no, I don’t want you, no I don’t need you, no we got somebody else, no you’re not good enough, no to the no to the no no no. But with my mom it was always yes, yes, yes, yes, and yes.

So, as you read earlier, I told you that my mom had me when she was young and so I probably would say that my grandmother raised me to some degree because when you are 16 and have a child, you’re not raising a child you are a child as well. You’re still being raised yourself and so I get it. I understand she was young she didn’t know what she was doing. Totally get it but that didn’t change the way I felt about it in those moments. It was a time when I didn’t understand, when I didn’t know what to think about it, at eight or nine years old you didn’t know that your mom had you when she was 16. You don’t know how to put the ages together. I wasn’t like oh my mom was only 16, like you’re not doing that. Honestly at thirteen, or fourteen I don’t think I knew. I can’t remember what age I found out but even when I found out I still didn’t know what that meant. I think I only knew because they were trying to keep me from having a child when I was a teenager. So, I wouldn’t be a product of what my mom gave me or how she had me. So, I knew from that point of don’t have a child when you are a teenager, but I didn’t understand like I understand now. For instance, she was a teenager, and she knew nothing. We grew up together, at the time you are being molested, sexually assaulted you don’t think about your mom as oh she was young, she didn’t know any better. Your thoughts about your mom are where are you at? Why are you not here? You didn’t protect me so it’s crazy to think that my mom never told me no but yet I develop the spirit of rejection and it’s because no didn’t come from her mouth, but it came from her actions.

**C. Abuse** (Section not finished)

**D. Section Rejected through death.**

I remember around 1987 I found out my grandma had breast cancer and my mom sent me away to go stay with my other grandma on my dad’s side. Basically, while she went through the hardest part of her life to only call me back to come to the funeral. Sometimes as parents we do the worst thing to our kids. I get you don’t want me to see her in this state, but at the same time you take away the very thing I know and love that is dear to my heart. Then when I come back, she is gone, make it make sense. How did you protect me? Because you got to say goodbye and I didn’t. So, again how did you protect me because you didn’t want me to see that she was sick? Well, she was sick before I left and so being away and wanting to see her and not knowing how she’s doing was more hurtful than being there to see it. You can’t unsee what you know. Then to come back and she’s gone yeah, I don’t think they thought that all the way through. If anything, have a conversation with your child explain to them the transitioning that is happening. Because at some point, we know, all of this at some point in time is going to happen. And it didn’t mean I had to see everything right, because I get you want to protect your child. But there could’ve been a better way. There is always a better way, and from that point on rejection was like a freefall for me. Because now the one thing that has been stability in my life is now gone.

Shortly after my grandma died, I lived with her best friend. Not sure for how long, but this was my first time not living with family. Although they became my family. She had two daughters and one son. They were all older than me. They lived in the same neighborhood. They lived in a trailer which was nice compared to the project apartment we lived in. What we would call a duplex now. I grew up different than most kids my age at the time. I knew more than I should have at my age. It was due to most of the people I hung around being older than me. I lived there because I didn’t want to change schools. My mom was living in another city and was still married. This begins my journey of living from house to house in and out of my mom’s house on the weekend. Most of them were family members or friends of the family. A lot of it was due to me wanting to go to a particular school, but this is where I talk about my mom never telling me no. No matter what I asked for I received.

You know how kids ask for stuff that should be a definite no? Well, when they don’t get their way, they may throw a tantrum or may even say I hate you. Other phrases could be I don’t want to live with you, I want to live with my grandparents, or I want to live with my dad. Most of those times you tell your child to go to their room and don’t come out. Then they get over it. They get mad but you tell them they better get glad. Maybe the worst thing they could do is run away and then come back. Well, my mom was different when I asked, she was like ok you want to stay where? I got to stay with all these people, now some would be family don’t get me wrong they wouldn’t be complete strangers, but they weren’t my mom. So, though I knew she loved me she still left me to pursue her own life.

Because I’m telling you now with my child, I don’t care that she doesn’t want to be here, she doesn’t have a choice, she isn’t going anywhere. You must be careful cause those same spirit that my mom had on her you know it came down to me and I did the same thing to my daughter me and my ex-husband was going through a rough time, and we were going through separation talking about I’ll get a place and you get your own place. I didn’t want my daughter to see that, I didn’t want her in the mist of that, so I sent her to live with her dad. It was for the summer, which wasn’t unusual, she always went down there for the summer. The problem was she didn’t come back in the fall because I had such a hard transition, trying to do this thing on my own and provide for myself, and I was lacking in so many areas that I didn’t want her to see my struggle. So, I let her dad keep her for her sixth grade first semester and what started off as temporary last of a year. What I mean by temporary is she will stay the first semester and then it’s was like well why not let her finish the second semester. But then I heard the Holy Spirit like you’re not going to be like your mother go get your child.

She had a stepmom, and I knew they cared for her but at times I didn’t like what I would hear from her in their treatment of her. Not to say that it was all bad, but you know as parents you are ok with certain stuff and certain things you are not ok with. I’m like they did what? No worries I’m coming to get you. Then I broke the curse you won’t go from house to house, you’re going to live here. Whatever trials and tribulations we go through we are going through it together. I’m going to do my best so that you don’t see that we struggle but you will know your mom is here. You will know your mom loves you. You are going to know that sometimes your mom doesn’t have it, and your mom can’t afford it. But one thing you will know for sure is your mom has your back. You will not be staying at anyone else’s house. And I will do my best to limit who has the ability to abuse you.

**E. Relationships**

I want to take this time to break down rejection that I have endured and face through relationship and what I mean by that is just taking you on a little journey of rejection one after the other, and still not totally getting all that God has for me. Do you know that when a man cheats on you it’s just another form of rejection and what I mean by that he still wanted me so it’s not like he totally got rid of me. I don’t want you out of my life or to break up or to divorce you, no, I want you. But I just want to put my Ding-a-ling in somebody else as well. This has nothing to do with you. I love you I need you, but I just have this desire to stick it somewhere else. It’s as though they want you to be okay with that, like don’t go nowhere don’t leave me. I will take care of you. I’m a provide for you. I will make sure you want for nothing, just don’t get mad if I stick it over here don’t even get mad if I end up getting somebody pregnant (a story for later). The things we put up with because of the spirits we carry.

The spirit of rejection had me going in and out of a relationship. I’ve been married twice, and I didn’t even marry the love of my life, God said no because he knew if I went in it, I would’ve never came out don’t give me wrong the other two relationships I was in I stayed in it longer than I should have, but I had the ability to leave, but if I had gotten married to the love of my life at that time I wouldn’t have made my way out because when I say the love of my life, I was so deep into it that I couldn’t see anything clearly. I was so willing to risk it all. I was so willing to do any an everything for this person. So, when we talk about being dangerously in love, I understand it all too well. It can be very dangerous who you love. And it is weird because he is the one person who showed me who God truly is, meaning that he showed me how to get to know God for myself and that I could have a personal relationship with God that I didn’t have to know him through my mom, my grandparents, or my past. It was so I could know Him for myself. And I can never take that away from him. He taught me how to read my Bible and study the word and how to develop in Christ. You would think this is a good thing and it was. But the problem is he became a god to me. The very person he was teaching me about, he became that to me, and he wasn’t trying to. I allowed it to happen because I loved the fact that he knew God and that he had given me something nobody had ever given me. Because we know that in God there’s peace, there’s joy, there’s hope, and this man had begun to give me that very thing by knowing Christ from myself.

I grew up in church so I knew God well knew of Him I will say since I was a child, but I didn’t understand I could have a personal relationship with Him. It’s amazing how things work. I was already able to speak in tongues at the age of 19 but at the same time I could still say, I didn’t have a personal relationship with God. But it’s as though I was given that power ahead of time for what would happen. They were like steppingstones. So, if you notice I didn’t say I wasn’t saved or that I didn’t accept Christ as my Lord and Savior which I had. I had done it plenty of times because every time I had a chance to go to the altar I was there. The Holy Spirit had already been imparted into me and so I had evidence of speaking in tongues. I had already been baptized, but I still did not know God for myself. Back in the bible days when the veil was up, and everything had to go through the priest, in my mind I was still stuck in that time, and everything had to go through the Pastor. And it’s not like I tried to have a personal relationship with God, and somebody talked me out of it. I didn’t attempt or know it was possible or even that I should. However, this man showed me God for the first time in a different light. And I fell in love with the fact he knew God who was all powerful. That he had a personal relationship with Him. He gave me the opportunity to become God’s friend, he wasn’t selfish with what he had learned.

I began to put him above God, idolatry at its finest. (Section not finished) I will Talk about idolatry and God’s stance on it

God had to show me the very ugliness of this person. I began to put him so high like he couldn’t do no wrong. (Section not finished) I will talk about the reward of idolatry (narcissist partner)

I love hard and I’m sure people say this all the time right but it’s true. I think some people truly love hard like they give their all and they leave nothing out. They go all the way in giving 100% from the start. It is not until you do them wrong that they begin to take away their level of love for you subtracting slowly. Then you have those people who say if I get 50% you get 50%. They give you what they get. They believe in keeping an even balance. This tells me people give love on different levels.

I learned at an early age to love with all my being. Now that I think about it, it comes from the spirit of rejection. Because in the beginning, I never wanted you to say I didn’t give it my all, I didn’t try my best, I didn’t love you. I had seen too many people walkout of my life and my response was to love harder. So, I would go all in with loving them as hard as I possibly could, with unconditional love, no matter what you did, I forgave. And went back in for more until I could not be beaten anymore through heartache and pain through rejection after rejection.

I begin to shut down, and I begin to build walls that I had no intention of tearing down, and each relationship I just kept adding bricks, no matter if it was a friendship, family, intimate relationship, brick by brick by brick by brick it went up. and even though I had bricks going up after bricks going up, I still was being in relationships but each time I did the relationship a little different. I didn’t love as hard. I didn’t give as much. I gave what you gave me and in the back of my head I told myself well I’m not all the way in. Even though my heart was wide open to be hurt again and again. But I’m not all the way in I would say. Which means a person has to be delusional to think that you’re not all the way in but your heart is open to constantly be hurt.

Things I would say to justify it. I’m not all the way in, I love him, but I can determine how much. I never gave up on being in a relationship. I just begin to look at them all differently. Oh, but friendships I gave up on that, but romantic relationships I didn’t give up on. Maybe I value them differently. I’m not sure, maybe I knew that I would have to truly be all in a friendship. But in a relationship, I could let my body do the talking that my heart didn’t have to lead, but my body could lead. Mentally I didn’t have to be all the way in a relationship, I just needed to be in it physically. Wow, that just hit me and so with friendships I couldn’t be all the way in because I had to mentally be there. There is no physical aspect. There is no sex. There is literally conversation me caring about what you have to say, me caring about your family. I didn’t have the energy or the space to give that to anybody that wall I built was solid like cement paved over it. But intimate relationships I didn’t have to open myself up so much, just my legs. Believe me I wanted the best in relationships, and I did give. But I think the minute I realize you’re not even given back, I’m like oh “this what kind of relationship this is” oh I can match you, matter fact, I can beat you at this game. I’m a pro at this and I have known it all my life. I think about the color purple “all my life I had to fight”. (Section not finished)

**F. Church** (Section not finished)

**G. Divorce** (Section not finished)