Arsenal Against Accusation Full Book Outline

Intro

**It Starts with a Seed:**

**Begin with core memories that introduced me to accept the lies of the enemy that I was always to blame for everything:**

-Childhood-parents-the impact of language used in parenting

-Childhood impact of parents' divorce-blaming myself for their split

-High expectations from parents and other authority figures: believed that I could never measure up

-Childhood Abuse: the impact on self-worth/Felt like I somehow brought the abuse upon myself.

-Not graduating High School on time: Impact on self-worth, received the lie of being a failure, that even though I applied myself the best I could, it wasn’t good enough.

**Believing the Lies, Living in Fear**

-Discuss the lies my past experiences caused me to believe and how these fears built a stronghold in my mind concerning myself, my worth, my intelligence, my ability to make decisions..etc.

-Expose how the enemy uses lies to open the door to fear

-Discussing how satan’s name is a title and what it means as far as his assignment against us.

Explaining how he uses fear to cripple us using the examples above and how they developed a fear of success fear of failure-fear of making decisions, fear of being wrong, etc.

**Spiraling out in Adulthood**

-How believing lies affected my identity.

-Dealing with depression because of lies I believed

-The lies I believed about myself because of a previous marriage

-Hitting my rock bottom: living in crippling double-mindedness and addiction wanting to die.

**Being Sick and it’s my fault**

-Guilt of failures used to cause me to believe I was sick because I failed God or sinned and was being punished.

-Discuss how my health got worse because of my inability to pull down the imagination the enemy placed in my mind.

**It’s life or Death**

-Coming to the end of my rope physically

-Noticing spiritual death

-Noticing a severe physical decline

-being pushed to the point of realizing if I didn’t start fighting back I would die.

**The Revelation**

**-**God is truth and every other man is a liar-even me and the thoughts i think -His plans for me are good

-His perfect love casts out all fear

-In order to receive the truth I had to identify where I’d believed a lie!

**The Fight**

Learning to silence myself, my thoughts, and focus on the Lord

-Learning to be intentional and swift to guard my thoughts and rebuke thoughts that didn’t align with the word.

-learning to pinpoint the lies, rebuke them, and replace them with truth.

-knowing the Word not just the Letter-knowing Him as Love instead of wrath -Building a personal war system in the form of a journal that aided me in self-deliverance

**Conclusion**

Recap lessons learned

Word of encouragement to fight and keep fighting Point reader to resources I created that helped me in my journey.

Outline: "Arsenal Against Accusation"

I. Introduction

* Setting the stage for the journey of overcoming self-accusation and lies.

II. It Starts with a Seed: Childhood Influences

* Impactful memories from childhood that shaped beliefs:
	+ Parental language and its effect on self-perception.
	+ Blaming oneself for parental divorce.
	+ High expectations leading to feelings of inadequacy.
	+ Childhood abuse and its impact on self-worth.
	+ Delayed high school graduation and its effect on self-esteem.

III. Believing the Lies, Living in Fear

* Internalization of past experiences and resulting beliefs:
	+ Lies accepted about personal worth, intelligence, and decision-making abilities.
	+ The role of fear in reinforcing these falsehoods.
	+ Understanding the psychological impact of fear and deception.
	+ Satan's role in instilling fear and undermining self-confidence.

IV. Spiraling out in Adulthood

* Manifestation of believed lies in adult life:
	+ Identity crisis due to internalized falsehoods.
	+ Battle with depression stemming from distorted self-perception.
	+ Impact of previous marriage on self-image and emotional well-being.
	+ Reaching a breaking point of despair, indecision, and addiction.

V. Being Sick and it’s my fault

* Guilt and self-blame contributing to health issues:
	+ Associating physical ailments with perceived spiritual failures.
	+ Escalation of health problems due to mental anguish and guilt.

VI. It’s Life or Death

* Recognizing the urgency of addressing internal struggles:
	+ Physical and spiritual decline reaching critical levels.
	+ Awakening to the need for decisive action to survive.

VII. The Revelation

* Discovering the truth amidst pervasive lies:
	+ God's nature as the ultimate truth-bearer.
	+ Overcoming fear through divine love.
	+ Identifying and confronting personal deceptions.

VIII. The Fight

* Strategies for combating self-accusation and fear:
	+ Embracing silence and spiritual focus.
	+ Swiftly rejecting negative thoughts and replacing them with truth.
	+ Deepening knowledge of scripture and God's character.
	+ Utilizing journaling as a tool for personal deliverance.

IX. Conclusion

* Lessons learned from the journey of self-liberation:
	+ Encouragement to persevere in the battle against self-condemnation.
	+ Guiding readers toward helpful resources for their own journey.

Introduction

In the journey of life, we encounter moments that shape our beliefs about ourselves and the world around us. These moments can plant seeds—seeds of truth or seeds of deception—that take root in the soil of our hearts and minds. For me, these seeds of deception were sown early on, leading me down a path of self-condemnation and fear.

Reflecting on my childhood, I remember the subtle yet profound impact of parental words and actions. Little did I know then, the weight these interactions carried in shaping my self-image. The shattering experience of my parents' divorce left me grappling with a misplaced burden of blame as if my existence had caused their rift. Coupled with high expectations from authority figures, I grew up believing I could never measure up, that my best efforts were inherently inadequate.

The trauma of childhood abuse further distorted my perception of self-worth, planting insidious lies that I somehow deserved such treatment. As I stumbled through adolescence, facing challenges like delayed graduation from high school, I internalized the lie of being a failure—a narrative that echoed relentlessly in my mind.

These early experiences birthed a cascade of fears—fear of success, fear of failure, fear of making decisions, and ultimately, fear of being myself. They built a stronghold in my mind, fostering a constant state of anxiety and self-doubt. Little did I realize then, this was the enemy's strategy—to ensnare me in a web of lies that would cripple my potential and suffocate my spirit.

As I ventured into adulthood, the seeds of deception blossomed into a full-blown crisis of identity. Depression became a familiar companion, fueled by the lies I had unwittingly accepted about myself. My marriage bore the brunt of this internal turmoil, with the weight of imagined inadequacies straining its foundations.

Rock bottom arrived swiftly, accompanied by the haunting echoes of double-mindedness and addiction. The desire for escape, even from existence itself, became palpable. Amidst physical decline and spiritual numbness, I found myself at a crossroads—a precipice between life and death.

It was here, in the depths of despair, that revelation dawned. I began to discern the difference between truth and deception, realizing that God—embodiment of ultimate truth and perfect love—held the key to liberation. Through a journey of self-discovery and spiritual warfare, I learned to identify and dismantle the lies that had held me captive for so long.

This book is a testament to that journey—a narrative of redemption, resilience, and relentless pursuit of truth. It is my earnest hope that in sharing my story, others may find solace, encouragement, and practical tools for their own battles against accusation and fear. May we embark together on a quest for freedom—a journey toward embracing our true identities in the light of God's unyielding love and grace.

Chapter 1

 **It Starts with a Seed:** *Childhood Influences*

As trivial as it may seem, I can recall a particular experience I had as a child that was imprinted in my soul and became one of the many things I experienced that shaped my perception of self-worth. I can l laugh about it now, but it genuinely stifled me back then! My mom was a cosmetologist. We had a garage that was attached to our house renovated into a beauty salon and I would be tasked with helping her around the house, with my siblings, and little tasks around the shop. I don’t remember my age, but I know I had to be around 9 or 10 years old. My mom asked me to fold her shop towels.

Considering tha she was nearly out of clean towels you can imagine how large of a load of towels needed to be folded. I took the large load of towels out of the dryer and was sure to take my time folding them as neatly as possibly. -Every corner facing the same direction -store shelf worthy. I wanted her to be happy that I didn’t just barrel through the task to get it over with, but took my time and did a neat job fling and stocking her towels. I was super excited to take that basket into the shop and load them into her cubby where she kept them nice and neat, and wait for her response. When she came near her wash bowl and saw the towels, to my surprise she was far from amused. I can still see her eyebrow raise and hear the tone in her voice asking me “Why you fold the towels like that?!”

My little excited heart sank. That was the polar opposite response I expected to receive for what I believed to be some very good work. In my mind, I folded those towels like Jesus himself asked me to do them and she asked me *why did I fold them that way* as if they were hideous. She went on fussing about how she folds them and asking when I ever saw her fold them that way and I was furious. She gave me a brief tutorial on how they should be folded and asked me to redo them the way she would fold them.

By the time I was finished, I was more hurt than angry. I began to take it very personally. I felt my way wasn’t good enough even though I had truly done my best. As an adult, I can see that my mom just had a particular way she wanted things done in her shop and there was a method to the madness. The way she folded them though not my esthetic preference made more space and made them easier to grab. As a child, I didn’t see this and it didn’t help that it wasn’t explained. In my mind, I couldn’t do something as basic as folding a towel right, and though I didn’t let it show, it devastated me.

Through experience, I have come to realize there are ways parents can communicate with their children that, although culturally accepted and seemingly harmless, can play a major role in the framing of an individual’s perception of themselves and how they either impact or interfere with the world around them. What we experience from birth through adolescence, shapes how we interact in our workspaces, relationships, and most importantly how we view God.

I was blessed to have some amazing, and caring parents who always encouraged me to follow my dreams and be the best that I could be. They are both God-fearing and raised me in the fear of the Lord. Neither of them would ever do anything to intentionally harm me and I am certain that if at the time I knew how to express what I was experiencing or how certain things that were said made me feel, they would’ve assured me that that was not their intent. The issue was in our home I experienced more criticism than I did affirmation. As the firstborn, I felt like everything I did was under a microscope and the only time I seemed to get some form of praise was when I was singing or dancing or doing something praiseworthy in church. Hearing things like, “if you want something done right, you gotta do it yourself”, though said jokingly, made me feel insecure about my abilities to do very simple tasks. In my adult life, I noticed how I’d ask a ton of questions before making a decision or doing a new task even if it was very basic, for fear of doing it wrong and being ridiculed. This was one of the very first things the enemy used to begging chipping away at my identity and installing a fear to be myself. I was buying the lie that I couldn’t do anything right.

Being the firstborn and a PK laid a foundation of high expectations for me both in and outside of te home. There wasn’t anywhere I could go where someone didn’t know who I belonged to. My parents went to two different churches and in both I was in the forefront of everything without ven asking. My dad, a preacher and the minister of music-everyone knew me and held me to a great standard. At my mom’s church, my name might as well been “Tina’s grandbaby”. My grandma was a very well known vocalist and majority of our church was our family. No matter where I went someone knew me in connection to one of the churches I attended. I couldn’t get away with anything if I tried! Because of my involvement in ministry and who my family was I was put on a pedestal, I never asked to be placed on but I was too afraid to step down. I had to continue to be the person they saw me being. I couldn’t mess up. I couldn’t fall I felt the need to be as perfect as possible since I was constantly reminded that people were watching and looking up to me and that God had this major call on my life I had no clue about. The lie that you have to be perfect is exhausting!

The next lie I believed, is very common amongst children that have divorced parents. In this significant core memory from my childhood, I was sitting against the headboard of my bed in the dark, my knees to my chest and my arms wrapped tight around them, burying my head in them, in attempts to muzzle the sound of the arguing in the room behind me. I was terrified and distraught, unable to sleep. I was young and really didn’t understand what was happening. I just knew heavy things were being thrown towards walls and bits and pieces of the conversation sounded like it was about money needed for things for me. Out of all the things I’m sure my parents were arguing about, that’s all I heard and I was convinced I was the cause of all of their problems.

If dealing with this guilt wasn’t enough, years later I wrestled with the weight of internalizing my abuse to protect my mom from the hurt of ruining her new marriage with news that would destroy it. I was repeatedly over the course of 3 years and I kept it to myself because I didn’t want to be the reason both of her marriages ended. This is genuinely what I thought. I’d brought this upon myself, I did something that made him do this to me, I was a “mess things up magnet” waiting to ruin everything connected to me because I just coldn’t do anything right. Believing that for so long, I began to believe that anything wrong-was inherently my fault. So I kept it in, I smiled like I wasn’t broken, and I just kept going. Another arrow smacking its target in my mind to believe yet another lie.