

Outline: "Arsenal Against Accusation"

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Introduction

In this 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 depression and 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 identity crisis! Depression became a familiar companion and suicidal ideations a compelling associate, fueled by the lies I had unwittingly accepted about myself.

Nearly every lie and fear I believed about myself and the direction of my life came to life in my first marriage. I found myself stripped of all that I thought I was, and too tired to care.

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—the 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

(-needs new name)

If you took a moment to analyze and track the conversations that play out in your thoughts throughout your day, what would it say about you? What story would those thoughts tell? Would it speak of your strength, your courage and your dependency on God or would it display a narrative of doubt, fear and shame? Would the summary intrigue readers to read with a great expectation of learning what it means to rest in

the joy and love of God despite all odds? Or would it give a synopsis of self hatred and constant defeat? If your thoughts were read aloud would they inspire or trigger your audience? We don't necessarily think of our thoughts in this way. I don't know about you, but I tend to give a lot more grace to others than I do myself, and the ways I've thought about myself and what I have to offer this world have not always been kind. We hear the phrase all the time, you are your own worst critic and for many of us this at some point in our lives has become a major hurdle we've lacked the capacity or stamina to jump over without further injury to our fragile souls that have been warped for years under venomous scrutiny.

Has life ever backed you into a corner with things completely out of your control yet you were 110% certain it was your fault? Do you blame yourself for everything or see one minor mistake as a complete failure? Are you constantly rehearsing conversations you wish went differently in your mind instead of actually communicating your thoughts, then beating yourself up for being afraid to speak your mind? When bad things happen to you or people you do you automatically begin to conjure up reasons like you deserve it or you're not worth being with or fighting for or you did something wrong? Is negative self talk and self reproach your mental default? If any of this hits you in your gut, it's OK... Take a deep breath. I know exactly where you are and I declare you won't be there much longer. My name is Cha'Nequa Hoskins and I am a 32-year-old creative entrepreneur that had for years wrestled with the spirit of accusation, rejection and self-condemnation. It completely stifled the flow of God's love and provision in my life and was a clear

dagger from the enemy to abort God's will from manifesting for me and through me. The adversary is very sneaky and cunning and I had to realize he was using "inner-me" to be my biggest enemy. This tone of accusation, self-reproach, and shame became the voice that filtered through every area of my life. It constantly caused me to believe a false narrative about myself, my life, my purpose, and my identity, as a daughter loved by the Father. When my parents got divorced in my mind, it was my fault when I was molested time and time again by an extended family member, it was my fault. When I couldn't speak up about it, it was my fault when I, despite my best effort didn't graduate high school on time I was a failure. When I was assaulted at a subway, I believed I'd brought that upon myself. When my first marriage failed, when I lost several jobs, had to sleep in my car, had a miscarriage, or anything negative happened in my life – I was a failure, I deserved it, and it was my fault. I believed this so much that when something I did or received was good, I was on eggshells waiting to be proven wrong. This mindset kept me from stepping fully into any creative space God had called me to for business or ministry as I felt like I was an impostor and feared failure. I believed this inner voice more than God and what His words said concerning me, and because of it, my momentum was stalled in every area, this quickly turned into anxiety and depression. It caused me to retreat in times that God was calling me to blaze the trail. Living with this mindset brought me to a place where I was paralyzed by fear. The traumas and failures I experienced developed resistance to decision-making and altered my ability to perceive the situations and circumstances I was encountering.

There's nothing like the feeling of life passing you by while you're stuck grappling between the truth and a lie. This kind of mental anguish begins to weigh on your physical body, and if you're anything like I was, it can become so overwhelmingly loud that you've felt so inferior and insignificant that you perceive you'd find more solace in death than the life you're living. You just want it all to stop!!! You want to be able to think clear positive thoughts without the intrusive, overwhelmingly critical one coming to steal and destroy the last ounce of peace you're fighting so hard to cling to. You're trying to figure out how in the world do you get up from this place where the voice of your enemy is so prevalent, so boisterous that you feel like you can't find the voice of Holy Spirit anywhere. You are not crazy and you are not alone. Let that sink in a moment... You my sister or my brother... Are not crazy you are not losing your mind. You are not defeated and you are not alone I've been in this low place before, and I have journeyed with God into a new level of awareness, love and grace. Through awareness, I've discovered the entry points of these intrusive strongholds, and I'm now able to effectively and proactively combat them. I've learned to challenge the spirits of rejection, accusation and shame under the love of God and extend grace to myself when needed. I'm still a work in progress, and this voice still tries to break back in, but now I warred from a completely different place mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. I was fighting from defeat and believing the lies. I was retreating from shame and fear, instead of leaning into what God has spoken and combating them. I was crippled by anxiety which led to double mindedness which led to more shame, and I was in a vicious cycle

without any hope of freedom. Once I came to a place within myself where enough was enough, and I knew if I didn't start fighting back and putting a chokehold on what was attempting to rob me of my identity, my destiny and my voice, things would not end well for me. It literally became a matter of life and death where I could literally see the direct effects of this critical venomous way of thinking on my physical health, and I refused to allow it to take me out of here prematurely. This is when I began to really sit with God and be transparent. In transparency, He began to reveal the entry points of triggers and even showed me areas I either didn't trust Him in, or was holding resentment in my heart towards Him because I believed what I saw in the natural or what the voice of the enemy spoke over what He had declared over me. It is my prayer that this book helps you to identify the entry points of any strongholds in your mind, aids you in gaining the spiritual awareness needed to to assess yourself through the love of God and not the lens of scrutiny, learn to receive the truth and reject the lies and break free from the spirits of shame, accusation, and self reproach that are after your voice, your identity and your destiny.

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 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 was pretty young. My mom asked me to fold her shop towels.

Considering that 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 possible. I had 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 folding and stocking her towels. I was extremely 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 aesthetic 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. Hearing the black parent staple: stop that cryin' before I give you somethin' to cry for" taught me to internalize my pain. 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. I also internalized all of my pain and if I was sad no one knew it but the walls of my bedroom and the soaked pillow I'd cry myself to sleep on. These were some of the very first things the enemy used to begin chipping away at my identity and installing a fear to be myself. I was buying the lies that I couldn't do anything right, and crying was for babies.

Being the firstborn and a PK laid a foundation of high expectations for me both in and outside of the 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 by default. My dad was a preacher and the minister of music-everyone knew my family in his church. There was no hiding. At my mom's church, my name may as well have been "Tina's grandbaby" or "Rita Ri's twin" (my mother). Our church was fairly large and my granny was a very well known vocalist. If that wasn't enough, the majority of our church and those in positions of leadership of

some sort were 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 my legs, in an attempt to muffle 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. My eyes swelled with tears and I thought they would be happier without 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 sexually abused repeatedly over the course of almost 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 couldn'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. The enemy was playing a fun game of archery with my soul-he sneakily used those closest to me to be the bow that shot the arrows of lies. He hit his target successfully on countless occasions.

Because of the abuse I endured, my mind was flooded with shame and overwhelmingly perverse desires. I was very young and had very mixed feelings about what was happening to me. Something deep inside of me felt it was something off, but I was being groomed with everything I could ask for and honestly, I was confused about how something that felt so weird could also feel good. Physically my body craved more

of this new sensation. I didn't even know what to call it, I was too young to know it had a name, and I was torn between pleasure and shame. I began to wonder: "Is this normal?" "Does this mean he's picking me over my mom?" "Why can't I ever tell him to stop?" "Will he be mad and hurt me if I tell him to stop?" Will he do this to my sister if I don't let him do it to me? "He said this is how you show love to people in a special way and it's a special secret just between the two of you, so why does it feel so wrong?" "Does this happen to other people?"

The questions in my mind were endless. I remember one day after dealing with this for at least, I was in the house and mom was in her shop doing hair. I turned on this channel she liked to watch and watched the movie that was playing. It was Lifetime Movie Network. In the movie, the man the woman was dating after a divorce was always going into her daughter's room and closing the door while she wasn't around and telling her things similar to what I was being told. I was following bits and pieces of the storyline but towards the end of the movie, the girl was questioned in court and when questioned about what the man had done, what she mentioned was alarmingly parallel to my experience. When the man was sentenced to prison I felt sick to my stomach. This was the worse awakening. I now knew what was being done had a name and that it was bad enough to put someone away for 15 years.

Instead of being more upset at my abuser, I was overtaken by the thought that questioned why I didn't trust my gut. I allowed this. I was dumb for not knowing this was bad. And something was wrong with me because something bad enough to put someone in jail felt good to my body. I was confused and began to dislike myself. At this point I'd become terrified of everything. Terrified to say something, terrified not to, terrified to be alone, terrified that if I wasn't with him, he'd be with me baby sister. All I could hear in my thoughts was: "It's your fault" "You should've told him no." "You are dirty." "You didn't tell him to stop because you liked it." "You love messing things up!" "If you don't stay close to him, he'll get to your sister and it will all be your fault!"-It wouldn't stop!!!

I can recall, in Jr. High School, having this 4"x6" fuzzy Lisa Frank zebra print diary. It had a little silver lock on it...my favorite little book. I came up with the bright idea to grab it and write out what happened to me in complete detail, leave the lock off and leave it somewhere my mom would see it. I didn't have the courage to tell anyone. I

was panicing at the thought of it being read even while writing and had several panic attacks that day waiting for my om to approach me about the diary. Once she finally came to me about it I completely froze and told her it was a story I was making up for a movie like LMN. It was normal for me to do creative writing so she bought it. The shame and guilt I was experiencing seemed to be like a thick and dark cloud hanging over me, and life itself began to feel like one small dark room with walls slowly caving in... No windows... No outlets. Everything was imploding.

My abuser taught me that masterbation was self love. I remember him sitting me on his lap and hand over hand teaching me what to do as he explained, "this is how you love yourself and you won't need a boy to do it because no one can know you better than you." I had these perverse lessons while he had something playing on tv lke Girls Gone Wild or some other form of porn, mainly lesbian pornography. Unbenownst to me, another lie was given life. This seed of perversion was being watered regularly and the vines began to twine around my identity-it's thorns puncturing my fragile soul. I began to develop an attraction to women, and knowing that this wasn't normal, brought on more shame.

It may be hard to believe but the process to forgive my abuser was pretty easy. I can't take any credit for that though-I literally had an encounter with the Holy Spirit that made it impossible not too. Don't get me wrong, at first forgiveness was not a thought. I honestly couldn't phanthom why God wanted him alive. Before this quick shift, I lived years in anger. This anger festered in my soul until I found myself sneaking into a room while he was asleep with the largest knife I could find in hand. I stood there and the anger kindled further like a flame being fanned as I wondered how he could sleep so peacefully knowing what he'd done. Just as I lifted the knife I heard " This is not you." I tried to ignore that voice and I heard " It wasn't him-we wrestle not against flesh and blood-don't look at him." I immediately got this impression of a young boy stripped of his innocense and my heart felt as if it could leap out of me and drop into my stomach at the same time. That rage melted, and my eyes began to swell with tears as I walked quietly to return the knife to the ktchen. On my way back to my room the enemy was quick to come for me whispering 'You're a punk. You let him punk you. You're scared. You can't do anything right. Now if he gets to your sister it will be your fault!

I did my best to tune out the lies though they were successful jabs at my mind and could clearly see that my fight was with something unseen and I forgave. That night, I began to let him go and prayed for him that he would come to repentance, come to know God, and no longer be used by the enemy. This was a win for me, but the enemy was just waiting for an opportune time.

Now, forgiving my abuser did not mean I was healed of the trauma. It just meant I no longer saw him as the cause of my affliction and I released him. I forgave the man, but I was still reliving the effects of the trauma as I grew into my teenage years. I internalized this pain for all those years and I finally broke. I was in High School-fighting depression and suicidal ideations, completely condemned because of my inability to break my addictions to porn and masturbation-considering I was constantly being asked to lead the choir at church or pray for someone. I was fighting something that appeared to have no end, and again, the enemy caused me to walk in condemnation with thoughts of failure. I began to believe that everything going wrong in my life internally and externally was because I couldn't do anything right.

Speaking out about my abuse didn't yield the results that I thought it would and I began to feel numb. As a teen, I remember hearing "we don't have enough evidence to build a case" and being handed a teddy bear and sent on my way. I felt completely unheard and that my pain didn't matter. I got to a point where I never wanted to be home. Home was a place where I felt I was given task after task, expected to do for myself and my siblings, while no one saw I was dying inside. I joined every auxiliary that I could. Musical theater, 9 out of the 10 choirs, badminton, you name it, I was at school all day! My grades started to take a hit and the last year of school I failed the entire year of geometry. Of course it would become a requirement to earn to graduate-and I did everything I could, even got a tutor but I couldn't pass and didn't get to walk the stage with my peers. Even though 3 months later I still got my regular High School diploma through American school it wasn't good enough. This in my mind was proof I was a failure. I was actually told this by a substitute teacher in a study hall class. I was a sophomore and a friend and I had a test in our next class. She was struggling and asked if I could help. English was my jam so I agreed. The teacher told me to stop talking. I respectfully raised my hand and ask to continue as we were studying for an exam-I informed her that normally we study together at this time. Now, I was raised with some sense so if she still said no I would've listened. I knew better than to talk back to adults. Yet she stood up and began to yell at me: "You are so disrespectful. Who do you think

you are!?! You are one of those people that will end up under a bridge living out of box with that attitude! Now I'm mentally rehearsing what I said and how I said it and genuinely caught of guard at her response, and although in that moment I stood up and respectfully informed her I did nothing to deserve her saying that and I was going to excuse myself to speak with my dean...it still stuck with me. It stuck with me so much so that when I didn't get to walk the stage-I heard her voice... I saw her face. Indicatively, another seed had been planted amongst the forest in my mind that was already filled with a large harvest of shame, guilt, condemnation, fear and self hatred.

Chapter—maybe 2 or 3idk

I remember the day that I lost my voice. It was traded for the belief that no one believed me and my pain was just an excuse. I gave to blame someone that made me angry angry. I confessed something that had taken me years to tell anyone and I was told not to play with stories like that just because I was upset.

From that day, I stopped being honest about how I felt. I was always “good”. how I really felt and what I was truly experiencing didn't matter right? There wasn't anything anyone could do and no one would believe me anyways so why bother... Right I was very wrong but I could not see that then I began to wrestle, trying to find the version of myself that was a liar, or constantly cried wolf – just trying to see if I gave people a reason to disregard the things I expressed, but that did not exist since I couldn't find her I settled for believing I I just wasn't worth fighting for or listening to. As developed a fear to speak my mind or to be honest about my feelings and became increasingly critical of myself. This led to chronic internalization of all of my traumas in anything I just needed advice on I wouldn't speak. I wouldn't ask. I would just internalize it. My esteem had been crushed because I felt those that should trust, know, love, and protect me the most did not trust me, did not believe me, and worse they believed an outsider's word above mine mine. This was life altering for me and it became a stronghold that bled into the fabric who I grew up to be. It shaped how I responded to the world around me. I'd been given a new lens. One that made me see myself as one not worth fighting for, as one who has to endure pain alone, as one would always be unheard and unprotected. A major blow and myself caused me to be intimidated by tough conversations. I would fear that in

sharing something personal and painful I would not be heard, I would be rejected, or people would not believe me. Not being believed had me fix it finding out what it was about me that caused those close to me to dismiss my issues as if they were fabricated, even though I never found the answer I settled on blaming myself. My conclusion was simple... It was just my fault. There was just something about me that wasn't believable.

I fell right into the trap of the enemy to scare me with shame and false accusation. Have you ever believed something about yourself even though you're tangible track record in that area was clean? Can you recall a time where you had a disagreement with someone and they accused you of something and even though you certainly didn't do what they said, how they said it was so convincing that you kept searching yourself to see if they were right-vigorously, trying to find fault with yourself because of their expression of pain or anger?

Typically in situations like this the accuser is confronting something they themselves are doing and you are the person that is constantly over analyzing yourself or you're wrongs to make them right. This can be a great quality, but unbalanced or from the wrong root it can be debilitating. You become your own unrighteous judge and in your heart, despite all of the evidence pointing to your innocence, you have a prejudice against yourself and you give yourself a life sentence while letting the convict run free. This was me.

Enemy can keep us in condonation we will never receive the love of God and all the beautiful things he has for our lives. We will never rise to the place where we believe we deserve anything good in our lives. We start to think that fear, rejection, shame, and self approach are our only portion. The enemy uses fear and rejection conniving weapons. They reinforce every false accusation, take jabs at your ideology, and make attempts to redefine your identity. The tripped out part about the scheme is that he uses us to take ourselves down. Daily we are in a fight. A fight against his self, we default to in pain and tribulation, and for the one God or dangerous to be before the foundations of the earth. We often block the flow of God's blessings and favor to our lives because we refuse to show up as the vessel he created, instead we show up as the product of our Shame, rejection and self reproach.

We show up as the imposter. We show up as the intimidated, inferior, intimate versions by the enemy. I can remember a time where I literally had the worst anxiety about handling peoples money. I would not apply for a job that would possibly put me in

a position to have to work at a register. This may seem silly to some, but this was such a real fear, I couldn't even understand why it shook me so much, eventually, I realize I internalized all the C's, D's and F's I'd ever received on a math test and convinced myself I was just dumb with numbers. I stayed far away from things I could fail at-I feared failure too much to see it as a healthy challenge. A healed mind sees something new as a challenge to grow and conquer. The mind of a critical rejected and wounded person sees challenge as an attack or an opportunity for failure and hours away remaining and a place of that nation crippled by fear. This mind keeps us from maturing into the strong men and women of God we've been called to be. How we respond in the face of challenges, adversity, conflict, lack, etc. determines how we are shaped in our minds and grow in our character. You can't conquer something you always run from. I did this by saying "oh that's just not my ministry".

We often say this about things we perceive we are not good at and don't get me wrong. There are definitely things. We are just not called to yet often times this can be used as a cover from fear of failure. The voice inside that says you failed that before keeps you from pursuing the promise of God because it's on the other side of intimidation.

How we respond to challenges can easily bring awareness to how we feel about ourselves. How do you respond to pain? How do you respond to new tasks that are intimidating? How do you respond when approached with tough conversations? How do you respond after a failure? These are all significant questions to ask yourself when journeying to heal the mind from shame, rejection, and self-reproach.

If in pain you respond to yourself with criticism why are you crying like this? Stop being weak stop being a punk. You just can't seem to ever pull it together. Look at you, here again-this is not a healed mind. If when approached with a daunting task, your response is to coward and fear we constantly put it off for another day because you can't find the courage to start something. You have already told yourself you will fail -this is not a healed mind. If after experiencing a failure, you remain in a place of defeat never willing to try again and do not have the capacity to analyze the situation in a positive light to draw skills and insight to grow from-this is not a healed mind.

I did not have a healed mind. I constantly ran from challenges and tasks that seemed daunting, procrastinated relentlessly when given tasks I perceived I would fail at. I experienced any level of failure. I believe that I was a failure. I did not have the ability

to separate the failed attempt from my identity. The most minuscule thing became a monument in my mind and I could not get away from it. I was petrified by tough conversations as I strongly felt, I would be misunderstood, unheard, or not believed. When approached with a tough conversation, I would automatically presume the worst. I would automatically believe whatever was being said was my fault that I was causing the other individual pain and caused me to listen and respond from a place of defense. I recall this indescribable immeasurable level of anxiety me by the throat and cause my heart to beat so fast and my chest to hurt and pain with radiate down my arm causing me to fear that I would have a heart attack just from being in a disagreement with someone. All the layers of feeling like a disappointment, feeling as if my feelings weren't valid or important, perceiving that any form of arguments meant separation, and so many other lies they ran rampant in my mind, caused me to completely shut down instead of communicating. I had talked about my thoughts that I could not speak, before the conversation fully started, I had already determined the resolution and it was never positive. Before the person could speak a sentence my mind had written a novel that was not in my favor. They were leaving because I wasn't worth fighting. This was the truth that I lived in, this was my truth, but it was not the truth.