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:
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	+ The role of fear in reinforcing these falsehoods.
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	+ Guiding readers toward helpful resources for their own journey.

Introduction

In ths 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 misuse 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 occurred – 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 then 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 war 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.

 Chapter 2.

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. 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 person did not exist. Since I couldn’t find her I settled for believing I just wasn’t worth fighting for or listening to. I 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, and anything I needed advice on. I just 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. 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 had to endure pain alone, as one who would always be unheard and unprotected. This took a major jab at my self-worth and 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 fixated on 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 your tangible track record in that area was clean? Can you recall a time when 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.

If the enemy can keep us in condemnation 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, failure, trauma and tribulations are our only portion. The enemy uses fear and rejection as his most conniving weapons. They reinforce every false accusation, take jabs at your ideology, and make attempts to redefine your identity. The tripped out part about his scheme is that he uses us to take ourselves down. Daily we are in a fight against the self we default to in pain and tribulation, and for the one God ordained us 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, timid half baked versions cultivated 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 realized I had internalized all the C’, 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 considers a challenge to be an attack or an opportunity for failure and cowers away remaining in a place of that stagnation crippled by fear. This kind of thinking 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 how we grow in 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, at times, this can be used as a cover for 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 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 like: “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 cowar and fear,constantly putting off the task 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-this is not a healed mind.

I did not have a healed mind. I constantly ran from challenges and tasks that seemed daunting, and procrastinated relentlessly when given tasks I perceived I would fail at. When I experienced any level of failure I believed 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 this caused me to listen and respond from a place of defense.

I recall this indescribable immeasurable level of anxiety clenching me by the throat and causing my heart to beat so fast that my chest would hurt and pain would 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 argument meant separation or that I failed or wasn’t good enough at something, and so many other lies ran rampant in my mind, causing me to completely shut down instead of communicating. I had thoughts about my thoughts that I could not utter and 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 for. They weren’t happy with me because I couldn’t do anything right. I was certain whatever was going to be said was about to tear my heart out and stomp on it. I braced for impacts that weren’t coming but it most cases I would never find out because I would push away or reject those I thought were about to reject me. I had this knowing deep set within me that I wasn’t good enough, I couldn’t do anything right, I wasn’t worth defending and nothing good came to me without a tremendous struggle. This was the truth that I lived in, this was my truth, but it was not The Truth.

Chapter 3

Well my friend, if you’ve made it this far you must find some common ground with this self-condemning, shame-filled individual I once was. Another thing I know you have in common with that version of me, just because you still have this book in your hands is.… You have an overwhelming desire to break free and find the root cause of your dysfunctional, self-belittling mindset. You are eager to find out where it came from, when it began, and how on earth you got to the point where it was normal to think this way!? So normal it’s gone unnoticed for months or even years and made a tremendous impact on your overall personality and character. It was when noticing an overall theme in my thoughts and responses to people and situations that caused me to realize that I had some major healing to do. I was wounded and bleeding and didn’t even know it.

I observed some common themes in my responses. I’d become very sensitive to criticism, my self-esteem had diminished in several areas, I had a perfectionist mindset, struggled with self-acceptance, and had difficulty accepting compliments. These I’ve come to know are all a common result of experiencing a lack of affirmation, recieving high levels of criticism, and experiencing abuse, abandonment, betrayal or rejection. Let’s take a deeper look into how these affect our way of thinking and adjust the lense we see ourselves and th world around us through.

Criticism and Affirmation

 Criticism is like nasty cough syrup. It burn a little going down, open your system wide up, tastes absolutley disgusting, but helps you get better faster than you would on your own. At least, this is the case in a person with a healthy thought process. Affirmation is an essential ingredient in the health of the mind and soul and when it is missing or received on a scale far less then critisicm it can cause one to be more conscious of their problems and falures then their accomplishments and good qualities.

There is lots of science behind the effectiveness of a proper praise to criticism ratio the effects individuals productivity. I am bit of a behavioral therapy neard and have spent a few years in the field of Applied Behavior Analysis with children on the Autism Spectrum and like disabilities. It was when starting to study to get my certification that I actually learned that the unbalance of these two in my life was a key reason why I was experiencing a lot of stagnation and developed poor thinking of myself. As humans we are wired to desire acceptance and affirmation. They make us feel loved, appreciated and let us know in some way shape or form we are adding value to the world around us. God used this career path to shine a light on ruts I was stuck in because my mistakes at times were more of a big deal to those around me than my successes. In return those mistakes became more important to me then my successes also and I lost the will or drive to try the ask again. A lack of affirmation especially in childhood can be just as crucial on the development of great mental health as over critsicm could be on poor mental health. The abcese of such specially in the presence of mistakes can be internalized in a way that causes the individual to identify with the mistake. Here’s an example.

Johnny is 5 years old and wants to be a big boy and pour his own milk into his cereal. He pours and is unable to keep his hand steady and drops the milk cartoon on the table tipping the bowl onto the floor and spiling almost the entire carton f milk. Mom or dad say’s to Johnny (who should’ve come ask for help) “What in the world are you doing?! Look at ths mess. Now clean it up and get out of my kitchen!” A couple weeks later Johnny wants cereal again and ask for help getting it. Mom or Dad says ok you pour it-attempting to give him another chance to learn. But Johnny just remembers wha happened before and that mom/dad was angry at his accident. He keeps begging mom/dad to do it for him for fear of it happening again.

What do you think would have happened if mom or dads response o the mistake was one with both praise and correction? Lets look at this example on the other side of the spectrum. Johnny spills all the milk and cereal when he’s not supposed to be in the kitchen. Mom or dad says to Johnny- were you trying to be a big boy and pour your milk all by yourself? Johnny shakes his head yes. Mom or dad says -I love that you are trying to do things on your own and I’m proud of you for being brave enough to try but are you supposed to be in the kitchen without me? Next time you want to try to do something by yourself tell me so that if you need help I can be there. Now clean up this mess and get out my kitchen (LOL). In this approach Johnny not only knows that it’s a good thing to try new things but also understands his boundaries with the kitchen and that its best to have someone near by for help. He knows that mom/dad is not punishing him for failing but providing guidelines that will help him accomplish what he was trying to do in the future.

 It takes a lot of grace to parent that way and I thin that’s a book of its own but I wanted to highlight this as the foundation for an individuals mental health starts at home and very early on. If we are not careful and mindful of our childrens tempermeants, how they respond to certain forms of discipline and don’t walk n much patience and grace-we can stifle their growth and be the seed of critical self talk and fear of failure planted early on.

 Fortunately this was not something that was deliberate in my home. There are unfortunate cases where parents are truly aware and intentionally seeking to tear there children down with there words. Usually this is because of their own perceived shortcomings and failures. But for the most part, I truy believe parents do this in error due to frustration and habit from how they were raised. I was blessed with parents that genuinely cared about me and were very proud of me but because I am and have always been a person that takes words to heart-I was in need of something I had no ability t communicate. I needed the affirmations and assurance to know despite my mistake I was still good, I could ask for help, and that even in the moment while they were frustrated with whatever it was I made a mistake on-that they were still proud that I tried. I am 110% certain that if as a child I was able to communicate this need they would have jumped on it with ease but I had no language for what I was experiencing so I internalized it and there the seed was planted for fear of failure and constantly replaying mistakes in my mind trying to rewrite them n my imagination. In my early 20’s I realized I would have a lot of anxiety when critiqued. It was like I had this hyper-awareness that it was coming and such a sensitivity to it once it came that I would either completely shut down or become very defensive. If you’ve noticed that when corrected or given constructive criticism you shut down, get defensive, or have a lot of anxiety it is an indication of a lack of esteem and affirmation. I can remember just a couple of years ago the Lord speaking to me when I was in a very dark space and just coming into the knowledge of why my thinking was so poor and He said to me very clearly. Let Me affirm you. I wept and wept as I sat criss-cross apple sauce on my bed like a child at her daddy’s feet sensing this overwhelming presence of love and peace. It’s hard for any voice of fear, criticism or self-reproach to remain under the affirmation of the Father. When you come to terms with the fact that you are fully loved by Him it casts out all fear and every device connected to it that’s wreaking havoc in your life.

Self-esteem

There came a time where was reflecting and realized the version of me that I remembered -the one that knew her worth and didn’t care if people did or didn’t like her. was long gone and I didn’t even know when she made her grand departure!

I realized I’d gone from a place of wearing makeup because I enjoyed playing with it like an art, to not being able to leave the house without it because I felt the need to cover imperfections. I genuinely didn’t feel like I was beautiful without it. I went from being confident in my skills as a singer, dancer, and actress to constantly second-guessing my artistic choices, continually wrestling with thoughts of not being good enough, or not feeling qualified to teach or coach when parents requested me for private lessons with their child. I did not have the mental fortitude to see this as an opportunity to grow and use my gifts to make money. I could only see it as something I had not yet qualified for and would not be good at. I saw an opportunity for failure before seeing the opportunity for growth and it prevented me from stepping into a means to supplement my income. I’d pray for opportunities to make money doing what I love so that I could transition from the 9-5 life and when the opportunities presented themselves I found myself chasing another job and declining gigs for fear of failure.

 Bit by bit the enemy was eating away at my identity, my confidence, and muzzling my voice. I could remember at th age of 16 leading ministry work in my school after hours. I remember peers getting deliverance in a choir rehearsal and prohecying to people without hesitation. I remembered preaching under the anointing of God at an early age and having confidence that I heard Him and was chosen by Him to be his mouthpiece in the earth. I also recall when that all came to a halt.

—--discus the effects of failures when i thought i hear God and how it impacted my self esteem as a believer