Outline

Draft Title: Will You Be Made Whole?

Introduction

1. Purpose: The purpose of this book is to help women become who God has created them to be by using my natural hair alopecia journey as a metaphor of how I’m dealing with my childhood trauma.
2. What would the reader gain or what would be the call to action. This book is uniquely written for black women struggling to discover their natural hair, The Christian woman and the traumatized woman seeking to be made whole. No matter which one is reading this book it will have one common factor. The journey towards self-acceptance and authenticity or what I like to call being made whole.

Introduction

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Nguvu is Swahilli for Strong. That’s my hair name. Pronounced New Vu

*INTRODUCTION*

I was avoiding it . I saw it but I acted like I didn’t. Surely it is just a small spot and it won't grow any further. I can cover it up. So I did. There were so many different ways I covered it up until I couldn't tell the cover from me and worse neither did those around me. It didn’t matter because I wasn’t ready to face it. Paid a lot of money for those covers and found different experts to create the perfect cover for me depending on the style of cover I wanted. If I’m truthful I didn’t always feel like wearing the cover. But everytime I took the cover off I noticed that the spot was larger and larger.

I would encourage myself by saying “you can face this” but I wasn’t faithful to “her.” I would get everything needed to make her strong and healthy. Educate myself on how to love “her” better. I even went as far as not allowing any processes to touch “her” . That was bold for me. I was so use to having “her” processed it didn’t last. I looked at her and did not cherish without the cover. I never learned how to take care of her on my own without the process and when I tried to imitate what I saw from others it never worked for me. So I covered “her.”

A year or so went by and I had mastered the covered look! I never paid much attention to “her” again. She was faithful and maintained as much as she could even with the spot growing all around her. Then one day I heard Him say if you remove the cove I will heal “her.” I knew His voice, He was speaking to me a personal of not only healing but reconciliation between “her” and I. I uncovered her again and told myself that I was going to go through a different process to get her back.

Little did I know what that process really meant. I told one of my sista-friends what he said and told her I was going to do it. Went back to researching how to take care of “her” Little did I know what that process really meant. The same old feelings came up and to make it worse people, my people made comments about her that made me feel insecure about her. I tried to stay focused and gain my confidence but I couldn’t take it. I had allowed who I was to be woven into the covers and now I couldn’t see myself without it. I only made it six months and I was back to wearing my covers.

This time when I went back it was different. I wasn’t happy with any cover that I had on, but the “her” spot was so large I couldn't just be naturally me. No compliment on my cover helped, no amount of money I spent on the cover helped, I was not happy with myself. I didn’t feel authentically me but I was lost. She was dying and I didn’t know how to help her. But that’s not all ironically, the same thing was happening to my soul. Somehow my soul and “her '' are synonymously walking through the same journey that I had overlooked for so long. This was out of my comfort zone and I had know other choice but to get both of them help. I knew I could not continue like this. She nor I would make it.

I found “her” , my hair and soul professional help. I was referred to a great dermatologist.. She told me that I had alopecia mainly due to my covers of braids and weaves. She began to ask me “what if I could get 40% of your hair back would that be okay?” I said “yes.” She asked “what if I could get 50% of your hair back would that be okay?” I said “yes.” She finally asked “what if I could only get 60% of your hair back would that be okay.” My non patient self said “YES.” Then I remembered Genesis 18:16-33 when Abraham pleads for Sodom for Lots sake.

23 Then Abraham approached him and said: “Will you sweep away the righteous with the wicked? 24 What if there are fifty righteous people in the city? Will you really sweep it away and not spare[[c](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-449c)] the place for the sake of the fifty righteous people in it? 25 Far be it from you to do such a thing—to kill the righteous with the wicked, treating the righteous and the wicked alike. Far be it from you! Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?” 26 The Lord said, “If I find fifty righteous people in the city of Sodom, I will spare the whole place for their sake.” 27 Then Abraham spoke up again: “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, though I am nothing but dust and ashes, 28 what if the number of the righteous is five less than fifty? Will you destroy the whole city for lack of five people?” “If I find forty-five there,” he said, “I will not destroy it.” 29 Once again he spoke to him, “What if only forty are found there?” He said, “For the sake of forty, I will not do it.” 30 Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak. What if only thirty can be found there?” He answered, “I will not do it if I find thirty there.” 31 Abraham said, “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, what if only twenty can be found there?” He said, “For the sake of twenty, I will not destroy it.” 32 Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak just once more. What if only ten can be found there?” He answered, “For the sake of ten, I will not destroy it.” 33 When the Lord had finished speaking with Abraham, he left, and Abraham returned home. (NIV)

He was in that office with me, He being God. I knew he told me to stop covering my hair with wigs and weave and he would heal me but I didn’t have the strength to discover who I was without braids or weaves. Especially since I stopped processing my hair with perms. It was natural and like I said I was never taught how to take care of my natural hair. Her asking me these questions was like Abraham asking God if you have one of yours in Sodom would you spear it for their sake. God was having her ask me this question to say to me if I can save your hair will you go through the process with me. I was not saying Yes to her, I was saying yes to Him.

I then heard her say some of your alopecia in the center of my head are due to traction alopecia and the edges of my head are generational alopecia in your bloodline. After giving God my yes I by faith said, I’m not worried about the generational alopecia, generational curses on my bloodline are covered by the blood of Jesus. She was clear that she could help me but told me straight forward. I will treat you but the day you put a weave or bread back in your head I’m sending you home and we are stopping the process, as she is looking at my head with a freshly breaded style. She had the type of personality I needed for this transformation so I knew she was the one God assigned to help me. I committed to the process, went to my last few events with my braids and took them out to never return.

At the same, my soul needed healing. I was once again referred to a therapist who at the time I had know idea she was going to help and inspire me to write this book. I told her nothing about my hair, but only that I know I have to do something because I could not continue like this. I had been raised by young unhealed parents, sexually touched by strangers, an uncle, and an aunt, homeless and so much trauma that I as so many other black women pushed it aside and just moved on with life. But it caught up to me. Ironically at the same time my alopecia did.

You may read this book and say “I don’t have alopecia so this is not for me.” As crazy as it sounds, God used my hair to teach me how to deal with the trauma in my life. So use my hair as a symbol of your trauma and allow it to guide you to your healing.

You may read this book and say “I don’t believe in God or your God.” It’s okay, God is my source. Take the lessons and healing journey to walk towards your own healing journey. And if you discover my God along the way. Praise God.

You may read this book as a black woman who needs encouragement on wearing your natural hair with confidence. Trust me you are going to get that in this book.

No matter where you are when reading this book, it is my desire that you ask and prayfull answer the same question my therapist asked me that inspired me to write this book. That question is “Will You Be Made Whole.”

Chapter 1. Before You Were In Your Mother’s Womb

They say that trauma is passed down from generation to generation. That when you have experienced something so traumatic that it lives inside of your cells and the effects can be carried throughout your legacy. In fact, that trauma now becomes the legacy in which your family is known for. It’s not until someone in your generation decides to be healed from the family trauma that your cells stop reproducing pain. I guess it was inevitable for me to have trauma at such an early age. It was passed down to me. Story has it that my grandmother was living on a farm in the south with a woman who always accused her of sleeping with her husband. Funny thing is she thought this woman was her mother. She didn’t understand why when her father was playing and being nice to her, her mother saw it as flirtatious. That was until a car pulled up to the farm and a woman who just got out of prison told my grandmother that she was her mother and took her from the farm.

That was the only day she probably told my grandmother she was her mother. The rest of her life my great-grandmother always bragged on how she was so glad my grandmother never had an ounce of her blood. You see, when my great-grandmother went back home to Clarksdale Mississippi after being released from prison and introduced my grandmother to the community, they looked at her like a poor child. No one ever knew my great-grandmother to be pregnant. They did know that my great-grandmother was released from prison after serving time for killing her lover and his wife. But where was their child? Oh people did inquire but a black girl child being missing in the south wasn’t top news. I guess it wasn’t anyone's business when that child showed up with the killer years later.

Verbally abused, uneducated, rapped and young with two chidren is how my grandfather probably found my grandmother. But he loved her and brought her to Chicago. They had my mother with trauma carried in her cells who at the age of fifteen had me.

Strong, stubborn, bold, courageous some might say fearless is what my other would use to describe her way back in the beginning. That’s before the world touched her. Not afraid to stand out or challenge the norms, without even knowing she was doing so. Trauma didn’t escape the generation before her so the effects of life weakened her and she was no longer her natural born self. And reflecting over the process it started at her young age.

I remember knowing that something was wrong. The tension around me was evident as my parents walked in and out rooms. I was around three or four years old and yet I remember that feeling even today. My dad who I so loved was fun, at least with me. I would follow him everywhere because he would let me be me and nothing had to be in place. Unlike my mother. She has always been such a beautiful darkskin woman and a girly girl so having a daughter meant she needed to be the same way. Accept if her daughter was me. I wasn’t interested in being a girly girl at all. I hated pink, I hated dolls and I could care less about my hair being neat and every strand in place if it meant I could climb, run and jump.

I could do all of that with my dad. He would let me run, jump, climb and play in the sandbox all I wanted to. Even today my mother tells the story of how she had to wash my hair every night from playing in the sandbox no matter how many times she threatened me not to.. She says no matter how many times she would tell me not to go in there I would come back with a head full of sand. That I guess was part of my strong, bold and fearless nature. Poor mommy, she hardly has one picture of me looking cute and girly with my hair all in place.

My daddy didn’t care. He called me his pretty girl no matter what I looked like and I believed him. It was quite different with my mother. She always said she never wanted children. I didn’t understand that it was her trauma expressing itself but growing up I felt I wasn’t chosen to be here. I was just an accident. This mostly added to my rebellious nature. That and the DNA of my grandmother. After enduring so much trauma she finally turned into a fearless, outspoken no-nonsense woman. She didn’t overcome her trauma; she eventually learned to not let anyone add anymore to it. Eventually.

My grandmother was so naturing to me and since my mom had me at fifteen years old, I grew up with her spoiling me as if I was her own. In fact, until her dying day told everybody I was her child even though he had 12 children of her own yet only 10 survived. My aunties and uncles were between four- sixteen years older and I always had someone to play with yet still felt the luxury of being spoiled. My mother said we moved from my grandmother’s house on the southside of Chicago to the northside when I was very small. I still saw my grandmother so much it felt like I was still living in her home.. Looking back it appeared to be a close net family. I would have never known that things were about to change.

The tension that I now call discernment got thicker. I couldn’t begin to guess what it was until I saw my mother crying as my dad was yelling at her. I didn’t recognize him. This wasn’t the person that threw me in the air and called me his pretty girl. I was afraid and having nowhere to go in this one bedroom apartment I made at the age of three or four a decision I would have to spend over fifty years correcting. I hid inside of myself. Within me I could control what I saw, what I felt, my surroundings and keep me safe. I don’t know what happened when I discovered that the two people raising me were not able to keep me safe but I did. Not having the maturity obviously at that age to express that they were causing me trauma I played right into the generational curse of trauma…isolation.

This happened quite often but since I naturally had a very creative and imaginary mind it was easy for me to do. I would be somewhere in a matter of seconds and live out physically where my mind would have me to be. Except the day I heard a loud knock at our door. My daddy asked “who is it” and they said “it’s the police.” I saw my daddy turn to my mother and whispered something to her but by the look on her face it wasn’t good. I quickly hid back inside myself . I don’t remember what happened with the police but the next time I came back to reality my other grandmother, my dad’s mom was there yelling at my dad. I couldn't come to myself to hear what she was saying but even though she was only a 4ft woman my dad knew not to mess with her. Her body language was scary and she was slapping my daddy like he would slap my mom. It was like his face was turning from the slap in slow motion as my grandmother continued to yell at him. I quickly retreat once again back into myself. It still wasn’t safe in reality.

At a young age I knew from the start that I couldn't let other children know what my home life was like. I don’t know why at that age how I knew that but I did. The person inside who created a false reality of herself had to now act out this false reality in real time. It was okay though. I was keeping my family together. This mask at the age of four was created in hopes to betray a life that people thought we had. I listen to people talk about their childhood to see at what age they go back to and I rarely hear people talk about themselves at the age of 3-4. That’s how I knew it was the trauma that was sealed within my bones that allowed me to pull it to memory. Unfortunately that wasn’t the worst memory. There was a night that changed my childhood forever.

In our one bedroom apartment I slept in the bed with my parents. My baby brother slept in the crib right next to me. I got up in the middle of the night with that feeling again. I jumped up and didn’t see my parents so I did what every four year old does when they want permission to get out of bed, pretend they have to use the bathroom. I got up thinking I was going to act out the I have to pee script but as I was rubbing my eyes coming out of a dark room looking into the front room I saw blood. Blood was all over this bright white shirt and I was frozen. I couldn't move. I was scared to lift my head up but I started moving it slowly.. When I finally saw her face a short sign of relief came over me that it wasn’t my mother but one of our neighbors. By that time I realized it wasn’t my mother I could hear her screaming…SABRINA GO TO BED. My mother by the way is always screaming but this time I was relieved and said I gotta pee and went to the bathroom.

The next day I was still thinking about what I saw.. I can only imagine if it was my mother who had on that bloody white shirt what that would have done to me. So I came up with a brillant four year old plan. I said to my mother “mom why does daddy hit you.” She said “I don’t know.” I said “Why don’t you ask him to stop.” She said “Okay.” And although to this day this conversation brings tears to my eyes with my innocence still in tacked I believed this was the solution until my daddy got home.

My mom said “Caleb, your daughter asked me why her daddy hits me.” With no hesitation he picked me up and said “I don’t know baby girl but I won’t do it again.”

I gave him the biggest hug and felt so accomplished. I saved my family! I went to bed feeling good knowing that I would never wake up like I did the night before. But I was wrong. There’s that feeling again. My eyes jumped wide open and with the mirror of the dresser in the back of my brother’s bed I could see a reflection of my mom's hands up and then she said “okay Caleb don't hit me again.” My daddy replies “If you wake her up I will kill you.” I shut my eyes and went to sleep. I didn’t want my daddy to kill my mother because of me. Believe it or not, I’ve battled this decision all my life.

The next morning I woke up aged. I can’t explain it but I was no longer just four years old. I remember feeling like the first man that I loved, who accepted me for who I am, who took me everywhere and never yelled at me was the first man to ever lie to me. I also realized that a mother who loved me but often wanted to groom me into someone I wasn’t and who expressed that she didn’t want children was not safe here. I know she knows how much I loved my daddy so I went from saving my family to saving my mom. At least in my mind. I said to her, “Mom, I think you should leave dad.” I don’t remember her responding. Even now I weep again imagining a girl dad having to say those words at the age of four. The trauma went from being passed down to now being sealed in my bones. And it was just the beginning.

The bible talks about In Jeremiah 1:5 “Before I formed you in the womb I knew[[a](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Jeremiah%201&version=NIV#fen-NIV-18952a)] you, (NIV) I believe this was one of the moments the devil used to strip away who He knew me to be. The devil knew the history of my generational trauma and how no one had been healed from. It was easy for the devil to allow unhealed people to live out unhealthy lives knowing that they will create an incubator for continuous trauma. My grandmother's trauma led to my mother’s trauma which led to me at an early age to create a false reality, an invisible mask, experienced rejection, began emotional detachment and fatherhood issues which resulted in loss of my identity before I was old enough to even know it.

At the time I also didn’t know that it was the devils assignment according to John 10:10 “The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy;” (NIV). He is just walking out his purpose so that I wouldn't fulfill mine. The four year old didn’t know that Jesus gave the answer in His response to the second part of John 10:10 “I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full.” (NIV) Life defined as “The state of one being possessed of vitality. It separates the living from the dead. Jesus does want us to just live with His breath but to live full. What does it mean to live full? Full means to live superior, extraordinary, surpassing, uncommon. God created me to do something on the earth extraordinary that surpasses understanding…something uncommon but we are often destroyed by the enemy before we come to this realization. The traumas of our lives are often a massive shock to the soul that our spirit is not equipped to resuscitate us. There are very few of us that are willing to do the work of self healing to work out Jeremiah 1:5 so we continue on with the life we created instead of the life He knew.

I t’s not hard for the devil to have an entry way because he comes through the open areas generations before you did not work to heal. God in His awesome mercy will allow you to close that door if you are willing to walk in and defeat what’s inside of you. Is the question standing before you and me as it was with Jesus standing in front of the man at the pool of Bethesda “Wilt thou be made whole?” (John 5:6 KJV).

Let me set the screen. Jesus is traveling again and comes to a pool by a sheep market. At this pool known as Bethesda people there are many helpless and powerless people waiting for the water to look agitated or as the bible says for an angel to trouble the waters. Whoever made it to the water first would receive healing.

There was a man who for eight years tried to get to the water and could not. His trauma was hindering him from getting in the pool, but Jesus asked Him “Wilt thou be made whole?” Like most of us the man he blamed for not receiving his healing on everyone else. No one will help me, people are walking all over me, I don’t have what I need to get there. Jesus didn’t pay any attention to the excuse and told him to RISE. Not only to rise but to pick up your bed and walk. Rise up and carry the thing that has been carrying you and walk. This is where the work comes in. You have to face where you are and your trauma and decide to RISE UP. You have to forget the trauma that has crippled you and RISE UP. You have to forget the people around you and RISE UP. You have to decide that you want to know the person God knew before you were in your mother’s womb and RISE UP!

That’s when we get to walk out Jesus' promise in John 10:10b “I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full.” (NIV) The man decided to do so and the bible told us not that he was healed the scripture said “And immediately the man was made whole,” (John 5:9 KJV). Jesus didn’t ask him if he wanted to be made healed. No that’s life, life more full is being made whole. Whole in strong’s concordance is not only healthy but restored (5199). Restored back to the person I knew before the world knew you. Restored back to the person before your mother’s womb imparted the cells of her trauma into you. The man decided to RISE and carry his bed. He was made whole without having to go into the pool. He only had to decide to believe that Jesus could heal him and the courage to RISE.

I was 49 when I decided to RISE. Is when Jeremiah 1:5 came alive to me and I asked God “who did you create me to be?” That question agitated my soul like the angel agitated the waters at the pool of Bethesda. By this time obviously being saved, a pastor and sr. leader in the ministry, I was operating as so many other leaders. Healing with hurting. I was at my lowest and I knew that I could not keep going. I was looking for the Shalom of God. The peace of God where there is nothing missing or nothing lacking. I wanted the promise in John 10:10b. This is a scary decision. Like the man at the pool you can’t look at the situation around you and blame people or life for your circumstances. You have to have the ability to recognize the areas in your life that may be empty, unfulfilled or lacking peace and the capacity to reach within to heal it instead of searching outside of yourself. You have to desire to know Who God has created you to be and decide to walk boldly in discovering that person with no fear of how others may perceive you. You have to decide you want to be made whole.

Walking towards wholeness is confidently admitting your weaknesses with the understanding that it doesn’t make you weak. Living a life of wholeness allows you to be content with what you have and the desire to obtain what else is yours. Wholeness sounds out the critics, makes your prayer for your haters and overlook your doubters. Being Whole is not arrogance, or lack of empathy. Wholeness is living out the thought that God had for you.

The way God is allowing me to RISE and work out my childhood trauma and journey towards wholeness is through my therapist and my natural hair journey. Yep my hair. The hair my mother worked so hard to keep in place and I cared less about was instrumental in my healing. Of course it took trauma to make me want to heal my trauma. I’m healing from alopecia. I was diagnosed with alopecia but when I look back the signs were always there. But why face it, I can do what the four year girl did and mask it. Wigs, weaves, and braids will cover up the small spot on my head. It’s not that big and I don’t want to go to the doctor for them to diagnose me with alopecia. It will go away. But it didn’t. Trauma never does. It grows until it’s unrecognizable and by the time you do you are so overwhelmed the preventative care that you could have taken doesn’t work.

I’m seeing my therapist trying to work out my trauma only to know I have to go to the dermatologist to face the truth. But God, like always, is with me. He was just waiting on me to come to Him for healing. In fact, six years prior when the circle in the middle of my head was small I heard Him say “ if you keep the weave out of your head I will heal you.” Now, don’t come for me, stylist. I’m not here to suggest or debate weave. This is what He was telling me. It had more to do with the mask and control then the hair. Like most christians I was excited! God is going to heal me and so I told a close friend of mine and started off on the journey of no weave. I had already stopped perming my hair so this was the next step.

Well, It was HARD! I made it six months then I went right back to the weave. Why? Because my identity was tied to the mask which was now my hair. People said how pretty I was with hair. Like my daddy used to. Natural hair was thought of as untamed, unkept not acceptable unless of course you have it straighten. It wasn’t just the other race that looked at me funny when trying to wear my hair natural. People close to me would comment “I couldn’t wear my hair like that” or “I tried to go natural but whew” or “ I wear my hair natural but I have to straighten it out.” If it wasn’t this it was the light skin vs dark skin battle but with 3a vs 4b hair battle. “See if I go natural I need my curls to look like that.” My hair is 4ab so and no matter what YouTube video I watched I couldn’t get the 4ab look and it triggered me. At least on the inside so back goes the mask.

God knows exactly what I needed. See I've acted out the strong, stubborn bold, courageous and fearless person so long that it became my persona. I know she was inside of me before I was traumatized as a child, and lost her so inside with the trauma and only I know I’m not that confident anymore but baby I know how to act her out. It takes strong people to handle me. My dermatologist is just that. When I got to her office I had the nerve to have a head full of braids. She said after examining my head. “If you come back in here with a weave I’m not going to see you anymore.” LORD! Straight to the point but that’s what I needed. I said “ I have a party to go to then after that I’m done.” That’s what we do. Get that last fix before we start our process. She then proceeded with a series of questions that reminded me again of God and His word.

She said “if I can get 40% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.” She said “If I can get 50% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.” She said “If I can get 80% of your hair back would you be okay with that?” I said “yes.”

How does that remind me of His word?

Genesis 18:22-333 (NIV) says

**22** The men turned away and went toward Sodom, but Abraham remained standing before the Lord.[[b](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-447b)] **23** Then Abraham approached him and said: “Will you sweep away the righteous with the wicked? **24** What if there are fifty righteous people in the city? Will you really sweep it away and not spare[[c](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%2018%3A16-33&version=NIV#fen-NIV-449c)] the place for the sake of the fifty righteous people in it? **25** Far be it from you to do such a thing—to kill the righteous with the wicked, treating the righteous and the wicked alike. Far be it from you! Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?” **26** The Lord said, “If I find fifty righteous people in the city of Sodom, I will spare the whole place for their sake.” **27** Then Abraham spoke up again: “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, though I am nothing but dust and ashes, **28** what if the number of the righteous is five less than fifty? Will you destroy the whole city for lack of five people?” “If I find forty-five there,” he said, “I will not destroy it.” **29** Once again he spoke to him, “What if only forty are found there?”He said, “For the sake of forty, I will not do it.” **30** Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak. What if only thirty can be found there?” He answered, “I will not do it if I find thirty there.” **31** Abraham said, “Now that I have been so bold as to speak to the Lord, what if only twenty can be found there?” He said, “For the sake of twenty, I will not destroy it.” **32** Then he said, “May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak just once more. What if only ten can be found there?” He answered, “For the sake of ten, I will not destroy it.” **33** When the Lord had finished speaking with Abraham, he left, and Abraham returned home.

The people had sinned against God and Abraham was inquiring if you find a few faithful would you save them and God said yes. It was as if God was saying I know I told you six years ago that I would heal you if you stop wearing the weave but If you go on this journey now I will keep my promise and heal you. My yes was not to her but to God.

Trying not to have a praise break in her office I focused on my diagnosis which was traction alopecia in the center of my head and more like generational alopecia around edges. She said I may find more hair growth coming back in the center than the edges because it’s generational. I told her not to worry. Jesus has broken every generational curse off my life so as long as I stay in faith I’m good. She told me how scared I was due to the weave. She said that wearing a weave is like putting a paperclip on one string of hair and asking it to carry the weight, but if I went through the process she was sure she could restore some of my hair. I told her I was going through the process.

She looked at me like yeah we’ll see. Me being outspoken asked why the look You don’t believe me. She said “ she has so many girls and women who can’t go without the weave.” “Their identity is in weave and to wear their hair is unnatural.” They start the process, stop the process and come back when it’s irreversible. She has know idea how close that hit home. I was that girl who went from an invisible mask to a weave mask without knowing it. How did that happen? How did who I am get caught up in my hair? Now I know how much hair means to a woman. Having alopecia is devastating even as I am walking in faith. But how did allowing someone else’s hair define me? Not even the struggle about losing my own but not being pretty without wearing someone else's hair. ‘

I allowed compliments vs critique to feed me instead of asking why does the critique tigger me?

It was easy to push aside because this is not an area in my life. I am strong willed in so many areas. Why does the word pretty trigger me? Why does someone saying nappy or kinky have me looking for brazilian hair? Why isn't my God given hair out of my head enough for me regardless of what people think? I left our of her office with these questions but also with another scripture.

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# **“**But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows (Luke 12:7 NKJV).

I walked out believing that God was going to heal me and I was going to not only be healed but Whole. I was going to find out with the help of my therapist the answers to why.

Before talking to my therapist I cried. With all the strength I felt from the faith that God was going to heal me, the fact that I was losing my hair and would have to expose it at some point not only hurt but made me feel ugly. Crying for me was different. I can count on my hands how many times I cried as an adult. It wasn’t often. I was going to not only find inner confidence but beauty as well. Something I don’t ever think I had to define myself as. Something that made me feel uncomfortable. Being pretty. It was that trigger word again. After crying it hit me that I’m not only a pastor at my ministry but the online pastor. I would be presenting myself to the world week after week with no mask.

AlthoughI am an urban girl at heart and I love headwraps, the choice to not wear them felt like it was taken from me. At the same time I didn't want my head wraps to be my new mask. It was a lot to try and take in but after a few weeks I spoke to my therapist. I had been seeing her for around six months by now. She is the one who asked me the questions Jesus asked the crippled man at the pool of Bethesda. We didn’t talk about my hair but because she was working on me facing the little girl I knew it would help. God knowing me not only sent me the right dermatologist but the right therapist as well. She knew and had heard about me as a pastor and leader at my church and she knew that if she directed her questions based on what I knew not only about the word but ministering to God’s people she could get me to self-reflect and minister to myself.

In my sessions I had to distinguish between the ideal self and actual self. The ideal self is what the little girl created when she went inside herself. The actual self was who I had become. I lived out to everyone else the ideal self and disconnected from my actual self. My ideal self disconnected from her emotions years ago so she could walk in confidence while the actual self buried herself. The ideal self projected who she wanted to be while the actual self had no idea who she was. The ideal self ministered from the word but the actual self did not minister the word to herself. Not in the ways that matter. The actual self could keep the law but did not give herself grace. The ideal self could preach the word but could not feel those who she was preaching to. The ideal self believes that God is a healer but the actual self wasn’t healed.

After each session and trying to keep the faith about my hair I realized that God was requiring me to walk out my alopecia in full transparency. In order to minister to His people I had to experience Him in a way I have never experienced Him. I had to feel it. Why? So I could share His healing from a place of knowing instead of reading. The little girl had to be healed so that the women could come out. My hair was just symbolic to what I had lost over time and did not tend to so it got worse. My hair was just symbolic to me not feeling beautiful because I didn't line up with what my mother thought a girl should be. My hair was symbolic of being lied to by the only person who told me I was pretty. My hair was just symbolic of me lying to the world about my life because I didn’t want them to know what was going on inside my home. My hair was just symbolic to the emotional detachment that I created between me and people. God is challenging me to fall in love with my hair the way He created it. To learn how to nature and present it.

As painful as it is,I’m on this journey of being made whole so that I can become who He knew me to be before I was in my mother's womb. As a spiritual leader the spirit of shame tries to attack me from even writing this book. The ideal self won’t care but I’m not writing from that place so the actual person does. But more than me being healed and prayerfully you too . I’m determined to break the generational curse off my life so that my children won’t have to. I gave birth to my children before I was healed so they have trauma in their cells. But the thing about cells is that they have the ability to recreate themselves and go through the process called cell division. Since God is the one who created our bodies I believe by faith that God will allow every traumatic spirit to divide and break off the cells of my children and they will not carry that spirit in their DNA.

Take a deep breath with me and decide to be made whole as well. My transparency on these pages is for you to know that you are not alone. Put away your titles, expectations, net worth, mask and let’s face our fears together. I know that most spiritual people don't claim fear. I’m not asking you to claim it, I’m asking you to admit it and then address it so you can overcome it. And you will. We will. God has not given us the spirit of fear but of love, power and a sound mind according to II Timothy i:7 (NKJV) but it doesn’t say we won’t feel it just empowers to handle it when it comes. You can’t keep leading sheep, your home, your community walking around crippled by trauma. It may not be their hair that God is permitting to draw you. It could be alcohol, drugs, sex or some other type of device the devil is using to help you cope instead of heal . Whatever it is it will never replace the other side of God’s Wholeness.Allow the little girl or little boy that never had the just to develop into God created them to be due to traumatic experiences heal.

Will You Be Made Whole Take Away:

In John:5 it says at verse 6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

I want to encourage you that Jesus sees you. He knows that you have been in that situation for a long time and He is presenting a miracle to you of healing, however you have to take the first step of faith. In that step you must know that you don’t control the process. I have so many days when I want to cut my head bald because I don’t see any growth. I don’t control the process, just the decision to believe. Not in my hair growing back but in being healed.

Let me explain. I believe that God is going to heal me and my hope is that the healing comes with a head full of hair. But rather God heals or He heals I’m going to be healed. Meaning, if He decides to heal me by growing my hair back praise God but if He decides to heal me by taking it all away praise God. Why? Because at the end of the day I’m healed.

Sure I desire that He heals me one way and I would be devastated at first if the outcome is different. My prayer is because He is sovereign I would challenge myself to say to God “what did you really heal?” I’m not at the end of my alopecia journey to answer that. But while I’m on the journey I know He sees me and He loves me.

Prayer:

Spirit of the living God, we thank you for seeing us. Your word says that we can cast our cares upon you because you care for us and so we come casting our hearts to you. God we want to be made whole so walk with us on this journey of healing. Lord rather our trauma is generational or self inflicted allow us the strength to overcome it. God we believe in your word that says you come that we may have life and life to the full and since your word will not come back void but will accomplish what is sent forth to do we believe that as we press into you we will be made whole. Father we don’t want to leave this earth not becoming who you created us to be. Help us Holy Spirit to be led into all truths and to face all fears. Heal our hearts, heal our minds, heal our souls.

In Jesus Name Amen!

I Peter 5:7

Isaiah 55:11

John 10:10