Not this time devil

by Michelle King Eigemann

*"You are my hiding place; you will protect me from trouble. You surround me with songs of deliverance." Psalm 32.7*

The devil thought he had me. He sat back, grabbed his favorite snack, and put his feet up eagerly, waiting for me to fall. And the truth...I almost did.

At the beginning of the week, I began declaring God's goodness and faithfulness over my life. I began praying over the healing He brought to my wounded soul years ago. But no matter how much I prayed, I couldn't shake the emotions I had worked so hard to overcome. Then this morning, as I fell to my knees in a surrendered display of raw and real emotion, the Lord said, "healing doesn't mean the hurt goes away."

Please read that again, "healing doesn't mean the hurt goes away" with this statement, the floodgates opened up, and I gave myself permission to feel while still declaring my healing.

On April 25, 1987, I turned 13, and I experienced a situation that wounded me so deeply that for the next 26 years, I did everything I could to avoid my birthday and all the feelings associated with it.  The problem with avoidance is that it doesn't work. When we attempt to hush, silence, or reason with our emotions, what we are really doing is feeding them. We are giving them the power to control us and make our decisions. Healing only happens when we allow ourselves to space and grace to feel.

The week leading up to my 39th birthday, I asked God to heal me. I was ready to let go of the pain I carried around for 26 years. I was prepared to do what needed to be done. As I sat in His presence, I felt all the things I felt that day as a little girl. Rejection. Forgotten. Unseen. Unloved. Not good enough. I felt it all, but then I dealt with it because that is the place where healing is found. Healing is only found in dealing.

In my prayer, I asked God to celebrate me on my birthday. To help me feel loved and seen. A simple request that brought a level of healing I never knew possible. God has faithfully shown Himself to me on my birthday every single year since. Last year He placed a simple yellow wildflower out in the middle of nowhere, not the day before my birthday, not the day after, but on my birthday. When I saw it, my eyes filled with tears because I felt loved. I felt known and cared for. I knew I was seen by the creator of everything. The God who created the heavens and the earth knows my name and celebrates me. Is there anything more healing than that?

**BIO** – Michelle wears an array of hats on any given day, but her favorite is Daughter of the King. She lives in the beautiful mountains of North Carolina, where she works as a Child and Family Therapist. She has been a single mother for 18 years and loves to watch God take your most difficult struggles and transform them into passionate purpose. Today Michelle has joyfully embraced her passion for speaking truth into others' lives and assisting them in finding and living out their true identity in Christ. She believes that we need to uncover the lies and labels, identity the root, and replace it with God's truth.