



There's no getting around this....#thisishardwork]

[I flunked P.E. I can't do this!](#)

My first nature is to find the easiest way to do something. I lack the interest, energy, wisdom, patience and ability to follow through to complete any project that I have ever started. I have received my doctorate in faking it til I make it. Basically, I'm lazy☹️

I've always struggled with finishing. I am a middle child so I was always involved in a competition for attention and I felt that I always lost. I trained my brain somehow that I couldn't do what my other siblings did, I wasn't good enough to matter, and I could only garner attention by manipulation.

So, even if it was negative attention, it was still attention. I think that by the time my mom had her 3rd child she was tired of training and depended on my brothers to show me the way. They were kids too so they lacked the education, maturity and patience to give me the help I really needed. My mom and brothers did the best they could under the circumstances.

I learned from my brothers that I was crazy because I cried all the time. They taught me that I couldn't do things as good as they could because everything I attempted to do they made fun of. I believed what my oldest brother told me that I was fat because I had a pudge so I was always

self-consciousness of my size. I learned codependency early on life because if an assignment to be completed that I had to rely on my brothers. They did everything for me instead of actually learning to do it myself. So instead of gaining pride, independence or knowledge, I had to rely on my manipulation skills to get by.

My teachers in life were kids. My foundation on how I would view myself came from little boys who were 2 and 4 years older than me. They were angry at me most of the time because my presence was an inconvenience to them. If I was around they had to babysit. They were mean little boys who would destroy my toys and make me drink pee. They were kids so you couldn't expect much.

Being a kid sucked for me and I couldn't wait to grow up. The thing is I never did. I remained a little girl even though I became an adult. I still handled life as a little crybaby. I whined about everything to get out of it. I still felt that I couldn't do life without having the approval of someone who would never give it because they were incapable of giving me what I really needed. I always sought to get my needs met by immature people who saw me as crazy, fat, incapable and needy. I could never finish anything because I always felt that somebody better than me would have to do it for it to truly matter.

I still was the little girl afraid to try. I was so insecure about every thought that entered my head. I was in a constant battle in my mind. I worried if I looked right, smelled right, said the right thing. It was a living hell to be me. I was anxious about everything. I was so anxious that I was a prisoner of my own mind. I was extremely depressed most of the times. The other times I wasn't depressed I felt invisible. I was temporarily on a high that I mattered. I made a lot of dumb decisions, was very impulsive and promiscuous.

Those moments were highs for me but made me feel as if I achieved something. Most of everything that I was proud of I achieved by manipulation which further boosted my confidence to keep pursuing them.

Depression, guilt and regret always followed my manic behavior and would because I replayed all my actions in my head obsessively. I wanted freedom from that feeling. I escaped that by doing something wild and heroic (manic). I had repeated that cycle so long until I got sick from the ride and became sick of myself.

This manifested itself through abusive relationships (victim and abuser), a gambling addiction, obesity, and instability and inability to make solid decisions.

I heard myself say to the nurse at Willis Knighton South, I just want it to stop. One of her questions was did I want to commit suicide? I honestly did not want to die. I just needed the merry go round of life to stop for a while so I could try it again with a clean slate. The crazy thing is there were moments of peace but I always found myself back in trouble needing a do over.

I repeated the same behaviors with new people, places and things. I unknowingly attracted situations that made me feel like the loser my brothers prophesied about over my life when I was young. I always made it come true somehow.

I felt stuck. My brothers were no longer my authority figures. We were all adults now but I couldn't escape the pattern of abuse I was repeatedly afflicting on myself. I could not make myself stop. I wanted to but I did not know how.

I asked God for help.

Little did I know that heaven heard me. In 2008, I made a decision to quit trying on my own and get help. I had made a mess of my life up to this point and nothing or nothing could save me from me. I knew God but kind of as a punisher I felt like God must be getting me back for all the wrong I have done. I failed him so many times so I thought he must hate that he ever made me. He must take joy in me experiencing so turmoil. I thought God was like my brothers who would always tell me, "That's what you get".

My favorite song is Jesus loves me, this I know. I wanted to believe this deep in my heart but I didn't. So, when I went to gambling rehab in '08 they reintroduced God's love to me. I began learning how much God loves me. They taught about God characteristics and for addicts we learned that God was sovereign. He never changed his mind about loving me.

After completed my 36 day rehab program I began to see how much God loved me in tangible small ways. I repeated so much until I started believing it. I heard myself telling others that if I don't know anything else I know God loves me. How else could I explain why I was even alive after all I had been through. Who, but a loving God could be the reason I had another shot at life. I was grateful for the idea alone that God still wanted me.

I had so much more work to do but

it was overwhelming to think that I can do it. I gained confidence that I could finish what I started by completing the 36 day program. I was afraid to leave actually because I had the protection of their walls to keep me from hurting myself and others. Once I was released to my own care I relapsed after 2 weeks at being at home. I honestly felt like I always had to have some form of assistance to survive in this world. I felt like that little girl again messing up everything.

I was on a downward spiral but this time all of my resources were dried up. I lost the support of my best friend of whom I was codependent with. I was behind on my rent. My husband was disgusted by me. I made a bigger mess of my life. I indulged even more in what I sought to relieve me but nothing worked. Thanksgiving night of 2009 I bottomed out, I called a crisis line and I asked for help just to make it through the night and I did. I decided to start weaning myself away from gambling. I tried but yet again I failed.

After several series of unfortunate events I surrendered completely on Jan 30, 2010. All glory be to God I have been sober ever since!

Sober from gambling but not the root of why I gambled. Addiction was still very prevalent in my life. The belief that I can't I still haunts me to this very day which is why it took so long to write this book.

God is a hopeless romantic always winning me over with his love. So like a suitor he bombarded back to back with blessings to get me closer to him. My husband and I wanted children. God gives us 3 all 2 years apart. I graduated from college. I got a job after being unemployed since 2006. I got a new car. I got new friends that were like family. We moved into a bigger house. All my dreams were coming true... finally! I must be on God's good side now, right?

The honeymoon was over by 2014. All in a matter of what felt like the blink an eye it was all over. My oldest daughter left to live with her father she barely knew. I couldn't keep my job I would lose my disability benefits if I continued to work. Both of our new cars were repossessed. My husband's mother died. He was involved in a car accident. He was arrested for domestic violence for 30 days. I lost the love and respect of my family and friends. The bottom dropped out and I felt again that God was trying to kill me.

It was the beginning of 2015 and again the little girl in me was screaming for help. I had no choice but to make decisions... hard ones. I had people depending on me and I knew from my history that I couldn't do it alone. I understood that all of this had a purpose, I didn't know what it was but I knew that something about me had to change. I had started preparing my mind to go back to work. I found a job but this is not the work that God had in mind for me at the time. He wanted to work on me and wanted to partner with me to get it done.

Of course like anyone starting a new job I was excited. I joined a new church in October 2015. I was so zealous to begin work that I went in running. I offered to help as the administrative assistant. I received acceptance from the ministry and tried really hard to be active. My wind gave out pretty quick. I was quickly confronted with my issues with authority and not feeling heard by other members. I wanted to give up but God would never let me quit what he started in me.

He shows me that he wants me to win and if I give up I forfeit victory in my life. So, because God is so gentle and patient he teaches me on my level. He's training me to be a mature a Christian. He's growing me up.

I am constantly reminded that God loves me and will never give up on me. He knows that I need one on one love lessons, education, nurturing and confidence, encouragement and supernatural ability to finish the work he started in me before I was born.

God wooed me and pursued me to take it all away. I was so desperate to be whatever God wanted me to be. I learned that I couldn't do life alone I needed God. I had to rest in the peace of knowing that God would never leave me or forsake me just to make it Day by day.

So, with my slate wiped clean again I don't have anything hindering me from being the best me possible. My first assignment was to go back to my first love. I started writing again. I wrote poems nearly every day for half a year. I gained a following through social media. I started getting noticed at the open mic spots. I was even asked to host an open mic show weekly. I gained confidence in my God given ability to write. I was able to collaborate with local artist to do a poetry visual (YouTube series) about characters I created from my poems. I started several Facebook groups that featured different types of poetry. The same year I was able to put together a show that promoted greater self confidence in plus sizes ladies. It was a lingerie showcase that highlighted poetic expressions, dance and music. I also hosted a vision board party. Everything I put my hand to was successful. I was on a high again but this time it was a self-achievement high. I got a rush from being busy.

My insecurity was if I stop then they will stop noticing me. I was burned out by the end of 2016. I didn't have the energy to keep up with the demand that was now being put on me. I was exhausted with dealing with people. I boasted on being non-confrontational. I was the calm one. The truth is I stayed neutral not to ruffle any feathers. I wanted people to like me. I chose peace because I needed the acceptance of the people who wanted to fight. By remaining neutral everyone would want to be around me right? I was very wrong. All of the involvement with others always made me feels alone. I felt unnoticed because of my size. All of my hard work was not good enough. I was being blessed for every project in ways I couldn't imagine. I didn't feel as though it mattered much because I didn't have anything to offer anyone in return. For all that I gave I always felt it was wasn't enough.

Why can't I give? Why am I a hoarder? Why am I not the friend others expect me to be? These are the questions I asked God. Again, God heard me. He was about to give me answers but it required me to work.

Work, work, work Uggghhhh God you know I'm no good at that, I thought. The last time I started it almost drove me to drink. I drank wine every now and then but I noticed that I had one at every event and at home too. I was drinking half a bottle every other night. I would drink it before bedtime as a sedative. It wasn't for fun but it was becoming a habit.

In October 2016 I got insurance to see a primary care physician. I got a checkup and found out I was borderline diabetic, had borderline hypertension and morbidly obese. I had already signed up for the YMCA in summer 2015 to use the pools. We would work out on the equipment every now and then. I sucked at regularly doing it. I lacked endurance, patience, interest, energy and the ability to follow through.

So by Spring 2017 a new location for the YMCA was opening and it would be more kid friendly. The pools were the draw for me. I began to have a love for the water. I felt close to God being in the water. I felt weightless. I entertained the thought of taking some water aerobics classes. I had taken some before at the other location but this was NEW! New instructors, new environment, new people. I began going and I saw a lady I met at the old location. She was much slimmer now. I asked her how did she do it? She told me she had gastric bypass surgery. How ironic I thought. In December 2016 I had just randomly started saying I would have gastric bypass surgery in the summer.

Also, in the spring I started a garden with my girls. I thought this would be a fun project to do with them. We tried the spring before but I gave up on it. I didn't finish. With this garden I had help from a friend and encouragement to keep going. I posted about it on social media. I got tips from other gardeners. I researched online and visited nurseries around the city. God was teaching me through the plants so many things. He revealed to me that he was showing me how to plant good seeds. He was teaching me how to give (sow) I learned how to be attentive to details. I learned to nurture. I learned how to prune. I learned how to grow something. I learned how to produce a good harvest. I learned how to keep what I need and share the rest. I learned that with God anything can grow. I gained confidence and learned to depend on and be sensitive to God's voice. He tested my vision. He tested my heart. He tested my love for him.

June 14th I had gastric bypass surgery. The miracle was that my insurance covered the whole thing. My church family took great care of me and my family. They supplied us with calls, food, love and prayers. This was awesome because there were so many adjustments. I had another falling away of people, places and things to break up with. Friends gained in the last season I lost this season. Holy Spirit wouldn't allow me to continue projects I started. All of my busyness came to a complete halt. I'm super confused at this point, I thought God was training me to work.

God didn't forget I did. His ways are not my ways and my thoughts are not his thoughts. I keep forgetting that.... sheesh. I get so excited that I can finally do a thing that now it's hard to make the transition that God wants to do something new in me.

He has been teaching me all along how to let go. I am learning to trust him with my whole heart and let him direct my path. It sounds easy but its hard work. The hard work is heart work.

When the new gym opened I got in the habit of going to work out. That was the assignment for this new season, Allowing God to work me out of me. I have come to face with the real me. Everything is not beautiful like my Instagram pics. I am learning to confront, conquer and overcome obstacles that have kept my character to interfere with me giving my all to my Savior, myself and others. This is by far one of the hardest processes I have ever undergone. I am confronting rejection, abandonment, fear of failure, fear of success, pride, greed, selfishness, competitiveness, lust and indecisiveness.

God gave me a visual through my workouts on how to do the hard work.

Now that I am finally on board to completely submit to God's way 10 years after I asked, he gave me a guide to help me along my way to destiny. In this book I will share with you treasures I have gained so far on my journey.

Find your why - what's your reason for wanting to work out? Because everyone else is? You want to be summertime fine? Do you want to be healthy? What do you want worked out of you? Are you committed to getting results? Self-evaluation of how much of you that you are willing to invest to make sure that you get what you pay for. This will be a remolding of your body, spirit and soul. Are you willing to give up your old mind for His mind?

1. Research the class
2. Meet the instructor
3. Breathe
4. Stretch/ warmup
3. Learn the language/commands
5. Learn your instructor rhythm/ voice
6. Learn how to properly execute the command
7. Learn how to do (reps)
8. Build endurance/ Test
9. Recover
10. Rest/ Cool down
11. Repeat