



*3 daily devotions  
on forgiving yourself*



FOR WOMEN

# A Story Yours to Tell

*"And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day" (Genesis 1:31).*

Daughter, where do you run? How do you doubt? What do you see when you look for Me?

Oh, girl, it's not silence. No, it's not empty space. No, it's not memory failing. No, you don't need to be smarter, quicker, a better listener. Maybe, you could be more you?

Please don't run away from the girl I've made, hand-stamped with beauty, with talent, with a way to see Me and hear Me unlike anyone else.

When I wrote your story, your beginning made Me smile. You captured Me in how the details of your story were crafted.

*You were held far before you were born.*

Your story gives life with My voice. I know there are things you'd like to forget, details you wish weren't part of your story. But the story is still beautiful, girl.

So, listen, how might we, together, look at your story through My eyes? I speak, and light appears. My hands crafted your frame. My breath is your breathing in and out. Let Me show you beginning again, and how the jagged points when you feel your heart breaking are places where you can be made even more beautiful and strong, the pruned branch grafted onto the vine.

*I've never lost you.*

You have always been in My sight, your story on My lips and the story yours to tell. To whom can you tell your story? Whom do I bring to you? Who needs to know what it means to breathe the beginning, breathe the story of Life?



# For You, I Have So Much More

*"I will be found by you, declares the Lord, and I will restore your fortunes and gather you from all the nations and all the places where I have driven you, declares the Lord, and I will bring you back to the place from which I sent you into exile" (Jeremiah 29:14).*

I know the word story carries with it so many emotions, so much heaviness, but relief, too. I know in your head you want words and memories to make sense. You want things to line up, and it is tough to not have answers, to not be able to explain the reason behind this happening, the cause of this event.

What if you knew more than you did? What if you could give an answer to the whys of your heart? What if you didn't have to struggle with weakness, with inadequacy, on your own? Can you imagine where that would lead you?

*Do you trust how I protect your heart?*

I protect you, and I push you on, too. I lead you, but it is your choice whether or not to follow. I give you vision, just enough, to see where I am and know where I go, with you. One foot in front of the other. Why do you need to know more? Do you? Do you need to know more to believe Me more? Do you need to see more to know I am here, whispering to you, loving you, guiding you?

*My daughter, you are not alone.*

My daughter, you have what it takes, My creation, My dear one, to follow Me.





My daughter, you are the only one of you I've made. There is just one. Only one, My dear. You are My crafted jewel, My sparkling flower, My glistening water as it falls from heaven.

*You delight Me, child.*

Please don't look away, believe this is too good to be true. You feel that way to Me, you know . . . too good to be true. You are radiant and captivating and you need only stand with Me, watching where I beckon you, knowing I am the sure place for your legs to stand.

So, rest now. And then rise up. When you believe, a little more, choosing these words, My love for you, as true, you are on your way to a deeper place I have for you.

*I have so much more for you, child.*



# To Go Forward, It's Time to Go Back

*"Where shall I go from your Spirit? Or where shall I flee from your presence? If I ascend to heaven, you are there! If I make my bed in Sheol, you are there! If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me"*

*(Psalm 139:7-10).*

Oh, restless one, I bring you peace now. These years go by, and I stay. These images in your memory, pages you flip through from the past, I make them beautiful. I show you beauty, and I want to show you more.

You can't change the past, no. But you can look at it differently. You can't change those moments when you were little, when you were the little girl with the tender skin and lips you used to bite. You can't change that time, the one that hurts so much. Or, that one, the one you say you'd give anything to rewrite.

*Oh, daughter, I want to show you what I see.*

So, while the past can't be rewritten, it can be made beautiful, even now, as you look back. I know what it means to not see one thing beautiful about a moment, to be filled with pain and sadness about circumstances. There are things that break My heart, too, you know.

But I forgive—and I will help you know how to forgive, too: as you look back at the pages of moments you wished you could change, the people involved. And yourself, My love. I need you to forgive yourself.





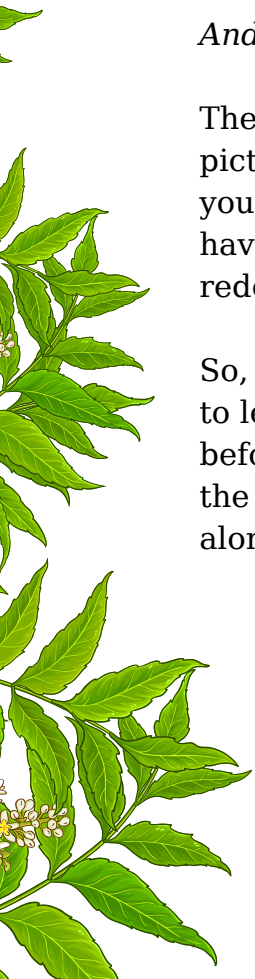
Let Me come for you like you need Me to. You can't even know how much you need Me until you get a taste of what I have to offer you: healing for your heart, a past washed white. *I make you clean, My daughter.* I bend low and wash you clean with My very hands, My heart beating for you, My love. My grace covers you. My love covers you. My life restores you and makes all that you carry so light, so light.

You are made to be free. You are made to see and live in the beauty of you I created. You are beauty because I made you, and you were not meant to live in fear and regret and sadness—especially about the past. Close the old book now. A new one is written for you. I have new pages to show you. The pages of your past are in this new book, with a fresh, clean cover, white pages, pressed new.

*And then turn the page.*

There is so much more to write in this book, so many more stories and pictures to add. These pages are not flat; they are not one-dimensional. For you are in the story, My love. You are the story I am writing. You are the love I have made. You are the daughter who stirs My heart and whom I have redeemed and whom I show is worthy and beloved and whole.

So, grasp hold of My hand. For the new book to be presented to you, you need to let Me take you back to the places where you haven't let Me go with you before. You need to let Me show you the light in the dark places, the hope in the despair, the presence of Me in all the times you felt so hurt, so sad, so alone.



And I will be holding your hand the whole time.

*The whole time.*

I promise.



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Loop for Women is a free email devotional for women who long to encounter God. On Monday and Thursday, we send a guided devotional your way that invites you to meditate on God's beauty and be reminded of his deep, deep love for you. On Fridays, we invite you to go even deeper through a longer, more contemplative offering that is designed to quiet your heart, anchor you in Scripture, and listen closely to what the Holy Spirit has to say to you.

Our community is full of more than 100,000 women who are asking big questions, offering their tender hearts to God, and making space to listen to what matters. We've saved a seat for you!

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