



# Breaking Free From Fear

For Women Who Are In The Middle Of The Mess

A 5-Minute Devotional



## Today's Reflection

Fear was once the loudest voice in my faith. Maybe you know what that's like—the pressure and anxiety of always falling short, of feeling your family's disappointment and assuming God feels the same. Or worse... that He is angry.

I used to think my distance from God was about rebellion. But now, I believe it was grief. Grief over the version of God I had been taught. A God shaped by shame, legalism, and the echoes of painful childhood memories. That God was heavy. I carried Him like a burden; at times, I felt like I had to protect myself from Him. How could I trust and love a God who was ashamed of who I'd become?

I looked around and wondered how others coped.

- Were they wearing blinders?
- Were they just better at obeying?
- Was religion simply the opium of the people, like Marx claimed?
- Was it educational? Cultural? Psychological?

That hunger led me to study world religions. I was searching for clarity. For truth.

But the more I learned, the more untethered I became.

I didn't realize it at the time, but in all my searching, my spirit was slowly breaking.

***And yet—grace still found its way in.***

God didn't abandon me. He wasn't sitting in judgment, arms crossed.

He was pursuing me.

Not to punish, but to restore.

I was His lost daughter, and He is the Good Shepherd who walks into the darkness and gently calls us by name.

*When fear says, "You're not enough," God says, "I made you Mine."*

*When fear says, "You'll mess this up," God says, "My grace is sufficient."*

*When fear says, "You're unlovable," God says, "Nothing can separate you from My love."*

The more I learned, the more uncomfortable I was with what I was learning. And, slowly, grace began to speak louder than the misleading concepts I'd been exploring. I didn't know it at the time, but in the midst of my pursuits, my mind was breaking, and I pulled further apart from what I used to know.



## Today's Scripture

*"There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear, because fear has to do with punishment. The one who fears is not made perfect in love."*

— 1 John 4:18 (NIV)



## Journal Prompts

Use the space below to explore your thoughts and feelings about today's inspiration. Consider these questions:

1. What messages about God did I inherit that were rooted more in fear than in truth?
2. Where do I still feel like I have to earn love, approval, or forgiveness?
3. Can I imagine God as *slow to anger* and *great in faithful love*?
4. What changes if I really believe that?

Then, invite God into that space. Ask Him to reveal His *true* heart to you.





## Scripture Reflection

Psalm 145:8 tells us something we don't hear enough:

*God is gracious. God is compassionate. God is slow to anger.*

Ask yourself:

- If the God you grew up with felt angry all the time—what would it mean to believe that He is actually slow to anger?
- If you've always felt like you had to perform or prove your worth, what would it mean to receive compassion instead?

This is the invitation: to unlearn the fear-based faith we inherited, and to rest in the perfect love of a God who knows us completely—and loves us still.



## Selah Moment



Close your eyes for a moment.  
Place your hand over your heart.  
Take a slow breath in... and a slower breath out.

Whisper this to yourself:  
**"I am not abandoned. I am not unloved. God is  
near. And I am safe."**

Let His love meet you right where you are.

Pause here. Don't rush.

## Prayer (Final Encouragement)

God,

There have been times I've been afraid of You.

Afraid of all the mistakes I've made.

Afraid of being too much, or not enough.

Afraid You'd walked away because of who I had become.

Fear became my armor, my hiding place.

I tried to protect myself from more disappointment, more shame, more hypocrisy.

But You never turned away.

You kept showing up—

In the song on the radio, when I needed to hear it.

In the kindness of a stranger.

In the quiet ways You held me together when I didn't know if I'd survive.

Thank You for teaching me what it means

To be loved without fear.

To be safe. To let go of shame.

Your grace reminds me daily:

You are good. You are love.

And Your love doesn't leave.

You've replaced the lies I believed.

And when fear creeps in again,

You remind me:

I am Your daughter.

You love me not for who I should be,

But for who I am—

Imperfect, but seeking.

And, You are proud of me.

Thank You for setting me free

Through Your love,

And the blood of Your Son, Jesus Christ.

Amen.