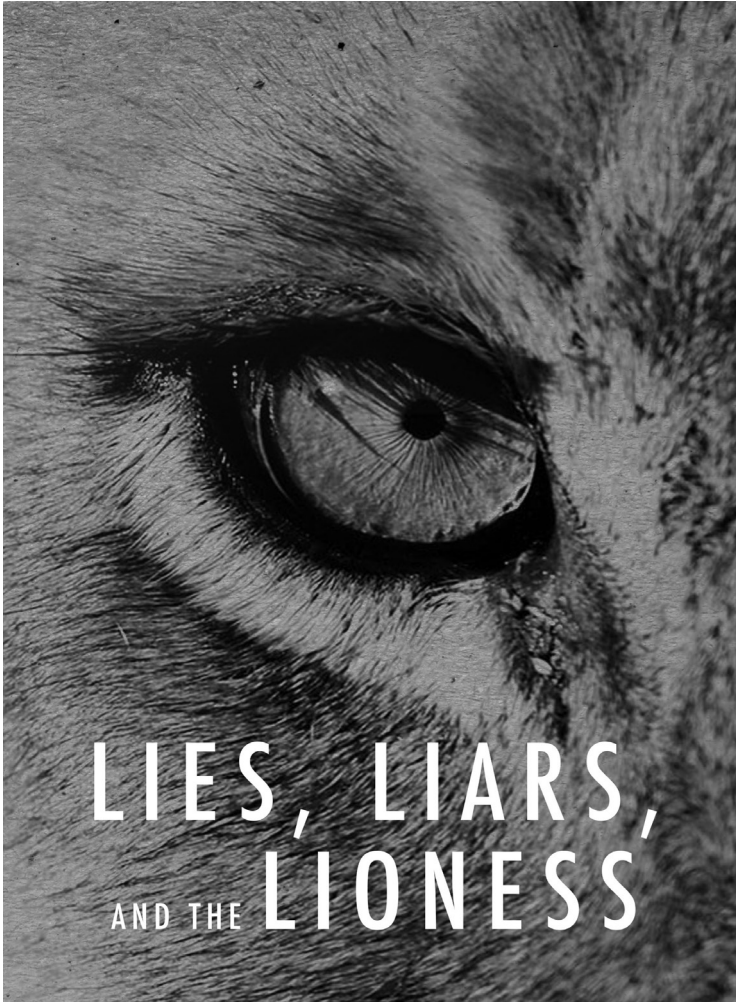


LIES, LIAR
AND THE LIONESS



LIES, LIARS,
AND THE LIONESS

By Sandi King Kramer

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ISBN: _____

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Why I Wrote This Book

Sandi Kramer is a friend, mentor, leader, and a REAL woman who is not afraid to step out and share her life with others. I have had the privilege of knowing Sandi for the past 18 years. We attended church together, and from there, I began to see her life role. She truly has a heart for young teenage and college girls. Because of her journey in life and the many things that she has experienced, I believe it is her mission to share her life and to share the love of our heavenly Father with them. Her heart and passion is to see young girls become godly women who do not have to find their identity in the things of this world, but to find their true identity in Christ. For those that have already lost their identity, she is a true mentor who is not just there for the moment, but for the long haul. Several years back when my husband and I were youth pastors at Westmore Church of God, she held an all-day girls event for us. My daughter, who was only in the sixth grade at the time, received deep ministry. She was given a bottle of oil that day that represented the Holy Spirit. Now at 23 years old, she still has that bottle of oil. At the same event, my youngest daughter who was in elementary school also attended. She was given a little princess crown. She too still has that little crown tucked away as a memory to keep forever. To this day, both of my girls love and respect Sandi. My youngest, just the other day, told Sandi that she wants to be just like her.

Robert and I now work for Fellowship of Christian Athletes. One of the events that FCA sponsors is the P31 Girls Conference. The purpose and goal of P31 is to present to these girls the privilege and challenge of learning and living out biblical womanhood in all areas of their lives by teaching Proverbs 31. We want to address worldview issues with which women struggle today. Sandi does exactly that. Sandi Kramer possesses a deep level of spiritual and emotional maturity. She has always been the one we seek out when we

are in need of someone to speak into the lives of young women. She gives wise counsel. She cares for others. Last year, she was our speaker for the P31 and again this year. Without any reservations, Sandi is and will always be a top candidate for being a lead speaker. I appreciate her being real with our girls, and I know that the young women feel the same. Young women today are looking for the real deal. They don't want fake, and Sandi does not do fake. She is an extraordinary woman who performs with excellence in every area of her life that I have witnessed. She has a joyful spirit, a passion to serve, a call to discipleship, and a heart to love any and every young woman that comes into her life, no matter what their story may be.

—Teresa Green
FCA Administrative Assistant, Ocoee Region



A few months ago, I realized a deep wound in me. I also realized that throughout my life I had been covering up this deep wound with different Band-Aids. When I came to the realization of the need to be healed from the wound, I sought out a life coach. I knew that I needed help to be able to begin my journey of healing.

I chose to receive coaching through Sandi Kramer. She has significantly helped me to be able to begin healing. The first thing Sandi helped me notice was my pattern of negative thinking. Naturally, I am a person who thinks a lot. As a result of my thinking, I tend to see the negative rather than the positive. Thinking a lot is not a bad thing; however, in my case, I was failing to see almost anything positive. Thus, I never was able to propel myself out of a negative situation. In other words, because I had a pattern of negative thinking, I could never take hold of a possible positive situational outcome.

Sandi has been an outlet for me to share my deepest, honest thoughts involving my hurts. She has positively listened and given me feedback on my thoughts, which I have appreciated. Unlike a family member or friend, I think Sandi provides an honest outlet of feedback. Along with giving me feedback, Sandi has also challenged me by giving me mini assignments and by calling out my negative thoughts. I have realized that by my thoughts being challenged, it has caused me to think about how a situation really stands. I feel that perhaps the most important challenge Sandi has offered is to spend time with Jesus. Honestly, I wasn't quite ready to spend time with Jesus when I first started receiving coaching from Sandi, but now I think getting back to Jesus is the most important thing.

—Nick Smith



Sandi Kramer is a wonderful human being. I first heard her testimony in a course I took a while back at Lee University. When I listened to her story, I realized the power that it held and how much I knew she could change the lives of women. I didn't know it at the time, but I thought the Lord was using her for my friend; instead the Lord was really preparing me for her guidance. She has been such a wonderful influence among the pain, emotions, heartache, despair, and restlessness. Sandi Kramer is a woman who fears the Lord, and she is going to radically change the world. I'm glad that she could radically change my world.

—Emily Gruner



Sandi Kramer came into my life at a time when I was broken beyond recognition. I didn't know the girl looking back at me in the mirror. I thought I was unlovable and had too much baggage following me around to ever be useful to anyone. We were introduced through Lena Barber, and I knew from the moment she came in the room that she was someone I could trust. She is shrouded in God's presence, and one can't help but be pulled into the light and peace she embodies. Through the years we've been meeting, Sandi has helped me work through my myriad of issues. She reminded me that I was worth the world to God by never giving up on me. Day or night, I could call and it never was a burden. She has helped me to become the woman I am today. I can confidently look back at the girl I was when we first met and compare her to who I am now, and say that without Sandi's guidance, I wouldn't be strong in my relationship with Father or believe that I am capable of the plan He has for me. She is the greatest blessing I've ever encountered and I will never come close to thanking her the way she deserves.

—Alexa Wallace



Sandi Kramer has been the greatest gift Father has ever blessed me with. Without her guidance, her influence, her unconditional love, prayer, and support, I can honestly say, I do not know where I would be today. Sandi is honest, raw, and real. She bares her heart and shares her life story with boldness, and that is what makes her the perfect mentor. I have found it easy to share the darkest details of my past with her, because she loves like Jesus and never casts an ounce of judgment. She is my accountability. She taught me that Father has feelings, and I would hate to ever do anything to hurt those feelings or to disappoint Him. In the same way, Sandi is so important to me, that I would hate to do anything to disappoint her as well.

Sandi taught me the difference between a saint and sinner—the saint always gets back up. Sandi helped me discover the good in myself, and because of that, I am a saint who gets back up! My failures don't define me, because failure is an event, not a person.

Sandi has taught me how to have a relationship with my Savior. She showed me the love my Father has for me and revealed the simple truth that all He wants from me is to love Him back. Because of the example she leads, I now know how to do that. I now know what a genuine woman of God looks like—it looks like Sandi Kramer.

The Lord speaks to me through Sandi. He has used her to remind me, on numerous occasions, that He is a God who sees me: That He is for me and that He just simply wants to be my best friend.

Sandi has walked alongside me on my life's journey for two years now and I thank my sweet Savior every day for entrusting me to her! Father speaks to her in such a beautiful way, and the relationship she has with Him is one I strive for. I have never seen someone with the level of respect or admiration for our Savior that Sandi possesses. Her heart has always been to walk through life alongside girls, teaching them how to love our Father back. Every conversation I have with Sandi teaches me something new. She is helping me grow into the person God created me to be. I love and admire her so much.

—Megan Wallace



I hope somehow this book inspires you to seek help if you don't know your personal truths.

—Sandi King Kramer

Gratitude

Thank you, Rick Kramer, for always believing in me and seeing the best in me. Thank you for allowing me to have vision; to inspire and write with my heart; and to encourage others to fulfill their dreams.
You have my whole heart.

Thank you, Mom, for being such an inspiration to me, and for teaching me how to give, love, and try to be like Jesus. I am grateful
you never gave up on me...
You make me brave.

Thank you, Gail, for putting up with me when I would annoyingly follow you around. I will always be your fan.

Thank you, God, my Father, for giving me, Ryan, Andrea, Lacey, Brandon, Reagan, King, Bri, and my grands. I am so grateful you picked me to be their momma and "grams, grami, and gramzie."

And to you, Lena Barber, thank you for allowing me the honor and privilege to speak into the lives of your students. I am so grateful for the memories we share forever.

Thank you, Roy Edwin King, my daddy. I get to see you soon. I know you will meet me at the gate.

Do I Like Peas?

There was a little girl, who had a disease to please,
She would even ask her sister, "Do I like peas?"

A chameleon she would be in the midst of the crowd,
Please, please can I just make somebody proud?

I just wanted to be accepted: "Do you really like me?"
I don't know who I am. Will you please tell me who I'll be?

In a still quiet voice, her heavenly Father would say,
"You're my sweet baby girl, please trust and obey.

"You are my modern day Esther, the one I love,
You are forever accepted from your King above.

"I've held you and nurtured you through your faceless years,
There's always been a place in my heart you have held so dear.

"I gave you my Son; my Spirit dwells within you,
You are my chosen vessel; I choose to work through."

My identity no longer is in the approval of man,
Jesus is my solid rock, with Him I can stand.

Nestled in the arms of my Father above,
I'm safe and secure, accepted by my Beloved.

—Sandi King Kramer

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Chapter 1



Liar

An adorable, cute, pig-tailed little girl came up to me crying while I was speaking at a youth service one night after I told my story. My heart broke with compassion as we began to talk. I asked her, "What's wrong? Why are you so sad and crying?"

With tears streaming down her beautiful, innocent face, and wiping them as quickly as they rolled down her cheeks, she said, "I'm so ugly."

Ugly was the furthest thought from my mind, so I asked her, "Who told you that?"

She responded, "My daddy."

I pulled her close to me and hugged her tightly as if she were my own, trying to console her shattered heart. I started crying with her, as I felt her heart beating out of her chest. My heart was broken for her. She was only 12 years old and dealing with such horrible rejection from the one with whom she was supposed to feel most secure. I can still see her precious face, and I pray for her as often as her name comes to mind during my time of prayer.

How can it be that, someone so full of hatred would speak such horrible, impressionable words to such a young, beautiful, and spirited child? I don't understand humanity. The words, the lies that were spoken over her—the Enemy of her soul will use them against her, rehearsing them in her mind as she matures into her adult life. If she doesn't have the tools to know how to cope with her private pain, she will believe the lies.

We believe lies that have been spoken over us every day, whether we like it or not. Until we take captive the thoughts that corrupt our

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minds with unworthiness, our self-image and self-esteem will act out the way we feel. Self-image is the way we see ourselves; self-esteem is the way we feel about ourselves. We then begin to act out what is dictated in our thoughts.

Image is not just a girl issue. Young guys, and men, battle the same challenges, perhaps just differently. Have you ever looked in the mirror and thought you looked good? Or maybe you woke up feeling ugly about your appearance; you even looked in the mirror with disgust and said: "I'm too fat or too skinny. My hips are big. My hair is too short and thinning. I wasn't raised in the perfect family. My daddy doesn't love me, why would anyone else? The man of my dreams walked out on me and left me for another man?" We all have our individual issues we deal with on a daily basis. In my early years of life, I didn't handle it as well as I do today. So be encouraged if you are in the struggle, there is hope and healing for you.

We compare ourselves with others constantly. If we allow them to, magazines will dictate to us the image we should portray. What we don't realize is the fact those pictures were probably altered to look amazing. All the while, we look at them thinking they are perfect, and we aren't. I know we shouldn't compare, and if you don't, great; but if you do, like me at times, don't feel abnormal. I am a "be real or no deal" kind of girl. Some things I say in this book you probably won't like, but at least I'm honest and will always speak the truth.

So here it goes . . . some truths. I am that wife who asks her husband to look at a woman's booty whether we are in the mall or on the beach. I will say, "Babe, does my butt look like hers? Be honest!"

And Rick's response is, "Is this a trick question?"

We all deal with a self-image issue in some way. For example, I don't see myself the way others see me. I overcome my insecurities by rehearsing the words my heavenly Father speaks over me daily. I do mean daily; sometimes hourly. I am His beloved, and He is mine. I know I am His blameless bride, but like I said earlier, it hasn't always been this way. I am still a work in progress. Philippians 1:6 says, "Being *confident* of this, that **he who began a good work** in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus" (NIV). I knew about Jesus and His love for me, but I didn't know how to live with Him. I pray that somehow through this book, you will begin to

Liar

look deeper into the windows of your soul to see what truly is beyond the lies—a beautiful you.

I will tell you more about my family later in the book; however, my youngest son is named after my daddy, Roy Edwin King. Since King is my maiden name my husband felt it was appropriate to name him King. Name your child with destiny and purpose. If you don't know the meaning of your name, I encourage you to look it up. It's very interesting.

Back to King's name: he ruled our household in more ways than one. We hadn't planned to have children since we were a blended family and married later in life. However, God had a greater plan and knew we needed a baby King—our "surprise" child. I had planned to have a tubal ligation in June of 1992, but he was conceived in May. He is truly an amazing young man who not only loves Jesus with his whole heart, but lives Jesus out loud, too. He is a great son. Sometimes, I wonder how in the world he is mine. Trust me; I have the scar to prove it.

King was about six or seven when he invited a few of his friends over to spend the night. He was always a "homebody" kind of child. We were fine with that because his brother, Brandon, would call at 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning to pick him up if he were spending the night at his friend's house.

Our shower in that house was upstairs right beside King's bedroom. When I opened the door, I looked in his room and they were playing Xbox, laughing, and having a fun time, when I said, "Boys, do you know how great you are?"

King's immediate response was, "Mom, if you tell us one more time how great we are. . . ."

I thought . . . *well, I guess he knows, since it's getting on his nerves.*

Maybe you didn't have a parent, close relative, teacher or mentor to tell you that you are great. So, let me be the one to tell you. Greatness is within you. Stop right now believing the lies spoken over you. Don't allow one more minute to be robbed from you by believing the lies. If we are made in the image and likeness of our heavenly Father, and He is great, then greatness is within you, too. Every time you put yourself down, you are telling your Creator you aren't good enough. You are telling Him you don't think He did a very good job in creating you. Look around; see the beauty of His

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creation—the mountains, the hills, the beach, the sky, the stars, and all the many wonders of the world. Sometimes, life and all its “stuff” has a way of convincing us differently, covering up the beauty within.

Frequently, as a life coach, I am told: “I don’t really know if God exists. And I’m just not sure what I believe.” Well, let me ask you, “What have you created besides chaos?” Humanity creates the environment of rejection, insecurity, resentment, bitterness, and hate. God, the Creator of the universe, created you for the single purpose of love. It is humanity and our surroundings that sometimes speaks louder in our lives, rather than the still small voice that is saying, “Come, taste and see that I am good.” Once you’ve tasted of His love, you will never be thirsty for what man can offer.

Since I am that “be real or no deal girl,” I don’t mind sharing with you my personal lies, because I now know my truths. One of the lies I believed for a very long time was that no one would ever love me.

Growing up, I didn’t even know what the word dysfunctional meant. Through the years, what I have learned is that everybody has some kind of “funk” in their family. Dysfunctional families originated from the disobedience as described in Genesis in the Garden of Eden. Everyone played the blame game. Eve blamed her actions on the serpent; Adam blamed his actions on Eve. No one wants to take personal responsibility for their individual actions. Jealousies, murder, hatred, lies, were all lived out loud from that moment of deception.

I was raised where dreams come true. I lived in the world of, “Father Knows Best.” That was a TV show much like, “Leave it to Beaver.” I know what you are thinking—“old school.” These were shows in the late 1960s and early ’70s. If you have ever seen these shows it would depict my family. Mom would have dinner on the table at 5:00 p.m. when daddy came home from work. At least, the days he wasn’t traveling and preaching. My older sister, Gail, and I had to do our homework after school, before we could turn on the television. I have great memories of my childhood and realize how blessed I was the older I get. However, I also realize other people weren’t as fortunate as I was. My transition between the teenage years of 16 to 18 is when my troubles began. I soon realized everything people told me wasn’t always the truth; some were absolute lies.

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I remember coming home from high school one day, and I couldn't find my mom or dad anywhere. I looked all through the house. I went next door to the offices where my parents worked. I couldn't find anyone. I thought, *Oh no, Jesus has come and I'm left behind!* I was so afraid. Frantically, my mind began racing trying to think who I could call to see if they were still here. Suddenly, I thought, *Well, I know who I can call—I will call my pastor.* Then I thought, *Nope, can't call him; I think he is having an affair with someone in the church.* I know that sounds horrible . . . and it was. But, sadly, it was true. I was soon relieved when finally, my mom walked through the door. That is a horrible feeling to think you won't spend eternity with Jesus. Thank you, Jesus; I don't have to fear that anymore. I am saved by grace.

I am a PK—a preacher's kid. I was taught to live by rules that were seriously unrealistic for me. I am a free-spirited kind of girl. So, when I realized I couldn't live up to perfection, I gave in to my own selfish demise. Now, looking through the lens of a parent, I understand Ed and Sylvia were only doing their best, and they were amazing parents. People would criticize and judge us for our every move if it looked like sin to them. It was like living in a glass house where people would throw stones of judgment. I remember one incident; my sister was wearing a ring—a plain ring. And because it went against this person's belief system, or denomination, to wear rings other than a wedding band, my daddy was harshly scolded and instructed it wasn't holy. Daddy would always protect us from other people and their self-imposed convictions, but sometimes it was a bit much to grasp while watching the windows crack in the glass house, as church people threw stones. I am grateful to God those days of trying to please everybody are over; however, I do believe in pleasing my heavenly Father and doing what is right in his eyes. That is what truly matters—that is my truth.

God has been so merciful to me. Psalm 25:7 says, "Do not remember the sins of my youth and my rebellious ways; according to your love remember me, for you, Lord, are good" (NIV).

After my sister left for college, I was lost. If you have read my book, *Identity Theft: Who's Behind the Mask*, you have already read my story, but perhaps you haven't, so I must share with you, my stuff, my rebellious youth, and my lies.

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I grew up quickly because my sister was four years older, and I wanted to do what she did. In fact, I was her shadow. I'm sure I got on her nerves, wanting to hang out with her and her friends all the time, but she was all I knew. I wasn't the little girl who played with dolls all the time; I followed my big sister, idolizing her every move. My first kiss from a boy was when I was 12 years old. We went on a double date with my sister and her boyfriend. I was way too young. I had on lip-gloss that tasted like soda—7Up to be precise. I wanted to make sure if he kissed me, my lips tasted sweet. It's funny the things you remember from your childhood.

My family would travel every two to four years, so once I would get the hang of making new friends, we would move to another city, state, or even country. My parents and sister were my friends. I have no regrets, because I am who I am today because of my experiences. I never meet a stranger. Everyone is my friend. Our family would travel on the weekends. Daddy would preach, his favorite girls would sing right before he spoke. So, you can mentally picture this family of mine. Mom would many times dress my sister and me alike. Since Daddy didn't have boys, Mom would sometimes make a matching tie for him so he wouldn't feel left out.

I love the fact that my family was very close. But, my world was rocked when my sister decided to move away for college; I was devastated. I didn't have a clue who I was, what I liked, what I didn't like or even if I liked something as ridiculous as peas. I will explain.

One summer we came home from living in Europe, so my sister could get her driver's license and to spend time with our grandparents. My sweet grandmother asked me if I liked peas. My honest response was, "Gail, do I like peas?" She said, "No, Sandi, you don't like peas!" I was 12 years old, naïve, ignorant, and unlearned in life; I was so sheltered I didn't even know if I liked peas!

Please, if this is you, discover yourself, your uniqueness, your individuality and allow your children to do the same—even if it means failure. You learn more about yourself through failure than success. I am proud to say, "I like sugar snap peas." I finally realized I have the freedom to make choices. Some of my choices, as you will read, weren't so good, and then again, some were absolutely fantastic.

When we moved from California to Tennessee after I graduated from high school, I was set to attend Lee College (now Lee University).

Liar

I had cheered all my middle school and high school years. My AYA cheerleading squad won all Europe in Spain. And I once cheered for the 49ers, because my high school squad placed third in the state of California. I thought I was big time then, so I thought I would give it a chance in college. At least, I could do something I knew I was good at in a "foreign land" called, the South; at least it seemed like that to me. Although I was born in South Carolina, we moved to California when I was just 3 years old. I had by now a West Coast mind-set.

Dad's position changed from overseer of California in our denomination to superintendent of Northern and Central Africa. Moving from the West to the Bible Belt South was a culture shock. I found out quickly, my clothes didn't fit this southern culture, and neither did my attitude. A guy I had been seeing since I was 13 years old, "my puppy love," moved from California to Cleveland to attend the same college. I thought fate was following me. We lived in Europe at the same time and moved to California at the same time too. I thought he must be my soulmate. My "puppy love" turned into my "first love."

I didn't struggle with drinking or drugs in high school; I struggled with me. I didn't know me; therefore, I fit into whatever mold or crowd that wanted me or I thought needed me. I just wanted to be accepted and loved from the world like my parents loved me. That's all I knew. However, I soon realized that was a fairytale. It wasn't long until I had developed a "disease to please." I was willing to please whoever and whatever to make them happy at my expense. It's crazy how we will endure our own private pain at the expense of offending someone else. Regardless of what hurt transpired to me, I wanted my first love to love me back. I wanted to take his breath away every time he saw me. I wanted him to want me, and no one else.

There is a reason to clarify our history in our relationship. We were very young, 13 and 15, and our families lived in Europe at the same time. At 16, we moved from Europe to California; so did his family. That is why I thought fate was following me. He began to seem interested in me in a more serious way. I was flattered. I was crushing, and I thought he was cute. He played basketball very well and there is something about an athlete that's hot. But I had to deal with my imperfections, including weight issues all my life, constantly feeling like I never measured up. He would come up on weekends to visit me, because he lived about three hours away.

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I heard he was seeing someone else at the same time. Word travels fast in the church community. I thought he was supposed to be with just me. I learned quickly, that I didn't want to share him. She was beautiful and had the package. You know the combo—big breasts, booty, and long legs with no cellulite. Here I was, chubby and shorter. Jealousy got the best of me. When I found out he was interested in her and not flattered by me anymore, I decided to take matters into my own hands.

I manipulated him to come to my house for the weekend. It was a New Year's Eve. My bedroom was in an attic and had an entryway through the garage. He would stay up there, and I would stay downstairs. This particular weekend I had made plans for him. I thought if we would have sex that would seal our fate.

My plan was to set my alarm clock for 1:00 a.m., quietly pass my parents' bedroom, sneak upstairs to sleep with him until 5:00 a.m. the next morning. Then, quietly sneak back down the stairs, pass my parents' bedroom and go to sleep, acting like I was a sweet innocent little angel. The problem was I had to make it down before my mother would get up to pray at the crack of dawn. This night was different. I had decided I would convince him to do more than just sleep together. Since I heard he and this "girlfriend" were having sex, I thought I would convince him that I was better at sex than she was, and he would never want her again. He would be mine alone.

I remember him saying with conviction: "We shouldn't do this." Seductively convincing him otherwise, I said, "Oh yes, we should." I followed through with my sneaky, selfish plot to have sex with him. All I got in return was rejection and an eating disorder. I guess I wasn't that good.

When I realized, I wasn't good enough to keep him from wanting "her," I internalized my guilt and abused my body by taking up to 16 laxatives in one dose, many times. Throwing up to feel thinner, pulling my hair out in large handfuls, I thought if I could just be like "her," he would love me. It didn't matter how hard I tried, I couldn't measure up to her perfection. Comparing me to her was killing my mind, body, soul, and spirit. The voice of shame was screaming loudly in my ears.

My lie was, "you will never be good enough; no one will ever love you." My truth was Jesus loves me just like I am; I am worth dying for (John 3:16). Jesus died just for you, too.

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Self-Awareness: The lies your Enemy has convinced you of become your personal truths. So, we must exchange those thoughts or lies with what God's Word says about you. For every lie, write out three truths the Word, the Bible, speaks over you.

For example: I didn't feel loved, and no one will ever love me back. That was my lie. Next, I researched three scriptures that speak the truth of how much God truly loves me.

Now, use the space below to write your lies and your personal truths.

Your Personal Lies: _____

Your Personal Truths: _____
