

Purpose Wouldn't Let Me Die

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Purpose Wouldn't

Let

Me Die

LIVING TO SEE PURPOSE MANIFEST

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"The SHED Coach"

Purpose Wouldn't Let Me Die

Alicia Washington

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the all mighty God for his loving kindness. Because of His grace and mercy, I am alive and grateful to live out my purpose.

To my beautiful daughters, Eyauna and Ayelah and my best friend Kris for being my biggest fans and greatest supporters. Thank you for motivating me, inspiring me and giving me a reason to fight through it all.

I love you all for life!

To my family and friends who have stood by my side and kept me lifted in prayer.

Thank you all!

To Dr. Connie Stewart and Dr. Regina Spellmon, great women of God, who prayed and saw purpose inside of me. Thank you for obeying God and being amazing mentors.

To all the women who have experienced losing everything, suffered the pain and did not die in it. Purpose must be fulfilled; so just know that with God's help, you can recover all.

In memory of my loving mother

"Marilyn Rose Ingram Washington"

September 4, 1948- March 8, 2014

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Introduction

I can hear my mother's voice singing one of my favorite songs, as I stared at her in tears from the other side of the church. "Your face will be the first face I want to see", the New Bethel Baptist Church choir's angelic voices in the background sounded good. As I sat on the drums, keeping the beat of the song and making sure I stayed with the tempo, tears rolled down my face. The anointing was all over me and I could not shake it. My mother was also anointed and every time she opened her mouth, the holy spirit would take over and God moved at church.

As a little girl, I always dreamed of being like my mom and singing just like her. When I grew up, I desired to be successful and have the life of a wealthy rich girl, but sometimes life doesn't turn out the way you envision it and it certainly doesn't come easy. The little girl inside of me wanted to be loved when she became an

adult. I grew up only knowing the form of love when a roof stayed over my head, clothes on my back and my stomach full. I cannot remember ever experiencing The Huxtables family kind of love.

"What go on in this house, stays in this house!", my mother would always say but I never understood what she meant until I became an adult. I never expected life to be a mental rollercoaster of unexpected struggles and heartbreaking turns.

My life did not go exactly the way I planned, I had to learn the hard way. Sometimes in life, detours are necessary, distractions come, and pain occurs. My life has been full of surprises and unexpected circumstances, but I must say that purpose would not let me die.

You are now ready to experience my moments of truth and transparency, as I share some of my life story.

“Grace is always sufficient,
Provided we are ready to cooperate with it.
If we fail to do our share, but rather choose to rely on self-will
And self-direction, we shall not only get
No help from the graces bestowed on us, we shall make it
Impossible for further graces to be given.”

~Aldous Huxley

He Crippled My Will

For so long, I kept touching things that God told me to leave alone. He would release me from someone, something, or a situation; then I would turn around and go back to it. It might take me days, weeks, months or a year later but I would find myself involved again.

I continued to do things out of my selfish will and suffered greatly from my decisions. When God tells you to do something, He means exactly what He says. You cannot expect God to bless you while you constantly walk out of His will. I knew that I would suffer at some point, but I never thought it would cause such great affliction. He stopped me dead in my tracks and made me recognize that He was crippling my will.

I grew up watching people come to church and play with God, acting as though they were holy. I would see people walk out of church the

same day and commit sins repeatedly. Well, I never thought in a million years that I would be one of those people. I became what I said I would never be – a hypocrite. Even though I faithfully went to church service on Sundays, prayer meeting on Mondays, bible study on Wednesdays, I still acted as if God was not real. I had accepted Jesus Christ as my personal savior but all I wanted to do was be a little girl, a teenager, young lady, become an adult and live a normal life. I knew without a doubt that I did not fit in with everyone and that I would go down a different path, but I didn't want to accept the calling on my life.

Yep, I started doing what the Romans did; I walked, talked and acted as if God's hand was not on my life. I started dressing and trying to look like everybody else. The clubs became comfort during

the weekdays and even on the weekends. I would give God praise on Sundays and in the club shaking my butt that night.

My mind had been programmed to do what everybody else was doing and I would get away with it like I had so many times before. I did not know that people were secretly suffering the consequences from playing with God. I had knowledge of God but no knowledge of the depth of His will. Every day, I struggled with doing His will versus my will. After witnessing some scary things happen out in the streets, I often wondered if the way I was living would sooner or later catch up with me.

It was New Year's Eve and the club was popping. I recall the deejay saying, "Last call for alcohol!" I also remember hearing gun shots ring out and finding myself ducking and moving quickly to the nearest exit. As I am running to my car, I think to myself "Why did I come to this club alone?" I had no idea why I didn't bring someone with me but that was how I rolled most of the time.

When I hopped in my car, pulling off in a hurry to get out of the parking lot, I couldn't imagine what had happened, but I was so glad and grateful that God had spared my life. Walking in my selfish will wasn't working, so I concluded that I was going to walk in the will of God.

Well, we always make a commitment to God and then complain about what He is doing in our life. We don't have the will power to go through and suffer for the sake of Christ. We can't take the trials and tests, so we turn on God and go back out to the world. I found it easy to camouflage myself and hide the anointing that was on my life. I didn't have to worry about being put in a place that I wasn't so sure I could commit to.

I knew I needed to be walking in His will, but I was selfish. I was comfortable, and I wanted to do what I wanted to do. I started skating through life, thinking I was excluded from

punishment and thinking that grace didn't run out. I was so wrong for thinking that God's grace would not run out. God was real and at some point, I had to stop playing with Him and gambling with my life.

Because of the constant partying, I started to feel the effects in my body. It began to slowly show signs of an infirmity. Although I had battled with ovarian cyst, fibroid tumors and endometriosis when I graduated from high school, I felt something else was seriously going on with my health because I was not feeling like myself. I was in a lot of pain, unbalanced and was experiencing some abnormal female things that made me ask my doctor to do some further testing. I was informed that I would not be able to have any children and it was a possibility that I had ovarian cancer.

Well, that was surely not the news I was expecting but I had to keep a positive mind and

look for things to change for the better. God will cause a series of things to happen in our life to get our attention and the news I received made me think about my whole life. I know you are probably saying to yourself, here she goes running to God for a miracle...YES, I did and with my hands raised up high!!! I ran to Him pleading that I did not have cancer, asking for a healing and to bless me with at least one child.

After the devastating news from the doctor, I didn't know how to feel. I became discouraged. I started beating myself up for the way I had been living. I knew I should have stayed under the ark of safety, but I decided to do things my way and walk in my own will.

So many thoughts ran through my head and the feeling of defeat buried me. The only thing that I

could think to do was submit to God and commit to His will. I knew that He was my only help and I had no other choice but to fall on

my knees in prayer. Months went by and this scripture played in my head, "May he grant you your heart's desire and fulfill all your plans!" (Psalm 20:4 ESV)

"If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on."

~ Steve Jobs

My Heart Caused Me to Limp

I never thought I would say it but after much suffering, I must admit my heart connected me to a lot of messed up friendships, relationships and situation-ships. For some strange reason I found myself repeating some generational curse cycles that I saw my mom and dad go through; curses like poverty, instability, an inability to manage finances and living emotionally bankrupt.

I had a pretty normal childhood except for the fact that at the age of 17 I hid a pregnancy from my parents, well maybe from my mom because my parents had separated and were on their way to divorce court. Unfortunately, I lost the baby; I can't say that I was sad about the miscarriage, because 1) I prayed that something would happen and 2) I had so much to lose, especially at that age. I was a cheerleader, active in sports and deathly afraid of what my parents and the "church folk" would say and think about me. I am not proud that I prayed that I would miscarry, but God knew what was best. I was mentally and emotionally incapable of caring for a child, heck I couldn't even take care of myself! My mother did not believe in abortion, so that was not an option. I felt I had no other choice but to pray the baby away....again, I say God knew what was best for me.

I grew up knowing right from wrong but when I became an adult, all of that seemed to go out the window. When I left home (the country), I was vulnerable and green. I had no knowledge of the city and I was easily persuaded to run with crowds because I did not get an opportunity to experience the world like others. I led a sheltered life and my life was full of church and even more church. I was not really exposed to a lot and I was not taught some of the fundamentals of life.

It was like the day I graduated from high school, God isolated me from the fun or should I say trouble. He knew that I would have self-destructed and went down a wrong path that was not intended for my life. After accepting the call upon my life at the age of 19, I walked in ministry and celibacy for 8 years; and even though I sang and preached the gospel, and knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that God had placed an anointing on my life, I still felt like something was missing. I soon realized I was missing companionship. You know that "special" guy/best friend kind of companionship. Bottom line, I wanted to date!

Although I loved God with all my heart, I was ready to lay it all down so I could get a taste of the outside world. All I knew was church. I had no knowledge of what was going on in the world.

I decided to pack my things and leave home for good. I was ready to be on my own and live a normal life. It was time for me to leave the nest because my mother could only do so much for me. I felt an urgency to explore my options outside of church and God.

When I moved to the city and found my own apartment, loneliness began to engulf me. The sense of being alone made me afraid. I did not want to die alone so I attempted to date. I was too shy to go outside of my place to meet anyone, so AOL became my best friend...online dating became my poison. It became addictive and took up all my time.

I was single and ready to mingle but because I was so afraid to get out and meet people, I chose to visit chat rooms instead. I started attracting the wrong men and I became a victim of one of my generational curses. Every guy that I met was either in a relationship, in the middle of break-up, married, separated, or just plain crazy!

I would go out on dates and be so disappointed because the men I met were nothing like I expected. I would end up paying for my own meal because I did not want to be obligated to go home with any man. I was already setting myself up for relationship failure because I was

searching too hard to find the right guy. I knew chat rooms and online dating was unsafe, so I decided to delete my account. *

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