

# Zap the Lies, Hug the Truth – 2

In my last blog post [“Zap the Lies, Hug the Truth – 1,”](#) I shared how one of my friends faced the lies of the enemy in the wake of a molestation, and successfully stood against them in the truth of God’s word.

Today I will let another friend share how the Lord Jesus has met her on prayer walks, addressing the lies that have held her in bondage since her trauma-filled childhood and then adulthood.

This is what she wrote to me:

Jesus said, “First I will take off the lie you have believed, then I will wash you with the water of the word of truth, then I will put on your real identity in Me.”

I saw a picture, and realized it was me—as a beggar. My whole body was covered in rags and filth. The filth was garbage and dirt and waste that had been there so long it had hardened into a thick leathery shell all over my body. This shell adhered to my skin like glue, penetrating the rags I was wearing as clothes.

“This is going to hurt some,” Jesus said, “and your soul will be naked and exposed before Me, but it will be all right.”

I nodded my assent.

He then reached out and pulled off a piece from my shoulder to my elbow on the front side of my arm. The skin underneath was very pink and soooo tender.

Jesus: “Tell Me the lie you believe about your weight.”

Me: "I'm fat and it makes me ugly and undesirable. I'm huge and when people look at me they just see the fat lady. I'm gross."

Jesus (commanding tone): "NOW, tell Me the truth I have shown you about this." (With that, He put water on the exposed skin, and it healed and tanned.)

Me: "That I'm 20 lbs. overweight, that I have a sedentary lifestyle due to chronic pain and damaged joints. That I am making appropriate efforts by walking and watching what I eat. That my body type will NEVER be 5'5" and 100 lbs. and that is okay with You because You made me to be this size."

Jesus: "What is another lie you believe?"

Me: "That I am worthless, of no value, that I benefit no one and that people would be better off without me. I am refuse."

Jesus: "Now what is the truth I am showing you?"

Me: \*tears\* "That You, Lord God, wanted spiritual offspring, and I am that. You, God, benefit, You gain a daughter. That my kids gain because they needed a mom who could make it alone (with You) with five kids. That my students benefit because others have given up on them. That my pastor benefits because he is seeing someone walk out of sexual brokenness first hand. Sue benefits because she sees how my relationship with You works. The online community of women benefit because You speak through me to encourage them."

Abba: "You are Mine, My daughter, heiress, friend. Your purchase price is set, the holy blood of the son of God. I did not find that price too high. You are precious in My eyes."

So my friend writes me these healing scriptural truths she hears from the heart of God as they go walking, and then when

she forgets them, I have the privilege of reminding her what He has said. It's like that old saying, "A friend is one who knows the song of your heart, and will sing it back to you when you forget the words."

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