

She is **NOT** a Mistake

(EVEN THOUGH SHE THINKS SHE IS)



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*Some people believe not only that making mistakes are bad, but that they are a mistake. Zoey is in the process of replacing that belief with the truth that she is **NOT** a mistake, but deeply wanted and loved by Jesus.*

(Zoey, the Adult, Speaks)

She was so scared, Jesus.

Little Me was so scared,

So little, so helpless,

So vulnerable,

So sensitive.

Her dad couldn't handle his own emotions,

Let alone Little Me's emotions.

Little Me's heart hurt.

Her dad hurt her heart

And her soul

And her body

And her strength—

Yes, and her strength—her vitality
and her mind.



The devastation's been huge

And deep and wide and tall.

HUGE,
Long lasting,
Not just a moment
Or a day,
But years,
A lifetime of pain and wounds
Of the kind
That had to be repressed
Cuz Little Me couldn't handle the pain.
Little Me couldn't handle the terror.
Little Me barely survived.
Torn down and beaten with words.
Frightened by violent fights
Between parents.

Not the girl You created her to be, Jesus,
But damaged, wounded, punched.

How did she ever survive
All that abuse,
All that cold rage,
All that clamor,
All that discord,
All that hate?

How did she?
How did she!

She's been afraid, Jesus,

Of disobeying angry people,
Of upsetting people,
Of making people mad,
Of disappointing people,
Of being rejected by people,
Of being a fraud,
Of making mistakes,
Of being incompetent.

Cuz if she is incompetent (or makes a mistake),
She will deserve her dad's contempt,
She will deserve to be despised.
She will be shamed.

Can she just hide in fear?!
Can she escape notice?!
Can she escape her dad's contempt?!
NO, SHE COULDN'T.

She tries to do it right.
She tries to not disappoint.
She tries to NOT make her dad mad.

*Be perfect -
no mistakes!*



But she can't do it.

She can't do it 100% of the time.
She can't even do it 10% of the time...
Therefore, she IS a mistake—

NO, she is NOT a mistake!

Therefore, she IS NOT wanted—

No, she IS wanted!

Therefore, she deserves shame—

No, Jesus BORE her shame

So she doesn't have to!

What do you say to me, Jesus?

(Jesus speaks)

You are NOT a mistake.

Before you were born, I knew you, Zoey.

I planned you, Zoey.

I created you, Zoey.

I wanted you, Zoey.

You do not have to be perfect to be loved.

ZOEY, YOU ARE LOVED BECAUSE YOU ARE MINE.

You are Mine!

I give Zoey true honor.

I died for Zoey to have LIFE,

Abundant life.

A life of hope.

A life without fear.

A life of purpose.

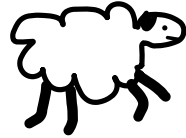
(Zoey, the Adult, Speaks)

Jesus, my feet tingle and are numb,

Triggered by fear
From being with my dad.

Jesus, please take away this old familiar fear
From Little Me's life
And replace it with peace.

You are our peace,
Our Passover Lamb,
The Lamb who was Slain.



Yes, I accept Your priceless gift
Of life,
Of hope,
Of redemption.

I don't have to get it right
Or to be right
To be loved.
I already am loved!

Jesus, it hurts to be rejected.
Rather than living in fear of rejection
Help me learn to honor You!

Jesus,
I've had no idea
How deep my wounds are—
No idea!

Yet I have no wounds so severe
That Your balm cannot heal.
You know what I need.
You are

THE ONE WHO SEES ME,
Who loves me
With an undying love.

You, Jesus, are my hiding place—
Not the closet or my bedroom
Or by avoiding eye contact.
You hide me under Your wings.

You are my tall tower—
My mighty refuge—
My very safe place—
My unfailing refuge in times of trouble!

Zoey gets triggered by the words Dad and Father, so she prefers to use these words instead: Jesus, Creator, God, or The One Who Sees Me (when referring to God the Father).

The End

Little Me and Teen Me. LITTLE ME and TEEN ME are the kid parts inside of Zoey that still believe they are living back in an abusive home, with no caregiver who helped them learn how to go from fear or anger and then return back to feeling calm or joy.

Think of it as Little Me having little kid emotions, especially helplessness, fear, and sadness whereas Teen Me has that puberty edginess of being mouthy, quarreling, and angry.

Questions you might want to consider:

- Ask: “Jesus, would You help me feel wanted and help me experience Your love?”
- Do you recognize yourself in a part of the poem?
- What feelings do you experience as you read it?
- What does this poem remind you of in your own life? Any adult memories? Any kid memories?

Feel free to mark up this poem—make it yours. Put your name in it, rewrite passages, cross out what doesn’t apply. Share with others if you want!

*I created the character Zoey
(who writes poetry) to help
people understand and heal
from childhood trauma*



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