

When the Devil Flings Accusations Your Way

What's the point in all of this if we can't be 100 percent? As I said in a previous post, being fake is so exhausting. And here I am, still struggling to put my life on display for others to see authenticity. And maybe some get annoyed because they think I'm complaining or venting online.

That's truly not my intention. We live in a world where everything is so inauthentic. I mean, why do we feel obligated to wear makeup to the gym where we will (should) be sweating it off? Why do we feel like we have to mask our true selves?

We want to be loved and valued.

So, we've grabbed hold of the lie that if we can put up the mask that people want us to have, then maybe, just maybe, we will have more love and more control and less rejection.

Do you wear a mask?

My desire for being raw and honest about my life is not to complain or ask for your pity. (That's a huge reason I've often haven't shared my life: a fear of others pitying me or seeing that I'm weak.)

No, my desire in sharing my life is for others to see themselves in my struggles—to see they're not alone and that there is hope.

We don't have to live crippled by insecurity, and anxiety. We don't have to live stuck in the quicksand of fear and depression.

I think our natural human disposition when we struggle is to just give up. I can't tell you how many times thoughts of giving up have crossed my mind.

Almost every month, I contemplate giving up this blog. The insecurities that have come along with starting a new ministry and paving new ground have been daunting. I often feel emotionally and mentally drained to fight the thoughts of insecurity.

Growing up, I witnessed a lot of defeat.

My parents gave up on their marriage. I often gave up in my schooling because I felt incapable. I gave up on dancing because I was made fun of. I gave up on cheerleading because there was always someone who was better. Likewise, I didn't pursue my love of singing because the work that it would take to be successful, I felt, was just too costly. And now in my adult years, I have just witnessed my own father give up his life, his relationships with his children and grandchildren because he didn't want to fight addiction and forgive himself.

Do you feel marked by defeat, insecurity or rejection?

I could easily describe my life as one marked by defeat, but that would be dishonest.

Yes, I've seen a lot of people give up the fight and walk away, and I have given up a lot myself, but there was One who never gave up, even unto death. And He has marked me victorious!

Jesus Has Marked Me Victorious

So, even now, in this very moment where I feel tired of fighting the insecure thoughts. Thoughts of comparison. Thoughts of judgment. I am reminded, that those things are *dead to me*.

Because of the price Jesus paid on the cross—all the beatings, all the violation, all the degradation, he persevered unto death. And then he rose again. He left the grave and defeated death. Now I too can live dead to my sins and alive to Christ.

Praise God!

So, here in this moment, as I type these words at the gym cafe, I say to myself—I am marked by victory! I am dead to insecurity, to depression, to anxiety ... and I live with the risen King!

It is not easy to fight, but living in the shame of defeat will kill us. If we know something to be true, we must fight the good fight until the very end.

So, wherever this post finds you right now, I encourage you to press forward.

Fight back.

Persevere past difficulty.

Commit yourself to truth and to love.

We may not have it all together, but we will definitely not be counted with those who cower in fear.

You were not called to be a coward! You were called to live a victorious life. Take your rightful position! {eo}

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