

FORWARD BY BRIAN FISHER, HUMAN COALITION

# Worthy of Love

A JOURNEY OF HOPE AND HEALING AFTER ABORTION  
*with Biblical Reflections*



*Shadia Hrichi*

# *Praise for Worthy of Love*

I know from personal experience that abortion leaves an open wound on a mother's heart that can fester for a lifetime. Worthy of Love gives us a clear pathway to complete healing and restoration as we offer up our wounds to the healing power of God's Word. Shadia's insights and Biblical teaching bring rich clarity to the forgiveness and love of Christ.

***Theresa Ingram***

*Mentor, Speaker and Wife of Pastor and Author Chip Ingram*

Engaging, intensely honest, vividly and poetically expressed, Shadia's story is sure to connect with the heart of its readers and draw them into their own journey of healing. Worthy of Love strikes an excellent balance of personal story-telling and solid biblical truth. Any woman seeking healing, freedom, and peace in the aftermath of an abortion will benefit greatly from this study.

***S. Michael Houdmann, President and Founder***

*Got Questions Ministries*

This book will minister to women and encourage them to not give in to despair as Shadia shows how the truth sets us free. One of the best post-abortion personal stories I've read and I've read a lot of them.

***Georgette Forney***

*President of Anglicans for Life and Co-Founder of Silent No More*

I was given an insider's peek into the healing journey of a deeply wounded heart transformed by the Master's touch. This book will breathe fresh hope and courage into every woman longing for a miracle of the heart.

***Phyllis Bennett, PhD***

*Director Women's Center for Ministry, Western Seminary*

From a desperate teenage choice, through shadowed valleys of shame and denial, Shadia's story packs more emotional energy than a dramatic novel and more wisdom than the world could hope to offer. This book should be read by anyone (including men) claiming to be pro-life as Shadia's story will inspire compassion and grace toward women deceived into making that fateful choice. For every woman who has carried a child and made the choice to abort, it is my prayer that they will discover the forgiveness and healing God desires to give.

***Pastor David Nederhood, Director of Ministry Relations***

*KFAX Christian Radio, Salem San Francisco*

Shadia bares her soul in this poignant yet uplifting story of incredible healing. You'll be moved to tears and to action by this important work. If more women would share their story, as Shadia has, then fewer women might walk the painful path. Shadia has captured, in a remarkable fashion, the beauty of redemption.

***Austin Boyd***

*Award-winning Author and Speaker*

What a beautiful work God is doing! This book is so Biblical and the processes you take each person through are so simple but profoundly effective. These steps mirror those our Heavenly Father took me through many years ago after sexual abuse (hidden 23 years!), three failed marriages, and a host of self imposed prison bars. Your work is a testimony to our Father's great love for us!

**Becky Wood, CEO**  
*ABC Women's Clinic of Dublin, GA*

Shadia's story of her own painful experience is so powerful and the Biblical teaching is so healing. Like the title suggests, yes! you are 'worthy of love' and there is a healing at the end of the journey. I highly recommend it.

**Matthew Lea, PhD**  
*Licensed Marriage and Family Therapist, Professor, Pastor*

A beautiful and heartfelt study for any woman who has suffered the shame and guilt of abortion. The Scriptures will ignite a woman's hope that she is forgiven and 'worthy of love.'

**Jeannie Pittam, Post Abortion Services Director**  
*Lincoln NE Crisis Pregnancy Center*

Abortion breaks a woman's heart over and over but Worthy of Love opens up a door to healing, understanding, and forgiveness. Life changing and lovingly written.

**Shellie Nichol**  
*Host of Amazing Hope Radio and ordained Chaplain*

I was very impressed with the breadth of Scripture and doctrinal soundness. I found the poetry refreshing and love its biblical basis. I highly recommend Worthy of Love.

**Michele D. Shoun, Director of Ministry Outreach**  
*Life Matters Worldwide*

When I saw the title I immediately thought who wouldn't want to hear they are worthy of love? I love the gentleness of the language and especially enjoy the questions designed to help readers interact with Scripture. Thank you for giving us this great tool!

**Carie White, MA**  
*Licensed Professional Counselor*

There's nothing more powerful than hearing someone's story and experiencing their pain and joy with them. I see God's heart in these Scriptures as it is He who heals us, and speaks to the broken places in our souls. The reflection questions are very effective in letting God draw out deep and hidden things of the heart. Love it!

**Eileen Fahlgren, Center Director**  
*Pregnancy Resource Centers of Central Oregon*

I found your story to be powerful, important and very vulnerable. No wonder God has been using it to bring healing to so many. I praise God for what He has done in your life!

**Kathy Collard Miller**  
*Award Winning Author and Speaker*

"The degree to which you can tell your story  
is the degree to which you can heal."

- Stasi Eldredge

# *Worthy of Love*

A JOURNEY OF HOPE AND HEALING AFTER ABORTION  
*with Biblical Reflections*

BEAUTIFUL VOICE MINISTRIES

Worthy of Love, Updated Edition  
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I also wish to express my sincere appreciation to the following:

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To Brian Fisher, one of God's chief ambassadors for the unborn and all those wounded by abortion. Words cannot express how deeply humbled I am to partner with you in ministry. Your fearless pursuit of saving lives appears only matched by your compassion for those already wounded. I am truly honored for your willingness to write the Foreword to this book.

To all the saints at Venture Christian Church, my beloved brothers and sisters in Christ. For all that you do to minister to our Lord's family, serving one another in love, you have ministered to me. "As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another." (Proverbs 27:17)

To all of God's servants at RealOptions, along with all those serving at countless other God-honoring pregnancy centers. May the Name of our Lord be lifted high for your courageous work and sacrificial love. Together, you serve as a beautiful model of the apostle Paul's exhortation, "Carry each other's burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ." (Galatians 6:2)

Most of all, I am grateful to my glorious Lord and Savior Jesus Christ whose sacrificial love rescued my soul from death, my heart from grief and condemnation, and blessed my life beyond my wildest imagination. Your precious Word assures us, "There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus" (Romans 8:1). It is only by Your grace that I found the courage to share this story. By the power of Your Holy Spirit, I pray many hearts are healed for the glory of Your Kingdom.

And to every person reading this book: may you discover the magnificent love of Christ who longs to embrace you with the everlasting hope and healing each of our hearts is desperately searching for

*– as these are found in no other Name.*



In loving memory of  
Amanda

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# *A Note from the Author*



I once heard someone say, “There’s a difference between forgiveness and healing,” but it wasn’t until God led me on a twenty-five year journey that I understood the profound truth of those words. This book is written from my heart to yours, as one who has been where you are.

Abortion is a deep and painful wound. Perhaps your wound is very recent, or maybe you’re like me and buried the truth and memory of the abortion so deep and for so long, that you’ve almost forgotten about it. Almost. But God longs for us to be healed. In May 2008, God delivered my healing in the most miraculous way and I am honored to share with you my story. However, this study is more than one woman’s journey; it is a reflection and reminder of God’s tireless pursuit to draw us to Himself so that He can heal our deepest hurts and redeem our painful scars. Scars hidden so deep that, if left ignored, will forever hold us back from all that God desires for our lives.

God may have brought you to this study to introduce you to the grace of His forgiveness. Or it may be that you are here because God wants you to find the courage to forgive yourself . . . or someone else.

Even after embracing God’s forgiveness, the wounds and aftermath of abortion can remain, perhaps for a lifetime, if we fail to address them. Wherever you are, God has brought you here for a purpose.

It is my prayer that through this study, God will bring you to a place where you will find both forgiveness and healing. We’ll walk this road together, side by side. After you read a part of my journey, I encourage you to review the personal reflection section at the end of each chapter. The questions are designed for either group or individual study.

Remember dear Sister, while I journey with you in prayer, the Lord Himself will go with you. You are not alone:

“For I am the LORD your God who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, Do not fear; I will help you.” -Isaiah 41:13

*A special note for women who've experienced more than one abortion:*

*Although for the purpose of this study, abortion and children lost to abortion will often be referenced in the singular, if you've experienced more than one loss please know that you are not alone. As you answer the reflection questions, ask God to help you process each loss separately. If you need more space to write, you may wish to use a separate journal. God is our helper; He knows every detail of your situation and cares deeply for you. He is faithful and will be with you every step of the way.*

What to expect: After reading a chapter, plan some time to complete the lesson, approximately one to two hours although it will be different for each person. The important thing is to take your time and allow God to speak to you. If He prompts you to meditate on something particular, give yourself permission to listen to God's voice, even if it means postponing finishing the lesson.

What you will need:

- A Bible or access to the Internet
- Pen/pencil
- A stack of blank 3x5 notecards
- Suggested: Journal

I am so excited for you! The hope that lies ahead will bring freedom to your heart in ways you never imagined possible. I'll see you on the other side.

*Shadia*

# Foreword by Brian Fisher

The abuse of power and selfishness of my gender never ceases to grieve me. Our culture has come to believe that abortion is a “woman’s” issue - that it is a private decision made only by women that has little or no consequence on themselves, the fathers, family members, or our communities.

Yet your hearts and tears tell a much different story.

Through our work at Human Coalition, I’ve had the honor of getting to know women like you who have experienced abortion – whose pain, guilt, and grief are very real. Rather than experiencing the freedom of making a “reproductive choice,” the decision to abort has lured many into an emotional and spiritual prison. I’ve listened to your stories about depression, shame, struggles with alcohol and substance abuse, and journeys to very dark and lonely places.

Many have told me, time and again, that if they had the ability to go back in time and take a different path, they would have chosen life for their children and, in turn, freedom for themselves.

But what grieves me the most is that many of you felt pressured, coerced even, by the father, family members, or friends, and that many of those voices belong to men and for that, I am exceedingly sorry.

I grieve also for men, for too many of us have abandoned our God-given roles as providers and protectors. Too many of us have succumbed to the lies of abortion. Too many of us sit by, whether actively or passively, and allow our children to lose their lives and their mothers to suffer immense pain.

But here’s what I want you to know: not all of us are sitting by. More and more men are realizing the incalculable costs of abortion and they are running into the battle, determined to protect those in harm’s way.

And yet, there is one Man who is greater than us all - who stepped into the battle knowing it would cost him his very life in order to offer us a life beyond imagination. There is one Man who so thoroughly

honored, elevated, and encouraged women, that he was considered a revolutionary. He rescued them, protected them, restored them, redeemed them. And He forgave them.

And He still does so today.

The book you are holding is the result of that one Man and His profound, miraculous impact on one woman's life. That one Man, Jesus, broke into her abortion prison, restored her, refreshed her, and set her free.

Shadia's story, so powerfully and effectively shared, is a poignant, personal reminder that Jesus heals. He heals our broken hearts. He heals our crushed spirits. He heals our wounded souls.

And He wants to heal you.

You may be tempted to think that, because of the dramatic and miraculous way Jesus healed Shadia, His forgiveness can't possibly be for you. Abortion is just too great of a sin and you think you are beyond His mercy.

On the contrary, what Jesus provided for her, He will provide for you. He promises it.

I'm thrilled that Shadia took the time and effort to write this book. If more women and men were this honest and transparent about their abortion experience, we would see far less abortions in our country. I invite you to drink deep from her experience and her study of the Scriptures. Take your time, allow the words to work deep into your heart. Allow Jesus to lovingly, carefully, and purposefully share His love with you.

He gave His very life for you...and in doing so declared that you are worthy of His love.

Brian Fisher

Co-Founder and President, Human Coalition

Author of *Abortion: The Ultimate Exploitation of Women*

The Lord himself goes before you  
and will be with you;  
he will never leave you nor forsake you.

- Deuteronomy 31:8

# *A Mother's Lament*

*by Shadia Hricki*

*I placed her into the hands of wicked men,  
behind closed doors, they give birth to death—  
for a few coins, her name was stricken;  
for an ounce of silver, they blot out her name.*

*Deceitful women pour out words like honey;  
like a serpent, her mouth drips with poison—  
both rich and poor drink from her cup,  
she shows no favoritism.*

*Monsters! Daughters are led by the hand as a blind sacrifice,  
to a heinous god, they are laid out as an offering;  
in the cover of darkness, their children are taken,  
before the dawn, their light is remembered no more.*

*My friends demand laughter,  
my mother asks for a smile,  
can they not hear?  
can they not see?*

*Within my heart, deathly silence pounds,  
behind the teeth is caged a scream,  
it is ready to burst like the wails of a woman in labor—  
like a mother whose child is stillborn.*

*“Weeds!” the wicked cry out as the sickle slashes the lilies;  
tender violets are trampled and the garden destroyed,  
so that no fruit blossoms,  
no flower takes root.*

*I spend my days in masked despair,  
in plain sight, I veil empty arms;  
shielding my ears from the haunting silence  
as vacant cries kick and fret within me.  
As frightened deer scatter, my youth quickly fades;  
As the morning delivers the moon, my days give birth to years—  
until I can no longer discern:  
are these my cries, Lord, or yours?*



*Who will kneel alongside me in the garden,  
or climb upon my shoulders and fill my basket?  
Who will lead me by the hand when I am gray,  
or lay flowers at my grave?  
A thousand tithes cannot repay my debt,  
ten thousand offerings cannot restore a single breath;  
don't turn your eye from my presence, Oh Lord,  
don't close your ear to my cry.  
The godless promise shelter to the abandoned,  
they set a snare for those seeking refuge—  
the frightened who have no one to take their hand  
and lead them to your courts.*

*Oh Righteous Judge, give the wicked wrath to drink,  
may blood blanket the graves of the unrighteous!  
May those who say, "There is no God" shudder at the  
thunder of your voice,  
and tremble at the words of your mouth.  
Your decrees are just and your law is perfect.  
Cleanse me, Oh Lord, from my sin—  
do not blot my name from your book,  
do not strike my name with your pen.  
You, Oh Lord, are my deliverer;  
You, Oh God, are my strength.  
With lifted hands, I will praise you to the congregation.  
I will speak of your mercy, my God, my Savior.*

Note: Some names have been changed and situations altered to protect privacy.

ONE

## *The Lie*

A chorus of lockers rattled and slammed as the morning bell prodded a herd of high-schoolers into something resembling Spain's running of the bulls. I raced down the hallway. Clutching my knapsack in one hand with the other clenched over my mouth, I zigzagged around the mob of kids scrambling to get to their classrooms. Bursting into the nurse's office, I made a beeline for the restroom, locked the door, and braced myself over the toilet. Seconds later, the vomiting started—again. Yesterday, I made it as far as the wastebasket. The day before was not a pretty sight.

My fingers fumbled to flush the toilet before I slumped against the cool, damp wall. Several minutes passed before I gathered my strength to steady myself at the sink and let loose some cold water. A sharp shrill behind the wall betrayed the protest of the school's aging pipes. The teakettle-like scream sent a shooting pain across my brow. Shutting my eyes only made it worse. The room seemed to spin and I latched onto the edge of the sink like the safety bar on a carnival ride.

When I opened my eyes, I hardly recognized the reflection in

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the mirror. My face was devoid of color save for the faint black and purple racing stripes left by my eye makeup. I felt something touch the tips of my fingers. I looked down. The running water had begun to form a small pool. Releasing my strangle-hold on the sink's rim, I scooped up a handful of water and gargled in a feeble attempt to erase the foul vomit taste clinging to my mouth.

Beads of sweat clamored down my neck. Using a wad of dampened paper towels, I chased after them. When I had regained some semblance of composure, I eased open the door and peered down the hall. It was deserted. Momentarily relieved, I picked up my knapsack and inched toward the front office.

I darted past the nurse who tended to a young boy with a bloody nose.

"I phoned your mother," she called out after me, "she's on her way to pick you up."

Stealing a glance over my shoulder, I saw the nurse shake her head as she plopped a blood-soaked bandage into the trash with a soggy-sounding plunk. The nasty sound threatened my stomach with a replay. I hurried out of the office and waited in the school's parking lot for my mom to arrive.

Not knowing what was wrong she had arranged an appointment with our family doctor. After a brief exam and some questioning, the doctor spoke privately with my mother. We left his office and my mother drove us to the local Planned Parenthood—the same clinic she and I visited just six months earlier to obtain the protection we assumed I'd soon need. Hesitant to trade the familiar street noises for what might lie ahead, I trailed inside the building behind my mother needing, but dreading, an answer.

In the lobby, a bright bouquet of artificial flowers adorned the large reception desk. Seated behind it was the receptionist, who was busy filling out forms. Still-life paintings disguised the windowless walls while a faint scent of lilac-laced Lysol dusted the air. Although my mind whirled with questions, the reticent atmosphere beckoned me to keep my thoughts and fears to myself.

"Please spell your name, last name first," the receptionist prompted, poisoning her pen over a legal pad.

"H-R-I-C-H-I," I responded slowly, always mindful of my name's unusual spelling.

After scribbling my name, she gently shoved herself, still seated in her chair, away from the desk, rolling across the vinyl tile floor to a nearby cabinet. She stood up and rifled through the files.

“Shadia?” she queried, as if there could be more than one.

“Yes.”

After retrieving my thin manila folder, she encouraged my mother and I to take a seat.

We made our way to two vacant burgundy-upholstered chairs as the receptionist softly hummed to a tune playing on the radio. Not long after we sat down, a cheery voice pierced my thoughts.

“Miss . . . uh . . . Rich-ee?”

I looked up, accustomed to hearing my name mispronounced.

“Please follow me,” urged a woman in a white lab coat.

I couldn’t move. My legs felt anchored to the floor. My mom waited for me to gather my courage. Eventually, I stood up and we followed the woman to a back room. Inside stood Danielle, according to the block letters on her nametag, who motioned me toward a gray chair with an elevated armrest.

“Please sit down and roll up your sleeve.”

Angry and scared, I shot my mother an accusatory glance, as if this were somehow entirely her fault. Danielle tied the thick rubber tubing around my upper arm. Two latex covered fingers tapped the inside of my elbow, coaxing the vein to surface. The noxious vapor from the alcohol-soaked cotton made me sick to my stomach. I turned away, unable to watch as the needle pierced my skin, and blood drained into the small cylinder.

“All finished,” Danielle chirped as she tugged loose the rubber strap from my arm and whisked away the sated tube. “Now, let’s get you seated somewhere more comfortable while we run some tests.”

Moments later, I found myself in a small, windowless office sitting opposite a massive wooden desk. Danielle turned to leave and before she closed the door behind her, assured my mother and I that someone would be right with us. My mom sat in the chair next to me, looking anxious but saying nothing.

I scanned the room, looking for a distraction. The elaborately-carved desk displayed few objects: a small lit task lamp, several stylish pens in a wooden container, a stack of papers neatly tucked to one side, and a nameplate with the words “Angela Gerret, Director.”

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Straight ahead, a dark, immense clock hung on the olive green wall. Immediately, I honed in to the hollow ticking. In front of me, beneath the lamp's tranquil glow, delicate dust particles danced to a melody all their own as the clock above obediently marched on its assigned course.

A polite rap echoed at the door. Ms. Gerret, dressed in an stylish gray suit over a red silk blouse, came inside. Taking her seat in the bulky leather chair, her blank expression told us nothing. "Good afternoon. I'm Angela Gerret." She spread my file underneath her hands and announced, "The results are positive."

I breathed a sigh of relief, sending the flecks of dust into a tailspin. Positive is good, right? My ignorance obviously exposed, Ms. Gerret glanced at my mother then looked directly at me and said plainly,

"You're pregnant."

A dry film tightened over my lips as a foul, unfamiliar taste invaded my mouth. Saliva pumped feverishly to counter the strange reaction. A knot swelled in my throat, instantly taking my voice prisoner. I stared at the woman hoping I'd suddenly be struck with an ability to read lips. Jumbled words pierced my ears like tiny darts.

" . . . estimate . . . eleven weeks . . . consider abortion . . . schedule immediately."

I tried to focus.

"To handle the problem after twelve weeks," Ms. Gerret continued, as if scheduling a hair appointment, "will cost a lot more as the procedure becomes . . . well . . . more complicated." My forehead throbbed as I tried to make sense of her words. I slid further back in my chair.

Ms. Gerret reached her hands across the desk, gesturing for me to do the same. Slowly, I leaned forward. She cupped my hands in hers and lowered her voice, "Look, accidents happen sometimes. We understand that. That is why we want to help. When you are ready to have children someday, we will be here for you then, too."

I wanted to believe her. I knew I wasn't ready. Still holding one hand over both of mine, she retrieved a form from the stack of papers on her desk. "Simply sign here. It will be over in no time and then you can get on with your life. After all, you are only fifteen years old."

No one mentioned baby, child, unborn, ultrasound, heartbeat, life, death, grief, pain, loss, or regret. No one told me I'd have regrets. Regret that I didn't ask for more time. Regret that no one talked to me about adoption. Regret that I would later discover this would be the only child ever conceived in me. Regret that would propel a friendly, optimistic straight-A student into withdrawal, suicidal thoughts, and drug and alcohol abuse in less than a year.

We left Ms. Gerret's office with an appointment scheduled for Saturday.

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## Reflection Questions

### I. Lies

I believed the lies. I thought having an abortion would allow me to get on with my life. But life after the abortion was never the same. Listed below are some of the changes I experienced and their impact although at the time, I did not recognize them as related to the abortion.

<i>Before</i>	<i>After</i>	<i>Impact</i>
<i>Straight-A student</i>	<i>Got involved with wrong crowd, started abusing drugs &amp; alcohol</i>	<i>Loss of self-esteem</i>
<i>One steady relationship</i>	<i>Promiscuous, one-night stands</i>	<i>Loss of self-respect</i>
<i>Close friendships</i>	<i>Withdrawn, keeping secrets</i>	<i>Built "walls" around my heart</i>



1. On the following two pages, describe in what ways your life changed after the abortion.
  - a. List some before and after changes in the first and second columns. (such as likes/dislikes, personality or behavioral changes)
  - b. Then, in the last column, write what you believe changed internally (such as emotionally, psychologically, or spiritually).



<i>Before</i>				
<i>After</i>				
<i>Impact</i>				

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<i>Impact</i>				
<i>After</i>				
<i>Before</i>				

Perhaps, like me, you believed a number of lies about yourself, your pregnancy...even God.

In order to remove the hold lies have on us, whatever they may be, we must develop the habit of replacing lies with the Truth of God's Word—and we must do this continuously until the lie no longer has any power over us.



2. In Romans 12:2, the apostle Paul writes, “Do not be conformed any longer to the pattern of this world but be transformed by the renewing of your mind.” In your own words, how would you define each of the following:

a. *CONFORM*:

b. *PATTERN*:

c. *TRANSFORM*:

d. *RENEW*:

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3. Based on the definitions you provided, re-write the meaning of Romans 12:2 in your own words:

4. What new insights did you gain?

On the next several pages, I've listed some of the lies I believed about my pregnancy, God, and even myself. Considering each set of lies separately (pregnancy, God, myself), I've replaced several of the lies we commonly believe with the truth from God's Word.

Take a few moments to meditate on each set of verses before answering the questions that follow.

*Lies about Pregnancy*

<i>Lie</i>	<i>Truth</i>
It's not human or It's a glob of tissue	<p><i>"For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made..."</i></p> <p>Psalm 139:13-14<sup>1</sup></p> <p><i>"My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place... Your eyes saw my unformed body; all the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be."</i></p> <p>Psalm 139:15-16<sup>1</sup></p>
It's not a person	<p><i>"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you."</i></p> <p>Jeremiah 1:5 ESV<sup>1</sup></p> <p><i>"...The Lord called me before my birth; from within the womb, He called me by name."</i></p> <p>Isaiah 49:1 NLT<sup>1</sup></p>

<sup>1</sup> selected

## *Worthy of Love*

5. Without looking at the prior page (as much as possible), list as many key thoughts you can remember from the verses:

6. Is there one verse that is especially meaningful to you? Write it below and share your thoughts.

7. Make it personal: for each verse on page 11, circle every personal pronoun where the writer is referring to himself (rather than God), such as “me, my, I, you.”
  - a. Re-read each verse out loud, replacing each circled word with your own name (you will need to make some minor grammatical adjustments as you read).

For example,

*“Before I formed [your name] in the womb I knew her.”*

8. Which Scripture(s) speaks to your heart the most? Write it below and share your thoughts.

## *Worthy of Love*

9. Can you think of any other lies about pregnancy you have believed? List them here:

I was 11 weeks pregnant when I had an abortion. I was told it was nothing but a glob of cells.

10. How far along were you in your pregnancy? (okay to estimate)

11. What did you believe about the stage of your pregnancy at that time?



Lies about God

12. After reading each lie in the left column, look up the associated verses in your Bible (or on the Internet, such as [www.biblegateway.com](http://www.biblegateway.com)). Fill in the blanks with God's truth using the key words.

BRING      REMOVED      SEPARATE      PURIFY

<i>Lie</i>	<i>Truth</i>
God cannot forgive the sin of abortion	<p><i>"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and _____ us from all unrighteousness."</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">-1 John 1:9</p> <p><i>"as far as the east is from the west, so far has he _____ our transgressions from us."</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Psalm 103:12</p>
God cannot forgive me	<p><i>"For Christ died for sins once for all, the righteous for the unrighteous, to _____ you to God. He was put to death in the body but made alive by the Spirit"</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">-1 Peter 3:18</p> <p><i>"For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to _____ us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">-Romans 8:38-39 ESV</p>

## *Worthy of Love*

13. For each of the previous verses, circle every personal pronoun where the writer is referring/ including himself (rather than God), such as “our, us, we, you.”
  - a. Re-read each verse out loud, replacing each circled word with your own name (you will need to make some minor grammatical adjustments as you read).
  
14. What one thing does the passage say that is especially meaningful to you? Write it below and share your thoughts.

15. Can you think of any other lies about God you have believed? Explain.

How do you suppose they could have developed?

What impact might they have had on your relationship with Him?

# Worthy of Love

## Lies about Myself

Reflect on the following verses and the lies they dispel.

<i>Lie</i>	<i>Truth</i>
My heart is too hardened; I cannot be healed	<p><i>“And I will give you a new heart, and a new spirit I will put within you. And I will remove the heart of stone from your flesh and give you a heart of flesh.”</i></p> <p>-Ezekiel 36:26 ESV</p> <p><i>“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, the new creation has come: The old has gone, the new is here!”</i></p> <p>-2 Corinthians 5:17</p>
I’m forgiven but unworthy to serve God	<p><i>“For we are God’s workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.”</i></p> <p>-Ephesians 2:10</p> <p><i>“And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose.”</i></p> <p>-Romans 8:28 ESV</p>

16. Once more, let’s make it personal. For each verse, circle the pronouns where the writer is referring to either himself or the reader (rather than God), such as “you, anyone, those.”

- a. Re-read each verse out loud, replacing each circled word with your name and making adjustments as needed.

17. Which Scripture(s) is/are especially meaningful to you? Share your thoughts.

18. Look back at the last two verses; how does the author reveal his unwavering assurance in God's sovereignty and faithfulness?

The words of Scripture are powerful. If you struggle to believe that God is able to use you, consider praying these verses back to God.

## *Worthy of Love*

19. Can you think of any other lies about yourself that you have believed? List them below and why you think they persisted.

Very often, the lies we believe about either ourselves or God both center on self: my heart, my sin, my unworthiness . . . but being forgiven, healed, and delivered are not based on our own efforts or goodness . . . they are possible only because of the grace of God and His work on the Cross. The question we have to ask ourselves is whether we really believe this.

Perhaps you've been trying to live a good, moral life, or trying to earn God's favor as a successful career woman, super-mom, or super-Christian.

20. Ask God to reveal to you if you've been trying to add your own efforts to God's perfect gift. If so, write your efforts here:

Perhaps instead of (or in addition to) trying to add your efforts onto God's perfect work, you impose imagined limits on Him: *God can't heal me, God can't forgive me...or*

21. Complete the sentence:

*God can't...*

## *Worthy of Love*

Dear daughter of the King,

God is all-powerful; there is only one thing God cannot do and that's sin. When we place limits on God, or try to add to Jesus' work on the Cross, we are being deceived by the same lie: He's not enough.

Take a few moments to search your heart and ask God if there is something He wants you to confess. In surrendering our struggles to God, we can re-discover the joy of knowing He is enough. If you choose, record your thoughts below.

### *Lesson Summary:*

At the end of each lesson, you will be asked to select a favorite Scripture, statement, or thought that was most significant to you, and to write it both in the workbook and also onto a notecard. Commit to keep the notecards in a place where you can refer to them often (such as your Bible or purse). You may also want to record them in your phone or tablet; however, do not neglect to hand-write them as this has been proven to reinforce memory retention. Starting today, and with your first note card which you will complete shortly, begin to commit them to memory.



What Scripture, statement, or thought was most significant to you? Write it below and also on your first notecard.

Re-word the Scripture or statement into a prayer of response to God.

## *Worthy of Love*

Dear Sister, you finished your first lesson! You've taken a courageous step and have remained faithful. May God reward you as you commit to completing this journey.

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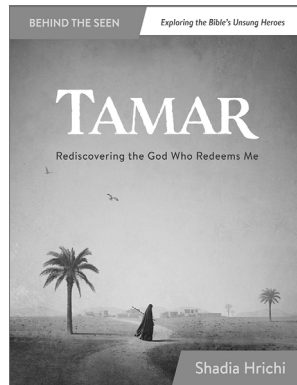
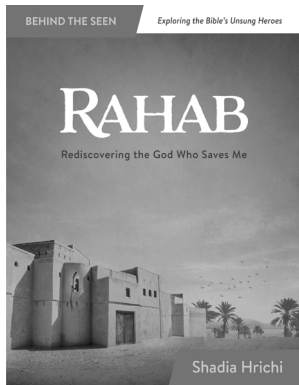
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