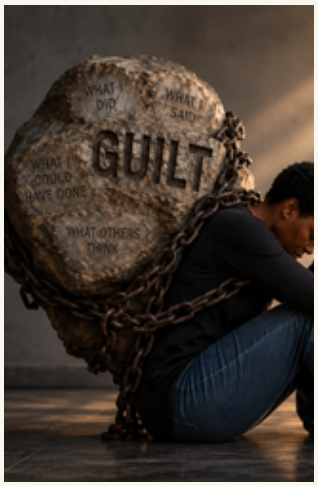
Selah

SHE IS STILL. SHE IS BECOMING.

PEACE EDITION

THERE COMES A POINT IN A WOMAN'S HEALING WHEN SHE HAS TO MAKE A DIFFICULT DECISION:

Not because everything is resolved. Not because every mistake has been corrected. Not because every relationship has been restored. Not because the consequences of what happened have disappeared. And certainly not because she has forgotten what she did.



Sometimes peace feels almost inappropriate when you are carrying guilt. Especially when the thing you regret is not hidden from the world. Perhaps your marriage has ended—or is still in the painful process of ending. Perhaps you were unfaithful, and someone knows. Perhaps you made a decision about a pregnancy that you still carry quietly in your heart.

Perhaps you were caught drinking when you had promised yourself you would stop. Perhaps you returned to a habit you thought you had overcome. Perhaps your life simply does not resemble the woman you once imagined you would become.

And now there are consequences. There are conversations you cannot undo. Messages you wish you had never sent. Words you wish you could take back. People who know. People who remember. And sometimes, the hardest person to face is not the person you hurt.

It is your self

THE DUNGEON OF GUILT

Guilt can become a place. At first, it is a feeling. Then it becomes a thought. Then a memory. Then a sentence you repeat to yourself: How could I have done that? What kind of woman does that? After everything I knew, how did I still choose this? should have known better. I should have been stronger. I should have stopped.

And eventually, without even realising it, you begin to believe that because you did something wrong, you must now live permanently under the weight of it. You punish yourself long after the moment has passed. You withhold tenderness from yourself. You become suspicious of happiness. You feel guilty when you laugh, guilty when you sleep peacefully, guilty when something good happens. Almost as though suffering is the only appropriate response to what you have done.



So you stay in the dungeon. And you tell yourself that staying there proves that you are sorry. But self-punishment is not repentance. There is a difference between a contrite heart and a condemned heart.

A contrite heart says: "Lord, I have sinned. Have mercy on me." A condemned heart says: "Lord, I have sinned. Therefore I must hate myself forever." Those are not the same thing.

DAVID KNEW THE DARKNESS OF HIS OWN HEART



One of the reasons the Psalms feel so intimate is because they do not come from a man pretending to have everything together. David knew what it was to fail spectacularly. He knew what it was to carry guilt. He knew what it was to have his private sin become a matter with consequences far beyond himself.

And yet, when David came before God, he did not hide behind excuses. He prayed: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." — Psalm 51:10

There is something beautiful about that prayer. David does not merely ask God to remove the consequences. He asks God to change him.

That is where healing begins.

Not with pretending. Not with rewriting history. Not with convincing yourself that what happened was acceptable. But with bringing the truth into the presence of God: This is what I did. This is where I failed. This is what I became. This is what I regret. Lord, have mercy on me. And then allowing Him to begin the work of restoration.

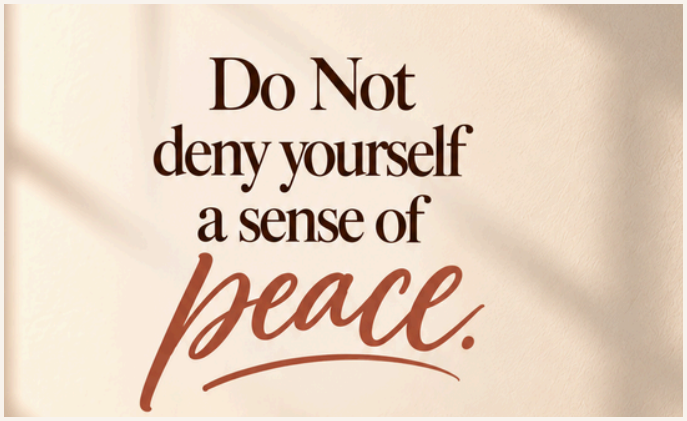
HEALING DOES NOT ALWAYS HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE

Perhaps this is the part nobody tells us. Sometimes we imagine repentance as a dramatic moment: You confess. You cry. You pray. You receive forgiveness. And the next morning you wake up completely free.

But sometimes healing happens layer by layer. One Psalm at a time. One honest prayer at a time. One morning when you wake up and realise you did not spend the entire night condemning yourself. One day when you finally stop replaying the same mistake. One moment when you realise that you smiled—and did not feel guilty for it. One afternoon when you sit quietly with your Bible and discover that you are no longer hiding from God.



The wound is still there. But it is no longer bleeding in the same way. The memory remains. But it no longer controls the room. You remember what happened. But you are beginning to understand that what happened is not the entirety of who you are.



There may be people who will never forgive you. There may be relationships that cannot be restored. There may be consequences that you must carry. There may be things you cannot repair. And there may be days when you still feel ashamed.

But if God is teaching you to walk in repentance, truth and grace, you do not have to keep sentencing yourself to a lifetime of inner punishment.







You are allowed to have peace. Not because you are innocent. But because you have brought your guilt to the One who is merciful.

PSALM 32 V 1

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Forgiveness does not mean the past never happened. It means the past no longer has the final word.

PEACE IS NOT PERMISSION TO FORGET

There is an important distinction here. Peace does not mean saying, "It wasn't that bad." It does not mean avoiding accountability. It does not mean refusing to apologise where an apology is necessary. It does not mean ignoring the consequences of our choices. And it does not mean rushing through someone else's pain simply because we want to feel better.

Sometimes repentance requires difficult conversations. Sometimes it requires boundaries. Sometimes it requires accepting that a relationship has changed. Sometimes it requires professional help, spiritual guidance, or practical changes in the way we live.



But once you have faced the truth, you do not have to keep using shame as your evidence that you are sorry. You can let God do something deeper. He can teach you. Correct you. Mature you. Restore you. And slowly, quietly, teach you how to live differently.

THE WOMAN WHO IS BECOMING

Perhaps this is what Selah means for her. To stop. To breathe. To look honestly at where she has been. And then to remain still long enough to hear what God is saying about where she is going.



So, woman of Selah—Be still. Let the tears come. Open the Psalms. Tell God the truth. Let Him search the places you have been afraid to touch.

And when, slowly, peace begins to enter that dark room—do not push it away because you think you have not suffered enough. Stay there. Breathe. Receive it.

The woman who once lived under the weight of shame is learning to live under grace. The woman who once hid from God is learning to sit with Him. The woman who once believed she had ruined everything is discovering that God is still able to write something beautiful with what remains.

And perhaps today, she needs to hear this: You can be sorry for what you did without being ashamed of your existence. You can take responsibility without destroying yourself. You can remember without continually reliving. You can repent without remaining imprisoned. You can grieve what was lost without refusing what is still possible.

And you can finally say: I cannot deny myself a sense of peace. Not today. Not because I deserve it. But because I am learning to receive what God gives freely.

You are not finished.

Selah