

# WHEN LIFE UNRAVELS

My **UN**told Journey from  
**UN**Lovable to **UN**Stoppable



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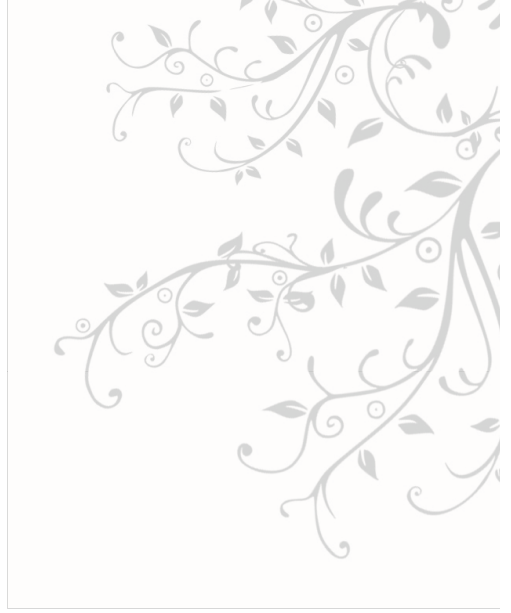
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## CHAPTER 1

# UNloveable



|               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| UN loved      | UN deserving |
| UN worthy     | UN likeable  |
| UN qualified  | UN suitable  |
| UN acceptable | UN kind      |

These are the words that haunted me and describe how I felt the majority of my life. Have you ever felt that way too? Do these words describe the lies you have accepted about yourself because of life experiences? Or maybe you have heard other people say negative, hurtful things about you and it caused you to feel this way? Maybe those words were spoken out loud directly to you? Maybe these words describe how you feel about yourself deep inside. Have these words become so deeply rooted in your heart that, like me, you just accept this is who you are and now this is how you live your life? Are those

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feelings so ingrained in you that you think it is impossible for your life to turn around? Maybe you don't think your life is even worth turning around.

These words are exactly how I felt my life had become. I believed every one of those lies. I accepted them for truth and didn't see how anything would ever change. I became comfortable living my 'UN' life. I am sure my story is similar to hundreds or even thousands of others. The story of **UN**. It is my story or should I say the story and path God placed me on. What exactly is **UN** and how did this come about? I am about to tell you. This story might be mine, but I believe it belongs to most women or perhaps, I should include men too. OK, everyone can be included because at some point in everyone's life, we have an **UN** story to tell.

For some, these feelings start at a young age. Maybe, as a child when a trusted friend called you fat, or in elementary school when you were the last one picked for the sports team. Or maybe when a sibling or a relative or even a parent told you that you weren't pretty enough, good enough or couldn't do anything right. I have spoken to grown woman, and accomplished women who can still tell you the date and time of the words spoken to them that have led them on the beginning path of **UN**. Women in their 60s can still tell you how they felt when they didn't have a prom date, or 30 years ago when someone made fun of the way they dressed or spoke.

I know an immensely successful man who is a millionaire. He told me when he was in elementary school, a teacher made fun of how he read out loud. He felt stupid and to this day labels himself **UN**intelligent. Years later it still bothers him and he will never read

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out loud. I bet you have a time in your life that you can clearly recall when someone made you feel **UN**. No matter when it started, everyone at some time in their life feels **UN**loved, **UN**qualified or **UN**worthy. And sometime or another, life **UN**ravels. It's what we do with these feelings that either redirects us to the right journey, or allows us to continue on the journey of **UN**. Why is it that we are so quick to accept the negative words spoken over us and accept them as truth instead of dismissing them for the lies they really are? Why do some of us struggle with this throughout our lives? How do we put an end to it and see ourselves how God sees us, how He made us and how we really are?

|                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| <b>UN</b> Stoppable   | <b>UN</b> Sinkable     |
| <b>UN</b> Relentless  | <b>UN</b> Common       |
| <b>UN</b> Believable  | <b>UN</b> Limited      |
| <b>UN</b> Deniable    | <b>UN</b> Recognizable |
| <b>UN</b> Forgettable | <b>UN</b> Shakable     |

Although God sees all this positive in me, for a long time I only saw the opposite. This is my journey of how life **UN**raveled in order for me to see myself the way God intended. My journey didn't happen overnight. It was years in the making. I had a great childhood filled with loving parents, but I too, can tell you exactly the first time when I was made to feel **UN**qualified as a young teenager. That exact moment in time did affect me for years to come. I believed I was **UN**lovable, a feeling stayed with me for many years. Mainly because I never felt pretty as if feeling pretty makes you qualified and loved. But for a teenager, feeling pretty is pretty important. I was compared to a relative and always came up short. As young girls, we don't

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always know what to do with these **UN** feelings. So we take them on the road called life and let them take root. In fact, most of the time we add more negative **UN**'s until it is who we see ourselves to be: **UN**loveable, **UN**deserving, **UN**worthy, **UN**likeable, **UN**qualified, **UN**suitable, **UN**acceptable and the list goes on. We carry this with us like baggage. We never leave home without it.

In my life, I just accepted **UN** as if it were a part of my very being. I didn't even realize that my life was filled with more negative than positive until I hit rock bottom.

Allow me to share my vulnerable feelings and raw emotions with you. As difficult as it is to be so transparent, I know most of you will relate and appreciate me for sharing my journey. I would have never seen **UN** as becoming a blessing or a lesson for that matter. But thankfully it did. Learning the blessing of **UN** was not easy. In fact, it was the most difficult lesson I ever learned in my life. For years, I hated the story of **UN** but it's only now, after much time has passed, that I can actually call it a blessing. It came about by much change and **UN**expected life circumstances. These important lessons came as my life **UN**raveled. The lesson also came later on in life when I was in my sixties. You think I would have learned it sooner, but I didn't.

I guess I was too busy making my own life, my own choices, and being formed by the world. You know every life experience teaches a lesson and most of the time, with each disappointment, with each failure, the voices whispered: **UN**loveable, **UN**qualified, **UN**deserving, and **UN**worthy. The more you hear it, experience it and, feel it, the more you believe it. You hear it enough and that part of **UN** finds a place inside your heart and mind and it is extremely

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difficult to **UN**do the messages it creates and the lasting impression it leaves. Although life held some wonderful experiences for me, I believed the disappointments shaped me even more. In my mind, what the disappointments and failures spoke to my heart had to be real because they outweighed all the good. At least, I let them outweigh the good. The voices telling me that I was **UN**loveable, **UN**qualified, **UN**worthy, **UN**appreciated, etc., were louder, stronger, and more real than any positive voice I ever have heard. In fact, they overtook any positive drowning them out until I only heard negative and firmly and adamantly believed what I heard. The enemy of my soul did some major damage in my mind and settled in my heart. After years, they took up residence and became who I was. Each life experience gave validation to the lies and sealed the fact they were real. This was who I was. But one lesson, one major experience gave them deeper roots, a louder voice and what seemed to be permanent residence in my soul with no visible way of ever turning around.

Like every girl, I dreamed of meeting the perfect man and living ‘happily ever after’. My Italian heritage taught me wonderful old fashion traditions. Men worked outside the home and women cooked, had children and took care of the house. Now I know social norms have drastically changed, but I came from old school. For those of you who could remember “Leave It To Beaver,” that is the type of household I grew up in. This was exactly what I wanted for my life and what I believed my life would be like. I would be a wife and a mother. Year after year, I waited and year after year, it never happened. I witnessed it happen for everyone else, sometimes more than once, but it kept eluding me.



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I had two extraordinarily loving supportive parents and I didn't get any of the negative "UN" feelings from them. I was truly blessed with great parents who set a wonderful example for me and loved me UNconditional. But even with that, the negative UNs still existed for me. The UNbeliefs started when I was young with painful youthful memories. Let's just say there were many of them but just to mention a few: The high school boyfriend who left me for my best friend, the college boyfriend who after praying and fasting and telling me the Lord told him "I was the one," then married the girl back home during school break (he forgot to tell me he had a girlfriend who he was dating for five years), or the guy I dated for four years but left me because he wanted the girl who sang and played the piano and could help him in ministry, and then there was the praying preacher, who proposed to me from the pulpit in front of the entire congregation only to tell me 8 weeks before the wedding that I didn't pray enough, wasn't spiritual enough, and God told him to leave me. Yes, that one led me to believe that even God knew I was UNworthy. The path to UN started early but all the rejection, all the voices in my head told me loud and clear: I was UNloveable, UNworthy, UNdeserving and the UN feelings went on and on.