

WRECKED



NOT FORSAKEN

Finding God's Presence Through
Divorce, Grief, and Healing

A 30-Day Devotional

Olivia Paul, M.A.

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Founder of Wrecked Not Forsaken

With love and prayers, Olivia Paul

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Table of Contents

Acknowledgments.....	i
Before We Begin.....	iii
A Word from Olivia	iv
Introduction	v
How to Use This Devotional.....	vii
Scriptures That Anchor This Journey.....	viii
DAY 1	1
God Is Close to Those Who Are Brokenhearted.....	1
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	2
DAY 2	3
When Fear Meets God’s Strength.....	3
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	3
DAY 3.....	5
A Love That Never Lets Go.....	5
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	5
DAY 4	7
Blessed Are Those Who Mourn	7
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	7
DAY 5	9
God Sees Every Tear	9
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	10
DAY 6	11
He Restores My Soul	11

REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	11
DAY 7	13
When Shame Tries to Speak.....	13
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	13
DAY 8.....	15
When Others Walk Away.....	15
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	15
DAY 9.....	17
The God Who Sees Me.....	17
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	17
DAY 10.....	19
Beauty Born of Brokenness	19
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	19
DAY 11	21
Grace for the Days When I Blame Myself.....	21
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	21
DAY 12.....	23
When Questions Feel Heavy	23
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	23
DAY 13.....	25
When People Say, “You Should Have Tried Harder.”	25
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	25
DAY 14.....	27
When a Sermon Seems to Be Speaking Directly to Me	27

REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	27
DAY 15	29
The Pain of Going to Church Alone.....	29
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	29
DAY 16	31
God Still Has a Future for Me.....	31
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	31
DAY 17	33
When I Don't Feel Like Worshiping.....	33
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	33
DAY 18	35
When Forgiveness Feels Like Swallowing Glass.....	35
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	35
DAY 19	37
When I Have to Share Parenting Despite the Pain.....	37
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	37
DAY 20	39
Rebuilding My Identity	39
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	39
DAY 21	41
The Gift of Calm	41
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION.....	41
DAY 22	43
When I'm Angry With God	43

REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	43
DAY 23	45
Learning to Receive Help	45
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	45
DAY 24	47
When I'm Afraid of the Future	47
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	47
DAY 25	49
When I Wonder If I'll Ever Love Again	49
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	49
DAY 26	51
When I'm Tired of Being Strong	51
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	51
DAY 27	53
When I Forget My Own Worth	53
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	53
DAY 28	55
Forgiving Myself	55
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	56
DAY 29	57
Signs of Healing	57
REFLECTION AND APPLICATION	57
DAY 30	59
You Are Always There	59

REFLECTION AND APPLICATION..... 59

About the Author 61

Continue the Journey 62

Acknowledgments

It is impossible to navigate life's trials alone, especially when the view of one's heart seems completely ravaged. This devotional, born of suffering and resurrected by grace, bears witness to the unwavering love and steadfast support of those who have become my anchors, my light, and my faithful companions. To each of you, my deepest and most tender gratitude.

To my precious sons, my deepest gratitude. You were, and continue to be, my reason to carry on, my daily reminder of God's infinite goodness, even when the shadows lengthened. Your infectious laughter, your comforting presence, and your unwavering faith in me gave me a strength I didn't know I possessed. You loved me unconditionally during the most difficult times of my life, embracing the chaos with a purity of heart that humbled me. Every step forward was, in many ways, a step for you.

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In memory of my father, Jean Duperrier Paul, I honor his legacy with an overflowing heart. The love he gave me laid the foundation of faith and dignity that sustained me through every trial. His gentle wisdom and unwavering faith in my worth still resonate within me, reminding me that I was worthy of love long before I had to fight to believe it again. His spirit lives on, like a star guiding my path.

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To all my friends, thank you for the phone calls that came at just the right moment, for the money transfers, the clothes and shoes sent at the door, for the texts that said "I'm here," for not asking me to explain myself or to have everything under control, and for choosing to stay when staying wasn't easy. Your friendship has been living proof that God still sends angels in human form.

To you, the reader: thank you for picking up this book and for having the courage to sit with my pain as you search for hope. If you're in the midst of your own storm right now, know that this book was written with you in mind—every sincere word, every tear-stained page. You are not alone, you are not forgotten, and you are more loved than you realize.

Above all, to God, the Father who has kept us all together, who has sustained us, and who has carried us through the impossible: all the glory and all the gratitude. You are faithful.

Before We Begin

A word for your heart

This devotional addresses divorce, grief, shame, loneliness, and other deep wounds with honesty and compassion. Some pages may stir painful memories or emotions. If you feel overwhelmed at any point, pause, breathe, and give yourself permission to rest. Healing takes time.

This book is not meant to reopen your wounds, but to remind you that you are not alone in carrying them. God's love remains steady, gentle, and present, even in the middle of heartbreak.

Y O U C A N

- Skip ahead if needed
- Take breaks whenever necessary
- Ask someone you trust to pray with you
- Speak with a counselor or mental health professional before continuing

I F Y O U N E E D I M M E D I A T E H E L P

- National Domestic Violence Hotline: 1-800-799-7233 | thehotline.org
- Crisis Text Line: Text HOME to 741741
- SAMHSA Helpline: 1-800-662-4357

A Word from Olivia

Sometimes writing this devotional feels like standing in a courtroom, defending myself against every voice that has ever called me a failure.

Each page pushes back against the whispers, the assumptions, and the quiet judgments surrounding divorce. Some days I still feel the pressure to explain myself, to justify my story, or to apologize for the parts of my life that did not unfold the way I imagined.

But this book is not an apology.

It is a testimony of survival, grace, and a God who remains close when everything else falls apart.

This isn't a list of excuses. It's a testimony of survival, of grace, and of a God who stays close when everyone else pulls away.

NOTE ON LANGUAGE AND FAITH

Throughout this devotional, God is referred to as “He,” “His,” or “Him,” reflecting the author’s personal faith journey. Some readers may relate to God in different ways. Please read these pages in the way that touches your heart most deeply.

Although this devotional was written from the heart and experience of a woman, the pain of divorce is not limited to any one gender. If you are a man walking this path, you are welcome here as well. God’s grace has no gender requirements.

Introduction

Dear Sister:

I am not writing these words from the other side of the mountain. I am still climbing it.

I have lived through divorce, heartbreak, uncertainty, and the quiet loneliness that follows when life no longer resembles the future you once imagined. Some days I move forward with strength and hope. Other days I find myself grieving all over again.

This devotional was born in that in-between space.

It is not a book of polished answers or perfect faith. It is a companion for the middle—for the moments when you are trying to hold yourself together while carrying pain no one else fully sees.

Over the next thirty days, I want to walk beside you not as an expert who has mastered suffering, but as someone who understands what it feels like to smile in public while quietly falling apart in private.

You are not forgotten.

You are not disqualified.

You are not abandoned.

God is still present here.

This journey will not erase grief overnight, but my hope is that it will remind you that healing is still possible, even in the middle of uncertainty.

One honest page at a time.

WHAT THIS BOOK IS

A companion for this chaotic time

A space where grief and hope coexist

The heartfelt voice of a sister

A story of survival and grace

WHAT THIS BOOK IS NOT

A book of ready-made answers

A victory speech wrapped up in a pretty package

A substitute for therapy

A place of judgment or shame

Over the next 30 days, I want to walk alongside you—not as a counselor, nor as someone who has all the answers, but as a sister who knows what it's like to smile in public and break down in private.

You are not lost. You are deeply loved. Let's embark on this journey together, one honest page at a time.

—*Olivia, founder of Wrecked Not Forsaken*

How to Use This Devotional

Each of the 30 days follows a regular rhythm designed to help you engage your heart, mind, and soul. Each entry includes a Bible verse, a personal reflection, a journaling prompt, a prayer topic, and an action to take. You don't have to do everything every day: start where you are. God's presence remains there, too.

1. Read at your own pace

You don't have to finish one entry a day. Some days, you may need to linger longer on a reflection. Allow yourself to take it slow.

2. Write with sincerity

The journal prompts are invitations, not assignments. Write what is true for you: messy, raw, and real. God can receive every word.

3. Pray the prayers

Each prayer is written as a starting point. Feel free to add your own words, pause, or remain silent after reading.

4. Ask for help if needed

The suggestions for prayer partners are gentle encouragement to stay connected. Healing rarely happens in isolation: let someone walk alongside you.

Scriptures That Anchor This Journey

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

Psalms 34:18

“Do not fear, for I am with you... I will strengthen you and help you.”

Isaiah 41:10

“Nothing in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God.”

Romans 8:38—39

“A crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning.”

Isaiah 61:3

“Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you a future and a hope.”

Jeremiah 29:11

“There is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus.”

Romans 8:1

DAY 1

God Is Close to Those Who Are Brokenhearted.

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.”

—Psalm 34:18

When I attended one of my divorce hearings, I felt invisible.

I sat surrounded by unfamiliar faces and cold walls that offered no comfort. Afterward, I cried alone in my car, struggling to breathe beneath the weight of everything I was carrying. In that moment, I wondered whether anyone truly saw my pain—even God.

Later that week, I came across Psalm 34:18:

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted.”

I read the verse again and again until something inside me softened. The pain did not disappear, but I no longer felt abandoned inside it.

God does not move away from brokenhearted people. He draws near.

He does not require you to heal quickly before He comforts you. He walks beside you through the valley, patiently carrying what feels too heavy to hold alone.

Your pain doesn't push God away—it draws Him closer.

He doesn't need you to find the perfect words or be in the right frame of mind. He doesn't expect you to get over it quickly. The beauty of God's closeness lies in the fact that it brings healing without demanding haste.

He walks with you through the valley, not around it. He listens to you when no one else does.

He notices when tears silently stream down your face. He gathers them, cherishes them, and uses them to water the soil of a new beginning.

You don't have to rebuild yourself all alone. The One who formed your heart is gently mending it.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Where do you feel most broken right now?

In what ways can you invite God into that space?

Write a personal letter to God to open your heart to Him.

Action

Light a candle (or a small lamp) and sit quietly for two minutes. In this soft light, imagine God's presence sitting beside you, listening to your heart without judgment.

Prayer Topic

Father, you know every corner of my pain. You see the questions I dare not ask and the suffering I try to hide. Thank you for not waiting until I am healed to draw near to me. Hold me in your arms all night long. Heal me in the silence. Redeem what seems lost to me. In Jesus' name, Amen.

God is near me right now. My pain matters, and I am not alone.

Memory Verse: *"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."*—
Psalms 34:18

DAY 2

When Fear Meets God's Strength

"Do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with my victorious right hand."

✿—Isaiah 41:10

I remember one night when I lay awake, staring at the ceiling, overwhelmed by all these questions. What if I couldn't cover all the expenses on my own? What if my future fell apart again? What if my children suffered the consequences? What if I never felt fulfilled? Every tick of the clock amplified the frantic pace of my own heart, and the darkness felt less like a comfort than a suffocating blanket. Fear had become a fog that followed me into every area of my life.

Then I looked up Bible verses about fear and read Isaiah 41:10. It wasn't the first time I'd read it, but this time, it wasn't just a comfort—it was a confrontation—a moment when God interrupted my thoughts to speak to me directly. He doesn't shame us for our past. He strengthens us for our future. He doesn't replay our failures over and over. He rewrites our story.

Fear tells you that you're too far gone. God says, "You are exactly the one I came for." Fear may be persistent, but it is not permanent. God's voice is deeper, stronger, and eternal. His strength does not lie in eradicating every shadow, but in being the light that guides through it. It is not about making me fearless, but about being present in my fear, holding my hand, and reminding me that I am supported.

I am still afraid sometimes. But I am not alone in this fear.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write down your greatest fears or the voices of shame you have heard. Next to each one, write what God says about you in Scripture. Example: "I'm not good enough" → "His grace is sufficient for me."

Action

Write down your greatest fear on a piece of paper. Fold it, hold it in your hands, and pray: “God, I entrust this to you. Please carry what feels too heavy for me to bear.” Then symbolically throw it away or tear it up to mark your letting go.

Prayer Topic

Lord, I have let fear speak for too long. Today, I lay all of this at your feet. Silence the voices that try to define me and let your truth rise in my spirit. Fear is not the end of my story; faith is. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

God’s strength carries me when I feel weak. I am never alone in the face of my fears.

Memory Verse: “Do not fear, for I am with you... I will strengthen you and help you.”—Isaiah 41:10

DAY 3

A Love That Never Lets Go

“For I am convinced that neither death nor life... nor any other creature will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

✠ Romans 8:38–39

There are moments in my life when I wonder if love can survive everything I’ve been through—not just romantic love, but God’s love as well. I look at the broken pieces of my story, the failed relationships, the painful choices, and the complicated emotions, and I tell myself that this surely disqualifies me. There must surely be a limit, a point where love eventually runs out.

One morning, I was sitting alone with my Bible, still marked by the pain of the judgmental words someone had spoken about me. Then I reread Romans 8:38–39, and I wept—not those quiet tears, but the kind that emptied the soul and released years of hidden grief. That verse told me what my heart desperately needed to hear: God’s love is not afraid of my mess. It does not shrink from my failures. It remains.

Human love can disappoint, but God’s love never gives up. It doesn’t depend on our performance. It is anchored in the cross. And the cross doesn’t bend under the weight of your story; it stands proudly above it.

Sometimes, God uses the smallest moments to whisper His love: a son’s laughter in the next room, a gentle breeze, a timely verse, or a friend’s voice speaking with grace. God knows how to touch each heart personally.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

When have you questioned God’s love for you?

What proof has He given you recently that He still loves you and sees you?

Write yourself a letter, putting yourself in His place.

Action

Write a short letter to yourself, imagining it comes from God. Use the words you most need to hear: reminders that you are loved, chosen, and that you will never be abandoned, no matter what happens.

Prayer Topic

Lord, remind me today that nothing in this world—not divorce, not rejection, not heartbreak—can separate me from Your love. When I am tempted to believe that I am too broken to be loved, let Your Word rise louder. I receive Your love today, just as I am. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Nothing in my past, present, or future can separate me from God's love.

Memory Verse: *"Nothing in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God."*—Romans 8:39

DAY 4

Blessed Are Those Who Mourn

“Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.”

✠—Matthew 5:4

Shortly after filing for my second divorce, I walked into church one Sunday morning and felt like I was the only one not smiling. The people around me were singing and clapping. I stood motionless, clapping mechanically, holding back my tears. I didn't feel blessed. I felt broken, out of place, and in mourning—not just for my marriage, but also for my identity, my future, and the picture of the life I thought I had.

Then this verse came up during the sermon: “Blessed are those who mourn.” I almost rolled my eyes. But as the preacher continued speaking, something inside me softened. Jesus wasn't denying our pain. He called it holy. He wasn't saying, “Get over it.” He said, “I see you. You are not alone. You will be comforted.”

Divorce is multilayered grief. We don't just mourn the loss of a person. We mourn the loss of dreams, routines, shared spaces, and sometimes our place within a community. But Jesus never asked us to rush through our grief. He promised to meet us there.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What part of your grief feels invisible to others? Write it down. Tell God what you would like someone to acknowledge about your sorrow.

Action

Permit yourself to grieve today. Set aside ten minutes to sit with your grief without trying to resolve it or rush through it. Allow yourself to feel it fully.

Prayer Topic

Lord, you said that those who mourn are blessed. I don't feel blessed; I feel broken. But I believe in your promise. Comfort me where no one else can reach me. May my grief serve you. In Jesus' name, Amen.

God sees my pain. My grief is not a weakness; it is honesty before a God who comforts.

Memory Verse: *"Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted."*—Matthew 5:4

DAY 5

God Sees Every Tear

“You keep track of all my sorrows. You have collected all my tears in your bottle. You have written them all down in your book.”

8 —Psalm 56:8

There was a time when I cried so often that I wondered if I was okay. I felt weak. Ashamed. Even embarrassed. I would cry in the bathroom before facing my kids. With sunglasses on, I'd cry behind the wheel, hoping no one would notice at the red lights. I cried at night, curled up under the covers, trying not to make a sound. And the worst part of it all? I started to feel like those tears didn't matter—as if God might have grown tired of them.

But Psalm 56:8 completely changed the way I view my tears. It tells me that God doesn't just notice when I cry: He collects every single one of my tears. He doesn't ignore them. He cherishes them. He keeps track of them. There isn't a single tear you've shed that God has overlooked.

I remember a specific moment during my second divorce when I broke down in tears in my car outside the pharmacy. I had just picked up something for my child, and suddenly, the weight of having to do everything on my own hit me like a wave. I gripped the steering wheel, sobbing, thinking, “Is this my life now? Is this all there is?”

It was in that moment of despair that this verse came to mind: God had collected every tear. I whispered aloud, “Lord, did You see that one? Because I'm not sure I can go on like this.” And though I didn't hear an audible voice, I felt His comfort so strongly—the sense that He was sitting in that car with me and holding me up.

Tears are not a sign of weakness. They are proof of your love, your loss, and your strength to keep going when everything feels too heavy. God honors that.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write about the last time you cried. What made you cry? What did you need in that moment? Now reflect on how you think God responded to those tears. Pay attention to what God may be gently revealing in your grief.

Action

Remember the last time you cried, whether it was today or recently. Write a short note to God in your journal describing that moment and how you felt, trusting that He noticed and cared.

Every tear I shed is precious in God's eyes. None is wasted or ignored.

Memory Verse: *"You have collected all my tears in your bottle."—Psalm 56:8*

DAY 6

He Restores My Soul

“He restores my soul. He guides me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake.”

✿ —Psalm 23:3

There were days during my second divorce when I didn’t recognize the woman in the mirror. I had my face. I had my voice. But deep down, I was exhausted by the pressure of having to handle everything. I was functioning, of course: I was raising my children, working, and praying. But somewhere along the way, I had lost myself. My soul felt worn out, like a frayed fabric pulled in every direction.

Sometimes I look at my family and feel like my life is the one that’s gone the most off the rails. People sometimes openly compare me to my sisters and cousins to show just how bad off I am. That can make me feel like I’m the only one who’s taken this rocky path. But God keeps reminding me: even if my story seems different, even if it feels insurmountable to me, I’m not too much for Him to handle.

The word “restore” means to bring something back to its original strength—to rebuild, to restore, to give new life. That is what God offers: not just survival, but also renewal. Not just breath in your lungs, but joy in your bones once again.

And don’t miss the second part of the verse: “He leads me in paths of righteousness.” God won’t just bandage your wounds and leave you to fend for yourself. He will walk with you. He will guide you. He will show you which path leads to peace.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

In what areas do you feel most exhausted or spiritually drained?

Make a list of the things that have recently drained your soul.

Now, ask God to breathe new life into each of them.

Action

Make a list of the things that have left you feeling drained or weary this week. Then pray over your list, asking God to restore your energy, hope, and spirit in each area.

God restores my soul—He renews me, even when I feel exhausted.

Memory Verse: “He restores my soul.”—*Psalm 23:3*

DAY 7

When Shame Tries to Speak

“Instead of your shame, you will receive a double portion, and instead of disgrace, you will rejoice in your inheritance.”

—Isaiah 61:7

One day, sitting in a church pew, I was listening to a sermon and felt as though I were in the spotlight. The words weren’t directed at me, but they pierced me nonetheless. I looked around, wondering if anyone else had noticed this divorced woman trying to blend into her seat. That day, shame weighed heavily on my chest. I left early, tears stinging my eyes.

Shame doesn’t always speak out loud and clear. Sometimes it whispers in the form of questions: “What did you do wrong?” “Why didn’t you keep your promise?” “What kind of example are you setting?” It disguises itself as humility, but it is a thief that robs you of your worth, your confidence, and your peace.

God doesn’t just erase shame—He replaces it. With honor. With joy. With an inheritance. The very place where you felt shame is precisely where God plans to give you double.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What lies has shame tried to make you believe? Write them down. Then, for each one, write down a truth from God’s Word that demolishes them. Consider what becomes possible when shame no longer has the final word.

Action

Stand in front of a mirror, look yourself in the eyes, and say aloud: “God calls me His beloved. Shame has no power over me.” Notice how you feel as you speak this truth over yourself.

Prayer

Lord, I entrust to You every ounce of shame that dwells within me. Envelop me in Your grace. Where shame once reigned, let joy arise. Where dishonor has tried to bury me, lift me up in honor. I receive Your promise of a double portion. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I am not defined by shame or by the opinions of others. God gives me a double portion of honor and joy.

Memory Verse: *"Instead of your shame, you will receive a double portion."*—Isaiah 61:7

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Send a message today to someone you trust and say, "I'm carrying a burden of shame. Can you pray for me?" You don't need to say anything else.*

DAY 8

When Others Walk Away

“At my first defense, no one came to my aid, but everyone deserted me... But the Lord stood by me and gave me strength.”

✠ —2 Timothy 4:16–17

Divorce has a way of revealing who is truly on your side and who isn't. One of the hardest things for me—besides the legal battle or the emotional heartache—was the silence from people I thought would be there. My friends stopped calling me. My family members avoided the subject. People at church didn't know what to say, so they said nothing.

One evening, I was scrolling through my phone, looking for someone to call—just someone to check in on me and sit by my side through this chaos. The isolation was deafening. Alone with two little boys in a four-bedroom house. I cried myself to sleep that night, not just because I was in pain, but because I felt forgotten.

Then, one day, I came across this passage from 2 Timothy. In it, Paul talks about being left alone when he needed help. “No one came to my aid,” he says. “But the Lord stood by me.” That phrase—“the Lord stood by me”—was like water in the desert.

The absence of others does not mean the absence of God. Some of the most intimate moments with Him occur in moments of solitude. He fills what others leave behind. He replaces what others take away. He gives when others refuse.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Who in your life turned away from you when you needed them most? Write a letter to God to share the disappointment you felt. Then reflect: how did He make Himself known in their absence?

Action

Write a short letter to God, honestly expressing the loneliness, rejection, or disappointment you felt. Ask Him to fill those empty places with His presence.

Even if others leave, God remains by my side and gives me strength.

Memory Verse: *“But the Lord stood by me and gave me strength.”—2 Timothy 4:17*

DAY 9

The God Who Sees Me

“She gave this name to the Lord who had spoken to her: ‘You are the God who sees me,’ for she said, ‘I have now seen the One who sees me.’”

✠ —Genesis 16:13

There is a pain that comes not only from rejection, but also from the feeling of being invisible. After my first divorce and during my second, I would find myself in rooms full of people and yet feel completely invisible. I smiled. I nodded. I made small talk. But inside, I was screaming, “Does anyone even notice that I’m drowning?”

That’s when I came across the story of Hagar in Genesis 16. She had been cast out. Used. Abandoned. Pregnant and alone in the desert. She felt rejected by people and invisible to the world. But God met her there, at the bottom of her abyss, and she gave Him a name: El Roi—“The God Who Sees Me.”

God sees you when you’re folding laundry with tears in your eyes. He sees you when you pretend to be okay for the kids. He sees you when the weight of bills, childcare, and loneliness feels overwhelming. And He doesn’t just watch: He comes to you.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Have there been times when you felt invisible in your pain? Write about a time when you felt invisible. Then write: “But God saw me there.”

Action

Write the name “El Roi”—the God who sees—somewhere you’ll see it today. On a sticky note, your phone screen, your mirror. May it remind you: you are not invisible to Him.

Prayer Topic

God, you are El Roi—the One who sees me. You saw Hagar in the desert. You see me in mine. Thank you for not looking away. Thank you for finding me here. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I am not invisible. God sees every tear, every silent struggle, every moment when I feel alone.

Memory Verse: “You are the God who sees me.”—Genesis 16:13

DAY 10

Beauty Born of Brokenness

“... to give them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair.”

✠ —Isaiah 61:3

There were moments during my second divorce when I truly believed that the best of my life was behind me. I couldn't imagine that beauty could emerge from such a painful time. I looked around at the ashes of my dreams, my promises, my plans, and I wondered: what on earth could possibly grow from this?

Yet, over time, I began to glimpse glimmers of hope. I signed a contract with a supervisor to log hours toward a professional certification. I became a member of the Florida Association of Legal Document Specialists. I took courses to become a financial health coach. I was accepted into a doctoral program. I started writing again. I decided to work on this devotional.

God doesn't wait for your life to be perfect to start bringing beauty into it. He builds beauty right in the heart of your brokenness. One morning, as I was writing in my journal, I jotted down this sentence without even realizing it: “My broken pieces have made me gentler, not harder.”

Isaiah 61 is not a fairy-tale promise; it is the heart of a faithful God, a master of redemption. He takes the ashes—what the world considers ruined—and uses them as soil for something holy.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What aspects of your life feel like ashes right now?

Ask God to show you where He is already beginning to bring beauty out of them.

Write down one small thing that makes you feel like you're making progress, even if it's just a little.

Action

Find an object in your home that is cracked, chipped, or imperfect. Hold it in your hand and thank God for creating beauty from what the world calls “broken.” Consider displaying it somewhere to remind yourself of this.

God brings forth something beautiful from every part of my story.

Memory Verse: *“To give them a crown of beauty instead of ashes.”—Isaiah 61:3*

DAY 11

Grace for the Days When I Blame Myself

“It is because of the Lord’s love that we are not consumed, for his compassions never fail. They are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.”

☛ —Lamentations 3:22–23

Some mornings, guilt would start whispering in my ear even before I opened my eyes. If only I had prayed more fervently. If only I had been more patient. If only I had tried one more time. It’s one thing to deal with heartbreak. It’s another to feel like you’re the one who caused it.

I used to replay it all in my head as if it were a movie I could somehow edit if I watched it one more time. The conversation I should have handled differently. The moment I stayed silent when I should have spoken up. The times I wasn’t gentle enough, wise enough, faithful enough, patient enough. Self-accusation is relentless like that.

Here is what God has taught me: guilt is not the same as conviction. Guilt condemns. Conviction corrects. Guilt keeps you prisoner to the past. Conviction invites you to freedom. Guilt says, “You are not worthy.” Grace says, “You are covered.” And this mercy doesn’t wait until I’ve finally stopped spiraling or until I’ve figured it all out. It meets me in the heart of the pain, in the heart of the “what ifs,” in the heart of the morning when I wake up still carrying yesterday’s weight. His mercies are new every morning—not because I’ve earned them, but because He is faithful.

Lamentations 3:22–23 does not say that God’s mercy runs out when we fail. It says that His compassions never fail. If you’re beating yourself up over something, remember this: His love is greater than your regrets, and His mercies are new every morning.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What regrets or “if only” thoughts have been running through your mind lately? Write them down honestly. Then cross them out one by one and write “No condemnation” next to them.

Action

Write down a regret or self-accusing thought that has been tormenting you today. Below it, write a sentence of grace: what you would say to a friend who were in your place. Reread it as a blessing.

Prayer Topic

Jesus, some days I feel like I'm drowning in what I could have done differently. But today, teach me how to begin letting it go. I receive Your grace as a lifeline. Thank You for not condemning me. Help me to silence the voice of guilt and to hear only the voice of Your mercy. I am not condemned. I am redeemed. In Your name, Amen.

I am not condemned—God's grace covers my mistakes, past and present.

Memory Verse: *"It is because of the Lord's love that we are not consumed, for his compassions never fail. They are new every morning."*—Lamentations 3:22–23

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Contact someone you trust today and say, 'I'm working through feelings of guilt. I could use your prayers.' That's enough. You don't need to say anything more.*

DAY 12

When Questions Feel Heavy

“Let the one among you who is without sin cast the first stone.”

✠ —John 8:7

One of the deepest wounds I had to heal didn’t come from the divorce itself, but from the quiet judgment that sometimes followed it. A woman, with no ill intent, leaned toward me and asked, frowning, “Didn’t you get divorced in 2017? But was your first child born in 2020? And then you remarried in 2022? I’m just trying to understand.” Her words weren’t just a question; they were a stone. Not a physical one, but an emotional one.

For a long time, I tried to hide these wounds. I went to church putting on a brave face, but my heart would sink every time marriage or “biblical femininity” came up. I felt like I no longer belonged, as if I were too imperfect to sit at the table.

What hurt me the most was seeing how judgment can hide behind concern. The sidelong glances. The whispered conversations that sound like prayers but feel more like gossip. I started to wonder if I would always be the woman with an asterisk, the one whose pain made others uncomfortable.

But Jesus never treated broken people as a problem to be managed. He never shied away from their stories, nor from their shame. He knelt in the dust, stood between the woman and the stones, and made room for mercy. Sometimes, painful experiences with the church leave us with spiritual scars. But it wasn’t Jesus who threw the stone. He’s the one who protected you from it.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Have you ever been judged by Christians, which made you feel invisible or unworthy?

Write honestly about how this has affected your self-image.

How is Jesus' reaction different?

Action

Write a prayer asking God to remind you that you are welcome in His presence, no matter what people say. If it helps, write "I belong" on a card and keep it with you.

God welcomes me just as I am. His love is greater than the judgment of men.

Memory Verse: "Let the one among you who is without sin cast the first stone."—John 8:7

DAY 13

When People Say, “You Should Have Tried Harder.”

“The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit.”

—Proverbs 18:21

“You should have tried harder.” Those words were spoken softly, almost casually, by someone who barely knew the details of my story. I smiled politely and nodded, but deep down, I felt as though I’d been knocked off my feet. Hadn’t I tried? Hadn’t I stayed longer than I should have? Hadn’t I prayed, forgiven, and kept holding on even when it had nearly broken me?

Other people’s opinions can become so heavy that they keep echoing in my mind long after the conversation has ended. I hear their voices in moments of quiet, and suddenly, I start questioning everything again: did I miss something? Was I not strong enough? Should I have done more? It’s unsettling to see how easily someone else can try to rewrite a story they never had to live through.

Words like those don’t just sting—they stick. And when they come from people who claim to follow Christ, the wound can run deeper than we realize. But then I turn to Proverbs 18:21 and I remember: words have power. They can give life or destroy. And just because someone says something doesn’t mean it’s necessarily true. God’s truth has the final say over me.

God doesn’t operate by making you feel guilty. He doesn’t look at your weary heart and ask, “Why didn’t you try harder?” He looks at you with compassion and says, “Come to me, all you who are weary, and I will give you rest.”



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Have you internalized the words others have spoken to you during or after your divorce? Write them down. Then, next to each one, write what God says about you in Scripture.

Action

Choose a hurtful word or phrase that someone said about you. Write it down on a piece of paper. Then write over it in bold: “This is not God’s verdict.” Tear it up or throw it away.

Prayer Topic

Lord, the words of others have deeply hurt me. Help me to be set free from them and to hold only Your words as truth. Silence the voices that put me down, and may Your voice be the one I hear loudest. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

Other people’s words do not define me. God’s Word is the ultimate authority over my life.

Memory Verse: *“The tongue has the power of life and death.”—Proverbs 18:21*

DAY 14

When a Sermon Seems to Be Speaking Directly to Me

“For the word of God is living and active... it judges the thoughts and intentions of the heart.”

✞ —Hebrews 4:12

I remember sitting on a pew, trying to stay calm as the sermon shifted from general truths to what felt like a spotlight shining directly on me. The pastor began talking about marriage, commitment, “fighting for your covenant,” and suddenly, every word felt personal. I felt a knot in my stomach. I felt a heat rising in my chest. Shame began to wash over me. And I left church that day, wondering if I still belonged there.

There’s a particular pain in sitting in church while your marriage is falling apart. A sermon on family can feel like someone’s rubbing salt in a wound. A message on faithfulness can sound like an accusation when you’re the one who stayed, the one who prayed, the one who kept trying while everything around you was crumbling.

I’ve learned something important: God’s voice doesn’t sound like shame. Yes, His Word is sharp. Yes, it convicts. But it also heals. It cuts only to remove what causes pain and to restore what is broken. God’s Word is not meant to crush me in the midst of my grief. It is meant to meet me there, to tell me the truth, and to gently bring me back to life.

The Jesus I know said to the woman at the well, “You have had five husbands,” and yet He offered her living water. He did not humiliate her. He saw her. He loved her. He called her to freedom. A single sermon—or even ten—does not have the authority to convince you that you are disqualified from God’s grace.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Have you ever felt hurt or judged by something that was said at church?

Write about that moment and how you felt.

Then invite Jesus into that memory—ask Him to speak his truth about it.

Action

Write down a sentence from the sermon or a message that felt hurtful or personal to you. Now rewrite it as a message of grace and acceptance, imagining Jesus speaking to you with love and comfort.

God's Word brings healing, not shame. I am safe and loved in His presence.

Memory Verse: *"For the word of God is living and active."*—Hebrews 4:12

DAY 15

The Pain of Going to Church Alone

“God places the lonely in families...”

✠ —Psalm 68:6

Walking into church alone can feel like stepping into the spotlight. The sanctuary is full, but your heart feels empty. You pass couples holding hands, families settling into the pews, and people you used to sit with when life was different. And then there's you—alone, not knowing where to sit, not knowing who even notices you anymore.

I still remember the moment I started going to church alone again; it wasn't easy. One day, I parked at the very back of the lot and sat in my car for a while, trying to find the courage to go inside. I kept my head down during the service and slipped out before the closing prayer. No one said anything mean, but no one said anything at all. And in that silence, the loneliness felt stronger than ever.

What made things even harder was seeing how normal everything seemed to those around me. Couples arrived together and settled into the same seats they always occupied. Families walked through the foyer with that familiar ease. I wanted to be part of it all, but instead I felt like I was watching the church from the outside. After a divorce, even a place that once felt familiar can start to feel foreign.

But Psalm 68:6 still speaks to me there. God truly places the lonely in the midst of families—sometimes through his Church, sometimes through a caring person, sometimes through the quiet reminder that his presence is enough when everything else seems to be missing. He does not overlook the woman sitting alone in the back row. He sees her. He stays close to her.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Have you ever felt invisible at church?

Describe how that experience touched your heart. Then write down the kind of spiritual family you dream of and ask God to guide you toward it.

Action

After church (or any other gathering), write down your honest feelings: loneliness, courage, hope, or unease. Offer these feelings to God in prayer.

Even when I feel alone, I am never abandoned. God is always with me.

Memory Verse: “God places the lonely in families.”—Psalm 68:6

DAY 16

God Still Has a Future for Me

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

✿ —Jeremiah 29:11

During my second divorce, I remember looking at a blank calendar and feeling as though my life had been erased. Everything I had imagined—growing old together, raising children under the same roof, building a future hand in hand—had vanished. The dreams I had cherished in my heart for years now seemed to have been reduced to nothing. I asked God, “What now? What do I have left?”

And behind that question lay a deeper fear: maybe I had missed my chance. Maybe the divorce had permanently derailed my future. Maybe the life I had planned was gone for good, and I had already used up the chances God had set aside for me. But divorce has a way of convincing you that your best days are behind you, that the door has closed, that hope belongs to others, not to you.

But Jeremiah 29:11 found me there, in the midst of that grief, and contradicted all those lies. God didn’t say, “I had plans for you.” He said, “I know the plans I have for you.” In the present tense. Ongoing. Alive. Not canceled by the divorce, not erased by disappointment, not limited by what I’ve lost.

God didn’t say, “I had plans for you.” He didn’t say, “I had a future for you until you ruined it.” Your detour hasn’t ruined His plan. He specializes in redeeming broken paths. And let’s be clear: these plans aren’t just about marriage. Your future includes your calling, your healing, your friendships, your influence, your ministry, your peace.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What dreams have you buried or set aside since your divorce?

Write them down, then pray for each one.

Ask God if He wants to revive or reshape any of them.

Action

In your journal today, write this simple sentence: “My future isn’t ruined; it’s simply being transformed.” Then sit quietly and notice how God speaks to you about what lies ahead.

God’s plans for my future haven’t expired. They are still good, still full of hope.

Memory Verse: “Plans to give you a future and a hope.”—Jeremiah 29:11

DAY 17

When I Don't Feel Like Worshiping

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits—He who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion."

—Psalm 103:2–4

Some days, worship feels impossible. How can you lift your hands when your heart feels shattered? I remember one Sunday sitting in church, surrounded by music and voices, and I couldn't sing a single word. Not because I doubted God, but because I was exhausted. Too tired to pretend. Too overwhelmed to engage.

In that silence, something slowly shifted in me. I began to wonder if simply remaining present could also be a form of worship. Maybe staying in the room, even in pain, was its own quiet act of faith.

I've learned that worship is not always joyful singing. Sometimes it is a groan, a whispered prayer, or the decision to stay near God when everything in you wants to pull away.

Psalm 103 became a quiet anchor for me: forgiveness, healing, redemption, love, compassion. Even when I couldn't sing those truths, I could still hold onto them. And over time, I realized that worship is not always loud. Sometimes it is simply staying present before God in the middle of the valley.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What does worship mean to you right now? Is it a song, a silence, or a cry? Write honestly to God to tell Him where you are today.

Action

Listen to a worship song today. You don't have to sing along. Just sit and listen. Allow it to wash over you. Notice what moves you, even if it's nothing. Simply noticing it is enough.

Prayer Topic

God, I don't have a song today. But I'm here. That must be enough. Meet me in my silence. I choose to stay in this room, even if I have nothing to offer. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Simply being present is a form of worship. God receives my presence even when I have no words.

Memory Verse: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—Psalm 103:2

DAY 18

When Forgiveness Feels Like Swallowing Glass

“Bear with one another and forgive one another if any of you has a grievance against someone. Forgive as the Lord has forgiven you.”

✠ —Colossians 3:13

No one told me forgiveness could feel like swallowing glass. I truly believed I had worked through the pain, shed the tears, and finally released my anger. Then one day, I saw his name on an official document, and the anger rose again so suddenly it took my breath away.

That’s when I realized forgiveness is rarely a one-time decision. Sometimes it’s daily. Sometimes it’s hourly. It’s choosing, again and again, not to let resentment take over my heart, even when the pain still feels close.

But forgiveness does not mean pretending nothing happened. It does not mean excusing harmful behavior, minimizing the impact of divorce, or returning to unhealthy situations. It does not mean trust is automatically restored.

Forgiveness is not about erasing the past. It is about loosening the grip the pain still has on me. Over time, I’ve learned that forgiveness brings freedom—not because it changes the past, but because it slowly begins to free the heart carrying it.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write a letter you will never send—to someone, to the situation, to the version of yourself that has lingered too long. Say everything you need to say. Then close the journal. It is a step toward liberation.

Action

Identify a specific wound or grievance that you still carry within you. Write it down, then write next to it: “I am learning to place this burden down little by little.”

Forgiveness is not a weakness; it is freedom. I choose to let go of what does not belong to me.

Memory Verse: “Forgive one another, just as the Lord has forgiven you.”—Colossians 3:13

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Contact a trusted friend today and simply say, “I’m trying to forgive. Pray for me.” You don’t need to say anything else.*

DAY 19

When I Have to Share Parenting Despite the Pain

"I can do all things through Him who strengthens me."

✿ —Philippians 4:13

Co-parenting is, without a doubt, one of the hardest things I've ever had to navigate. There's something surreal about discussing school schedules, doctors' appointments, or birthday plans while still carrying unresolved pain. Some days, my heart feels raw, yet I still have to remain calm and steady for my children.

It requires constant emotional discipline. I've learned to take a deep breath, hold myself together, and choose peace even when I feel overwhelmed inside. Children notice more than we realize, and I want mine to grow up feeling safe, even in the middle of change.

Honestly, I prayed before every handoff. Sometimes it was a desperate prayer whispered in the parking lot: "God, give me strength. Give me peace. Help me respond with wisdom." And He did. Not perfectly, but faithfully. He gave me enough grace for that moment.

Our children are watching us. They are learning how to navigate disappointment, conflict, and change. What they see in us can shape the way they understand grace, resilience, and love. Even small acts of patience can become part of that legacy.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What is the hardest part of co-parenting for you right now? What would it feel like to place some of that burden into God's care today?

Action

Before your next co-parenting interaction, pause and pray, even if just for a moment. Ask God to go before you. If you have children, write a short prayer for them today and keep it somewhere you can see it.

Prayer Topic

God, give me strength for every handoff, every conversation, every moment when I need to stand firm for my children. Help me to show them grace even when it costs me everything. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I can do this through Christ, who strengthens me. My children are supported by God, even when I feel like I'm barely holding on.

Memory Verse: "I can do all things through Him who strengthens me."—Philippians 4:13

DAY 20

Rebuilding My Identity

"If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed away; behold, the new has come!"

✠ —2 Corinthians 5:17

For so long, I defined myself by my marriage. Wife. His wife. When my second marriage ended, it was as if a whole pillar of my existence had collapsed. The ground beneath my feet felt unstable, because my identity was so closely tied to being "one half of a couple," "his partner," "a wife." I had invested so much of myself in building that identity that, honestly, I didn't know who I was once it was gone.

But deep within that confusion, a quiet truth began to emerge. Divorce strips you of a title, certainly. It changes your marital status, your daily routines, the future you had imagined. But it cannot, absolutely cannot, strip you of your fundamental identity in Christ.

I am not a "divorced woman." That is a description of a period, not the essence of my being. I am not a "failed wife." My worth does not depend on the success or failure of a human relationship. On the contrary, I am a daughter of the King. Chosen by an eternal and unchanging God. Loved with a love so vast and unconditional that it defies all understanding. Redeemed. In the process of being renewed.

Rebuilding this identity is a long-term process. It requires daily surrender, a conscious effort to fight against the negative inner voice and society's expectations that try to pull me back into my old patterns. But it is a holy, sacred, and meaningful work. It is God who accomplishes it, with patience and faithfulness, guiding me at every step of this rediscovery and restoration.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write down three things that are true about you and have nothing to do with your marriage or divorce.

Then write: "I am still her. And God continues to write my story."

Action

Before you were a spouse, you were a person with gifts, dreams, and a calling. Today, write down a gift or strength you possessed long before your marriage began.

My identity is not lost—it is renewed in Christ. I am chosen, loved, and redeemed.

Memory Verse: *“The old has gone, the new has come!”—2 Corinthians 5:17*

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Today, tell someone something true about yourself that has nothing to do with your divorce. Notice that there is more to your identity than the loss.*

DAY 21

The Gift of Calm

“Be still, and know that I am God.”

✠—Psalm 46:10

In the past, silence terrified me. When the house was quiet—once the children were asleep, or during those empty hours when they were with their father—my thoughts became deafening. Regrets about a past I couldn’t change, the endless “what ifs,” and nagging fears about an uncertain future would overwhelm me the moment I stopped moving.

So I kept moving. I stayed busy, filling every hour with chores, errands, social commitments—anything that could drown out that inner noise. The idea of simply sitting still seemed like an unbearable punishment, a confrontation with everything I was trying to escape.

But in the midst of this constant bustle, a gentle voice from God kept inviting me into silence. Not as an obligation, but as an invitation. Not because He wanted me to suffer in silence, but because He wanted to speak there. Little by little, I began to understand that stillness is not emptiness; it is a sacred space, a place where God chooses to meet us.

I have found some of my deepest moments of peace not in the noise of activity, but in the quiet surrender of simply sitting with God. It often begins with a deep breath and this sincere confession: “God, I don’t know what’s coming next. I don’t have the answers. But You do. You hold my future in Your hands. And that, in itself, is enough for me.”



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What are you afraid of feeling if you truly slow down? Write it down. Then ask God to meet you in that fear and bring you His peace.

Action

Set a timer for five minutes today. No phone. No music. No chores. Just sit and notice what surfaces without pressuring yourself to fix it immediately.

Breathe slowly. Remain present to the moment and to God's presence within it.

Prayer

God, I'm afraid of silence. But I choose to sit in it today. Meet me here. Speak in the silence. May your presence be enough for me. In Jesus' name, Amen.

In the silence, I find God. He is present in the stillness, and He is enough for me.

Memory Verse: *"Be still, and know that I am God."*—Psalm 46:10

DAY 22

When I'm Angry With God

“How long, O Lord? Will you forget me forever? How long will you hide your face from me?”

—Psalm 13:1

I was angry at God. I need to say this clearly, because I think many Christian women are afraid to admit it. I prayed. I believed. I tried. And yet, my marriage fell apart—again. It felt like a cruel joke, a cosmic mistake, or perhaps a direct punishment.

I remember sitting in my car one night, the engine off, darkness all around me. The silence was deafening at first, but then there was no silence at all. It was filled with my own ragged breaths, then desperate sobs, and finally, a guttural scream. Not against my ex. Not against the situation. Against God. Why? Why again? Why me?

And what's remarkable is that He didn't leave. He didn't strike me down for my anger, didn't punish my audacity. He sat with me in that turmoil. In that moment of raw, unfiltered fury, I felt a presence—not of judgment, but of deep, patient understanding.

The Psalms are full of people who were furious with God and who expressed it with astonishing honesty. Their lament is not a lack of faith; it is intimacy. It is presenting your real, messy, heartbroken self to a real and compassionate God. He can handle your anger. He prefers your honest rage to your smooth silence.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write an honest, unfiltered letter to God today. Say what you really feel. Don't sugarcoat it. Don't try to make it sound spiritual. Just be authentic. He can handle it.

Action

Read Psalm 13 aloud—all six verses. Notice how David moves from lament to trust, not because circumstances have changed, but because he chose to remember who God is.

Prayer Topic

God, I'm angry. I'm confused. I don't understand why this is happening to me again. But I choose to bring my anger to you rather than push you away. You're big enough for that. In Jesus' name, Amen.

My anger doesn't push God away. He invites me to be honest and meets me in my lament.

Memory Verse: "How long, O Lord? Will you forget me forever?"—Psalm 13:1

DAY 23

Learning to Receive Help

“Bear one another’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.”

✞ —Galatians 6:2

I’m not good at accepting help. For as long as I can remember, I’ve been subtly—and sometimes not so subtly—taught to be strong, self-reliant, and never to burden others with my problems. So when my life started falling apart for the second time, and well-meaning offers poured in—“Can I bring you a meal?” “Let me watch the kids.” “I just want to sit with you”—my default response was always a polite but firm “I’m fine, thanks.”

Back then, I confused independence with strength, and isolation with dignity. I believed that accepting help was tantamount to admitting failure. Something inside us puts up walls, preventing people from loving us the way they’d like to.

Little by little, painfully, thanks to the persistent kindness of a few dear friends who refused to settle for a “I’m fine,” I began to learn. Receiving help is not a weakness; it is, in fact, an act of profound strength and trust. It is a recognition of our shared humanity. Even more deeply, it is allowing the body of Christ to function as God intended.

When someone sincerely reaches out to you—whether with a home-cooked meal, an hour of babysitting, or simply a listening ear—accept it. That hand might be God’s direct answer to a silent prayer you said last night.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Why do you struggle to accept help? Where does that come from? What would it mean for you to let people love you fully?

Action

Has anyone offered to help you recently? Accept an offer this week. Let someone bring you a meal, watch your children, or simply sit by your side.

Prayer Topic

Lord, I have confused independence with strength. Teach me to receive. Help me remain open to safe and trustworthy connections. May their help remind me that I am not alone. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Receiving help is not a weakness. It is trusting God and the people He places in my path.

Memory Verse: "Carry each other's burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ."—
Galatians 6:2

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Reach out to someone you trust today and say, "I could use some company. Can we chat?" That's it. That's enough.*

DAY 24

When I'm Afraid of the Future

“Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. Behold, I am doing a new thing! It is already springing up; do you not perceive it? I am making a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert.”

✞ —Isaiah 43:18—19

Before, the future seemed like a vibrant, boundless promise. Today, it often reminds me of a terrifying question mark, an abyss filled with uncertainty and apprehension. Who will I truly become after all this? Will I ever find a sense of peace and stability again? Will my children be okay, as they navigate a fractured family landscape they never asked for?

The uncertainty that comes with divorce is a form of grief in its own right. It's not just about mourning the loss of a relationship, but actively grieving a future we built with such care, a vision that was dear to us, now shattered beyond recognition.

Yet, in the midst of this profound disorientation, I have gradually learned a new way of being: to look toward the future without pinning my hopes on it. This does not stem from indifference or a sudden abandonment of hope. It arises from a difficult realization: I have never truly had control over the future.

The same faithful God who helped me through two of the most difficult periods of my life is the same God who holds tomorrow in His mighty hands. I don't need to see the entire winding path that lies ahead of me. My main task, my greatest act of faith, is to trust the One who sees it. You don't need to know what the next five years will bring. You simply need to get through this day. And God will meet you there.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write down your three biggest fears about the future. Don't judge them or rationalize them. Then, next to each one, write: “God knows. God is taking care of it.”

Action

Jesus wisely said, “Do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself.” Your mission for today: Identify one concrete, achievable thing you can do just for today to take care of yourself or your children. Do only that one thing.

I don't need to see the whole path. I must trust the God who holds every step.

Memory Verse: “Behold, I am doing a new thing!” — Isaiah 43:19

DAY 25

When I Wonder If I'll Ever Love Again

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds."

☛ —Psalm 147:3

I've asked myself this question more times than I can count. Will I trust again? Will I open my heart again? After two divorces, the idea of love seems both beautiful and terrifying to me. I'm in no rush. But I'm honest enough to admit that the desire is still there—the desire to be known, to be chosen, to be loved properly.

The scars left by past heartbreaks make the prospect of future intimacy feel like walking barefoot on glass. Every memory of betrayal resurfaces, whispering doubts: "What if it happens again? What if I'm not worthy of love? What if I make the same mistakes all over again?"

And I had to bring that longing to God. Not so He could fix it or fill it immediately, but so He could carry it. It's not a demand for a specific outcome or a magic solution, but a plea for understanding, for peace, and for His presence in the midst of the confusion.

God is not afraid of your longing for love. He is the One who created it. He understands loneliness. He has woven deep into our very being the need for companionship, for a deep and lasting connection. So, whatever happens next—whether it's a new relationship that blossoms unexpectedly, or a beautiful and rich period of fulfillment on your own—He will be there.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What would "being deeply loved" mean to you? Describe that feeling—not a list of criteria for a person, but what healthy, secure love means to you.

Action

Write down three ways in which you are growing, healing, or becoming more of yourself during this time. These are signs that you are whole right now, regardless of your relationship status.

Prayer Topic

God, I bring this desire to you. I don't want to close my heart, but I'm afraid. Hold this desire close. Heal what needs to be healed before I love again. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I am whole right now. My desire for love is not a flaw—it is a gift that God has created within me.

Memory Verse: *“He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.”—Psalm 147:3*

Suggestion for your prayer partner: *Tell someone you trust: “I’m learning to hope again. Pray that I won’t close my heart.” It’s a brave thing to say. Say it anyway.*

DAY 26

When I'm Tired of Being Strong

"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

—Matthew 11:28

Everyone keeps telling me how strong I am. And honestly, I'm tired of it. It's not that strength itself is a bad thing. But sometimes, when people tell me "you're so strong," it feels less like an affirmation and more like a code for: "I don't know how to handle your pain, so please, keep your composure." It implies a constant expectation to put on a brave face, to be the rock for everyone around me, even when my own foundations seem to be quicksand.

Right now, I don't want to be strong. I want to be held. I long for a space where I can go, where the mask of competence can fall away, and where the raw exhaustion of a second divorce can be seen and acknowledged without judgment.

And I've realized that this is exactly what Jesus is saying to my exhausted soul. His invitation isn't conditional. He doesn't preface it with "pull yourself together, then come to me." His call is simple, radical, and deeply liberating: "Just come." Come, even if you're exhausted. Come, even if you're overwhelmed. Come, even if you're broken, with all the pieces scattered around you.

This realization is a lifeline. It means I can lay down the heavy cloak of "strength" and allow myself to be who I am, trusting that His strength is made perfect in my weakness.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What does it cost you to "be strong"? How would you feel if you no longer carried that burden alone today, even if just for an hour?

Action

Write yourself a permission slip: "Today, I give myself permission to rest, to feel, and not to control everything." Sign it. Be sincere.

Prayer Topic

Jesus, I'm tired. I'm overwhelmed. I come to you just as I am, not as I wish I were. Give me the rest you've promised me. Teach me how to begin releasing this burden with gentleness and honesty. In your name, Amen.

I don't need to be strong today. Jesus carries what I cannot carry. His rest is real, and it is for me.

Memory Verse: *"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."* —
Matthew 11:28

DAY 27

When I Forget My Own Worth

“I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.”

—Psalm 139:14

Divorce has a peculiar way of eroding your self-esteem, leaving you exposed and vulnerable to the most insidious questions. Was I not good enough? Was I too much? Did I love the wrong way? Did I try hard enough? These aren’t real questions; they’re lies, cleverly disguised as self-reflection, designed to undermine the very foundation of who I am.

But the truth—oh, that deep, liberating truth—is that my worth was never determined by the survival of my marriage, any more than yours was. It never depended on another person’s perception or commitment. I was wonderfully and extraordinarily made even before I said “I do,” even before I learned what marriage was supposed to be. And I will be wonderfully and extraordinarily made long after the last papers are signed.

Some days, I admit, I still forget. The weight of judgment, real or imagined, can be crushing. Grief can keep me from seeing the beauty of my own existence. But I keep coming back, feeling my way toward this fundamental, unshakable truth: God doesn’t make mistakes. He created me. He created you. And when He looked at His creation, He called it wonderful. That verdict still stands.

It’s not about ignoring the pain or pretending everything is fine. It’s about recognizing that pain, struggle, and fragility in no way diminish the value God placed in us from the very beginning.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What lies has divorce told you about your worth? Write them down. Then cross out each one and write God’s truth next to it.

Action

Stand in front of a mirror today and say, “I am a wonderful and extraordinary person.” Repeat it three times. Even if you don’t fully believe it yet, say it anyway. Faith sometimes begins with words before it becomes a feeling.

Prayer

God, remind me today that my worth has never been tied to my marriage. You created me. You called me wonderful. Help me to believe it. In Jesus’ name, Amen.

My marital status does not determine my worth. I am an extraordinary creature—and that hasn’t changed.

Memory Verse: *“I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”—Psalm 139:14*

DAY 28

Forgiving Myself

“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

☛ —1 John 1:9

In the painful aftermath of not one, but two divorces, I found myself grappling with a unique and particularly tenacious adversary: myself. Through grace and immense effort, I have managed to forgive her—or at least, I am actively engaged in that journey. But the person I have found hardest to forgive, deep down inside, is the woman who looks back at me in the mirror: myself.

The accusations are relentless. They echo in moments of quiet, in the dead of night, and often, even in broad daylight, for the choices I made, whether naive or full of hope. For the signs I ignored and now see so clearly. For the times I stayed too long. For the words I spoke in the heat of the moment. And perhaps most painful of all, for the way I felt I had failed in my plans for the future.

I finally came to understand that self-forgiveness is not an excuse. It is not pretending that I did nothing wrong, or that my actions had no consequences. It begins with confession: bringing the truth to light and admitting my failings without hiding, defending, or minimizing them. It is a profound act of grace extended to my own imperfect humanity.

1 John 1:9 is neither a mere suggestion nor a conditional promise; it is a divine and binding decree. Forgive us. Cleanse us. Not because I've earned it, not because I can make myself worthy, but because God is faithful and does exactly what He said He would do. This means that the past is behind us, under the blood of Christ, and that the stain of shame is not too deep for His cleansing to remove it.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Write yourself a letter—from the perspective of a compassionate friend who knows everything you’ve been through. What would she say to you? What grace would she extend to you? Write it down. Read it. Believe it.

Action

Write down one thing you feel guilty about. Confess it honestly to God. Then write: “I receive His forgiveness. I am not at my lowest point.”

You’re not at your worst. You’re not your biggest mistake. You’re a child of God.

Memory Verse: “He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”—1 John 1:9

DAY 29

Signs of Healing

“He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and release to the prisoners.”

✿ —Isaiah 61:1

Healing doesn't come with a trumpet blast; it settles within you, gently, subtly. One day, you realize you've gone three hours without thinking of your situation, and the surprise is sweet, without guilt. One day, you laugh—you really laugh, from the bottom of your heart—and it doesn't feel like a betrayal of your grief, but like a natural and joyful release. One day, you make a decision solely for yourself, and you feel a quiet pride instead of the familiar pain of fear.

I've learned, throughout this difficult journey, to celebrate these seemingly insignificant victories. The morning I made myself breakfast and felt a genuine sense of peace, rather than the heavy anxiety that used to cling to every routine. The day I walked past the courthouse without crying. The night I slept through the night, when I truly slept, without waking up in the grip of an icy panic.

Healing is rarely a straight path; it is often winding, with unexpected detours and moments when it feels like you're taking a step backward. But it is very real. And rest assured that it is happening within you, even right now, carried by a God who has promised to mend what is broken.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

Where do you see God's footprints in your healing journey so far? What has changed, even slightly, since day one? Write it down.

Action

Write down three signs of healing you've noticed in yourself since the start of this journey. They may be tiny. They matter. Then choose one small victory from this week and celebrate it: share it with a friend, write it down, or thank God.

Prayer

God, thank You for the healing I can see and the healing I cannot yet see. You are at work even when I don't feel it. I trust You with the rest. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Healing is taking place within me, right now. God is faithful to complete what He has begun.

Memory Verse: "He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives."

— Isaiah 61:1

DAY 30

You Are Always There

“And the God of all grace, who has called you to His eternal glory in Christ, will Himself restore you, strengthen you, establish you, and make you firm after you have suffered a little while.”

✠ — 1 Peter 5:10

You’ve made it to day 30. Take a moment to reflect on that. Thirty days ago, you began this devotional. Perhaps you were barely holding on, crushed by the weight of everything weighing you down. Perhaps you were crying in your car, the steering wheel wet with tears, or lying on the floor of an empty room, feeling as though your world had just come crashing down for the second time.

And yet, you’re still here. It’s nothing. It’s everything. It’s proof of an inner strength you may not have known existed, of a quiet resilience forged in the fire of adversity. It’s also a profound testimony to a faithfulness far greater than your own.

This isn’t the end of your story. It feels like an ending, the final chapter of a marriage, a future, a dream. But it’s actually the moment when you begin to pick yourself up. The rubble is very real, the grief is legitimate, and the scars will remind you of what you’ve endured. You’re wrecked, yes. But you’re not forsaken.

The God who sustained you through the darkest nights, who whispered hope into your despair, and who gently guided you through these 30 days will carry you through every day that follows. He will restore you, not by erasing the past, but by shaping within you a strength you didn’t know you possessed. This is only the beginning of a new chapter, written by grace, animated by resilience, and guided by a love that never fails.



REFLECTION AND APPLICATION

Journaling Suggestion

What have you carried with you over these 30 days?

What has God been saying to you throughout this journey?

Write a letter to your future self—the person on the other side of this season. Tell her what you want her to know.

Action

Go back to Day 1 and reread your first journal entry. Notice how far you've come. Then write: "I am no longer the same person who started this journey. God has been with me every step of the way."

Prayer Topic

My God, I have held on. Thank You for every day You have sustained me. For every tear You have caught. For every moment, You have met me in the midst of chaos. I am still here because of You. Continue to carry me. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I am wrecked. But I am not forsaken. God has been with me every step of the way, and He is not done yet.

Memory Verse: "He will restore you, strengthen you, establish you, and make you firm."—1 Peter 5:10

About the Author

Olivia Paul

Olivia Paul is the founder of the *Wrecked Not Forsaken* movement, a faith-centered community for women navigating the often-painful crossroads of faith and divorce.

She doesn't write from the other side of the mountain, but from the climb itself, offering honesty, grace, and the unshakable conviction that God's love is far greater than the failures others may perceive.

A single mother and woman of faith, Olivia holds a master's degree in conflict transformation from Eastern Mennonite University. Her training in restorative justice deeply informs her work in healing, forgiveness, reconciliation, and restoration. She is also a financial wellness coach in training, helping women equip themselves with practical tools to rebuild their lives as they heal emotionally and spiritually.

Her story is still being written—and she believes yours is too.

Continue the Journey

If this devotional resonated with you, know that there is more. Not because you need to be fixed, but because you deserve support as you rebuild your life.

Financial Health Coaching

Divorce doesn't just affect your emotions—it often disrupts your financial situation as well. Individual financial health coaching is available for women rebuilding their lives after a divorce. This space is practical, caring, and non-judgmental, and aims to help you gain clarity and regain your self-confidence to take the next steps.

Support from the Women's Circle

Healing doesn't happen in isolation. The Women's Circle is a faith-based support group for women going through divorce and the healing process. It's a place where you can sit alongside other women who understand the complexity of this time—women who, too, are navigating loss, faith, and rebuilding their lives in real time.

"You've held on for 30 days. You're not the same person who started this journey. Keep going—I'm rooting for you."

—Olivia