WISE HER STILL

Losing One Fight to Win Another One

Tiffany Buckner • February 20, 2015

Today, I broke. I didn't break down (per-SE), but my heart did break. My heart broke for "her". Who is she, or better yet, who was she? She was a girl I knew so dearly, a girl who'd dedicated her life to protecting me. She'd done everything in her power to get me what I wanted, but in the end, I had to let her die. I had to stand there and watch her die a slow and agonizing death, but she was a fighter. She fought hard until the end, and even when I thought she was dead, she'd open her eyes once again and start fighting off what she believed to be my adversaries. It's amazing how much fight she still had in her after all she'd gone through, and it's amazing that she still wanted to fight for me after I'd made the decision to let her die.

I saw her pinned up against the wall, and her feet weren't touching the floor. I saw a hand around her neck and a man standing in front of her with rage in his eyes. He was screaming, cursing, and unleashing hatred at her, and with each curse he spoke at her, he tightened his grip around her neck. Nevertheless, she kept fighting. She punched at him, clawed at him, and kicked as much as she could. You see, she was a fighter. That's what she'd learned to do in her life. Even though she was losing the fight she was in, she didn't believe in going down without giving her all, so she fought him with everything in her. Suddenly, I saw her freeze. She'd stopped fighting, and with widened eyes, she looked in fear at the man who was choking her. She'd seen something or heard something. Whatever it was, she knew to be still. Something within her told her to stop fighting. She wasn't fighting the man who had his hands wrapped

around her neck. She was fighting a force far more wicked than an ordinary man, and because she'd listened to the voice from within, she'd lived to fight another day.

Just in case you're wondering, that "her" I keep referring to was the old me. She was Tiffany 1.0, the recreated version of the original Tiffany. You see, the original girl was created by GOD, and she was flawless. She entered into this world with no knowledge of sin, but just like the rest of mankind, she was introduced to sin at a young age, and because of what she'd seen, heard and been through, she'd learned to put up a fight. She was me, but I am not her. In her attempts to survive in such a cruel world, she didn't know she was endangering herself. She was risking one of the most precious gifts she had, and that was her life. She was risking her life to find, have and keep what she thought to be love.

I remember sharing my testimony time and time again, and hearing many women say to me how glad they were that they hadn't endured an abusive relationship because "they would've been locked up for first degree murder". I'd smile as they'd go on and on about some man who'd tested his limits with them, and how they'd quickly shut those men down. In their minds, they hadn't been abused because any man who'd thought about striking them had quickly come to his senses. They believed the cliche, "Crazy recognizes crazy", and with every word they'd spoken, I could see the old, prideful Tiffany 1.0 speaking. You see, she'd said the same thing and she meant it with every fiber of her being. She'd never be a victim of abuse, and any man who dared to hit her would find himself afraid to hit any other woman because Tiffany 1.0 would beat him with anything she could find, but that was as far as she'd thought. She hadn't considered the reality that some man could overpower her, take away her weapon of choice, and then, commence (and even escalate) his attack on her. So, when I heard women pridefully telling me how they'd respond to an abusive man, I knew in my heart of hearts they'd never looked

death in the eyes. They'd never experienced a moment when that quiet and still voice had spoken in the midst of a chaotic situation, calmly and lovingly telling them to "be still". They'd never experienced the anger, pride, adrenaline, fear, and desperation that overwhelms a woman when her life is literally in the palm of some man's hands, a man who could take it away from her in an instant. And the women who had experienced abusive relationships often song a different song than the women who hadn't. Most of the women I've met who've been abused by a husband (legal or illegal) had experienced that loving voice that had told them to "be still" when they were being attacked. Like myself, they had been fiery, feisty women who'd sworn they'd never let some man hit them, and like myself, they'd lived to tell a different story. But there have been women who'd been so determined to win the fight that they'd lost the war. Because they didn't listen to that still and loving voice, they'd kept fighting, not realizing they weren't fighting flesh and blood. A murderous spirit was in or using the man they'd given their lives to, and GOD needed them to be still so He could move through their obedience, but they wouldn't listen to HIM. Pride and a need to win cost them their lives. They wanted to tell the story of how they'd proven how mighty they were, and because of this, they had not trusted the Almighty GOD, the very GOD who was trying to save their lives.

Today, I broke. As I was sitting at the red light, waiting for my signal to go, my heart broke for the many women who'd lost their lives to domestic abuse. My heart broke for the many women who'd lose their lives because of domestic abuse. Like myself, they'd all entered (or would enter) ungodly relationships looking for love, not realizing how much they'd need the very GOD they'd ignored once they were in those relationships. So, if you know a woman who's in an abusive relationship, STOP TELLING HER TO FIGHT BACK! Stop telling her what you would do because, unless you've been in an abusive relationship and looked death in the eyes, YOU HAVE NO CLUE WHAT YOU'D DO. If you keep instructing women with your pride, you may

end up sending some naive woman to an early grave. She needs intercession and encouragement, and not pride-filled words being poured out of ignorance.

I'd made a decision to let Tiffany 1.0 die because she didn't love me the way I deserved to be love. She'd led me into many dangerous situations, and from there, she'd fight with all of her might to protect me, but she was NOT my hero. After all, she was the one who'd taken me into those wilderness experiences, so I can't hail her as a hero for fighting on my behalf because she wasn't *really* fighting for me. She was fighting for herself. She wanted to be right. She wanted to be respected. She wanted to win the fight, and she wanted to get everything GOD had in store for me, without having to do the work. She didn't want to humble herself, surrender her whole heart to GOD, or even study the Word of GOD daily, so she'd decided to take another route. She would fight for what she wanted. She would go toe-to-toe with any man who'd threatened the vision she'd had for herself, and as silly as she was, she was pretty much fearless. Even in the midst of an abusive relationship, she had not lost her fire or determination. She would not stand down, so at that time, GOD could not stand up for her. HE had to speak into her heart in hopes that she'd listen because HE wanted her to live and declare HIS works. Thankfully, she'd listened in the midst of an attack, and when she'd heard HIS voice, that's the moment I saw her freeze. She stopped fighting back, and she let GOD move through her obedience.

After she'd stopped fighting, I saw something come over the man she'd chosen for herself. Suddenly, the glazed look in his eyes began to fade away. I could see rage lifting off him. He was still angry, and he was still in the red zone, but that murderous look in his eyes had vanished. He'd lowered Tiffany to her feet before grabbing his keys and leaving. She would go on to stay in that marriage for several years, and even after that marriage ended, she continued to take me into some pretty dangerous territories in her quests to find love. After she'd led me into another dangerous marriage, I'd made the decision to let her die of her

injuries. Her heart had been broken so many times, and that's why she'd fought so hard. She wasn't fighting for me. She was fighting the people who'd hurt her, people she hadn't forgiven because she refused to face the things that had happened to her in her life. She was prideful, arrogant and anxious, and I couldn't live with her anymore. I had to let her die so I could live. So, I stopped trying to help her with her wounds, and I turned her heart over to GOD, and HE gave me a new heart. Without the old heart, Tiffany 1.0 passed away, but I'd told her that she didn't have to fight anymore. GOD would send a man worthy of her love, trust, and respect, and I couldn't have her around when he'd come along because she would've destroyed my marriage to him. Even though I was married for the second time when she'd finally died, I'd somehow known that the marriage would end and I'd eventually meet my GOD-purposed husband. You see, when I started letting Tiffany 1.0 die, a new Tiffany was conceived, but she couldn't be born until the old Tiffany died. She was a new creature, and she had nothing in common with the man that Tiffany 1.0 had chosen for herself. When she was born, she started handling that man with love and respect, and after that, it was a matter of time before that marriage ended because he hadn't married the new and improved Tiffany. He'd married the feisty and fiery Tiffany 1.0, but he could not afford the new and improved woman that had been reborn. To have her, he'd HAVE to pay the price. He would've had to get saved, sanctified and filled with the HOLY SPIRIT, and since none of those events were on his life's calendar, he had to walk away. The old Tiffany lost many fights, and she'd lost two marriages, but she'd done so because her victory rested in her defeat. She had to die so I could live.

When I (the new and improved Tiffany) was born, I discovered a new set of plans and ideas for my life, and one of those plans that stirred my spirit was my plan to get married, and prayerfully, never argue with my husband. That's because I realized that GOD was choosing my husband this time, and I want to honor and respect him because he is my FATHER'S son. I want to submit to him, and I know that I won't be afraid to do so because my past no longer

dictates my future. As a matter of fact, I don't allow my past to be in my presence. What happened yesterday is for testifying only. It's to help and encourage someone who's walking in the shoes that once hurt my feet, but I stopped allowing my past to minister to me.

Ask yourself what version of you are you living in. You can't take old ways into new relationships. What in you has to die? Confront it and let it go! Many times, we keep mindsets and ways because we think we'll need them at some point, when we don't. GOD will lead you and HIS HOLY SPIRIT will guide you through every situation you face, if you let HIM, but if you allow your flesh to live in certain areas, those will be the areas that Satan will test you in because that's where he sees an opportunity to get you in his will. Let pride die. Forgive the people who've hurt you. Understand that GOD has a purpose for your life, but the only way you'll get to live in that purpose is if you let the old you pass away. You don't have to win a fight with a human being. You simply need to walk in the authority that GOD has given you through HIS beloved son, CHRIST JESUS, and HIS victory over the devil ensures your victory over the devil and the people he uses. It's okay to lose one fight if your loss gives GOD the glory.

I saw the old Tiffany being lowered to the floor, and that's when the light turned green. The old Tiffany had been stopped so the new Tiffany could go forth. I left the old Tiffany behind, and I made a decision to never look back. I have an assignment to complete, and I can't let her stop me from fulfilling that assignment. GOD called me to come forward, but HE did not call the old Tiffany. The minute I decided to leave the old Tiffany behind was the moment GOD gave me the green light to come forward.