



THE IDENTITY EFFECT

A Collection of Stories by Women Who've
Discovered Their True Identity in Christ

AUTHOR BIO

KIMBERLY KRUEGER



Those closest to her say that she is “a mom to many and a friend to all.” With her eyes on Jesus, Kimberly Krueger lives her highest purpose showing women their priceless value and helping them reach their God-given potential. FEW Founder, four-time #1 Bestselling Author, Podcaster, and Keynote Speaker, Kimberly is known as a master storyteller who imparts “unbridled confidence to move forward.” She is the proud mama of 7 sons and 5 daughters and says being “Noni” to her 5 beautiful grandchildren is one of life’s greatest joys. Her husband, Scott, keeps her laughing, loving, and riding her Harley. Connect with Kimberly on Facebook, Instagram, or LinkedIn by searching Kimberly Joy Krueger. Learn more at www.kimberlyjoykrueger.com.

Chapter Nineteen

Identity Imprints

by Kimberly Krueger

“The more we focus on who we are in Christ, the less it matters who we were in the past, or even what happened to us.”

— Joyce Meyer, *Beauty for Ashes*

I AM A PRINCESS

For a long time, I dreaded going out in public. My family was falling apart, and it seemed like the whole town was watching. We lived in a fairly small (but very affluent) community, and dirty laundry was hard to hide. Not just because of the typical small-town rumor mill, but because we kind of (totally) stuck out like a sore thumb. First off, we were NOT affluent, and there were A LOT of us: my first husband, eleven children, and me.

Yes, eleven. We lived on a main and highly visible highway in an old, dilapidated farmhouse surrounded by cornfields on all sides. And just in case our lone, ancient farmhouse didn't stand out enough, there was a broken-down, weathered barn in the back that looked like a strong wind might take it away. Actually, the barn was so bad, it made the house look pretty nice. (Not.) We drove our family around in a 15-passenger van—a RED 15-passenger van. *The only one in town.* It was always parked in our driveway because it didn't fit in the tiny one-car garage. Nothing subtle about that, either.

To make us even more conspicuous, the eleven kids were usually running around in the yard or in and out of the cornfield. (Nothing weird about kids and cornfields, right?) From the highway, it appeared that I must have been

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

running an in-home daycare, but alas, they were all mine. The cherry on the sundae was the frequent visits by local police, usually because I called them during one of my first husband's drunken rages. And the police cars always came in pairs—the flashing of two sets of blue and red lights could be seen for miles. *We were that family.* You know, the family that everyone either looked down upon or felt sorry for. *I loathed being that family.* From the time I was a little girl, I dreamed of having a big, happy family. Well, my dream had turned into a nightmare and a public spectacle. I wanted to be *The Waltons*, but we were much better suited for *The Jerry Springer Show*.

So, it's easy to see why I was never psyched about venturing out and seeing people. My least favorite and most dreaded outings were school functions. *Ugh.* I dreaded moving up and down those hallways in a sea of perfect people—perfect parents with perfect families. Being corralled in those tiny hallways meant looks, stares, and worse: eye contact! *Gah!* Eye contact with hundreds of other parents, neighbors, and teachers that would only break when they wanted a good look at my brood. I didn't even have it in me to make eye contact with all the sweet little kids, much less all of those “judgy” adults. (That is the way their looks felt, but I came to learn that in reality, there were many caring and compassionate people who just wanted to help, and did.)

I will never forget one particular evening that one of my “littles” had a concert at the grade school. I had worked myself up into a state of complete dread that day, rehearsing how I would feel during the uncomfortable and awkward hallway gawking. I could manage the program itself, as all eyes would be looking forward, but the before and after... *Ick!* As the time to leave approached, I began to get desperate. I scrolled through multiple scenarios in my mind that would legitimately allow me to get out of this school function...but there were none. No one was sick or bleeding or dying and nothing was on fire. After considering offering some less dramatic excuses, I decided I just couldn't bear to disappoint my excited little sweetie strictly because of my own insecurity and dread. For that child and that child only, I was definitely going to go.

So, I got everyone ready to leave and sent them out the door. All the kids were in the van waiting for me, but for the baby on my hip. Just before begrudgingly exiting my unhidden hideout, I paused to gather myself. In a lame attempt to suck it up, I let out one last sigh through gritted teeth. I grabbed the doorknob while psyching myself up for the coming walk of shame.

The next moment transformed my perspective for eternity! As I stood at

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

the door, I heard the voice of the Lord whisper gently and ever-so-lovingly to my heart (as if He were saying it with a smile):

Always remember to wear your crown.

Wait ... what... my what? Did I just hear....crown? That's what He said: my crown.

Isn't it remarkable how God can pack SO MUCH into so few words? This not-so-little charge packed a punch! "Always remember to wear your crown" meant "Don't forget you're a Daughter of the King." *Kapow!* It took my breath away! As I got into the van and drove to the school, I marveled. I meditated. I pondered! I began cataloging Scriptures in my mind about being God's child and about being adopted by Him. I remembered Scriptures about His royalty and the inheritance we have in Him. I even recalled hearing that I was a Co-heir with Christ! I was blown away; they all lined up! Indeed, The Word of God said I was a royal daughter! I marveled as I put these truths together and rehearsed them in an attempt to wrap this limited mind around such an unlimited promise.

I am the daughter of a King. The King of the universe, in fact. He is my Father and He is royalty! He adopted me and that makes me royalty, too. Yes, and royal daughters are princesses! I am a princess! Wow! Royal daughters wear crowns. He wants me to always wear my crown!

And there it was... the truth about who I really was... a truth that no cop cars or rumors or old crummy houses and barns could change. I was a daughter of the King and nothing could take away my crown!

That night in those hallways, I walked taller. I stood straighter. My shoulders were back instead of slouched, and a new confidence I had never known before filled me. Heart, mind, will, and emotions were all in sync with my true identity as I chose to trust the One who saw me for who I really was...*a Princess*. I was not who I appeared to be. Sure, I looked poor and some may even say like a fool, *but I was Royalty*.

I went to my kids' school differently than I ever had before. I did not show up that night as the local scandal and I did not walk those halls in shame. I went in boldness and confidence in who I really am because He whispered my true identity to me during one of my lowest points. I only had to believe it. And I did! I trusted His Word and what it said about me because I learned long ago you can't talk God out of His own Word. Instead of shrinking back that night, I

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

looked every single person I passed in those jam-packed halls in the eye...

and smiled like a daughter of the King would. We will never live a life free from judgment. People judge. And we will probably always have fleeting thoughts of insecurity that will sneak up on us and try to swallow us up when we least expect it. But we always have this rock to stand on:

What God says about us is the truest thing about us.

If we choose to believe this, we'll never have to bow to those judgments or to any crushing, diminishing thoughts again. We can always remember to wear our crowns.

Some months after this grade school victory, on a quiet weekday afternoon, I went out to my driveway to load something into the back of my van. When I opened the doors, I noticed a large bag that I knew I had not put there. Curiously, I looked into the bag, and in disbelief, I pulled out a fur coat. A FUR COAT! Attached to it was a note that simply read:

For my Princess

Love,

God

*I will be a Father to you, and you will be sons
and daughters to Me, says the Lord Almighty.*

—2 Corinthians 6:12

I AM A RUNNER

As far back as I can remember, running was something to be feared and avoided. For me, running meant not being able to breathe, sometimes for days. Diagnosed with asthma at the age of eight, I have hardly a memory of running and playing as a child without the fear of an asthma attack, or worse, death. Three times as a child, E.R. docs told my mom I would not have made it through the night had she not brought me in for treatment. All three of those times, I had been struggling to breathe for days.

Have you ever struggled to breathe? It is torment. During an asthma attack, my lungs tightened up like a vice, my chest ached from struggling for air, and my back would ache from the tensing of each muscle required to take one

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

breath. I had to sleep sitting straight up with only my head carefully placed on a tall stack of pillows set in front of me, because laying down only exacerbated symptoms; which only made me feel closer to death.

These hours and sometimes days of torment came without warning. Fresh cut grass or a cute puppy's dander could easily trigger an attack. A slight cold or even a typical Wisconsin summer day could be the culprit. I never knew; but one thing was **guaranteed** to bring on this torment: running. So, I never ran. Ever. I didn't even run the mile in gym class! The doctor wrote a note excusing me every single year, beginning when I was eight years old. Running was a foe to be feared. And I feared it well!

Although my asthma improved greatly as I grew up, running remained a severe trigger. During my mid-twenties, in an attempt to get my "pre-baby body" back, I decided to try running. Try is code for: I ran out my door, down the road, and didn't even make it out of my neighborhood before having an asthma attack. I stopped, took a puff of my inhaler, and walked home with the belief that I would never be a runner firmly cemented in my heart.

Running is just not for me. I'll never be able to do it.

"Why would you even want to run? Running is for crazy people." Many people have asked me this when telling them my running story. I know, *running is for crazy people*. Plus, it scared the breath out of me. Literally. The truth is, I did not want to run for over 30 years. *Until suddenly, I did.*

It was the summer of 2010, I turned 39 that July. The best way I could describe how this change came about is with the words of Forrest Gump. "I just felt like running." It's true! I don't know what compelled Forrest, but I do know what compelled me: God Himself.

One of the lowest points in my life took place that summer. On government aid, divorced, and a single mom with seven of my eleven kids still under 18, I cleaned houses to make ends meet. Broke-than-broke, I didn't even own a car for a while there. I was falling behind on rent with each passing month and feared eviction. With no end in sight, my circumstances said, "It's OVER!" But my God was saying, "It's about to BEGIN!"

The Lord stirred my heart so deeply and powerfully during that time. No matter what I experienced in the natural, I just knew He was getting me ready to step into my divine purpose in His Kingdom! At a time I should have been most hopeless, I was filled with hope! He continually fanned the flames of

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

destiny that had been planted in my heart so many years prior. He led me to the story of the Israelites leaving their 40-year wilderness wandering to finally cross over the Jordan River and enter their Promised Land. He told me I was about to cross over my own Jordan River, too. I would finally be leaving my desperate and dry wilderness behind to enter my very own land of promise! I couldn't see it, but I believed it!

During my wilderness, the promises God made me about my future were many; and they were so good! For almost twenty years, I daydreamed about doing what I was made to do, reaching a lost world, and fulfilling my destiny. I would write books, speak, touch hearts; all for Him. I WAS READY. I was chomping at the bit to get out of the pit I had been in for so long and run my race for God! There it was. *Run my race—I wanted to run.*

Suddenly, running verses from the Bible were popping up everywhere!

Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us.

—Hebrews 12:1

But those who hope in the LORD will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint.

—Isaiah 40:31

*I run in the path of your commands,
for you have broadened my understanding.*

—Psalm 119:32

Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one gets the prize? Run in such a way as to get the prize. Everyone who competes in the games goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown that will not last, but we do it to get a crown that will last forever. Therefore I do not run like someone running aimlessly; I do not fight like a boxer beating the air.

—1 Corinthians 9:24-26

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

*I have fought the good fight,
I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.*

—1 Timothy 4:7

It was like the Lord was saying: **The race to your finish is ON! Run, Forrest, Run!**

Okay, maybe not just like that, but I promise you, the Holy Spirit compelled me to RUN! And my spirit jumped at the idea! I took every single verse, wrote it out on an index card, and taped it to the back of my bedroom door. I put every quote that inspired me there, too. In a short time, you couldn't see any door on the back of my door. I read the verses and quotes almost every day and my faith grew and grew.

I just knew that running in the natural and running my race for God were directly linked. Since running was an unthinkable and impossible task for me, I knew it would take a miracle. I reasoned that if I could do the impossible in the natural, I could certainly do the impossible in the Spirit. If I could physically run without dying, then there was NOTHING that could stop me from running the race of my destiny!

So, the kid with asthma decided to run.

I started with a half-mile. Whew. These lungs were not used to that. They struggled. They ached. Thankfully, there had been medical advances since I was eight, so I had inhalers that actually worked (most of the time). I eased my tired, tender lungs into a full mile. Then a mile and a half. Then two! And three! The physical resistance in my entire body was intense, but it paled in comparison to the mental resistance I encountered.

"I can't run." I must have said it a thousand times since I was eight. Guess what happens when you say something a thousand times? You believe it. And when you believe it, you live it. When you live it, you become it. I became a person unable to run for three decades! And then, at the Lord's prompting, I had to flip a switch and tell myself I could run. What a battlefield our minds can be! These two mindsets went toe to toe. Often.

I can't do this.

YES, YOU CAN! God told you to.

But it makes me stop breathing.

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

You're breathing now, aren't you?

Am I almost done yet? This sucks! OMG, I only went a half-mile so far! A mile will take forever! This will be the death of me!

God wouldn't tell you to do something that would kill you! Now shut up and run!

I sounded like a crazy person in my own head! Sometimes I would even mentally yell at my legs. "Legs, just go!"

It was a battle all right, but I was determined to win. Every mile I ran began to represent places I would go for God and works I would do for Him one day—and my faith just kept running along with my legs! By summer's end, I was running up to four miles at a time. But, my friend, identity runs deep. I still did not think of myself as a runner. In my mind, *I was still the girl who couldn't run*. In fact, I had an easier time seeing myself reaching the world for God than calling myself a runner. When people found out I ran, they would inevitably ask, "Oh, you're a runner?"

Who, me? No...Um, I'm not a runner. I, ah, just run sometimes.

Seriously...that's how I answered! That is like a lawyer saying, "Who me? A lawyer? No, I'm not a lawyer, I just practice law sometimes." (What!?) To put it into perspective, I was running about four times a week, 12-15 miles each week. I was running the same distance as a 5K race, and I was doing it for fun...but I wasn't a runner. I was running farther than some high school cross country athletes were required to run...but I wasn't a runner. How could I be? Runners are fast. Runners are athletes (and they're cool). Runners win medals. Runners don't look stupid. Runners don't puff on inhalers every couple of miles. Runners own running gear (whatever that is). Runners have always been runners. And I was never a runner. In fact, I was never any of those things, so how could I say I was a runner *now*? I felt like a poser. A fake. I couldn't possibly be a runner. How could I say yes to that question? Yet, God called me to run, and I was running!

During this unforgettable summer, my beautiful friend, Jessica, told me she had a gift for me from the Lord. She came over with a beautiful necklace that the Lord led her to buy for me. Designed by a Christian woman, with Scripture in mind, it was silver and came with a beautiful little charm. The charm looked like a ballerina dancing in all her glory. The name of the charm was "Overcomer." I am not a dancer, but I know what it means to feel your spirit dance at the promise of overcoming! The necklace was accompanied by a hand-let-

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

tered poem by the same name, “Overcomer,” and it was written on a parchment bookmark. The poem made my hair stand on end. It was truly a word spoken over me by the Lord! Everything about this gift confirmed that I was on my way! It was another promise from God that I was about to overcome! My faith was ignited, and my expectations of my future destiny increased. Although I could not see how or when it would come to pass, I believed! I wore the necklace every day as a symbol of my faith *and a reminder of who I was*.

A short while after I began wearing the necklace, I received a very unlikely invitation to have coffee with a woman of significant influence. The future Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin wanted to meet with me. *Me*. She was smack dab in the middle of campaigning for that office, but a mutual friend told her she needed to connect with me. She took it to heart, and although the election was just three months away, and her campaign team tried to tell her she did not have the time, she carved out a morning to meet me. After our introductions, we took our seats in a local coffee shop. She looked directly at my necklace and opened with, “I love your necklace. Are you a runner?”

Totally perplexed, I groped my neck to try to figure out what necklace she could be talking about.

What in the world? What necklace did I put on today? A runner? What? Ohhh...

As my fingers felt the outline of the charm, I realized Jessica’s gift to me was not a symbol of a dancer after all, *but a runner, breaking through the finish line tape*. It was a runner finishing her course in victory! An overcomer! I smiled back at her (and at the Lord), gathered myself from the undoing of my revelation, and said with deep conviction,

Yes, I am. I’m a runner.

I laughed internally at the crazy thought that God set this appointment with a woman of great importance solely to set me straight on my necklace. Sometimes it takes a person of destiny to make you see your destiny.

That morning was the first time I owned my identity as a runner, and I have not looked back. Since that extraordinary coffee date, I have truly embraced my identity as a runner. I have run many 5Ks, half-marathons, and even a full marathon. Once, I even took first place in my age group at a 5K race! Many medals were hung on my wall at home representing the identity I now confidently own. I’ve run thousands of training miles since 2010, and I am still breathing—because that’s what runners do.

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

My favorite thing about this story is that God worked harder on changing my identity than I did! Sure, I had to run (and that isn't easy), but other than that, all I had to do was believe! He had a whole bunch of jobs to do! He had to convince this thick-headed girl with decades of cemented beliefs that I was not who I thought I was. He compelled me to run. Not once, but over and over again. He encouraged me, nudged me, even coached me! He led me to the verses about running and revealed the truth in them to me. He connected me with running people who knew things I didn't, saw the runner in me, and helped me set crazy goals that I once thought impossible. He even arranged a special meeting for me with a woman of authority and destiny, so she could speak my true identity over me! He wanted me to see myself as a runner so badly, He pulled out all the stops until I did. *He wanted me to "get it" more than I did. He always has.*

And while all of this was going on in the natural realm, He simultaneously taught me what it means to run my race for Christ, too! In such a way that I may win! (1 Corinthians 9:24) As I pounded the pavement with my feet, He set my feet in new territory in the Spirit. He brought me out of the Wilderness, into my Promised Land, and gave me a new life. He empowered me to RUN into my destiny as an author, speaker, and messenger to women. He guided me on the course that He carved out for me from before I was born; my personal racetrack, and He waits for me now at my very own finish line.

It is now so plain to me that I was always a runner; even before I grasped my necklace and declared it out loud. Just because I said "I can't run" 1,000 times, doesn't make it Truth. *Our belief doesn't change His truth!* But agreeing with His Truth always changes our belief! His Word says I am a spiritual runner and that means I have been running my race ever since the day I said YES to living for Him. I praise Him for faithfully coaching, training, and preparing me for the race of my life ever since.

He always saw me as a runner; and He patiently waited until I did, too.

Therefore, since we have so great a cloud of witnesses surrounding us, let us also lay aside every encumbrance and the sin which so easily entangles us, and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us.

—Hebrews 12:1

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

I AM WONDER WOMAN

Scott, my hardworking husband, was up and out the door before the sun came up—while I stayed blissfully asleep. It was a typical early weekday morning. The sun was just beginning to rise, sending rays of light through the edges of the shades in our bedroom. I awoke before it was time to get up because nature was calling. *Ugh*. I wasn't ready to get up yet. I had no idea how long Scott had been gone; I just knew I planned to get right back into bed after I took care of business, so I better not look at the light!

I crawled out of bed clumsily and made my way over to the bathroom with one eye closed. Entering the master bathroom from our bedroom puts you face-to-face with a large mirror over the vanity, and I didn't plan to look. I was determined not to look too intently at anything for fear it might thoroughly wake me up and ruin my plans to go back to my warm comfy bed. When I pushed the door open, I noticed something odd with my peripheral vision. I was so perplexed by what I saw! Something in the mirror had me thinking I must still be sleeping ... and in a dream! I had to look closer ... my reflection looked ... well, *good*. I mean, it looked really, really good! My thoughts began to race.

It is the crack of dawn, right? Yes. And I just woke up, right? Yes. So I should look awful, right? Yes.

Even after mentally confirming that I **MUST**, in fact, look hideous, and therefore be seeing things, my reflection still looked incredible! What the what?

How can I possibly look so good? Am I dreaming? Am I seeing things? It is dark in here...

I zeroed in on my face and the more I focused, the **BETTER** I looked!

Dang, girl!! You look amazing!

Surely my half-asleep state along with having just one eye open were to blame.

This must be an optical illusion!

Curiosity got the best of me and I just had to know why I looked so good! No longer concerned with light invading my eyes or falling back to sleep, I opened the remaining eye, reached over to the wall, and flipped on the light switch. I just had to know how in the world I looked this good at this ridiculous hour of the day! As I looked into the well-lit mirror, it took a second to register.

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

“Oh my gosh! You did not!” I giggled as I spoke to Scott as if he were still home. I knew he was behind this and he had outdone himself this time.

The reason I looked so darn great at crazy o'clock is that I wasn't actually looking at me! Before leaving for work, Scott taped a full-sized poster of Wonder Woman over my mirror! I looked amazing because I was looking at Wonder Woman! And not the Linda Carter version... The Gal Gadot version. You know, the tall, gorgeous, Israeli actress with legs for days? And I knew exactly why he did it.

Scott and I saw *Wonder Woman* when it first came out and both loved it. We're huge superhero movie fans; well pretty much just huge movie fans. I loved the theme of that movie and the fact that a woman saved the world didn't hurt. I was struck by the ending when Diana's enemy destroyed her sword, which she believed was “the god killer.” She thought she was doomed until she learned that her power wasn't in a sword or a tool of any kind—it was within. *SHE was the god killer!* And defeating evil was her destiny. What a metaphor for women of God today! I was so inspired! Diana was a rare combination of pure-hearted, and fierce, just the way God calls us to be. She was bold and fearless and all the while her hair was perfect! She was a freaking miracle. How couldn't I love her?

Scott and I talked enthusiastically about how much we liked the movie all the way home that night. He always patiently listens while I tell him what spoke to me the most after a great movie. The next day, he took our discussion to a whole new level. During our morning phone call, he said, “You know who Wonder Woman reminds me of? You.”

What?

He told me I reminded him of Wonder Woman! He claimed I look like her, have a heart like hers, I'm bold like her, and would do anything to help people *just like her*. I was really touched and moved, but I silently thought this guy was crazy! Thank the Lord that love is blind!

When the movie came out on cable TV, Scott must've watched it ten more times. I'd walk into the bedroom and ask, “Whatcha watching?” And he'd say, “You.”

I'd find him in the family room with the TV on and ask, “Whatcha watching?” He'd say, “You.”

I'd look at the screen and there was Diana Prince, doing her pure-hearted,

IDENTITY IMPRINTS

world-saving thing again. I'd smirk at him and he'd smile back. I'd think, "this guy is crazy!"

"Come here and watch with me!" He'd say patting the couch cushion, "Come see how amazing you are!" I'd laugh and even roll my eyes a little because come on! This was a hard one to swallow! I mean, SHE'S WONDER WOMAN. Yeah, it felt great to hear, but it wasn't true. I mean, my husband's love for me wasn't just blind, it was over the top!

So, when I saw the poster that morning over my mirror, I knew exactly what it meant. But I am a woman, so I called him so I could hear it directly from his lips. (Insert mischievous grin here.) He answered the phone and I said "Hi," while giggling. I asked coyly, "What did you do?"

We could hear each other smiling through the phone.

He played along and said, "Who me? Nothin."

"Well, I got up while half asleep to go to the bathroom this morning and had quite the surprise—thought I was losing my mind!"

He laughed and said, "Oh yeah?" He knew what I was talking about.

"What made you do that?" I asked in a serious tone.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course," I said.

I put that there this morning because I wanted you to see what I see when I look at you."

Okay, I was a puddle. This was probably the greatest thing he'd ever said or done to show me how he sees me. It melted me! He went on to tell me more reasons why I am Wonder Woman to him, and I got lost in the romance and his incredible display of love. I didn't say much during the call because, well, I was sort of speechless! After a thoroughly gross display of gushy-I-love-yous, we said goodbye and hung up. Throughout the day I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Wow! The way he sees me! How can he really see me like that? And how hard he had worked to make sure I would see myself the same way! I thought about the planning that went into that surprise in the mirror—how had he even thought of it? And oh, how far he had gone to show me, *me*—through his eyes. Then it hit me.

KIMBERLY KRUEGER

This is what the Father does for His daughters!

He has set something before our eyes, taped something to our bathroom mirrors, and He perpetually invites us saying, “Come! Look and see what I see when I look at you. THIS is who you are. Not what you see. Not what you think. Not even what somebody else told you! This thing I’ve placed over your mirror; **this is who you really are.**”

My friend, the thing He places over our mirror is His Word! Inside the pages of His Holy Word, there is a mirror with a huge poster showing you how you look to the Father. And on that poster is a picture of JESUS. That’s right—pure-hearted, flawless and fierce, JESUS. The Father wants you to fully grasp that He can see no flaw in you because when He looks at you, He sees His Son.

He simply invites you to come to the mirror and see what He sees.

With that beautiful revelation, I’ve stopped dismissing my husband’s Wonder Woman comments as crazy and chalking them up to the “love is blind” cliché. I finally get it.

Okay, Lord. I am Wonder Woman.

*You are altogether beautiful, my darling;
in you there is no flaw.*

—Song of Solomon 4:7 (BSB)

BECOME ONE OF THE FEW

In addition to monthly forums, women's leadership, coaching, and retreats, The Fellowship Of Extraordinary Women (FEW) is proud to stand by these impactful, engaging, and transformational books. Enjoy these titles from FEW International Publications. Most FEW books are sold on Amazon and almost all FEW authors are available to present to your church or organization. Refer to their websites listed in the biographies of this book OR reach out to FEW International Publications Founder and President, Kimberly Joy Krueger, at www.kimberlyjoykrueger.com.



Currently seeking women authors of all levels and experience who wish to have an extraordinary experiential writing journey in a book that glorifies God. Interested? You could be added to our list of dozens of #1 Bestselling Authors. Contact us at thefewwomen.com.