

Article 5 - For Wives

21st May 2025

Healed to Be a Healer: Turning Pain into Power

Isaiah 61:3 – “...to give unto them beauty for ashes...”

Wife, mother, sister, daughter, Hear me loud and clear, your scars are sacred. They are not marks of shame BUT marks of *grace*. They do not weaken your story, they *witness* your strength. Every wound you’ve survived, every tear you’ve shed in silence, every ache you’ve carried in the depths of your soul has not gone unnoticed by the God who sees, who knows, who heals. You are not just a woman who has *endured* pain. You are a woman who has *emerged* from pain, refined, renewed, and resurrected.

In a world that often tells us to hide our brokenness, God says, “**Bring me your ashes.**” Bring the remnants of betrayal. Bring the fragments of disappointment. Bring the memories that still sting and the questions that remain unanswered. Because in the hands of the Master Potter, even shattered vessels become sacred tools of healing.

Your pain is not purposeless. God never wastes a wound. The sorrow of yesterday is the soil where tomorrow’s beauty will grow. You see scars, but heaven sees stories. Stories of survival, yes, but even more, stories of *revival*. You are not just the healed, you are becoming the healer.

Healing is not always instant, my sister. It often comes in layers, in whispers, in holy silences between sobs. Sometimes, it comes through the embrace of a sister. Sometimes through the word of God spoken in a quiet room. Sometimes, it comes in worship, in the moment when you finally let go of trying to fix it yourself and surrender it all to the only One who truly can.

And as you are healed, you begin to walk in a new power. Your scars turn into songs. Your silence turns into strength. Your weeping turns into warfare. You become a well of wisdom for the next woman, a voice of hope for the next daughter and a bridge for the next broken soul trying to find her way.

Yes, wife, your restoration is not just for you. Your story is someone else’s survival guide. Your journey is someone else’s breakthrough. Your “I made it” is the fire that will warm the cold hearts of those who still think they’re lost.

Do not despise your scars. Wear them like a crown. They are not evidence of your fall, they are evidence of your *rising*. They are not signs of weakness, they are seals of victory.

You were not crushed, you were *carved*. You were not buried, you were *planted*. And now beauty rises from your ashes.

You are not defined by what broke you, you are *distinguished* by what healed you. You are not a victim, you are a vessel. You are not just surviving, you are *anointed to restore*. You carry oil, woman of God. Oil that only comes from the crushing. Oil that heals. Oil that sets captives free.

So, rise, healed woman. Rise with fire in your eyes and healing in your hands. Your story is sacred. Your healing is holy. And your life is a testimony in motion. Let God turn your past into power and your wounds into weapons of love.

Because you were healed not just to survive, **You were healed to be a healer.**

Love from the **TiEV** Team