



Held Hostage By Shame

Free Yourself to
Love: Chapter 2


ICON KEY


 Question/Discuss

 Read The Bible


 Read FYTL


 Watch the Video


 No DVD Clip With This Lesson - Open the study by reading *Seven Life-Changing Syllables: "ABBA, I belong to You"* an excerpt from *"The Furious Longing of God"* by Brennan Manning (see excerpt below ***)


 "Shame is a vague, undefined heaviness that presses on our spirit, dampens our gratitude for the goodness of life, and slackens the free flow of joy." (Lewis Smedes) p. 44


 Shame is the by-product of moving raw feelings underground. p. 26

 Shame assaults one's self-esteem—hidden behind "happy depression." pp. 26,28

 *Are you surprised by the suggestion that shame develops when hurt is hidden? If so, share what you thought produced shame in a heart.*

 *"Wounds that are hidden only erode self-esteem through the screaming message of dishonoring shame." Do you suspect you have hidden wounds? If so, what will you do about them?*

 Muddy footprints of the past, walking all over the present—via shame. p. 27

 Rush to Forgive: skips a step and buries shame. pp. 29, 30




Ps. 34:5




[Q] *“Shame allows the past to trample the present with muddy footprints.” Has this happened to you or someone you love? Describe the situation.*


 Time Doesn't Heal All Wounds: must amend grievance story. p. 33

[Q] *Have you assumed that time heals all wounds? What do you think about the fermentation of a wound that is hidden? Do you have any long-fermenting hurts? Have you shared them with anyone yet?*


 Stuff pain and shame—it morphs into even more pain through **POOR CHOICES!** p. 34

 “Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o’refraught heart and bids it break.” (Shakespeare) p. 34

[Q] *Discuss how a rush to forgive denies the hurt experienced. Have you ever seen this happen? What was the result in the person who rushed to forgive?*

 Forgiveness: a Layered Process: Jackie’s Personal Story, 1973, 1996, 2006. pp. 34, 35

[Q] *How is the layered process of forgiveness similar to the process of grief?*

 Honeymoon Warning About Potential Bitterness: can strangle a marriage. p. 36




Hebrews 12:15

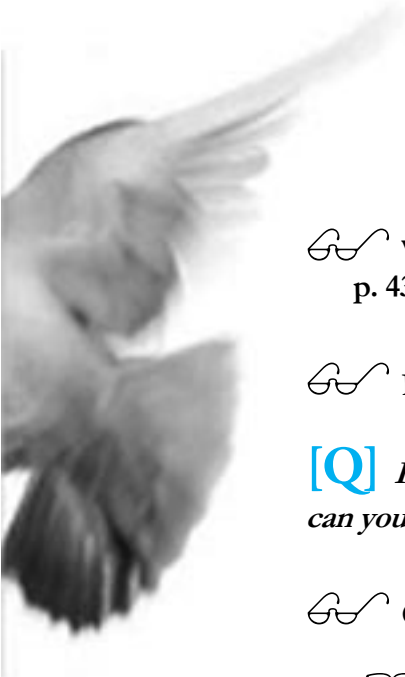
 Don't Pledge to the Sorority/Fraternity of Bitterness. p. 37

 Unforgiveness causes tunnel vision—a quarterback’s story. pp. 38, 39



Memories can drench us in SHAME. We must drench our hearts in the Word (Ps. 119:42)

 Shame is described as a “hemorrhage of the soul.” p. 42



🕊️ Whatever we don't resolve in our hearts, we reproduce in our children.
p. 43

🕊️ Prostitute attends a covered-dish dinner at the Pastor's house. p. 45

[Q] *Have you experienced the freedom of saying good-bye to shame? If so, can you share a little of the context?*

🕊️ Grenade of truth against enemy outpost of shame. p.46

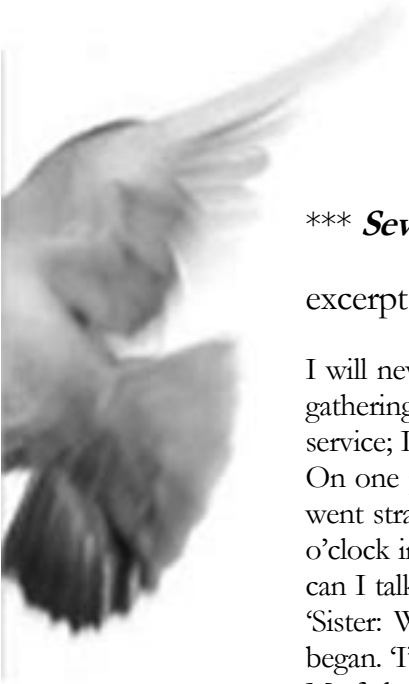


Isa. 54:4; 61:7

🕊️ A.W. Tozer's quote. pg. 46

🕊️ "The greatest danger in the spiritual life is not success...its self-rejection." p.48





*** *Seven Life-Changing Syllables: “ABBA, I belong to You”*

excerpt from *“The Furious Longing of God”* by Brennan Manning

I will never forget a retreat experience years ago in the Midwest. It was a rather large gathering, about 7,000 people. An invitation for healing prayer followed each night’s service; I would go into a side room and meet with those who felt compelled to come. On one particular night, the line extended well beyond midnight and after finishing, I went straight to bed, not even taking my clothes off I was so exhausted. About three o’clock in the morning, I heard a rap on the door and a squeaky little voice: ‘Brennan, can I talk to you?’ I opened the door to find a 78 year old nun. And she began to cry. ‘Sister: What can I do for you?’ We found two chairs in the hallway and her story began. ‘I’ve never told anyone this in my entire life. It started when I was five years old. My father would crawl into my bed with no clothes on. He would touch me there; he said it’s what our family doctor said we should do. When I was nine, my father took my virginity. By the time I was twelve, I knew of every kind of sexual perversion you read about in dirty books. Brennan, do you have any idea how dirty I feel? I’ve lived with so much hatred of my father and hatred of myself that I would only go to Communion when my absence would be conspicuous.’ In the next few minutes, I prayed with her for healing. Then I asked her if she would find a quiet place every morning for the next thirty days, sit down in a chair, close her eyes, upturn her palms, and pray this one phrase over and over:

ABBA, I belong to You.

It’s a prayer of exactly seven syllables, the number that corresponds perfectly to the rhythm of our breathing. As you inhale—ABBA. As you exhale—I belong to you.

Through her tears she agreed...One of the most moving and poetic follow-up letters I’ve ever received came from this sister. In it she described the inner healing of her heart, a complete forgiveness of her father, and an inner peace she’d never known in her 78 years. She concluded her letter with these words: “A year ago, I would’ve signed this letter with my real name in religious life—Sister Mary Genevieve. But from now on,

I’m Daddy’s little girl.

