

My family has a long history of struggle with mental illness, and my three siblings and myself have all suffered from severe anxiety, depression, and PTSD. We had a spirit of suicide in our ears. I've always been open about this but never truly healed from these hurts. We grew up in a dysfunctional household where our parents struggled financially, fought often, and our father was always in and out of the home, in prison and struggling with drug and alcohol abuse. I was very disrespectful to my parents, and gave my mother a very hard time. I became a mother at the age of 19, in a dysfunctional and abusive relationship myself for 9 years and was in denial that I was continuing this cycle, passing down this experience to my son. I believed in God, but never felt that I needed to believe in the Bible or even attend church. I thank God everyday for saving me again and again and that I'm now breaking these curses in the name of Jesus. I praise the Lord that my children will know that they are children of God and will never grow up in such a household. There is a new person God has called me to be. And with the strength he has given me, I now know I am worthy of defeating the enemy's plans for my family and truly, breaking these curses.