

Uplift Girl Teen Starter

Guide

MEMA DAISY



You're One of a Kind!
Welcome to Our
World!



**UPLIFT
GIRL**



Hello There!

I started this community a few years ago under a different name, but over time my vision for this community grew to fit my passion. My desire through UpLift Girl is to create an environment where you can feel safe, be encouraged, and get built up in life, faith, and purpose. To achieve this, UpLift Girl has at its core storytelling (in many forms), mentoring, and community.

I'm just a regular girl who discovered an amazing God, and with that, an amazing adventure in Him. You'll find a lot of quirkiness and silliness here, but I hope you'll feel welcome, free, and safe.

So let's go on this journey together, and make a lot of memories on the way to becoming who we were destined to be according to God's really awesome design!

With Much Love,
Mema Daisy

You're welcome to UpLift Girl, *a girl's guide to navigating the crazy journey of life and faith...*

Here are

a few cool
stories to get
you
started...

The Girl With The Beautiful Scars



*"Erase me
Give me a new body
Let me die and wake up as someone else
Feel the jagged lines on me
Wipe away this memory"*

I believe that every one of us has scars. Memories of the injuries that we have because of the things we shouldn't have seen, the wrong we've witnessed, the pain we've experienced, the loss of loved ones, the guilt that we can't seem to wipe away and many, many more.

Some of our scars are both emotional and physical, like the ones from the injuries we inflict on ourselves or others have inflicted on us. But the worst thing about the scars is that they are ugly reminders to us. It's hard to embrace a scar-a reminder that won't go away. Whether we cover our wrists with beads, or we put on a mask to hide what's underneath, or we run away to forget our past, these would always be temporary solutions to our "permanent" problems. Putting tattoos over our scars wouldn't solve the real problem either.



Jesus had scars too. He seemed to wear them proudly as he showed them to his disciples after his resurrection- his reminder to them that he really was human while he was with them, and he suffered and died for them and for all people, including the people who gave him those marks.

I'm sure he also had some scars on his back from where he was wounded for our sin-for our disconnection from God, from love, and from everything good that we now long for but cannot seem to find.

I know that when he sees his scars, he doesn't think of those who caused them(at least not in anger or hurt). I'm sure he thinks about you and me. I'm sure he thinks about us because he got them just for us.

Jesus is famous for saying, "come to me all of you who are burdened, and I will give you rest for your souls..." He knows what it feels like to be betrayed by his best friends, abandoned by those he loved and trusted, ignored by those he helped or saved, used... .

He knows what it feels like to have the reminders of his hurt. But he knows how to heal the hurt. Peter, one of his closest friends, and disciple, literally denied him three times! When he came back to life, Jesus called him aside and asked, "Peter, do you love me?", and three times Peter affirmed that he did. He was giving Peter a chance to rewrite history. Instead of "Peter denied Christ three times", Peter gets to say that he affirmed his love for Christ three times.

We are susceptible to words. And often times, it is the wrong words that have scarred us, the promises not kept, love denied, love never given in the first place. Sometimes we bear the scars of the

wrong that we ourselves have done. But the words of Jesus are words of grace and healing and words of love: "come to me all of you who are burdened, and I will give you rest for your souls..."

When we are reminded by our scars of the things we rather forget, we are reminded of ugliness and pain-pain that's hard to forgive and let go of.

I believe that Jesus would love to show us a different perspective. I believe he'd love to take the load right off of us. He'd love to tell us how beautiful we are. He'd love to put his healing hands on our hearts, so when we look at our scars, we would see something different, something beautiful, like Peter who could say that he affirmed his love for Christ three times rather than remember how he hurt Jesus when he denied him the same number of times..

When he looks at his scars, he doesn't remember the cruelty of the people that stabbed them into him, but he remembers us. He remembers that he was successful in saving us. The scars prove that he was. He took upon our suffering so that we wouldn't have to anymore. That's what his scars symbolize.

Only he can heal us completely and give us the ability to forgive. Only Jesus can work THAT miracle. :)



*"I touched the scars of beauty
I felt the graceful bruise*

*Now I heal this memory
And make it all new
This scar is beautiful
And it's owner too"*
-By The Girl With the Beautiful Scars



The Damsel and the Divination (short fiction-ish)

“Sit here. Rub this,” the old woman said. Five year old Eni did what she was told. She sat on the small wooden stool as the old woman paced around the little hut, chanting, murmuring, speaking to someone Eni could not see.

Suddenly, the old, bent woman stopped. A look crossed her face that Eni could not identify. Eni's mother finally made a sound from the corner of the hut to which she was confined. “What is it my mistress?”

“Silence!” the old woman bellowed.

Eni turned to her mother, wanting to say something, but her mother made a sign for her to follow suit and be silent.

The old woman finished with her strange devices. “You must leave now. She has been accepted.” Eni's mother stood up. She started to move, but hesitated. A look of doubt colored her features. Eni turned again towards her mother, beginning to understand.

“Leave now,” the old woman said again.

Eni's mother ran out without another word. “Mama,” the little girl spoke finally. “Mama!” but her mama was nowhere to be found; she had gone back to her many other children, and many mouths to feed.

Eni's sobs filled the little hut. The old woman turned sharply towards her, and Eni's body racked with unuttered cries as a sudden fear gripped her, along with a sense of impending doom.



Sixteen year old Eni woke up screaming. Nothing like the usual nightmares to complete her sleep cycle. It took a moment to realize where she was. Her room was corner of a shabbily fixed tent, her bed, the mat she sat on in the day time, during her ministrations.

She listened for the sound of the man's snores, on the other side of the drape, her new owner. The only thing that kept her from his lust was the clear instruction that her powers would leave her if she was no longer a virgin. At least she fed well enough here and had a mat to sleep on – the spirits be praised.

Eni stretched her limbs. She wouldn't be able to fall asleep again.

*

The sounds of the market around them waking up entered into the small tent.

A man and woman arrived early that morning. Eni was dressed and painted with black soot, a new touch to her ministrations. Her master would be able to attract more clients if she looked more exotic.

Maji, a large man with just as large an appetite sat to her left. He was in charge of the proceedings. He made a show of lighting candles, and making incantations, even as the smell of incense became overwhelming.

The man and the woman were obviously afraid, Eni could tell from their eyes constantly darting about the room. The woman seemed much less eager than her husband to be there but for fear of his authority would stay put where she was. To make sure she didn't bolt, he whispered some sharp words – a threat. Eni pitied them both.

“Make your request,” Maji spoke, his voice richer than his intellect.

The man spoke up. “My wife is pregnant.” Eni flinched at the way he spat out the words. He continued. “I need to know...I need to know the fortune of this one. The others were the wicked ones sent by the spirits to torment us for a time.”

The wicked ones? Eni's training didn't let her show much of her emotions. The poor woman pleaded with her eyes, but could say nothing.

It was her turn. This was the part she feared. Every day the same thing. Every ministrations, a dreadful imprint on her soul and body.

She called on the spirits. She said those dreadful words, and waited. Silence filled the room. Then it happened. The room went black and she was catapulted into the world of darkness she had come to know too early in her life. A piercing scream came out of her mouth, not of her own making. Fear gripped her heart, and there were no words to comfort or sooth the pain in her chest.

“Death. I see death.” She turned to the man, finally seeing him.
“Your death.”

The spirits didn't always give the people what they came for, but they would always pay - Maji made sure of that.



*

Eni felt sick, too sick to continue, but Maji would not let her retreat. There was more money to be made.

It was time for dinner, and Maji was in the mood for something richer in his food as the money he had made off her was bountiful today. Eni looked half like a corpse as she took the pouch of coins from him to make the necessary purchases at the market. Her own dinner would likely be bland, as Maji's generosity was more focused on himself. She dragged herself out into the main market where souls and things were sold alike. If only the heat would let up.

Before she saw the man and his companion, she felt all the warning signs of the spirit. This time, it gripped her with such intensity she was sure she would perish. Her heart beat wildly as her knees hit the ground. She stared at him unseeing, as words poured out of her mouth.

She stood up and followed him as her legs seemed to move without her own volition. He looked surreptitiously at her, disturbed by her utterance.

"These men are servants of the Most High God who are telling you about the way of salvation." A laugh that was not hers escaped her lips. She was dying – she felt her own death. Her heart begged the spirits to stop, but the spirits would have none of it.

This was the way it would be for days to come- this strange encounter with the man and his companions. She would have told Maji, but he never listened to anything she had to say.

On this particular day, she tried to take a different route to the section where food was sold. She hoped beyond hope that the men would be telling their message of light somewhere else.

The spirit came upon her again, and she shook with fear as she spoke the words to the hearing of everyone.

The man stopped, troubled. Finally, as if it cost him something, he turned round and said to the spirit in Eni, "In the Name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her!"

No words could describe the lightness Eni felt for the first time in her short life. All around her was so much noise, people looking at her and the exchange with the strange men, watching and waiting like vultures.

Everything went still around her. She closed her eyes but nothing. A soft laugh escaped her lips, and tears poured freely from her eyes. What had he done?

In a moment, Maji was there along with a few other men. The man's belly moved from side to side as he hurried toward the scene. He looked at Eni. She shook her head. "The spirit's gone. It's gone..."

Eni was still in the dirt when the men seized the strange man and his companions, carrying them away angrily.

No one said anything to her as she lay in the dirt, weight lifted. Who was this Most High God, and this Jesus Christ by whose Name she was freed?

Your Seductive Power



One day, you wake up and you realize you have it: your new super power.

You speak, and they listen. You smile, and they nod their heads. You caress, and they can't think anymore. You speak in that tone of voice, and they fight to do your bidding. Now, you're truly a daughter of Eve. Just give the fruit to him, and he'll take a bite; he won't even remember what God did not perhaps, possibly... exactly say. I bet you know what I'm talking about. Wink wink.

Here's a list of women from the Bible who discovered their secret super power and used it how they pleased: Zeresh, Haman's wife, Jezebel, Ahab's wife, Mother Eve, Adam's wife, Sarah, Abraham's wife, Delilah, Samson's girlfriend, and more.

If you recognize any name from this list, you may also know their stories. But I'll give you a summary of each. Spoiler alert: it didn't end well for them.



Zeresh, Haman's wife massaged his frail ego constantly, telling him to make plans to ensure the destruction of an innocent man. Well,

that backfired, and Haman died in his place along with Zeresh, by the way.

Jezebel. Her name is now used to describe “a wicked, shameless woman.” Jezebel led her husband, the king, to abandon God’s law and worship a wicked god, called Baal. She killed God’s prophets, and also got her husband a gift he’d wanted so badly, by getting an innocent man stoned to death. She died. And dogs ate her body, real quick.

Eve gave Adam the “apple”, and we’re all here today, living a fallen existence. Thanks but no thanks mother Eve.

Sarah convinced her husband to sleep with her maid. It seemed God was taking too long in delivering His promise of a child. Then she gets upset at the whole thing. Thirteen years later, she has the son of that union kicked out.

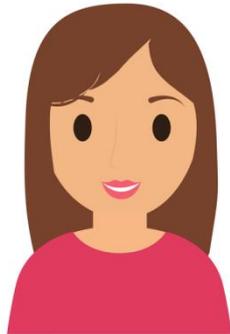
And last but not the least, Delilah. She tricked her boyfriend Samson into losing his power and becoming a prisoner of his worst enemies. And she did it for a bucket load of silver. Samson also lost his eyes in the process.

There you have it.

I believe God gave women power. It’s a good thing. We should embrace it as a gift, but a gift that comes with responsibility. In our world today, we are made to think that seeking and having power over others for our own benefit is a smart thing. But nay, it is not. It’s a selfish thing, and it’s a dangerous thing.

God gave you the power to build up, to encourage, to give wise counsel, and to lead from whatever position you find yourself. In a marriage, in a business setting, in government, in your home, at your school, wherever. You have the power to change things for the better. You have the power to be the voice of reason where egos clash. Kings can seek you out for the counsel that God has given you. Take for example, my new favorite girl, Hulda the

Prophetess. King Josiah sought her out when he needed to know what to do about the book of the law that had just been rediscovered, and she had words straight from God both as caution and as encouragement to the king.



The power you have is not a power to be overestimated either. You're just a vessel and nothing more than a vessel of God's power, and love, and good gifts. Anything else is from the devil. Yes I said devil. *Don't embrace your inner anything*, but embrace God and humbly embrace His calling and purpose in and through you.

When you realize the truth about who God is, and the power He has given you, you'll also realize that you're not what Eve wanted to be. You're not God, and you don't have all control, as much as you'd love to. As much as I'd love to.

But it's tempting. It's tempting to use your power to have your way; to use your words, and to use our body to, as they say, "get what you want". You know all the right buttons to push and you know the weaknesses to exploit. It's not a safe place to be. You risk falling when you try to push someone else off a cliff. Don't fall for the lies for they are many, and very convincing, because the truth is harder to swallow than having your own way.

I believe in you, and most importantly, God believes in you. He is a loving Father that gives good gifts to His children, and He has

given you many good gifts. Don't let anyone sell you short-by overselling or underselling.

I pray for you that you'll choose to submit to God and trust Him with your heart desires, rather than try to make your own way. And I pray that you'll use your God given gifts to build up and to make whole, but not to bring down. May the Lord keep all that you've entrusted to Him. In Jesus Name.



A Letter to My 15 year old Self

Dear Fifteen Year Old Me,

You're in a new phase of your life, you're more open now, and you've made even more friends. I'm proud of you. But you've also embraced sadness as a way of life.

You think way too much, and read too much meaning in the smallest of things. You want so much out of life, and you think you know how to get it. Well, I'm sorry to say that you got it wrong. The future isn't the answer to pain. Neither is the future the answer to a complete life.

Many years from now you would keep chasing the future, and it would elude you as your shadow in front of you. Please stop.



You're curious about the big questions of life, and you have already idolized love. But here are my thoughts about these things:

It's who you become that helps make life what you and others wish it could be. There is no such thing as a soul mate: your magical fix to your incompleteness. You will search for this person,

and find, many years down the line, that your soul mate is really you-and not just you, the better version of you.

You will meet so many amazing people. You wouldn't always understand them. Don't pine for them. Don't long for their approval. Admire them. Pray for them. Enjoy their company for however little you have it, and keep on your way.

Younger me, you will learn what falling in love means the hard way. It will not always be returned. It's just how life is. You are not less because of it, rather you are better for it because you will learn to consider another above yourself, and you will learn to be patient. These are the greater virtues.

Don't idolize love. And don't idolize people. No one is perfect, not even perfect in their imperfections. Neither are you. There will be parts of you that need someone else's patience and forbearance. And you will need to be patient and forbear with another's flaws.

About that guy, you know who I'm talking about, seven years down the line, you'll wonder what you ever saw in him. You'll be glad it didn't work out, but you'll still pray for him (at least once).

I know how ambitious you are. It will come back to haunt you a few years down the line, this ambition of yours. You'll learn the hard way that God is Sovereign, but you'll also learn that His love for you is infinite and you can trust Him with your life. So jump!

Please stop. Stop looking to life to give you the best version of itself. Look to God, and have some faith in yourself too. Have faith that you're enough. When you are complete in God, know, absolutely know, that this is only when you can see the good in life and in others. Nothing else can fill you, and nothing else would.

Finally, about your friends, they are great, but imperfect, and they will hurt you. Forgive them; love them; pray for them. Be their

friends anyhow, not because of what they've done, but because of what He's done.

You're intelligent. God has blessed you so. You have a whole lot to learn. Keep learning as you are already, be curious and full of wonder, and have hope, not in things but in God and in His unfailing love.

Cheers!

With much love, Me



Meet the Writer!

So I've been "talking" a lot on this blog, and I thought it would be nice for you to get to know the girl behind the words.

The most spectacular thing about me is that I'm a daughter of the Most High God, and I am saved purely by the sacrifice and love of Christ Jesus. This is where my real journey began.

I have a passion for my fellow girls (of all ages) and children. This blog is one expression of my desire to encourage women and provide opportunities for growth in life and faith. I've also volunteered with kids, youth, and female folk for as long as I can remember, and I want to keep at it till my time on earth is up.

I'm quirky and unconventional, and I'd love to meet you. Feel free to reach out because I'll listen and I won't judge.

Yep. This about sums me up.

Lotsa love,

Mema Daisy



Share the Love!

Hey girlfriend!

I hope you enjoyed our selected blog posts. We're certainly glad you've come this far.

Visit our website, www.upliftgirl.com today. Tell a friend about UpLift Girl. Like us on Facebook, [@upliftgirl](https://www.facebook.com/upliftgirl), share our posts, that sort of thing...

We can't wait to hear back from you. Feel FREE to send questions to our email, upliftgirlblog@gmail.com about topics you need help with and we'll be sure to get back to you.

Have a beautiful day! 😊😊

 If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead you will be saved.
Romans 10:9 NKJY