



THE COMMISSION

I took a deep breath and pushed the button. The screen said, “Submitted.” I exhaled all of the tension that had been built up for the last seven weeks. My back melts into the chair as I exhale the words “It is finished.”

I sat there for a good fifteen minutes contemplating what I had just submitted. It weighed heavy on my heart. It wasn’t just a paper but rather a message waiting to be shared. Eager to wash the weight of the words that still trembled in every fiber of my body, I resort to the waterfall shower head. Warm water cleansing my soul

from head to toe when suddenly I hear a voice whisper, "Righteousness in the marketplace."

The voice is a voice I'm well acquainted with. It is the voice that was there with me when I thought I was taking my last breath as a result of an overdose at age 16, and the voice that guided me through the motorcycle accident I had in 2020.

It's a voice that loves truth. Stern but loving. Challenging but kind. Persistent yet so quiet it can only be heard when we still the chaos of the mind.

It is the voice of a person who is always there, ready to instill wisdom and insight at a moment's notice. I call that voice the Breath of Life.

At that moment I knew what had just transpired. It wasn't just a random thought but rather a commission from the Divine. A green light to champion this message to breathe life upon the weary souls who feel as if they're dy-

ing a slow painful death at the hands of the dopamine addiction of follows and likes.

The souls who are fighting for their dream to build a business yet feel as if they have to prostitute their gift to get paid. Life for the one who deep down inside knows there is a better way to do business. A way that may seem old-fashioned today but it's been tried and true through the ages.

As the months progressed, as a woman with child, what was once a tiny seed now has movement. There's an internal wrestling within my womb of a message in formation, growing, developing each day but not yet ready to be birthed.

Fighting for space, I can feel its every turn. The jab on my side, the deep stretch that leads to a sudden groan. There's a part of me that wants to hurry up and get this over with so I can feel relief, but as a mother incubating their child, I know that releasing the message prematurely

can lead to an underdeveloped message that can die before it even gets the chance.

The only difference is this message is not a nine-month deal. No, I was birthing an elephant. Twenty-two months of continuous movement before I was happy with the first words inked on this paper. Only to realize it wasn't true labor after all. This baby needed a little more time.

So here I am on the birthing floor, finally pushing out the child we have all been waiting for, nearly two years into the journey.

That message of hope, warning, and confirmation for many that what your soul has been craving and gravitating to has not been the late-night pizza talking but rather the Breath of Life itself whispering the message of truth into your ear.

And now that the message has found its moment, you're being invited into something deeper. This isn't just my birthing story. It's your permission slip. Your confirmation. Your call to

come out from under the weight of the world's strategies and into the shelter of God's blueprint. Every chapter ahead will stretch you and strip you. It will challenge the ways you've learned to survive and provoke the parts of you that are still hustling in fear. But if you let it, this message will also cleanse you. It will clarify what matters, restore what's sacred, and show you how to build something that heaven can endorse.

So take this slow. Don't race through it. Read it like it was written, for your realignment, for your freedom, and for your legacy.

Let's build what God can bless.



PART I

FOUNDATION OF THE CALL



CHAPTER 1

BURN THE BLUEPRINT

THE STRATEGY ISN'T SACRED

You can't build a holy business without the Holy Spirit.

Not a program.

Not a prophetic word.

Not a mastermind group.

The only blueprint that matters is the one heaven gave you, and if you're not in constant intimacy with the Spirit of God, then you're not building in alignment. You're building in assumption.

And let's be clear, this conversation is not about throwing out every system and method the world has developed. We live in the world. We use tools from the world. But we are not of it. And if we forget that, we'll start calling things "strategy" that God calls sin. We'll baptize ambition and call it faith. We'll embrace shortcuts that look smart but carry spiritual death.

Take AI for example. Some Christians are ready to toss it all out and label it as the mark of the beast. But that's short-sighted. Yes, the antichrist will use every system, technology, food, housing, even medicine, to control and manipulate. But that doesn't mean we can't use those same tools in this window of time to do the opposite: to build with purity, to communicate with clarity, to advance the kingdom instead of ourselves.

But that only works when everything we build is filtered through scripture and tested in the

presence of God. Tools don't make something righteous. Alignment does.

I've spent the last fifteen years in the business world. I've done the coaching. I've taken the courses. I've studied under well-known names and lesser-known experts. And while I've learned a lot, I've also seen too much. I've seen new age practices covered in Christian language. I've seen greed and gluttony preached from platforms while using God's name as a sales hook. And I've seen people, some sincere, some not, prostituting their gift for influence, income, or identity.

The truth is, gluttony is not just about food. It's the overconsumption of anything that keeps you from being sensitive to the Holy Spirit. It crowds Him out. It dulls your discernment. And when that happens, you stop asking the right questions. You stop listening. You stop seeking. And before you know it, you're no longer in a holy

partnership. You're in a personal project that uses God's name but ignores His voice.

I'm not writing this to tear down those who are trying to figure it out. I'm writing this to call us back to the One who never needed a launch strategy to change the world. I'm writing this as a prophet who hears the assignment loud and clear: to protect your intimacy with God, even if it means saying what no one else will.

This chapter is not about fear. It's about reverence. It's about slowing down long enough to ask, am I building something God can bless, or am I just building something that works?

WHEN HUNGER BECOMES HERESY

Idolatry isn't always a golden calf. Sometimes it's a golden strategy.

Sometimes it looks like hustle. Sometimes it sounds like mentorship. Sometimes it hides be-

hind a spreadsheet, a coaching program, a prophetic word wrapped in self-promotion.

But from Genesis to Revelation, God is clear about how He sees it.

He doesn't call it misalignment. He calls it adultery.

*"YOU ARE AN ADULTEROUS WIFE WHO
TAKES IN STRANGERS INSTEAD OF HER
OWN HUSBAND."
, EZEKIEL 16:32 (NLT)*

To God, idolatry is betrayal. And when we elevate anything, any person, platform, or plan, above His voice, we are not just out of order. We are out of covenant. We're cheating on the One who gave us breath and calling it business.

In today's marketplace, even among Christians, idolatry wears makeup.

We give spiritual-sounding language to secular systems. We elevate business gurus as if their words are infallible and untouchable, ignoring the Berean model of Acts 17:11, where the peo-

ple searched the Scriptures to test even what Paul taught. We use phrases like “kingdom strategy” to endorse ambition and justify mixture. We disguise profit motives as prophetic mandates and turn the marketplace into a stage where God’s name is mentioned, but His character is missing.

I’ve watched leaders instruct people not to create their own books, courses, or content unless they were directly copying the “approved” model. I’ve seen believers claim their material was divinely downloaded, while simultaneously pressuring others to purchase or risk “missing out on what God is doing.” This isn’t biblical mentorship. It’s spiritual manipulation. And it leads to something even more dangerous: performance-based faith.

The Holy Spirit convicted me deeply in this area, not in a single moment, but over time. When I finally sat down with my Bible, my journal, and my raw honesty, I realized something. I

had never been chasing fame. I wasn't addicted to applause. I was longing for legacy. I wanted to build something that would outlive me. Something my great-great-grandchildren could still learn from, still be shaped by. But legacy without obedience is just ego in disguise. And God showed me clearly that only what is rooted in Him will remain.

*"SEEK THE KINGDOM OF GOD ABOVE ALL ELSE, AND LIVE RIGHTEOUSLY, AND HE WILL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED."
 , MATTHEW 6:33 (NLT)*

This scripture became my foundation. But God didn't let me quote it casually. He took me into the original languages.

Before we move further, I want to clarify something that will show up throughout this book. You'll notice I reference both Greek and Hebrew Strong's definitions, but in many cases, I return to the Hebrew root, even for New Testament scriptures. That's intentional. The writers of the

New Testament were Hebrew men. Their worldview, their vocabulary, and their understanding of spiritual concepts were rooted in Torah. So even when they spoke or wrote in Greek, the meanings they carried were informed by Hebrew culture, covenant, and mindset. To fully understand a word like kingdom or righteousness, we can't just rely on Greek translation, we have to return to Hebrew foundation. That's how we recover not just the word, but the motive behind the word. The spirit of what was being said. That's how we rightly divide truth.

Strong's Breakdown:

- “Kingdom” in Greek is *basileia* (G932), meaning realm, reign, or royal rule. It's not just a place. It's a posture.
- The contrasting Greek word *kosmos* (G2889), used elsewhere in the New Testament, refers to the systems, values, and order of the world.

- To “seek first” the Kingdom is to seek God’s intentional rule over every area of your life, not just in theory, but in strategy, stewardship, and sacrifice.

And what does it mean to “live righteously”?

The word “righteousness” in Greek is *dikaio-sunē* (G1343), but let’s go deeper.

In Hebrew, the word for righteousness is “tsedeq” (צדק), Strong’s H6664.

The pictograph meaning breaks down as:

ז (Tsade) = a fishhook or desire

ד (Dalet) = a door or pathway

ק (Qof) = the back of the head, or what’s behind

Put together, it shows a person being drawn through a door by what is unseen, walking by faith, not by sight, and being led into alignment with God’s mind and heart. Righteousness is not just about moral behavior. It’s about correct positioning. It’s about choosing God’s way even when the world’s way is faster, flashier, or more profitable.

This is what I had to face.

I had been diligent. I had studied. I had invested time and money into coaching, branding, marketing, but I had to admit, I had also adopted systems that weren't just flawed, they were flesh-driven. I was participating in hustle culture, calling it excellence. I was following formulas that elevated visibility over vision. And somewhere in the noise, I had stopped checking in with God.

But the Spirit didn't shame me. He revealed truth, and truth set me free.

One of the biggest breakthroughs came through understanding a lesser-known passage in Proverbs:

*"WHEN YOU SIT TO DINE WITH A RULER,
NOTE WELL WHAT IS BEFORE YOU, AND
PUT A KNIFE TO YOUR THROAT IF YOU ARE
GIVEN TO GLUTTONY. DO NOT CRAVE HIS
DELICACIES, FOR THAT FOOD IS DECEP-
TIVE."*

, PROVERBS 23:1–3 (NLT)

The word “gluttony” here ties to the Hebrew Strong’s H2151, which carries a meaning of insatiable appetite, indulgence, or overconsumption.

But even deeper, the Hebrew word for “appetite” in verse 2 is nephesh (Strong’s H5315), the same word used for soul.

This shows us that gluttony is not just a physical sin. It’s a soul-level distortion.

When our appetites are unchecked, they pull us away from discernment. And in business, that appetite might not be for food. It could be for influence, money, validation, revenge, or recognition. Whatever controls your appetite, controls your altar.

That brings us back to one of the most misquoted, underestimated verses in the Bible:

*“FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT
OF ALL KINDS OF EVIL.”
, 1 TIMOTHY 6:10 (NLT)*

Let's break this down the way the Spirit showed me:

- Love = ahavah (Hebrew Strong's H157): not just affection, but emotional attachment, longing, or even covenant-level connection
- Money = keseph (Hebrew Strong's H3701): silver, currency, but also symbolic of desire, lust, or craving in first-use Hebrew contexts

When we form a covenant with money, when it becomes the object of our trust, the driver of our decisions, the thing we're emotionally attached to, we are no longer servants of God. We are slaves to Mammon.

Jesus warned us plainly in Matthew 6:24:

"You cannot serve both God and money."

And the Holy Spirit made it clear to me, if your business decisions are being driven by your fears, your bills, or your ego, then God is not the CEO of your company. You are.

That's when everything shifted.

I stopped chasing strategies and started pressing into intimacy. I restructured my business model to reflect God's character, not just His blessings. I no longer cared about being algorithm-friendly. I cared about being heaven-approved. I no longer needed to go viral. I wanted to be valid in the Spirit.

Because at the end of it all, what does it profit a woman to gain the world's attention and lose her soul?

God reminded me, He is the only boss you can work for and not realize you've been fired.

And I refused to keep building if heaven had already exited the project.

THE IMPOSTOR GOSPEL

You can't build what God can bless if you're still performing for approval.

That may sound harsh, but it's true. And here's the problem: most Christian women don't even

realize they're performing. They've mistaken the grind for obedience. They've confused exhaustion with faithfulness. They've accepted manipulation as marketing and called it strategy. But underneath all of that? There's a silent epidemic happening in the soul. A craving to be seen, heard, validated, and it all comes from one core issue:

THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE.

When you don't know your identity, you become vulnerable to counterfeit gospels. You adopt strategies that contradict your values. You mirror behavior that doesn't match your convictions. You build brands that look right, but don't feel right. You say it's for the Kingdom, but deep down, you're hoping it gets you clout, likes, or applause. Not because you're evil. Not because you're manipulative. But because you've never been taught how to build from alignment.

And I get it. I've lived it.

For years, I didn't know who I was. I grew up in church, literally since I was two months old. But I didn't encounter God for myself until I was lying in a hospital bed after a drug overdose. That moment changed everything. It awakened something real in me. But even after that radical encounter, I didn't know what it meant to walk in identity. I only knew how to walk in performance.

When I moved to Puerto Rico as a teenager and joined a holiness Pentecostal church, I encountered a religious spirit masked as righteousness. Don't get me wrong, Pentecost is real. Holiness is essential. The Holy Spirit is alive and active. But in the specific circle I was in, holiness was defined by rules, not relationship. Long skirts, no makeup, no nail polish, no pants. Appearance over intimacy. External compliance over internal transformation.

As a cosmetologist and nail tech in training, I was immediately labeled a problem. The bright colors on my nails, the heels I wore, the makeup I applied, it wasn't just personal expression. To them, it was rebellion. I was called a Jezebel. And because I was young, impressionable, and desperate to do things "right," I complied. I changed how I dressed. I silenced parts of myself. I followed every rule. But here's the truth:

**THERE WAS NO REAL TRANSFORMATION IN MY
HEART.**

I looked the part. I talked the part. But I was living from fear, not faith. I had learned how to perform. Not how to be.

And that's exactly what many women do when they enter the marketplace. They translate that same religious performance into business performance. They post for the algorithm instead of for God. They build brands that reflect what's trending, not what's true. They create content

for likes, not legacy. And slowly, silently, they drift into living for the ‘Gram instead of living for Christ.

They say things like:

- “I need to keep up.”
- “This would make great content.”
- “I have to show them I’m successful.”
- “Let me make this aesthetic.”
- “If I don’t do it like her, I won’t grow.”

But what they don’t realize is that they’re not marketing, they’re begging to be seen.

This is what I call performance addiction. And it’s not just a habit. It’s a stronghold. One that’s deeply tied to the brain’s reward system, where dopamine spikes every time someone likes, comments, follows, or buys. That hit of validation feels like purpose. But it’s not. It’s a pacifier. A shallow substitute for the deep knowing that only comes from identity in Christ.

And here’s the part no one tells you:

Sometimes, the performance doesn’t look

flashy. Sometimes, it's not about filters and aesthetics. Sometimes, the performance shows up as over-delivering, under-pricing, saying yes to everything, doubting your authority, refusing to rest, obsessing over reviews, and secretly hoping your clients will "like" you more than they respect you.

And it's all rooted in the same lie:

"Who I am is not enough."

But let me give you some truth. The Hebrew word God used to describe woman in Genesis wasn't some passive assistant role. It was "ezer kenegdo." And it's one of the most powerful terms in scripture.

Ezer = helper, ally, rescuer.

Kenegdo = corresponding to, equal and opposite to, standing face to face.

This phrase doesn't mean you were created to serve silently in the background. It means you were designed to stand face to face with problems and bring divine solutions. It's the same

word used to describe how God comes to Israel's rescue in times of war.

So what does that mean for your business?

It means you don't have to compromise.

You don't need manipulation.

You don't have to hustle until your soul is numb.

You don't have to water down your voice, copy someone else's strategy, or dress your trauma up in branding just to feel valid.

You're already the solution.

The key is learning how to live from that truth.

But how?

You start by discovering your identity. And that discovery requires more than just quoting scriptures, it demands introspection. This is where journaling becomes spiritual warfare. As you pour out your thoughts, desires, wounds, and dreams onto the page, the Holy Spirit begins to highlight who He created you to be. He

shows you your wiring. Your rhythm. Your divine design.

For example: you've probably noticed by now that this chapter doesn't ease you in softly. I'm not here for fluff. This isn't feel-good encouragement or Instagram captions repackaged as a book. This is transformation on paper. That's how I'm wired. I write like I coach, bold, layered, no-nonsense. And I do it that way because I know who I am.

When you know who you are, you stop building for optics and start building from overflow.

You stop living life by default and start living life by design.

That's what internal alignment looks like. You're not tossed by trends. You're not chasing gurus. You're not mimicking methods that worked for someone else. You're rooted. You're still. You're clear. And you're dangerous to the enemy because you're no longer trying to be seen, you're already known.

And yes, obedience still requires action. But that action flows from love, not fear. From confidence, not chaos. From vision, not performance. Alignment will not always lead to instant success. It may not make you rich in 30 days. But it will make you righteous. And when God sees that He can trust you, He starts to release more. More resources. More wisdom. More responsibility. Not because you earned it, but because you were ready to steward it.

And that starts right here.

In the quiet.

In the journaling.

In the healing.

In the dismantling of every counterfeit gospel you've unknowingly lived.

Because the only thing worse than building a successful business...

is building one that cost you your soul.

THE IDOL IN THE MIRROR

Before I realized I was performing, I just thought I was working hard.

I wasn't building out of rebellion. I was building out of fear. A deep, unspoken fear that if I didn't succeed, if I didn't "make it", then the people who hurt me would be right. That everything they said about me was true. That I really wouldn't amount to anything. So I hustled to prove myself, not to strangers, but to the people whose words had pierced the deepest: family. Critics. Old voices still echoing in the corners of my soul. The people who rejected me. The ones who misunderstood me. The ones who made me feel like I didn't belong.

I was striving to be seen by people who didn't even know how to see themselves.

And that's what makes it dangerous, because when you don't know your identity, you look for mirrors in broken places. You perform for the applause of people who haven't healed themselves. You hunger for validation from people

who are still running from their own purpose. And somewhere along the way, you convince yourself that success will heal the wound.

But it doesn't.

Success doesn't heal rejection. It only hides it.

And if you don't let God deal with the root, you'll build your whole business around the ache of being unseen.

I had to confront something most people don't want to admit: I was living in fantasy. Not the kind you see in movies, but the kind that forms in the heart of a child who grows up feeling neglected, misunderstood, or emotionally invisible. It's the fantasy that one day, you'll finally be validated. That one day, your parents will see you, support you, cheer you on. That one day, you'll be celebrated by the people who once wounded you.

It's a fantasy built on hope. But sometimes, hope becomes a prison when it's tied to people who can't give you what you need.

And I had to grieve that. I had to sit with the possibility that the apology might never come. That the celebration might never happen. That the family dynamic I longed for might never be restored the way I imagined.

And when I finally let go of that fantasy, something beautiful happened:

I STARTED TO SEE ME.

I started to see the gifts, the wiring, the voice, and the power God had placed inside of me. And not just see them, but honor them. I saw how every hardship had left a tool in my toolbox. Every valley had deposited something I needed for my calling. Every painful experience had equipped me for the very thing I was now being called to build.

And the first strategy I implemented after that breakthrough?

BOUNDARIES.

Before, I built walls. Walls to keep people out. But walls also keep you locked in. They isolate. They harden. They suffocate.

Boundaries, on the other hand, are wise. They are sacred lines of love. They tell the truth about what is acceptable and what is not, without shutting down intimacy or community.

And before I could set boundaries with other people, I had to set them with myself.

I had to stop apologizing for taking up space.

I had to stop explaining why I thought differently.

I had to stop shrinking to make others feel safe.

I had to stop bending my convictions for the sake of optics.

I had to stop outsourcing my decisions to culture, family, and tradition.

In short, I had to stop betraying myself.

Because that's what happens when we don't know who we are. We betray ourselves to gain

approval. We silence our voice to be accepted. We water down our message to be liked. And we call it “strategy,” when it’s actually spiritual sabotage.

But when I started honoring my own voice, when I committed to follow what God put in me, no matter who misunderstood, I found peace.

**NOT COMFORT. NOT EASE. NOT APPLAUSE.
PEACE.**

And with peace came clarity. With clarity came strategy. And with strategy came authority.

I no longer had to build out of desperation. I could build from a place of rest. And that rest made room for God to move, not just in my business, but in me.

People who respected me started learning how to honor the boundaries I set. Some took time, but they adapted. And the ones who didn’t? I didn’t have to push them out of my life. They faded on their own. Because healthy boundaries

have a way of exposing unhealthy patterns, and when the manipulation doesn't work anymore, the manipulators lose interest.

I also had to stop taking responsibility for other people's reactions. That was a big one. Let me be clear: I'm not talking about being rude, cold, or callous. I'm talking about communicating clearly, with honor and love, and then letting people own their own responses.

If someone throws a guilt trip, gets defensive, or lashes out in manipulation when you express your boundaries with grace, that's not your monkey, and it's not your circus. Enforce the boundary. Stay firm. Let them sit in the discomfort. Because that discomfort might just be the very thing God uses to convict and correct them.

You cannot be both obedient and addicted to approval.

You cannot protect your purpose and your image at the same time.

And you cannot make disciples while still trying to win over the people who crucified your confidence.

Once I let go of that idol, of trying to be everything for everyone, I started to trust my own judgment. I stopped second-guessing what I knew God told me. I stopped asking permission from people who were never called to steward my assignment. And I started walking like someone who had been sent, not just saved.

And that's when I understood something deep:

My voice carries a sound.

And it's not for everyone.

There is a tribe God has called me to. A group of women who hear what I say and feel something shake loose in their soul. And for them, my sound is healing. It's clarity. It's confirmation.

But for others, it may irritate. It may confront. It may even repel.

And that's okay.

Because I'm not a \$100 bill.

Like my great-grandmother used to say, even a hundred-dollar bill doesn't fit perfectly in every pocket. Not everyone is going to carry you. Not everyone is supposed to. Not everyone will receive you. But the ones who are called to you? They'll recognize your voice in a crowd. They'll find your sound in the noise. And they'll thank God for the freedom it brings.

So I bless the ones who can't receive me.

I release the ones who don't get it.

And I walk in peace, because the only eyes I'm trying to catch are His.

Dig Deeper:

You've made it this far, which means you're not just skimming for inspiration. You're ready for transformation.

This isn't about adjusting your strategy. It's about confronting your spiritual architecture. So before you keep building, answer these in the quiet place with God. Grab a journal, or a note-

book, and begin to respond as if you're speaking directly to the One who knows you best. Let the Holy Spirit search the blueprint.

1. Who are you trying to prove yourself to, and why do they still have that much power in your life?

What fantasy are you still holding onto?

2. Have you built your business (or your brand) around being seen... or being obedient?

Would you still do it if no one clapped?

3. Are your boundaries a reflection of your healing, or your trauma?

Are you avoiding confrontation... or honoring your design?

4. What does your content, lifestyle, and presence online truly preach?

Would someone see Christ in you, or just the curated version of who you think you need to be?

5. Where do you need to release control and ask God to burn the old blueprint?

What strategy, standard, or identity needs to be surrendered so you can build what God can actually bless?

Prayer Activation

Father,

I lift up this daughter of Yours who has been performing for far too long. She's been building on the approval of man, the pressure of culture, and the echoes of past rejection. But today, in the name of Jesus, I ask that You begin to release her from every lie, every idol, every false identity, and every fantasy that has kept her bound.

Open her eyes to see where the enemy has stolen her clarity.

Expose the blueprints she's adopted that You never authored.

Reveal to her where hustle has replaced holi-

ness.

Where branding has replaced boldness.

Where people-pleasing has replaced Your presence.

Holy Spirit, overtake her right now. Let Your truth pierce through the fog. Let Your presence flood the room where she is sitting. Wrap her in the security of knowing that You see her, You chose her, and You love her too much to let her keep building on sand.

God, I ask that You speak her name the way You whispered it before the foundations of the earth. Remind her of who she is. Show her the gift You placed in her hands. Resurrect the pieces of her identity that trauma buried. And restore her boldness to walk in what You called her to do, without apology, without pretense, without fear. Give her the courage to grieve what she never had.

The strength to release what no longer fits.

The fire to set boundaries without guilt.

And the faith to burn the old blueprint, so she
can finally build what You can bless.

In Jesus' name,

Amen.

THE BLUEPRINT IS BURNING

You don't need another formula.

You don't need another mentor.

You don't need another motivational quote.

You need to burn the blueprint.

The one built on performance.

The one soaked in people-pleasing.

The one shaped by rejection, fantasy, and fear.

God is not blessing what you're building if
you're building it from bondage.

And you already know that. That's why you're
still reading.

This chapter wasn't just words. It was a break-
ing. A divine disruption.

And now the fire's been lit. You can't unsee

what's been revealed.

You can't unknow what the Holy Spirit just confirmed.

So what will you do with it?

You're not just a business owner. You're a builder of altars.

Every offer you create, every brand you shape, every message you release, either draws people closer to the Father or lures them toward idolatry. There is no middle ground.

But here's the good news: you were made for righteousness.

The real you, the one God designed before time, was built with fire in her bones and truth in her mouth.

She doesn't compromise. She doesn't water it down. She doesn't trade her birthright for branding.

And she's rising now.

Not to prove herself. Not to please the crowd. But to walk in alignment.

To build what God can bless.

To leave behind the sand and stand on the
Rock.

To say with every fiber of her being:

“God, I’m done with the world’s plans. I want
Your design.”

So burn the blueprint.

Let the fire fall.

And watch what He builds through your ashes.