

HOW TO FIND

E-BOOK

THE PURPOSE

IN YOUR PAIN



Jordone Massey

***An Amazon
Bestselling
Ghostwriter***

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How to Find the Purpose in Your Pain

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Without You, the pages of this book would have gone with me to my grave. Thank you for turning my *pain into purpose*.

Thank you, God.

Love your daughter,

Jordone

Introduction

If you've picked this book up, you've likely faced some type of pain in your life and you're wondering the question that so many of us ask ourselves, "*Why am I going through this?*" In life, pain is inevitable. However, the outcome of the pain is up to you. When I say "outcome," I mean what you receive in return for going through a difficult season.

In life, pain is the one issue that connects every human being. No matter who you are or where you are from, at some point in life you'll have to go through some type of painful experience.

Grief, failure, and mistakes are all a part of our human experience. While we all have witnessed pain, we haven't all been as fortunate to *benefit from the pain*.

So many of us, including myself at times, have gone through hurtful experiences without ever reaping the beneficial lesson, reward, or relationship that was to blossom from that time in our life. This is because we become so distracted by our hurt that we neglect to ask God, "*Lord, what do you want to do with this? How do you want to use it to bless me and others?*"

Yes, pain is hurtful. But the experience was never meant to stop at the hurt.

You were meant to keep pushing forward through the race to reach the other side of the victory. The victory can't occur without the race and you'll never see it if you're always quitting before you get to the finish line.

This is why I wrote this book. *As I looked back on the multitude of pains in my life, I could observe times when I missed the blessing because I was too distracted by my hurt.*

I missed the opportunities to draw closer to Christ and learn more about Him in my struggles. I missed the blessings and the newfound strength that awaited my resilience. I missed the open doors and the favor that comes with being agile in difficult seasons.

Even worse, because I missed the lessons I was supposed to learn, I found myself in unnecessary cycles that God never intended for me to keep walking into. This is all because I didn't know that there are "benefits gained by the proper response to suffering" (*Women's Study Bible* 1450). So, I wrote this book not only to encourage you through your pain but also so that you could learn to benefit from your heartache.

Well, I suppose at this point you may be wondering, “*Who is this girl writing this book?*” Okay, so this may be a good time to introduce myself. After all, it is the introduction chapter of the book.

Well, my name is Jordone.

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EFFORT.*

In my life, I have endured more than the average amount of pain, grief, and trauma. As a child, I witnessed and experienced physical, emotional, and sexual abuse. As an adult, I had a stillborn daughter and a miscarriage only months apart from one another. As a single mother, I deal with the pain of my first husband’s infidelity and how it tore our family apart. As a daughter, I dealt with the grief of my father’s untimely passing and wondered why God chose to carry him to heaven at the same time I was mourning my failed marriage.

Since you picked this book up, I’m sure you have your own pain that you’re overcoming. I hope that as you turn the pages in these remaining chapters, you’ll find the good in what you’ve been through.

One of the most popular scriptures in the Bible says, “*And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose*” (Romans 8:28 NKJV).

In church, we have all heard this scripture shared with us to encourage us through our trials. Yet, how many of us have *witnessed* this scripture to be true for every area of our lives?

Many of us live to experience the unfortunate circumstances of life without ever fully understanding the “good” that was meant as a reward for us after the trial. This is because getting to the “good” part of what failed us takes effort. We don’t automatically reap goodness just because we are disappointed with a circumstance.

Getting the “good” requires intentionality, fighting, and a willingness to push forward with integrity, despite those who have wronged us. In this book, I want you to find the goodness that God has for you because of what you’ve been through.

I want you to find hope in your frustration and purpose in your pain.

Sit down, grab a group of girls, and get ready to shed some tears. We're going to cry a bit together but we're also going to find the inspiration that God desires for us so that we can learn how to press forward.

Are you ready?

Ok. *Here we go...*

Pray this out loud before reading this book:

Lord, open my heart to the words and scriptures in this book. I invite you to teach me your ways regarding my past, current, and unresolved pain. I pray that what I read in this book will bless my intimacy with you a hundred times over. May I gravitate toward knowing the depth of your love for me and be open to sharing it with others. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chapter 1:

My Journey of Pain

I grew up in the suburbs of a small town called Orangeburg, SC. I was blessed with many fortunate opportunities as a child. However, everything wasn't entirely peaches and cream. During my childhood, I regularly witnessed domestic violence and chaos. As a young girl, I was sexually assaulted at church by an elderly man who used peppermints to lure me to get his attention. Although I expressed what had happened to me, no one ever did much about it.

However, the circumstances of that time weren't entirely dark. Sometime in my younger years, my mom sent me to Bethel Christian Camp in South Carolina where I gave my heart to the Lord. It was at that camp that I had my first divine encounter with Jesus. As an adult in my thirties, I can still remember the Lord giving me a vision of His presence. I recall the moment I saw Him open a door for me as He reached out His hands to love me. Although that week at camp saved my soul, I was still an insecure little girl who would endure many traumas in the years to come.

When I was in the sixth grade, my mother became frustrated with my local school system and enrolled me in a predominantly White private school. Originally, I was one of only two Black girls in my class. Not only was my family's financial and social background of a lower standard than my peers, but I lived about an hour away from the school.

It was difficult to adjust to the culture shock and even more challenging to build relatable friendships. I was blessed to have some truly impactful teachers, like Ms. Petersen, along the way who inspired and nurtured me.

Unfortunately, at the time their love felt like no match to the bullying that I began to encounter in high school. I was called "stupid," "ugly," and "dummy" daily. I had water balloons thrown at my car as a form of teasing and by my senior year, I ate lunch alone every day.

After high school, I was eager to rush to an all-Black women's college to reclaim my identity and find redemption in a new social life. While my college years at a Historically Black

College were certainly empowering, I was very much still trapped in the insecurities, low self-esteem, and trauma of my past.

Although I was a Christian in my heart, I wasn't practicing a walk with the Lord and didn't have any consistent Christian mentorship after my prayer of salvation. I didn't know how to develop a prayer life, ask God to heal my wounds, or find the joy that God promises us after suffering. So, without the proper guidance, I resorted to handling my pain in the way that most college students do: by drinking, doing drugs, and having sex.

As you may have read in my first book, [*I Believe in God, Now What?*](#), by my college years, I was already sexually active and had become accustomed to using boyfriends to fill my void of acceptance. Unfortunately, by the time I entered college, that pattern of behavior continued.

During my sophomore year, a friend of mine was shot by a stray bullet and died in the ambulance. Since I had just been celebrating a birthday party with her only moments before the shooting, my emotional responses were complex. I felt grateful that I had left the party early. Simultaneously, I also developed a self-imposed pressure to live life with fewer limits and rules.

After that night, I started to respond to life with a "*you only live once!*" mentality. Promiscuity, addiction to marijuana, and alcohol abuse became all too familiar for me.

I was on a downward spiral within my soul while still excelling in school, studying abroad, and achieving internships with notable companies. However, any type of high-functioning drug usage can only maintain itself for so long. Eventually, the marijuana usage became so addictive that I needed the weed just to write my school papers.

Somehow, by the grace of God, I graduated cum laude. Later down the road, more pain found its way into my life. Just months after my college graduation, I was date raped. I became so suicidal and depressed. While driving, I would have thoughts of intentionally causing a deadly car accident just to escape my pain.

Fortunately, during this time, I had a lunch scheduled with a friend who was also a Christian. He didn't know how much I was struggling because I had only shared my trauma with my mom and a few close friends. Yet, during that lunch, I believe it was God who touched his heart to begin sharing his testimony and journey of faith with me.

As he began to share his testimony, I somehow found myself feeling comfortable enough to confide in him. I truly believe that it was his courage to share his own trials that gave me the bravery to share my own.

His words about Jesus brought me comfort and I suddenly began to find hope amid my trauma. After I got off work that day, I went home and rededicated my life to God, threw away all of my marijuana, and later began to look for a church family that I could call home. I was slowly beginning to understand that there were benefits like peace, love, and contentment that came from a committed relationship with Christ.

Although I had become more serious about my faith, my troubles were far from over. Sometime after I was raped, I was told by the police that there wasn't enough evidence for me to proceed with a trial and receive the justice I was hoping for.

I didn't know it at the time but I was beginning to understand that God doesn't promise us a life without pain when we come to Him. Instead, He promises us that He will carry us through our pain. Although that news was devastating for me to hear, I was fortunate enough to find comfort in the church family that I later found.

At that church, I found more than just family. I also found my first husband. In 2017, we married and by 2019 we began to experience serious heartache together. On March 17, 2019, our daughter Sarah Eden passed away.

She was stillborn on the day of her baby shower. Her umbilical cord had gotten tied in a knot while she was still inside of me. I was nine months pregnant at the time of her death.

It was especially unfortunate because my mom had planned an extremely elaborate baby shower for me with all the bells and whistles. We had pink candy, pink decor, and pink everything else lined up for 100+ guests at our city's elite country club. Imagine my heartache as the date of the shower arrived. Instead of celebrating, I was texting all our family and friends to let them know of her passing.

Even worse, her passing occurred just six days after my birthday. That was a reality that took years to adjust to as my birthday tended to remind me of her death. Shortly after she passed, a world of death, grief, and loss seemed to enter my life. Some of that grief I'll talk about in this book but other parts I prefer to keep to myself for now. Perhaps I will be able to share it in my next book.

Months after she passed, I had a miscarriage that only added an additional burden to my grieving process. Those initial months after Sarah's death were some of the most depressing, traumatic, and overwhelming seasons of my life.

Yet, somehow, they were also some of the most peaceful.

New Beginnings

At the time that my former husband and I were mourning our daughter, I had a friend, who we will call Katy, who opened her vacation home to me.

I explained to her how difficult it was to grieve Sarah in my small hometown. I lived in an area where everyone knew everyone. You couldn't even go into Walmart without bumping into your high school classmate. Even a simple trip to the grocery store seemed to turn into a conversation where someone was asking me about Sarah's death.

I felt like I needed to get away where no one knew my name. I wanted to mourn in peace with only a few close friends and family. So, when Katy heard my frustrations, she offered her beautiful vacation property to me as a gift. It was one of the most beautiful homes I had ever seen. Yes, it was a mansion indeed.

It had five bedrooms, overlooked a large private lake, and included a farm with beautiful horses. It also had more than enough nature trails where I could peacefully walk in the beautiful summer sun while gazing at miles of gorgeous trees.

More importantly, it was significantly far away from anyone I knew in my hometown. It was the perfect place to just be. I didn't have to put on airs about how I was feeling, answer questions about how I was doing, or feel pressure to smile when I wanted to cry. I could just be myself. Me, my husband at that time, a couple of close girlfriends, and God. That was it. And it was more than enough.

As I would walk along those trails during those summer afternoons, it was like I could hear God saying, *"I'm here to grieve with you daughter. You'll get through this and you're not alone."* Fortunately, I wasn't working full-time at that point. So, I had more free time during the day to rest in the presence of the Lord. I found myself praying for six hours on some days. At times, I would worship. Other times, I would just sit in His presence and not say a word.

Each time that I got up from my prayer room, I felt like I was beginning to understand a side of God that I had never known before. God was healing my perception and clearing my spiritual lenses. *Instead of seeing God's love through the lens of my pain, I was learning to see my pain through the lens of God's love.* The depth of my pain had also gravitated me to a deeper hunger for Him. In that hunger, I began to seek His Word and seek His presence like never before.

Each time in prayer, I was completely unaware of what was occurring around me. His love and presence were so profound that I lost consciousness of my worries, my problems, and my grief. I would leave the room with this overwhelming sensation of love and peace that's unlike anything you could ever find in this world.

After I prayed, it would take me a moment to gather my natural senses again. Because of the time that it took me to regain my consciousness, those special moments with God reminded me of the spiritual revelations that Paul described in 2 Corinthians 12:1- 4. During certain times of his spiritual walk with Christ, Paul recalled that he was unsure whether he was out of his body or within his body. Although I knew I was within my body, everything about those hours was so unnaturally peaceful. It was like a wave of indescribable love came to cover my entire being.

Who was this God who could be anything He wanted but decided to be love? Who was this God who commanded the whole universe but still cared about my issues? (Psalm 8:4-6 NKJV) In those moments, nothing else mattered. My bills, my enemies, and my burdens seemed so insignificant in the wave of His love. I still had moments of sadness but my hope had returned. *I could cry while finding joy in my tears and I could grieve while finding hope in my sorrow.*

Quite honestly, it was such an intimate time that it's challenging to put into words. Somehow, I was grieving a pain I had never known while also gaining a love I had never experienced. I was learning that God *truly is* a God of love and that we can have as much or as little of His presence as we desire. This is why the Bible says, *"Draw near to God and He will draw near to you..."* (James 4:8 NKJV).

I was indeed beginning to understand "pain's partnership with joy" (*Women's Study Bible* 1513). Childbirth is the perfect illustration of the odd partnership between pain and joy. Jesus teaches us that a woman painfully labors for hours to produce a child but that pain later becomes a distant memory that can't compare to the joy of her newborn baby (John 16:21 NKJV). That woman who becomes a mother gains a new joy and perspective about life that focuses on more than just herself. Like that woman, our pain produces the fruit of joy, character, and intimacy with Christ. *How can this be so?*

Well, it is the emotions that work against joy that help us to crave more of God. If we are so fortunate, it is our hurt, frustrations, and the cares of this world that draw us to desire a deeper wave of His presence. Without pain, we do not come to know His joy. It is because of pain that we can appreciate His love, care, and provision. It is because of heartache that we can draw closer to Him and it is because of sorrow that we can come to know His love. If we permit it to be so, pain certainly does work for our good. Like that woman who has just given birth to her

joy, once we arrive at the good of His presence, that pain that once was no longer affects us. And in the end, all that remains is a deeper intimacy with His love.

[Sample ends here]

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