



named by

God

kasey
van norman

overcoming your past, transforming your present, embracing your future

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REBECCA KRUYSWIJK, managing editor of *Bible Study Magazine*

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To Jesus Christ—the lover of my soul, the only one who sees my heart as it truly is. If nothing else, may these words bring you glory and honor. I praise you for granting these words to me, one of the most undeserving of your children. You are my life, my joy, and my daily pursuit. You are my heartbeat and the song that I sing. Thank you for the adventure and privilege of life. And thank you for loving the broken ones.

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Introduction

Through him God created everything in the heavenly realms and on earth. He made the things we can see and the things we can't see—such as thrones, kingdoms, rulers, and authorities in the unseen world. Everything was created through him and for him. He existed before anything else, and he holds all creation together. COLOSSIANS 1:16-17

I OFTEN WONDER WHY it took me so long to get it. As a child practically born in the church nursery and then raised in the Bible Belt, how did I reach my late twenties as one of the most insecure, self-defeated, guilt-ridden individuals on the face of the earth? How is it that this devoted Christian girl from East Texas who sang in the church choir and led small-group Bible study suddenly found herself tossing back a bottleful of Xanax to end it all?

As a believer from the age of nine, I found it easy to live my life accepting that Jesus was my *Savior*. I mean, who doesn't want to be saved from their stupid mistakes, from their moral failures and compromises, and—best of all—from death and the grave? I imagine many of you can relate. We may not even be conscious of it, but soon enough we're coasting through life with Jesus as our "step-in Savior"—believing in him only when we're aware there is something to be saved from. But sooner or later, we inevitably find ourselves at a crossroads. That's precisely what happened to me.

After a couple of decades of splashing in the shallow end of Christianity, I became plagued by questions that seemed to have no answers. I got bombarded by doubts about who I was and why I existed. At some point, looking within myself for the answer was

no longer enough. And simply buying into God as my Savior was no longer enough either.

If you haven't already noticed from the cover of the book, I have a tattoo that wraps around my left wrist. I should pause here to note that Christians have different opinions about the morality of tattoos, and I'm okay with that. But that's not really the issue I want to get into now. I'd rather share with you the meaning behind my tattoo, because it's not just there for looks. It holds spiritual significance for me.

The most obvious element of a tattoo is that it is permanent. Just as the ink is forever cut into the flesh of my wrist, as a believer in Jesus Christ, I am also permanently marked with his redemption.

My tattoo says, "Redeemed," and that's not something I chose lightly. I simply couldn't think of a more appropriate and powerful word to look at on a daily basis. It is the one common denominator of my life that I need to be reminded of most often—that I have been redeemed by God, despite my past sin or future failings. Take a moment to bask in the biblical definitions of the word *redeem*: "to free from what distresses or harms; to free from captivity by payment of ransom; to free from the consequences of sin."

My greatest internal struggle over the years has not been to love the Lord but to believe that he loves me back! The word *redeemed* on my wrist reminds me that despite my sin and failures, despite my unworthiness, despite my lack of faithfulness, the Lord remains faithful to love me and pursue me. Galatians 3:13-14 puts it this way: "Christ *redeemed* us from the curse of the law by becoming a curse for us, for it is written: 'Cursed is everyone who is hung on a pole.' He *redeemed* us in order that the blessing given to Abraham might come to the Gentiles through Christ Jesus, so that by faith we might receive the promise of the Spirit" (NIV, emphasis added).

When you make the choice to live a redeemed life, you will never

spend another breath in the bondage of guilt, shame, and regret over your yesterdays. You will no longer live as one oppressed by the enemy and his sinful schemes. You will no longer fear death, for you will truly believe that the one who is in you is more powerful than the clutches of the grave.

If you were to see my tattoo in person, you would notice that the artistic detail of the cuff wraps all the way around my wrist, with no beginning and no end. To me it represents my captivity to Christ—that I desire forever, with no beginning or end, to be in a state of surrender to my King and my Lord. It is a visible reminder that I belong to Christ—that I have been named by him.

So what does it mean to be named by God? In one sense, merely to be a human existing on this earth is to be stamped with God's imprint, since we were all created in his image from the beginning (see Genesis 1:27). Whether we choose to acknowledge God as our Creator or not, we are all born with a "God code"—a strand of spiritual DNA that hardwires us to know and serve a power higher than ourselves. However, *being born* as one named by God and *living* as one named by God are two different roads.

To be named by God—and to live that way—is to abide in a constant state of redemption and surrender. It is a place of knowing who you are in Christ and knowing that your true identity is found in him. It is a place of recognizing that other people's opinions and attitudes toward you no longer dictate your worth. It is a place where religion and rules fade away and your connection with your Creator becomes all the more central. And it is a place where your every word, every thought, every action is preceded by a clear move of the Lord. Being named by God is finding yourself by losing yourself—redemption and surrender.

Shallow-Water Savior

Surrender is the only way to freedom, but it can be terrifying. We can't just dip our toes in; we have to dive in headfirst. When I was a young woman, just eighteen years old, I found myself standing at the edge of surrender. I knew quite a bit about being a Christian, because I had felt the disgust for myself and my sin for many years. I certainly knew how to look like a Christian—show up at church, wear a fashionable dress, carry a Bible, quote a Scripture verse from time to time, hang out with Christian friends, serve in a ministry, and maybe even join a Bible study when I felt others might be catching on to who I really was outside the pristine, stained-glass sanctuary.

I had splashed in the shallows of God, had felt the refreshing spray of the ocean caress my ankles, but I'd never made it out to the depths. I could hear the deep water calling to me, inviting me to a life of adventure and joy, and I longed for it to envelop me completely. It was only steps in front of me, and yet there I stood, frozen in fear. I longed for the beauty and power of the waves and surf, but I was terrified of that unknown force that offers no guarantee of ease for those who choose to embrace the waves.

But every time I gathered my courage and poised my muscles to dive into the depths of God, scenes flooded through my mind in full color and sound—that one-night stand; the evenings of drunken stupor just to void myself of emotion; that lie that destroyed those closest to me; the rumor about me that turned out to be true; all the times I failed myself, others, and God. I was sure I had disqualified myself from God's grace and blessing on my life.

I write this book, dear reader, because I lived in the shallow water far too long. I have experienced the exhilarating freedom of diving into the depths with God, and I want to invite you on this adventure too. I write this book for *you*, oh treasured one of the King.

I write this book so that you may no longer simply desire to

be free, but that you may feel freedom seep from the very pores of your skin. I write this book so that you may no longer only talk of a life filled with hope and peace, but that you may begin to breathe it in and out on a moment-by-moment basis. I write this book so that you will not live one more day as a victim of circumstances or other people, but as a victor! I write this book with a prayer that, as I strip away my own masks and confess my sinful rebellion (yes, even as a Christian), it might ignite a passion deep within your soul for your Creator. I write this book so that you might see for yourself what authentic transformation and abundant living look like—that you will no longer wade complacently in the shallow end with your Savior, but that you will jump wholeheartedly into the deep end with your Lord.

The Highway of Your Past, Present, and Future

With each birthday, we change. With each death, we change. With each great love and each bitter heartbreak, we change. With each hurtful word and each cut of betrayal, we change. With each burst of happiness and each tear-inducing laugh, we change. With each good story, great friendship, and meaningful conversation, we change.

Our lives are in a constant state of change, moving fluidly between the past, the present, and the future. And so it is until the day we die. We can't stop change or do much to control it, but we can control the way we react to what happens to us along the way. With God's help, we can overcome our past, transform our present, and embrace our future.

On this highway of learning to live as one named by God, our journey will unfold in three parts. First, we will go down the winding road of our pasts, investigating the potholes of family baggage and original sin and how they impact the way we view ourselves and others. Much like a journey on a long stretch of road, we cannot

know where we are going until we know where we've been. I have wasted loads of sideways energy fueling the desire to forget what has happened in my past. Somewhere along the way we have been tricked into believing that if we can simply ignore what has happened to us, it will lose its hold on us. The truth is, however, that God does not intend for us to forget our past because it has the potential to make us stronger, more purpose-filled people. God can redeem those experiences and use them to transform us into a more accurate image of his Son. The key is that we must let him into those places so that we can see him—and ourselves—more clearly.

Next, we will hit the rest stop of our present. There we will unpack our tendency to lose our focus on God's calling for our lives. It's easy to get so hung up in either the past or the future that we fail to live fully in the present. We bring mountains of anxiety and fear on ourselves when we focus on the phases of our lives that no longer exist or do not yet exist. God has a calling for us to embrace right now, today.

Finally, we will feel the brisk wind of our future streaming across our faces as we catch God's vision for us. The almighty God has bigger plans than we can fathom, and he invites us to take part and join him in that adventure. Here we will learn to develop the audacious faith to be change makers in our world through the supernatural outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

—*Kasey Van Norman*

Part 1

Overcoming Your Past

LATER IN THIS BOOK we will discuss at length the incomprehensible beauty of life after Christ's grace has filled your lungs. But for now, we are going to take a brief look back. Let's get a glimpse into you—who you are, why you do the things you do, why you say the things you say, why you surround yourself with the people you do. We're going to take a trip down the beautiful (or ugly) highway of your past.

For some of us, this is very rocky terrain. It's not a place we want anyone in our lives to visit and not a place we particularly desire to spend much time in either. In fact, as far as our map of life goes, we may have tried to erase the roads that brought us suffering and pain, the roads with potholes that resulted in serious damage, and the roads from childhood that may still be under major construction.

If you are tempted to stop reading or skip to the next section at this point, please pay attention to the flashing lights and wait, because I am going to make a deal with you, my friend. I will not ask you to go down any unsteady path I haven't been willing to go down myself. I, too, have traveled my share of dangerous roads—some of them dead ends. And at times I kept on driving, only to find myself barely hanging on at the edge of a cliff.

So let's do this together, shall we? You're in the driver's seat, and I'm right next to you on the passenger's side. Grip the steering wheel tight—until your knuckles turn white, if necessary! (By the way, the steering wheel for this trip is whatever good, sturdy Bible you've got handy, and our tour guide is none other than the Creator of the universe.) It may be a bumpy and curvy ride for you, but he has been down this road many times before. Take comfort knowing that he's the one who made this road in the first place—and he made you, too. “In him we were also chosen, having been predestined according to the plan of him who works out everything in conformity with the purpose of his will” (Ephesians 1:11, NIV).

CHAPTER 1

Family Ties

ANYONE WHO HAS SPENT ANY TIME as the passenger while I'm driving will be quick to tell you that I am horrible with directions. In fact, it makes me crazy that my husband, Justin, has this sixth sense when it comes to where we are and where we're going. He can simply "feel" that we need to turn east or west, and what really gets me is that he's almost always right. The truth is, I'm jealous. I want to be able to just sense which direction is right without having to look at a map. And by the time my tearful ramblings force me to pull over and unfold the thing, it is not a pretty sight. By that time I am in such a pride-induced fit of bitterness that I am actually resentful toward the piece of paper. (Yeah, I know, real mature.)

What I find even more troubling, though, is the similar tendency I have when I lose my sense of direction in life. I'm

embarrassed to admit that sometimes I'd rather drive for miles in the wrong direction than be told I'm lost and in need of directions. That's because I know that the moment I unfold my map, I'll be forced to acknowledge just how far I've veered off course.

God has given us a map for our lives—a way to make sense of where we've been, where we are now, and where we're going. That map is our past.

For some of us, it makes sense that our past can serve to lead the way. Our past is rich and bright. We delight in it and praise

Who you are right this
minute has everything to
do with who you were days,
weeks, months, and even
years ago.

God for it. But for others of us, that sounds like a daunting, if not ludicrous, prospect. We might want to run from our past, ignore it, build a wall around it, or burn it . . . but let it be our guide? How could that be possible with such a rocky backstory? Like it or

not, however, our past will always be attached to us, just like our shadow. Whether you are an embracer or a runner when it comes to your past, you cannot escape the footsteps that bind you to those who went before you.

Whether thoughts of your past make you want to smile or break out in hives, your past is a defining characteristic of who you are. At this point many are quick to rebut, "I am not defined by my past! I am no longer involved in those thoughts, that environment, those actions. Therefore, I cannot possibly be defined by where I have been."

But what if I told you that being defined by your past does not have to be a bad or scary thing? What if I told you that who you are right this minute has everything to do with who you were

days, weeks, months, and even years ago? What would it be like to shatter all our presumptions that the past is some nightmare we are always trying to wake up from and instead embrace the footprints we have left behind (even the muddy ones)? The psalmist expresses this idea beautifully: “My suffering was good for me, for it taught me to pay attention to your decrees” (Psalm 119:71).

Child of God, when you can choose to see your past, present, and future through the filter of Christ, this rocky, winding, pothole-filled road will soon become clear, straight, and paved. Throughout part 1, we are going to dig into God’s Word to see the road signs he has been showing us all along the way. We will also be able to see how he can make a beautiful journey of redemption out of even the pitfalls of our past.

Where My Story Begins

My upbringing was pretty normal, I suppose, although who really knows what “normal” is? It certainly wasn’t a perfect childhood, but I do have many happy memories. My mother, who worked full-time at the local bank, was as devoted to us as she could be amid debt, laundry, dishes, and the slew of extracurricular activities my brother and sister and I were involved in. My father, who worked for the local electric company, was in and out of our home for much of my childhood. When he was around, he often found his happy place in the garage or at the hunting lease.

With my parents busy with jobs, paying the bills each month, and getting food on the table, we spent ample time with our grandparents. My grandparents were, to my best recollection, the first voices of wisdom I heard in the way of spiritual guidance. On a regular basis one of us would whine, “Gran, I *want* . . .” something

or other, and like clockwork, she would lovingly respond, “We should not *want* for anything. The Lord has provided all we need. What is it you would *like* to have?”

I grew up in a small town in East Texas. And while being raised in the Bible Belt of the nation certainly had its perks, such as a church on every corner and an openness to talking about faith, below the surface of the shiny steeples and the majestic pine trees lay the most destructive force known to well-meaning Christ followers: complacency.

Church traditions and rituals had deep roots in the soil of my community. Even from an early age, I felt victim to living a life that looked religious from the outside but lacked substance. With so many self-professed Christians in the area, my biggest concern was going to church—and looking the part. Sunday mornings were bittersweet for me because I was constantly striving for perfection but never seemed to have the right outfit to be deemed worthy of mingling with the cool kids. And my parents’ SUV was never new enough to park alongside the wealthier vehicles of our fellow churchgoers.

Each Sunday was the same. First a welcome and some hymns, a special solo, then the sermon (always consisting of a five-letter acrostic), and at last the invitation. I can still hear the booming voice of the well-dressed pastor as he rang out the rote call, almost songlike: “If you have yet to surrender yourself to the Holy Spirit and accept Jesus Christ as your personal Lord and Savior, please come to the front and allow me the privilege of leading you in the sinner’s prayer.”

I am sure that every time he spoke it, he meant it from his heart. Yet to my knowledge, no one ever came. And from what

I could tell, no one really cared that no one ever came. Myself included.

Throughout my youth, I believed religion fit into one neat box: “If you’re good enough, you’ll get to heaven.” I knew well the stories of Noah and the Flood, David and Goliath, and the baby Jesus in the manger (mostly due to the small felt cutouts of these characters we directed during our yearly vacation Bible school sessions). But even with the Bible stories and altar calls, somehow I never grasped the true message of what it means to follow Christ. I vividly remember feeling safe, loved, and comfortable within my church bubble as a child. However, with the teenage years just around the corner and a family system quickly fraying around the edges, my cozy bubble was about to burst.

Adolescence brought many changes for me. My father and I were never particularly close, but as I grew into a young woman, we drifted further and further apart. I’m certain that our shared stubbornness had much to do with it. I was a headstrong, independent girl who desperately wanted to know her father loved her, but I was afraid that to ask would show weakness. My dad was a work-driven father who desperately wanted to tell his daughter he loved her, but he was afraid that to say so would show weakness.

My parents’ inevitable divorce became final not long after my thirteenth birthday. I commemorated the event by running away from home. I see now that it was a dramatic plea for attention, but at the time, I knew of no other way to cope with the overwhelming sense of loss, doubt, and fear. From my limited teenage perspective, I somehow felt responsible for causing such devastation for my family.

Things Were Not Okay

The five years that followed ushered in one of the most rebellious, pain-filled seasons of my life. I was weak, unsure, and a prime target for the attacks of Satan. After the divorce, my parents seemed to turn into different people overnight. Both of them were racked with guilt from their decision and overtaken with fear of what was to become of our family. I suppose it was their defense mechanism, but for years they were cold and calloused, locking in all their emotions. There was no more laughing, no more crying, no more yelling—just nothing. Every waking moment seemed painful.

At the young age of thirteen I learned the ropes of “mommyhood.” While my friends were going to the movies and getting their first kisses, I was reading bedtime stories, preparing meals, and spending almost every weekend taking care of my two younger siblings. With a desperate desire to fit in, I convinced myself that if I looked normal, people would treat me as such. Therefore, I quickly put together a mask of what I considered “normal.” I wore it to school, to church, with my friends—pretty much all the time.

Each night, amid sobs and questions, I would tell myself that the Lord was with me and that it would be okay. But I knew down deep that things were *not* okay.

Until I was fifteen, I really held it together. In fact, I even surprised myself with what a good girl I was. I didn’t go to parties, I never touched alcohol or kissed boys, and I went to church with my grandparents even when no one else in my family would go. I made the honor roll every year, and I devoted myself to my passions—music and theater—as a welcome escape from the shambles of my home life.

My first boyfriend came as a bit of a shock to me. In fact, when

he asked me out for the first time, I thought it was some cruel joke. He was “Mr. Everything” at my high school, and I was “Miss Nobody”—just a freshman standing in awe of his “seniorness.” In some strange way, I thought this guy was a reward from God for my being a good girl when things got bad, for taking care of my siblings when I would rather have been somewhere else, and for putting up with so much mess that I didn’t deserve.

Only a few weeks into our so-called relationship, this boyfriend who claimed he didn’t want to kiss until the altar raped me. It was devastating. And the pain didn’t stop that day. That wound left scars on my soul that I thought would never heal. I built a protective shell around myself just to make it through each day. But on the inside, the shame I felt kept festering.

One of the most crushing blows from this experience was the effect it had on my faith. Since the moment I entered into a relationship with Jesus Christ at the age of nine, I had sensed his presence. I may not have understood what it meant to follow him completely, and he may have felt far away at times after my parents’ divorce, but I had always felt that God was there.

But in that one awful moment, I was stripped of every security and comfort I had managed to hang on to. Suddenly it was as if everything I had believed about God was nothing more than a fairy tale—just a nice story to calm us down and get us to sleep at night. In the moments that followed the rape, I felt completely and utterly alone, as if a great chasm now separated me from the God I had known. I felt sure that God had grown weary of me and had tossed me aside like a piece of garbage. With every day that passed and with every breath I drew, I felt more alone, more broken, and more abandoned by God. My initial questions for

God turned into bitterness, and that bitterness eventually made my heart cold and numb.

With a sense of unworthiness in my heart, and feeling much like a used car, I went in search of love—in all the wrong places, as the old Johnny Lee hit so accurately puts it. The next five years were a blur of pain and insecurity as I engaged in numerous promiscuous relationships, was hospitalized for a severe eating disorder, and was placed in therapy for cutting myself.

The crazy thing about all this was that no one in my life really knew what kind of pain I was experiencing. I had been involved in theater from a very young age, and it turns out I had become quite a good actress. On the outside I wore my dazzling Christian mask, but it was only covering up terrified screams for help. I would leave every sexual encounter in sobs, begging God to help me find satisfaction in him and not in a boy. I would be in the middle of slashing my forearm while at the same time praying for God to make the pain go away.

An Honest Assessment

If you had asked me several years ago to tell my family history, it would have been too overshadowed with bitterness and rage to be accurate. I would have made it clear to you that it was my background—growing up without a father figure, watching my parents go through a messy divorce, and being raped as a teenager—that was responsible for all my bad decisions. I would have told you that those experiences were solely to blame for the open wound of bondage that kept oozing for years afterward. I would have said it was inevitable, after being a victim of such sin, that I would one day lash out in rebellion against God and others. But that was then. . . .

Now, after a few therapy sessions, an emotional breakdown that almost cost me my life, and a monumental move of the Holy Spirit, I have matured enough to see my family through the filtered lens of Christ, not merely with human eyes. This is a gift I pray that you, too, will receive over the course of the coming chapters.

You see, as long as I continued to view my life from a reactive point of view—“They did this to me, and as a result, I did that”—I was still making the story about *me* . . . and completely missing God! It’s true that human beings make sinful choices that impact the lives of those around them. But that doesn’t have to be the end of our story.

Not long ago my eyes were opened to another angle of my story. Although it’s true that harmful things were done to me, I *chose* to live under this shadow. No family member chose it for me or forced me to live under that curse. Dear reader, in order for us to make a fair and healthy assessment of where we are now in relation to Christ, we must dig deep into our family roots from the perspective of truth, not just emotion. We must choose to see those closest to us in the same way our heavenly Father does—as imperfect people who make imperfect choices. And we must take responsibility for our part in our own baggage and not just dump it all on someone else’s doorstep.

For us to truly experience a life worth living, we must take responsibility, not for what has been done to us, but for our reaction to what has been done to us.

For me, this means taking responsibility for the moments I lied to my parents, yelled at them, slammed the door in their faces, and completely disrespected them. I must take ownership for the moments I chose to believe the rank deceptions Satan breathed

into my ear. I must take responsibility for my rebellion and disobedience when I knew good and well that what I was doing was wrong and that I was hurting myself and others.

For us to truly experience a life worth living, we must take responsibility, not for what has been done to us, but for our reaction to what has been done to us. As long as I focused on what had been done to me, I could never see clearly enough to discover

There is one sure antidote to self-pity over your past, and that is an awareness that, regardless of what has happened to you, you still belong to God.

what God wanted to do *within* me.

It was not my fault that my parents chose to get divorced or that the high school senior chose to rape me. The fallen world we live in ensures that we will endure pain and hardship at the hands of others. It is a guarantee that people are going to hurt us in one way

or another. If we do not learn how to respond rightly to those who hurt us, we will continue to live in misery and, because misery loves company, bring others right along with us.

The Bible offers a brilliant alternative to the world's way of dealing with suffering and unfair treatment:

God is pleased with you when you do what you know is right and patiently endure unfair treatment. Of course, you get no credit for being patient if you are beaten for doing wrong. But if you suffer for doing good and endure it patiently, God is pleased with you. For God called you to do good, even if it means suffering, just as Christ suffered for you. He is your example, and you must follow in his steps.

I PETER 2:19-21

As long as we focus on the wrongs done to us instead of bringing that hurt before the Lord, we will remain bitter and immobilized by the destructive force of self-pity. When we find ourselves sucked into this vortex of self-pity over things that have unjustly happened to us, our past is making us miserable in the present. And that, my friend, is on us! Psalm 73:21-22 describes that condition perfectly: “I realized that my heart was bitter, and I was all torn up inside. I was so foolish and ignorant—I must have seemed like a senseless animal to you.” A self-pitying heart will inevitably grow bitter, and a bitter heart will inevitably grow cold, desensitizing us to the movement of God in our lives. In other words, a self-pitying heart can turn you stupid real quick.

There is one sure antidote to self-pity over your past, and that is an awareness that regardless of what has happened to you, you still belong to God. No matter what you witnessed in your childhood or what was done to you in your adolescence or what your family of origin was like, God remains near to you. This psalm puts it beautifully:

Yet I still belong to you; you hold my right hand. You guide me with your counsel, leading me to a glorious destiny.
Whom have I in heaven but you? I desire you more than anything on earth. My health may fail, and my spirit may grow weak, but God remains the strength of my heart;
he is mine forever. PSALM 73:23-26

What amazes me about this passage is the realization that not only do *we* belong to *him* but that *he* belongs to *us*. The closing phrase of this verse sends a wave of awe through every pore on my body: “he is mine forever.”

God is not simply a childhood fairy tale. He is the source of your breath and life. He is ever present, ever abiding, and ever capable. He chose you before the foundation of the earth was laid, and he knew the painful circumstances you would endure before the moon cast its first beam of light into the darkness.

We will see in future chapters how God can use every place of your hurt and pain to redeem it for his great purposes. But for now, may we rest in this truth:

YOU ARE NAMED BY GOD: *He is yours.*

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About the Author

Kasey Van Norman is a Bible teacher who is passionate about people and the proclaiming of the gospel. As the founder and president of Kasey Van Norman Ministries, based in College Station, Texas, her heart's desire is to be a fresh voice that bridges the gap between the church and the lost. Kasey's teaching style, whether she's speaking or writing, radiates a refreshing authenticity as she speaks to a generation that is tired of hypocrisy and hungry for transparent leaders. Kasey's ability to relate to others, as well as to promote supernatural bondage breaking, grows out of surviving a lifetime of difficult circumstances. And she didn't simply survive; she was transformed when she came face-to-face with the love and grace of God.

Kasey is married to Justin, her best friend, college sweetheart, and a man who continually models the love and grace of Jesus to her. The couple resides in College Station, Texas. They have two children: Emma Grace and Lake.

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