

The

Hardest Part

of the

**WAIT**

is the Weight

*Don't Settle  
for Less.  
Wait for  
God's Best.*

**BARBARA DEMPSON**

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by  
Barbara Dempson

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## INTRODUCTION

# *Discovering My Truth*

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*“Sometimes we have to reveal a little  
of ourselves in order for others to be blessed.”*

BARBARA DEMPSON

Those of you who know me and are familiar with the work that I do through She-Attitudes, LLC are aware that I was once a victim of domestic violence. You are probably thinking that this book is about domestic violence. In this book, I do provide you with glimpses of that period in my life, and I support organizations that provide services to families confronted with domestic violence, but, surprisingly, this book is not about domestic violence. This book is about truth. Discovering our truth.

As diabolical as domestic violence is, I faced my greatest opponent after fleeing my marriage. In order to flee quickly from the abuse, I was forced to escape into the wilderness. The wilderness proved to be a safe place for me should the enemy come after me because I could hide behind a tree or cover myself with leaves to camouflage my hiding place.

The wilderness was a gloomy place, void of life. My time in the wilderness was dark and lonely. I spent most of my time collecting and reassembling the fragments of my life. I reflected on my past, reliving the hurt with every reflection. I was forced to rewind the tape and replay the scenes day after day. Frame by frame, I re-enacted each scene as each one represented a fragment of my life. As the pieces started to come together, I was then able to see my life in full view and examine its content. Upon closer inspection, seems the person who hurt me the most was me. I was my greatest opponent.



*The wilderness is where I discovered my truth.*

The wilderness taught me three things: I learned a lot about myself, I learned a lot about people, and I learned that *everything* centers on hope. Whatever you hope will happen, will happen. Whatever you hope will be, will be. Whatever you hope to be, you will become.

In the wilderness I got to see my life played out on the big screen. I was able to see my life in a form that I had never seen it before—raw and uncut.

I was also able to see people, the characters in my life story, as they were—uncovered, naked, fully exposed. It is through these lessons that I learned which relationships to hold on to and which to sever. Severing ties has always proven to be one of life's toughest lessons, and it is not at all pleasing to the soul, but when God reveals a person to you, trust the revelation because only God knows what's truly in a person's heart concerning you.

I entered the wilderness battered and broken. I was able to see who I was in parallel to who I no longer wanted to be. I re-imagined my life as a victor and no longer a victim, but in order to re-emerge as victor, I first needed to take off the bandages. I then needed to reclaim the promises of God so I could rewrite the pages of my life and make a new start. As my time in the wilderness was finally coming to an end, I spent each moment reading the pages of my new life and rehearsing the lines from my new story to remind myself of the new life that God had given me. I am now able to repurpose the broken fragments for a greater work—writing this book.

I wrote this book because so many of us women are on a quest to find love—*true* love. And, often, during our

quest, find ourselves in relationships full of sex, but void of love. We confuse sex with commitment and an orgasm with love. The road that I traveled that led to my time in the wilderness was because I, too, mistook sex for commitment and orgasm for love. Unfortunately, the sex was so great and so powerful that it nearly cost me my life. But my road didn't stop there, I continued to travel the road in search of my truth.

When men make love to us we feel whole. When they are inside of us, our heart is so full that it feels like it is going to explode. Then it is over, and he zips up and leaves. When he leaves, there is a hole in our heart where his penis used to be.

Men don't make love to our bodies; they make love to our hearts. Seems logical to think when you're having sex that the man is making love to your body because this is where you feel the sensation during the act, but long after the orgasm, the heart is still bleeding from the puncture wounds. With every thrust of his penis, your heart is punctured. Every time thereafter when he penetrates you, the hole in your heart gets larger and larger. When he is done, you are left with a gaping heart that can only be made whole with his penis inside of you. So you await his return. When he does not return, you're left with a wounded, bleeding heart. So you go in search of your truth. You are now on another quest to find love because you need someone who can fill the hole in your heart and stop the bleeding. Before you know it, you have journeyed from one failed relationship to the next, giving away everything and receiving nothing but a wounded heart in return.

My hope is that every woman who reads this book will find her herself on its pages and discover her truth, truth that will make her forever whole.