

EVICTED ON PURPOSE

When God stops whispering and takes the roof off

CHAPTER ONE

The Day God took off the roof

I used to think eviction happened when someone taped a notice on your door.

Something legal.

Something official.

Something you could blame.

That's bullshit.

The real eviction never starts with a landlord.

It starts when God decides you're done pretending.

Mine didn't come with paperwork.

It came as pressure — low-grade at first, like a dull ache you convince yourself is normal.

I was good at that.

Convincing myself.

It started in my chest.

Not panic.

Not fear.

Just a relentless, irritating truth tapping from the inside like:

You don't live here anymore.

I ignored it.

Of course I did.

I had a five-bedroom house.

A pool.

Landscaping trimmed by someone else so I could pretend effortlessness was a personality trait.

I had the life I was trained to want.

The kind of life that looks impressive enough to silence your own doubts.

The kind of life my father worshipped.

I can still see him floating in that pool, cigar in hand, laughing at his own power:

“I wonder what the poor folks are doing.”

Even as a child, something in me recoiled.

I didn't have language for it — just a quiet knowing that this wasn't the kind of power I wanted.

And yet, somehow, I built the same goddamn house anyway.

Same hierarchy.

Same silence.

Same polished exterior hiding rot underneath.

And yet.

Because here's the part no one likes to admit:

You can swear you'll never repeat the pattern
and still end up living in it — just upgraded, just justified, just better decorated.

You can hate the system
and still recreate it
if it's the only blueprint you were handed.

By day, I was a CFO.

The woman everyone called when things were on fire.

The one who fixed problems no one else could see — or wanted to take responsibility for.

The one quietly bleeding out while everyone else slept.

People think burnout comes from exhaustion.

Idiots.

Burnout comes from betrayal.

From giving your brilliance to people who don't deserve your genius.
From holding collapsing systems together while being treated like furniture.
From watching mediocrity get rewarded while you carry the fucking weight.

I saved businesses.

I worked through nights, weekends, surgeries, grief, sickness.

I made millions for men who never once asked what it cost me.

They paid me just enough to keep me trapped.

They demanded my life.

And the most damning part?

I agreed.

I kept thinking peace was something I could earn if I just worked harder, stayed longer, proved more.

That's the lie good girls choke on.

Peace never came.

What came instead was emptiness — the kind that shows up in your kitchen at night and makes you realize:

I don't recognize the woman I've become.

That's when the house stopped lying to me.

I'd walk through it and feel like an intruder in my own life.

The walls didn't echo comfort — they echoed the script I had mistaken for truth:

This is what success looks like.

But underneath that script was another voice — quieter, sharper, impossible to shut up:

Success isn't the same as purpose.

And you're dying here.

I wish I could tell you I listened right away.

I didn't.

I fucking stayed.

Because that's what good daughters do.

That's what responsible women do.

That's what people who don't want to disappoint family, God, or society do.

They stay in lives that are killing them

because leaving looks reckless

and staying looks virtuous.

Here's the truth that wrecked me:

You can follow every rule you were given

and still end up in a life that is fundamentally wrong for your soul.

That's when God starts the eviction.

Not gently.

Not poetically.

And definitely not on your timeline.

The first eviction is internal.

It's the whisper you argue with.

The one you negotiate around.

The one you try to contain.

If I just organize this...

If I put it in storage...

If I don't take it all the way to the land...

Maybe I won't collapse on the living room floor.

That storage unit wasn't storage.

It was a bargaining chip.

It was me saying to God:

Take some of it — just not all of me.

God listened.

Then He waited.

Then — when I kept trying to force divine timing to align with lease agreements, respectability, and good-girl optics — He stopped whispering.

He asked nicely.

And then He said:

I asked you nicely.

Now I'm taking the roof off.

Because God does not give a single shit about your paperwork when your purpose is on the line.

By the time the physical eviction showed up, the spiritual one had been underway for months.

The landlord wasn't the villain.

He was the receipt.

My soul had already moved out long before my body caught up.

Yes, there was a moment that detonated everything.

Small.

Absurd.

Unlikely.

A TikTok ad.

A spark.

Purpose disguised as an algorithm.

But that comes later.

There's a reason people whisper the word *eviction* like it's a disease.

We treat it like modern-day leprosy — something contagious, something shameful, something you're supposed to hide so it doesn't infect "respectable" society.

Eviction doesn't just remove your housing; it brands you.

It turns a human breaking point into a moral failure.

It teaches people to disappear, to lie, to pretend it never happened — because the judgment is often worse than the loss itself.

And the cruelest irony?

The very moment someone finally surrenders to truth, to God, to the life they can no longer survive pretending to want — is the same moment the world decides they are unfit for stability.

Before the ad.

Before the land.

Before the notice.

Before the judgment and the shame and the *NO PRIOR EVICTIONS ALLOWED* bullshit.

There was this:

A woman standing in a beautiful house
finally admitting the truth she had spent decades outrunning:

This isn't my home.

That wasn't weakness.

That was agency clawing its way back.

That was the first eviction.

And it was on purpose.