

# When I Feel Like a Fraud



[Kristi Woods](#)

“My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth.” [Psalm 121:2](#)  
(NIV)

Sometimes I feel like a fraud. It happened again the other day.

My child found trouble at school. His wrestle with a heart issue surfaced and accountability was deemed necessary.

In the midst of his struggle, I also struggled. I wrestled with feeling like a Christian fraud: I thought you were supposed to be a good Christian mom. If you raised him right, he wouldn't have these problems. What will others think?

Thoughts roared. My worth quaked. I wanted to run and hide. I began to question how worthwhile my Christian mothering was, how sincere my own faith stood. The feelings pounded with force.

But then I remembered where true help is found, and the view changed. In the midst of an emotional whirlwind, the Lord set my eyes on Psalm 121.

Its message rang clear. True help comes from only one place: the Lord.

Its lesson rooted deep. Its impact proved life-changing. And it was in dire need of use against feelings of fraud. I needed help!

Portions of Psalm 121 rushed from my mouth: "I lift up my eyes. My help comes from You, LORD, Maker of heaven and earth."

I sputtered the confession a second time, clawing to escape fraud's lie: "I lift up my eyes. My help comes from You, LORD, Maker of heaven and earth."

I assured myself with the confession three times. It was a coaxing of the necessary kind.

Clinging to this truth mirrored hanging on a cliff, clawing for dear life. It was hard! The weight of past habits pulled on me, but I was determined.

I did feel like a fraud, like a bad mom whose Christian flag apparently waved at half-staff or whose wilted flower lay lifeless on the dirt, kicked and trampled on by passersby.

But that wasn't *truth*.

I did feel like a mom whose child might wrestle needlessly or walk away from their faith altogether.

But that wasn't mine to control. It was mine to pray over.

I did question if there was something I didn't handle or instill appropriately.

But then, I purposefully stopped believing the feelings and intentionally looked to the Lord. And I was helped.

As I climbed this mountain of despair, the Lord offered the only "arm-up" to true safety available. Grasping trust in His Word was thought-changing, like pulling up and over the cliff's edge. Our God is a life-saving, thought-changing God.

Our children, spouses, or others don't define us. Truth does, His help assures.

People are not our salvation. Jesus is.

Others' works aren't stars on our performance chart. His grace has approved us, simply by faith.

We aren't what we feel and certainly aren't a fraud when troubles rise. We are what God says we are — accepted, dearly loved and forgiven.

Thankfully, help isn't found in fraudulent feelings. They'll tout their story and we might be tempted to believe, but true help is found by looking to the Lord, the very One who made heaven and earth. True help is found in His truth. On that, we can assuredly stand firm.

Father, I desire to trust You in every area of my life. Forgive me for times when I've run to other counsel. Cause me to trust in and be changed by Your truth. Steep me in Your help for my worth, direction, wisdom and more. Thank You, Lord. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

[Kristi's website](#)

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