

Come Out Of Hiding!

By Brittany Pugh

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Foreword

Proverbs 22:6(KJV) declares: Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. As I write this forward, Brittany Pugh is a living testament of this statement. I have had the opportunity as her grandmother to raise her and I have always told her that God had a special work for her to do. Brittany was born and raised in church; like most young people, she went through a season where she tried to do things her own way, however the calling and anointing on her life drew her back to the path God had for her from birth.

Being raised in church, she participated in the youth choir, ushering, praise dance and mime ministry. Brittany spent years in ministry and leadership and has proven herself to be a voice for her generation and a natural leader. She has always had a gift for writing as well and I am so glad to see how she is allowing the Lord to use her for his glory. *Come Out Of Hiding* is her first published work and it tells her story of deliverance. Her transparency shines a light on how she got lead astray, lies the enemy used to manipulate and distract her and her journey of deliverance from many generational curses, word curses and identity issues which led her to a lifestyle of homosexuality and other things. Being led by the Holy Spirit, Brittany feels compelled to

share her testimony to help others not only get free-but stay free!

She often says: “I was on my way to hell while sitting on the second row of church every Sunday”. This book is full of not only scriptures but also strategies to put in place to help others walk out their deliverance as well. Come Out Of Hiding was written for the next generation bloodline breakers and generational curse breakers. For the David’s, Jeremiah’s and Gideons of this new age. There is an army raising up to tear down the kingdom of darkness and if you are reading this book, you are being called to the kingdom for such a time as this.

-Ms. Frances Pugh (granny)

Introduction

I am going to be completely honest and transparent in this book. I will share the process God took me through with the intent of encouraging and helping others to not only get free but stay free! Revelation 12:11 declares “They conquered him (the enemy) by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony”. Once we are delivered, we are then mandated to go back and get those who are still bound. My prayer is that as you read this book, the chains of bondage will be broken off your life as well as those you are standing in the gap for. Prior to God snatching me up and getting my attention, deliverance was not something I sought after or even felt I needed at the time.

I knew there were some toxic people and bad habits that needed to be removed but the word deliverance scared me and seemed a bit extreme. I wanted to share that to encourage you and let you know that even in seasons where you may not want to be delivered, or not even think you need to be delivered from anything, or you might feel that you are too far gone to be delivered. Rest assured in this, God will completely interrupt your life without your permission just to save you because you have purpose and destiny waiting on you and- it is not too late! The enemy does not want you to know that, but I am here to dismantle his kingdom by exposing his

lies! You are reading this book for a reason. God is ready to shift some things in your life! Deliverance shall be your portion in Jesus' name. And it is so! Let us begin.

Chapter 1

In the Beginning

I am the only girl and the youngest of 5 children. My brothers and I were raised by my grandmother. As a child I was sickly and suffered from jaundice which is a condition that affects your skin and eyes and causes a yellow discoloring. I was also born without bowel ducts which is a part of the stomach that helps eliminate stool, because of that, I had to wear a colostomy bag. At the age of 2, I had to be taken to Cincinnati, OH to have a liver transplant. When my grandma got the call that a liver had been made available, the hospital was going to transport us by helicopter to get there sooner but my mom was afraid to fly so my grandma drove us there. I was in surgery for 12 hours, tubes everywhere-even had an I.V. in my foot as I was told by my grandma.

After the surgery was over, the doctors discovered there was an issue and had to go back in for another 12 hours, so I spent a full 24 hours in surgery. I can only imagine what my mom and grandma were going through as they waited to hear from the doctors. I know they were praying the whole time and my Pastor and church also prayed for me before we left home. They gave my grandma money for gas and traveling expenses. Many people were

praying for me and God was listening all along. I have what is called a segmented liver which means they cut off a portion of an adult liver and used that instead of giving me a baby liver. This was because with a baby liver, it could turn out to be bad and be rejected by the body after a few years, but a full-grown liver has already developed to what it will be, so the chances of rejection are lower.

I spent some time in the Ronald McDonald house in Cincinnati after having my transplant. I remember watching “The Arsenio Hall Show” every night before bed; I had the biggest crush on him at that time. My mom wrote him a letter about me having a transplant and his staff sent me a letter and a white teddy bear! I cherished that bear for a long time and never even took it out of the plastic. I was put on anti-rejection medicine and got bloodwork done once a month at my local Children’s Hospital and went back to Cincinnati once a year for a checkup. But thank God, I have never had an issue with rejection or any other side effect since having my transplant.

I have been a threat to the kingdom of darkness since I was conceived in my mother’s womb. That is why the enemy has been trying to kill me from birth. In the Bible there are stories of two other babies that the enemy tried to kill at a young age as well because he knew they were going to deliver their people. Around the time Jesus was born in Bethlehem there was a King named Herod who ruled the land. Wise men came from the East to worship the newborn King of the Jews. Herod was very insecure and threatened by Jesus even as a

baby. He lied to the wise men and told them to let him know where the baby was so he also could worship him.

God warned the wise men in a dream that they should return another way and not tell Herod where the baby was. An angel also appeared to Joseph in a dream and told him to leave Jerusalem and take Mary and Baby Jesus to Egypt because Herod was seeking to destroy Jesus. The second person is Moses. At the time Moses was born in Egypt, Pharaoh had sent out a decree to the Hebrew midwives who were delivering babies and told them to kill every male Hebrew child that was born. But the midwives feared God and did not obey what Pharaoh said. When Moses was born his mother hid him for three months because she knew there was something special about her baby boy. When she could no longer hide him, she sent him up the river in a basket.

While Moses was in the river, his sister watched from a far off and Pharaoh's daughter ended up seeing the baby. When she saw he was a Hebrew baby she told Moses' sister to take the baby to one of the Hebrew women to breastfeed and nurture him. Moses' sister took him back to his birth mother. Moses was raised in Pharaoh's house and his daughter named him Moses which means "drawn out of the water" because she got him out of the river. Just like Jesus and Moses, I too was called to help deliver others and that has made me a target from day one. But the good news is that the enemy cannot kill who God has anointed to live or the purpose that He has established. The enemy knew

he could not destroy me, so he did everything in his power to distract me.

Growing up, my mother did not live with us, but she would come stay with us a lot. Once she became sick, she needed someone to take care of her and she moved in with one of her friends. I will never forget that last visit on a Wednesday in September in 1998. She spent the night in bed with me and helped me pick out my clothes for school the next day. I remember it was a Wednesday because I went to a private school and we wore uniforms but on Thursday we would have gym and we got to dress down. I was so happy she was there with us and got to lay in the bed with me. The next morning, when she woke up, she said she could not breathe. My grandmother called 911, the ambulance came and took my mom away and the next time I saw her was at J.W. Ross funeral home.

The enemy does not play fair at all and he does not discriminate. He does not care how young you are or what you are going through; he will use any situation he can to try to destroy you. He used the loss of my mother to plant seeds of abandonment, rejection, anger, trauma and hurt. At the time I did not really understand it, but now I know that my mom really did love us, and she did the best she could with what she had. Just when it seemed like our relationship was starting to develop more that is when she passed away and I did not get to say goodbye. At 10-years old I did not have the mental capacity, or the tools needed to process this correctly.