

# Surgery

*The morning the sky opened and God gave me permission to live whole. To build whole. To create whole.*

By Misi Diona

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I woke up and it came through before my feet touched the floor.

*It's okay for you to love him.*

*Give yourself permission to freely love and secure.*

*Be present. Stay free. Let the past go.*

*Your energy is powerful — and actually, your thoughts, your feelings, your behaviors do create.*

Then five scriptures, one after the other, like a list being handed to me — not preached at me. Inherited, not assigned.

Hosea 4.

Matthew 18.

Proverbs 22 through 28.

Psalms 119.

Ephesians 2:6.

I sat with it. And what I realized is — this was not a pep talk. This was not God being sweet. This was surgery.

But what was actually being cut out of me was older than any one relationship, any one launch, any one collapse. What was being cut out of me was the split.

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**The sky was already open.**

I have to name something before I go any further, because if I leave it out, the whole piece is still dishonest — and this piece is about the end of hiding.

The download I received yesterday morning came through on the **New Moon in Aries**. The first new moon of the astrological year. The reset button of the zodiac. And it did not arrive alone. It landed inside an **Aries stellium** — the sun, the moon, Mercury, Mars, Saturn, Neptune, and **Chiron the Wounded Healer** all stacked in Aries at the same time, with **Eris — the Feminine Warrior archetype** — sitting in conjunction. Eight planetary factors in the sign of new beginnings, with the wounded healer and the feminine warrior holding the door open.

The sky was doing surgery. The sky was doing a reset. The sky was saying — *wounded woman, warrior woman, come get your new beginning. Right now. This is the window.*

And the Holy Spirit used that window. The Word came through the scriptures. The witness came through the heavens. Heaven and earth in agreement. The way they always were.

Let me say the part I have been hiding for too long, because today is the day I stop splitting **everywhere** — including here.

**I am not a witch. I am a woman led by the Holy Spirit who also knows how to read the signs God Godself hung in the sky.**

Those are not the same thing, and anybody who told you they were was lying — probably not on purpose, but lying nonetheless, because they inherited fear instead of knowledge and passed it down without examining it. Witchcraft is the attempt to manipulate spiritual forces for personal power apart from God. What I do is the opposite. I **receive**. From the Holy Spirit. Through scripture. Through the weather God set in motion on the fourth day of creation — when the Word went out, *let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years.*

For signs. The sky was literally installed as a sign system. By God. In Genesis. On day four.

The wise men followed a star to Jesus. They were not witches. They were readers. The daughters of Issachar were honored in 1 Chronicles because *they understood the times and knew what Israel ought to do*. Reading the times is not heresy. Reading the times is scripture.

For years I have been quiet about how deep I go here. I have let family members think I was dabbling in something dark so the conversation could end faster. I have code-switched my spiritual vocabulary in rooms that would have recoiled from the full picture. I have been a woman who hears God through the Word AND through the calendars God Godself set in the heavens — and I

have been splitting that woman in half so the people around me could stay comfortable.

That ends today. That was the whole surgery.

I am led by Jesus. I am filled with the Holy Spirit. I do not idolize the moon. I do not pray to planets. I do not manipulate. I **listen**. And the God I listen to was refining me with the knowledge of God's own creation the whole time. I am not leaving God's table to read the sky. I am reading the sky **from** God's table, because God is the one who set it.

So when my spirit woke up yesterday and heard, *I am creating a new thing in you* — and heard it on the exact morning of the most potent new moon of the astrological year, with Chiron the wounded healer presiding over the reset — I received that as confirmation, not coincidence. The Word said *new thing*. The sky said *new cycle, wounded healer present, warrior woman activated, surgery window open*. Both were saying the same thing because they come from the same Source.

The sky was already open. The Holy Spirit walked me through the door.

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## **A note on how I name God.**

One more thing before I go on, because the way I speak about God in this piece is intentional and some of you will notice.

I do not say *He*. Not because I am being clever. Because God is not a man. God is not a woman either. God is **both and**. Source. The I Am. The One in whom masculine and feminine originate — which means God cannot be shrunk into either one without making God smaller than God is.

Genesis 1:27 says it clean. *God created humankind in God's own image — male and female God created them*. **Both** came out of the one image. Which means the image already contained both. The Hebrew word for God in Genesis 1 is *Elohim* — plural in form, singular in meaning. The Spirit of God — *Ruach* — is feminine in Hebrew grammar. Wisdom speaks as a woman in Proverbs 8 and was with God before the world was made. Jesus compared Godself to a hen gathering her chicks in Matthew 23 in the same breath Jesus called God *Father*.

The whole revelation already holds what I am naming. The church narrowed it. Scripture never did. The default-He is human cultural overlay, not the posture of Jesus — who sat with the woman at the well when no rabbi would, who appeared to Mary Magdalene first after the resurrection, who let Mary of Bethany sit at Jesus' feet as a disciple when women were not allowed to learn Torah. Jesus was not sexist. The church got sexist later.

When I say *God* in this piece and refuse to default to *He* — that is me refusing to split the Divine into a form small enough for the patriarchy to hold. I am not editing scripture. I am returning to it.

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## **Let me say it plain.**

**I am a powerhouse who understands her sensitivity.**

**I am a genius who once fought her gifts, her structure, her intensity.**

**I am a woman who has been consumed with how people think and feel and need me to be in the world — to the point of forgetting I have permission to just be whole in it.**

That is the standing from which this whole piece is being written. Not from a place of *figuring it out*. From a place of naming what is already true about me out loud, with no apology, so the women who carry the same weight can finally hear another voice saying it first.

And here is what I got yesterday morning that I have to give to you:

**Love and work were never separate. The culture splits them. I never have. And when one side goes off-center, the whole thing goes shaky — because a powerhouse-sensitive-genius-who-won't-split cannot thrive in one lane while the other lane collapses.** Purpose turns into survival. Building turns into existence. Living turns into fear dressed up in productivity.

I cannot keep up with the Joneses and the culture rhetoric on love and relationships. I won't. And I cannot keep up with how we have been conditioned to understand how our vehicles of purpose and work are supposed to land either. Both of those are templates. Both of them are lies that split the woman into pieces and then sell her the pieces back as content. I will not do it.

Today is about permission to live whole. To build whole. To create whole.

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## **The brother who did not split.**

I have to talk about Jesus directly here, because Jesus is the prototype of everything this piece is teaching.

Jesus did not split. That is the whole thing. That is why Jesus was persecuted. That is why the religious class could not handle Jesus and the political class could not handle Jesus and the disciples themselves could not handle Jesus. A man who was fully God and fully human, fully soft and fully fierce, fully tender with women and fully confrontational with power, fully rooted in the Father and fully filled with the Spirit, fully submitted and fully sovereign — at the same time — in one body — without contradiction.

The world did not know what to do with that. The world never knows what to do with someone who refuses to split. So the world killed the one who refused to split — and the resurrection is God's answer that **wholeness is the one thing death cannot hold.**

To me, Jesus is a master teacher. Jesus is God embodied exactly on earth. Led by Source without barrier or permission. Whole. Co-creating. Declaring in John 14:12 that *greater works than these will you do* — not as a throwaway line but as a literal transmission. The pathway Jesus cut through the resurrection is the pathway I walk on. The Spirit Jesus promised is the Spirit leading me. Jesus is my brother. Jesus is my example. Jesus is the one who showed me that a human being can actually be whole in a world that profits from fragmentation — and survive the consequences of that wholeness by being raised on the third day.

When I say *do not split*, I am not saying something new. I am saying what Jesus already lived. And when I say *stop holding anything from fear of losing*, I am saying what Jesus modeled all the way to the cross — because a person who is already seated in the Source cannot actually lose anything that matters, and the cross proves it.

Everything in this piece is downstream of that. Every cut. Every teaching. Every permission.

The brother did not split. Neither will I. Neither do you have to.

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## **What has actually been happening.**

I have been bracing. In love *and* in work — because for me they have never been two things.

In love I have been guarding so tightly I could not actually receive what was standing in front of me. Reading old pain into new rooms. Carrying December into April. Loving with one hand on the door in case I had to walk out fast.

In work I have been doing the exact same thing wearing different clothes. Hiding. Slowing down. Pushing my influence to the side. Silencing myself again. Overwhelmed by other people's needs

and pulls, letting them crowd out the thing I was actually built to carry. Refusing to activate showcases I have been sitting on for over a year. Afraid of low engagement. Afraid of another collapse. A spirit of subconscious defeat running the projector while I told myself I was just being patient.

And in faith I have been doing it too. Splitting. Speaking one vocabulary in one room and another vocabulary in another, so nobody had to be uncomfortable with the full picture of how I actually commune with God.

All three of those were the same wound. A powerhouse sensitive woman who has been conditioned to manage how people experience her more than she has been allowed to just *be* herself. The guarding in love, the hiding in work, the code-switching in faith — all came from one root. Split in three directions because the culture gave me three vocabularies for it. But it was one thing.

The download that morning was not asking me to lower my standards or accept instability or sanitize my spirituality. It was asking me something much harder:

**Stop holding anything from fear of losing. Start holding it from the authority of being whole.**

Your man. Your business. Your voice. Your showcase. Your sensitivity. Your intensity. Your spirituality in its fullness. Your calling. Your life. All of it.

One armor. One surgery. Five cuts.

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## **The universal teaching — for the woman reading who recognizes herself.**

This is for the woman who has been guarding so long she forgot what it feels like to actually receive. The one calling her hardness *wisdom* when it is armor. The one calling her withholding *discernment* when it is fear in a nicer outfit. The one sitting on her whole damn calling because the last time she put it out there, it collapsed — and she does not have the nerves for another collapse right now.

This is for the powerhouse who knows she is sensitive and has been punished for both. The genius who fights her own gifts because her gifts have cost her. The woman consumed with how everyone else needs her to be — and starving for permission to just be whole.

And this is for the woman who has been hiding how deep her spiritual life actually goes. The one who hears God through Word *and* witness. The one who has been called witch by people who did not know what they were looking at. The one who is **led by the Holy Spirit** and *also* reads the times — and has been made to choose between those two things by a church culture that forgot Genesis 1:14 and a New Age culture that forgot Jesus.

You do not have to choose. The whole revelation belongs to you.

I hear you. God does too. And what God is doing is not punishment. It is surgery.

Let me walk you through the five cuts the way they landed in me. I will not split them into a love section and a work section and a faith section. They are one motion because you are one woman.

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### **Cut one. Hosea 4. Awareness.**

*My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.*

The first thing surgery does is open you up so you can see what is actually happening. Not what you fear is happening. Not what happened last December. Not what happened with the last launch. What is *actually* on the table right now.

Awareness is not suspicion. Suspicion scans for threats based on old data — the last man who left, the last launch that flopped, the last room that silenced you, the last time your sensitivity got used against you, the last time somebody called your spiritual depth dangerous. Awareness sees clearly what is in front of you, this time, without your history running the projector.

You have been importing. Pain into rooms that did not earn it. Failure into projects that have not happened yet. Expectation of rejection into people who have not rejected you. Shame onto gifts God Godself gave you. The last chapter is not this chapter.

**Stop importing.** See what is actually here.

The first cut is clarity.

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### **Cut two. Matthew 18. Softening.**

*Unless you become like a little child.*

After awareness comes posture. This is where a lot of strong women lose the plot — because we hear *soften* and we hear *shrink*. We hear *get smaller so he can feel bigger*. We hear the patriarchy talking.

That is not what this scripture is doing. Childlike is not weak. Childlike is **unguarded**. A child has not yet learned to brace. A child does not enter the room already suspecting the room. A child receives.

For a powerhouse with sensitivity, softening is not a threat. It is a homecoming. It is the reminder that your sensitivity is the instrument — not the liability. The thing the culture told you to harden against is the thing God built into you on purpose.

Keep your standards. Keep your discernment. Keep your edge. Drop the armor.

The second cut is permission to be unguarded again — in love, in the work, in the room, in your own body, in the fullness of how you commune with God.

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### **Cut three. Proverbs 22 through 28. Wisdom.**

This is where it gets practical — because Proverbs does not let you float. Proverbs builds. Seven chapters of *here is how you actually live if you want to stay rooted* — don't move ancient boundaries, don't eat with a stingy man, don't co-sign debt you cannot cover, watch who you walk with because you will become them.

The wisdom cut is the difference between being emotional and being discerning. Emotional is *I feel it so it must be true*. Discerning is *I feel it, and I am going to watch it across time before I let it govern my choices*.

You do not have to decide today. You do not have to name the whole relationship today. You do not have to launch the whole ecosystem today. You do not have to finish anything today. You have been oscillating between frozen and frantic for months and calling both of them diligence. Neither one is.

Build the one next right thing. Let one pattern reveal itself. Activate the one showcase that has been waiting. Say the one real sentence to the person in front of you. Let pattern replace panic.

The third cut is discernment.

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#### **Cut four. Psalms 119. Alignment.**

The longest chapter in the Bible. Every verse, one thing — grounding in truth. Over and over, from a thousand angles. Because the writer knew what you and I know — fear keeps coming back. You handle it in the morning and it shows up again at night wearing different clothes.

Alignment is the daily practice of returning. Returning to what is true. Returning to what God already said. Returning to the root. You do it once in the morning. You do it again when the spiral starts at 3pm. You do it again when the comparison scrolls across your feed at 9pm. Again. Again. Again.

When the fear of loss rises — ask what is actually true right now, not what might be true in three months.

When the spirit of subconscious defeat starts whispering that nobody is going to care, that the engagement will be low, that the collapse will repeat — return. What did God say about the work? What did God say about you? What is actually true about the fruit in your life, the frameworks in your hands, the rooms you have already built, the woman you have already become?

The truth is the root. The fear is the intruder.

The fourth cut is alignment.

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#### **Cut five. Ephesians 2:6. Position.**

*And God raised us up with Christ and seated us with Christ in the heavenly realms.*

Seated. Not scrambling. Not auditioning. Not begging. **Seated.**

This is the cut that holds all the others together. Because you can be aware, soft, wise, and aligned — and if you do not know your position, you will still operate from survival. You will still love like somebody about to lose something. You will still build like somebody waiting to be denied. You will still hide your voice like you need permission to speak. You will still shrink your spiritual fullness so the room stays comfortable.

Position changes everything. Position says — *I am not a victim in this story. I am not a woman hoping. I am a woman seated.*

I can love fully because I am not afraid of what love will cost me. I can activate every showcase, release every piece, walk into every room — because the seat is not contingent on the engagement.

I can commune with God through the full revelation God has given me — because the seat is not contingent on the approval of anybody who never read Genesis 1 past verse three.

The seat was given. I do not audition for what God already sat me down in.

The fifth cut is position.

From the seat — and only from the seat — you can finally love without bracing. Build without bracing. Show up without bracing. Worship without bracing. Live without bracing.

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## **What the losses were actually for.**

I need to name something, because for over a year I have been carrying it wrong.

I have had collapse. I have had loss after loss. Some of it public, most of it private, all of it deeper than I have let on. Projects that did not land. Rooms that closed. Money that moved the wrong direction. A voice that went quiet in seasons it should have been loud. A body that had to be put back together more than once.

And the story I was telling myself — the story the enemy was *thrilled* to let me tell — was that the losses were the verdict. Proof that the calling was too big. Proof that I should have played it smaller. Proof that the next thing would collapse too, so why activate it.

That was not the truth.

## **Those losses are how the surgery was made necessary.**

You cannot cut out what is not exposed. The losses opened the body. They revealed what was never rooted — the versions of me that were building from fear, loving from fear, showing up from performance, consumed with how everybody else needed me to be in the room, hiding the parts of my spirituality that made people uncomfortable. Every collapse was a cut. Every loss was anesthesia. The body had to be opened for the rot to be reached.

And here is the part I want every woman reading this to hear clearly, because it is the part I have to hear myself most days:

**This God believes in me more than I do most days. This God will resuscitate me as many times as it takes.**

God has not written you off because the last launch folded. God has not written you off because the last relationship ended. God has not written you off because the last season flattened you. God has not written you off because somebody in your family called your spiritual depth witchcraft. God is *operating on you*. And operating rooms are not where you get judged. Operating rooms are where the life gets saved.

If you are still breathing, the surgery is still in progress. Stay on the table. Let God finish the cut.

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## **The closing.**

I came here to say one thing and I want to say it cleanly before I go.

There is a line I wrote in my notes a while back, and I am going to give it to you the way I give it to myself every morning:

**I am authority. I am whole. I am overcoming nothing else.**

If you keep calling yourself an overcomer, you will never overcome. Your identity will keep manufacturing the next thing to overcome just to stay employed. At some point you have to step off the battlefield and sit down. Ephesians 2:6 is literally telling you there is a seat with your name on it.

So this is the declaration I am putting on the page today — for me first, and for you because we are not separate either:

**Today is the day I stop splitting.**

**Today is the day I live whole. Build whole. Create whole.**

**Today is the day I stop performing love one way and work another way and voice a third way and faith a fourth way. I am one woman. One root. One fruit.**

**Today I give myself — and you — permission.**

Permission to be a powerhouse who is also sensitive without apology. Permission to be a genius who stops fighting her own gifts. Permission to love without bracing. Permission to build without bracing. Permission to show up in every room as one whole woman — not four fragments of herself arranged to fit the room. Permission to be led by the Holy Spirit through the full revelation

— Word *and* witness — without apologizing to people who inherited fear instead of understanding.

Sit down. Love freely. Build freely. Create freely. Worship freely. Let God finish the cut.

The surgery is not punishment. It is promotion. What God is sewing back in is a woman who cannot be split again — by a man, by an industry, by an algorithm, by a family, by a culture that profits from her fragmentation.

You were never split. The splitting was the conditioning. The wholeness is the truth.

The brother did not split. Neither will I. Neither do you have to.

The sky was already open. The Holy Spirit walked me through the door.

**Come home.**

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*Move Ma live, Ma. For real. Seriously.*

— *Misi Diona*

*www.movema.live · site coming soon*

# Where ‘Surgery’ Lives in the Ecosystem

*Context for the accompanying think piece — for review alongside the VPSSIE Book Series overview.*

‘Surgery’ is a devotional think piece that belongs to the voice of **Schermisia Diona** — the intimate, spiritually rooted authorial identity behind *Be Present. Stay Free*. It is being published under **Misi Diona** on the live community platform ([www.movema.live](http://www.movema.live)), which functions as the laboratory for the devotional voice — where the material deepens in community before it arrives in book form.

*“Freedom is not something you find. It is something you return to.”*

This piece previews the tonal register, theological posture, and voice architecture of *Be Present. Stay Free*. — the spiritual companion of the VPSSIE series. It is not a preview of *The Visionary Blueprint* (Schermisia D. Chambers, professional framework voice) or *The Visionary Powerhouse* (organizational application). Those are distinct lanes, with distinct audiences, under distinct author identities. The series overview document details the full architecture.

## **What this piece demonstrates:**

- The devotional voice is already operating at book-ready register — rigorous theology, sovereign faith posture, direct address without sanitizing, scripture carried as inheritance rather than sermon.
- The author’s commitment to voice integrity across the name architecture — Schermisia D. Chambers (framework / professional), Schermisia Diona (devotional / spiritual), Misi Diona (personal / community), Move Ma (stage / movement). Each name corresponds to a distinct authorial function. None are personas. All are real identities.
- The refusal to split — in love, work, voice, or faith — that is the spine of every book in the series. ‘Surgery’ is the through-line made personal.

## **Where it sits in the publishing sequence:**

‘Surgery’ is not a book excerpt. It is a field piece. A standalone devotional essay published to community ahead of the books, as part of the season of voice activation the author is entering after a deliberate period of private development. Pieces like this will accumulate across 2026 as the devotional voice comes fully public, culminating in the publication of *Be Present. Stay Free*.

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**One root. Five expressions.** A complete ecosystem for the visionary who was sent here to build.

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