

Who Dropped You?

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2 Samuel 4:4 KJV

And Jonathan, Saul's son, had a son that was lame of his feet. He was five years old when the tidings came of Saul and Jonathan out of Jezreel, and his nurse took him up, and fled: and it came to pass, as she made haste to flee, that he fell, and became lame. And his name was Mephibosheth.

We live in a culture that has mastered the art of camouflage. We know exactly how to curate our lives for public consumption, how to put the right filter on our pain, and how to dress up our dysfunction so that nobody knows what we are actually surviving behind closed doors. We can walk into a room, smile at everybody, handle our business, take care of our kids, and lead our teams, all while bleeding internally from wounds we never talk about. We have become experts at functioning while fractured. But when you get quiet, when the notifications stop, and when you are alone with your own thoughts, you have to confront a reality that no amount of success can erase. You are walking with a limp. There is a hesitation in your step, a barrier around your heart, and a lingering anxiety in your mind that you cannot seem to shake.

When we talk about being broken in church, we usually frame it around our own mistakes. We talk about the times we rebelled, the times we willfully stepped out of bounds, or the bad decisions that blew up in our faces. We know how to repent for the times we jumped. But what do you do when your limp is not the result of your rebellion? What do you do when your pain is not a consequence of your own sin? There is a deeper, more complicated level of emotional trauma that we have to address today. It is the agonizing reality of being mishandled by people who were supposed to protect you. Some of you are not limping because you jumped off the cliff. You are limping because you were dropped.

In the second book of Samuel, we find a story that speaks directly to the hidden trauma so many of us are carrying. It is a text about a child who was destined for greatness but became a casualty of someone else's crisis. Second Samuel 4:4 (KJV) says, "And Jonathan, Saul's son, had a son that was lame of his feet. He was five years old when the tidings came of Saul and Jonathan out of Jezreel, and his nurse took him up, and fled: and it came to pass, as she made haste to flee, that he fell, and became lame. And his name was Mephibosheth." Here is a boy with

royal blood flowing through his veins, the grandson of the king, living in the palace and positioned for an incredible future. But in one frantic moment, his entire trajectory is shattered.

The tragedy of this text is not just that Mephibosheth fell. The heartbreak is found in who dropped him. It was not an enemy soldier from a rival nation. It was his nurse. It was the person on payroll to protect him, the one trusted with his care, the one who was supposed to hold him together when everything else was falling apart. When the horrific news arrived that Saul and Jonathan had been killed in battle, fear took over the palace. The nurse panicked. She grabbed the boy and ran for her life. The scripture is clear: "as she made haste to flee, that he fell." She did not throw him. She did not maliciously target him. She was just running from her own nightmare, and because she could not handle the pressure of the moment, she lost her grip on the child.

This is where the rubber meets the road for so many of us. You have to look at your history and recognize that some of the deepest gashes on your soul were inflicted by people who were not trying to destroy you. They were just running from their own demons. They dropped you because they were overwhelmed by their own unhealed trauma. It was a father who did not know how to be a father because his own dad abandoned him, so he dropped your heart while trying to figure out his own life. It was a mother who was so stressed trying to keep the lights on and survive her own heartbreak that she dropped your emotional needs in the process. It was a leader, a mentor, or a spouse who panicked under pressure and let you slip through their fingers. Their intention does not change your reality. Accident or not, you still hit the ground, and you are still dealing with the fracture today.

#1 Mishandled in the Panic

When you are dropped during a vulnerable stage of your life, it rewires your understanding of trust. Mephibosheth was five years old. He was at an age where he was entirely dependent on the adults in the room to navigate the crisis for him. When the person holding you drops you, it teaches your brain that dependency is dangerous. You learn very quickly that if you rely on someone else, you might end up on the floor. This is why so many of us struggle with hyper-independence today. We refuse to let anybody help us, we refuse to delegate, and we refuse to open up, because our lived experience has taught us that people will drop you when things get heavy.

You have to understand the psychology of the person who dropped you if you are ever going to heal from the fall. The nurse was making haste to flee. She was

operating in survival mode. When people are in survival mode, their vision becomes incredibly narrow. They lose the capacity to carefully manage the emotions and needs of the people attached to them. Hurt people do not just hurt people; panicked people drop people. We spend years carrying bitterness, demanding an apology from people who lack the emotional capacity to even understand what they did to us. They were blind with their own fear, running from their own Jezreel, and you became collateral damage in their desperate attempt to save themselves.

The hardest truth to swallow is that a person can love you and still mishandle you. The nurse was trying to save his life, but she ended up crippling him in the process. You can have parents who loved you with everything they had, but they still left you with emotional scars because they lacked the tools to carry you correctly. You can have a spouse who cares for you but mishandles your heart because they never healed from their own past trauma. We have to stop demonizing everyone who dropped us and start recognizing that human beings are fragile, flawed, and easily overwhelmed.

But recognizing their fragility does not mean you have to minimize your pain. Your limp is real. Your trust issues are real. The anxiety you feel when someone gets too close is a direct result of hitting the floor when you were supposed to be safe. You have spent years overcompensating for that injury, pushing people away before they have a chance to let you down, and sabotaging relationships because you are terrified of being vulnerable again. The injury from the fall is bad, but the psychological defense mechanisms we build to protect the injury are what truly keep us bound.

God wants to address the root of that hyper-independence today. You cannot fulfill a massive kingdom assignment while operating out of a trauma-induced isolation. You have to allow the Holy Spirit to minister to the places where you were mishandled. You have to stop pretending that the fall did not affect you. Healing begins the moment you stop making excuses for the people who dropped you and simply admit to God, "It hurt, it broke me, and I need You to put me back together." God is a master at resetting broken bones, but He will not heal what you refuse to reveal.

#2 Relocating to the land of Lo-Debar

When you suffer a traumatic drop, the physical or emotional injury is only the first phase of the devastation. The real tragedy is where the injury forces you to live. Because Mephibosheth is crippled, and because his family has lost the throne, he goes into hiding. He is a prince, but he ends up living in a place called Lo-Debar. If

you look at the Hebrew meaning of that name, Lo-Debar translates to "no pasture" or "a place of no word." It is a desolate, barren wasteland. It is the slums of the ancient world. It is a place where absolutely nothing grows, where there is no vision, no communication, and no future.

When you get dropped by the people you trusted, your natural instinct is to relocate emotionally. You pack up your expectations, you abandon your royal identity, and you move into a psychological Lo-Debar. You build walls of isolation to ensure that nobody will ever have the opportunity to pick you up and drop you again. You decide that it is safer to live in a dry place by yourself than to risk being vulnerable in a fruitful place with others. You settle for a barren marriage, a barren career, and a barren spiritual life because the pain of hoping for more feels too dangerous. You convince yourself that you do not deserve the palace anyway.

Living in Lo-Debar is not about your physical zip code; it is a mental stronghold. It is a state of mind where you become comfortable with lack. You look around at the dysfunction in your family, the generational poverty, the cycles of depression, and you just accept it as your permanent reality. You stop expecting God to move. You stop praying for the supernatural. The trauma becomes your entire identity, and the limp dictates every decision you make. Mephibosheth had the bloodline of a king, but he was living like a beggar because he allowed a childhood accident to dictate his adult destiny.

We have to challenge the mindset that tells you to settle in the dry places. Just because you were dropped does not mean you belong in the dirt. Just because you went through a horrific divorce does not mean you have to live in emotional isolation for the rest of your life. Just because a church hurt you does not mean you have to abandon the presence of God. You are letting the person who mishandled you evict you from your rightful inheritance. The devil wants you to die in Lo-Debar because he knows that if you ever realize who you actually are, you will march right back to the palace and take back everything that belongs to your bloodline.

It is time to pack your bags and move out of Lo-Debar. You have stayed in that depressed, anxious, isolated state of mind entirely too long. You have allowed the trauma to become a roommate. You have built a theology around your pain, trying to convince yourself that God put you in the wasteland to teach you a lesson. God did not put you in Lo-Debar; your unhealed trauma drove you there. But today, the Holy Spirit is issuing an eviction notice to every mindset of barrenness. You are not destined to die in the dry place. You have royal blood, you have a covenant promise, and it is time to come out of hiding.

#3 The Danger of a Dead Dog Mentality

The most devastating consequence of untreated trauma is what it does to your self-image. When Mephibosheth is finally brought out of Lo-Debar and stands before King David, his response reveals the absolute wreckage of his self-esteem. David extends grace to him, but Mephibosheth cannot even process it. In 2 Samuel 9:8, he bows himself down and says to the king, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" This is the tragedy of a mishandled life. He was the grandson of the king. He was royalty. But he looked in the mirror and saw a dead dog.

When you get dropped, the enemy goes to work on your identity. He uses the rejection, the abandonment, and the failure to convince you that your worth is tied to your wound. This is what we call imposter syndrome on a spiritual level. God calls you a masterpiece, but you call yourself damaged goods. God calls you chosen, but you call yourself a burden. You walk into rooms that God opened for you, and instead of taking authority, you shrink back because you feel like a fraud. You have allowed the people who mishandled you to write the narrative of your value.

This "dead dog mentality" is a toxic stronghold that will sabotage every blessing God tries to send your way. When your mind is infected with this level of self-deprecation, you will push away the very people who are trying to help you, assuming they have a hidden agenda. You begin to exhibit clear indicators that your past trauma is currently managing your future.

You have to break the agreement with the lies you have been telling yourself. You are not a dead dog. You are a blood-bought child of the Most High God. You are not defined by the divorce. You are not defined by the bankruptcy. You are not defined by the parent who walked out on you. You have to take your thoughts captive and command your mind to align with the Word of God. The moment you change your internal vocabulary, your external reality will begin to shift. Stop talking down to the person God is trying to lift up.

#4 Grace is Tracking Your Location

While Mephibosheth was hiding in the slums, utterly resigned to his broken condition, heaven was orchestrating a reversal. King David is now established on the throne, and in 2 Samuel 9:1, he asks a question that shifts the atmosphere of the entire kingdom. He says, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" In the ancient Near East, when a new king took over, the first order of business was to slaughter the remaining

family members of the previous king. Mephibosheth was hiding because he assumed the king wanted him dead. He thought his lineage made him a target for wrath. But David was not operating under worldly politics; he was operating under a blood covenant.

David had made a covenant with Jonathan, Mephibosheth's father, many years prior. Because of that covenant, David goes hunting for a remnant. I need you to catch this revelation in your spirit right now: God is looking for you. He is not tracking you down to punish you. He is not pulling your file to remind you of your failures. He is seeking you out to show you the kindness of God. And the most revolutionary part of this text is that David's grace had absolutely nothing to do with Mephibosheth's performance. David did not ask, "Is there anyone left of Saul's house who walks perfectly? Is there anyone who has their life together?" He just asked if anyone was left.

The grace of God is aggressively pursuing your life right now, and it has nothing to do with how well you have performed. It is based entirely on the blood covenant established by Jesus Christ on the cross. Jesus is our Jonathan. For His sake, the King of Kings is extending radical mercy to your life. You may be hiding in Lo-Debar, thinking you are too broken, too messy, and too scarred for God to use you, but grace is tracking your location. You cannot outrun the favor of God. When God decides to bless you because of the covenant, He will send a messenger into the middle of your mess, pull you out of your depression, and bring you straight to the palace.

We serve a God who specializes in recovering dropped things. He knows exactly where you fell. He knows exactly who dropped you. He knows exactly how much it cost you. And He is sending word today that your season in the wasteland has officially expired. The king is calling your name, not to judge your limp, but to restore your land. Everything the enemy stole from your family line, every piece of peace that was fractured in your childhood, God is commanding full restoration. But you have to be willing to leave the familiar comfort of your dysfunction and step into the intimidating light of His grace.

#5 The Table Covers the Trauma

When Mephibosheth is brought before David, the king issues a royal decree that completely rewrites the boy's destiny. David restores all the land that belonged to Saul, and he commands that Mephibosheth will eat continually at the king's table. But the text adds one final, breathtaking detail in 2 Samuel 9:13: "So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet." This is a masterclass in the redemptive power of

God. He is brought into the palace. He is given a permanent seat with the royals. But his legs were not magically fixed. He was still lame.

God's restoration does not mean the memory of the trauma is instantly erased. It does not mean the limp magically disappears overnight. What it means is that God's grace is big enough to cover your brokenness. When Mephibosheth sat down at the king's table, the luxurious, royal tablecloth draped over his crippled legs. From the waist up, he looked exactly like David. He looked exactly like Solomon. He looked like every other prince in the room. He was feasting on royal provision, engaging in royal conversation, and operating in royal authority, while his brokenness was completely hidden under the grace of the table.

You do not have to be perfectly healed to get the blessing. You do not have to have it all together to be used by God. You can be an incredible mother, leading your household with wisdom and power, and still walk with a limp. You can be a phenomenal leader, making major moves in your industry, and still have days where the scars ache. The table covers the trauma. God is inviting you to pull up your chair, take your rightful position, and feast on His goodness. Let the blood of Jesus cover the places where you were mishandled.

You cannot afford to spend the rest of your life angry at the nurse. If you refuse to forgive the people who dropped you, you will remain trapped in Lo-Debar while your seat at the table sits empty. Release them. They were running in their own panic. Give the pain to the God who restores. It is time to step into the radical resilience of faith. Walk into the palace, limp and all. Your brokenness is no longer your limitation; it is merely the testimony of a survivor who was dropped by man, but picked up by God. Pull up your chair. The King has prepared a place just for you.