

I'm Not a Tenant—I'm a Daughter

Owning Your Inheritance as a Woman of God

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Dedication

To every Sis who has ever felt like a tenant—overlooked, unheard, uninvited. To the younger you who questioned if she mattered. To the woman still becoming. This is for you. You are not a placeholder. You are a daughter.

Acknowledgment

I thank God for answering my prayer and reminding me that I am not a tenant. I am a daughter. A daughter who is called to dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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Introduction: A Revelation in the Night

I wasn't expecting it.

It came in the middle of the night, during one of those long, soul-pouring prayers where you're not even sure if the words make sense anymore. I had been wrestling with thoughts about my home, my finances, my son, my purpose—and somewhere between lamentation and surrender, the Holy Spirit whispered something I'll never forget:

"You're not a tenant. You're a daughter."

It hit me so hard, I had to pause.

Because for years, I had been living like a tenant—not just in my physical home, but in my spirit.

Afraid to fully settle. Afraid to believe the blessing was mine to keep.

Afraid that at any moment, someone would say, "Time's up. You don't belong here."

But in that moment, God reminded me:

Tenants rent. Daughters inherit.

Tenants feel temporary. Daughters are rooted.

Tenants survive. Daughters dwell.

This short book was birthed from that moment. It's for the woman who's been surviving too long. For the woman who's afraid to decorate her life with joy, afraid to rest, afraid to receive. It's for every woman who's questioned her belonging in the Father's house.

Through this message, I pray you begin to see your life differently—

Not as something you're renting, managing, or barely holding together...

But as something you were born into by divine design.

You are not a tenant.

You are not barely making it.

You are a daughter.

And daughters dwell.

Let's walk this out together—page by page, prayer by prayer, promise by promise.

Welcome to your inheritance.

Welcome home.

— Dr. Cheryl Peavy

Chapter 1: Tenant Living in a Promised Place

There's a unique kind of heaviness that comes with living somewhere you don't feel you truly belong.

You keep your bags half-packed—mentally, emotionally, spiritually.

You don't decorate the walls.

You don't fully rest.

You stay alert, just in case you need to leave.

And slowly, without realizing it, you start to believe the lie that you don't deserve to stay.

That's the tenant mindset.

And I lived in it for far too long.

Before we go further, let's define what a tenant actually is:

Tenant (noun): A person who occupies land or property rented from a landlord.

Someone who resides temporarily, who does not hold ownership, and who lives under terms set by another.

Doesn't that definition speak volumes?

A tenant lives by permission, not by inheritance.

A tenant has access—but not authority.

A tenant exists in someone else's space, always aware they can be asked to leave.

A tenant can be restricted, limited, or evicted.

And for years, I wasn't just a tenant in my home—I was a tenant in my own life.

Even in my spirit.

I was grateful, yes. I prayed and thanked God for sustaining me. But deep down, I didn't feel worthy of the blessing. I was always wondering:

"Will this be the year they don't renew my lease?"

"What if I can't afford it anymore?"

"What if I lose this place, this provision, this peace?"

Fear.

Guilt.

Survival-mode.

All signs of a mindset built on renting space—not dwelling in inheritance.

And the worst part?

I carried that same mindset into my relationship with God.

Even though I believed in His goodness, even though I knew His Word—I was still living like a tenant in His promises.

Afraid to mess up.

Afraid to ask for too much.
Afraid to take up space.
Afraid that if I failed, He'd rescind the favor.

But that is not the posture of a daughter.
That is not the posture of someone who knows they belong.

Let me say this to you as gently and powerfully as I can:

You are not a tenant in God's Kingdom.
You are a daughter of the King.

You don't have to rent peace—you have access to it.
You don't have to qualify for love—it's already yours.
You don't have to tiptoe around favor—it's your birthright.

It took me years to understand that. And it took one whispered word from God in the middle of the night to make me stop and ask:

"Why am I living like a visitor in a place God has called me to dwell?"

In this chapter of your life, it's time to shift.
No more small living.
No more emotional eviction notices.
No more tiptoeing around what God freely gave you.

You're not just welcome here.
You belong here.

Chapter 2: Daughterhood Defined

Daughter.

It's a word we hear often, but don't always know how to live in.

For many of us, the word "daughter" is tied to our earthly experiences—some beautiful, some heartbreaking. Maybe you were nurtured. Maybe you were overlooked. Maybe "daughter" felt more like a duty than a delight. Or maybe, like me, you had to grow up so fast that the idea of being fathered—being protected, affirmed, and cared for—feels foreign.

But in God's Kingdom, being a daughter isn't about your past. It's about your position.

Let's define it clearly:

Daughter (noun): A female child in relation to her parents.

In biblical terms: An heir. A beloved one. One who is accepted, claimed, and positioned in love.

Galatians 4:6-7 says:

"Because you are his sons [and daughters], God sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, the Spirit who calls out, 'Abba, Father.' So you are no longer a slave, but God's child; and since you are his child, God has made you also an heir."

That's not symbolic.

That's not metaphorical.

That's legal in the spirit realm.

You're not applying to be part of God's family.

You were adopted by grace.

You're not earning favor—you're walking in what was already signed, sealed, and delivered through the cross.

But daughterhood isn't just about being loved.

It's about being empowered.

It's about receiving the full inheritance of access, provision, and purpose.

So what does daughterhood look like?

- It looks like peace in chaos because you trust your Father's voice.
- It looks like bold prayers because you know you're heard.
- It looks like rest without guilt.
- It looks like saying "no" without shame and "yes" without fear.
- It looks like taking up space, not shrinking.
- It looks like finally making your house a home.

Daughterhood isn't soft. It's strong.

It's not passive. It's powerful.

And you were born for it—even if you've spent most of your life renting belief in your own worth.

God is redefining what "daughter" means for you.

He's calling you out of the tenant mindset.

He's calling you into alignment with your inheritance.

He's saying, "You're not just someone I love—you're someone I've chosen to represent My name."

You are no longer a visitor in your Father's house.

You are no longer a squatter in your own story.

You are not tolerated. You are celebrated.

You are His.

Fully.

Freely.

Forever.

Reflection: Not Just a Tenant in a House

Sis, I need to tell you something from my heart.
Being a tenant doesn't always look like signing a lease.
Sometimes being a tenant is what you feel like in someone's life.

You love deeply.
You show up fully.
You pray for them, support them, carry the relationship—whether it's a friend, a partner, a parent, or someone you thought saw you.
But in the end, their actions say:
“You were just here for a while. You were never meant to stay.”

And that hurts.

Because you thought you mattered.
You thought the space you occupied in their world was sacred.
You thought what you gave was enough.

But they treated you like a rental.
A temporary option.
A placeholder until something—or someone—they thought was “better” came along.

And no matter how beautifully you decorated your space in their life—
No matter how much peace you brought, how much love you poured—
It was never enough to earn permanence.

But Sis, hear me in the Spirit:
You are not a tenant in anyone's life.
You are a daughter of the King.

You were not created to beg for belonging.
You were not designed to keep trying to prove your worth to people who don't even see your value.
You are not disposable.
You are not replaceable.
And you don't have to shrink yourself to fit in a space that was never meant to house your glory.

So if you've ever felt like a tenant in someone's heart...
If you've ever been used as emotional filler, a “just for now” kind of love, or a convenient friend when it benefited them—
Let me say this clearly:

You were never a tenant. You were always a daughter.

And the God who calls you His has reserved a space for you that no one can evict you from.
You belong in His presence.
You belong in peace.
You belong in love that doesn't fade when it's inconvenient.

You are not a tenant.
You are a daughter.

Let that truth rise in you before we move forward.

Chapter 3: From Decorating to Dwelling

There's a shift that happens when you move from renting to owning. You no longer just decorate for function—you begin to dwell with intention.

In the spiritual realm, the same shift occurs when we stop living like visitors in our blessings and begin to live like daughters in our inheritance.

For so long, I tiptoed around the goodness God placed in my life. I kept saying, "Thank You, Lord," while wondering when the bottom would fall out. I didn't rest. I didn't fully enjoy. I didn't make the place He gave me my own.

But daughterhood calls for more.

It calls for walls adorned with joy, not fear.
It calls for floors walked in peace, not panic.
It calls for a space filled with worship, not worry.

Daughters don't just decorate—they dwell.

They don't put up a picture frame and stay packed for eviction.
They hang their authority on the wall.
They plant themselves, spiritually and emotionally, knowing that their Father is not fickle.
Knowing their place in Him is secure.

Sis, maybe you've only been decorating in this season—trying to make things look good enough to survive.

But God is calling you to dwell.
To rest.
To breathe.
To finally believe that you are not on borrowed time—you are on divine territory.

You are no longer preparing to be uprooted.
You are being planted on purpose.

Let your heart decorate in joy.
Let your life dwell in peace.

You are not a tenant.
You are a daughter.

Chapter 4: When Daughters Dwell Differently

There's something sacred about seeing your space with new eyes.

I remember walking through my home one day and realizing how much I had ignored—not just physically, but spiritually. There were things I tolerated because I had gotten used to them. Clutter that no longer served me. Items I hadn't touched in years. Emotions stuffed in drawers. Dreams collecting dust. Pain hiding in corners.

But when daughters dwell, they dwell differently.

It's no longer about survival—it's about stewardship.

It's about tending to the environment God has entrusted to you.

Not just your home, but your heart.

There was someone I came across—a divine connection—who helped me see it all through a new lens. She spoke about garments, both physical and spiritual. She helped me realize the power of what we hold onto and what we need to release. She asked questions like:

“What are you still wearing that God told you to take off?”

“What are you still holding that no longer carries purpose?”

That moment shifted everything for me.

I started examining my space differently—not just what was around me, but what was within me. I began to clean, declutter, and consecrate. I didn't have to throw everything away, but I did have to make a decision:

Would I continue to dwell in what was familiar, or would I dwell in what was faithful?

Sis, when you recognize you are a daughter, your dwelling changes.

You walk differently.

You clean differently.

You protect your peace differently.

You stop tolerating things that don't reflect your identity.

You start honoring your space like it's holy ground—because it is.

You are the daughter of a King.

And daughters don't dwell in chaos.

They dwell in peace.

They dwell in promise.

They dwell in presence.

So go ahead—evaluate the space, both within and around you.

Make the changes.

Purge what no longer fits.

Anoint what remains.

Because daughters dwell differently.

Chapter 5: What's in Your House?

There's a powerful story in 2 Kings 4 about a widow who cried out to the prophet Elisha because her husband had died and creditors were coming to take her sons. In desperation, she turned to the prophet—and he asked her a question that still echoes through time:

“What do you have in your house?”

At first, she said, “Nothing except a small jar of oil.”

But that small jar was everything.

It was the key to her breakthrough, her provision, her legacy.

And Sis, I want to ask you the same question:

What's in your house?

What have you overlooked?

What have you downplayed?

What gifts, what oil, what anointing have you tucked away because you thought it wasn't enough?

For a long time, I didn't think I had much to offer.

I saw my trauma, my past, my mistakes—and I let those things speak louder than my oil. But one day, as I was sitting in my office surrounded by unfinished books, printed pages, notes, and ideas, I heard the Lord whisper:

“You're not empty. You're full.”

That moment shook me.

Because like the widow, I had been focused on lack. But God was pointing me to legacy.

It wasn't about what I didn't have.

It was about what I hadn't used.

That's when I realized—daughters dwell with intentionality.

They don't just sit in their space. They partner with Heaven to multiply what's in their house.

So I started seeing my space differently.

My oil wasn't just in what I could sell.

It was in what I could sow.

What I could share.

What I could birth.

And I want to say to you, as you read this chapter: your oil is enough.

You may think your ideas are small. Your dreams are delayed. Your voice doesn't matter.

But heaven disagrees.

You are full of purpose.

You are housing legacy.

You are holding oil that can break generational chains.

Don't minimize what's in your house.

Don't wait until everything is "perfect."

Start pouring.

Start stewarding.

Start seeing the abundance you already carry.

Because daughters don't wait for permission to use what God placed inside of them.

They partner.

They pour.

They dwell in overflow.

Pause: Look in the Mirror

Before you move into the next chapter, I want to invite you to do something sacred.

Pause.

Don't just skim past these words.

Don't rush into the next thing.

Pause.

We often think pausing is about stopping—but in the Spirit, pausing is about *seeing*.

Seeing where you've been.

Seeing what you've survived.

Seeing who you've become.

And most importantly—seeing yourself the way Heaven sees you.

So here's what I want you to do:

Go to the mirror.

Look at your reflection.

Ask yourself:

- Do I see a tenant or a daughter?
- Do I see someone surviving, or someone standing in inheritance?
- Do I recognize the oil I carry?
- Have I made space for the presence of God to dwell fully in me?

Take this moment.

Pray.

Breathe.

Reflect.

You are not a mistake.

You are not empty.

You are not behind.

You are a daughter of the King.

And this pause?

It's not the end of a chapter—it's the beginning of a revelation.

So pause here, Sis.

The mirror is waiting.

Chapter 6: Welcome Home

Daughters don't just enter a space—they transform it.

When you finally realize you're not a tenant in God's kingdom, everything shifts. You stop apologizing for your presence. You stop downplaying your purpose. You stop waiting for someone to tell you that you belong.

You already do.

You've always belonged.
Even when you didn't feel it.
Even when you didn't see it.

You belong in the promises of God.
You belong in rooms that make you nervous.
You belong in peace that surpasses understanding.
You belong in homes you didn't build and vineyards you didn't plant—because that's what inheritance looks like.

This is the part where the story changes.

This is the moment where you stop looking for the door out, and start building the foundation in.

You've cried.
You've questioned.
You've wandered.

But now?

Now, it's time to dwell.

Let this be your declaration:

I will not live like a tenant.
I will not shrink.
I will not apologize for where God placed me.

I will dwell.
I will trust.
I will rise.

Because I'm not a tenant.
I'm a daughter.

And daughters—daughters come home.

Welcome home, Sis.
You're right where you belong.

Closing: You Are Not a Tenant

I don't know every detail of your story.

I don't know what you've survived or what you're still battling through.

But I do know this:

You were never meant to live like a visitor in your own life.

You were created to dwell.

To rest.

To abide.

And you were created to do it as a daughter—not a tenant.

This book wasn't written just to inspire you. It was written to awaken you.

To shake you out of survival mode.

To call you out of fear.

To remind you that you're not here by accident—you're here by divine appointment.

I pray every page spoke to the places in you that felt forgotten or evicted.

I pray it gave language to your journey and stirred something holy in your spirit.

But more than anything, I pray it reminded you who you are.

Not a tenant.

Not a placeholder.

Not a burden.

Not a mistake.

You are a daughter of the Most High God.

You are loved.

You are seen.

You are chosen.

And now—it's time to dwell in that truth.

Fully.

Freely.

Forever.

A Letter to the Reader

Dear Sis,

Thank you for walking this journey with me.

I don't take it lightly that you chose to open these pages and let me into your heart, your thoughts, and your quiet spaces. This wasn't just a book—it was a conversation, a reminder, a mirror. And I pray it reflected the truth of who you really are.

You are not a tenant.

You are a daughter.

And that means something. It means you have access. You have authority. You have a Father who sees you, hears you, and calls you His own.

I know life hasn't always been easy.

I know the wounds are real and the weariness is heavy.

But there is a home waiting for you in the presence of God.

A place where you can rest.

A place where you can rise.

A place where you are not just welcomed—you are wanted.

So don't stop here.

Let this be the beginning of a new way of dwelling.

Let this be the moment you stop living like you're barely hanging on and start living like a woman crowned in purpose, clothed in grace, and rooted in love.

You were made to dwell in wholeness.

You were born to walk in freedom.

You were chosen to reflect the heart of the King.

And I'm honored to remind you of that.

With all my love and sisterhood,

Dr. Cheryl Peavy

Before You Go: Connect With Me

This is not the end of our journey—just the beginning.

If this book touched you, I'd love to hear from you. Let's stay connected and continue building a community of daughters who dwell boldly, love deeply, and rise daily.

- Visit my website: www.drcherylpeavy.com
- Listen to my podcast: *Reignite. Reclaim. Rise.*
- Follow me on Instagram: [@drcherylp1](https://www.instagram.com/drcherylp1)

Your story matters. Your healing matters. Your voice matters.

And I'm cheering for you every step of the way.

Stay rooted,
Dr. Cheryl Peavy