

THE ALL MY LIFE I HAD TO FIGHT SERIES

BOOK TWO

FROM THE PIT TO THE PALACE

A JOURNEY OF
BROKENNESS,
PURPOSE, AND
DIVINE ELEVATION

AKIA SMITH

The ALL MY LIFE I HAD TO FIGHT *Series*

-BOOK TWO-

FROM THE PIT TO THE PALACE

By
AKIA SMITH

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the version of me who cried in silence but still chose obedience.

To every woman who has been betrayed but not broken.

To every believer who obeyed God into uncertainty.
To every soul who endured pit seasons while carrying palace oil.

To my children —
You watched me fight storms without losing my faith.
May you always know that resilience is inherited, and obedience is wealth.

To the ones who misunderstood me —
You were part of the process too.

To God who never left me, even when I felt alone —
This is for you. Thank you for the intense training.
Without it, I would not be who you destined from the beginning. This was never just survival. This is a legacy, my legacy.

PREFACE

When I finished writing *All My Life I Had to Fight: Embracing Miracles in the Midst of Facing Frustration, Rejection, and Shame*, I believed I had told the hardest parts of my story.

I was wrong.

There were chapters I had not yet lived, wounds I had not yet recognized, and lessons that could only be learned after everything familiar had been stripped away.

This book was not written from memory alone. It was written from survival. Many of these pages were birthed while I was living the very experiences you are about to read. Some were written through tears. Others were written after long nights of prayer, silence, and wrestling with God over questions that seemed to have no immediate answers.

For a long time, I questioned whether I should tell this part of my story. Much of what happened was deeply personal. It involved people I loved, relationships I valued, and seasons I would never have chosen for myself. Remaining silent would have been easier. But silence rarely brings healing. Truth does.

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PART I:
BETRAYAL

Betrayal rarely begins with strangers; it begins with familiarity. The deepest wounds are often inflicted by the hands we trust most, because betrayal requires access before it can leave devastation. I was about to discover that betrayal is more than the loss of people. It is the painful separation from everything you believed would always remain. It exposes false foundations, reveals hidden motives, and forces you to confront the fragile places of your own heart. The pit is never comfortable, but neither is transformation.

Before God can entrust one with greater responsibility, He often allows us to experience places where only His voice can sustain us. The pit silences every other voice until His becomes the only one that matters.

Chapter One



THE PIT OPENED BY FAMILIAR HANDS

Joseph's pit was dug by his brothers. Mine was dug by people I loved too. I didn't see it coming at first. Betrayal rarely announces itself loudly. It does not arrive with warning signs or dramatic declarations. It moves quietly, disguised as normal conversation, shared meals, joint bank accounts, and family gatherings. It hides behind smiles stretched across faces that no longer carry loyalty behind them. It lingers in the room unnoticed until something within

begins to shift. You feel it before you can name it. Like a subtle chill in a warm room, something changes in the atmosphere long before the truth is revealed. And by the time you recognize it, the damage has already begun.

I was married 22 1/2 years. I entered the union with every intent to remain covenant-bound and committed. My faith was poured into building a life intentional and pleasing to God. I covered my home in prayer, anchoring myself in the belief that He had joined us together. With a sincere heart, I carried the weight of that calling—standing in the gap, steadfast, and enduring through it all.

It took me years to realize something I had not fully understood in the beginning. What I thought God had joined was God-allowed. And still, as a woman who loved God deeply, I continued to pray. Not because everything felt right, but because obedience required it. I remained faithful to the posture, even when the foundation beneath me had already begun to weaken, because sometimes what you are praying over has already quietly crumbled. The unraveling was not immediate. In fact, it was gradual and subtle—almost unnoticeable at first. Until the day it was no longer something I could ignore.

"When I first shared my story, I protected a narrative I wasn't ready to fully expose. I talked about a foundation weakening due to unforgiveness and emotional detachments, but I didn't want to admit the final act that pulled it apart. The truth is, there was someone else. He chose what appeared youthful and appealing from a distance, grass that looked greener but had no roots strong enough to sustain it. Yet, when the moment came and he packed his things, there was no shock—only confirmation. I was unbothered. I was relieved. I had spent many years fighting for a covenant alone, and my soul was already anticipating freedom."

I had finally reached the end of something I had been trying to hold together beyond its expiration. I remember discovering designer purchases—gifts given to me and to the other woman at the same time. The duplicity was undeniable, even when it was never spoken aloud. It lived in the details. It revealed itself in ways that could not be explained away.

If I am honest, there was a sense of relief. Not because the pain of betrayal was gone, but because the waiting had ended. I had grown tired of hoping for change, tired of carrying something that no longer had life in it, tired of trying to sustain what God was no longer sustaining. I was ready to move forward.

But God had different plans.

There will be moments in your life when heaven feels quiet—not because God is absent, but because you are being forced to confront what you already know. But betrayal does not always leave evidence.

It leaves an impact.

Two months after separation I started major renovations on my home. I eventually invested thousands of dollars and three years of effort into remodeling what I believed would represent stability—a fresh start, a new beginning.

Then, in the early months of 2023, everything shifted. Both of my parents became ill. The timing felt almost cruel. Just as I was preparing to move forward, I was being pulled into something I had not planned for. I felt in my spirit that they would require support, so I asked them to come live with me. Shockingly, my father agreed and my mother refused. I believed it would've been the other way around. I wanted to create a solution that would allow me to care for them, utilizing the additional support of home healthcare agencies, while maintaining some sense of control over my own life.

Nothing aligned the way I thought it would. Within weeks of them becoming ill, I lost my job. Every plan I had begun to fall apart, one at a time.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE PEOPLE YOU TRUST BETRAY YOU... AND GOD USES THE BREAKING TO BUILD YOU?

In *From the Pit to the Palace*, Akia Smith delivers a raw, unhidereed look into the reality of spiritual warfare, profound loss, and deep internal transformation. Surviving homelessness, family dysfunction, and the agonizing stripping of her old life, she discovered that what looked like ultimate destruction was actually divine construction.

More than a memoir of survival, this book is a spiritual blueprint for breaking generational dysfunction, exposing hidden wounds, and forging the spiritual authority required for your next level. With sharp discernment and unapologetic transparency, Akia provides the language for your hardest seasons, proving that the pit is never meant to destroy you—it is designed to prepare you.

If you are currently in a season of isolation, feeling drained by warfare, or wondering why the process feels so heavy, this book will show you exactly what God is producing through it all.

THE HIGHLY ANTICIPATED
CONTINUATION OF
ALL MY LIFE I HAD TO FIGHT.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Akia Smith is a prophetic voice, author, speaker, and healing and deliverance ministry leader dedicated to helping others navigate spiritual warfare and step into their God-given authority. A Texas resident, Akia is passionate about teaching people how to break free from deep trauma, rebuild their lives on an unshakable foundation, and recognize that their hardest seasons are meant for divine preparation.

