



Seasons In Time

ENCOUNTERING GOD FACE TO FACE...
IN OUR BRIEF JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

Life Season I: My Childhood Years (Continued)

Growing Up Angry

I'll never forget the day they took me away. "Child Custody" they called it. But for me, it was like being dragged off to jail. What was wrong with me and my family? Why were my parents so violent and cruel? Why did they hurt me? Why was I passed from foster home to foster home? I guess nobody wanted a boy like me. That's when I began to feel rage welling up in my heart...anger so great I wanted to hurt people. I hated my parents! I hated the people who took me away! I hated my foster parents who only kept me for the money! And I hated God! I wanted power to get even with the world and make people pay for what happened to me. So, I got my hands on video games to "play" like I was hurting people. *Then came the day when I got a real gun. "I'll show them!" I thought to myself. "I'll kill everyone who has ever hurt me!"*

The view from my bedroom window was serene and peaceful. The warm summer breeze gently rustled the leaves on the oak trees as song birds filled the air with melodies from heaven. Soft billowing clouds floated lazily across the brilliant blue sky. In the distance, the soulful coo of a Mourning Dove calmed the world. *All appeared to be right on God's planet...except for me! Everything was wrong and my soul was in utter torment.* I was only a 9-year-old little girl, but my father's cousin looked at me as if I was 19. I never knew what sexual desire was at that tender age. But he did! Under the cloak of darkness and the guise of "babysitting," I was corrupted into his child streetwalker. I was angry...angry enough to kill him if I could. I was angry at my parents for not having enough discernment to know what was going on. I was angry with God for letting it happen. I was angry with myself for not telling my parents, even though he threatened to hurt me even more if I told anyone. My anger never left me. *When I turned 18, I ran away from home and lived out my anger. I've been married twice and I still don't trust men. I guess I'll never have a happy marriage like other people!*



Do stories like this shock God? No, but it grieves His heart deeper than we can possibly imagine (*Gen. 6:5-6*). God knew the tragedies that freedom of choice would bring, even before time began. That's why, in His eternal counsel, He provided the only way that people could be rescued from sin. Through the same freedom of choice that caused sin, a person can choose to give their heart to the Savior and receive forgiveness and restoration. Or they could refuse to believe and die in their sins (*Mark 16:16*). So, what happened to these two people? *Their stories have totally different endings, even though God reached out to them both. Here's what happened:*

My "Killing Game" wasn't playing out at all like I thought. The pain from my wound was excruciating as blood flowed from my side. Crouching behind the school gym, I watched the SWAT team closing in on me. Even killing my classmates and seeing their bodies strewn across the schoolyard didn't appease my rage. As my eyes became blurred and life ebbed away, I sensed that old familiar "tug" from God that I had rejected years ago. *"NO!" I screamed with the little breath I had left. "YOU let all this happen to me! I won't give in to you now! Leave me alone! I hate you more than ever!" With those words, I died. The next thing I knew, I was in a place of utter torment beyond anything I ever felt in life. And there was no way out! (Luke 16:23-31)*

Thirty years had come and gone since those horrible days of sexual abuse. Just when I thought the nightmare was over, I would find myself weeping uncontrollably as night approached. Finally in desperation, I opened my heart to the Lord once again. I sought Christian counseling and began to put my life back together. Then one evening I sensed the indescribable love of God enter my room. His presence flowed over me in waves of infinite goodness. All my anger melted away and for the first time, I felt pure and clean. I cried and cried and cried. But this time my tears were of joy, not bitterness. *The next morning I opened my window just as I had done before. But now, everything was at peace. I was at peace with God, with others and with myself. Finally, I could live again...in my New Season with God. (Is. 61:1-4)*

Next: More Stories from My Childhood - *"Chosen of God"...Even as a Child*

