



Seasons In Time

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

Life Season II – My World As a Teenager (Continued)

Why I Don't Trust Anyone!

When I looked in the mirror, it was worse than I thought...broken nose, black eye and bruises across my cheek. In a drunken rage the man who called himself my “father” beat my mother and me nearly to death. But he was no father! He was a savage animal and a pitiful excuse for a human being. By the time mother called the police, he was long gone...just like all the other times. Weeks later he showed up apologizing for his stupidity and promising never to do it again. Mother knew it was a lie and so did I. But she took him back anyway. If this was “family life,” I didn’t want anything to do with it. I hated my father and I wanted him dead! I felt sorry for my mother, but I lost all respect and trust in her. I wanted to run away from home and life. *But where could a 14 year-old girl run to? I hated men because I believed they were all like “him!” I vowed I’d never trust anyone ever again...especially men!*

I tried to sleep, but the arguing that came from my mother’s bedroom turned my stomach. This was her fourth boyfriend since dad died a year ago, and I cried myself to sleep every time she came home from a “date.” Finally, by the time I turned 16, I got up enough courage to confront her. *“You call yourself a ‘mother?’ What kind of mother has no respect for her son by bringing home losers just to service her needs? Dad’s body wasn’t even cold in the grave before you began to cat around. If all women are like you, I’ll never get married. I pity you as much as I despise you! I feel sorry for the poor guy who decides to marry you!” With that burst of anger, I left home never to return or trust women again.*



Trust is very precious and very fragile. Trust speaks of confidence and security. In the New Testament, even “faith” includes the idea of trust. If children and teenagers don’t trust their parents (*who brought them into the world*), they have difficulty trusting any adult...or even God. *Shattered trust is irreversible...unless God steps into a broken life.* When a person comes face to face with the Living God, everything changes. Sin is exchanged for righteousness (*2 Cor. 5:21*); hate gives way to love (*Matt. 5:43-44*); and offenses are dispersed in forgiveness (*Matt. 18:21-22*). Once trust is secured in God, the slow process of trusting people begins. *However, though God requires us to forgive and love our enemies, He never expects us to trust UNTRUSTWORTHY people!*

Sadly, I discovered that psychologists are right. Children from abused families either become abusers or marry abusers. After two husbands who treated me like dirt, I had enough. I feared my current husband more that I hated him. A couple of times I thought about having him killed, but I opted for a safe house instead...a Christian home for abused women. It was there that I learned the truth about domestic violence. *I saw the cycle of abuse...explosive violence, remorse, and then playing like a loving husband to get accepted again. I also learned what it means to be an “Enabler.”* And it was there, in a godly home for battered women, that God found me...lost, bitter and faithless. *In a flood of tears, I discovered the true meaning of love and trust. It’s the Savior who gave Himself for me. Now I can begin my life over...no longer a victim, but a victor!*

Twenty years have passed since that horrible day when I left home. I never tried to contact my mother and could care less if she was even alive. *Now that I’m in my 30s, I’m beginning to rethink life...* wondering what might have caused her to act the way she did. Maybe she was so overcome with grief that it was the only way she could cope with life. But I’ll never forget the day my life changed forever. It was Mother’s Day and the large church I began attending had a guest speaker. I couldn’t believe who walked to the pulpit. *It was my mother!* She shared about her failures as a mother and how when her son ran away, she turned to Jesus. She brought a riveting message on how to be a godly mom. As tears gathered in my eyes, all bitterness melted away. *She wasn’t the same mother I knew years 20 ago. Because of Christ, neither was I the same son.*

Next: More Stories from My Teenage Years - *Gangs and Terrorists: My New Family!*

