

Saved from Darkness

by Keemeh Moore

When I look back, I realize the devil started early with his attack on my life. His weapon...my sexuality. I remember being curious about my genitalia at any early age-maybe five. Because of this innocent exploration, I didn't question when my stepfather started touching me and showing me pornography at age 11. I knew it made me feel bad, but why would he do it if he wasn't supposed to?

Many of the lies that I carried into adulthood were planted at this time. I believed that sex was dirty and should be kept a secret. I believed I was born a slut - God had made me this way. I also believed that women were weak. My mother perpetuated these lies when she failed to protect me from my stepfather even after I went to the police. She denied knowing anything about the abuse and told the police that I was a wild and promiscuous child. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Relationships in my family became strained. I hated my mother for standing by a man over her own daughter. I hated my stepfather for making me feel dirty. I hated my siblings for not being victims like me. I felt very alone, and in reality I was alone. I had no family and no friends. I was placed in a girls home and left to fend for myself. I didn't know it then, but God was with me and He protected me from many unseen circumstances.

As an adult, with loose boundaries, I continued the cycle of dysfunction by becoming a topless dancer. I felt that by dancing I was taking control of my life and taking control of men. Instead of letting someone use me, I figured I would use myself. I objectified my body as a commodity to be traded for favors and money. Dancing gave me a false

sense of control and self esteem. But the facade was fragile, and I began drinking regularly and smoking marijuana daily. I was so dead on the inside that if I was awake, I had to be high. In addition to the drinking and drugs, sex was a normal part of life. I had no boundaries left - I had promiscuous sex with both men and women.

Eventually, I couldn't take the strain of being surrounded by people but always feeling alone. I was tired of the club, tired of sex, just plain old tired. I decided to stop dancing and started going to church. I figured church would make me feel better. This led me to Living Waters - the first time! I went through the program to deal with my past sexual abuse. I got a "regular" job, became celibate for a time, and then got married. I pretended to be normal. I thought I was healed, but I never stopped smoking marijuana and I never cleaned out my entire "sexual" closet. I also never had a real relationship with my heavenly Father.

Unfortunately, you can't fake healing for too long. My husband turned out to be an abuser of alcohol and an abuser of me. I was losing control once again. The verbal and physical abuse became too much for me and I left my husband and filed for divorce. Deep inside I felt that I had failed. I had tried God and he let me down. I went back to what had worked before, dancing, prostitution, pornography, and more drugs. My life had truly spiraled out of control.

It took me years of misery to realize that I wasn't in control - I was in bondage. The drugs and alcohol helped for a time, but I couldn't get enough to make the pain of being me go away. I hated myself. One night after being high and getting into a violent argument with a lover, I lay awake and began to hear a voice in my head. The voice was evil and nasty. It

called me names and told me to do sickening things to myself and others. This was the final straw.

I ran back to church and requested deliverance. I also called to get back into Living Waters. This time through I didn't hold back. I poured my heart into my homework, listened intently to all teachings, and let it all hang out in small group. I was chasing God now and I wasn't going to stop until he healed me. Of course being the faithful father that he is, God showed up for me. He began speaking to me directly. He told me that the sexual abuse wasn't my fault, that he had stood in my place to take most of the pain away. He told me I wasn't born a slut, and he called me out by name to be the woman he created. He also softened my heart to forgive my abusers, including myself, and he restored family relationships.

My journey toward God began five years ago and I can say that it has been difficult at times. God lifted me up from the pit of prostitution, abuse, and addiction to be seated with Jesus as an heir to the throne. I have been cleansed, redeemed, and set free from the chains that kept me bound for years. God has moved in a mighty way in my life and he used Living Waters to help me regain my confidence and discover my true self. Now I am living out my destiny as a wife, mother, and daughter of the Most High God! I am blessed that God has moved me from victim to victor!

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