

A Letter to My Abuser

To My Biological Father,

What you did was called abuse and torture. You had NO right to touch me or harm me. You were supposed to protect me and nurture me. But instead, you chose to be selfish and fulfill your desire for power and control by harming me and my brothers. You were a liar and a fraud. You pretended to be all spiritual at church, then came home to abuse.

The sad thing is, for years, I didn't trust men, nor trust God. As a father figure, you should have reflected Christ. Particularly since you were so good at it at church events. But you failed. You chose yourself over your family and over God. Thankfully, God placed other families in my life to mirror Christ's love, not His wrath that you showed. So I found a father who loves me just as I am. In fact, He doubly blessed me, and gave me two loving families to nurture me as a broken adult. Then He surrounded me with friends who ministered to my brokenness, and loved me in spite of the strain I put on them because of the trauma you perpetrated.

I'm blessed. For a long time I wanted to give up. I felt my life had no value. But you would have won had I given up. You said don't tell. Well guess what? I'm telling! I'm telling the world—you were an abuser, and I did nothing wrong. No victim of child abuse deserves to be abused. There is nothing they could possibly do to cause the abuse that was done to them. It is selfish fathers, uncles, mothers, friends, etc., who did wrong. Those who stood by and did nothing even though they knew what was happening. But God has restored me, and I lived to tell about what you did.

So I will no longer be silent. I will no longer cower to your threats and abusiveness. I will no longer let you rule my life, because I am free from you. You no longer have power over me or my mind. Rest assured, I will tell my story, and I will give hope to those who are following in this journey of recovery from abuse. Because there is hope. Perpetrators like you don't deserve our time or energy. You don't deserve to take up space in our minds, because you don't pay rent there.

Away with you, and your lies. I am good. I was good. I am blessed and privileged to be alive. You took away part of my life, but I've taken it back. You will never have control of me again—not physically, emotionally, sexually, or mentally.

I celebrate my freedom, of breaking the chains that you once held tight around me. Thank you God for freedom and healing. Thank you God for support and love that came from others who you placed in my life. May you be praised and glorified.

Your x-daughter,

KNC