

My Story

(Wanda's)

I don't know when my story began, because I was too young to remember. It's a story about incest, abortions, rape, suicide, survival and last but certainly not least it's a story about victory.

As stated I don't remember how young I was when the abuse began in my home. What would prompt a father to violate his daughter's innocence in such a vile way? I was raised to believe that this is what father's were supposed to teach their children. When I got older I was told that no one would believe me if I told them what was going on. I do know that a doctor once asked my mother how her young child could possibly have VD (venereal disease, now more commonly referred to as STD or sexually transmitted disease). My mother told me (*when I was much older*) that she told the Dr. "You know kids; they are always playing with themselves. Maybe she stuck a bobby pin or something down there".

Abortions, in my estimation are cruel. This one murderous act will claim a life, and it has the potential of destroying many more. A strong woman may *feel* as if she can handle all that an abortion can throw at her. But what damage does it inflict upon the mind of a young girl in middle school? I pushed most of the memories out of my mind for self preservation. There are some things I do remember.

- Being grilled by my father as to what I was supposed to say to the Dr. and nurses.
- Being told to say that my 'fictitious' boyfriend and I had been having sex.
- Waking up in a room full of beds. Feeling all alone.
- Seeing a nurse in the far corner of the room; then my embarrassment when I recognized her as the mother of one of my school mates. I remember the look she gave me. I was so ashamed.

Secrets have a way of being exposed to the light...this was just the first abortion.

For abortion number two to take place my father had to transport me across the state line. Abortions were illegal where we now lived. Although I was a little older I can't remember too much of what took place that day. I had come to realize that what was taking place in my home was wrong. Questions plagued my mind. Why did we have to cross the state line? Was this ever going to stop? I knew that a baby had been alive in my belly and now it was dead. It had been sucked from my body. Once again I felt guilt and shame. Did I as a young girl want to have a baby conceived through incest? No!! That young girl thought that if there had been consequences to wrong doing maybe it would have served as a deterrent to wrong doing. Will

having abortion clinics in close proximity to our schools allow things to be hidden? [*Just a thought.*]

How long would things continue? I had cried, pleaded, and tried everything I knew to avoid being home alone with my father. (I never entertained the thought of calling the police – I just felt that if I were not there the family would be fine.) I finally realized that the power to stop the abuse had rested within me all along. I had to stand up to my father. I did, it was a fight. My no had to mean no. I remember being hit in the head with a hammer wrapped in a towel (to soften the blow) to knock me out so that I would not fight.

The third abortion took place when I was a young adult. During my young life it had seemed that all men ever wanted was sex. Sex in exchange for what I perceived as love. I ended up pregnant. This was now all on me. What was I to do? I did what I had been ‘*trained*’ to do - hide your mistake.

Problem was there was no authority figure that had forced me to have sex. This abortion was my choice, mine alone (and no the young man did not want the baby or me). I opted for the quick and easy fix. Hide what I had done. After the abortion my mind couldn’t take it any longer. What had I done? I had always blamed my father. I was no better than him; I now had taken an innocent life. What was left to do? I attempted to take my life; this was the second time, I was older and more knowledgeable I almost succeeded. I ended up in the hospital, and had to spend time with a psychiatrist. Even then I hid the truth.

Through no strength of my own I survived, many don’t (I John 1:7-10). Jesus forgave me; I had to learn to accept that forgiveness. I had to forgive myself, and my father. Through the love of Jesus and a good man I am an overcomer, no longer just a survivor. I refuse to be a victim.

The difference between a survivor and an overcomer is this - survive means to remain alive or in existence; to carry on despite hardships or trauma; persevere. To overcome means to defeat (another) in competition or conflict; conquer. I did survive, now through the strength that I have in Jesus I conquer low self esteem, forgetfulness, guilt, negative thoughts of worthlessness, suicide, and the guilt that used to hold me down.

Jesus has blessed me with a loving man, my husband of 34 years. We have four beautiful adult children; two are married with two wonderful children. We did lose one baby due to a miscarriage. *That messed with my mind a little.* Thoughts that because I had killed my baby that the Lord had allowed this baby to die.

Victory is now a part of my life. Not because of anything I did, but because Jesus saved me from a path of destruction (Romans 10:9, 10).

Women we were fearfully and wonderfully made (Psalms 139:14 – also read verses 1-18). Our bodies were not created to be abused, not even by ourselves. Abortions (whether we can see the

scars or not) can hurt and even kill us. Either through the procedure itself, a destructive lifestyle, or it can mess with your mind. Worse case it can leave you with thoughts of suicide.

Love for me was perverted at a young age... I now know God is love. I am to share His love with others. My desire is to let women know that they are God's treasure (Exodus 19:5). In my own way through www.womenastreasure.com I desire to encourage women to make a stand. Open your mouth (Remember Rom.10:9, 10) and take control of your life. Protect yourself physically, mentally, and spiritually. Say yes to the Lord. Say no to those who are up to no good and mean you harm. For more go to www.naturalresources-wt.com/my-story.html both links lead to the same site.

On the back of the Women As Treasure business cards it reads: "We are stronger when we join hands to help one another. You are not alone; at least you don't have to be. Together we will discover the unique treasures we were created to be."

Thank you for taking time to read this,

Wanda