

# *Table of Contents*

Introduction . . . . .	ix
My Story . . . . .	xiii
<b>1. Muddy Waters:</b>	
Events and Their Effects on Life's Journey . . . . .	1
<b>2. Designed By God With Great Love</b>	
Made and Known by God:	
Marred by Abuse . . . . .	15
Nancy Finds Real Love at Last.. . . . .	25
<b>3. God Is Here</b>	
Taking the Reason for Guilt is	
Not Always the Answer . . . . .	35
Jean Finds the Answer.. . . . .	42
<b>4. He Makes the Desert a Garden</b>	
Being Transparent about Abuse . . . . .	53
The Mystery of Myra's Sad Eyes.. . . . .	62

<b>5. Treasured by God While Trampled by Man</b>	
Treasured by God While Trampled by Man . . .	69
Abandoned but Not Forsaken . . . . .	79
<b>6. God's Heart for Relationship</b>	
If God said "It Is good,"	
Then why is there pain? . . . . .	97
Sylvia Makes a Choice . . . . .	108
<b>7. Choice That Counts</b>	
Choice Brings Results With It. . . . .	121
<b>8. The Miracle of a Seed</b>	
Encouragement to Purpose and Change . .	129
<b>9. Believing Lies Withers a Flower</b>	
Control of Lies and the Outcome . . . . .	137
<b>10. What Love Does</b>	
Strength of Truth and Its Influence. . . . .	149
<b>11. Right Thoughts</b>	
Through our Struggle, Jesus Cares Deeply .	157
<b>12. Living To Worship God</b>	
Worship is a Way of Walking . . . . .	163
<b>Appendix</b> . . . . .	169
<b>Additional Resources</b> . . . . .	181



## *Introduction*

*A Trampled Flower Can Rise Again* isn't an ordinary storybook. It is difficult for the Flower standing free in the sunlight of purity to understand the pressing guilt and fear that sexual abuse lays on the Trampled Flower.

Honest and forward attempts made to walk in the steps of the abused may be undesirable for the Healthy Flower. But for the Trampled Flower, desiring rescue from her prison of pain, it is needful to open to an understanding adult and share about the abuse.

To understand the message these pages mean to portray, please read *A Trampled Flower Can Rise Again* objectively, from beginning to end.

*But everything exposed by the light becomes visible—and everything that is illuminated becomes a light (Ephesians 5:13). NIV*

The idea for this book was born when *Shining Light Children's Home* first opened its doors. When I met the hurting girls who came off the street, I wanted to tell them there is hope. I wanted them to know how much God cares for young girls who are devastated by the shame of sexual abuse.

There is hope!

The Lord Jesus is Love!

He is Comfort for the rejected.

He is Peace for the restless.

There are other very helpful books such as *Putting off Anger* and *Beauty for Ashes* by John Coblenz. *Beauty for Ashes* was written for a girl to open a walk through the pain of abuse.

The way to healing opened when *Beauty For Ashes* revealed the devastation abuse had done to me. I thank John Coblenz for giving God's message of healing.

I wanted to write something specifically for girls in early teens who are hidden in the confusion of sexual abuse. I could not hush the

desire in my heart to give this message of hope to young girls. I have never before written a book and have found it hard even to write a journal. It felt impossible to put the thoughts of my heart into words that someone could understand, so I asked God to help me write the thoughts of my heart.

I'd like to show young girls the path to emotional healing. I want to invite the abused girl to the comfort and freedom of our loving Lord Jesus.

In the first part of the book I aim to define sexual abuse and to make people aware of the realities of abuse.

In the last chapters, I endeavor to bring light to the process of healing. A growing young lady is like a bud opening into a beautiful flower. Sexual abuse mars and tramples these lovely buds. But all is not lost! God is big enough to restore and mend every trampled flower. Christ is the Healer and Restorer, bringing Light on the journey to wholeness.



xii | *A Trampled Flower*  
can rise again



## *My Story*

The path from rejection to wholeness is my testimony. I know the despair of ruined purity. I know how it feels to live under self-accusation and fear of control.

My abuse came from someone I thought was my friend. Being four years younger, I looked up to this person as someone who understood so much more than I possibly could. My trust was betrayed.

The result of this choice turned me distant to people I had been close to. I became aimless and quiet. Work and activities seemed to be in another world apart from me. Life seemed foggy and

happiness out of reach. My shame and confusion were the only things that seemed real to me.

I hated wrong and wanted right, but sinful desires held a firm grip on me. Time and again I became aware of the bondage that held me hostage, and I desperately wanted to talk with someone. I'd imagine I was talking to a pastor's wife, telling her the whole story. Then when my imagined confession faded away, I was again tormented with loneliness. Repeatedly I wondered, *Will I always live in this hopeless, solitary place of confusion?*

Four years later I accepted Christ as my Saviour. Like a prisoner released from prison, my life transformed into a new direction. The strong power of sin that had held me for so long was gone. I praised Him for the freedom I found. Living water of the Holy Spirit was the source of my life. His love was the theme of my song. This new way of living gave me hope for the future.

However, for years I felt unlovable. I wanted to be part of those around me, but a thick cloud of



accusation hung over me. The distress paralyzed me. Life was simply performance without feeling.

I knew God had forgiven me, but why couldn't I forgive myself? I didn't tell anyone the experience of my past captivity to passion. I quietly kept the story to myself, repressing the pain. I didn't know how necessary it was to share my story with someone who cared. Therefore I was consumed with fear and loneliness, and kept the pain hidden deep within my heart.

But pain like that never hides completely. It always appears somewhere, usually in unexpected places. It is like hiding something deep in a closet.

As I tried my best to hide my pain, what tumbled out was unpredictable anger, from deep nagging fear.

I was scared to be honest about my fear. I hated the person I saw in the mirror and told myself, "You can **never** do anything good enough." I hurt those I lived with and wondered, "Why can't I feel love for those who are closest to me?"

I had chosen to hide my pain. This choice brought responses that were automatic, which means that while I chose the behavior, I could not choose the results. My chosen behavior was silence. The result was smothering fear and unpredictable anger.

After decades of despair I sought answers to be released from this prison. I prayed in desperation for help to love. I told my daughter there is a part of my life's story which I had never shared with anyone. I told her my social life was ruined in my young teens. In those four years, relationship skills were denied and my communication shut down. These difficulties followed me through life. When my girls heard about this, they encouraged me to find someone to help me find healing for my confused emotions.

My husband and I found kind friends who gave time for me. In prayer we invited the Lord into our presence. "Lord, come to our need—heal the pain and counsel the heart."

From the dark room of the deepest part of my heart, I told the story that had been a secret for so many years. They listened as I shared the pain I had tried to forget. I told them of my embarrassment and how vulnerable I had felt. I told of the apathy that ruled me in public because of the hopelessness that thwarted me. I shared the manipulation that had devalued my free choice. I told all I could of the lonely road I had been traveling. The wounds of my heart were exposed.

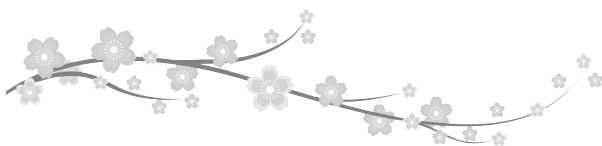
As these kind friends listened, they helped me take every sad memory to the Lord. Together we lifted our hearts in prayer, and as I unburdened my soul to God I could feel the peace of God crowding out the pain and torment that had been hidden in my heart. Christ came into that place of my heart, and with Him came quietness.

Fears that had tormented me for so long no longer had power over me. When I prayed I felt a new closeness to God. I felt a new trust that the Lord was planning the details of my life.

I will never be able to undo the damage others felt during those years of hiding my pain. I have shed many tears of regret for the harsh and angry words I gave to my family. Rebuilding those damaged relationships was slow, hard work.

I feel God's constant care while He patiently shapes me and others into His image. I am grateful the Lord searched for me in love, and did not give up on me during those years I tried to cover my grief.

God knows where you are, and I know He can help you too!



*Note: All the stories in the book are true. For the protection of the characters, I have made some changes in names, details, and locations.*