

So the story goes. You were not planned, a mistake we didn't want another child. I will own you and treat you like my property. You are a strong willed and stubborn boy and I will beat that out of you, Whatever it takes. Ridicule and beatings you are stupid after all. I will bend you to my will. You flinch when I raise my hand because you are bad and will never amount to anything. Raped by a stranger hidden in a shell boys don't tell. Embarrassment and blame, welcome to the game of rejection and shame. No love no touch I call you like a dog because you are my property. So Carry the wound and hide it for no one to see because, YOU REALLY needed discipline from me. Now a man grown up and strong and hiding the pain self-medicate with drugs and booze and pornography. No one can see that I was never meant to be. Successful and bold but still a child trying to find Love and acceptance. The Battle was won on the Cross Because Jesus Died for me.

Yes I am growing in Victory!

As a preschooler, I had no Dad, and Mom was always gone. Me and my sister were locked in a room for more than a day with no food, cant get out to go to a bathroom so I defecated on the floor only to get screamed at for standing on my sisters shoulders to reach the hidden pop tarts (the only food in more than a day). Locked in a car overnight while mom went into the club to strip for men. We had no electricity except for what was stolen from the neighbors house. After being left for months at our aunts house, DHS finally put us into foster care. We went to a group home where the rejection got worse. The words "we don't love you and we don't have to" were common. Other kids in the house got bikes for Christmas and we got hand me down clothes. Then kindergarten came and learning disabilities caused rejection, and fights. The doctors prescribed heavy anti-psychotic meds and sleeping pills just for people to cope with me. It scares me to be alone and every day I battle with impulsive decisions to lie and steal to self-medicate as I try to accept myself. I live in fear of rejection but I know that I am a child of God and I am accepted by my Family, my church, and my friends.

Rejected for being an alcoholic homeless and having social anxiety (I dont like to be around people). Many of my friends are rejected because of a felony record and prison time. My parents split when I was 5 and mom never remarried so I hitch hiked all over the state looking for work hoping to settle down and find a wife and have kids.I have to many stories of losing jobs, losing places to live, losing friends, and rejection is a way of life. I know the Lord is my friend and I pray and read the Bible and the Lord is with me. Besides... My life changed today...I got a puppy!

I've spent my entire life so far fighting a battle deep inside feeling like I could never measure up to my father's expectations because of how aggressive, non-accepting, and how black or white he is. It has made me hard hearted towards him in some areas, and caused me to look at him in a way that was not very honoring to him. I felt rejected. I've perceived him to be anything but caring. Recently we had a break through and he poured his heart out to me about certain aspects of his childhood. About things that no one should ever have to hear about, let alone be subjected to personally. At the end of our conversation, as he began to break down, he told me that all he ever wanted as a child was to feel like he was loved, and he never had it. He didn't have one memory that he could draw joy from. It was hard to let the pain go. And it's made him the way he is. On guard. So as he became an adult, he wanted to have a child. Someone who he could pour into and that would love him back unconditionally. I was that child. But instead of loving him unconditionally, I fought him for years. Despised him, resented him, disconnected myself from him. Anything but truly love him because I thought he was just this mean, hateful, controlling, heartless person..... Until today. A shift of perspective took place. I realized I have spent the last 35 years rejecting my father, and denying him of something that he always dreamed of having. It was me who did the rejecting. What if yesterday would have been his last day, and he would have never opened up to me about this? He would have died feeling the same way at 59 as he did at 5. What kind of son am I to deny my father of the love that has been given to me?