

Brainwashed and Narrow



I'm not who I used to be. I don't mean witness protection. I'm talking about living as a prisoner to my past, with the nagging voice of a ghost that said I was unworthy. A loser. It was the voice of my *mother*.

She was one of six abusers. I honored her as long as she lived, but after, I told the truth. She was an abuser who daily hurled a litany of rejection my way – rejection being the *brighter* side of my life! She never wanted me...I was an accident from the beginning. She wished she'd never had me. I never did anything *right*. I was a juvenile delinquent headed for jail... so I *went*. That, in spite of being an honor society member, on Student Council; in marching band... Evil people have a way of twisting the truth.

I soon evolved into a street urchin, surviving by carrying a gun at 12 years old...Mom never home. On my 17th birthday, I ran away from the *reason* I lived on streets -my stepfather- a felon ... when he tried to kill me. **I managed to marry 'up'**, raise a family... and become a leader. *Anyway*. Thanks largely to great friends & mentors. Mom and I were alienated the 30 years before she died. We talked by telephone. Yet 6 weeks before she died, that breach was healed. A real miracle! Then came another. But...! Her insults haunted me well into marriage...*fears*. And fear of failure. But I vowed if my children failed it wouldn't be because they ever doubted I *loved* them!

What changed? How did I ever leave those shackling chains behind? It's simple. I was brainwashed! Yes. Today, I realize that my confidence bowls some people over. Where did it come from? To grow from a simple street urchin to someone wholly certain of who she is, unintimidated by others? - Admittedly, **the download took years**. Perhaps fifteen. Once my quest for 'truth' was fulfilled, I never left that truth far behind. The library was a refuge. I'd sought that truth in every possible venue. The arts, science, religion...I read Socrates & Plato. If it was in 'print'- I felt it was *surely* true! (I said I was simple). I was empty inside!

At age 24 and on my way to truth... I met the Author. At last I understood inconsistencies in 'religion'! Immersed in scripture daily, God wrote His truth upon my heart.¹ He 'washed me in the water of His word'... A born fighter, I found I could stop fighting a fight that was already won! Rest belonged to me. The work was 'finished'. I'm free! "If I do not wash you, you have no part in me." Jesus said.

The night before He died, Jesus told His beloved, "You have already been made clean by the words I have spoken to you." It is His Word that cleansed me from bitter memories, a broken heart. & shame Fulfillment came where only failure loomed. *Your life* is not exempt from God's Grace! 6 Moses, King David & Paul are the most spoken of in the Bible – and **all were murderers!**

This is the 'why' of my life. The real evidence of knowing God is a changed life. It's *too late* to tell me it doesn't work! But, it's not for everybody. If you think you're *alright*...? Jesus only came for the needy.⁷

Some years ago, a woman said I was narrow; that I needed to be more broadminded. Afterward, I was reminded of Jesus' words, 'Broad is the way that leads to destruction. But narrow is the way that leads to life!' I'm pleased to be on the path of life. **I am a work in progress.** But I've learned: Don't look for who you are. Look for who you are meant to be!

My *mother*? Days before she died, she sobbed over her evil deeds, repenting to God. On her deathbed she said Jesus now held her hand...*Not to wait* like she had! She wasn't *afraid*... Before that? *She had good reason to be!*

References

1 Heb.8:10 **2**.Ephes.5:26 **3**.Heb.4:9,1,3;

Matt.11:28 **4**.John13:8 **5**.John 15:3

6.Rom.5:8;John15:13 **7**.Luke 5:32

8.Matt.7:13,14 **9**. Prov.10:17

10.Jer.29:11;Acts 17:30

11.ICor15:52,26 **12**. Rev.21:8,

Gal.5:19-21 **13**. II Tim.1:7