

Empowering Me Publications



Broken But Not Bound by April Mason

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This book was written as a statement to anyone who has dealt with childhood sexual abuse, domestic violence, rape, low self-esteem, suicidal thoughts, homosexuality, and depression. It serves to let them know there IS a God, and if you want a change YOU have to make the choice.

**You may be broken, but
never bound!**

Introduction

Broken But Not Bound

The Making of Me

I walked through the bookstore after a bitter divorce seeking a book on etiquette. The next man that I marry will have to be this and that and then some! Ladies, you know how we do. I understood, however, that you have to be who you are asking for, so I wanted to prepare myself! Walking as if I was on a serious mission, another book caught my eye. The book was entitled, "How to Write Your Own Autobiography". I was intrigued. My pace slowed.

When I opened the book, the first question I read was: "What is the first thing you remember from your youth?" I thought about it. The first thing that I remember is being molested at age 5 by my two female babysitters. The second question read: "What is the second thing you remember from your youth?" I didn't have to ponder that for long because it was like these memories were on the forefront of my mind. I remember being awakened by blundering and my mom's husband at the time beating her. I remember getting my small belt and hitting him with it to get him off her. I guess it can be said that those aren't the best memories, but it was what I had to work with. That one question sparked a lot of thoughts. I started to sit and think back on what had happened to me in my life, and why I was the way I was.

As I sat back thinking about all I had been through, memories started to just pour in. Can you imagine being 5 years old and knowing more about sex than you do about Sesame Street? The actions of others went on to turn my life into something I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. As I sat there, I was amazed at how clearly the memories of those traumatic things that I had been through

played back in my mind. I know now that clarity wasn't my doing. That was God's way of allowing me to remember so that he could heal and deliver me, so He could get the glory out of my life.

One after the other, memories started to overwhelm me. (My being molested by several of my male cousins, stepfather and biological father while growing up, introduced to porn and masturbation in the 4th grade; always talked about through school; always coming in last and not having any confidence in myself or my abilities shaped me into a woman I hated. Moreover, I remember clearly and verbatim the negative words that were spoken to me over my life. All of these things, detailed memory after memory, filled my head to the point where I started to feel hurt, anger, pain and hatred. These emotions began filling my body, and I started to shake. I'm sure my eyes were crimson and my body felt as cold as ice. God, why me?)

(Why did all this have to happen to me? Is this what I was put on this earth for?)

As I continued traveling through my painful past, I remembered how as I got older, things got progressively worse... I developed very early, so I had a "grown woman's" body in the 5th grade. I remember staying up late on Saturday nights during that time to sit in the family room and watch "Show Time at the Apollo"—a show that took me away from my reality and gave me hope. I would hear someone walking down the hall... I knew it was my stepfather so I tucked the covers under me so he could not get in. It was so bad that many nights he would sit on my bed when he thought I was asleep and I would make movement just so he would think I was waking up, and then he would leave... I needed a safe place so that nobody could violate me anymore. It was then that I decided to search for my biological father—surely he could protect me.

I remembered my first meeting with my father. It was wonderful! Now I finally had a safe place of my own. He was really great... I thought. As my father and I began building a relationship, he invited

me over one day to hang out. Of course there was nothing wrong with that, right? We talked and laughed. It was turning out to be a pretty normal visit. However, before I knew what happened, he took off all of my clothes and started to fondle me, and forced me to fondle him. I remembered his words... "I am not sure if you are my real daughter, so this wouldn't be considered incest." For crying out loud, I look just like him! Besides, even if I wasn't his daughter, I was still only 16.

My life was in shambles. I became promiscuous because I thought that sex was all I had to offer. That seemed to be the only thing that people wanted from me. There were so many negative things that were spoken over my life that I had started to believe them and rehearse them repeatedly in my mind.

I remembered a very significant day in my 7th grade science class. We had to do an experiment with acid. Well, of course, I accidentally dropped mine. It splashed into a girl's eye and as another girl was helping her, she looked at me with disgust and said, "It had to be you." And I remember saying to myself, "She's right—why does it always have to be me?" Her statement rang aloud in my ears and followed me into my adult life.

As I sat there in the bookstore that day, overwhelmed with the heartache that my memories had once again uncovered, I realized that all I ever wanted was love and acceptance. To be made to feel special and like someone truly cared about me and not what I could give. Nevertheless, my search for love and acceptance only brought me more hurt, pain and brokenness. I pondered, is this what life is about? I have been raped and physically abused beyond recognition by people that said they loved me. I had three children by the time I was 23, several abortions, limited formal education, no self-worth, no self-love, no confidence...now a divorce.

My life was full of disappointments and let downs, so I didn't expect much from people. I desired happiness, but it seemed taboo. Still, with all of the self-hate, I couldn't shake the one positive feeling deep within my soul; the glimmer of hope which let me know I was

destined for greatness. Where was this feeling coming from? Me, destined for greatness? How? I did not have a positive environment or foundation to build from. I was merely a broken spirit, bound to unfortunate incidents placed upon me by people I thought I could trust. So I thought...Then I realized all of this was the making of me.