

I Was An Abused Wife

The real names of the people in this story are not given to protect the privacy of those who are involved.

I am a Christian who, since my conversion to God, have sought to live according to the scriptures. When I got married I believed my husband ought to be the head of the home and my submitting to his placement by God. I still believe this truth, but I also believe that a husband ought to seriously consider the thoughts of his wife and each be "subject one to another" (1 Pet. 5:5). When decisions are to be made I believe that by prayer, mutual consideration, an honest willingness and an understanding of the thoughts of each other, there can be a decision acceptable to both. Sadly, I have now learnt that in many marriages, as was in mine, these facts were missing, and it was my husband not being the head, but the "boss". A head leads and directs, nourishing the body. A boss will disregard his associates and determinedly force his own way.

Many years ago my husband decided to build a house. We were happy, contented, and worked very hard together. However, it became a veritable mansion and became one of my biggest regrets that I did not speak out to oppose the idea.

One day my brother asked us to go into business with him. Things then started to go downhill. There was lots of money to be made in the business which resulted in the love of money quickly developing. One day I was hijacked at gun point which brought my participation in the business to a halt.

Then, sadly, my husband got into trouble when several women accused him of indecent assault. I stood by him, but it meant he lost his job. In time he got another job as a supervisor until he got injured in an accident. These events brought out a side of my husband I had never known. He became verbally abusive, and coerced me to open another business before I was prepared for it. Trying to run the business, make meals, and keep the house clean and tidy had a detrimental affect on my health.

My husband became very self centered and "temporarily left me", moving to another country. There he bought a motorhome and traveled the countryside enjoying the "good life". His reasoning was that he needed to get away because he was under pressure. He spent thousands of pounds, leaving me virtually penniless. I found it difficult trying to contend with difficulties as well as bring up our children. God seemed very remote. My parents helped me, then my dear mother died. I had lost everything, and there was no one else to help me. Where could I turn? I put on a good front and no one knew the agony inside, and no one asked how I really was. No pastor came to visit me and no deacon's wives came to help me. I was alone, broken in health and spirit.

In time the stress resulted in my health collapsing completely. Major health issues began resulting in heart trouble, high blood pressure, a pituitary gland tumor, two operations, and then deepening depression. I knew what it was to be utterly alone with a future which looked so dark. When I tried to read the scriptures they were dead to me. I was going less and less to church and fast sinking into utter despair. There was no light at the end of the tunnel, no silver lining behind this dark cloud. I wondered could things get any worse or darker? They became much darker.

My husband came back home, but before long I suspected he was planning something behind my back. I started to tape his phone calls. Then one call came, a call I shall never forget. He was speaking to his mum when I heard her tell him to put me into a cottage we owned up the road, then leave me and sell the big house, keeping the funds for himself. It was a terrible blow. I went to a lawyer and asked him to send my husband a letter stating I was going for a separation. Despite all the abuse I didn't really want a separation but I was hoping it would bring my husband back to his senses.

When my husband received the letter, his abusiveness became so extreme where I feared for my life and that of my children. He tried to get our doctor to put me into a mental hospital. On one occasion the police had to be called and he was taken away in an ambulance and sent for assessment.

I wasn't allowed to visit him and after some time the specialist sent for me, and sitting in his office I was informed that I was in danger from my husband, explaining that he had an explosive personality. Despite that which had happened I just didn't believe that he would hurt me. He was discharged and we were together again as a family. My husband was able to act so spiritual, but when the doors were closed he became a changed man.

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After 5 years of separation he went for a divorce, but I ignored all the papers sent as I believed I was married until death do us part. After being separated 7 years he then pushed for the divorce which was automatic after 5 years separation. That was the end of my marriage.

He then wanted to buy me out. He was of the opinion he would get more than 50 percent. Ending up in court he acknowledged he hadn't the money to buy me out. I pleaded for anything at all as I couldn't even heat the house. The verdict was, I was to live in the house, and when it was sold I was to get 55 per cent and my husband 45 percent. I thank God I have good children who give unconditional love to their mum, give her all they can and ask for nothing in return. During all this my boys stood by me. They reared their young sister and their baby brother, giving all their wages into the house. Spiritually, things were still hard, and God seemed like a distant shadow.

As you can imagine spiritual life is non-existent, and feeling that I would be an embarrassment, I stopped going to church. When I met anyone from the church or social gatherings they were outwardly pleasant to me, but Christians can be very cruel. One night when arrangements were being made for something, I was told: "You can come, if you want". I felt so rejected.

Due to certain events and circumstances, I eventually got a puppy which was a God send.

Alone in my room and with severe depression the dog lay at my side and slowly I started to heal. As the healing increased I leaned more on this gentle four-legged companion. I still suffer with some medical issues but I have great children, my lovely dogs, but best of all I have the Lord. I was not aware of it at the time, but He was there all the time, tenderly caring for me. Such was my darkness I could not sense Him. Life can be so very hard, punctuated at times with sorrows continually rolling over one like the waves of the ocean. Tears, loneliness, heartache, and the constant reliving of hopes that never came to fruition can leave one very bitter, but I have a God who is exceedingly faithful to me, never for an instance leaving me, and now helping me to keep looking upward and onward. My Dad had a hymn, it was his favorite because of its truth, and the first time he heard it. That first occasion was at his first visit to the Easter conference when over a thousand people began to sing: "We'll all gather home in the morning". As daddy heard it he cried. He said he felt he was already in heaven. The words mean more to me now, especially when it says: "We'll meet with the friends gone before us". I look forward to that day when its words will ring so true.

We'll all gather home in the morning at the sound of the great Jubilee
We'll all gather home in the morning, what a gathering that will be.

Refrain

*What a gathering, gathering, gathering that will be
What a gathering, gathering, gathering that will be*

We'll all gather home in the morning, our blessed Redeemer to see
We'll meet with the true and the faithful, what a gathering that will be.

We'll all gather home in the morning, on the banks of the bright Jasper sea
We'll meet all the pure and redeemed ones, what a gathering that will be.

Oh hasten thou bright coming morning, we're waiting and longing to see
Thy glorious light earth adorning, what a morning that will be.

From then on through eternity, all tears will be wiped away, no more sadness, separations or regrets, heartaches forever gone, and the beauty of peace will fill every soul in that blest place.

This is my story and I trust it will bring comfort and be a blessing to you. If you know Christ as your personal Saviour, you can rest knowing that He is with you through it all and will never leave you or forsake you.