

# **COMPENSATED SUFFERING**

An Inspiration for All Who Have  
Suffered at the Hands of Another

Written by  
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# INTRODUCTION



**U**nexpected, unannounced and undetected I became a target of abuse. I couldn't believe it was happening to me, a Christian woman, a woman of faith. And yet it happened.

Perhaps like me you are a Christian who is suffering. The hurt has shattered your hopes. The sadness has stolen your joy. The pain has crushed your spirit, to where life is now an endless sea of despair. You no longer feel blessed and highly favored of the Lord. You no longer feel like one of God's chosen vessels. Nothing about your life seems significant, unique or of any value whatever. In order to cope, you begin to pretend, putting on a parking lot smile, as if your life is perfect, but inside you are broken, crushed, miserable and confused. Constant disappointment has you living in a make-believe world. If someone would follow you home, they would not find the public image, but the real you rolled up on the floor like a towel, drowning in a puddle of tears and misery.

This describes my life a few years ago. Saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit I was in desperate need of God's healing and deliverance power. I was wounded beyond repair, sinking deeper into depression. A single naïve decision was responsible for the ongoing heartache in my life.

At the outset of my trial, Juanita Bynum's book, *Matters of the Heart* had not arrived on the Christian scene. Joyce Meyers had not yet written *The Battlefield of the Mind*. Bishop T.D Jakes' book, *Reposition Yourself*, was not yet on the market. I had never heard a sermon that addressed the subject of abuse, nor had I read any books on the topic.

Though I had grown up in the church, my struggles were “hush-hush,” not the kind discussed in public; they were not supposed to happen in Christian homes. Spiritually ignorant on the subject, I felt that I had no answers and no preparation for the journey. Up until that point, my trials had been ordinary ones. As hard as they were, they had served a purpose bringing me into submission and obedience to the will of God, producing tremendous spiritual change and growth. But this latest challenge, the pain that birthed this book, was like no other trial I had ever encountered. It actually shook my faith to its foundations, often sapping my spiritual energy and my joy. It overwhelmed my ability to reason and began to erode my faith in God and His Word.

It was merely not a philosophical struggle between good and evil, but a spiritual battle where Satan had unleashed the powers of hell against me, waging war against my mind, body and soul. If the Lord had not been on my side, I might still be in despair, possibly cuckoo and certainly chronically depressed.

When it began, I could not even put my feelings into words. All I knew at that time was that I felt out of my league and unable to cope. And although I Peter 4:12 says not to be surprised by our suffering, I was shocked and blown away to realize that God would allow such a terrible cup of suffering in my life. I was stressed beyond words.

Despite the fact that I was in Christian ministry, the enemy unleashed an attack designed to assassinate my purpose, my emotions and character, telling me that greatness was in other people, but not in me. And as Proverbs 23:7 says, *For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he: . . .* I began to live as if my life had no future or worth. I put my visions and dreams on hold and lived trapped in the incubator of my trouble. I did not understand that my suffering would lead me into God’s glory. In fact, the opposite outcome seemed more likely. I had no inkling that God’s will could only be released through my suffering. I did not know that He was purposely orchestrating my steps toward His will. What I did know was that I did not like the trial one little bit.

I began to wonder where God was. Alone in the wilderness, in my personal storm of the century, I said, “God where are you?”

I could not go back to my past because, just like the Children of Israel, Pharaoh was behind me, nor could I go forward because the Red Sea was in front of me. I felt paralyzed, spiritually powerless. The pressure was so intense that I had to constantly speak the Word of God to myself and use the Bible as a pillow for months when I went to sleep at night.

To nullify the devil's attack, I began to pray. Under intense persecution, I set my face like a flint in the presence of God. I prevailed before God in prayer as if my life and ministry depended on it. I began to hunger and thirst for God and seek His face like never before. My spiritual appetite, all of sudden, became great and I hungered for His presence. The more I looked at my problem, the more I prayed asking God to show me that He had not left me, to show me why this was happening to me. I wanted to know what I needed to fix and what I needed to let go of. I wanted deliverance and did not care what sacrifice I had to make to obtain it. I asked God to reveal Himself to me in a way that I had never witnessed or experienced. I had run out of options, and did not know which way to turn. I could not trust my own judgment or thoughts. I needed God. I did not want another parking-lot prophecy. I did not want somebody telling me what they thought about my situation. I did not want to hear somebody else's viewpoint. I was tired of personal opinions. I just wanted more of God, just as it says in *Philippians 3:10 (NKJV): that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings.* I wanted God more than the answer I was waiting for in prayer. I needed Him to do something for me that I could not do for myself.

For months I wept, waited and prayed, "Help me, God!" As I prayed, a paradigm shift began to take place in my spirit. One late night in prayer, I found myself praying,

"Lord I do not understand why You have allowed this trial in my life, but I know You are a good God. I do not know why You chose me for this test, but I know You are a loving God, and You will not put any more on me than I can bear. If You brought this storm to me, You are able to take me through it. If You put me in the fire, You are able to make sure I do

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not get burned. So right now, I praise You. I give You glory. I bless Your holy name. I say yes, to your will. Yes, to your plan.”

All of a sudden, II Corinthians 12: 9 started ringing in my soul. I heard the Lord say unto me, *My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in your weakness . . . my power will rest upon you.* That night I was determined to get my breakthrough. I stayed on my face until I felt God’s presence—until my spirit was lifted, until the strongholds were pulled down, until the enemy was destroyed, and until victory and deliverance was released in my life.

When I look back now, I realize that prayer was my spiritual weapon for many disruptive and painful moments. It was prayer that carried me through the most difficult times in my life. It was prayer that kept my mind glued together and kept me from the thoughts of hurting those who intentionally sought to harm me. I found strength to pray unaware that my prayer was moving my circumstances into a past-tense stage. I prayed to God unaware that my prayer was shifting me to an intimate chamber with God. I had no clue that my assignment and purpose in the kingdom of God would be birthed through this trial.

God taught me much through that trial. He taught me that when I get in the presence of God for real and start living according to the biblical principles set forth in His Word, He will reverse the elements of the earth to work in my favor.

That trial ended a few years ago and my life has changed significantly since that time. It has been a long haul, but the dividends I have received from God as a result of suffering for Christ’s sake were far greater than the journey. The Lord compensated me for the hell I had to go through. Therefore, I am pleased to share the content of this book with you in hopes that you will be encouraged by the reminder that Christ will reward and compensate us when we suffer for righteousness’ sake.

My journey starts with a test but ends with a testimony. It begins with pain and sorrow but concludes with hope and victory. As difficult as it was for me to admit that I was abused for many years, I

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am glad I survived to share my story and help bring attention to a problem that receives very little attention in the church today.

As I look back I am profoundly grateful for the trial. I am thankful I had a Savior who did not let me go. I am thankful to a Savior who did not allow the enemy to consume my purpose in my private furnace of affliction. Honestly, I cannot believe how blessed I am, that I can share my story and testify that I came out victoriously. There are no words to describe how grateful I am. For me, the biggest lesson of all is how God shielded me in the trial so I did not become what I went through. God's way may have not been my way. His will may have not been my will. But on that journey, I discovered that His will and way are always perfect and will always lead us to divine victory.