

# The Single Moms' Ministry™

*A ministry for single moms  
and their children*



The Lamppost



Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Psalm 119:105 KJV

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*We have become orphans without a father, our mothers are like widows. Lamentations 5:3 NASB*

If you have read this newsletter for any length of time, you know that each year in June we quote statistics about fatherless children. This year we will once again place those statistics in front of you, in an effort to have you really look at them. We do this so that you can see the negative impact fatherlessness has on children, and the negative impact it has on society. Everyone of these "statistics" represents a real flesh and blood human being created in the image of God. And it is God, who has specifically told us how to minister to this group of people. He didn't hide what He wanted us to do. But as is the case, so often, we just don't care what God has to say about anything, or anyone. Because if we did, we would be doing more than showing up at church on Sunday, and forgetting that God calls us, all of us, to minister to His people, and He is especially concerned with the needs of the fatherless.

So, once again, we will give you some statistics. It is my prayer that you would send this newsletter to everyone you know, your church leaders, community leaders, etc. Anyone who is concerned about the future of our country should be concerned about these children, and that concern should cause us to DO something about it. In the US 18.10 MILLION children are being raised without the benefit of living with their fathers.<sup>1</sup> Fatherless homes account for:

- 63% of youth suicides<sup>2</sup>
- 71% of pregnant teenagers<sup>2</sup>
- 90% of homeless and runaway children<sup>3</sup>
- 85% of children that exhibit behavioral disorders<sup>3</sup>
- 70% of juveniles in state-operated institutions<sup>4</sup>
- 80% of rapists motivated with displaced anger<sup>5</sup>
- 75% of adolescent patients in chemical abuse centers<sup>6</sup>
- 85% of youths sitting in prisons<sup>7</sup>

Fatherless children are also 33 times more likely to be seriously abused so that they will require medical attention, and 73 times more likely to be killed.<sup>8</sup>

This month we wanted to let you see the tragedy that can and often does take place in the lives of too many fatherless children. As you read the testimony on the following pages, I forewarn you, it is difficult to read, but we thought it was important to put a face on the fatherless.

*Rita Viselli ~ President and Founder*

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.census.gov/prod/2009pubs/p60-237.pdf> Stats (2007)

<sup>2</sup> US Dept. of Health & Human Services, Bureau of the Census

<sup>3</sup> Center for Disease Control

<sup>4</sup> U.S. Dept. of Justice, Special Report, Sept 1988

<sup>5</sup> Criminal Justice & Behavior, Vol. 14, p. 403-26, 1978

<sup>6</sup> Rainbows for all God's Children

<sup>7</sup> Fulton Co. Georgia jail populations, Texas Dept. Of Corrections 1992

<sup>8</sup> "Marriage: The Safest Place for Women and Children",  
by Patrick F. Fagan and Kirk A. Johnson, Ph.D. Backgrounder #1535.

## Putting a Face on the Fatherless

I know that everybody thinks life is hard. The fact is, it's all a matter of perspective. Sometimes, when talking to people, I'm full of sympathy for their struggles and wonder how they've managed to come out of some of the situations they've been through, and I am thankful for the life I've had. On the other hand, I look back at some of the things I had to deal with growing up and I wonder why I am not completely insane. Sometimes I get angry at God and I ask Him why I had to go through it, and I use it as a means of justifying my sinful behavior.

My parents divorced when I was about two years old and my brother was 3. I don't have any memories of my parents being married. I can imagine what it was like being married to my dad; as he is an alcoholic and to this day, is drunk every single day. He married my stepmom soon after the divorce, and she had a son about our age. My biological brother and I used to visit my dad and new stepbrother on the weekends. Dad was usually drinking with his buddies, and my stepmom worked, so we were often left unsupervised on those visits.

I don't remember exactly what age I was when the abuse started. But I do remember that my brothers found my dad's collection of pornography when I was around 8 or 9 years old. My dad lived in a 2 bedroom apartment at the time, so my brothers and I all shared a room, and it was about that time that I would wake up and they would be in my bed. Shortly thereafter, I would wake up to them on top of me. I remember pretending to be asleep as my brothers took turns raping me, just waiting for it to stop. This was before I'd even had my first menstrual cycle.

At about the same time, my grandfather began to molest me. He never raped me; however, he would touch me inappropriately, sit me on his lap in such a way that his erect penis would rub up against my groin area, pleasure himself in front of me, and make me pleasure him with my hand. This went on for many years.

For those of you that have never been through the horrors of sexual abuse, I should explain that it is a very confusing thing to endure, especially when it is done to such a young child.<sup>9</sup> As you know, sex is a very pleasurable thing. There is a reason why babies touch and play with their sex organs when they are too young and innocent to know that they shouldn't, and that is because, even when not fully developed, it feels good to do it. I was no different. I didn't fully understand what was happening to me. I had to have known, on some level, that what was being done to me was wrong, because I never told anyone. But once I reached a certain age and realized the enormity of what was happening to me, I felt shame and guilt. I felt shame for enjoying it; I felt shame that it felt good. And I felt guilty for not telling anybody. I felt that I had been a willing party to the act because I didn't do anything to stop it.

In the meantime, my mom remarried. Very shortly after she married him, my stepdad began to show his true colors. He was a very unhappy man, and really despised women. He began to abuse my mother. He very rarely hit her, but he would play psychological games with her and with us, and eventually we were in constant fear of him. He began to tell me that I was ugly and stupid, which I believed, of course. He would control us to the point that our home became a virtual prison. We could not have friends over. We could not talk on the phone. My brother and I were not allowed to laugh or play in the house for fear of disturbing him and sending him into a rage.

<sup>9</sup> <http://www.examiner.com/x-7014-Orange-County-Single-Moms-Ministries-Examiner-y2009m9d27-The-truth-about-Child-Molestation>

The result of this abuse was that I didn't have anywhere to go as a child where I felt safe and loved. Although I know my mom loved us dearly, I didn't want to burden her with any of my problems because I felt that she had enough to worry about, and I didn't want to hurt her any more than she was already hurting. I began to seek out love the only way I knew how, and it wasn't long before I was having sex with anyone who showed the slightest bit of interest.

Before long, I started smoking marijuana, and eventually moved to harder drugs. I spent about a year doing methamphetamines mostly every day. When I was around 19 years old, Jesus began to really call out to me. I began having very vivid dreams, in which the world would be crumbling and falling apart, and I was so desperately trying to reach Him so that He could save me, but I was never able to get to Him.

At 20, I got pregnant. I was in a relationship with a man that I was doing drugs with. It was not a healthy relationship; in fact, we had already broken up and I had just quit doing drugs when I got pregnant. The timing, for me, was horrible. However, looking back now, I know that God used that pregnancy to save me. Nothing else was getting my attention.

Thinking it was the right thing to do, the father and I decided to get married before the baby was born. Looking back on it now, I realize that I thought the baby would make him grow up and get his life together. He thought that I would have the baby and then we could get back to the partying and drug abuse that our entire relationship had been built on up until that point. Of course, now I had a child and there was no way I was going to allow that child to have the kind of childhood I had. My marriage crumbled very quickly, but still I managed to have another child before it finally imploded.

It was only as my marriage was crumbling that I finally began to reach out to God, to ask Him for forgiveness and to help me to forgive myself. I began to really dive into the Word, wanting to know what the Bible said about divorce, about sexual impurity and about how to raise my children. I wanted better for them than I had growing up, and I really felt I needed God's presence in my home in order to keep my babies safe from the world.

It's very hard to break unhealthy patterns when you have been following them your whole life. I still struggle with behaviors that I know are a result of the abuse I suffered. With the grace of God, I have managed to live as an adult without all of the turmoil that surrounded me as a child. But sometimes I still find myself getting angry at God and even walking away from Him and His protection.

"Why should I be sexually pure Lord, when you allowed the abuse to happen to me, and the abuse is the reason I seek out sex?"

But I am learning now to turn to Him, not in anger, but to ask Him to heal my pain and fill the void of love that remains in my life. I know that He is there because I can feel His presence when I cry out to Him. I know that the desires I have can be a blessing to a godly husband in a relationship that is built on the foundation of the Lord. I know that is what He desires for me. Therefore, I am more determined than ever to submit to His will for my life and focus on healing my spirit and being a good mother to my children. I am in His loving hands, and I know if I trust in Him, everything will be OK.

*Anonymous*