THE MISFIT

WHY WAS I CREATED FOR CRUELTY?

(The Story)



- Ezekiel Benson -

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By
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DAMAGED, BROKEN AND REJECTED (THE MEMOIRE OF A MISFIT)

I was ignored, scoffed, mocked and ridiculed by those I wished could have been my friends.

I was considered to be non-compliant
I was told I didn't fit in
I was told I didn't belong

For years, I lived this way in loneliness; depressed and unhappy. Loneliness was my clothing. Sadness was my companion. Hopelessness became my reflection

My parents were long gone, dead; probably somewhere up there, looking down at me helpless. Their absence created my dilemma. I was fourteen, when the cruelty of death visited and snatched my parents away.

My uncles and aunties suddenly became hostile towards me. I was treated as an outcast. No one wanted to have anything to do with me. I was branded a curse and a witch. I was called a blood sucking demon. I was blamed for my parent's death. Why? I was in the same accident that claimed the precious souls of my parents, but I survived and they didn't. That's my crime.

No family member would take me in
No help came from any quarter
No one to train me
No one to support me

I have often wondered why death would be so cruel to snatch my parents away from me. I have also often wondered where they are in the world of spirits. Are they in heaven or in hell – the abode of the damned?

If they are in heaven, I am sure they would have solicited the help of angels to help and deliver me from my earthly predicaments.

I am sure they are in hell – a place where everyone is too pained and tormented to consider anyone else. If they were not in hell, they would have sent help immediately. Now several years have gone by and my life is increasingly plagued with woes upon woes. Yeah, for sure they are in hell, needing help and salvation for their souls. That explains why I have been abandoned for years in this cruel world

I was at the mercy of the streets. I did all sorts just to survive each day. Men folks took advantage of my depravity. My innocence as a girl child was broken. I became a slave to the streets. I became a slave to wicked and unreasonable men

To survive each day, I had to give what makes me a woman. Sometimes, I was forcefully taken with no reward, with no food, with no pay. All I gained was excruciating pain.

For years, I lived as a destitute living in and moving from one dilapidated building to another. There were days I slept in the open under the bridge. The cold, the heat, the flu,

the infections, the hunger and the daily assaults became my curse and my plague.

My body became my product and it was for sale to anyone who would offer money for it. To survive I merchandized my feminine substance for food and shelter, but this was not enough.

I suffered social injustice from all angles of life. I tried getting and holding down a job, no one would hire me. Money was tight. My feminine merchandize was no longer generating the needed finance for survival each day. Feeding became a struggle and survival has become very slim.

Now, I am twenty one years old, still battling to be accepted; toiling and hoping every day that help would come from somewhere for me.

At the corner of the streets, I heard a man preaching what he called the "Gospel". He said "Jesus saves; Jesus heals; Jesus transforms and Jesus would deliver you". I know I am in great need of salvation and deliverance.

"Who is this Jesus?" I wondered.
"Is He a medical doctor and a philanthropist?" I questioned.

The answers I got from the man landed me in church. That was how I took up religion, hoping to find this Jesus who would deliver me from all my predicaments.

I became dedicated to religion. I attended services. I prayed. I worshiped. I praised. I sang. The euphoria only felt good while it lasted. Deep down, I still felt the void, the emptiness and the lonesomeness that has plagued me for years.

Church folks didn't help matters. I found that everyone in church knew something about me. Some of them where my customers who traded their money for my feminine merchandise, while others just created a "class" about themselves and would not have anything to do with me.

Church folks who showed any form of interest, showed it from a distance. They only gave a brief pretentious smile and a weak wave of the hand to say "Hi". That was all I got as gesture of friendliness. No one was interested. No one wanted to be friends. No one really cared. It was the same scenario in every service until I just gave up on any hope of making any friend in church.

There was really no difference between folks in church and folks outside the church. They were all the same, cruel and unaccommodating.

"Where is Jesus?"
"When will He show up to save and deliver me?"
"Does He choose people He saves and delivers?"
"Am I not qualified enough?"
"Why was I even created?"

"God, why am I here?"

These were my one thousand and one questions that plagued my mind each day.

My frustrations with life and living heightened even more in the church I felt I could find help; and all I thought about was ending it all. I have been racing for years with no finish line in sight. When would it ever end? When would my help ever come? At this point death became a favourable option. "Death was better than living" I began to believe and accept.

Death would numb my pain.
Death would overturn my many sorrows

I have tried weed, drugs and alcohol to make it all go away; just about anything to make it all go away, but nothing seems to work! The pain, the frustrations and the agony of the cruelty of life keeps coming back!

Oh, that emptiness, that deep pain in my chest...
I cry all night, I can't go on like this.

I must end it all. The sooner the better, so I can finally rest!

"What if I cut my wrist open and let myself bleed a little?"
"What if I took a little poison?"
"What if I hung myself?"
"What if I got a gun and shot myself in the head?"

"What if I just threw myself before a speeding vehicle?"

They say suicide is a sin. They say suicide will land you in hell.

"What is worse than the hell I am living in in this cruel world?"
"Do they understand my pain and my agony?"
"How could they understand when they are not the ones suffering my pain?"
"Life is indeed very cruel."

These thoughts came to my mind as I sat in church one evening, contemplating on the peace and freedom death would bring. When I thought this was the last day, and the last night for me, then you came along and said "Hello!"

I never thought anyone could notice me. At first I thought you missed your way or that you were mistaking me for someone else. I never believed you came for me. Yet, you sat by my side and smiled at me. "Hello", you said again. I hurriedly moved away from you, thinking you were not for real. You drew closer still smiling and said "I am Jeffery. How are you doing?"

The shadow and aura of your presence pressed in on me from all sides and my body screamed for me to run. My heart pounded so fast. I could hear it beating like the samba drums. I wanted to silence my heart, but all I did was fidget and breathe heavily.

As your shadow was casted upon me, I sensed an uneasy feeling drawing closer to me and pressing down, suffocating me slowly as you kept on talking and smiling at me. I knew there was no escape for me. You were comfortably seated, determined to strike a conversation and there was nothing I could do about it.

Thoughts of death and ending it all previously filled my mind, now I am being abruptly pulled away to thinking about the purpose of this encounter with you.

You have been talking. I have said nothing. "What do I say?" "How do I respond?" "How do I start?"

I fumbled with words. It took forever to get the words out of my mouth. I believe I never said a word. But there you sat and talked with me, my mind still wondering what this encounter was all about. Is this my angel? Has Jesus finally come through for me? Who is this dashingly handsome fellow?

Consumed by the euphoria of having someone walk up to me in church for the first time to talk with me, I slowly turned to have a glimpse of your full form. There you were, full of light and princely dispositions. You had an exceptional aura of excellence and form about you. Your face was well sculptured, the kind of face that would stop any woman in her tracks to have a second peek at a masterfully crafted handsome face. You had dashing eyes with a well carved out cos-

mic smile. As I gazed at your form and your face, I noticed that my heart skipped several beats as though dancing to a cosmic rhythm that seems to celebrate and praise your dashing looks. I was completely spell bound, thinking and hoping this was my angel.

I finally came to myself, and managed to mumble "What do you want?".

Imagine, of all the kindest words that could come out of a sane person, I could only muster "What do you want?"

"Was I really sane?" It was obvious I was not anything close to that.

You smiled cosmically again, I said "So sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"Oh, I am so sorry. I didn't mean it that way", I quickly cut in, upon the realization that the words from my mouth came out wrong. You smiled cosmically again and I was raptured into a certain feeling of calm and peace I have never experienced before. The feeling I feel inside my heart is a feeling that has never been felt. The sound of your voice filled my heart with glory and sunshine. Twenty minutes had gone, and we talked as though we have known each other for years. How in the world did this happen?

I noticed some folks in the church that evening were staring at us and wondering what in the world was happening with us. Some even slid by as though they wanted to ease drop on our conversation.

We left the church and spent more time walking the streets. I was surprised that you didn't mind how uncomely and shabby looking I was. You asked me where I lived, and in an instant all my smile suddenly became a frown followed by a well of tears gushing down my cheeks. In a painful streaming of flashes the reality of my life of pain, misery and anguish came crashing back on me. I broke away to run away, but you quickly held my hands and pulled me close to you and said "I understand. You don't need to say anything. It's okay"

You took me to your home, gave a room in your apartment and said "You can stay here. There is the shower, you can clean up there. I will prepare you some meal and bring it up to you"

The meal was never like anything, I have ever tasted in a long while. I eat my full and you left me to your room, saying "Good night. Tomorrow, we'll talk"

When the door shut behind you, I pinched myself to determine whether I was in a trance or not. I felt some excruciating pain and there and then, I knew that this was not a dream or a trance; this was reality.

I thought you would come back that night to my room as some men would have done, to take advantage of me, but you never showed; you never came. The first day, second, third, fourth and fifth day; you never showed; you never came. All we did was talk and spend

moments together and that got me pretty impressed.
I told you all I have been through and what I have done to survive and you seem to remarkably accept the way I was. You didn't judge me. You didn't cast me out of your home. That was when I began to believe that the world is not entirely cruel.

As the days, weeks and months went by we became very affectionately drawn to one another. At least, I know I was. I observed that I used to coo over you and say in my heart "Oh, he's fine."

Despite all the opportunity that came your way to take advantage of me, you didn't. You seemed like a gentle, well-mannered and a self-controlled man who prized genuineness and thoughtful conversation above sex. You were handsome alright, but inside you are beautiful. You also exhibited strong Christian traits and character. All I could see was a genuine motive to help me.

I liked you so much! I didn't know if it was love or obsession or just a feeling of having someone for once, who was genuinely interested in me and my wellbeing.

I was inexperienced in these things. I had zero percent experience and knowledge when it comes to matters of the heart and love.

I have never fallen in love before! I didn't really know how to define my feelings or put

a definite label on my feelings for you, but I was beginning to feel drawn to you a lot! Sadly when I looked at myself; I never saw anything that would make me desirous to you. I was not the most attractive girl in the world. I have absolutely nothing to offer. My past was soiled with horrific experiences. I have been raped. I have sold my body in exchange for money, just to survive. I had sores, scares and blemishes all over my body and pretty much on my face. There was nothing beautiful or attractive about me. There were other girls who floored me and outranked me when it came to fashion, looks and pretty face. These were girls who got all the attention from men! I wasn't in that category. I was a "thing", an object of sinister pleasure, a depraved woman with no one to fight for me. Yet, you came to me; you came for me.

Jeffery was so loving and caring of me. He called me up one morning during breakfast and said "You know we are not married and as Christians, it is wrong for us to live together. I have gotten you an apartment fully furnished. I have also spoken to a friend and he has agreed to give you a job just to help you out with some pay to get basic needs for yourself."

I was awe struck. A thick lump welled up in my throat and I found myself swallowing hard as a result of the shock of the news. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I went down on my knees, took him by his hands as a slave

would do to her master and said amidst sobs "Thank you."

He lifted me up gently and softly whispered "This is my life to you. I hope you accept it?" I broke down the more in tears and total disbelief of the reality at hand. He pulled me close and embraced me for the first time. I could feel his heart and mine beating at the same rhythmical pulse speed.

Oh, I remember that day....
You spoke so gently
Your voice soothed my deepest emotions, feelings and needs
Your voice caressed me
You took special interest in me like no other
You cared for me
You changed me

You got me an apartment and a job
You changed my clothes, gave me hope and joy
You helped me up
You made me believe life was worth living again

I moved into my new apartment, my new home.
It was how you described it
My new job was great, the people were great

Life for me turned from being cruel to being glorious
I looked forward to each day
I looked forward to seeing you.
You filled my life with glory and sunshine

You were the sunshine that could never go down or stop shining in my life
You gave me strength for each day
Every day with you was a plus.

Every day, my heart is filled with new and fresh feelings
It feels like what people call "Love"
I have never fallen in love before
I never knew what or how it feels when one is in love
Now I know that love is not a feeling that volumes of words can describe
Love is something that completes your entire being
I feel it, but can't find words to describe it
I know it is love, pure love that I feel for you
I know that I am truly in love with you
I hope you feel the same way towards me

I could search for a million years I would still never find the words to describe how I feel for you. If I could walk all around the world I would still never find the words, no matter how much I tried because the feeling I feel inside my heart is a feeling that has never been felt before. It is immensely intense and overpowering, and the greatest of all the things I fear is that my true feelings will never be heard by you because I am truly naïve when it comes to expressing how much I care and love someone. I had no one to school me along such lines of reality.

Just thinking of you makes me want to pack up and leave this world that has been cruel

to me for over two decades to another planet just meant for you and me. If I could runaway I'd run with you far away to a place where it would be just about us; you and me.

You have become my heart and my soul's desire
You have become my heart and my soul's food
Hunger and thirst, you satisfy all
I've never been so deep in love

I remember the dates
I remember the holding of hands
I remember your gentle kisses on my forehead and on my cheeks

We were so excited being together. We could hang out all the time! It was really cool. We went to cinemas for movies, and sometimes we went for a little bit of sight-seeing. We also spent a lot of time together in your apartment holding hands and cuddling. Oh, the glory and bliss I felt just being with you.

You held me in your arms and looked into my eyes
You said I looked beautiful
I believed you
You said you cared for me
I believed you
You said you loved me
I believed you
You said you would never leave me
I believed you
You said you would never hurt me or let anyone hurt me

I believed you
On bended knees, you proposed marriage saying "Will you marry me?"
I accepted.

Everything was okay
I met with your parents, you introduced me as you fiancé
I observed a funny look on their faces that read "Not acceptable. Not suitable", but I didn't care, I was in love and you loved me. That's all that mattered.

The wedding plans were on; things were falling in place and the day was fast approaching; the day to consummate our relationship in marriage.

I was finally living a love filled life.
I was finally on a race track of life with a finish line in sight
This time my past grief's, my past sorrows and my past pain would no longer matter because with you my pain has become sweet.

I could see the finish line
It was tangible and reachable
I could feel it
I could taste it
I was almost there until you stopped coming....
You stopped calling and you stopped caring

At first I was clueless as per what the problem may be
You stopped picking my calls
You avoided me like a plague

I visited your apartment and you wouldn't let me in
I asked some of your friends to talk to you, but all was in vain

I visited your parents to share my sudden dilemma with you, but they made matters worse by saying I was not suitable for you.

This was now becoming a sinister night-mare.
I have to wake up
I have to come out of this
This can't be true
I would soon wake up from this sleep
My true love reality is coming back

I wished and the more I wished, the more I realized that I was back to where I started – LONELINESS AND PAIN! This time it was more grievous and painful than before.

You finally showed up at my door step
I didn't know what to expect from you
I hoped you were back for good
I hoped you came to take me back

I didn't know what you came for was to cause me further pain
You broke my heart when you said "It is over"

I cried. I went on my knees begging you.

"Was it something I said?"
"Was it something I did or didn't do?"
"Tell me, I will change, I promise."
"Please give me one chance to show"
"Please I'm begging you, don't leave me"

But you walked away and left my life.
You gave no explanation
You left no reasons
You just dropped the bomb shell and left me to burn

I cried all night and continued into the next day.
Every day was a day of tears and pain.
I couldn't bear the pain I felt inside
My heart exploded on the inside
You tore my heart to shreds
You tore every fiber of my heart to pieces
You extinguished the light of my soul
You brought me into darkness
You turned my smile into a frown
Now I am self-destruct.

At first I thought it was the devil; I thought it was a spiritual attack. My Pastor said these things happen. I tried praying, but was too weak to get any word out of my mouth.

How could I pray when I was depressed?
How could I pray when I was distressed?
How could I pray when pain consumes me?
The pain that I felt seized my tongue, I could only cry, moan and groan with deep sighs.

I discovered that mankind and not the devil was the source of my predicament. Your parents and friends were the ones at war against me.

They raged at the sight of me.
They raged at the fact that you could stoop so low to pick me as a bride.

They passed a verdict and called me a "misfit" for you.
They dug up my past and told you sordid stories about me.
The voice of many coerced a definite end for us.

I know I told you about my past.
I know you were fully aware of what I have been through, where I have been and what I have done.

Why are you now acting like you didn't know me?
Why are you now acting as though whatever you heard about me is crazy?
Why are you now acting like I deceived you to believing that I was all good?

You accepted their verdict of "Misfit" and now you say you want to leave me, when around you I have built my world.

I didn't come to you; you came to me.
You said "I'll love you forever and I know I'll never love another woman no one can do but you".

Were you lying?
Did you even love me?

You said "I'll pause my heart for you whenever we are apart, you'd be the one to make it move only you". Now, you have moved on and all you have accomplished is to pause my heart and make me die a thousand deaths per second of each day.

Before you came into my life I was about ending it all. Death was my escape. Why did you have to stop my implementation of death? Why did you come into my life? I didn't ask you to save me, you volunteered. Now you have plunged me back into the gallows of death and my case is a trillion times worse than I was before.

Wasn't I worth fighting for?
Where is the love you claim you had for me?
You made me believe a lie
You fooled me into thinking that you were a man who would fight for me.
Now you are gone and I am left with tormenting memories of you and of us.

I remember us, "the you and I" like it was yesterday.
I remember the last words you said to me.
All my love thrown away, back in my face like the dust from a naughty wind.

I still feel the pain.
I now have regrets and no relief for the pain
I longed for you to see me and take away this pain. I fought hard, I prayed and hoped and nothing I did could win you back.

Days, weeks and months have passed by and still no you in sight.
My glory is gone
My sunshine is gone
What's the use of fighting?
What's the use of holding on?
What's the use of hoping?
What's the use of living?

I was quickly thrown back into thinking about my options for ending it all by death.

"What if I cut my wrist open and let myself bleed a little?"
A knife to my throat, wrist or stomach would be painful. I can't bring myself to slitting my throat, wrist or driving a knife through my stomach.

"What if I took a little poison?"
Taking poison would take hours of pain to end it all. I would still remember you in the process of pain and death. That I didn't want. I don't want to take memories of you into my death. It would make my afterlife even more painful.

"What if I took an overdose of sleeping pill?"
An overdose will put me to sleep and then I'll slip away into the land of the spirits. I wouldn't like to die thinking about you or having you in my memory as I am numbed by an overdose

"What if I got a gun and shot myself in the head?"
Gunshot to my head would be fast and ending, but where would I get one?

"What if I just threw myself before a speeding vehicle?"

"What if I hung myself?"
A rope around my neck, hanging from the ceiling fan in my room would be painful, but decisive without any help

What option would I chose?
What option is best for me?

A rope around my neck, hanging from the ceiling fan in my room was perfect.

The day came.
I have decided
I have made my choice
It ends today
The rope is set
The chair is positioned below the hang rope dangling from the ceiling fan in my room.

I made the sign of the cross across my chest and forehead, hoping that God would understand and receive my hopeless soul. I climbed the chair; put the hang rope around my neck and tilted the chair side ways to release the full weight of my body so that the hang rope around my neck would use my body weight to snuff my life and my soul out of my body.

As I hung on the rope, agonizing in pain, shaking and twitching with every ounce of breath and life being snuffed out of my body, I heard a weak and a faint voice of someone screaming "NOOOOOOO!"

I found myself in the hospital some hours later, and I discovered it was you.

You saved me again!

UNFAILING PUREST OF LOVE

My eyes flickered, I saw bright light.
"Was I already in heaven?"
I opened my eyes to find you sitting by my bedside at the hospital

For the first time I felt the excruciating pain from the bruises I sustained on my neck while hanging from the ceiling fan in my room. My neck felt grievously sore. I felt stiffness in my throat. I groaned in pain. I could not say a word. It felt as though my vocal cords had busted and was torn to shreds.

"What was he doing here?" I thought to myself.

Then in hushed tones, you said "I am sorry!"
Tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks.

"Why was I saved?"
"Is he here to deceive me again?"
"Oh, where is death?"
These were the thoughts that plagued my mind.

You said you realized your mistake.
You said you were sorry for not fighting for our love
You said you loved me so much and have come to stay
You asked for forgiveness and pledged your love for me.

At this point in timc, your words mcant nothing to me
I just wanted to be rid of you.
All your pleas fell on deaf ears
I wanted none of you

I was discharged from the hospital after a day or two.
I stayed indoors at home for days
I refused to see anyone especially you
Your friends tried; they came pleading but they failed
Your parents who showed disdain for me from the first time I met them also came around to plead on your behalf, but I would have none of them into my apartment.

I was hurting and felt I needed time to heal.
Hours, days and weeks went by and I was still hurting.
The more I kept away from you, the more I was hurting
I could never get you out of my mind while I was living
I guess I loved you that much.
You had so much hold and effect on me
You are very hard to shake off and forget

I struggled with hate and love; bitterness and forgiveness.
I wanted to hate you but couldn't do so successfully
The love I had for you overpowered any ounce of hatred I had.

I tried to overpower those love thoughts by thinking hate and bitterness, but love

wouldn't let me. Finally, love won and I found myself thinking:

"You could be the one to make me smile again"
"You could be the one to make me live again"
"You could be my first and last Romeo"
"You could be the only man in the world that would bring happiness to me"
"You could be my Romeo, I may not have her looks but I would still be your one and only Juliet".
"You could be my one and only prince, and I'd be your charming princes at the service of only you"

"Can I really live without you?"

As I thought along these lines, I started having settled peace.
Love thoughts brought me settled peace and a measure of healing.
Now I know that I'll never love another man the way I love you
Now I know I'll never desire another man, the way I desire you
That's why I can never love another man.

I found myself forgiving you
I couldn't hold anything against you anymore.
I was too in love with you to hold anything against you.

Now I understand what the preacher meant when he said:

"Love ENDURES LONG" - 1 Corinthians 13:4 Amp

The strength and durability of any material is measured by how long it can endure and still not lose its quality and usability. Endurance - the ability to stretch beyond limits and still not lose your quality of life is the true test of love.

I have been through hell.
I have been damaged, broken and rejected
Bitterness, hate and death filled my heart, but despite all of these, I was still ready to forgive you because I truly love you. My love for you has not lost its quality and intensity.

I also found out that the word endure means

- To continue or carry on, despite obstacles or hardships.

A lot of folks go bunkers when faced with obstacles and hardships. They lose the quality of life God has given to them - peace, and joy as a result of obstacles and hardship. They begin to talk trash, curse and go sleepless. In most cases they result to taking offence, blame fixing, bitterness, anger, and worry.

The concept of love endures long works when you understand and fully believe that God loves you and no matter what is happening around you or to you, He is with you to put you over always . This frame of mind creates a quiet confidence in you that helps you to forge on and maintain your calm and cool,

no matter what the issue is or who is behind it

The preacher also said:

> **"Love bears up under anything and everything that comes" - 1 Corinthians 13:7 Amp**

I noted the words **"under anything and everything that comes"** This proves the manifestation of true love is not conditioned by anything or any situation. It's an everyday, everywhere, every situation and every time thing and feeling.

Now, the preaching on Sunday and the preacher make sense.

I felt an sense of urgency in my heart to see Jeffery, I grabbed my keys, raced to the door and upon opening it, there he was at my door step with floor in hands.

He went on his knees immediately with all the emotions of love and true godly sorrow he could muster in his eyes. With tear drops revealing the way that he truly felt, he said: "I am sorry. Please forgive me."

Then we began again and finally, I was able to make it to the finish line

ABOUT EZEKIEL BENSON

Ezekiel Benson, the founder of Citizens Christian Fellowships and MD/CEO of sixthSENSE Logic Ltd, is a dedicated minister of God's Word whose teaching have brought healing and encouraged many to achieve greatness by standing on God's Word.

An anointed speaker, an energetic and prolific writer and a visionary leader with a strong prophetic, teaching and healing ministry, Ezekiel has a calling to restore health and prosperity to the body of Christ through the ministry of the Word of God in truth, simplicity and power. Lives have been impacted and established in the realities of the riches of God's blessings in God's Word through his ministry.

He is happily married to Rosemary, a co-minister of the Word of God with him, and they have two daughters, Princess and Shalom.

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