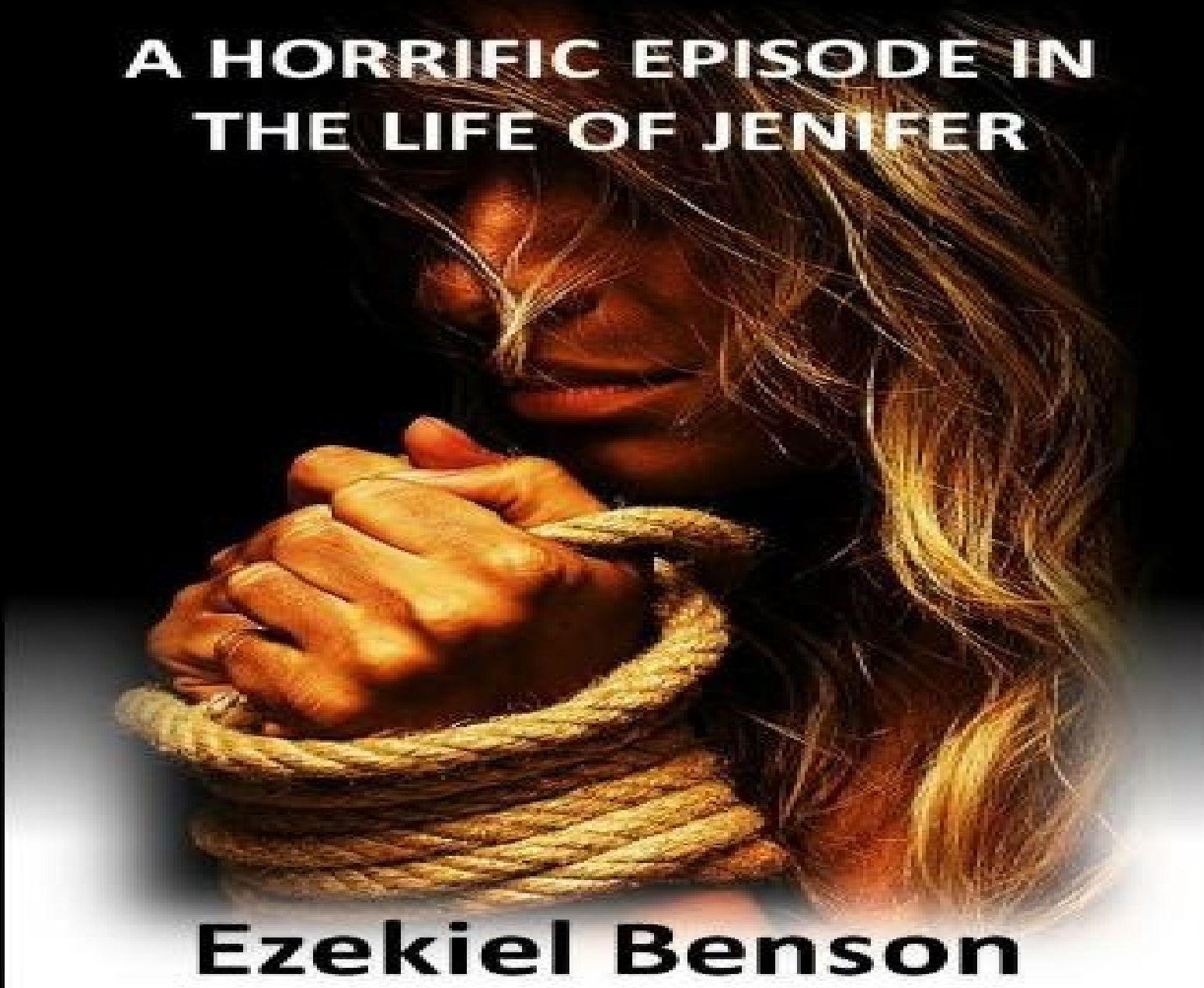
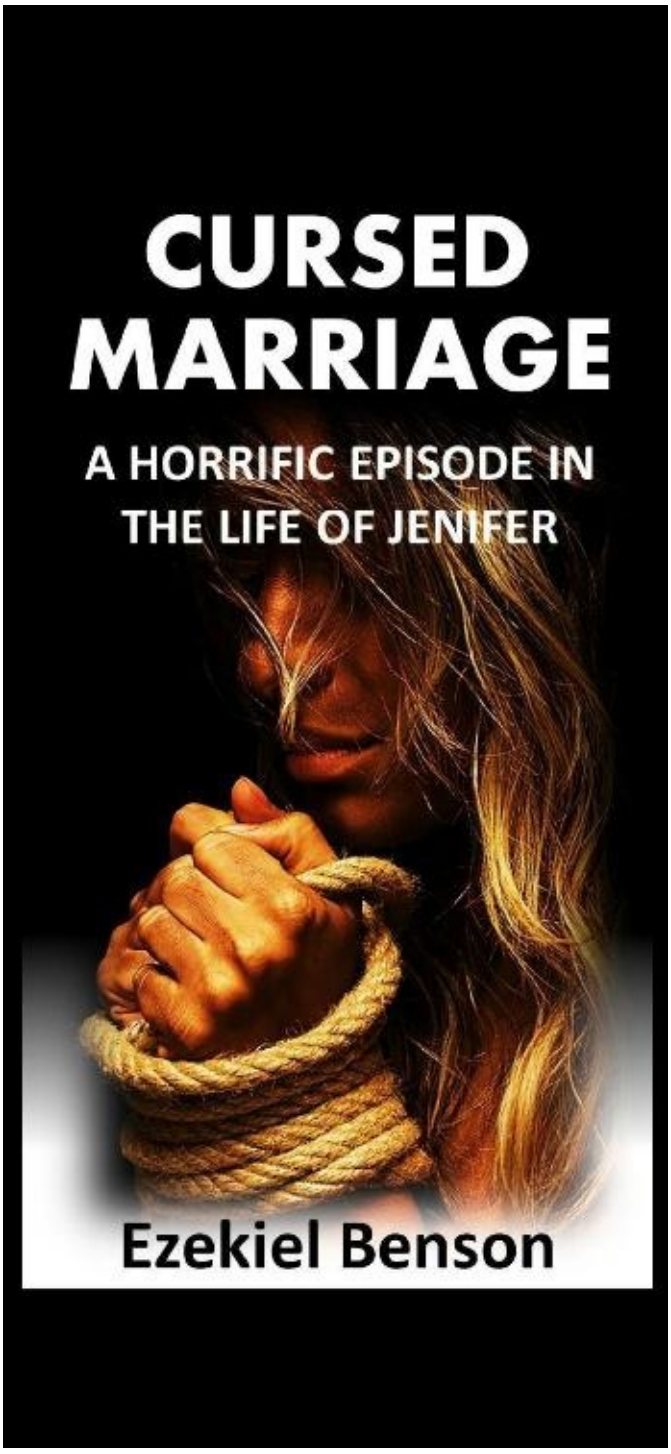
CURSED MARRIAGE

A HORRIFIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JENIFER



Ezekiel Benson


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ABOUT PASTOR EZEKIEL BENSON

CHAPTER 1

At eighteen Jenifer was a tall beautiful young lady.... She has a warm, dimpled smile and a disarming air of innocence.

But at eighteen, Jenifer is a bitter statistics in the nation's scoreboard of teenage marriages gone deadly wrong.

"I married a total mistake", she said.

Reflecting upon the jigsaw puzzle of the events that led to marriage too soon, she related the following story that described one of the deadliest experiences of domestic violence – a marriage that started with bliss and ended up to be a curse.

I was naive - without any cares in the world and no experience when it comes to the matters of the heart! I never knew what it meant to fall in love or to hold someone so specially dear in one's heart!

My parents did everything for me because I was their only child - the fruit of their love and they loved me so. I lacked nothing as a child! My parents were the best!

My parents treated me with fragile care. I never had any responsibility at home. Mother washed my clothes, ironed my clothes, laid out my clothes, even bought my clothes, cooked breakfast, made lunch and dinner - she was just everywhere for me. To

the day I got married, I don't do anything! My parents were my angels! People will call me "spoilt child"; looking at what my life has turned out to be, I tend to think so too. I was not given the necessary grooming a girl child should have while growing into womanhood and this affected me a lot.

I had finished college and with everything working together as usual always for my good, I was the second best student in my class! My parents were happy and proud. They organized an after graduation party for me! Friends and family were invited. There was lots of food and drinks for all! I was the focus of that day - everyone who came brought gifts and showered praises upon me and my parents!

When the final guest had left, I joined my mum to tidy up the living room and wash the dishes (I actually just stood and talked with my mum while she did the dishes). We got talking along some lines - about the outcome of the party; who said what and who did what. It felt so good sharing with my mum along these lines. Then she tuned to me as though very concerned and worried about something!

She dropped what she was doing and took me by my hands giving me a long and concerned stare! I asked "what is it mum?" "Nothing" she answered. "I just want to know what you want to do with your life from here now on. I mean do you have any plans as to what you want to do?"

"Get a job, I guess" I answered. I have not really put all these line of reasoning into consideration. As a child - an only child, I have had everything being done for me by my parents. I guess I never thought that I would one day start making decisions for myself or take up responsibilities that will affect my life, future and career.

My mum held both my hands firmly and said "I want you to know that whatever, you decide to do we are solidly behind you!" She patted my shoulders and said "come on, let's get these dishes over with"

CHAPTER 2

I went to bed the night of the graduation party thinking about what my mum and I had discussed in the kitchen the other night. I woke up having those thoughts floating in my mind. So I sat up on my bed pondering and it suddenly hit me: "Yes, I'll work! That's what I should do! I'll get a job and work for some time. Other things would follow from here!

I told my parents about my decision to get a job. My dad was so excited and immediately said he was going to ask one of his old pals to help fix me up in one of the departments of his company.

Later in the evening of that day, my Dad arrived from work to announce to me and my mum that his old pal had agreed to fix me up in one of the departments in his company to work part-time!

"Part-Time?" This sounded nice to me! I felt it would give me enough time to really do other things I loved doing.

My Dad said his old friend said I could come over to his office to see him!

The next day, I went over to see him and that same day, I started work as a switchboard operator. Sometimes, I doubled as a reception-

ist whenever Ann, the company's receptionist was on vacation or had a sick day off!

I loved the job and the people. My Dad's friend gave me a soft landing on virtually all issues and this helped me to pick up speed with learning the job and also how to do other things that may be assigned to me during idle times.

I worked in that company for about eight months and about that time; that was when I saw Jason for the very first time.

CHAPTER 3

Jason was employed to head the logistics department of the company. He was twenty-three and carried an aura of excellence about him. He had the kind of face that stopped you in your tracks. I guess he must get used to that, the sudden pause in a person's natural expression when they looked his way followed by overcompensating with a nonchalant gaze, a dashing eyes and a well carved out cosmic smile. Of course the blush that accompanied it was a dead give-away. It didn't help that he was so modest with it, it made the girls fall for him all the more.

As the days, weeks and months went by all the girls, even the engaged ones, used to coo over him and say "Oh, he's fine." Some girls actually wished he would look their way.

Despite all the opportunity that came his way he seemed like a one-woman-man who prized genuineness and thoughtful conversation above lipstick and high-heels. He was handsome alright, but inside he was beautiful. Well that was what I thought, until.....

I liked him so much! I didn't know if it was love or obsession or just a feeling of seeing the great things that other girls saw in him, and these were mostly based on his charm and outward looks.

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 but I was beginning to feel drawn to him!

But when I looked at myself; I never saw anything that would make me desirous to him. I was not the best dressed in the company. There were other girls who floored me and outranked me when it came to fashion. These were girls who got all the attention from men! I wasn't in that category.

My relationship and interactions with Jason in the office were mostly professional and very mild! He only talks to me when he wants to book a call or wants me to reach a client for him.

But there was this afternoon, during lunch hours at the company's lunch room, he came over to my table with his lunch and sat just opposite me! An earthly scent swirled around him. Being inexperienced - not knowing what to say to him if he ever decided to engage me in a conversation and also not really knowing why he chose to come over to my table, I died a thousand deaths within me!

"Oh, God why is he here?" I thought.

Then he said "how are you today?"

I stumbled and fumble with my answer, but I was able to manage "fine sir"

He kept on engaging me in all sorts of issues as a way of sparking off a discussion with me. I noticed that as I heard him talk, there was this easy-soothing calm that came all over me. It really felt good hearing him talk and I did my best to answer him or contribute to the conversation intelligently.

As he talked with me, he would lightly give me a cosmic smile. There was a beautiful lightness about his eyes, and a small curve to his lips that made it so appealing to be kissed. I just loved that day he came over my table to sit with me at lunch.

That day marked the beginning of what ended up in what I call a cursed marriage!

CHAPTER 4

Jason started calling me during work hours to find out how I was fairing. It became a habit with him to come over my table at lunch time to share the lunch break with me!

I looked forward to our lunch moments together!

He was really funny. I loved his company so much and grew increasingly fond of him and at the same time drawn and attracted affectionately to him.

I was not unsure any longer about how I felt towards him. Yes, I have never fallen in love, I don't even know how falling in love with a guy feels like, but I became increasingly sure that what I felt for Jason was love. Yes, I could beat my hands on my chest that I was now sure that I was in love with him.

We started dating. He lived about a 20 minute drive away from my family house; so at first we mainly just got to see each other at work. We would hang out on lunches and breaks, and after work we would take the bus together with me dropping off first.

One day he asked me out. We were so excited. We could hang out all the time! It was really cool at first. We went to cinemas for movies, and sometimes we went for a little bit of sight-seeing. We also spent a lot of time to-

gether in his apartment holding hands and cuddling.

Three months later he asked me to marry him.

He professed his love for me and promised to love me always and to always be there for me! I didn't know when I said "Yes!...Yes...Yes!!!"

The wedding date was set after both our families were informed; and the day came, we got married!

CHAPTER 5

Our marriage story started sweet, but very quickly turned abusive. As time went by it only got worse. Nothing was the way it was supposed to be. And over the two years period of marriage, with a wicked and violently abusive partner, I had enough of the physical, emotional and financial abuse. Everything turned upside down. I became increasingly aware that our marriage was a mistake, but the sad part of it all was my inability to help myself or go for help..

I wasted over two years of my life on someone who I could barely call a person. I feel that he is more of a monster than a person. He is a man that has no soul.

I actually remember the first time he hurt me. He says he remembers it too and constantly brags about his ability to deal with and beat me up to pop anytime he feels like it, without me being able to do anything about it.

We were at the end of the driveway of our apartment and I said something jokingly that pissed him off so he yanked on my hair. I don't remember how I felt, what happened or what I was thinking when we got home that night. I was paralyzed with fear, not knowing what measure of harm he would inflict upon me. That's the kind of fear that

makes you numb - you are at the center of it and it kills everything within you!

It soon spiraled into more and more deadly violence. Every moment with him was with intense fear – fear that he could kill me. He would slap, kick, punch, bite, twist body parts and he liked to pull my hair to get me to listen. I have no idea how it went so rotten so fast. It's like it went so fast that I didn't even notice that the abuse had begun. He was very jealous and was always accusing me of cheating, being a slut, being dishonest. None of this was true. Having male friends was a no-no. He would lock me in our bedroom and beat me up. During these moments of physical abuse, he would rain several heavy blows and punches on my head, face and abdominal side.

There were times he would take me out to the forest/nature trail behind our house and just drag me around by my hair; any let out of scream was met with a cuff. I learned to endure the torture and the physical abuse. I learnt to express the pain I felt with deep agonizing moans because what he did to me if I ever tried to scream was worse than whatever he had done to get me in that state of pain. If I tried to get away he would teach me not to make that mistake.

His mind was a factory for evil, wickedness, pain and punishment. He knew how to naturally manufacture these evil tortures with ease.

I was always scared to death. I knew everything was wrong. I lived with my parents and never saw my dad abuse my mum. I knew I needed help, but I was afraid to tell my parents because he actually threatened to kill me and anyone who interferes in our marriage. Being so young, inexperienced and immature, I was scared stiff all the time. I didn't dare call his threats a bluff; I didn't dare doubt his threats because what I have gone through; what he has done to me are enough proofs that he is quite capable of doing whatever he says he would do.

To avoid people at work suspecting something was wrong and to keep me from probably blabbing to people what I was going through, he forced me to quit my job.

We had to move house to the outskirts of town just to keep my parents from knowing what was going on.

He prevented me from going to visit my parents and friends; he even barred me from calling them. He would often go through my phone incoming and outgoing call logs to know who called me or who I called. Even when I didn't pick anyone's calls out of fear of what he might do to me, he would still descend on me with terrible blows on my face and my abdominal side. I was always sore and in pain all over. I was living in the very depths of hell called marriage. To avoid all the hell of pain being inflicted on me, I decided to permanently turn off my phone!

I lived in fear all day and always! His threat to harm me or anyone who interferes in our marriage plagued me day and night! He had a murderous look and a devilish "dare me and see" tone when he made those threats!

Despite all my efforts not to break any of his rules, the domestic abuse continued. I remember one time I ran out of the apartment to get away from him, he ended up catching up with me and dragged me back inside to continue my beating. I guess someone had seen me getting dragged inside because the cops were called. They did a small report and dropped me off at a friend's house. I was careful not to allow my parents in on what was going on. I was afraid for my life and what he might do to them if my parents got to know and come hard on him.

CHAPTER 6

I spent a couple of weeks at my friend's house, after the cops dropped me off. It was then that I realized that I was pregnant!

I noticed that my period was 2 weeks late but I chalked it up to the stress of being with him and all the beatings I had suffered from being with him. "Nope, I was pregnant." I said to myself.

I had sadness all through at the realization of the fact that I may be pregnant.

I ran a pregnancy test and the result was positive. It was not a case of mixed feelings, but a pure concrete case of depression. How could I bring a child into this world under such a situation?

"Should I tell him or not?"

"No, I will not! He doesn't deserve to know."

All these thoughts plagued my mind night and day!

I shared my thoughts with my friend and she was more confused than I was! She was clueless as per what I should do. But she gave me that "maybe" talk that made me feel hopeful. She said:

"Maybe with a baby - now the domestic abuse will stop"

At that time, her "maybe" talk gave me a sense of hope. I decided I was going to tell him and see his reaction.

CHAPTER 7

I made several attempts to call Jason - to tell him that I was pregnant, but he didn't pick or return any of my calls! I conferred with my friend about this and she suggested that I send him an SMS which I did!

I didn't get any response from him for days, so I sent another one. This time he replied by saying "Go to hell and don't you ever call my number again.... You whore!"

The text message broke my heart. I trembled all over as I read the text message and ended up having the phone fall of my hand. I broke down and cried. In all my cries, I could only ask God "Why? Why Lord? Why?"

The thoughts of raising our child alone became a cruel and conscious reality in my heart. Those thoughts burned within me and my heart was heavy as though pressurized by an unseen force to burst or explode at any moment.

My friend heard me crying and raced into the room where I was. She asked what the matter was, I couldn't speak. The pain and the pressures of the thoughts of being cursed plagued me so much that words were scarce to explain what had just happened.

My friend insisted to know what happened while at the same time trying to calm me

down. I was only able to point to the phone on the floor which she hurriedly picked up.

She read the text and froze as though she was hit by something.

She later drew me close in a warm friendly and sisterly embrace telling me "it's going to be okay!"

Upon hearing this, I cried the more asking "How? How will everything ever be okay?"

CHAPTER 8

The next day, I got a text message from Jason saying that he wanted to see and would want me to come over to the house.

I told my friend about this, and she encouraged me to go. She said, "Thank God for this! You see, I told you the news of the baby can change his mind. I guess he must have reconsidered his stance"

"What if that is not the case?" I asked.

"Why are you so pessimistic?" she asked sternly and hurriedly.

"It is not a matter of being pessimistic. It's just that I know Jason too well! That man is..."

She cuts in saying, "This is not the time to start thinking negatively. You just have to believe God for the best! With this baby on the way, you'll see things will change"

She encouraged me with many more words and asked me to make out the time to see him and talk things over with him!

The night of that day, I prayed from 12 midnight till 3am in the morning. I poured my heart out to God in tears asking for a miracle touch in my marriage. I prayed earnestly for Jason, for God to deliver him from whatever force that is making him carry out acts of do-

mestic violence against me! I also prayed for my baby, that God would give him a good life.

I had some difficulty in sleeping after prayer, - my mind was racing with thoughts - a mixed feeling of hope, fear and confusion, stemming from not knowing what would be the outcome of my meeting with Jason.

I was later able to get some sleep, and it wasn't a pleasant one!

CHAPTER 9

The night before my meeting with Jason, after my prayers, I had a horrific dream. I can't remember what happened at the beginning, in the entire dream I had. But I vividly saw myself running away from someone who I have never seen before.

As I was running, I dropped what seemed like a metallic object on the floor. I don't know what object it was, but I knew it was metallic from the sound of it when it hit the floor.

As soon as the metallic object hit the floor, thick darkness covered everywhere. I found myself groping about in the darkness until I stepped on something liquid and slippery; and I slipped and fall. Upon hitting the floor, a speck of light shone on my face and gradually grew brighter. As I looked around me on the floor to know what made me slip and fall, I discovered that I was in a pool of thick blood. Then something that looked like a man's hand gripped my throat and was attempting to choke life out of me!

I struggled to fight off the strange being, but the more I struggled, the firmer was his grip and the life sapping choke! I felt my soul almost slipping away from my body and suddenly, I heard the cries of a baby. The cry was familiar, it was my baby. His cry grew louder and louder. That cry became my source of

strength.. My soul repossessed my frail and almost lifeless body. As though touched by Gods divine hands, I was able to loosen myself from deaths grip - the choking grip of the messenger of death and I woke up breathing heavily trying to catch my breath with thick sweats canopying my entire body!

"I was almost dead", I thought.
"What is the meaning of this?"
"Is this a sign that I shouldn't go see Jason at home?"
"Is my life in danger?"
"Is something going to happen to my baby?

One thousand and one thoughts like these plagued my heart!

I told my friend about my dreams and my fears.
She said "It's just a dream - a product of the stress you've been through at the hands of Jason."

She encouraged me to trust God to work things out and that I should not fear, but rather go and see Jason and talk things through as originally planned.

She offered to go with me if that would make me feel better. But I remembered Jason's threats about bringing third parties into our marriage. Besides, what if Jason really wants to make amends. Bringing my friend along could jeopardize situations!

So I declined my friends offer and decided to go see him alone.

CHAPTER 10

I went to Jason, hoping for the best.

I knocked and there was no answer.

I knocked again, and the door open and unveiled the form of a man who looks damaged; behold Jason stood in front of me. He didn't look well. He opened the door and stepped back inside.

I walked cautiously into the house and the first thing that greeted me welcome was a strange smell. Emanating from somewhere deep in the house was an unmistakably pungent, yet unrecognizable, smell. It felt as though the house was hunted by a spirit. It felt terrible; I felt terrible and scared. But I was here and I've got a mission – to talk things over with Jason. To me that was the scariest talk – I didn't know what to expect, but I was hopeful; praying it would turn out to be okay..

He didn't ask me to sit, but I thought since this was my house, I should set myself down on our living room couch. As I was about to sit, Jason turned sharply and said "Don't!" His eyes lit with rage. He took slow steps towards me as he asked "Whose baby is it?"

"Excuse me?", I asked

He took me by my arm and squeezed strong and asked "You heard me; whose baby is it?'

His breath stank; he must have been drinking heavily and probably didn't brush his teeth and clean his mouth for days. A strong suffocating body odour oozed out from his body and his hold on my arm became excruciatingly painful – the kind of pain that can make your entire body numb.

My heart began to beat faster than the word fast. I could feel my heart pumping and at the rate it was pumping, I felt it would burst through my chest and explode. This was fear taking a strong hold of me and I was paralyzed by it

I came hoping that I could talk things over with Jason now that we have a child coming. I thought the baby could help ease things out a bit between us. Instead, what do I get? – A murderous rage staring at me.

In a flash of a second, I remembered what I have gone through in the hands of Jason. The torture; the abuse; the pain; and the near death experiences – the unpleasant memories of them all came crashing down on my soul. I became stiff in my soul with fear..

Jason kept on squeezing my arm and breathed heavily down at me as he stared with a murderous look in his eyes. I thought to myself – "what a big mistake I made to have come here again in the first place."

He said in-between his teeth "Damn it woman! Whose child is this? Who is responsible? Answer me you whore!"

I said with a fear-filled stutter "You are hurting me Jason; let go of me"

"I will do much more to you, if you don't answer me this instant. Who is responsible?", he asked breathing down heavily at me.

"It's our baby. Jason", I said as I tried to break free from his grip which only resulted in hurting me the more!

Jason shoved me heavily against the way and followed up with a series of slaps and blows to my face and to my head as he yelled "Liar! Liar! Liar!"

I fell on the floor as the last blow connected the side of my head. The impact of that last deadly blow to my head felt as though my soul nearly vacated my body. I didn't know where I was; all I could see was white. White or bright light, I couldn't tell the difference at that time – all I know I saw when that blow landed on the side of my head was white!

When my almost lifeless body hit the floor, I felt what seemed like a kick to my stomach. I believed that was when I passed out or almost gave up the ghost! At a time I could only hear his loud screams faintly until I could hear them no more.

I can't really tell whether I was still conscious or not at that time, but I was not feeling the pain from the several slaps and blows I received on my face and on my head; and the several kicks to my stomach. I felt something lifting me out of my body. I felt so light and

at peace and suddenly, I could see my body on the floor, and Jason was still pounding and kicking heavily on my body. My body just kept on bouncing as each kick landed on my already damaged and lifeless body.

I tried helping the "me" that I saw lying helpless on the floor from further battering of Jason; I shouted "Jason, stop! You are killing me and our baby"; but he could not hear me. I tried pulling him off me, but my hands seemed to go through him like a breeze. Then it downed on me "I am dead!"

At the realization of the fact that I may be dead, I screamed "Noooooooooooooo! You can't do this to me! You can't kill me! You can't have my baby!"

As I continued screaming, a strong force overpowered me and began to drag me away. I felt so helpless! But I kept on screaming "Noooooooo! You can't have my baby!" The force kept on pulling and dragging me further into what seemed like a dark hot oven. Then I realized "This must be hell". I shouted "JESUUUUUS!"

Suddenly the force stopped dragging and pulling me and I found myself in-between what seemed like light and darkness.

There was dead silence. I looked to my left; all I could see was thick darkness. I looked to my right and all I saw was a very bright light. Before me was my lifeless body with my husband over me swearing and cursing.

I found myself in-between the light and the darkness. Half of my body was in the dark side and the other half was in the light.

"What is happening? What am I to do?", I thought to myself

Then it dawned on me that I was at the place of choice. I am to choose between darkness, light or my body!

I realized that the reason why half of my body was in darkness was because I had deep, bottled-up, repressed and unresolved bitterness, anger, hatred and unforgiveness in my soul towards and against Jason.

Despite the fact that I was a victim of domestic violence, I had spiritual issues that I had not resolved before God.

My soul was still hovered over by darkness. I realized that I wasn't holding unto Jason because I loved him; I was holding unto him out of a sense of duty –that I am his wife and he is my husband. I guess every woman has this sense of duty and that is why despite the harm and the hurt women experience in the hands of their husbands they still hold on and continue in the relationship. In many cases, love has long gone.

The true state of my soul was revealed as I stood between light and darkness. The dark side wanted my soul desperately. The Light wanted to give me a second chance. God indeed is love.

As I stood there wondering what to do next, I suddenly realized that my relationship with Jason was a matter of life and death. If I stayed on with him, it would eventually cost me my life and I would still end up in the dark side of hell.

Staying with Jason; holding on to the marriage meant I would constantly be in bitterness, anger, fear, unforgivenes and hatred and these are what makes a person a candidate of hell.

I wanted peace – a life of peace and joy. I wanted to have my child and bring him up in love and watch him grow into a strong, loving, handsome, successful and caring man.

I didn't want to go over to darkness. I desire to be in the place of light. I didn't want to die just yet. I wanted to live; I wanted to carry my child; I wanted to be a mother; I wanted to raise my child.

Without so much effort, I found myself stepping back into the heap of my lifeless body. The next moment, I came to and was coughing blood! My chest and my throat burned as though set on fire as I coughed. It was with so many struggles that I could barely sustain my breath.

I was still dazed and all the terrible feelings of pain one can ever feel and imagine in this world from being inflicted with series of deadly blows and kicks came rushing through my frail body. I groaned and let out a short and very weak-agonizing scream. My

body and vocal cords were too frail – almost lifeless to let out any form of audible scream – but the pain I felt gave strength to my frail body to let out he little I could with much agony.

My eyes were almost shut because I could only weakly see from one eye. Both eyes felt so painful and sore. My right eye was completely shut, swollen and sore. .I could only see faintly through my left eye. What I saw was what seemed like a pool of red liquid – my blood. I was lying in a pool of my own blood. I felt the worst ever pain in my stomach. It felt as though several sets of sharp teeth were biting and grinding hard at my stomach, almost biting through and tearing down my stomach walls.

I felt sore and in excruciating pain all over. With the little vision I had in my left eye, I began to crawl – dragging my dead weight of an almost lifeless body to the kitchen.

Jason has stopped pounding on me at that time; but as soon as he heard me coughing, groaning and screaming agonizingly on the floor as I made my way like a wounded snail to our kitchen, he came back and started choking me. He pulled me up from the floor with a very firm and deadly choke-grip wrapped around my throat and dragged me towards my direction – the kitchen. He kept on cursing and swearing as his fingers kept on digging into my throat, trying to sniff the remaining life out of me.

He pulled me up vertically and pasted my lifeless body on the kitchen wall, very close to the sink. He said several things to me, cursing and swearing, but I couldn't even make out what he was saying. I have lost hearing on both ears from the series of blows I received from him.

Only one thought took a hold of my over worked heart; and that thought was SURVIVAL!

I began to fight back; I lazily lifted up my hands trying to get his hands off my throat, but the more I tried, the firmer was his grip.

My left hands suddenly dropped unto something that felt metallic cold; it was the kitchen sink. Without any form of coordination, I started moving my left hand almost lifelessly on the kitchen sink as though I was scrambling for something. The thought of survival still took a hold of my heart.

Every second that passed drew me closer again to my second death

Every second that passed made me weaker and weaker, almost giving up the ghost again.

Then it happened; my hands struck what seemed like a very ice-cold object. In that state of frailty and almost lifelessness, I picked up the object with shaky hands. It almost fell off my shaky and almost lifeless hands; but I drew strength from whatever re-

serves I had to keep the object firmly in my grip.

I didn't know what the object was at the time; I didn't care! I just wanted something I could use to break Jason off me. As I held the object firmer and firmer, trying to put it and point it in a position where I could use it against Jason, I realized that my fingers suddenly felt as though something was cutting through them. My supposed weak and almost lifeless hold on the object turned out to be too much. The object was cutting through my fingers. I didn't care what it was, I just drove it through Jason's stomach and like someone who suddenly felt delivered and free from a deadly hold of a demonic spell, I felt Jason's choke-grip ease off my neck.

The next thing I felt was the sound of my heavy pile of body hitting the floor! I didn't know what happened afterwards! I passed out

CHAPTER 11

I lay unconscious for five days in the Hospital. How did I get there? Remember my friend, the one I stayed with after my last ordeal in the hands of Jason before this very last one? She was my savior – our savior!

After I left her to go see Jason at home, she left for work. But throughout her time at work, she felt so uncomfortable. She was not settled in her spirit. She had this very strong hunch that all was not well with me.

She tried to shake the feeling off in a bid of being optimistic and hopeful for me, but she felt increasingly afraid that my life was in danger.

She decided to take time off from work to come down to see if everything was okay with me.

On her way she called my parents who have not heard from me or seen me for years and who never knew what was going on between me and Jason.

My parents immediately started coming down to our matrimonial home – the house I thought was our love next that later on became Jason's slaughter house his victim me.

My friend got to the house before my parents did. She said upon her arrival, she heard my voice; my frail screams mixed with my

agonizing and painfully sounding moans for help and Jason swearing and cursing. She was prompted to call the police when she heard violent and loud shattering of items attended by my frail screams for help.

She didn't know what to do; whether to come in to rescue me or wait for the police. She was afraid Jason could hurt her. She didn't know what to think. But she kept on hearing Jason swearing and cursing and saying he was going to kill me.

The police were taking forever in arriving; not knowing what else to do she began to scream outside the house "Help! Help! Help! Please somebody help! Somebody is about to be killed in this house! Please somebody help!"

She went crazy and kept calling for help! Passersby and some neighbours came around. They too heard the violent shattering of items and the voice of Jason cursing and swearing to kill me!

When they broke into the house to save me, it was the same time I drove the sharp object into Jason's stomach and we both ended up falling to the floor.

Jason and I were both rushed to the hospital. When I said my friend was our savior, what I meant was that, it was her efforts that saved me and Jason from death.

We were both hospitalized. Jason and I were taken to ICU's. The medical team worked tirelessly to save both our lives.

I was given first class medical treatment, all paid for by my parents. The doctors also worked to save the baby in my womb.

Miraculously, the baby in my womb was not hurt or damaged in any capacity. That was the power of God at work.

Despite the heavy blows and kicks to my stomach, God miraculously protected and shielded my baby in the womb.

I got all the medical attention I could get; I was stabilized but still remained unconscious for days.

Jason survived and was charged with attempted murder and other multiple count charges bothering on domestic violence, etc. He was found guilty and was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment.

My parents got a lawyer, who started a proceeding for me to file for divorce. The divorce went through and I became completely free from what has become a Cursed Marriage!

CHAPTER 12

When I came to, I felt all drowsy and sore all over. My parents and my friends were beside my bed. The first words I could utter were "My baby..."

I was calmed down and the realization of the fact that I didn't lose the pregnancy gave me strength, and gladdened what was left of my heart..

Then came the rush of memories – the resurrection of the traumatic experiences I had in the hands of Jason. It was as though I was reliving them. I started screaming I went bunkers – I lost it!

It took a shot of sedatives to calm me down and put me back to sleep.

I have settled in and have recovered from all the injuries I sustained from Jason after spending about two weeks in the hospital.

I was discharged from the hospital and my parents took me home. Obviously I have got a lot of explaining to do with regards to why I kept them in the dark about what I was going through in the hands of Jason.

I narrated my entire ordeal in the hands of Jason to my parents. I told them I couldn't tell them or anybody because of the constant threat Jason made to hurt me and my family if I ever told on him.

My Parents blamed me for not telling them or giving them a hint of all that I was going through. I straightened all the issues with them about what transpired between me and Jason. At the end, they thanked God that I did not lose my life in the process.

I gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. My Father named Alex! He is my pride and joy! He was the reason why I fought to live – to come back from death.

Alex is a complete replica of his father; looks just like him but I would shower him with all the love in the world and bring him up in the fear of the Lord so that when he grows up he will not depart from it.

I still remember my ordeal with death and how I was almost taken into the depths of hell. I remember how darkness almost consumed me and how the mention of the name of Jesus halted the powers of darkness from destroying my soul in hell!

I have given my life; my heart and soul to the Lord Jesus and I am born again.

It has not been a smooth ride since my recovery and divorce from Jason, but with Jesus on my side, life everyday is sweet and fulfilling. I steadily overcomes every challenge that comes before me every day by the grace and power of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I thank God for the second chance He gave to me when I was in the firm clutches of death!

Several times death came through the hands of Jason to snatch me away into the abyss of hell, but somehow, God kept on spearing me and watching over me.

Today I am alive because of Him.

Today I am free from the clutches of domestic violence because of Him!

Today I have a child – a son whom I love so much; my heart, my joy and my pride, all because of Him.

My advice to the married women out there is to raise the alarm if you are a victim of domestic violence.

I had series of attempts on my life by the hands of Jason. I count myself very blessed that I didn't die in the process. Other women who are going through what I went through may not be as lucky as I am. So please, raise the alarm.

If you die through domestic violence, your husband may not go to jail. He may be walking free on the street and may probably get married again to another woman. But you would have been long gone. So I ask "What is the gain? What is the use of holding on to the detriment of your life and destiny?"

Raise the alarm!

Don't allow fear of what your husband has done to you and is able to do to you to cripple you!

Raise the alarm and report the case to someone.

So many women have been butchered by their husbands because they didn't raise the alarm. They held on hoping God would somehow change their husband. Some held on out of a sense of duty but later on met their untimely death in the hands of their husband.

God answers prayers; God is a miracle worker, but not a magician. God is a God of process.

God is not a God that would wish or desire the death of any woman by the hands of her husband.

There is a place of commonsense, and commonsense dictates that you should do everything to protect your life and one way to do this is by raising an alarm.

There are government institutions that are saddled with the responsibility protecting the rights of women against domestic violence.

You can report this domestic violence experiences to such institutions for immediate intervention.

As a woman; as a wife you have a right to peace.
As a woman; as a wife you have the right to live

Anything that threatens your peace, joy and life is a threat that should be taken seriously.

As a woman, you were created to be a help mete suitable for your husband. You were created to also be submissive to your husband; but submissiveness does not mean you should be a punching bag. Submissiveness does not make you a sex slave or a wife slave.

Remember that when your parents gave birth to you, they celebrated your birth and your arrival.

A lot was invested by your parents to bring you up and to train you to become the woman and the wife you are today. If you lose your life to domestic violence it means you have become a bad investment; it means you didn't live to enjoy the dividends of the investment your parents made into your life.

Please always remind yourself of the fact that you are not worthless.

You are a woman of worth!
You are a woman f value!
You are a good investment!
You have a right to live and be happy!

So don't allow, accept or endure domestic violence; you could lose your life if you don't stand against it.

I didn't and I nearly lost my life and that of my child!
Don't be the next unlucky victim of domestic violence!

Raise an alarm!

USEFUL RESOURCES (OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR)

You may visit AUTHOR CENTRAL PAGE

PRAYER AND SPIRITUAL WARFARE BOOKS

PRAYER BOOK GUIDES FOR ALL LIFE ISSUES

From Your Lips To God's Ears: A Daily Prayer Guide For Mums and Dads

Kindle Edition USA
Kindle Edition UK

Let Us Pray: 101 Daily Prayers Of Agreement For Prosperity, Good Success, Divine Favour, Deliverance And Divine Protection

Kindle Edition USA
Kindle Edition UK
Paperback Edition

Let There Be: 160 Creative Miracle Declarations To Recreate & Maintain Your World

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