

Grief Journal

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SF505: Personal/Professional/Theological Foundations for Ministry

March 10, 2023

Baby, I am sorry for taking away your gift of life, for you to see and experience this world, for you to be loved by grandpa and grandma, uncle, your cousins, and me. I am sorry please forgive me, when I see you in heaven, I will get to see how adorable and lovely you are.

My counselor, Lea, suggested writing a letter to my baby, and all I could really say to him/her was no more than 5 sentences. From this exercise made me wonder why I have so little to say, or why I don't have anything to say about motherhood, I wrestled and processed this with Lea. As a woman I should grieve more about my action to kill to end the life of my child. Lea gave me "Ball Of Grief" an image of a ball with many expressions, I was to color feelings that I had and or have regarding this loss. I went back to my journal, read through the days leading up to the event, I was under emotional turmoil, I felt loss, sad, anxious, helpless, pain, inadequate; I was full of fear, disappointment, sorrow, and regret and guilt was suffocating me. Upon a closer look through my journal, I was grieving more about my secondary loss - my vow to God to keep my body pure because it's a temple for the Holy Spirit.

He saw my struggles with lust for so many years, that seed was planted in me at a very young age, when I was so clueless of what it was, I felt so helpless, bitter, and ashamed. I have known the Lord since I was 12 years old, and I learned at a very young age to have faith in God and to surrender. I obeyed God in every area of my life except one - staying pure and away from sexual immorality. I lost my virginity with my first boyfriend when I was 18 years old; I told myself it's okay because it's out of love. As I grew older, my condition with lust got worse. I desired to be with a man, just so that I feel loved and I used my body to make myself feel good. Time and time again the Holy Spirit will convict me, yet I refused to turn or listen to his voice.

I had my first pregnancy in August 2015, I asked God, please help me. I am not ready, I wanted abortion. God showed His mercy toward me and I ended with a miscarriage this round. I was full of fear, I thanked God for saving me from killing. Yet, 2 weeks later I was back with my old lifestyle. I was not transformed, I avoided praying to God and when the Lord told me that my body should be a holy temple for him, I simply ignored.

Romans 6:23 said, "for the wages of sin is death". I never thought this would be literal. My second pregnancy was a result of rape, December 2016. From someone who I've been flirting with, I clearly see my role in it. I thought it was okay to heighten the sexual tension. There's no harm in it, yet, when it happened my yelling of "No" and "Stop" couldn't stop the devil in him. This pregnancy was an ectopic pregnancy, I was in so much pain and risk of dying. This time around, I finally surrendered to God, I truly repent, and for the very first time my mind was renewed and my heart was transformed about God's commandment to abstain from sex outside marriage. I wanted to obey and I wanted to free myself from lust so badly.

Almost three years after the ectopic pregnancy from rape, I didn't go on dates, no sex, didn't engage in anything lustful. It was very challenging but I stopped myself from those desires. So, I thought I was good, but then I failed the test. On August 24th, 2019 I had a wonderful time in the morning, took mom and dad to Queens zoo, it was a beautiful day. I parted ways with them, to meet up with Adrian who has a broken ankle. And throughout the afternoon into evening, the Lord warned me seven different times, He told me to "go home". I told him, "God, nothing will happen, You seen recent years, I've been good, I got this." I ignored His warnings and kept pushing the envelope and before I knew it, I had sex. I felt defeated, disappointed, I found myself in deep dark hell that I never seem to be able to escape. It was very late, pharmacies were closed, so I went to sleep and told myself to get the pill first thing in the morning. But the Lord told me in my dream that I was pregnant. I woke up, cried hysterically, and was in denial about the fact that I had sex. I couldn't sleep, woke up early, went to the pharmacy and had the pill, sitting alone at the waterfront, I pleaded with God not to let me get pregnant from this mistake.

August 20th, 2019 four days before I broke my vow and had sex, God was asking me, "Can I trust you? Can I trust you that you will obey me and walk according to My command?" and I said, yes, my God. I want to make You proud. I want to please You. I want to make You smile. I want to bring a piece

of heaven into people's hearts & lives. I want them to taste and experience Your Kingdom, glory, Your love, Your kindness, You are our reasons for existing – to glorify, to love, to enjoy, to love each other and be a good steward on earth. And I wrote down 4 things under “ultimate end goal” - Christian faith-based, spreading gospel, restoring good to earth, and bringing Your Kingdom on earth. Right after that, on the following page, there was no date on it, but I wrote: Am I a useless piece of shit? Is Your life worth dying for me? Am I good/disciplined enough to carry out Your calling for me? Am I of any good use to You my God? Are you tired & disappointed with me my God? Am I of any good use to You my God? It is very likely I wrote this after August 24th.

Before I committed another biggest sin of abortion from this third pregnancy, I was already in a grieving stage. After I had sex, I felt a big loss, loss of hope, loss of determination, loss of dignity, loss of confidence, loss of faith that I will be free from this bondage. Lust is just the symptom, the root of it all is idol, I let lust lord over my life. After the second pregnancy from rape, from December 2019 to August 2019, the LORD led me to crash that idol, I repented and surrendered to His commandment. I tried so hard to be free from it, during those years, in an unhealthy way I become workaholic to keep me away from wondering to the lane of lust; in a healthy way I started to attend church and found myself a loving community, for the very first time I desire to read the Bible from cover to cover. So He saw me transformed, but it was my ego, when temptation and test came, instead of running fast and far away from it I kept on going. I was so confident nothing will happen; he has a broken ankle and I can control myself. I found myself in utter despair after the sex.

September 7th, 2019 a day before I take the pregnancy test, I was in solitude and silent before God, and He told me to read Lamentations. I see how I am no different from Israelites, who keep on sinning.

“Jerusalem has sinned greatly, so she has been tossed away like a filthy rag. All who once honored her now despise her, for they have seen her stripped naked and humiliated. All she can do is groan and hide her face. She defiled herself with immorality and gave no thought to her future. Now she lies in the gutter with no one to lift her out. “Lord, see my misery,” she cries. “The enemy has triumphed.” The enemy has plundered her completely,

taking every precious thing she owns. She has seen foreigners violate her sacred Temple, the place the Lord had forbidden them to enter. (Lam 1:8-10)."

Regardless of my sin, God was not done loving me.

"Yet this I call to mind and therefore I have hope: Because of the Lord's great love we are not consumed, for his compassions never fail. They are new every morning; great is your faithfulness. I say to myself, "The Lord is my portion; therefore I will wait for him." The Lord is good to those whose hope is in him, to the one who seeks him; it is good to wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man to bear the yoke while he is young. (Lam 3:21-27). For no one is cast off by the Lord forever. Though he brings grief, he will show compassion, so great is his unfailing love. For he does not willingly bring affliction or grief to anyone. (Lam 3:31-32.) I called on your name, Lord, from the depths of the pit. You heard my plea: "Do not close your ears to my cry for relief." You came near when I called you, and you said, "Do not fear." (Lam 3:55-57).

September 8th, 2019, I took the test and it was positive. I also wrote this: I read this and fell asleep, "The Purpose Driven Life" by Rick Warren.

"While there are illegitimate parents, there are no illegitimate children. Many children are unplanned by their parents, but they are not unplanned by God. God's purpose took into account human error, and even sin. God never does anything accidentally, and he never makes mistake. He has a reason for everything he creates."

September 8th, 2019 to my 33rd birthday, September 15th, 2019, I was under stress, the most tremendous stress in my life; I can feel my head pounding and can hear every pulse in my vein. I know, God knows what I am planning to do, I wanted to end the pregnancy so fast that I booked the earliest possible appointment to have abortion, which is September 16th, 2019, the day after my birthday. But throughout those 8 days, I wrestled with the idea of keeping the baby or not. I wrote, "I don't even have the courage to pray "let your will be done in this situation" because I know You would want me to keep the baby. I thought of all the possibilities, maybe a potential future with Adrian, how my sin will bring shame to my parents, how I am not ready to be a mom, etc. And during these days I keep replying and recalling that day August 24th I wish I listened to God, and run as fast as I could instead of keep on going. On September 11th, I wrote God is this baby my 33rd birthday gift? Should I tell Adrian about this? What I feel You are telling me is, You let me decide freely. You let your intention clear "don't kill" - but it is up to me to choose. Either way You still love me, You can still use me to glorify You and use me to spread the gospel with or without the baby. I talked to Jante, Cheryl, and Liz, Jante and Cheryl encouraged me

to keep the baby, and Liz said she understands and is supportive of my decision. But I know in my heart, I am not ready and I had little desire for motherhood.

September 16th, 2019 a day after my 33rd birthday, I ended the life of my child. I looked at the ultrasound picture of my child, 5 weeks 3 days old, I cried, and proceeded to have abortion. 9:39pm that night I wrote: Jesus, I am sorry. I want to fall in love with You Jesus. Captivate my heart completely. All these years of misery, desire of man, sex, closeness, I get myself into trouble. I gave up my dignity, standard, heart, body, and soul, just so that I will get sex, man, "closeness". I am over with all at this point Jesus. I can't keep on doing, going, wanting these things. I am literally killing my soul and I also killed my child. Jesus, I want to fall in love with You like never before, that's my aim and goal for this 33rd year. It's Jesus's year. So, this is the year I want to fall deeply in love with You Jesus. I pray in your mighty powerful name.

Fast-forward to Thursday September 15th 2022, 36th birthday! I woke up early, the first time in 12 years I have to work on my birthday. I enrolled in ATS, school started, after the chapel during lunch I opened up to Christy Choi about my sin with lust and abortion. Three years later, God healed and purified my heart, I cannot not believe I am no longer a slave to lust, I am finally free! Free of shame, guilt, and the Holy Spirit have helped me to keep my body holy before the Lord! I don't have the desire of lust, I don't crave for sex, I don't desire man, I don't desire that "closeness". Until now I am completely in awe of my heart, God did it. I never thought I could ever be set free from the bondage of lust. I thought the seed that satan planted in me at a very young age will never be uprooted. But I was wrong, because Jesus showed me the way. He taught me to keep refilling my heart with biblical truth, I am loved regardless of my sins, and He told me to keep focusing on loving Him and the things that are pleasing to God. I am in so much joy, I am so so so happy and in complete awe how God, Jesus, and Holy Spirit helped me overcome my sickness with lust.

This time was different, it was not like the gap years between second and third pregnancy, those years I was mostly relying on myself to keep myself holy, it was a constant uphill battle and very tiring. But this time around Jesus taught me to fight this battle differently, He gave me a new strategy first, to fix my eyes on Him constantly, to be consumed by the word of God daily, and let Him fight off the sin of lust. It is not a heavy battle, I took on the yoke of Jesus and it is very light, I breathe lighter. I don't have this dark cloud looming and glaring at me constantly. Looking back at my 34th birthday, September 2020, what a year, even with COVID that was the year I said "Yes" to Jesus, I went out to do His work almost every weekend, serving and volunteering, sharing the gospel, praying for people. I finished reading the bible from front to back for the very first time. God opened my eyes to see and experience more and more of His heart, kindness, and unending mercy. He used me to do His work, He gave me gift words of wisdom and knowledge, the boldness to share my testimony and the power of the gospel. 35th birthday, September 2021 found myself a new home church, finish reading bible from front to back for 2nd time, this round I brought another 2 sisters in Christ who never read the entire bible, we had so much fun. My desire to be a workaholic was not to be found, I have no desire to be busy with work or of the things of this world.

I never wish to reach the point to abortion, just so that I could be free from bondage of lust. However, I thank God for allowing this to happen, He knows me more than I know myself. Jesus was always in the work of setting me free, He saw the tears I cried, He know how hard I tried and I was completely worn out when it comes to this department. In my attempts to set myself free He was with me and redirecting me, He was my personal coach, my therapist, my counselor, my biggest cheerleader, my all-time advocate, and He was my savior who has complete authority over all evil, and all I had to do was giving up this fight and leave it unto His hands. I have come a long way, I cannot put into words how joyful I am to be free of guilt and shame. Most importantly, free from desire of lust. I can see clearly, God is for me, He never give up on me, it was the devil in me that lied to me not to obey God's

command when it comes to keeping my body pure, it was the flesh in me that fooled me into the belief that can face eye-to-eye with the devil and his scheme on my own instead of running away from it, it was satan that keep on telling me lies that I will never be freed from this. But God rebuked all the lies, Jesus opened my eyes to meditate on bible truths, the Holy Spirit empowered and strengthened me to become wise instead of being a fool. I thought I will be no good used for God, because of my sins. But today, 3 years after my abortion, God is so good to me, He gave me tasks and assignments to remind his children of His love, and His authority, power, and desire for them to be set free from all the lies of the enemy.

Now when looking at the "Ball of Grief" in regards to the abortion, I cannot color any of the emotions. I cannot even color "guilt". I was so shocked and I kept on asking God, why don't I feel any guilt when looking at my actions to end my child's life? What's wrong with me? Lea said maybe because I went through the process of grief and I arrived at "radical acceptance". This biggest sin I committed so far, triggered me to live in complete surrender to God and His way on a daily basis, and to be fooled by my flesh, sin, or the enemy. And because God continued to use me to for His Kingdom work, I never felt more sure before that my relationship with God is not hindered because of my sin, and that Jesus's blood does cover multitude of sin, and this joy and freedom I found in God is just the beginning and there is more glory I will witness and celebrate in years to come.