

I miss my family... I miss my wife, my kids, my time with them in the house just being their father and loving my wife... I see them pretty much everyday but not living with them takes its toll on me. Sunday, July 26, 2020 is the day they were stripped away from me and we haven't been a family ever since. I see my kids get torn down through this and I feel like there's nothing I can do to stop it. When they left my son was 9, my daughter had just turned 7 and my youngest daughter was about 18 months old. They stripped my family away from me like I was some disease. I say 'they', but I do believe God was a part of it because that woke me right up, but I don't fully understand or fully believe that it was God's doing. I do know that God used it and is still using it for good, but I don't know when this is going to end. My son is now 12, my daughter who was 7 is now 9 going on 10 in June, and my 18 month old is now 4! This process has been grueling to say the least.

During the time when they first left I was so broken and torn. I woke up crying and went to bed crying. I was lonely, confused, demonized, full of fear and left to fend for myself. I was publicly rebuked one to two Sundays a month. My character and my identity was being broken and torn down constantly. Old stuff that I did BEFORE I gave my life was being brought up in the pulpit in front of EVERYONE! Stuff in my pre-Christ days that I would NEVER do now was brought up over the pulpit. Making me to look like I was this evil person. I was called a wolf in sheep's clothing, I was called a devil, I was called a terrible leader. I was told I didn't love my wife. I was yelled at publicly - this was all done during quarantine, so I was home, ALONE, in front of computer being reprimanded Sunday after Sunday in front of my church family and in front of WHOEVER IN THE WORLD chose to click on the Zoom link or FB Live to be a part of service that day. I was ridiculed and humiliated left and right.

I didn't know who I was. I thought I lost my salvation and that God didn't love me anymore and that I was going straight to hell. If I'm being fully transparent, there are days I still struggle with that lie today. I look at my current situation and think to myself, "Is this God or is this just a trick of the enemy, making me THINK I'm saved, but I'm really not." "Am I that person that says 'Lord, Lord', but God will say He never knew me?" These thoughts used to PLAGUE my soul every single waking moment of the day. I was so consumed by fear that I would curl up on the bed my wife and I used to share, and think that I was going to die. Then when I actually went to sleep, I was tormented with nightmares - almost EVERY SINGLE NIGHT year after year! I still get nightmares today! They aren't like they used to be, but I still get attacked nightly. I would be lying if I didn't acknowledge that I see God's hand in this. Because I rejected God's Truth in regards to spiritual warfare, the truth about Christians having demons, and the fact that I was SO carnal-minded, God ALLOWED Satan to sift me like wheat to humble me and to WAKE ME UP. There are a lot more carnal-minded Christians out there that God has called me to. I relate to the Scripture in Psalm 51:12-13 and feel like that is a part of my calling - "Restore to me the joy of Your salvation and make me willing to obey You. **Then I will teach Your ways to rebels, and they will return to you.**"

But I'd also be lying if I said I know why this is still happening. I could've never imagined that I'd experience anything like this. I wouldn't wish this on anyone. I freaking hate my wife at times, if I'm being honest. The fact that she doesn't vouch for me, or stand up for me, or have me in her heart, friggin irritates the mess out of me! I can't stand the fact that I feel like I'm at the bottom of the list in her heart. I don't even think I ever had the spot that I was supposed to have in her heart as her husband. I mean...how can you say you love me and don't fight for me???? How on earth can you say you're my wife and friggin CHOOSE not to love

me?! How the heck can you do that!? Makes me question if she ever really loved me. I think she loved the idea of me, but didn't fully love ME. For better or worse?? Til death do us part?? GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!!! YOU FREAKING LIED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU FREAKING LIED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I can't stand you right now. At this moment, as I type, I cannot stand you, Kini. How the heck could you DO something like this? You friggin LIAR!!!! I hate you, but I really don't. I just want to hate you, but I can't. I honestly still freaking love you. I promise you that I want to just go ahead and "marry" a new chick, but I know that is only my flesh speaking. That ain't real. It's a mirage. It's my hurt crying out. Wanting to comfort pain with fig leaves, but it truly takes the Blood of the Lamb to heal this hurt. This crap really hurts. It hurts and at times I truly cannot bear it. It's only the Power of God that gets me through. And let's be fair. I breached my covenant too. I had lust in my heart for other women at times, so according to God, I committed adultery. But come on...REALLY? But no...Really...I really did and I paid the price for that. I truly learned that God don't play. He takes that JUST AS SERIOUS as me physically laying down with another woman and I know that now. But you and I talked about that though. We were good on that. And I wasn't practicing that, but I still didn't kill it completely, so I'm truly sorry for that. I learned my lesson. But if I'm honest, I wasn't intentionally doing that. I did at one point, but I stopped YEARS before this happened. I struggled with lust, but I didn't commit to it. All-in-all baby...you hurt me. You were supposed to be there for me and you ain't. The devil is playing mind games and it's frustrating.

I grieve the loss of my position as father. Not so much as husband, but my position as father. My daily influence and interaction with my kids hurts me the most. In black communities, it's RARE that you see both parents, and I'm actually a statistic right now. That makes me want to curse. For real, for real. I have, and always will be, a strong advocate for fatherhood and two

parent/married households. I see the value in having both parents. No parent can replace the other. I feel like I'm being forced into a position that I shouldn't be in. I'm not a deadbeat dad. I'm not a father who doesn't want to be in their kids' lives. I'm not a father that is a danger to his kids. That's not me. But yet my authority as a father is being stripped away and it's hard to deal with. Which brings me to my father.

My father was abusive to my mom. He beat on my mom. He cheated on my mom. He was forceful and demanded his way. Now I see certain elements of my father in me and I hate it! I see the pride. I see the forcefulness. I see why he used to say certain things and act certain ways. I see them in me and I see them happening in my life. Not the cheating or the abuse, but more so PRIDE, and how it manifests itself. I see myself being tempted to act in ways he does because of the pride he struggles with. I began to lament for my dad through this time, but this also opened up old wounds that I had. I find myself hating my dad because of certain attributes that are in me. It makes me relive what I missed out on, and it makes me think that the cycle is continuing through me to my children. It makes me feel like I'm a no good dad to my kids, like my dad was a no good dad to me when me and my brothers were growing up. I actually have a great relationship with my dad today, but at times I feel resentment toward him because of my current situation. The crazy thing is that my situation is NOT his fault, but part of me still blames him. And I'm upset with him. I go to call him sometimes, but I don't do it because of hurt in my heart. As I type this, I see how messed up that is, but it's how I honestly feel. I don't agree with this feeling, but I have to be honest with myself about it. It really sucks.

A fear that I deal with is that I'm going to be just like my dad. Bitter, prideful, alone and full of nonsense. I feel like my kids are going to hate me for reasons beyond my control. I feel like they're going to hate me because of decisions my wife made and it wasn't my fault at all. I

feel like they're going to hate me because my wife was bamboozled by her lead pastor, her sisters, and whoever else is counseling her in this situation. I feel like she's saying something is God and it isn't. I feel like this misrepresentation of me is the reason why this is continuing to happen. I believe this counsel is false and NOT from God. I would be lying if I said I believe it was from God. I feel a spirit of fear come on me when I talk about my true feelings when it comes to them. Because I used to idolize these people at my old church. I idolized my old church and put them in a position that only God Himself belongs in. It sucks, but it's true. I don't always feel FREE to tell my side of the story when it comes to them. I feel like I'm doing something wrong, when in essence, I'm not. I just spoke so freely about my father, my wife, but when it comes to my old pastor and my old church family, I feel condemned for it and that God is going to strike me down because of it. My question to myself is WHY????!! Why do I feel that way when it comes to them?? I truly believe it's because of the pedestal I put them on in the past, but quite frankly, I probably STILL have them on it...smh... It's tough and I truly need to be free from that. I'm not saying be free to slander them or anyone else, but I need to be able to process my real thoughts and emotions without feeling like I'm doing something wrong. Help me Lord...

It's funny... I've got about a dozen pages written in my grief journal, but as I FINALLY sat down to type this thing out, it came out entirely different than what I have written in my journal! I'm not apologizing for it though because I think it needed to come out this way. But seeing God in all of this is not always easy. For instance...I see how God woke me up by allowing, or Him actually taking my family away from me. I believe it was necessary for that to happen. I would've never woken up, so I'm actually at peace (I believe) with that initially happening. But the length of time and what's been happening all these years...I do NOT believe this is God. I believe it is God ALLOWING it to happen, but it's not His desire. I believe I'm

having sort of an “Exodus” moment where God is allowing “Pharaoh's” heart to harden for a purpose. I do believe that I’m going to have a Red Sea moment. Where there’s no way out, and that it’s going to take a miraculous move of God to get me and my family through this. That I’m going to have to have to be so close to God to have the faith for my next steps. My steps are going to be ordered by the Lord. He’s really doing something IN me. I believe He’s doing a slow burn transformation in and through me for His glory. I believe He’s unveiling the man He created before the very foundations of the earth. I believe He’s birthing that in me and I’m just going to have to submit to the process in order for it to happen. I want to say that I hate this process, but part of me wants to say that I just don’t like it because of how strong of a word hate is. And I’m not comfortable saying I hate something God is doing - not out of fear though, but out of knowing Him enough to know that if HE is doing something, then it’s good even if I don’t like it...

I feel like I’m going to get on the other side of this. I know that God is with me and carrying me through this for His glory. I don’t know what tomorrow will bring, but I’m believing and holding on to His promise that He will never leave me nor forsake me. That’s His Word and His Word is True...

Thank You Lord for believing in me and staying with me, and pulling me out of the pit of despair when the closest people to me left me for dead. I want to say forget them, but when I look at the wrong I’ve done, I have to relent. I did some messed up things when I was being warned in the beginning of all of this, so I continually need to take ownership of my wrongs. I love You Lord...and by Your grace, I’m going to continue to believe in You no matter what. My situation is going to change for the better I believe, but even if it doesn’t, my heart is to worship You in spirit and in truth, and to LOVE your people, no matter who they are. You’re God, and I

love You... You're close to the brokenhearted. Heal me completely, Daddy. Heal these wounds and help me to comfort others with the same comfort You gave me. Help me to LOVE. Help me to LET IT GO! Help me to Forgive and MOVE FORWARD. Help me to KILL the offenses. Help me to BE like You... I love You...

Turron Alleyne - March 29, 2023