

# No Longer a Victim

By Donnie McClurkin

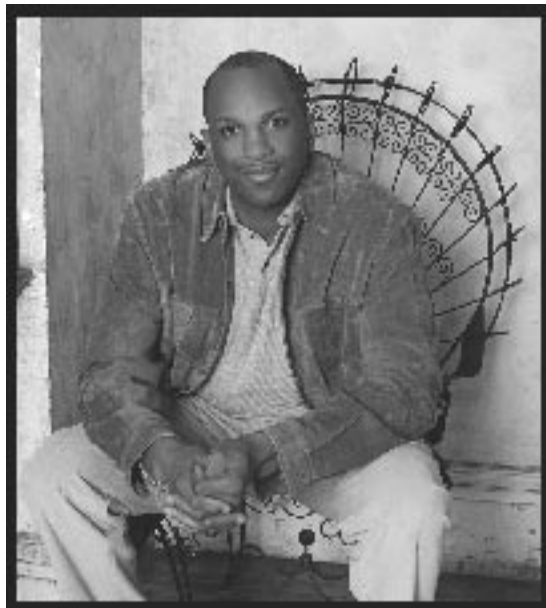


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**A** young boy's mind should be on school and play, on trucks and toys and growing up to be whatever he wants for the moment. Pre-adolescence should be years of innocence, naiveté and blissful ignorance. When a child is thrust into adult situations that he is not mature enough to handle, that child will fall into a downward spiral of confusion that is not easily reversed.

At the age of eight, I was hurled into this spiral of confusion, violated by an instance of rape. Pandora's box was opened into my pre-pubescent life, and I was introduced to adult sexuality, issues, and perversions beyond my ability to escape without damage.

On June 6, 1968, a tragedy struck my family while I was in the yard playing with my six siblings. Forgetting my responsibility of watching my 2-year-old brother, Thomas, I left him in the un-gated yard to cross the street to retrieve a ball. Unbeknownst to me, he was following me. Watching from the living room window, my mother screamed for me to get the baby. I turned around just in time to see my baby brother struck down by a speeding car—killed with my mother helplessly watching from the window. My mother got to him just in time to hear his last word: "Mommy."

My mother was devastated by the tragic event in front of our home. My parents sent all of us children to be cared for by our Uncle Clarence. They had no way of knowing that he was a pedophile. That night I was sexually abused and raped by this uncle, causing me great hurt and confusion. I now see that this happened because he was a broken man, unhealed, with no one to help him.

**A seed had been planted—a seed of homosexuality that I would struggle with for many years to come.** I was not born with

these sexual tendencies. It was not my chromosomes or DNA. **These tendencies surfaced because I was thrust as an 8-year-old boy into my first sexual relationship with a broken man. Before I could ever know the purpose or pleasure of a woman, have my first date or even my first kiss – the wound was inflicted.** I received Jesus a year after the rape at the age of nine, but the struggle was just starting. I had feelings and thoughts that I knew were not right. I had compelling desires and attractions that developed seemingly beyond my control. These made it difficult to interact with my male friends or any males at all. I was raised also raised in a sea of women, adding to that difficulty. My taboo, secret homosexual desires made me shy and reclusive.

My two escapes were music and church. At church, I could escape the thoughts and feelings, and hear stories of how the power of God changed others' lives. It was another world—my world, where I felt at peace, as if I belonged. I started playing the piano at age 11, and I was consumed with gospel music. I did not sing that well, but loved to sing all the same. I would listen for hours to Andrae Crouch and the Disciples and fantasize about singing in the group. Somehow, my perversions could not bother me there. Church was a safe haven that seemed to remove me from the grasp of the temptation—if only temporarily.

## A Deceptive Underworld

At 13, I was sexually molested again. The seed of homosexual lust and desire planted by my uncle was fertilized and deeply rooted with his son's sexual violation of me. I was told that I could not tell or he would do much worse. In fear, I remained silent for years.

Soon I discovered many others in my church wrestled with these problems and wanted to be free. They had also remained silent because the issue was taboo. Week after week, they sought deliverance from this desire. **Like me, they had been thrust into this by someone who took advantage of them.**

I wonder how it would have been if there were someone, - anyone - who I could have confided in before this seed took root. Instead of finding a mentor, I discovered vultures in the church -- predatory men who attempted to take advantage of a broken boy and his confusion. **My security was invaded when other broken men, in need of healing, revealed their secret lifestyles and introduced me to a deceptive underworld in the church.**

Singing on Sundays after a weekend rendezvous was commonplace. I saw other "Christians" in compromising places; yet faithfully, hypocritically and deceptively at their posts in church as though nothing was wrong. Brothers and sisters would look for help from these respected men and women, but found themselves victims of the broken leaders in a vicious cycle.

Despite this, my love for Christ continued to grow. God sent

people to my rescue to aid in my deliverance. **The women of the church ironically helped mold my masculinity, and became active in breaking this curse. Although these older mothers did not know exactly what I struggled with, the Holy Spirit revealed enough to them.**

They would pray with me, talk with me, and a few of them—Sister Kitty Braizley in particular—would even teach me how to carry myself like a man. When I wanted to sing soprano, they would say, “Get some bass in your voice!” Or, “Men don’t sing soprano!” Sister Braizley even taught me how to walk. If I held my hand up in a feminine way, she would hit it and say, “Put your hands at your side. Men don’t hold their hands like that!”

While these played a part in my healing, **none of these things could have helped me without my desire and determination to be whole.** Change requires an individual’s sincere desire in order for it to be real and complete.

### A Time to Hate

**The seed that was planted had to be first destroyed from the root and plucked up. I had to become tired of the torment and seek a genuine exit from the desire.** I read in Ecclesiastes 3 that there is a time to love and a time to hate. That struck me as odd because I had never heard a sermon deal with why to, what to, who to and how to hate. I had to learn how to actually hate the thing that was abhorrent to God—even if it is in me.

God started to deal with me through that Scripture and show me what He meant:

1. *Why to hate.* He hates the things that are purposed to destroy the ones He loves and are against His nature and design. **He created me to be a whole man and to love one woman.** Anything else is perversion of the male purpose.
2. *What to hate.* Whatever has been sent to confuse, delay and deny me of my purpose has to become my enemy.
3. *Whom to hate.* The church tends to misdirect their emotions toward what they deem “sin,” we condemn the person instead of the deed. We have damaged and lost so many with our pious and sanctimonious attitudes.

Ephesians 6:12 says, “For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places” (KJV). **Our battle is not with a person, but with the spirit that caused things to happen through the person.**

I do not hate the men who sexually abused me in my childhood, nor the predators who preyed on me in my weakness. I hate what caused these men to do this, what infected their minds and brought them to damage a child’s life.

4. *How to hate.* Develop a “dislike” for the things that have interrupted your happiness. **See that wrong is wrong, no**

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**matter how you feel. The appetite that has been developed through years of abuse for things that are harmful must change.** Regardless of how comfortable you have become in these situations. I began to pray daily, especially when the lust would stir up: “Lord, teach me how to hate what You hate.” I would constantly recite, “Every enemy of God is an enemy of mine.”

While my struggle continued, the more I immersed myself in the study of the Scriptures and used those verses during my temptation, I began to win the battle. Psalm 119:9-11 (NKJV) says: “How can a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed according to Your word. With my whole heart, I have sought You; Oh, let me not wander from Your commandments! Your word I have hidden in my heart, that I might not sin against You.”

### By the Power of God

I found that when I knew the Scriptures and used them in the midst of my temptation, they gave me strength to overcome. I do not want it to sound so simple; there are many other things to be done to break the curse of homosexuality. **The power of Scripture did help bring me to total deliverance. The seed was killed from its root, plucked up, and now there is a seed of righteousness that is incorruptible.**

Luke 8:11 states that the “Word of God is a seed.” It is of the utmost importance that the seed of His Word be planted in your heart (mind) in order for you to maintain deliverance. When the seed is planted into a person’s heart, if used correctly it will stop the natural cycle of sin. The Word will multiply, grow, and bring forth fruit that will remain.

Some may resent some statements I have made about homosexuality. I can understand. Some have no desire to change from their lifestyle. However, there are countless people who are discontent in this lifestyle and want to be freed from it. They were thrust into homosexuality by neglect, abuse and molestation. They desperately want to live differently. For them, I write this without apology, knowing that I have been through this and have experienced God’s power to change my lifestyle. **I believed that I was meant to be a whole man, made for one woman, and God brought it all about. I am delivered, and I know God can deliver others too.** ☺

DONNIE MCCLURKIN, an award-winning gospel artist, pastors The Perfecting Faith Church in Freeport, New York. He performed at the Republican National Convention this Fall. He has several music CDs and has published a book entitled “No Longer a Victim.” This article was used with permission from *Charisma* magazine, original printed June 2002.