

A few years ago I started to pray for children who had been victims of the sex trade. The more I prayed the more tender my heart became. I know it's impossible to fully comprehend the devastation that comes from consistent abuse but the more I prayed, the more I was rocked to the core. I know most of us have a natural righteous anger toward the repulsiveness of assaulting children but I felt the need to move beyond sympathy into action. But what can one do?

Before I even began to form that question in my mind the Holy Spirit relayed the answer. God wanted me to minister to His children and after months of contemplating their pain and need for help I answered "no!" This may sound horrendous but after ruminating on their pain for months I knew I was entirely inadequate. I felt that God gave me a pile of ash that used to be a human being, and a tube of glue and said put it back together. I pictured myself sitting with a teenage girl, a child who lived through enslavement, kidnapping, terror, subjugation, abuse and continuous sexual assaults; what would I say? What wisdom or kindness can I offer that can bring restoration to one so devastated? I knew that I am wholly inadequate for the calling and hence refused.

This process of refusal continued for many months. Although our fears can hold back the work of God, He wasn't finished in this instance. One night, during my prayers, the Lord gave me a vision. I saw this tiny young girl sitting in-front of me; not to be cruel but there was nothing aesthetically beautiful about this young dear. This child was little more than a crumpled heap; looking more like a ninety year old war torn woman. The only characteristics radiant about this darling was her innocence and celestial attractiveness that is present in all that are creations of God.

I personally love all children and immediately went to play with her. For a while we just played a few games, wrestled and tossed her around as one does with children. The dear child was so grateful to play that she was in tears with joy and laughter. I also was equally enjoying myself. With a beautiful yet haggard smile the child looked up to me and started to offer to perform sexual acts on me. As anyone would be, I was simply horrified at this statement and reacted with intense anger. I immediately and aggressively remonstrated this poor child. After chastising the child she started to well up crying and my heart was broken by her blubbering little face. But again she continued offering these vile propositions. In my horror and distress I continued to tirade against her. She started to cry and the shock of the conversation brought tears to my eyes also. Without hope of consoling this child I feel down distressed while we both bitterly wept.

In a moment of utter despondency I saw the Holy Spirit "descend like a dove" upon this child. She was consumed in light and when the light dispersed the haggard wreck was gone and an aesthetically beautiful girl appeared. She was so full of life and joy that would be natural to child who had been loved and provided for from birth. The Lord had restored her! At this point this daughter of God puffed out her chest and delivered a powerful sermon.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, He has shown me that He is my Father, my Daddy, and His love for me is unstoppable. He has always loved me and never abandoned me. He has been with me always. He is furious about the abuses I have suffered and His vengeance is pointed squarely at those who have hurt me. He loves me, created me and died for me." What a glorious declaration! At this we took off in joy, leaping through fields, so happy we could almost fly.

Through this vision I realized that I am indeed entirely inept to heal anyone, let alone a woman ravaged by sex slavery. God showed me that it is not I that heal the brokenhearted, but He alone. All I can do is tell others of His goodness and His power and He will heal those who seek Him, for to heal the suffering is at the forefront of His desires. With this commission my fears were subdued and I know that I can accomplish all things through Christ who strengthens me. Now I live in Moldova and work with His children. I see His work played out every day. I am blessed by His goodness.

Isaiah 61:1-3

1The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me; because the LORD hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

2To proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

3To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he might be glorified.

--- Patrick Stitt

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