

HOPE AFTER BETRAYAL

REVISED AND EXPANDED EDITION

HOPE AFTER BETRAYAL

*Healing When Sexual Addiction
Invades Your Marriage*

MEG WILSON

 Kregel
Publications

Hope After Betrayal: Healing When Sexual Addiction Invades Your Marriage
© 2007, 2018 by Meg Wilson
Revised and expanded edition 2018

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The stories told in this book are a composite of thousands of people the author has worked with over more than a decade. The author takes confidentiality seriously and has completely changed names and details of any story. In the case of her family members, stories have been used with permission.

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ISBN 978-0-8254-4567-5

Printed in the United States of America
18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 / 5 4 3 2 1



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PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

Reflections on a Decade

As I sit down to update the original *Hope After Betrayal* manuscript, so many questions tug at my heart: *Has it really been ten years since the book came out? Do I have anything new to say? Can I write to the same standard?*

I take writing about God seriously.

When *Hope After Betrayal* first came out, I was invited to do an interview with Dennis Rainey and Bob Lepine at *Family Life Today*. I knew it was an honor, but I'm not one to get all worked up over fame or notoriety, so I didn't read too much into it. I thought that, like other interviews I'd had, they would want to focus on our story of sexual addiction and betrayal. Refreshingly, the focus was on how God worked through the healing journey.

During my visit, I was given a tour of the beautiful Family Life facility. After seeing several award-laden halls, we came to a large, unadorned room full of busy people working at their gray desks.

My tour guide said, "This is our theology department." Then he added nonchalantly, "Your book had to go through them before you were ever invited to be a guest on our show."

It's hard, even now, to describe how I felt in that moment. It was so much more than affirmation. My heart was utterly settled that God's hand was in the writing of this book, and I had been as true to His Word as I knew how.

A decade later, to accurately represent the heart of God remains both my prayer and confidence as I again set pen to paper for this expanded edition of *Hope After Betrayal*. I won't change what was

written in the original story, but I hope to add to the story as the Lord has added to my life.

At the end of each chapter I have added a “Perspective” section to include new concepts and lessons I’ve learned with ten more years of experience. I trust God will continue to be revealed in my ever-changing path. I trust that even my painfully slow growth will be evident as I look back.

I also want every woman to find her voice spoken on these pages. I have added a fourth woman, Dee Dee, who adds another facet and voice to the stories. As I have walked the path of recovery with women of color, they’ve taught me that there are distinct cultural differences on their journeys. But pain is not a respecter of race, and the feelings and fallout are the same even though some details vary. I pray even more women will feel represented and free to grab hold of the universal healing power of God.

My husband’s full disclosure came in March 2001, and it’s been more than ten years since I wrote about my journey from hurt to hope. All the glory goes to God, for there were many times I wandered outside of His will. Every time, He patiently waited for my return. I never tire of His healing embrace, life-changing conviction, and daily supply of amazing grace. It is for Him that I live, breathe, and worship. It is for every woman wounded and abandoned by the person who promised to love and cherish her that I write. It is for you that I try to be as honest as I can about my own weaknesses and flaws.

One of the greatest lessons I have learned is the power of transparency. When we are facedown in the mud, we don’t need someone to point out how dirty we are. We need someone who has been there and who can show us their torn and tattered clothes as proof of their experience. That’s right, there is a time and a place to air your dirty laundry. If you do your work, then you too will be a resource to another hurting woman, and the Lord will one day invite you to air your past. When that moment comes and your heart is pounding in your chest, everything in you will want to keep a lid on those old rags. Remember the power of knowing someone who has been there.

Nothing is gained by remaining quiet, while so much is gained as the Lord uses what was intended for evil for the good of another. She will be ministered to even as you are blessed by the healing bond of common pain.



PREFACE

My Path

How does a woman pick her way through the darkness? How does she pick up the pieces? How does she cope after discovering her husband has engaged in sexual activities outside of their marriage? Since you're holding this book, I'm guessing you, or someone close to you, has recently had her life devastated by sexual betrayal. Or perhaps your wound from betrayal is an old one, made worse by a believer, pastor, or counselor who offered well-meaning but unhelpful direction.

More than a decade ago, the path of my life was altered forever.

2007

I was a suburban wife with two daughters, two cars, two pets, and a firm grasp on the American dream. Central to all of this was a loving and successful husband who loved the Lord. I had it all! Oh, there were the run-of-the-mill challenges of parenting and finances. I simply glossed over them and pressed on.

The first tremor began with a call from a close family friend who had moved out of state. My husband and I listened as Mark explained he was stepping down as a deacon of his church. Mark confessed his ongoing struggle with internet pornography. Stunned and saddened, we knew this man's heart, and the news simply didn't make sense to us.

In the days that followed, I spent a lot of time on the phone with Amy, Mark's wife. I doubt if I was any help to her. It was clear she had crossed over into a dark land I knew nothing about. There was

a new hardness to her words, which struck the surface of her idyllic appearance, cracking the high-gloss polish. Listening prepared me, though, in ways I couldn't realize at the time.

The thought that my husband, Dave, might also be struggling with the same problem didn't even cross my mind. I would have bet our every last cent on my husband's fidelity and honesty.

A couple of months later, the storm clouds rolled in. Prompted by Mark's confession, my husband admitted that he too was struggling with pornography. As a salesman, he traveled, and the in-room adult movies were a temptation to him. My husband's revelation sent me into that strange dark land. Everything I thought I knew about my husband suddenly seemed like a lie. I was groping in the shadows, where it seemed truth was lost. As sad as I'd been for my friend Amy, her reality was now my reality. This was no longer simply *her* story—it was *my* life.

At least I knew the person I could turn to. Amy became my comfort and a valuable resource. She recommended many books. I read . . . and read . . . but absorbing was a challenge. Clinical definitions of this new term “sexual addiction” (SA) didn't bring me much hope or comfort. I wanted to understand this new land, a place where I was lost in dark feelings.

Every page I read confirmed that SA was my husband's problem and not my fault. At the same time, my every body flaw confirmed it was my fault. The books assured me I was not alone in the way I felt, yet I never felt more abandoned. According to everything I read, the Lord was with me, but I couldn't see Him in the dark of hopelessness.

Then I found some footing; the old Meg took over. I began to deal with my shame and sadness as I had in the past, by dragging myself back into the world of delusion. I stuffed, denied, and prayed the problem away. After all, my husband was sorry. His library of books on recovering from SA grew, and he seemed to be spending more time reading the Bible.

I thanked God it was *only* pornography and for the amazing healing of my husband. Life was back to normal.

An acute awareness grew in me, though, regarding the prevalence

of SA in our society. Women experiencing the same pain were everywhere. I came to understand their language and recognize the hints of their hidden shame. Seemingly innocuous statements like, “My husband and I aren’t connected,” or “My marriage is in crisis,” were flashing lights to me. It didn’t take long to realize how insidious this addiction is, particularly in the church. I wanted to help.

God began to bring more hurting women to me, and I shared with them my testimony of hope. Compelled by their pain and experience, and my desire to make a difference, I saw the need for a support group. Women whose husbands struggle with sexual addiction need a place to heal. Our church already had a group for men. God connected me with Sharon, another wife whose husband was in recovery, and we decided to act.

I approached our pastor, Martin. He suggested attending an existing class for wives of sex addicts at another church to see if we could incorporate their program. Pastor Martin’s suggestion was a wise one. For twelve weeks, Sharon and I became students in their support group. There, more than just learning took place. God poured additional truth and light into our lives. The Lord was building supports under us for what was to come, though I didn’t see it at the time. I was too busy thanking Him that my story wasn’t as severe as some of the other women’s in my group.

The following spring the first Healing Hearts group started at our church. Ten ladies showed up for the first meeting. Excited to see God provide the same rapid recovery in the lives of each woman, I looked forward to each meeting. It was a privilege to watch the light of hope spread along the paths of these women. As they stepped into their first golden beams and out of some lies, the healing process began.

A few weeks into our class, however, my marriage took another traumatic nosedive. It was a Tuesday morning in spring. That evening I was scheduled to share my story of hope at Healing Hearts. When I got out of the shower, I noticed the message light on the phone was blinking. Pushing the button, I listened to the familiar sound of my husband’s voice. I loved the fact that he called me every day, sometimes more often—far more often, in fact, than he once

did when he was away. Since he'd been out of town the past week, I was glad to listen . . . until it became clear that this was not a routine "Just wanted to say hi, honey" call.

"It's me," said Dave's voice. "I'm on my way home. We have to talk . . . I'll be there by two . . . so please be home—alone. I'll explain in person. My boss has been very supportive."

My heart went into overdrive, pounding in my ears. Every nerve ending snapped to attention. There was an unfamiliar edge to his voice. Something was very wrong. Why was Dave coming home three days early? I knew from the last sentence that he hadn't lost his job. But I could tell this was not good news. My brain spun as I went over the last two days he was home. He'd seemed distracted and distant. I assumed it was the stress of travel.

I tried to get some chores done, but all I did was count the minutes until two. When Dave's car pulled into our driveway, I felt the urge to flee.

He walked in, holding a softcover notebook. It was curled in from the edges, from being rolled and unrolled. The expression on his face was like nothing I'd seen before. The pain that was reflected in his eyes was about to be mine. He spoke first.

"I'm home because of Carl . . . you know . . . my men's group leader. I called him last night . . . and I confessed my relapse a few days ago. The guilt was eating me alive." He went on, fiddling with the notebook as I sat frozen. "Carl told me to get home and confess to you before you shared our story tonight to the ladies in your group. I didn't sleep at all last night. I stayed up, writing a timeline of my sexual addiction."

Suddenly, nothing else existed except for the drumming of my husband's voice and the journal he was holding—the pages that were about to change my life indelibly.

I knew from Dave's first disclosure two years prior that his compulsion started when he was only eleven years old, when he found his father's pornographic material. Porn became a coping mechanism for his feelings of low self-worth. His addiction had progressed to its current state. This time, though, he included the parts of his story he'd left out before. Dave had not been completely honest in his first

disclosure. For over seventeen years his being unfaithful had been inconceivable to me, and because he feared that I'd leave, he omitted important facts. Though his desire to be free and healed was sincere, his conscious exclusion of pertinent information had left just enough for the Enemy to get a handhold. Satan waited for the right moment, grabbed it, and dragged Dave even deeper into the addiction.

This time, my husband had hit bottom. He described how, after his last sexual encounter, he felt that God had turned His back on him. Loneliness had been his lifelong companion, but this feeling of being estranged from God was darker still. Dave sensed that he'd be dead if he didn't come clean. His desperation to be free of his addiction was so great that he was willing to lose our nineteen-year marriage. He confessed every betrayal over the course of our lives together.

As he referred to his notebook, determined now not to omit anything, life as I defined it vanished. Reality no longer existed. Dreams died and were buried out of reach. All that remained was one large black hole with a huge question mark in the middle.

As he shared further details of his sexual addiction and continuing struggle, my heart was broken again, only deeper this time. Nothing I learned through reading all those SA books prepared me for that moment. Had the wound been physical instead of emotional, I might be dead.

The first time Dave confessed, he left out a nonphysical encounter with a woman. Even though there had been no touching, that omission stalled any chance of his being healed. This time he admitted that since his last confession he'd had physical contact with a woman. And this time I was unable to see straight or even remember any prior progress. The only thoughts I had were what a trusting fool I'd been, and that my husband had been unfaithful.

The pain grew unbearable. If one of the women in my group were to tell me that her husband had just made such a confession, what would I have said to her? I needed every tool and reinforcement God could supply, but I felt it was all out of reach. This hurt felt too big . . . too painful . . . too hopeless for any remedy.

Dazed at first, I didn't see God; I could barely breathe. I remember

feeling nothing except my legs shaking beneath me. It was as if they were no longer a part of my body. I sensed the shivering, but was unable to control it. All I could do was sit and listen, and shudder under unthinkable images unfolding before me. My mind was numb, unable to register pain at that level—God’s wonderful design called *shock*.

One thought did filter through to me, though: *Don’t make any rash decisions*. I somehow recognized that I needed to wait until God spoke. I could only hope He was still there . . . hope He was real. Looking back, I realize, of course, God was there and had guided what I said, but in that moment I could see only fear, darkness, and complete hopelessness.

Dave and I were still talking when one of our daughters arrived home from school. Had it really been two hours since Dave had walked in the door with his notebook? It felt like two minutes.

Dave panicked. “What do you want me to do?” he murmured. “Should I go to a hotel?”

Amazingly void of emotion, I sensed God setting the guidelines for me. I heard myself speak in a normal tone, like I was listening to a stranger read a list. “You’ll stay in the house until I’m sure what to do . . . and hear something . . . think of something. Just because you’re here today doesn’t mean you’ll be here two days from now. We’ll try to keep things as normal as possible for the girls. We’ll sleep in the same room, but there will be no physical contact between us. We’ll be like roommates, with neither of us in the room when the other is dressing or showering.”

That’s all I knew. Then my mind reengaged as a tidal wave of disbelief hit again. *How did we get here? Haven’t I done all the right things? What a fool I was.*

Not wanting to face the women in our group that night, I called my trusted friend Sharon to cancel. She grieved for me but convinced me to go. Later, I called and backed out again. Finally, she said she’d pick me up and was on her way to get me. She knew I needed the support.

The group didn’t get the story of hope I’d originally planned. Instead, they got their worst nightmare laid out before them. My head

was down as I shared. When I finished, I looked up slowly, expecting to see their disappointment. Instead, I saw only tear-streaked, caring faces. I was humbled. They listened, cried with me, and offered their support. That night was difficult for all of us. Many had their own fresh wounds, but I needed to be there and share mine. The only comment I remember making was, “It stinks.” I could see no hope at that point, but their understanding was salve for my hurting heart.

Had I stayed home, hiding and feeling ashamed, I may have found myself stuck there, because at home the battle raged in my mind. Like many Christian women, I wondered if there was just the right prayer to take away the pain, but I knew the injury was too severe to be sidestepped with a single prayer or Bible verse. Added to the betrayal was the disclosure of the lies. I felt like a failure as a Christian and a wife. What wrong turn had brought me to this place?

Dave and I spent the next day apart. I cleared my calendar except for an appointment with Donna, a friend. We were originally getting together to discuss her becoming my mentor. She had no idea what our first meeting would hold. Donna listened, though. Then she shared about an emotional affair her husband had many years ago. She understood the pain of betrayal.

She even went with me to my doctor while I was tested for sexually transmitted diseases (STDs). I’d never sounded the depths of shame until that moment. I could see my doctor didn’t know what to say. She tried to be professional and compassionate, but she didn’t want too much information. My shame had splashed onto her.

When I came out, Donna’s loving expression enabled me to take the next step. She was a godsend—the right person at the right time. All the while I was crying out, “Why, God? Why? Why me?” But she listened and cried with me, never once condemning my husband. Not only did she not see him as a monster, her opinion of him didn’t seem to be altered. She allowed me to see the first shimmer of hope.

If you see yourself in my pain, I empathize with you beyond words. Know that you are not alone. There’s a growing community of women like you and me, most are just still hiding.

I understand how fortunate I was to have women who could share

this nightmare with me. The majority of women, however, feel as if there's no one they can talk to. Whether or not you're sure of your husband's sexual addiction at this point, you have a loving heavenly Father standing by, ready to listen and help. He's already led you to find this resource. Keep reading and don't stay in the place of darkness. Determine to find the path to hope. I'll be honest; this is not an easy glide over a sunny slope. It's hard work.

Saying that my husband and I sailed right into healing would be a gross overstatement. We still had to live through and process all the emotions and the very real pain. I had to move from my initial shock and go through all of the stages of grief. Grabbing hold of God's truths, one at a time, moved me inch by inch toward stronger faith and health. I reached out first to books, looking for the one that would give me hope. I didn't find it right away.

Giving my pain, fears, and emotions to God started the healing process. Still, the steps weren't exactly clean or the results instantaneous. I cried out to Him often, because many pieces of my pain were harder to let go of than others. But as He ministered to my need every time I picked up His Word, our relationship deepened. I could have missed Him had I not been willing to step out in faith even when my feelings caused me to doubt God's existence.

All the theories that I knew about the character and attributes of God now became reality. Acknowledging, for instance, that I needed Him to be my strength and shield was an important turning point for me. For the first time, I spoke prayers without worrying about how they sounded. I didn't try to clean them up before speaking to Christ. I let Him have everything, because God already knew my pain. Verbalizing those deep hurts became an act of trust and worship. My first prayer was, in fact, not at all eloquent. The words were honest and went something like this: *Okay, God, I know You didn't plan this, but it doesn't take You by surprise, either. You can somehow use this for good even though I can't see how right now. All I know is it stinks. I'm choosing to trust You, knowing I need Your help because I can't do this alone.*

Almost before I'd finished speaking the words, something was revealed to my spirit, like a veil had been lifted, and I knew I'd be

okay. God began to personally minister to the broken places. The results were not magical; my circumstances didn't disappear. But the adjustment of my attitude—my determination just to let go and trust—was beginning to make the difference.

Evidence of God's work and His personal care for me came each morning as I opened my daily devotional. This long-established discipline took on new meaning day after day as each Scripture and reading seemed written just for me. On day one, I read Isaiah 54:5, which said that my Maker is my Husband. Genesis 22:14 simply said that the Lord would provide.

And so His loving encouragement continued day by day. I felt God's intimate touch in a new and powerful way. Even though I understood He answers prayers, this intervention on His part was more. I had no doubt that God was addressing my specific needs with His loving words of truth. As walking through a trial with a friend grows the relationship, so my faith rose and soared, sheltered beneath the wings of His personal care.

2018

This new way of walking and seeking the heart of God continued to serve me as life ebbed and flowed. Simply living meant there were times of both darkness and light. I'm no longer frozen in fear when the darkness comes—at least not for as long as I used to be. The tools I learned and shared during the deepest healing of our marriage still guide me through every pain life delivers. As I grow in age, wisdom, and nearness to the Lord, regaining my footing and finding peace is easier than it used to be.

Life issues rarely center around sexual addiction these days, but I am not naive enough to think sexual addiction is gone forever. Addiction is a lifelong fight. The Enemy of our souls waits and watches for any vulnerable moment. However, I refuse to live frozen by what-ifs. I know that God is bigger than addiction.

Finding freedom took time, though. I had to learn to allow the ever-available presence of God to outweigh the reality of sin. That is why my trust grows when I see God at work in my husband. Every time his behavior is unselfish and his choices are healthy, it confirms

his spiritual growth. I remain confident of the truth as long as my eyes are on God in my husband.

I liken it to living in Southern California, knowing any day a catastrophic earthquake could hit. People who are new to the area tend to panic at the first tremor, while those of us who have lived there for years can go on without great concern. Those native to Southern California don't ignore the reality. They simply build buildings to withstand the shaking and have a plan should a significant earthquake come. We also learn not to panic at every little rumble. However, after two or three seconds of shaking, if the tremor continues or gets stronger, then we get into a safe place as healthy fear kicks in.

I lived near the San Andreas Fault for over fifteen years, and only twice did I seek shelter in a doorway. I lived in freedom, not fear. I was able to ignore—or quickly assess—hundreds of minor quakes as the nonevents they were.

Living with someone who struggles with addiction is the same. At first, I was on high alert and aware of every minor tremor. If I called my husband and he didn't answer, panic set in. Slowly, I learned to go to God with my fears. I also developed a plan—and saw my husband create his own as well.

My husband continues to this day to employ his relapse prevention plan when he travels. I learned to trust the Lord to reveal to me anything that was hidden and the Lord has been faithful. All these years later, I can count on one hand the number of times my fears were warranted.

I know for those of you just beginning the healing journey, or with husbands who refuse to change, this may sound too good to be true. But just take that first step of faith. Let the Lord lead you down *your* path. He will illuminate it one step at a time.

If you feel like you are at the end of your options, then you are in the perfect place to begin walking by faith. He has so much to show you through this process. And the work you do here will carry you through the rest of your life, whatever comes. Best of all, you get to experience firsthand that God is true to His Word, faithful to His kids, and lavish with His love.



INTRODUCTION

Walking Your Path

Hope After Betrayal is designed to help you walk along this path of darkness and pain and into a place of light and hope. No matter how long ago your injury occurred, this book is for you. Others, including me, have taken this journey and fought their battles along the way.

But there's good news—hope is real. Regardless of what your husband has done, or is doing, there's always hope for those who seek help. I've seen people do the messy work that results in the beauty of healing. I understand the joy of catching a shimmer of light where darkness once reigned. I've been to depths of pain unimaginable, only to find that God was deeper still. His peace and healing are within your grasp too. You can be whole again. You can experience hope after betrayal. I can say emphatically, this is work worth doing.

But God's definition of *hope* is not the same as ours. We think of *hope* as a wish or dream of something that might happen. God's definition of *hope* is "promise." Like all of His promises, it is an absolute. Hope in Christ can be defined as complete confidence in a certainty. This hope includes our eternal future, for which Christ provided through His obedience to the Father when He went to the cross. His return is equally assured. Our security in the midst of insecure circumstances can be found only in Christ and His never-failing promises to us. He is the Hope After Betrayal.

Ten years have only cemented God as Hope-bearer. As I continue to minister to hurting women, I consistently see His amazing love and care. I continue to learn new aspects of His unfathomable love

for us. A “Perspective” section has been added at the end of each chapter to share many of the lessons I’ve gleaned over the last ten years.

The best way to recognize God’s direction is to look for Him in His love letter to us. That is why each chapter ends with “Path Lights”—specific Bible verses that apply to the topic of the chapter. Some of these Scriptures will be new to you, others you may already know. In addition to guiding us to recognize God’s direction, I’ve included these verses because once we learn about God’s character, we will then recognize His qualities in other people.

Because this book takes you on a journey of self-exploration, you are asked to keep a journal (please see appendix A for further direction). After the “Path Lights” are some questions and suggestions to give you a place to jump off in your journaling. My only request is that you come to God with an open heart and put the greatest weight on God’s Word and not mine.

But be warned: as you read, you may find some truths in these pages that you’d rather avoid. Every fiber of your being will cry out against the change needed to move forward. Read those parts over and over, though. Use your journal to write about what you’re feeling, and don’t move on until you’re willing to apply that truth completely. Work through every word until the direction is clear for your next step.

There might be times you find yourself getting mad or wanting to balk. These feelings are okay. Tell God; He will listen. Wrestle with these new concepts through prayer and through your journaling or some other healthy outlet for expression. Process your thoughts no matter how raw. Don’t bother to clean up the words for God. He has already seen your whole heart, and He still loves you completely.

Whether you’re new at turning to God or have been a follower of Christ for many years, expect Him to reveal Himself as you read through these pages. He has not abandoned you. He is, in fact, calling you by name. You’ll discover that our heavenly Father is more than able to guide you, and He wants you to know that He has much to teach you through your pain. The words He has placed in the

Bible are His words of love to you, written with you in mind. So listen to His truths, even those that are costly and painful. God wants to work in you and through you regardless of what your husband does or does not do. Decide whom you will follow, whose voice you will listen to, and whom you will serve every day.

Perspective

I have been working with the walking wounded long enough to know some of you reading this book have been injured in the church, by those of us who call ourselves Christians—even pastors and counselors. You thought they would have tools to help, but they didn't. I am truly sorry for the added pain. There are no words that can change this reality, but I pray you will give God a chance to restore your faith in Him. As for His kids, we are flawed. Though saved, we will be working on ourselves until the day we die. I pray you can one day forgive those who have added to your pain.

If this is not you, let it be a cautionary reminder to talk to God before you try to help others. Our job isn't to have the answers, but to always point people back to Christ, for He is the only one with all the answers. The church is full of broken people. It's why we accepted our Savior. Sadly, we all still operate in our weakness instead of His strength at times.

With that said, please know I am one woman, flawed and limited to my experiences. Your story may contain issues not addressed here. I may write something that rubs you the wrong way. That is why I am a firm believer in a multitude of counselors and reaching out for as many resources as you can find. Look for where the Word of God, Spirit of God, and people of God all line up. There is so much I have learned and so much I have yet to learn. So trust your gut, and if something I have written doesn't sit right, then keep seeking God and the tools you need for your situation. I pray this book is simply a stepping-off point on your personal journey to wholeness. Before every Healing Hope class, a class I lead for women betrayed by their husband's sexual brokenness, my prayer is, "Lord, don't let me wound already injured lambs!" It is also my prayer as I write.

Path Lights

GOD's a safe-house for the battered,
a sanctuary during bad times.
The moment you arrive, you relax;
you're never sorry you knocked. (Ps. 9:9–10)

For your Maker is your bridegroom,
his name, GOD-of-the-Angel-Armies!
Your Redeemer is The Holy of Israel,
known as God of the whole earth.
You were like an abandoned wife, devastated with grief,
and GOD welcomed you back. (Isa. 54:5–6)

We can be so sure that every detail in our lives of love for
God is worked into something good. (Rom. 8:28)

Scripture reassures us, “No one who trusts God like this—
heart and soul—will ever regret it.” It's exactly the same no
matter what a person's religious background may be: the
same God for all of us, acting the same incredibly generous
way to everyone who calls out for help. “Everyone who calls,
'Help, God!' gets help.” (Rom. 10:11–13)

Journaling

Begin to absorb the above Scripture truths. Make them a guide.
Look at, underline, and meditate on each one. Every time you open
the Bible to reflect on the “Path Lights,” expect God to show you
healing truths. With the guiding light of truth, travelers are less
likely to get lost or wander off the path and into dangerous territory.
I understand how strong the feelings of despair and loneliness can
be. See Jesus holding out His hands in love, and let the light of truth
strengthen your faith. After all, Christ knows full well the pain of
betrayal.

Look to Him as you journal, writing about your thoughts and
feelings. Begin to formulate that first prayer of faith. Don't clean up

your thoughts. Cry out to Him. Let His heart of love draw you into the safety and security of His presence. Let the truth of His power, love, and care for you begin to light the way to a brighter future.