



Why did anybody not tell me this -?

That I am precious to you, God?

When I coiled up into myself –

Only 9 years old, tiny and fragile ...

What was this: a show down of power, of control, of hegemonic masculinity?

Robbing me of the gift of my sexual- being!

I was taught to cover myself with clothing

With cotton, nylon...so as not to expose my naked body

In the darkness of my own room, covers on my body and over my body

Yet they were so insufficient to protect me

He protected me from the darkness I so feared alone in my room

Yet if I had embraced my darkness of my room alone, wouldn't I be safer?

Was I indeed precious in God's eyes?

No one else told me but God embraced me as precious

Revealed self as a listener to my deep conversation of pain

Within my intruded violated body

I heard her voice through one of the ancient prophets:

*"Do not fear...I have called you by name, you are mine. When you pass through waters, I will be with you; and through rivers, they shall not overwhelm you; as you walk through fire, you shall not be*

*burned, and these raging flames you feel now shall not consume you...because you are precious in my sight, and honoured, and I love you..." ...*

I met my God in the wilderness of my pain, rejected, silenced and alone

Like Hagar, as the child within me cried thirsting for a healing embrace and accompaniment

I saw the oasis of healing water of God

The God whose image I bear cuddled me

And encapsulating me like a caterpillar going through the birth pangs

But safe in its cocoon – I will be a butterfly, my rebirth!

(Fulata L. Moyo, World Council of Churches)