

## Father to the Fatherless

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My parents got divorced when I was three years old. At that time, my father had a problem with smoking 'weed' and so was abusive towards my mother, but I don't remember much of it, and I didn't see him very much growing up.

My mother fell in love with her boss at the time and they moved in together. **Unfortunately he was also abusive towards her and used to hit her.** One day his bosses told him that if she came to work one more time with a bruise, he could find another job. After that he was less physically abusive, but more emotionally abusive. He also had several affairs, which my mother knew about, but never confronted him about.

**As a father figure he blew hot and cold.** On occasions he could be kind, and then once you let your guard down, he would be nasty and cruel with his words. Him and my mum would argue a lot (they both drank, and this did not help things) and I found myself outside in our garden, usually at night, covering my ears so as not to hear them fighting, crying and talking to God.

When I was a teenager, I started going to church, and **gradually found myself giving my heart to Jesus.** Things were still difficult at home, but it was different because I knew I wasn't alone.

Having not had the best examples of love, **I ended up having quite a few relationships.** God was so good to me though, as even when I was walking down the aisle, my prayer was simply, 'Please don't let me marry the wrong man.'

I can definitely say after 15 years of marriage, with two beautiful children, that God has been and is faithful and good to me. He really did make sure I married the right man. Not only that, but **He has taught me about real love, and has healed and is healing the damage my father / father figure has done.** Things have not always been easy, but He has always been there for me, showing me that He loves me, like the good Father He is.