# *Because I Never Knew My Father*

# Introduction

Ever since she can remember, she’s been searching. There was always a desire for fulfillment, always a longing for more. I guess you could say she was born hungry. She was born thirsty. Yearning to the highest capacity for love, comfort, peace, and acceptance. “Hey! Don’t you see me?” she screams out from the depths of her, and no one even notices.

For years, they were looking right at her but never glancing once. “I’m over here, right in front of your face!” She shouts like a familiar stranger in a busy crowd. “It’s me! You know me, right?” She is your daughter. She is your sister. She is the student who hides in the back of the room and cries silently in class: deemed valueless and underestimated. She is the little girl you took advantage of for your own monstrous pleasure despite her ignorance and innocence. She is the young woman who seeks to be held, so she risked it all, and she slept with you last night, dying for the tender touch of another, giving you her most prized possession—and yet she still goes unnoticed. She is the young wife who has been emotionally abused so often that she now struggles to distinguish true love, inexperienced with embracing the love of a virtuous man. She is the woman who feels so unclean that she believes that no one could ever love her at all—blind to her own self-worth. She’s been lied to and damaged. Neglected and degraded. She’s been disrespected and belittled. Betrayed and falsely accused. Humiliated and lost.

She’s been entangled in this life, and no one stopped to notice. No one cared to direct or advise her on the unraveling of snares. She never hoped to walk this path; nonetheless, her search persevered. The hunger never ended. Her thirst was never quenched. All along, she knew there was something she was after. All the roles she portrayed couldn’t be “it” for her. Deep within, she knew that her position wasn’t permanent. She knew life had more to offer. She didn’t arrive. She didn’t make it. The hunt was on. She didn’t want to be a victim any longer. She sought to learn her purpose: Why was she born? She needed to find out!

“Who am I?” she asks. “Someone tell me!” From the pit of her stomach, she senses that she is *somebody*, but she can’t tell. She’s covered in all this mess that doesn’t belong to her. Someone help her! Someone clean her up because underneath this young woman is just a little girl who’s been on a journey, searching. Behind her mask is a woman who is tired of wearing it. See her scars and feel her pain. She is now ready to be healed.