



# D DAY: ONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY TO GOD

*by Stephanie Haberman*

**I**t was inevitable I suppose. The flesh breaking, the mind blowing, and my heart shattering into a million pieces at once. One perfect union, and yet one perfect loss, all together in a matter of just a few years. Our relationship began 10 years ago. I suppose I did see the signs, the signs of anger, the signals of warnings like a flare gun going off into the night sky. I knew then, just like I knew as I lay still on the cold hard bathroom floor, that my life would never be the same. Chasing acceptance, love, and security. A deep seeded need that had been planted into my soul as a child but was never properly watered. The plant of security therefore had never been grown from the soil of my youth; or rather, when the plant did sprout, it died into an oblivion in my adulthood.

Nonetheless, little did I know that my journey was just beginning. The climax of my courage and the breaking from the chains of insecurity broke on September 13th, 2021. This is the day that I call D Day. It was the day that my ex-husband took his own inner pain and suffering out on me, in the form of an unwarranted strike that severely bruised my left upper arm. I cried in pain from the shock. Before this blow, I had heard the utterance of the words “You’re not my wife,” ring like an unwelcomed toll bell from the mouth of the man who once stood before me and swore to protect me. The covenant was now broken, the promise of protection now lost, and all that was left was a cold hard shell of my shocked soul and subsequent rattled inner existence.

I curled my body into the fetal position on the pale multi-colored brown hues of tiled flooring, the door shut, and I cried relentlessly from my heart. How had I, a woman who once was so determined, strong, and sure of herself, had come to this position? Was it ignorance? Was it the belief that I could change this man with my love? Was it the hope that reigns inside of my heart of natural optimism that marriage would ultimately conform this man into who I needed him to be? This was not the first time I had witnessed his aggression. For the past two and a half years up until that point, we had experienced many ups and downs, mostly downs. The downs were encased primarily with hurtful words, physical displays of frustration that escalated to aggression, and shameful, distasteful displays of lack of trust, flirting with possible infidelity, and hardened attempts at control.

“God,” I whispered to myself as the darkness became my foe, the foe of loneliness, an adversary of impetuous self-doubt and loathing self-worth. “Where are you? I feel so far from you. I do not even believe that you are real at this moment. Are you real? God, I don’t believe you are real. Not anymore. I’m broken. I need you, Jesus. I need you, my Lord, to show me you exist, to send me signs of your love. I’m lost. I need faith again.” The tears flowed like uncleansed water straight from my unbaptized soul, escaping from my eyes and gliding down my cheeks. I closed my eyes, attempting to fall asleep on the

carpeted mat strewn with an unforgiven aura on the bathroom floor. I then rolled over onto my right side, since lying on my left arm was impossible at that point. My breathing slowed as I attempted to calm my breath and to alleviate my swollen eyes. Little did I know that this was D-Day in disguise, a chance at rebirth and liberation from an inner war. And it would change my life. Forever.

## D DAY-THE DAY AFTER

There I was, my broken soul sitting in the church parking lot where my now ex-husband and I had been married. I glanced longingly up at the cross, tears streaming down my face as I spoke to God. I myself had never been baptized, never found the true root of my faith. I had never spoken to or experienced the Holy Spirit. My lips moved in an act of redemption and despair. "God," I whispered. "I'm listening. Tell me what to do..."