

Testimony

I am the soloist. Alone in this fight to survive.

Cause

On regular school I was the guy to pick on. For some reason some guys "elected" me to be the center of mockery, eventually turning the whole group against me. This emotional abuse went on for years until the end of regular school.

So during those years I sought friends and thought I had found them, but they betrayed me. One day they'd be with me, next day they'd be my enemies: unreliable friendships. And to think that I am talking about friends from Church: the one place I thought I'd find love. Instead I encountered rejection. I was without self-esteem and so longing for true acceptance.

The consequences

In the years after this period of torment, God changed many things and I came to genuine faith when I was 17 years old. A very important change I must say. But it was not over yet. In fact: that is where the real battle started.

Sinking deeper

When I was about 18 years old depression came into my life. I was imprisoned in loneliness: I felt abandoned even though the world surrounded me. Countless times I prayed, but the sky was made of iron. And I read Scripture and positive words of God I'd written down over and over again, but the words all seemed empty and dead. And I still believed: "I am the soloist. Alone in this fight to survive."

Thoughts like: "Why do I live if no one loves me for who I am?" began to occupy my mind. And, tired of fighting, I began to drown in these hopeless thoughts. I was silently dying on the inside, but no one knew. It even got to the point that thoughts of suicide began to haunt me too.

Nearly drowned

The climax of these thoughts was after some months in this depression on a night my parents left. The moment they closed the door, I felt the depressing thoughts come over me like never before. I was seriously considering the thoughts to take my own life, knowing I had the means and the opportunity.

Turning point

I grabbed the phone to call one of my brothers, he was one of the very few I trusted. In tears I told him about the hopelessness I was in and that, even though I wanted to fight them, I was not able to resist these thoughts about ending my life anymore. Somehow that surrender was a turning point: I revealed my secret despair to someone I trusted. Slowly but certainly God began to pull me out of this world of seclusion and dismay. He started this process of healing.

Under construction

And here I stand before you three years after that turning point, still in the process of healing. The Holy Spirit has restored some things already, but I am still under construction. I don't think I am strong, I know I am not. But I do believe.

I am not the soloist. And He has fought for my life.

David Baak: March 5, 2006