

IN SILENT CAPTIVITY

**Opening The Eyes Of Our Captive Daughters & Sons
From Exile To Excellence**

A True Story



MARY M. MALCOLM

By

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ABOUT THIS STORY

The story of this book In Silent Captivity is about a little girl who was shackled by abuse at the age of 5 until most of her early adult life. She prayed to God but she was not delivered. God kept her through it all and spared her life many times. Being unshackled, she hopes that when others have heard her story, they too will be encouraged to share their story and know that there is a way out. There is hope and new freedom and individuality to be discovered. As she gives God the glory and honor for relief, God open up her eyes to many possibilities which took her to many years of educational journeys during which time she earned two bachelor's degrees and one master's. She strives to open her own business first she created a business called M, K & A Specialty

Merchandise, then when she tried Avon, Herbalife, Amway Distributor, Ameriplan, Insurance, Real Estate, Computer training program, Counseling Program, Modeling Acting Dancing, Film industry, and Commercial, She entered a pageant and For these businesses, She was always on the losing end until she was reading her bible and God spoke to her in the word that She should be admonished to write many books to that there is no end. She received many prophecies to begin writing the books that she is contemplating writing and now going for her third book which she authored. She has been through the storm and only Psalm 66 verse 12 says it best. In Silent Captivity Opening, The Eyes Of Our Captive Daughters And Sons From Exile To Excellence Tell All.

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DEDICATION

**To all God's Children Who Have Been the
Victims of Abuse in Silence**

INTRODUCTION

It Is Well

Christ has regarded your helpless estate; like the woman in the bible with the infirmity that could in no wise lift herself. I want you to know it is well. And I've dedicated this song to all the women and children who are the victims of rape: sexual, physical, verbal, emotional, and mental abuse. Before I render this song, I want you to know that I am a survivor of all of the above. I would also like to share a fraction of my story with you, which I called: Silent Captivity.

CHAPTER I

Silent Captivity

My name is Mary Malcolm. I was born on the island of Jamaica West Indies, where this captivity began at the age of five until I was seventeen. During those years, all whom my soul turned to only further my shame and degraded me. When I told one very significant person: the pastor's wife of the church I attended, whom I turned to, put me on the (back bench), as a policy of the church and dropped my testimony. My friends were told not to have anything to do with me, not only in the church but also at school and on the street. If they were seen talking to me, they would have gotten the same loss of privileges. She took me to the doctor, and on my way there, she would say, "How could you, you want to go to hell?" I perceived that she thought she was doing well to my soul. I was beaten severely when some of the abuse was disclosed to my mother, but I thought she responded the best way she knew how.

The abuse continued at home, school, and home from school. The school bus driver, without my consent, took me home last, making trips with me on the bus to abuse me before he went home. I felt like the whole world was against me and didn't want me

to live. I was the target of abuse by Christians, non-Christians, old and young, family, and non-family with all the threats possible, also by a pastor and a doctor. There was no refuge for me anywhere.

I had eighteen cousins, brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles combined in one house and was still alone, withdrawn, and became an introvert in that order. But there was one perpetrator in the house; a supposed cousin, no one knew his mother, only his father (my uncle).

At eight years old, I got baptized, and the abuser was too. I thanked God, believing this was the end of my terror, but it was not long before he began again. I played sick and asked my grandmother to let me sleep with her, and she did. Then, in the middle of the night, he would punch me in my side, saying get up and come here! But when I would hold on to my grandmother's clothes for her to wake up, she would pull that part of her clothing out away from me and say, "You must sleep in your room next time." Then, when I could not stand him punching me in my ribs anymore, he would succeed. At those times, it was like someone came spiritually, sealed my lips, and shut my voice off. I could not speak to say No, Stop, or even call for help. I just lay there defenseless.

Grandmother had sent me one evening to one of her friend's houses (an older lady in her high fifties) to keep her company. She was living alone. I was sent to a neighbor of my grandmother (an older man in his late sixties) to pick up food from his plantation, and he abused me several times, then he would mock me on the street about it.

One day I was accompanied by my cousin (a girl). This neighbor tried to abuse us but did not succeed after locking us in his room and wrestling with us in the dark. My cousin told Grandma, but she did not believe us; unfortunately, he was the first to have ruined my innocence. At the age of thirteen, I was walking home from school. He said, "I am the first one to go there," meaning taking my virginity, then laughed.

As unfair and hopeless as life seemed to me, just looking at the beauty of creation around me: the trees, the skies, the green grass, and the birds, I said there must be a God who continuously takes care of it all. So, I turned to God in constant tears to care for me. Tears that could have filled all the empty bottles in the world and prayers that could also save every wounded woman and child across the universe. Within the deep yearnings of my soul, I would find strength and comfort in Jesus Christ who I called my comforter. The happiest moments I ever had in my days as a child were those days when I went to the

store for my grandmother. I hopped, skipped, and jumped. Enjoying the breeze and singing songs: Yes, Jesus loves me, and I'll be a sunbeam for Him. I enjoyed creation because it was my only friend after I went to spend another night with that older lady [my grandmother's friend] who I thought was my friend, but she abused me too. I knew then that I have only one friend and He was the creator of all the lovely things around me.

In His presence my soul finds rest. I could hold His supernatural hand of comfort singing with a melody the songs that rest on the table of my heart.

After years of preparation, I migrated to America. I thought it is all behind me now, no more abuse. But after a year I got drugged and raped on the job. This person surrounded me to have intercourse several times even though I said, "No" he proceeded anyway. I felt powerless and my words were powerless. I just did not have the "NO" power on my lips. At one time I felt so nauseous. Being nauseated and vomiting I could hardly do my work. He said, "I know a doctor up the street who could get the nauseousness away but after visiting him if you are pregnant, you won't be pregnant anymore. I never knew what pregnancy is like, so I did not comment.

At that time, I said I would do anything to get that feeling away. I went to the doctor, and sure enough, the

sickness disappeared. But realized I had aborted a life when I emerged the next two days and was rushed to the emergency room. Once again, God has spared my life. This person visited me in the hospital. I never grew up with a father, but I thought he was acting like one at this time. He promised never to be sexually involved with me again because he thought I would die from this terrible experience. He knew I didn't have a strong defense in my words and felt powerless. I was overjoyed when he said that.

It was almost a year after my release from the hospital, still working in the same house, caring for a blind lady who called this man her grandson. As a personal care aide, I was getting ready to prepare her lunch when he offered to treat us to lunch. I replied, "It's ok, I'll prepare lunch," but he insisted, and my patient said, "Let him fix us lunch since he insisted, but it better be good!" I remember being served orange soda with lunch. After my patient ate, she fell asleep, and while drinking the orange soda, I started to get dizzy. I later woke up and realized I was drugged and raped. This man was over me, saying, "You are pregnant." Ashamed and motionless on the floor and furniture moved around, half-dressed in my white uniform, I said, what happened? I am engaged and trying to have a child. It was about 5:35 pm and was previously having lunch at noon, and now it's passed my

time to go home. I hurried home, called my fiancé, and told him everything. He suggested not going to the doctor or telling the police. He spoke of the embarrassment and media exposure it would bring should it go to court. So, I took his advice. I told my patient what had transpired that day, and she put him out of her house. I later found out that this fiancé of mine was already married twice and not divorced and that I was the third person with an invalid marriage, which the Judge annulled. I also understood later why he did not want me to go to the police because his polygamy would be exposed sooner or later. I continued to work for my patient until she passed away. At this time, I left this career to build up my self-esteem. I generally walked home alone from work. However, it always seemed that whenever I encountered anyone, they became an abuser. In those moments, I would feel like I stepped into myself at five years old, the first time I was abused.

I went into modeling and dancing using my middle name (Maria). I would wear long weaves of hair to hide who Mary was and what happened to her for so long. In one interview, I was drugged, raped, and sodomized. Having a child to take care of, I kept looking for jobs but very cautiously. I worked for a while, in both dancing and modeling, until I had a second dose of the Spirit of God which is like the time when I had the born-again

experience and become a Christian. I left those fields and met a pastor who began teaching me the word of God and what happened to me as born of the Spirit of God. He was like a father to me and a grandfather to my daughter. He stated that he is seeking a headquarters for his church in Jamaica and was in America on a multiple-indefinite visa.

I tried to help him by filing for him to get a permanent visa while I worked night and day to finance his endeavors for his church. Then that spirit of abuse took over. I was going to work, and he put his hand under my uniform and pulled down the back of my blouse just before I opened the door to go to work. I felt violated. He then said, "Don't be afraid. You are my spiritual daughter. Thinking about that as I traveled to work, I could not believe it. I could not wait to get a response from the embassy to free myself from this commitment that I had made so that he could be on his own again. He had left the

church where he was staying, and he said that he had overstayed his time at the church. I was afraid of him.

I worked two jobs, twelve hours nightly, seven nights, and four hours daily for five days each week for three and a half years while he lived at my apartment. Sometimes I needed clothes or food for my daughter, who was born when I was drugged and raped; the pastor would say with a deep oppositional and questionable tone, "You want

that?" The tone of voice and the vulnerable state of not knowing how to say no at the time almost caused me to change my mind about buying the items. However, at least this time, I gained a little power and purchased the things anyway. I believed I could not get away from him if I tried. Everywhere I went, I had to tell him. When he goes to church, he would preach and say two cannot walk unless they agree. I told myself I didn't agree with some of what he did, so how are we walking? I tried to get away, but he got angry. I wanted to be away from him. When he was notified to go to the embassy for his permanent visa, he refused and wanted to use that money to buy and ship barrels of clothes and food to Jamaica for his family and the church. I realized he did not care for me or my daughter. To help me and the situation, I needed someone else in the household to either help protect me or help prevent what was happening or see his terrible behavior as a pastor.

I knew a young lady with epilepsy and caring for her two children. In caring for her children, she had to run errands daily. However, she occasionally incurred seizures while out on her errands. So, someone usually notifies her daughter who had to leave school to assist in getting her home. So, I thought this would be the perfect family to help preoccupy the pastor's time and take the abuse and his attention from my daughter and

me. To help this family, I took them in so that this pastor could rethink his behavior and help them and pray for them because he was perceived as mighty in praying and preaching, which caused many people to give their lives to Jesus Christ. A few months later, a young man helped me with a wrongful parking ticket which got dismissed. The pastor invited him to church. After that, the man asked us out to dinner and sensed something was wrong because the pastor responded for me when any questions or comments were directed to me. I secretly told the man who helped me with the ticket about what was happening at the apartment.

I tried to rectify the situation with the landlord but was told that my name was missing from the lease. How unaware a landlord, not realizing that the pastor had fooled him. The landlord assumed I was his wife. Three new extended family members joined the household and were also set to help us manage the expenses of my apartment. So, locks were changed, leases were renewed, and the extended family was now coached against me. However, they did not take the coaching but resorted to telling me everything the pastor coached them to do. They did not like how the pastor tried to get them and my daughter to stop communicating with me. While they stayed in the apartment, the pastor tried to keep my daughter away from me and tried to turn

her against me. At times my daughter would go into the room with the new extended family and don't answer when I came home from work and say hello or good morning, and no one responded. The pastor became more stern against me suddenly causing my daughter to disrespect me.

The man who helped me get the parking ticket dismissed did his best to rescue my daughter and me from that environment. I married him and had a son. It was only months later that he started to exercise control over me, and I felt trapped again. When he comes among my family, they sense that sense of rush for us to leave. Especially when he would say let's go Mary while I am speaking with family. Another time when I felt trapped was when I was pregnant, he asked me are you pregnant? and I said yes. His response was "Goch yah", meaning (got you). I never forget those words. The manipulation and control were to the point where I had to seek God to restore my identity. Mental abuse such that after I went to college and graduated, he always caused me to feel that I was not capable of doing the work that I went to college for. I left him three times, which I believe this time is for the better. I had to stop this cycle. I don't know who wrote these words, but I quote it: " If you always do what you have always done. You'll always get what you've always got." I've watched myself being demoted while I

was with him, but I believe God to help me up on my feet. For his word said, God loves me, and he will help me for I am precious in his sight. (Isaiah 43 verses 2 to 4. KJV).

I practiced my skills and find that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I thank this man however for being a part of that process that cause me to turn my heart even more towards God. As I seek Godly instruction, I gained strength through God's word to deal with my dilemma. I began to seek out who God is and what my purpose is for being here on this earth and to find some kind of stability in my life. I needed a sense of value, peace, and the true meaning of it all. God began to unfold His love into my spirit, and I started to see the big picture of the entire woman and children who have been in silent captivity not only in Jamaica West Indies but also across America. That I may be able to help them come out of their "silent captivity."

It is well because God understands just as the woman in the bible with the infirmity for eighteen years who could not lift herself: (St Luke 13 verse 10 to 13 KJV).

And when Jesus saw her, He called her to him and said woman thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And laid hands on her: and immediately she was made straight and glorified God. God saw our hurt and said to us women and children; even men who have undergone abuse God

will give you the power to lift your head. He is our guide through all our hurt. Therefore, receive your strength from Him. He said, “I know the thoughts I think of you, thoughts of good and not evil to give you an expected end”.

It is well. In Jamaica, I thought we would sing this song mostly at funerals, but I have discovered great significance in sharing it with the victims of abuse. You may not die the natural death, but verbally and mentally, you lose your self-esteem. Nevertheless, God promised never to leave you nor forsake you. Christ has regarded your helpless estate and has shed His blood for your soul. There was a time when I could not let the devil know it is well with my soul because I didn't believe it myself. My husband's words when he had just delivered me out of the last episode of abuse were, “It is well Mary!” I could not digest those words until I had learned more and more about what Jesus did for me at the Cross. Through His words and other trustworthy pastors and teachers, I can genuinely say it is well with my soul. He has taken away all my guilt, sin, and shame not in part but the whole, and has nailed it to the cross and I bear it no more.

I run to God when I'm hurting; He is my friend, comforter, justifier, faithfulness, refuge, and strength.

He satisfies the longing of my soul and heals it all together. He gives me a fixed purpose and promotes me.

He is the Way the Truth and Life. Seek Him first and His righteousness and all other things will be added. He has imprinted all of you who are victims of abuse on His heart and is telling you: I've seen you in your helpless estate, but it is well with your soul.

When I think of you all and what God is saying to you, I can only dedicate this song to you, which says it best:

IT IS WELL

When peace like a river, attendeth your way,

When sorrow like sea billows roll.

Whatever your lot, thou hast taught you to know

It is well, it is well with your soul."

CHORUS

It is well... with my soul

It is well, it is well with my soul.

If Satan should buffet, If trials should come,

Let this blest assurance control, That Christ

hath regarded your helpless estate, and hath

shed His own blood for your soul.

Your sin-- oh, the bliss of this glorious Cross

Your sin-- not in part but the whole, is nailed

to the Cross, and you bear it no more, Praise

the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For you, be it, Christ, be it Christ hence to live!

If Jordan above you shall roll, No pang shall be
yours for in death as in life. Thou wilt whisper
Thy peace to our souls But Lord tis for thee,
for Thy coming we wait,
Thy sky, not the grave, is our goal; Oh, trump
of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord! Blessed hope!
Blessed rest to our souls.

The song “It Is Well!” was written by Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876).

Come out of your silent captivity, for if God would inspire one to let you know: He has regarded you in your helpless estate and shed His blood for your soul; moreover, to release you from sin, shame, and degradation building up your self-perception from glory to glory into His image as by the Spirit of Christ. He is always working towards the salvation of our souls where that cry and longing for peace and joy has been. So open to Him who will not repeat your shame but bring you into stability and that sweet aroma of life. I admonish you to know: It is well, it is well with your soul. Silent Captivity is all in the past. Move on with the wings like an eagle.

A small fraction of my autobiography
Mary M. Malcolm

As you may notice, I did not mention any person by name to expose them, as that was not my intention, nor did I write with expressive details for you to feel sorry for me. But my accurate help, God, will get the glory for my survival that any in silent captivity may arise. If I can help somebody, then my sufferings are not in vain. Wherever you are suffering, encourage yourself with “It is well’s” new meaning.

When you see things happening yet can’t believe it; whatever the unbearable, the unthinkable, unbecoming, and the incomprehensible; God has taught you to know it is well. Whatever comes from the unpleasant, just let this blessed assurance control: that Christ has regarded your helpless estate. He knew you were going to be in such an estate of helplessness, so when you are beset behind and before; when there are roadblocks on every side, just look up and see Jesus. He shed His blood for your soul. Think of the depth of your pain and the bliss of this glorious thought: that your sin, not in part but the whole, is nailed to the Cross, and you bear it no more. No guilt, shamefulness, abuse, or degradation of man can cause you to lose God’s love for you. God has set you free. Whom the Son set free is free indeed. There is a difference between setting you free and making you free. Setting one free is simply like letting a bird out of a cage. Making one free, is a process as the believer

changes from glory to glory, which means that the believer in Christ becomes more like Christ in attitude and behavior.

Now, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live. He gave us new life, no pang of captivity shall be ours, for in death (silent captivity), as in life, He will whisper His peace to our souls. The Old Man of silent captivity is now dead. Now, I am living as a new woman in Christ, and you can too, knowing: It is well, it is well with your soul!

CHAPTER 2

Recognition

You must recognize this truth that regardless of what you have been through or what circumstances have kept you in silence and captive, it is the devil's tool against God's liberty and freedom for your life.

You must let go of your past hurts to live by the Spirit of God's freedom. For where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. It does not matter where you are, whatever your lot, God's hand is not shortened and he cannot save you from where you are. There is no place too dark or sinful where he would not go to find his captive children. Jesus is "anointed to proclaim liberty to the captive" and also anointed me to proclaim liberty to his captive daughters and sons, to open their eyes to recognize that

they are in prison, which they might have built through the beguiling of Satan, or inflicted upon themselves. I hope that you soon recognize that there is hope, and be set free—scripture reference, Isaiah 61 verse 11 KJV.

When you reflect on your past, think of what you've learned through time and see what the devil intended for your destruction if God has not used to build the quality character of strength and endurance to help you get through other trials that lie before you. Most of us who were abused in this type of silence, now in silence become excellent listeners to God's still small voice for instructions which leads to a more fulfilled life in Christ.

The very next time your past comes up to haunt you and you resort to talking to someone about it, evaluate yourself and don't dive into depression; don't say things that will cause pain in your heart, you can cause deep-seated scars that only God can remove. Avoid thoughts of retaliation and focus on the good and what you have learned. Instead of bitterness, let goodness pour forth from your inner being.

You may say you have been through the worse thing inhumane, but God has carried you through it and you are still breathing. Don't you think he will carry you the rest of the way? Knowing you were blinded to certain situations, but God has opened your eyes, you have purposed and planned never to tread those roads again.