

*The Writings of My Body:  
It Wasn't a Test, It Wasn't a  
Trial, It Was My Choice*

*Written by:*

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## Acknowledgements

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## A Rightly Preface

*"I know who your husband is!"* These are the words I just heard my Apostle (dad) say to me as I am sitting in the congregation, listening to him preach in Atlanta, GA. So many thoughts began to run through my mind. Here I am, a divorcee, just getting accustomed to not only being single, but being a single mother as well. In the midst of hurt, pain, untruthfulness and disappointment you mean to tell me God says I am to marry again? After what I went through with my first husband, I was so far removed from a husband, just men in general. I was determined I would just turn into Mother Mary or maybe even join a convent. I was just concerned about me and my daughter and had made up my mind I would just die single and successful. Some people dread the thought of leaving this earth as a single person, but that was appealing to me, especially after the divorce I just went through. However, somewhere along the way those feelings changed. I met a man through my Apostle (dad). While building a relationship with that man (my husband), he ministered to my broken heart. He told my heart I could love again, trust again and be vulnerable. It took me a little while before I arrived at that place though, and I mean it took me a while, as in after we were married for a while, for me to let him in completely. Dad always said, *"Two incomplete people don't make anything complete, you just get a fractional outcome."*

Before my husband's arrival, I suffered loss and I went through some very trying times. All the while God was tearing me down, it was not until later that I realized it was necessary in order for Him to build me back up. In my first marriage, I suffered depression, my weight up and down, skin breaking out and recovering from a cesarean infection after having my baby all the while her father, my ex-husband, was consumed in himself and his extra-curricular activities. All is well though, so that tells me it was not in vain. All of that which took place was necessary; otherwise I would have no testimony.

Even all I went through in my first marriage, did I really learn all the lessons I needed to learn. Running from something, doesn't necessarily mean you've dealt with what you ran from. Whatever you ran from and run to, you more than likely brought what you ran from into what you are running to or are currently in. I have no regrets in my second marriage with my current husband, but one thing I admit to is that I brought some things into our marriage that I thought I had left behind in my previous life, in my previous marriage, and that can be a recipe for disaster, UNLESS you walk in your truth and you deal and handle whatever that is. There are things I wish I had done or handled differently and I wish I had done so in better timing.

So here I am again, a woman with a room of her own, going for round two of the writings of my body. It's a bit humorous that my first book was written during my first marriage, while I am writing this second book I am in my second marriage. Yet in this second marriage it is my second-chance and my last chance; my chance to learn whatever lessons I needed to learn and progress from them. I am giving a voice to the mental abuse, to hatred and to pain. I am speaking to that woman scorned, who feels worthless or contempt. Not only the woman, but I speak to the man who feels like a boy, the man who has been emasculated by not only society, but the very woman who he deposited his trust in. I am speaking to you, not the victimized, but the conquerors. This is not for those who point fingers, but those who look at themselves, and know that what change they want to see must first begin in them. I believe God appointed me to simply show you how to turn your contempt and pain into your witness so you won't stay where you are

and you can reach another in need. I must warn you, you have to be open when you turn the pages of this book.

It wasn't a test, it wasn't a trial, it was my choice, my choice to dig deep into who I really am and put aside the mess and remove my mask. You may think this is a love story about how my husband came to claim me as his wife or an ex-husband man-bashing book, but it is none of that, in fact, this is about dealing with the real me that will help you face the real you so that you can minister to your wretched hearts versus allowing them to be the death of you.

## Getting Back to My Beginning

Just a little disclaimer, as you read you may notice me refer to the word “dad” often, which is actually my husband’s father and my Apostle but he became dad to me a while ago so that’s what I call him. Anyway, getting back to my beginning, dad said something to me once. He gave me a teaching on breaking the curse. Dad stated, *“You can’t be messy, especially when you’re raising children, even as babies they watch. Un-cleanliness and residue that hasn’t been resolved can fall on your seeds.”* I thought about dad’s words and I’m grateful that in the midst of the chaos that went on between me and my first husband, I had enough sense to take my daughter out of it. My first husband and I were married a little over a year when I found out I was pregnant. While pregnant I spoke over my baby, I would lay my hands on my belly every night and pray. I would call out things not of God that’s in my family, as well as my husband’s family at the time, and things he and I both dealt with that we need to be delivered from. I did that, because I didn’t want my daughter to pay the price or go through things that I had gone through. While I carried her I would also read to her and my husband at the time purchased some headphones I could wear on my belly and I played music for her. After I gave birth and returned to work after a 3-month maternity leave I seemed to have forgotten about the praying and anointing her. Although doing all those things while I was carrying her and while she was a newborn, it’s when a child starts daycare – when they are no longer in your sight that they need the prayers and need to be anointed the most, but I drifted away from that. Life had happened to me.

One thing I have learned though, when you’re a parent, life may happen but your role never changes. Your children will always need you as guidance, a role model and someone to just look to for anything, at least that’s how it should be. After a drawn out divorce and custody battle, somewhere along the way I lost my drive as a Woman of God. I operated in hurt and anger. Now, I NEVER stop being a parent, I never abandoned my daughter or anything, but my focus became distorted. I was an incomplete individual wearing the mask of completeness. I desired God, yet I wasn’t fully committed and faithful. It was nothing for me to commute back and forth to Fayetteville from Raleigh to go to church, but then I had gotten to a point when I would go less often. My excuse was I didn’t have enough gas for the week to take the trip, or I had too much work to do or stuff at home to handle, which was true, but I didn’t MAKE time for God like I should have. I figured as long as I send my tithes in the mail, and still attend church maybe three times a month, that would be good enough. Shame on me, God was not pleased. He didn’t want me part-time. When you go from fully committed to only sometimes, things happen and you get off track. Yet, because God is merciful and gracious, he saw fit to bless me with my heart’s desire.

Like I mentioned in my preface, when my current husband came along, at that time that was the last thing on my mind. I figured marriage wasn’t going to happen again. Now, about a month before dad’s prophecy in Atlanta, I did have a conversation with God. These were my words: *“Lord I thank you for the opportunity of allowing me to fall in love and marry the man I fell for and conceiving my baby in that marriage. If it is your will Lord, I would like the opportunity again, but the next time I want real love, I want a reciprocated love, and I want a man of God who is in your will who will care for me and Faith. God if it is not your will for a man to find me*

*again and marry, then I am satisfied and I just ask that you help me as I take care of my baby girl alone and that I find my contentment in you if I am not to marry ever again.”*

Little did I know God answered prayer, dad gave me prophecy that came to pass. Here I am married to my second husband and God gave me what I wanted, a man of God who truly loves not just me but my daughter as well. Yet, was I ready for it? As dad says, there is a season for everything. I found myself in a new marriage with a new man, but was I a new me? How did I get here? I had to step back and look at me, not my husband, but me. Why have I brought the old me into something new? Matthew 9:17 states, “Neither is new wine put into old wineskins. If it is, the skins burst and the wine is spilled and the skins are destroyed.” I knew I didn’t want what God gave to be destroyed, so before that happened I needed to check myself, do a self-evaluation.

In order to do a self-evaluation, sometimes it requires you to go back to your beginning. Where I came from, what not-so-good traits I may carry that derived from my mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and so on or what curses reside in my family? Those things that have been swept under the rug or ignored, I want to address and get to the root of so I can kill it. I begin to call out things that I personally dealt with or what I knew was in my family such as: selfishness, defensiveness, manipulation, whoredom and rape. Some things dad called out in my family, which I wasn’t even aware. I remember when dad asked me about some things, and I told him to my knowledge those things didn’t happen, but then it made me curious and I went back and asked a family member some questions. Sometimes there could be something you experienced but you suppress that memory until it’s forgotten or blocked. I didn’t realize that until I went back to my beginning, where I come from and started dissecting my background. You know the saying, “what one doesn’t know, won’t hurt them,” well I disagree, especially in the case where there’s something that needs to be addressed and in order to get to the root of an issue it’s necessary to dig, because if you don’t know, how can you handle it?