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Est. April 2008

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NEWSLETTER– March 2022



Referral Ministry of
Transformation Ministries Alliance

He rescued me because He delighted in me. Ps 18:19b

THIS MONTH'S MEDITATION SCRIPTURE: *"...And whoever receives one such child in My name receives Me; but whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in Me to stumble, it is better for him that a heavy millstone be hung around his neck, and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe to the world because of its stumbling blocks! For it is inevitable that stumbling blocks come; but woe to that man through whom the stumbling block comes!..."* Matt 18:5-7

Beyond Surviving

I was sexually molested at thirteen. I've never actually written about it before now. Oh, I've spoken about it when I've shared my testimony, and in some speaking engagements I've included it when it was fitting, but until now I've never written about it publicly. And I may not have done it now, except that I sensed a prompting from the Holy Spirit to do so.

I grew up in the '50s/'60s in a large family. By the time I was thirteen, there were five kids plus Mom and Dad. Two more would come later. I was the second oldest. My Dad's job often took him out of town from Monday through Friday, and Mom never learned how to drive. So, for any extra-curricular activities, we kids either had to get rides from friends or take the city bus.

My extra-curricular activity at that time was dance lessons. I wasn't much into sports, but I loved to entertain people with singing, acting, and dancing. I had been taking dance lessons already for five or six years. My lessons were always after school on week days, and went into the early evenings.

I don't remember the exact date or even the month, but it must have been in the fall or winter because it was already dark that night when I left the dance studio to walk to the bus stop. The ride was several miles back home, but the city bus only went so far out the main road before it turned around to go back into town. We lived in a newly developing subdivision where my parents had a new house built just two years before. So, when the bus driver reached the furthest point out, he let me off the bus and then turned back.

I was feeling pretty tired that night after being at school all day and then dance classes afterward. I had walked from school to the dance studio which was a mile or two. So on this night, I decided to hitchhike the final mile home.

A man picked me up right away. He asked me questions like where I was going and why I was out that night. He seemed friendly enough. But then he began putting his hand on leg and rubbing my thigh. I became scared, and I froze, unable to speak. Then his hand went inside my pants. I remember looking at him horrified, and I realized he was exposing himself as he was touching me. I couldn't believe what was happening.

I had just started puberty, and had not yet had "the sex talk" from my dad. And looking back, I have to admit that I'd been pretty well sheltered. For goodness' sake, it was 1965 and I'd always felt safe maneuvering around town.

I really didn't know what to call what he was doing to me, but I knew that it was wrong, and I felt so dirty. Sometime later, I learned it was called masturbation.

When I finally came to myself, I demanded he let me out of the car. He stopped. I fastened my pants back up, and as I was getting out of the car, (I'll never forget what) he said to me, "Now you be careful out here, because you never know who's going to pick you up."

I ran the whole rest of the way home. Mom always kept the doors locked, so I had to knock to get inside. When she let me in, she looked at me and said, "Sweetie, are you ok? You look white as a ghost." I had already determined in my mind that I was not going to tell her what happened because I felt it was my fault for hitchhiking, and I just knew I'd get in trouble for that. So I just said I didn't feel well.

From that time on, the devil had a heyday in my mind with the secret I was keeping. I felt so much shame, blaming myself for being so stupid; blaming God for not protecting me; blaming Dad for having a job that kept him out of town so much.

My thinking became so messed up in my mind. This man had violated me, yet he was the only one I didn't blame. He was paying attention to me; yes, in a perverted way, but it was attention, for which I was starved because I didn't feel like I was getting any at home. I needed my Dad's attention, but I didn't know how to communicate it and he didn't know how to give it to me in a way that would secure a meaningful connection between us.

The molestation I suffered solidified me on a track into a homosexual life and sexual addiction, ending up being one of several contributing factors taking me in that direction. I kept the secret for a couple of decades, and lived a secret homosexual life for nearly 30 years.

Over the years, the Lord has done a lot of healing in me by the Holy Spirit, the Scriptures, counseling, and support groups. His hand on my life has brought the comfort of compassion as well as surgeries of the Great Physician cutting out the cancer within. One dynamic healing that occurred was when I realized that weekly migraine headaches that lasted for decades which had been brought on after the trauma of the violation suddenly were gone. And I was able to forgive that man for what he did to me. I never saw him before and never saw him since. I prayed that he would come to a saving knowledge of Jesus.

In 2003, when it became clear that the Lord had called me into ministry to those with unwanted LGBTQ issues, I called a family meeting with my parents and my six siblings and their spouses. With my wife by my side, I shared my testimony with them including the rape. My Dad told me that day that he was always proud of me, but that he also respected me for how my life had turned around.

I realized a long time ago, God had not deserted me on that night. He had not left me alone. He was there with me, helping me deal with the trauma to make it through one more

day at a time. He could have intervened miraculously somehow with the man, but He chose not to interrupt the fallenness of that man's world in that moment.

I am more than a survivor. By God's grace, I am an overcomer. In my life, God has been glorified in my testimony, my salvation, my healing, and even in my pain. And I'm good with that.

Responses From You

From a close brother: Daniel, I sincerely believe that however old we are, there always be a way for us, individually, to contribute to the furtherance of God's Kingdom. Be encouraged. I pray God's blessing of wisdom, strength, love, and peace for you.

From a brother in IN: Daniel, I thank God for you, Fran, and your valuable ministry. You have been a blessing in my life. And I'm grateful you answered the call to ministry. I pray God's continual blessing and flavor in your life, family, and ministry.

Upcoming Ministry Meetings

Overcomers Group: Thursday, Mar 31, 2022; Thursday, Apr 14, 2022; Thursday, Apr 28, 2022
Family & Friends Group: Tuesday, Apr 5, 2022; Tuesday, Apr 19, 2022

Ongoing Prayer Requests

New Participants for Overcomers Group • New members for our Family & Friends Group (especially wives) • Ministry Finances • Open doors to churches, so pastor and staff can be effectively equipped • Those currently being served by Abba's Delight ministry, both Overcomers and Family & Friends • Continued freedom to operate ministry in Kentucky • Smooth establishment of new network, Transformation Ministries Alliance

If you do not wish to receive the Abba's Delight Ministry Newsletter any longer, please let me know. If you do wish to continue to receive it, please be certain to put our email address in your address book, so that this mailing does not go to your spam, and report to your carrier. Thank you.

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from stumbling and to make you stand in the presence of His glory blameless with great joy, to the only God our Savior through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and authority before all time and now and forever. Amen. Jude 24-25