

For When The Church Hurts You – Short reviews from my reading pile #1.



It's been a habit of mine to review every (substantial) book that I read. This hasn't happened in the second half of 2021. Changes to my job, while delightful in many ways, have left me with barely the time and energy to attend to the word of God and prayer, let alone to the reading and mulling-over of books in general. This too will pass.

Instead of reviewing each book in-depth, I'm attempting a broader overview. Because the books I have read fall into two broad categories, I will do this in two parts. The second part, coming, will engage with books that critique our current industrial forms for expressing Christian religion. They have helped me ponder some subtle revolutionary ways of being God's people that are both ancient and future.

In this first post, I'm drawing on a different theme. It has reached a crescendo this year, cresting at the time I reviewed Langberg's *Redeeming Power*. In the background is the fallout from the abuses of Ravi Zacharias. An accompaniment that has swelled in and out (with its, um, "variable" release schedule) is the Rise and Fall of Mars Hill podcast.

This theme is a mournful lament to the simple fact that church culture can be, and often is, toxic. Gill and I have been processing our own ecclesiastical trauma; Langberg and others have helped us do that. One of our key realisations has been to accept the reality of our abuse. Unlike others, we are not victims of a malicious perpetrator. Nevertheless, we have been

hurt, and it wasn't just "one of those things"; it has been, at various times, due to toxic culture, vicious immaturities, and collective negligence. We can't just shrug it off; we have been wounded and the healthy thing is to pursue healing.

And it is not just about us. Our children have, unavoidably, witnessed what has been done to us; and have been on the receiving end of ostracism and shunning themselves. They have carried emotional loads which have been indirectly, but obviously, foisted upon them by inept church leaders unwilling to carry their own burdens, let alone the yoke of Christ to which they laid claim. Our children are learning to discern between the way of Christ and the way of his people, and how to count the life-giving cost of the former while standing firm against the latter. In due course they may share their own story; I will not go further than that here.

Similarly, by God's grace, we have encountered a number of others who have fallen under the wheels of the religio-industrial complex. Amongst their experiences are the effects of being silenced, ostracised, manipulated, or made subservient to a form of mission that is more about ecclesiastical ego than ecclesiological pursuit of God's good kingdom. The deconstruction of church is real. We are learning how to hear these stories, to undergo our own as-healthy-as-can-be deconstruction (because God's grace abounds when we are undone), while holding fast to the hope that is true, and truly, within us.

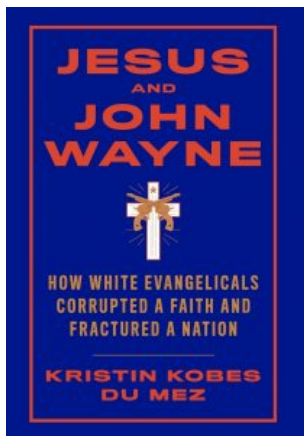
These books have been a part of that journey this last half-year.

Jesus and John Wayne : How white evangelicals corrupted a faith and fractured a nation – Kristin Kobes Du Mez

Not All Who Wander (Spiritually) Are Lost : A story of church – Traci Rhoades

Something's Not Right : Decoding the hidden tactics of abuse and freeing yourself from its power – Wade Mullen

***Soul Keeping* : Caring for the most important part of you – John Ortberg**



Jesus and John Wayne by Kristin Kobes Du Mez has become such a touchstone book that it's almost a meme. It is closely tied to the American evangelical scene and while it gives some helpful insight, it also perpetuates the Trumpian vs Wokeist culture wars that are besetting the West of late. Consequently, some love the book, and others loathe it.

Du Mez describes a cultural phenomenon: “White evangelicals” who “piece together” “intolerance towards immigrants, racial minorities, and non-Christians” and “opposition to gay rights and gun control” in which “a nostalgic commitment to rugged, aggressive, militant white masculinity serves as the thread binding them together into a coherent whole” (page 4). Hence, Christians have come to worship and follow a proverbial John Wayne more than Jesus Christ. At times my evangelical friends need to read and inwardly mark this critique; at other times it is just an evangelical straw man, certainly with respect to what evangelicalism means outside of the US, particularly in the two-thirds majority Christian world.

The deconstruction, however, is helpfully real. Billy Graham is dealt with (page 23), along with the likes of Falwell (page 49), Dobson (page 78), Eldredge (page 173), and, of course, Driscoll (page 193). It is a valid unveiling of the late 20th

Century ecosystem of a religious industry forming and feeding a marketplace of conservative ideals.

So how does this speak to the theme of ecclesiastical trauma? **On the one hand, I am with Du Mez.** I first encountered American messianicism over a quarter of a century ago while working for a mission agency; it disturbed me then, it nauseates me now. There's a cultish idolatry in it, and while the blatant stars-and-stripes version isn't really prevalent outside of the US, the culture permeates. How can it be that church-by-default in the 2020's is basically Willow Creek of the 1990's, complete with it's success-driven if-you-ain't-growing-there's-something-wrong-with-you marketer method of managerial machoism? I've been under that bus, and too many of my friends have also. Du Mez gives insight into both the politics and social psychology of it all, and it is very helpful.

Evangelicals hadn't betrayed their values. Donald Trump was the culmination of their half-century-long pursuit of a militant Christian masculinity. (page 271)

A pervasive culture of misogyny is a particular focus of the book. You only need to hear the testimonies coming out of the *Rise and Fall of Mars Hill* podcast to see the legacy and fruit of the masculine hero complex. It hit close to home for me: While Gill and I weren't exactly fulsome proponents of the personalities, we *did* lean into the resources and some of the teaching of men such as LaHaye and Eldredge and even Driscoll. To be sure, some of it was helpful, but we have come to discern how many of the foundational premises are not of the Kingdom of God. Consider how marriage has been upheld as a way of sanctifying what remains an essentially pornified man-centred understanding of sex. To the extent that, back in the day, I did not detect, and even furthered, this corruption, I am chastened, saddened and regretful.

The evangelical men's movement of the 1990s was marked by experimentation and laden with contradictions. "Soft patriarchy" papered over tensions between a harsher, authoritarian masculinity and a more egalitarian posture; the motif of the tender warrior reconciled militancy with a kinder, gentler, more emotive bearing... it might have appeared that the more egalitarian and emotive impulses had the upper hand... At the end of the decade, however, the more militant movement would begin to reassert itself. When it did.. [it] would become intertwined both with the sexual purity movement and with the assertion of complementarianism within evangelical circles. In time it would become clear that the combination... could produce toxic outcomes.

(Page 172)

On the other hand, however, #JAJW is not, for me, a salve for healing, it's just another beating. In this way this book differs in my experience to that of Langberg whose titular focus is the *redemption* of power. What hope does Du Mez offer? In our experience, the early 2000's were *hard* ministry years. We were young and naive and winging it on-the-fly, clinging to whatever was of *some* use from the very few spiritual parents we could find who would help us navigate – let alone lead! – into uncharted waters. The Hybels-speak was already beginning to wear thin, and no one (apart from the self-infatuated Driscolls and Bells) had alternatives to offer. We eased our way forward, stumbling, learning, hurting, on the way.

Take that example of "soft patriarchy" quoted above: The emphasis on servant leadership in, say, Promise Keepers, was better than the Marlborough Man masculinity exemplified by our own fathers; so we took that step in the right direction. It's only in hindsight that we can see that it wasn't enough; it continued a disenfranchisement of our sisters; and it allowed an aspiration to manly-service to manifest yet another form of control. The first time I glimpsed this was when, having expressed some excitement about an upcoming meeting of

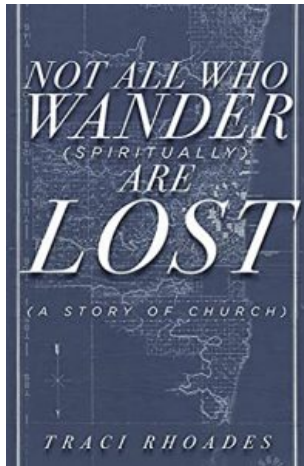
mission-hearted sacrificial church-planting pioneers, I encountered the sadness of a Christian sister who shrugged and said that it was not a room she was welcome in.

I have learned to heed those who have had skin and blood in the game, and aren't about the winning. To that extent, 20th Century evangelicalism, like all periods of history, had its dross, and its pure metal. Du Mez gives only cursory mention of those who don't fit the stereotype of the antagonist she needs; her bias is clear. Consider Jim Wallis of Sojourners (briefly mentioned on page 47) or the likes of John Mark Comer and Jon Tyson (the same generation as Driscoll, but more refined by trial to a place of humility) who are the children of 20th Century icons such as Willard and Ortberg and Peterson. Their story is not told; yet it is these sorts of men who exhibit a form of masculinity that is worthy of at least some aspiration. I found only one explicit caveat conceding that the "evangelical cult of masculinity does not define the whole of American evangelicalism" (page 301).

Jesus and John Wayne has now been weaponised by both sides. It is yet another no-man's-land for those of us who have been wounded from both right and left. Du Mez writes, "In learning how to be Christian men, evangelicals also learned how to think about sex, guns, war, borders, Muslims, immigrants, the military, foreign policy, and the nation itself" (page 296), and it's a familiar, political trope of conflation; apparently if someone has, say, a traditional theology of, the atonement (caricatured on page 200), then they are also guilty of islamophobia and the idolisation of the military! Correlation is not causation, neither is there a necessary coherence entwining all these things – and perhaps Du Mez is simply making a generalist observation – but that is not how it gets played. I get why some would wield Du Mez as a wrecking ball of deconstruction; but there is often an arrogance in their assertion, and it invalidates more than it gifts life. In its activist fervour, the left is just as corrupt and corrupting

at times as all that Du Mez rightfully points out about the right.

I read this book, and feel homeless.



This was one of those books that I got for its title. At the height of covid, when the deconstruction was real, I was looking for testimonies of those who had passed through ecclesiastical storms, and were able to perceive the Tolkeinesque adventure within the journey. This was not that book. The title of *Not All Who Wander (Spiritually) Are Lost* is verging on literary clickbait.

Traci Rhoades' book is basically autobiography told through the sequence of her church involvement. Perhaps its beauty is in its sheer *ordinariness* ("Overall, when I look back on my early years in the church, I'm more thankful than disillusioned", page 12). Like all ordinary stories she reveals the easy and comfortable times, and the storms that have tossed her about. From "flannel boards" and "vacation Bible school" (page 3) to bewilderment at power games in leadership, Rhoades is descriptive, rather than analytical. The church she describes is cultural phenomenon rather than theological wonder. And while she is not naive, she never reveals the sort of crisis that is relevant to me and mine in this season.

I've been in church forty-plus years. Don't think for a minute it's always easy or there aren't times when hefty doses of grace and forgiveness are needed, yet I've never considered leaving the church... Generations of my biological family have faithfully attended church, and I know I have a place in that heritage. (Page 23)

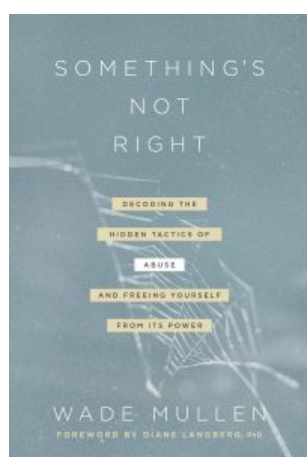
The anecdotes from others are more helpful, and a bit more raw and real (e.g. "a story of a woman who had to leave for a time in order to let Jesus heal her heart.", page 29). Nevertheless, this whole book is more like an easy-listening podcast than a serious grappling with serious things; it's a glorified pinterest post. Sometimes, as she listed the various ways in which she was involved in the consumeristic programs of her latest context, I was simultaneously agitated and bored. What person of depth measures a church by a "parking lot" test and the rest of the quality-control criteria she employs (page 82)? The thought of pandering to such proclivities palpitates this pastor's pulse!

Perhaps the value of this book lies here: It is presented without guile. Occasionally I was even reminded of those heady days in my youth when the mission of the church *excited me* and when I could agree with Rhoades' Sunday School teacher, "I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to church'" (page 3). Those days are well and truly gone, but there is something of my "first love" in that sentiment which softens my cynicism even if it leaves me feeling wistful and sad at innocence gone. I still love the church of God, mostly in its hidden guises, but I am not void of delight, and sometimes it has the whiff of childlike wonder.

The Jesus I met in the churches of my youth is the same Jesus who meets me in this spiritual wilderness. Jesus is the one who has formed and filled me. Jesus is the one who leads me, saves me, calls me. The Jesus I asked into my heart as a child is the same Jesus who I gave my on-fire heart to in my

early twenties, and is the same Jesus I entrust my broken heart to now. (Page 92, quoting "Aaron")

I read this book, and feel both annoyance, and, at the same time, a reminder to not disparage a way of being church through which God has blessed many, despite its manifest inadequacies.



Wade Mullen's *Something's Not Right* has a foreword by Diane Langberg, which is an instant recommendation. The subtitle speaks to it's purpose: *Decoding the hidden tactics of abuse and freeing yourself from its power*. It is not, so much, a therapeutic book; it is a *resource*, a form of training, that informs those moments when we know something is simply not quite right.

As such, Mullen provides an antidote to gaslighting. We know from experience that those who go through ecclesiastical trauma do a lot of soul searching. Most of us are, rightly, grounded in a desire to not rock the boat, to not tear down needlessly, and, in the most appropriate sense of it, to keep any rebellious spirit in check. Self-reflection is important, but it can be exploited by abusive perpetrators and toxic cultures. When we get tangled up, asking "What's wrong with me? What have I done wrong? Am I going mad?", the real issues (external to ourselves) avoid the exposure and the light they need for resolution. In contrast, Mullen helps us to be aware of the real toxicity, and to "advocate for yourself" (e.g. page 172).

Abuse impairs your ability to make sense of what is happening. It spins you around and disorients you. (Page 79)

The value of this book is it's applicability where toxicity is more subtle than blatant. Gill and I have not had many dealings with overt corruption but we have run the gamut of the covert. In our time we have experienced shunning and have had silence manipulated into us. We have been left capsized in the wake when perceptions are valued more than reality, and when dysfunctional institutions and offices are too big to question, let alone fail. We have been squeezed into false narratives which comfort the insecure but powerful. I found descriptions of all these sorts of things on the pages of this book, and it was a strange comfort to read; perhaps we're not crazy, just hurt.

Mullen speaks of silencing (e.g. page 13), different types of secret-mongering (page 17), the ways in which flattery is used (page 38), financial dependence (page 40), and attempts of using "past trauma against you" (page 174). A diagram (page 71) simply titled "dismantling your world" sums it up. He describes the protection of the indispensable over against the vulnerable (e.g. page 27). He speaks of narcissism and the complicity of those who prefer sterile comfort to healthy conflict ("peace when there is no peace", page 155). He describes the loss of agency ("a piece of her identity fell off with each step she took into the culture of the church", page 57). To a greater or lesser extent, we've seen it all, and personally experienced more than enough of it.

I think many live with untold stories, not because they never want to tell them, but because they never encounter safe people and safe places where their stories can be heard.
(Page 170)

Here's a piece of truth behind why we are no longer enamoured by the religio-industrial church, and the glamour of success: "No amount of patience will produce change in an abusive community that isn't willing to surrender its legitimacy and pursue the entire truth" (page 166). Those who seek to save

their lives will lose it, you see. But that opposite is also true; and we have ever aspired to call God's people to lay themselves down, and so be saved.

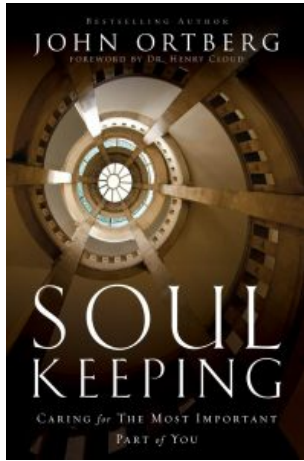
I read this book and I feel validated.

And, in a healthy way, I also feel warned. As a church leader I am privileged to be invited into the vulnerable parts of people's lives. Church is its best when it is not shallow, aloof, "professional," but embraces vocational vulnerability and communal exposure to the grace of God. As Mullen describes those who are complicit in toxicity, I am marking it in myself: Have I made that excuse? Have I blinded myself to that flaw? I am aware of my faults; we all bring a degree of toxicity to our relationships.

Sometimes, it is even expected of us. I have long observed that I know a *few* pastors with a messianic complex, but I know *many* churches who put their pastors on a pedestal. Mullen helps me to not buy into that game, to detect when it's happening, and to climb down to the ground, no matter the cost, or the disappointment I bring others.

I read this book and I feel wary of myself, but also equipped, perhaps, to have some blind spots revealed.

And finally, I read this book and I feel some hope. I see in my own family some of the wounds Mullen describes, including his own. Cynicism, despair, and hopelessness can easily abound. Yet Mullen seeks to move in the opposite spirit. And he does this with aspiration that I think I can share: "I look for and cultivate beauty." (page 177)



It seems useful to conclude thinking about ecclesiastical trauma with a book that is more positive; Ortberg's *Soul Keeping* is about wellbeing.

It intrigued me for a number of reasons, not least of which is my appreciation of a growing movement of Christian spirituality that is hard to define but is nevertheless real. It is theologically evangelical, psychologically mature, sociologically aware, missional and holistic. It is epitomised by the likes of John Mark Comer, Tish Harrison Warren, and Jon Tyson. Look in to their background and you find influences such as Ortberg, and before him, Dallas Willard. This book, in many ways, is simply Ortberg's homage to Willard. There's even a line about the ruthless elimination of hurry (page 20) that someone "stole".

Ortberg considers "the soul" within the "operating system of life" as "the capacity to integrate all parts [body, mind, will etc.] into a single whole life" (page 42). "...like a program that runs a computer, you don't usually notice until it messes up." This concept of *integration* is at the heart of it all. And it is foundational to some of my own recent endeavours to bring emotional, physical, and spiritual health together.

In this book, therefore, we ponder ways in which our way of life can damage our soul, such that we are more dis-integrated. In doing so, there is a nuanced realignment of some of our church rhetoric: A "lost" soul is not about "destination", but "condition" (page 62). Salvation is not just about the location of our eternity, but of regeneration of soul in the here and now; it is about health and our soul

finding it's home. "Sin fractures and shatters the soul" (page 67), and the gospel is the path of restoration. Eternal life is meant to start now.

In this way our theology is grounded. Idolatry isn't mere metaphysics, it's essentially *addiction*; a "finding oneself" in something or someone other than our maker. Worship isn't mere duty of some ethereal benefit; it's the upwelling of our very selves towards the source of life, our maker.

The soul must orbit around something other than itself – something it can worship. It is the nature of the soul to need. (Page 85)

The exhortation of the book is a gentle assertion of agency, by the grace of God. Ortberg spins a parable in his prologue (page 13) of a fresh stream flowing from ancient roots to bring water to a village. If the stream is *kept* well – if it is cleared of detritus, and kept to its course, and resolved of pollutants – it is life-giving, and a bubbling joy. If left unattended, it can go stagnant and bring death. The exhortation is this: *The stream is your soul, and you are the keeper.*

Here there's a connection with the theme of ecclesiastical trauma. There are two facets to this. Firstly, trauma is a damaging of the soul. It is usually inflicted by those who have not *kept their soul* well; and who deflect that responsibility onto others. (An aside: vicars have the "cure of souls", but that does not make us the springs of water that others can empty; it is to help others find the source of life, and equip them to tend to their own stream). Secondly, for myself at least, the healing of that trauma is about re-integration more than anything else (including management-speaks words such as *resilience*).

In this light, trauma can lead to worship. "God has placed eternity in our hearts" and pain reveals our hunger for it.

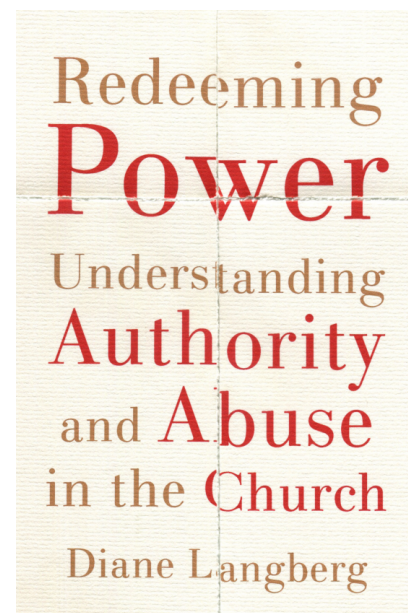
That is grace. There's a reason why it's called the "dark night of the *soul*" (see chapter 16, page 179). God moves, so that we might follow. That is love; it is how he woos us and draws our attention to himself. And therefore pain builds maturity, and hope. Ortberg puts it like this: "There will be great pain, and there will be great joy. In the end, joy wins. So if joy has not yet won, it is not yet the end" (page 113). The resolution of my own trauma is, paradoxically, an *honest awareness* of it (so that I can tend to my stream) without giving it my focus. Trauma may block or hinder my soul and needs attention, but it is never able to be my source. Integration begins in worship, and attending to the presence of God.

Which is where my pondering ends, at the end of a busy year. There is a sadness in realising that much of the year ahead will need to be about soul-keeping, being aware of the pollutants that leak and the blockages that tumble from many ecclesiastical machinations. But there is also resolve. I cannot build the house; unless the Lord builds it, it is all in vain. "I cannot live in the kingdom of God with a hurried soul. I cannot rest in God with a hurried soul." (page 134).

I will begin 2022 by discipling my soul, like I might disciple a child. Awake, my soul, and sing.

Review: Redeeming Power – Understanding Authority and Abuse in the Church

In this current moment many Christians are deconstructing their understanding of church. Covid has catalysed it but not caused it. As the *forms* of church have been stripped away it seems that many are questioning the *substance* in their church experience.



Gill and I have found ourselves in numerous related conversations. No two of them are alike, of course, but there tends to be some common factors. In most, there is a sense of wanting to “cash out” of a religious framework that had previously been “bought into”. Sometimes, but rarely, it’s a form of deconversion. Sometimes it’s a desire to question the unquestionable, perhaps like in Ecclesiastes, to see if there *is* actually something new under the sun. “After 18 months of covid, I’m now not sure why I was getting out of bed on a Sunday morning.” “I’ve now had a positive experience outside of the typical Sunday, and have realised it was negative experience inside, this *can’t* be what it’s all about.” This is not the typical whinge of consumeristic disappointment (“Pastor, I’m just not being *fed!*”) it’s of simply of being *done* with church on it’s own terms: “This is not the dynamic gospel-embodying radically-believing community of Jesus-loving disciples that it pretends to be!”

After two decades in professional pastoral ministry I’m going through my own gentle deconstruction. This is no bad thing. It is part of maturation to go through times in which the grace of the Lord has us being “undone.” From dealing with my childhood issues in Bible College, through a breakdown at the pointy end of church planting, to the small-boat-big-ocean

experience of moving between hemispheres, it's all part of the letting-it-die-to-rise-again cruciform shape of life with Jesus. You can't be a leader without passing through these times. Yet this post-covid moment feels like a *big* reset impacting across the body of Christ; I'm waiting for it to hurt, timing the contractions of what might be.

It is in *this* context that I have encountered Diane Langberg's *Redeeming Power: Understanding Authority and Abuse in the Church*. I have very few "must read" books for those who are in or considering church leadership and this is now one of them. It is good, solid, biblical, insightful wisdom for general application. In dealing with abuse, it relates to these times; in with and through the pandemic, the church world has also been rocked by revelations of spiritual and sexual predation in prominent organisations. There is *much* introspection about systemic injustices and abuses going on. Consider Langberg's interview on Justin Brierley's *Unbelievable?* podcast and her master class at the European Leadership Forum.

Langberg's wisdom is also a light for the present deconstruction. Personally, she has taken me to an examination of my own ecclesiastical trauma, including my own complicity and weakness, as well as helping me dare to imagine the ideal of what might be. Reading it has been a deeply personal experience. I simply can't review the book objectively; all I can do is to enter into a dialogue with it:

First interaction: For Langberg, **power is *real* and ubiquitous, and can be used for good**. Power is not conflated with evil.

My reflection: Very few of my ecclesial traumas have come through domineering powermongery, although I have heard those testimonies. Rather, I have collided with those who are *blind* to their hurtful exercise of power. In fact, some toxic situations are constructed by those who *deny* having any power at all! There's delusion in it, and also manipulation, a form

of leadership nihilism. By eschewing the formalities of power, manipulations are brought below the threshold of what can be “called out” and so accountability is avoided. To hold a leadership position in such a context is to be both loaded with unattainable expectation (so that the ineffectiveness of “power” can be proven), and, at the same time, be shunned because of the taint of the title. It is weary, and lonely, and toxic.

Langberg’s view of power is more robust. As one who is literally an expert on the *misuse* of power, she offers a profound and edifying reminder: there is goodness in the power of *Jesus*. This is truly affirming: “Are you verbally powerful? The Word gave you that power. Are you physically powerful? The mighty God, who breaks down strongholds and sustains the universe, gave you that power. Do you have a powerful position? It is from the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords...” (page 10). It also gives the proper bounds:

Godly power is derivative; it comes from a source outside us. It is always used under God’s authority and in likeness to his character. It is always exercised in humility, in love to God. We use it first as his servants and then, like him, as servants to others. It is always used for the end goal of bringing glory to God. God is pleased with his Son. That means our uses of power must look like Christ because he is the One who brings God glory. (Page 13)

Langberg is thoroughly biblical, and therefore *instructs* me in the healthy ways to hold what power I have: “We need the truth of the written Word of God and of the Word of God made flesh to help us see how to live out what God says, or we will lose our way, interpreting the written Word through the lens of culture and tradition and easily bending what is written into our own ends” (page 88).

Second interaction: Langberg understands **vulnerability**.

I have experienced cruelty in the church: Biting words. Shunning actions. I have known leaders who deflect their emotional burdens so as to foist them onto the shoulders of those who are weaker and at risk of injury. I can remember two times when words cut into me and left me to bleed; both times they were on the lips of those “above me” in the Church of England. They weren’t godly rebukes (I’ve had plenty of those) or wise, “hard” words of appropriate correction, they were words of diminishment moved by insecurity in one instance, and prejudice in the other. I had no recourse to emotional defense or safety; they didn’t see my vulnerability or didn’t care. Vulnerability isn’t just powerlessness, though. At other times, even though I was one of the most powerful persons in the room, the attacks were more covert, aimed at those that I love rather than directly at me. No one is invulnerable.

Part of my turmoil is that I am *tired* of being vulnerable. I would like some *safety* please, a place to rest, a freedom to not be dependent on those who do not have my wellbeing at the top of their priority list. However, I have also learned that if you can’t lean into your vulnerability you can’t exercise your power well. “You and I struggle to understand our own vulnerabilities and to manage them wisely” (page 28), Langberg says, and it’s a necessary task. “Vulnerability and power are intertwined, engaged in a dance that is sometimes beautiful and sometimes destructive” (page 19).

Here’s the key: Vulnerability is a “welcome gift” (page 22), a vehicle for our own growth, and for the building of trusting, deep, beautiful relationships.” Which means, also, that it needs to be *guarded*, “because it is unwise to make yourself vulnerable in abusive situations... **Maturity is learning where to guard ourselves, and where to lead from our weakness.**” I genuinely love the church, but note what that means: “The capacity to love makes everyone vulnerable... even God” (page 26). A journey through the world of church is often like walking through a battlefield marked by fortresses, no-man’s

lands, and battlefronts. We get tired from the exposure, and we seek castles of our own. I *feel* the draw of the drawbridge, but what would that look like, and would it actually be healthy and *loving*?

There's a tension to embrace here: To express love, we learn to offer ourselves vulnerably. To receive love, we create as much safety and security so that the vulnerability of others doesn't lead to their injury. How, then, do we offer safety from a place of insecurity; how can we offer a safety that we have not yet, first, received? In our experience, the normal machinations of church life struggle to embrace that tension. Church should manifest a shared mutual experience, a dynamic of abiding in the heart of God in whom we are perfectly, ultimately, safe, and therefore free to be vulnerable, and free to love. The fact that it often doesn't feeds the deconstruction.

Langberg explores this dynamic, in particular, with regard to gender and race dynamics. As a large white guy, this is instructive for me. Do others feel vulnerable where I feel safe? Compared to others it is relatively easy for me to find safety; this almost *defines* my privilege. It's on me to understand the vulnerabilities of others: In one experience I found myself aware of others' negative experiences of church leaders. Understandably, as a church leader, I was "lumped" into that box of unsafe people and, to some degree, I wore the face of those who had injured them. In a context of mistrust, my leading needed to be both aware of the trauma and yet shaped by freedom rather than that abusive legacy. It takes Jesus' wisdom to walk that line, and my inadequacy is obvious. Langberg is instructive; picking up on the language of "headship" in the gender dynamic she gives insight into that way of Christ: "To be a head is to turn the curse upside down, not to rule over others. The Son of Man did not rule, though his disciples longed for him to do so. Instead he held out his great arms and said, 'Come. It is safe.'" (Page 104).

Third interaction: Langberg understands deception, at a systemic, cultural level.

Systemic abuse occurs when a system, such as a family, a government, entity, a school, a church or religious organization, a political group, or a social service organization, enables the abuse of the people it purports to protect. (Page 75)

I've remarked previously how the Church of England, like many church institutions, is abusive by default. If we were to describe, for instance, a marriage relationship as being marked by financial dependence, spiritualised language of authority, the priority of reputation over truth, decisions being made for-and-not-with, and gaslighting condescension, all our alarm bells would ring! Yet this often describes the relationship with institution for those in a pastoral position, along with their family. The harm is mitigated, sometimes even eliminated, when good people are in authority and they are able to resist and overcome the natural tendencies of the organisation. Langberg calls those things the "fundamental, though often hidden, properties of the system itself" (page 76) and reflects on how easily we refrain from speaking honestly about them. It leads to "...preserving an institution rather than the humans meant to flourish in it" (page 78).

All of this rests, of course, on forms of deception and self-deception which, itself, rests on a form of subtle idolatry. Langberg locates this at the heart of the first sin (page 29): We deceive ourselves by agreeing that we do not *need* God in order to be like him in nature and character. We cover our vulnerabilities by leaning into other things – "toxins" of deception. A common idol to lean into – for safety, preferment, provision, comfort, purpose – is the church itself. The result "is clear that we have preferred our organizational trappings to the holiness of God." (page 79).

The result is harm:

Deceived hearts are closed hearts. They are closed first to the God of truth and second to other humans. Deception always does damage to the one deceiving and to those being deceived. (Page 40)

Deconstruction, at its gut, is a reaction to this hidden hypocrisy. “Deceptions are systemic” (page 37), Langberg says. If we’re brave, we might seek to name them. In my own context of the Church of England some of them are obvious: Class, education, and position correlate to worth; That which exists is necessarily favoured by God and should not be questioned; Institutional deference is the same as unity in Christ.

Collective deception incorporates a form of blindness and therefore foments a culture of suspicion. Langberg speaks of the dueling cultures of “secular culture” and “Christendom” (page 47) and that war is real: On the one hand is the machinery of the religio-industrial complex, consumeristic, and self-centred. On the other hand is the graceless pseudo-gospel of post-post-modern humanism. Both are defensively defined. “Any human not transformed by the redeeming work of Jesus Christ lives out of self as center” (page 47). In the no man’s land in the war of attrition between the two, it is lonely. Even good gospel words – “discipleship”, “mission”, “kingdom of God”, and even “Christ” – cannot be trusted. “Good words can whitewash evil” (page 50).

“When we hear scriptural words about building up the church for the glory of God, the work sounds heavenly. But when the building materials are arrogance, coercion, and aggression, the outcome matters. How we flesh out our good words matters.” (page 52).

It’s easy to become cynical. It’s easy to become bitter. It’s easy to long for the false-comfort and false-community that

might come by joining one of the camps. I admire Langberg for clearly being at home in the middle, digging into and holding truth.

For instance, as she explores the question of the gender imbalance, she fulsomely critiques the patriarchy: "...violence is the male's right, and the burden of managing it is the female's" (page 93). But this is no shallow deconstruction. Rather than dismiss marriage, itself, as an abusive framework, Langberg speaks of "familiar theological words and concepts" that are misused to "sanction or minimize abuse and crush human beings." (page 94). In this she takes the same line as Barbara Roberts (who I've written on before) in recognising that while "God hates divorce" this is not merely the "termination of a legal relationship" but the "disunion" caused by abandonment and abuse (pages 94-95).

Indeed, Gill and I have often found a correlation between abusive systems and the treatment of marriage relationships. I literally cheered out loud, therefore, as Langberg affirms the mutual ministry of Priscilla and Aquila: "Priscilla was not just serving coffee or 'supporting' Aquila. She is mentioned first in four out of five instances... Do you perhaps have a silenced Priscilla in your church? (pages 100-01). Priscilla and Aquila are a side-by-side ministry that Gill and I have looked to as our own exemplars. Most church cultures cannot cope with them. They will split a couple either by insisting on subjugation or individualism. Over the years, it is in this area that Gill and I have felt the most disempowered, and pondered the cost of staying within the institutions we were in. There is a real spiritual component to this; to the extent that a marriage relationship speaks of the relationship between Christ and his people, a self-deceived organisation will seek to diminish it.

Langberg also spends some time interacting with the systemic issues of race. I've just interacted with Robin DiAngelo's *White Fragility*, so I won't delve into that too much here. She

takes us, however, to the more general issues of collective guilt and shame that are thoroughly missional in impact. She asks, "Do we really think that we can enslave millions of people for more than two hundred years, treating them as things to be used, crushing, oppressing, and humiliating them, without long-term effects reverberating throughout generations descended from both slaves and slaveholders?" (pages 111-112). In the English church we would do well to ponder what our unresolved legacies are. We have not yet dealt with the abuse of either our own classes and peoples, or our external dealings with the wider world. Our systemic deceptions are rooted in our shame, meaning that England cannot love itself well. The call on the Church of England is to lead the way, without falling back to the comfortable deceptions of either denialism or self-flagellation. In the meantime we are perpetually self-starved of missional efficacy. We should learn from the "intergenerational transmission of trauma" (page 113). If we wish to see God's kingdom come, we need to bring reconciliation and healing to this land, beginning in ourselves.

Fourth interaction: Langberg understands **abuse within the church.**

It is a grace that I only have secondary experience of predation in church institutions. But I do *have* that experience; I have observed, from one step away, the nature and impact of predatory abuse on individuals and churches. My own experience of abuse is that of *negligence* rather than predation. Langberg speaks to the toxicity that can breed both.

For instance, a useful general point that Langberg makes cuts across our elevation of *external* qualities of position and charisma. These speak of power, but not of character. She takes us to Jesus: "Listen to the Word of God: 'What comes *out* of a person is what defiles him. For *from within*, out of the heart of man, come evil thoughts, sexual immorality,

theft, murder, adultery, coveting, wickedness, deceit, sensuality, envy, slander, pride, foolishness..." (page 25). I personally have found it relatively easy to not be enamoured by academic prowess or formal titles; the Australian in me is naturally wary of pretension. Indeed, "an ability to articulate theological truths does *not* mean the speaker is an obedient servant of God" (page 127).

What has taken me longer to size up is the allure of *success*, and of wanting to simply *belong* to a movement or spiritual family who might offer covering and security. "All of us long for meaning, purpose, connection, and blessing. The systems of Christendom offer us these things" (page 147). There is compulsion to *prove* oneself worthy of inclusion, and that is, invariably, a toxic dynamic. When it is fed, and the *performance* is rewarded more than formation and maturation, abuse abounds. Langberg's observations apply to our present church culture:

A leader is expected to know more, achieve more, and perform better. The more adequate they are in those areas, the more they are declared a success. Leadership is thus reduced to a never-ending treadmill of acquiring more and better skills and achieving impressive results. (Page 128)

Character work and an understanding of one's personal history are not usually emphasized in training for ministry. This is unwise giving our heart's capacity for deception. (Page 130)

I have filled out a number of application forms for pastoral roles in my time. *None* of them specifically ask about wilderness experiences (page 131) or of the maturation that comes in dry times and adversity; they *all* ask for proof of numerical growth, and offer a box for credentials and publications. We run to managerial and financially-driven structural changes, yet the reality is that "pastors and leaders often live with little to no oversight... longing for

good mentors" (page 131). We have left behind the traditions of spiritual direction, confession, and apprenticeship and have professionalised ourselves into courses and criteria. No wonder people get hurt.

I have been comforted by Langberg here. It is easy to carry the pain and shame of church trauma. Yet, the fact of that speaks to the deficiencies of the abuser and the abusive system, not the wounded ones (page 25). I have seen my teenage children summon emotional resilience and tenacity to weather circumstances that were beyond their control. The simple fact is that some of the roles I have inhabited have brought my family into an unsafe environment. I have searched my soul, I have blamed myself. But in the end there is grace in an honest grief: Their vulnerability was not their, or my, fault.

What I have found necessary, in the aftermath, is to wrestle with my *powerlessness*. Langberg brings her analysis and reveals what power looks like in a spiritual context (page 132-133). This was helpful to me. Despite the "power" of my ordination and the ministry titles I have held, my predominant experience of church life has been *disempowerment*. There are blessings and joys and brothers and sisters within the church of course; these are gifts from God. But they are usually gifts *in* the context, and not usually of it. It is simply the case, that the decades I have given the church have *restrained* me more than flourished me: socially, financially, and even in terms of my own dreams and longings. The church has not, ultimately had my back, it cannot, ultimately, be "for" me. This is simply the way it is; it is the cost of vocation, and it has been from the beginning. Even St. Paul as he writes to Christians who are rich in themselves, reflects on how he has become "scum of the earth" and "garbage of the world" in comparison (see 1 Corinthians 4:13).

As I work through the impact of this on my life and my faith, I hear similar echoes in the current deconstructions. I love the church of God. I *remain moved* to do my bit to see God's

kingdom come. I hope to speak words of life, and facilitate life-changing hospitality. I am drawn to know the heart of the Father and do what I see him doing. Yet, at the same time, I cannot recall the last time I saw in myself, or the church, a spirit of freedom and joyous expectation. To engage with the church is to steel ourselves for potential trauma, and to long for God. "Victims assume that God is also silent. Many people have asked me through the years whether they can find help for restoring their sense of safety in the house of God. that such a question must be asked is frankly, damnable" (page 137).

Fifth Interaction: Langberg understands the **redemption of power**.

My journey through this book has taken me to some of my pains and regrets. That's fine; it is necessary, sometimes, to take stock of one's injuries, and the temptations and weaknesses that leave us open to hurt. I'm still "hungry for safety" (page 153), for instance, and I need to be aware of how that drives me. I want to use whatever power I have for good and not for ill.

There is grace in the pain, and I see that affirmed in Langberg's treatise. I have had a blessed breakdown. I am willing to "let the work die" (see page 149) because I know from experience that those who seek to save their church, and strive for performance, will lose it. That doesn't mean it's easy. I learned that "long before God called [me] to shepherd, he called [me] first and foremost to be his lamb – a silly, stupid lamb who does stupid things, follows others into ravines, and allows themselves to get devoured" (page 150). It's all about grace.

I am learning – learning *again* perhaps, although it feels like it's from scratch – the necessity of prayer. Many of us leaders forget to pray (page 151), we forget to hope. Hoping hurts. Jesus only did what he sees the Father doing. He did that "no matter the cost. He did not work to preserve a

system, even one originally ordained by God" (page 154).

I am wary of the future. We should read Langberg as a prophet, warning us, calling us, berating us as churches tear themselves to shreds. "Rather than dealing with our own discomfort, self-absorption, or fear of matters not going our way, we distance ourselves and label and dehumanize others", she says (page 56). We've got some difficult conversations in the Church of England coming up, and they are surrounded by toxicity.

I am even wary of releasing this interaction onto this blog. I am used to "thinking publicly" and have written about politics and all sorts of difficult issues in the past. But there will be some who won't get what I am writing here. I *feel* my vulnerability in the institution to which I belong. "Some of us have faced the power of systems that proclaim God's name yet look nothing like him. That power can be formidable. It's hard to fight an organic whole, particularly when a system is full of people we love or those important to us and our future" (page 82).

Where then lies the hope? Matching Langberg's metaphor on page 51, one night I had a dream: Gill and I were in a situation in which we were required to live in a certain house. It was horrible. Excrement on the walls. Mould and mildew. Holes in the walls which let in frigid air and provided hideaways for poisonous spiders. It was a nightmare. It was a "home" in which constant vigilance was required in order to survive. If that is a metaphor for church life, then what is the answer? Reform is no longer enough. Renewal is no longer enough. Not even revival. What is needed is *resurrection*; a "burning down" is required, from which the new can emerge. That's not a negative thing. I think Jesus' friend Peter promised something like it, for "it is time for judgement to begin with God's household" (1 Peter 4:17).

Perhaps the deconstructions at the beginnning of the post-

covid reconstructions are a context where this can happen. Covid has stripped away our forms and many of our churches have found that there wasn't much substance underneath. There is a lesson to heed here: **"God does not preserve the form without regard for content. God wants purity in the kingdom of the heart, not the appearance of it in a system.** Our systems, our countries, our faith groups, our tribes, and our organizations are *not* the kingdom of God." (page 84).

Like all prophets, Langberg therefore, sees the value of hope in the time of trouble. "The voices of victims today, of those abused and violated and crushed in our "Christian" circles, are in fact the voice of our God to his people" (page 190), she says. In that way they are "troublers" in the best sense of the word; the "'Valley of Trouble' is God ordained, and in this place, he is calling his people back to himself" (page 190). Langberg writes, therefore, to encourage the *dissidents* and to give succour to those who are lonely.

Jesus sat apart from those who stood together in his day. It is quite a picture, isn't it? In the same manner and spirit of Jesus, all Christians should be dissidents in the corrupt systems of this world, including in our own beloved institutions. (Page 85)

This is where this book has catalysed my wrestling. To survive what is coming I need to learn to be with Jesus in the lonely place, in the solitude of dependence on him. That is where my safety lies. "The discipline of living under the governance of God in the hidden places is a lifelong work." (page 176). Only from here can the beautiful vision of the church, that Langberg *never* loses, emerge; it's a beautiful vision of what she calls "Lady Ecclesia" (page 181).

*The people of God who compose the body of Christ on earth are to live fully and faithfully under the lordship, authority, and mastery of Jesus Christ. **If we are to be mastered, we***

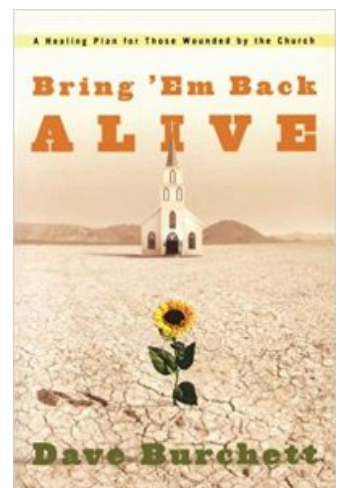
must know him. (Page 186)

Intimacy is required. If “we love and worship the system or our church more than we love and worship Jesus Christ” (page 187) it all falls apart. This is a truly pastoral book. As I’ve conversed with it, it has exposed me to some honest reality, and thus thoroughly brought me, in the end, to Jesus.

Amen.

Review: Bring ‘Em Back Alive – A Healing Plan for Those Wounded by the Church

Reading this in my current quest to explore the connection between trauma and church culture, I have found a book that is well-intentioned but fundamentally flawed.



Dave Burchett’s *Bring ‘Em Back Alive* gets a lot right. He is honest about how church can and has been a painful experience for many. He has a pastoral heart that yearns for the church to reach out to those so wounded. There is some helpful advice for those who care and some useful insights for those who have been hurt. But this book is far from the “healing plan” it is touted to be.

A defining image (page 13) in the book is of the “lost sheep”, the one who has wandered, as opposed to the 99 who remain in the fold. He exhorts us to have the heart of the Good Shepherd who seeks out that one lost sheep. The image draws on Jesus’ words in Matthew 18, of course, but it’s a somewhat tortured connection with the parable. Not only does Burchett avoid a nuanced exposition, he misses the plain correlation between the lost sheep and the “little child” of Matthew 18:5 who “enters the kingdom of heaven.” His use of *The Message* as his biblical text throughout severely restricts the depths from which he can draw.

It’s a shame, because Matthew 18 can really help us in this area. The wandering sheep is a “little” one, who exhibits a childlike faith. Jesus has just talked about the consequences for those who would cause such a “little one” to stumble, or sin, or wander. The dramatic image of a “millstone hung around the neck” and being drowned in the sea should give us pause for thought! It is a prophetic parable against those “who look down on one of these little ones” and has more implications for the character of the flock, than that of the little lamb.

And here lies Burchett’s problem. As he rightly appeals to church leaders to value those who have wandered away, he misses this prophetic trajectory against the existing flock, and therefore embraces some worrisome assumptions. I’ve tried to bluntly distill them here:

1. ***The point of reaching out to the wounded is to bolster the strength of the church.*** “How much depth have we, the collective church, lost by not aggressively seeking to find and heal our wounded lambs?” he asks on page 2, in the introduction. Somehow the utilitarian power of the wounding community has become the point.
2. ***The problem lies with those who have left.*** “So many people out there have been given up for lost,” he writes. “They could be found, healed, and returned. If we could only begin to communicate that we are willing

to accompany them on the road back, forgive them, love them, and celebrate their return" (page 18). Frankly, this sentence made me angry. The subtitle of the book aims it at "those wounded by the church", yet here it is the wounded ones that need to be "found", "returned", and "forgiven." This is close to the language of an abusive husband, offering "reconciliation" because he is gracious enough to forgive his wounded wife.

3. ***People leave because of their immaturity.*** "Like a thirsty sheep, a bored and unfulfilled Christian who is without spiritual shepherding may wander onto paths that lead away from God." (Page 36). Which is fine to say, perhaps, if this is a book about being better shepherds. But it's not, and it infantilises those who have left and diminishes the principles (some of them dearly held) that shape that departure.
4. ***Unity trumps holiness and justice.*** "The Good Shepherd has a cure for us, and it starts with His prescription for unity." (Page 48). "Division within the body of Christ is sin. Jesus's teaching about unity is indissoluble." (Page 56). His words, in themselves, are not wrong. They are simply not careful enough. Again, he inadvertently echoes the words of an abusive husband insisting that marital unity is more important than any particular transgression on his part. Sometimes separation *is* necessary for unity. Even Paul (quoted by Burchett on page 53) exhorts Titus to have "nothing to do with" the (truly) divisive person. I know too many people who have appropriately departed their church community, and have then be shamed as divisive or schismatic, when the real wound to the body of Christ was done to them, not by them.

I've deliberately painted a stark image here, to make my point. Despite the flaws, Burchett *does* get to some helpful places.

The chapter entitled **The Heart of a Shepherd** is generally good. Occasionally he has the same sentiments as people like Mike Pilavachi who reimagines church as family. "Peter did not advise the shepherd to show difficult rams and ewes the sheep gate", Burchett writes (page 76), and I hear Pilavachi echoing "We don't have employees to hire and fire, but sons and daughters to raise." **Burchett's one clear point** is well made: We have a *responsibility to the wounded*(page 78), and we should take it seriously.

The second part of the book is also useful. It is actually aimed at those who have been hurt, rather than those who might seek them out. It's nothing groundbreaking, but it is good, solid, stuff. He would turn our wounded eyes towards Jesus who "understands the pain, betrayal, and anguish that... selfish and sinful behavior causes" (page 117). He exhorts us towards forgiveness (page 180). He gives guidance about living in the present (page 153).

Occasionally, the era of the book shows. Published in 2004, it is just before the heyday of the emerging and emergent church movements. As he scratches on the disaffection of those in church who are "tired of pretending their lives are better than they actually are" (page 90), he has not yet seen the growth of movements that *did* arise from those who left that plastic world. Perhaps there is a glimpse of some generational wistfulness: "...they need to hear from their former flock that we care, we miss them, we need them, and we want them to come back" (Page 91). Having lived and led in that era, what we actually needed to hear was "that we care, we miss you, and we long for you to fly, and do, and build what that the Lord is leading you to do, we've got your back."

I shook my head a little, when he talks about churches setting up classes and seminars for those wounded (by the same churches running the classes, presumably!), so that the "injured lambs" might not "feel alone... having a forum where they can express their hurt, and share their concerns." I

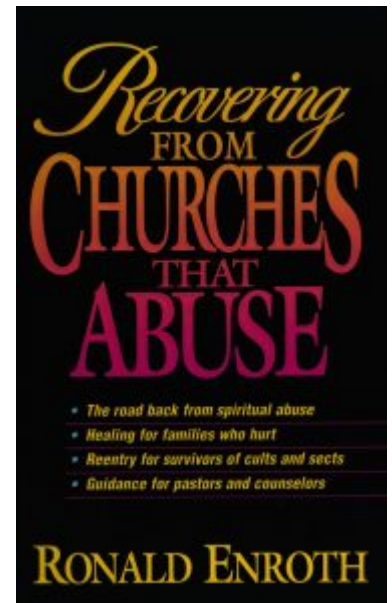
don't think he realises how patronising that idea sounds.

You see, in the end, the lost wounded sheep don't want to be found by a hurtful church, even a regretful hurting church. I know this from my own experience. I know this because many of those I've met are wary of being found by *me*; I wear a clerical collar, I embody that which has been the source of their trauma. They don't want to be found by us, **they want to be found by Jesus.** Yes, they also want community, but they want it real, spiritually authentic. Which means, Jesus first.

Helping the wounded isn't about classes or offers of therapy. It's not about technical change in tired institutions. It's not even about "revivals" of a surge of life into ordinary auditoriums. **It's not our task to "bring 'em back alive."** Yes, we follow Jesus as we search for them, care for them, breathe life into them, back them, cover them, and cheer them on. But it's not about slotting them back in to where they were first injured. It's about the Lord doing something new. When I meet the "little ones" who find no place at the institutional table, laden with looming millstones, I am increasingly realising that the kingdom of God belongs to those such as these.

Review: Recovering From Churches That Abuse

Churches can be hurtful. Whether it be the institution, the community, or individuals within them, they can wound, manipulate, damage, and neglect. This is no new thing. *Recovering from Churches That Abuse* was written by Ronald Enroth in the early 1990's. It's been on my bookshelf for almost 20 years, but, for various reasons, I have only now found the right time to read it.



For church leaders the topic of church abusiveness can be painful, awkward, and emotionally complex. It's like reading a book on parenting for those of us who have children. There is a complex mix of feeling the pain of our own childhood and our own imperfect parents, of feeling the pain of our own mistakes and many flaws, and of fear about the fact that more mistakes will likely happen in the future! Similarly, I have been hurt by the church, I have been (along with all my colleagues) a flawed and broken church leader, and sometimes the way ahead seems more fraught than hopeful.

Which gives all the more reason to thoughtfully and deliberately engage with this topic.

Enroth's book may not have been the best place to start. It is anecdotal more than it is analytical, a "life-history approach to illustrate patterns of spiritual and emotional abuse" (page 137). Its focus is on situations where the level of abuse is extreme, blatant, and cult-like. There is some use in seeing dysfunction in the extreme, but it's not always helpful when reflecting on the "ordinary" hurts of the everyday church.

Nevertheless, there is some wisdom to glean. In what follows, I simply outline the echoes of some of these stories in my own experience, and also the useful insights that Enroth bring.

1) Points of resonance:

Although the anecdotes are often of extreme situations, we can connect them with more “normal” circumstances as well. I have heard some of the language Enroth shares being used by those around me. I have used some of it myself. There are points of resonance.

For instance, Enroth quotes someone as saying “I *woke up* one morning and realized that I had not thought my own thoughts for three years” (page 33). I hear similar from those who may have left a mainstream church that has a strong and particular view of their own mission. It’s the experience of buying into someone else’s mission until it reaches a point where the *secondhand* faith becomes a collapsing foundation. When a mission-driven church doesn’t also exercise the right interplay of freedom and formation and focus on real people, pain results.

Similarly, we read words like this: “One of the things that has been most distressing to me is to see the way the church can discard people the way you throw an old banana peel out of the window with no apparent care for them” (page 33) and language that appeals to God’s will as a means of control or deflection. I’ve seen what it’s like to be on the receiving end of interpretations of God’s will as a means of ameliorating rejection: “I’m so glad you’ve found the place where God actually wanted you to be...”

I’ve reflected in the past about the disillusionment of those who are “done” with churches which are increasingly “self-referential.” Enroth shares stories in which “members will be requested to serve, to become involved, to sign up for a variety of activities that, upon closer inspection, appear designed to maintain the system” (pages 31-32). I know what it’s like for the direction of the church rut to be about “helping the vicar do his job” and nothing more. I understand the painful passivity of those for whom “it is hard to be a

part of anything anymore" (page 46).

As I read through Enroth's anecdotes, a thought crossed my mind: There are many situations in which church *members* are not ill-treated, but in which church *staff* come away damaged. It's a point of concern, because there is a growing tendency to "professionalise" vocational work and assess ministry via bureaucratic markers. It's telling that Enroth refers to abusive communities as "performance-based" (page 17, 44) a number of times. I have seen too many church workers broken by impossible performance measures, mediocre remuneration and support, and spiritualised reasons as to why they should grin and bear it.

Indeed, I have sometimes reflected on the fact that the mechanisms for abuse that Enroth's stories reveal (financial dependence, the priority of institutional reputation over personal injustice, spiritualised language to assert authority, and gaslighting condescension as decisions are made for you and not with you), cohere to the relationship between most clergy/pastors and their institution. If these mechanisms are not proactively countered by good oversight, their abusiveness inevitably emerges.

2) Helpful learnings:

Where Enroth *does* provide some analysis, it is helpful.

For instance, he raises the question of "How can we discern an unhealthy, abusive Christian church or fellowship from one that is truly biblical, healthy, and worthy of our involvement?" (page 27ff). His answer references the psychological health of members, of whether or not people are isolated from families, or discouraged in "independent thinking" and "individual differences of belief and behavior." We learn of "legalistic churches" exhibiting an often-hypocritical emphasis on "high moral standards" and which allow no external accountability.

Throughout, he also raises aspects of church life in which good things are twisted to achieve bad outcomes.

For instance, there is no doubt that the Scriptures are a source of life, and truth, and a revelation of God's love, grace, and presence. Yet, from an abusive situation in which "if you questioned Scripture you were made to feel very guilty" (page 22), even the beauty of Scripture can be hidden in pain and trauma. It is similar with some of the precious doctrines of Christian theology, e.g. the Lordship of Christ, the atoning sacrifice of the cross. These can be mishandled into guises of dominance and guilt-inducing wrath.

I am learning to see it for myself. I can tell when words, that have been life-giving for me, walk into clouds of darkness in someone else's eyes. I have encountered Scripture and the truths of Christian doctrine as refuges, places of safety and sustenance when the church has otherwise left me starving in the dark. For others, they have been instruments of control. As they begin to move towards healing, they can come close to throwing out the baby of truth with the bathwater of pain. Enroth doesn't give any great insight into how to address this tension, but nevertheless declares:

The survivor must be assured of God's unfailing grace and be able, in effect, to rediscover the gospel. (Page 43)

We thought we were Christians, but despite years and years of being in Christian groups, neither of us knew Christ at all. Neither of us knew how to depend on Christ. (Page 61)

I have found a number of them who have difficulty with or even an aversion to reading the Bible because it has been misused by the group to abuse them. Learning the proper application and interpretation of Scripture goes a long way toward healing the wounds of abuse. (Page 66)

Victims must be able not only to rebuild self-esteem and purpose in life, but also renew a personal relationship with

God... it is possible to have a rich relationship with God... the victim must be turned "to faith in the living God from faith in a distorted image of him." (Page 67)

Day by day we had to put one foot in front of the other and say, "Jesus, I have been a disciple of my denomination. I have been a disciple of my church. I have been a disciple of my pastor. I want to be your disciple and follow you." (Page 84)

I now have a church where the pastor leads us to Christ, not to himself. (Pages 139-140)

Similarly, another twisted "good" is the concept of spiritual family. For myself, the concept of family is life-giving – a place of refuge, warmth, and formation. I have found that individualism is a lonely place, a form of sterile functionalism in which no one has your back, a capitalist vision of Christianity in which the body only moves together as a collective of coincidentally aligned self-actualised individuals. I resonate with Mike Pilavachi of Soul Survivor who speaks passionately and rightly about the need for church to be family rather than business.

I am learning, however, that even language of "family" can resonate with people's trauma. Dysfunctional families eradicate individual differentiation so that identity is lost. The language of spiritual parenting has also been used to manipulate and control and attaches to the abuses of so-called "shepherding" (page 55, 143). We need to redeem that language with care.

It takes time to work through this language barrier. It is possible to have healthy church family, and to share common goals, and to find oneself as part of a larger whole, and to have appropriate formation and discipline. "The intensity of relationships within an abusive group must be matched by intense relationships in a wholesome setting" (page

65). It requires a context of love, and grace, and warmth, and acceptance. At times it requires some particular leadership skills, which I am aspiring to discover. For those of us who inhabit a leadership, pastoral, or even therapeutic role, we need to to understand how the mistrust of us is not personal, but a natural wariness “of allowing another authority figure into their lives” (page 64).

It is useful, therefore, to see how Enroth takes us to some of the pathways that lead to healing and restoration. It involves overcoming a “shame-based identity” (page 37) and mistrust.

By learning to trust again, the victims of abuse also discover that they can tolerate and trust themselves, an important part of the recovery experience (page 40).

Simply by describing this journey, Enroth helps us. I understand what it is like to go through a season of regret over “the lost years” (page 44) of giving away health, wealth, and youth. Similarly, the journey through “anger and rage” (page 128) and bitterness, away from “pointing the finger” (page 78) and talking about “what had happened to me” (page 112), is difficult but necessary. The four stages of “role exit” (page 116ff) of those who leave an abusive situation is illuminating. The summary of “mending” (page 140) is helpful.

They need to understand that their significance is not in what they had, but it is in their relationship with Christ. They have lost a few years, but they have not lost their soul. (Page 130)

In conclusion:

Enroth has helped me listen to my own internal pain. I find something of myself when he quotes Johnson and VanVonderen who write:

There is no test to diagnose spiritual abuse. There are only

spiritual clues: lack of joy in the Christian life; tiredness from trying hard to measure up; disillusionment about God and spiritual things; uneasiness, lack of trust, or even fear...; a profound sense of missing your best Friend; cynicism or grief over good news that turned out to be too good to be true. (Pages 138-139)

If nothing else, Enroth has shown that such painful journeys are “far more prevalent and much closer to the evangelical mainstream than many are willing to admit” (page 139).

I remain perplexed and moved. In my real world, I am frequently running into those who have been left bleeding, and who have reached the same end as some of Enroth’s stories: “[W]e will never get what we need from a church. It is going to be our family and the Lord, and we have to get that relationship right. There is not going to be a church suited for people who have our backgrounds...” (Page 99). How to help, how to serve, how to bless, from a church leadership role that looks like what has hurt them before? This remains my question, my conundrum, and my prayer.

Recovery means trusting in the God of grace, the God of endless years. Remember the promise made to Israel in Joel 2:25: “I will repay you for the years the locusts have eaten.” (Page 145)