

"I remember the unfailing loyalty of your youth, the love you had for me as a bride. I remember how you followed me into the desert, into a land that couldn't be farmed."

< Jeremiah 2:2 >



Divorcing **Jesus**

A Love Story

EMPRESS T'MALKIA ZURI

“Come, I will show you the Bride, the wife of the Lamb.”

< Revelation 21:9-11 >



"I remember the unfailing loyalty of your youth, the love you had for me as a bride. I remember how you followed me into the desert, into a land that couldn't be farmed."

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Griot Publishing House
Phoenix, AZ 85043
GriotPublishingHouse.com

Divorcing Jesus: A Love Story

978-0-9961321-4-5

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Library of Congress Number 2015907151

Cover design by Griot Publishing House

Editing by T'Malkia Zuri & Griot Publishing House

Printed in the United States

Unless otherwise noted, Scripture quotations are from the NEW KING JAMES VERSION of the Bible, and THE BASIC ENGLISH BIBLE.

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IMPORTANT GRAMMER INFORMATION

First things first-There is one thing that YOU the reader should know about this book; some grammatical rules will be broken. Please allow me to draw your attention to the word “Eye”. When you see this, you should know that this is how “I” refer to myself.

Many ask me why Eye use “Eye” instead of “I,” so Eye thought that we should take this time to clear it up so that there won’t be any confusion later on.



The letter/word “I” is used to refer to an individual (self) in the first person such as *I am tall* or *I went to the store* etc. “I” is known as a personal **pronoun**; a word that takes the place of a personal **noun**. Before my awakening, Eye referred to myself as “I” because that is how Eye was taught. Eye never really knew my true self; Eye only knew the person who others said Eye was. After my awakening, Eye began to peel back my layers to discover a whole new person underneath. Eye no longer was that girl who lived in fear of hell fire or the devil. Eye no longer was that woman who followed a doctrine that didn’t favor women. Eye began to discover the real me; the person that my Mother and Father originally created me to be.

Eye began studying about the Pineal Gland, or the “first eye” and its powerful functions. Eye learned that my first eye was closed and not functioning properly. Christianity had done a thorough job of causing it to close over the 43+ years. Once Eye divorced Jesus and my “eye” became opened, Eye

decided to refer to myself as “Eye” (representing the all seeing “eye”). My first eye or pineal gland could now do what it has never been able to properly do during my indoctrination; FUNCTION!....So that is why you will see “Eye” instead of “T” in All of my books...Got it?...Okay, let’s get started.

“But I say to you that everyone who divorces his wife, except on the ground of sexual immorality, makes her commit adultery, and whoever marries a divorced woman commits adultery.”
< Mathew 5:32 >



For your Maker is your husband, the Lord of hosts is his name; and the Holy One of Israel is your Redeemer, the God of the whole earth he is called. <Isaiah 54:5>



Dedication

Now this part is awkward. In my 4 books prior to my last non-Christian book, Eye have always started my dedication page with *giving thanks to Jesus, My Lord & Savior and God*, but that won't be happening this time. So, let me give my first dedication to MY One and Only, true living God and Creator...MY MAMA Beverly Grant, and my Co-Creator, the late John Reed who transitioned from this planet in the year 2012. Eye also would like to dedicate this book to my babies, Dareon, Chima, Demmetraus and Z'Ryah. And last but not least, Eye would like to dedicate this book to all of those who indoctrinated me over the last 44 years. Because Eye was in that religious bondage for so long, Eye can actually appreciate the liberation that Eye am experiencing today. Not only that; hopefully Eye can help others by sharing my experiences, trials and tribulations as well as my victorious testimonies.

If Eye can encourage just one to hang in there and continue the indoctrinating detox program, then Eye would have done what Eye was/am destined and designed to do; assist others who are suffering from the psychosis of Christianity.

“But I say to you that everyone who divorces his wife, except on the ground of sexual immorality, makes her commit adultery, and whoever marries a divorced woman commits adultery.

< Mathew 5:32 >



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**** Some Chapters have bonus Titles within them marked by the broken rings symbols



Preface



Eye often get this question "*WHAT HAPPENED THAT MADE YOU LEAVE CHRISTIANITY?*" Most ask because they can't believe that Eye was able to escape the clutches of Christianity; others will ask because they think that something bad has happened at church that turned me away from Christianity; yet the majority asks because they are just stunned that a black woman would denounce the teachings of Christianity.

Let me say this for those of you who are wondering what happened to me:

(1) First of all, let me go on record by saying that Eye love and respect the Bishop and his wife that Eye *served* under for so many years; however, Eye don't love and respect the message that they are feeding the people...

(2) Eye saw every member of the "Body of Christ" as my family. Just like siblings, we fought and had disagreements, but at the end of the day Eye still loved them as family.

(3) Eye was not molested or raped in the church, nor was Eye physically abused.

(4) Eye was not forced to slave in the church. Everything Eye did was totally voluntary.

...*last but not least,*

(5) Eye wasn't dogged out in the church. Eye was happy to fellowship every week and Eye was "loving the word" that was being preached...

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THAT TURNED ME AROUND?

Eye became inquisitive. Eye began to do research and found proof upon proof of the ideology that Eye was

following was a botched job designed to enslave the minds of those who chose to believe. Then Eye found out that there is no physical proof that this Jesus is real or that he is the savior of the human race. So, if one NEEDS to know what happened to turn me around, it wasn't anything that the church has done to me. Eye accept full responsibility for the many years my children and Eye wasted while following Christian doctrine. As the mother and first teacher of my babies, Eye fully accept the mental abuse Eye administered to them for so many years. Eye am the one who waited 43+years before Eye decided to investigate what Eye had been taught. Eye freely accepted the fairy tales...Eye freely believed in a savior...Eye freely gave my heart and money to support that which Eye believed in. All of this was done because Eye was in love with a man that Eye had heard of but never seen. A man that Eye read about but never saw any writings from. A man that never sinned but died for the sinners, (so they say). Eye was in love with a man who was supposed to be my *everything*: my way maker, my confidant, my provider, my savior, my husband and my lover. Yep, you heard me right. You never heard of Jesus being the “lover of your soul?”

This is the journey of my life. From the time Eye came to know about this man called “Jesus” to the time Eye turned away from him. Eye recalled all of the love Eye had for him. Eye wanted a divorce from all of the lies and games that had been played in “his” name. Eye wanted to be free.

Eye divorced Jesus in the year 2011 at the age of 43. It was the hardest thing that Eye ever had to do in my life as of to-date. It was painful...scary....emotional...BUT it was liberating. Eye know that many of you can relate to what Eye have said so far as well as to what Eye am about to say in the

story you are about to read. Eye wrote this book for 2 people: ME and YOU. Why? Because Eye want to provide to you what Eye didn't get during my transition; SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS!

You see, Eye didn't have anyone to talk to in the beginning of my divorce proceedings. Eye felt alone; sheltered. Eye didn't have anyone's shoulders to cry on. No one was on my side. Jesus was everyone's pick for my life, and they couldn't understand why Eye was leaving him. All who knew me were in a state of shock that Eye would even consider divorcing my lord. They thought that maybe Eye ran into an online cult and got sucked in. No one-not the Bishop, First Lady, Elders, Assistant Pastors, Colleagues, Brothers/Sisters in Christ; Eye mean NO ONE attempted to understand what Eye was going through...Oh wait...there is one. How could Eye forget that my Mama (my God) made every attempt to understand her baby girl? Yes, she invested copious amount of hours on long distance, late night calls talking about what Eye was experiencing. Eye will forever be thankful for that, and Eye will forever be thankful to her.

Allow me to reiterate my previous statement: Eye wrote this book for 2 people: ME and YOU! Many of you are contemplating divorcing Jesus too (or you may have already done so), but like myself, you may be feeling alone or misunderstood. Eye know; been there and done that...got the t-shirt. Divorce can be a devastating event in your life with a man or woman that you can see, but to divorce an idea that you cannot see can be traumatizing. Hopefully my story will help you.

Empress T'Malkia Zuri



Divorcing
Jesus 

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Jesus



“But I say to you that everyone who divorces his wife, except on the ground of sexual immorality, makes her commit adultery, and whoever marries a divorced woman commits adultery.

< Mathew 5:32 >



Introduction- My Dream Man



Betrayed! That is the word Eye wish to use to describe my feelings after learning about who my husband really was. Eye never dreamed in a million years that Eye would find myself in this positon. Eye did everything right in my relationship with my man; Eye trusted him; Eye obeyed his words; Eye told others about him; Eye gave money to many churches on his behalf...hell, Eye even loved on his daddy as he instructed me to. Eye was a good wife.

For 44 years Eye devoted myself to Jesus. Now don't get me wrong; Eye wasn't always perfect but Eye loved him with all of my heart, body and soul. Eye believed in him and his words so much that if he sent someone else to tell me what "thus saith the lord," Eye would believe it AND obey.

Eye gave my all to him. Yes! Eye neglected "me" to make him look good in front of others. Not that he needed my help because Eye wasn't his only bride. Oh no, no, no! He was married to so many others-both men and women. Eye was faithful to him, and Eye let the world know it too. Eye had to show all who gave me their attention that Eye was devoted to him...TOTALLY (although he was a spirit Eye was told).

Eye was in love with an idea of this man. Eye was in love with a dream and a hope of this man. Eye dreamed of meeting him in person one day; oh yes! Eye envisioned myself walking through the pearly gates of heaven and seeing him sitting on the throne. There he was in all of his splendor and glory. Long, blond and wavy hair accompanied by ocean blue eyes. His skin was very pale but that didn't bother me because his color (or lack of) blended effortlessly into the white robe that he was wearing.

Seated next to him was an older guy with short, white hair. His eyes were red like fire, and he had a long, salt and pepper beard that started from the top of his lip all the way to the top of his chest. Jesus introduced him as his daddy; as my daddy. It didn't matter that this old guy looked nothing like the father Eye knew, for my father was a dark chocolate color; nevertheless, Eye accepted him as being the image of "our" father because Jesus said he was.

Jesus reached out his hand and said "come," and so Eye went. Eye moved slowly towards the throne and eventually reached the front of the platform that held the throne. He told me "Well done, my good and faithful servant." Eye smiled with pleasure as a special feeling came over me because he acknowledged my well doing. Eye failed to realize however that he called me a "servant" *Hell, now that Eye think about it, he has been calling me his servant throughout our entire marriage (along with a few other choice words)*. Eye didn't mind because Eye loved him with all of my heart and soul.

"Thank you for keeping your promise to me my lord!" Before Eye knew it, those words quickly escaped from my lips; the excitement was too hard to bear. Jesus returned the smile as he directed me over to the other women who were waiting. There were thousands of them; maybe even millions. Eye was happy to see them because Eye recognized many of their faces as those of my Sister-wives. They were women who had married Jesus too and spent the majority of their lives loving him like Eye did.

Eye took my place among them as Eye was instructed to do. We started to move towards another room and surprisingly passed up an army of men. They were in all white and didn't look too happy. Eye was wondering why they were not as happy as we seemed to be. Eye later found out that

they were the 144,000 Jewish, virgin men who were promised entrance into the Kingdom of God. Eye also found out that they were unhappy because we were to become their mates, and being that they all never touched a woman, just the idea of touching one at this point was not pleasant for them.

As we entered into the awaiting room, Eye could feel my breath becoming shallow. The room seemed blank. There was no color anywhere. The room was all white including the bedding, the floor and the curtains. There were thousands of beds; maybe even more. Eye soon realized that we were standing in a bride's chamber; a very large bride's chamber. This chamber was the place where all of us were to reside and be available as brides to the men we just passed up. Sorrow began to fill my heart and Eye became confused. Eye yearned for my husband Jesus; the one who promised me that if Eye suffered and obeyed him for a little while on earth, Eye would dwell and reign with him in paradise for eternity.

Anxiety began to set in along with reality and Eye began to panic. Eye turned to run back towards the door to find my Jesus. After all, he said that he would never leave me nor forsake me. As Eye reached for the door handle, it all disappeared; the door handle, the door hinges and the door itself. Eye shouted and screamed for Jesus but he never came for me. The other women began to realize that we had been tricked and as they too began to panic, many of them started running towards the place where the door once was to discover what Eye had already discovered; there was no door. Finally, out of nowhere, we heard the voice of the old man who was sitting on the throne next to our Jesus, and this is what he said:

“Calm down ladies; calm down. You won't see Jesus again because he never really existed. Man created me in their mind

and their own image which in turn “we” created Jesus. You are here to be servants to the men. You have been tricked, hoodwinked and bamboozled. I am surprised that you all didn’t get the hint. You were abused, raped and degraded in the book that they wrote and yet you still followed it. You were demonized from Genesis all the way til’ the end and you still held on to believing in it. Men have used their writings to persecute you, hang and burn you as witches but you still believed. Their book even told you that the 144,000 male virgins that would be hand picked by me would reign in heaven and yet you still stuck to their doctrine. And last but not least, you were never part of the Christian holy trinity as it only consisted of a father, a son and a spirit but not a woman. That didn’t faze you a bit either, and we ain’t even gonna talk about you believing that you came from a man’s rib.” The old man broke out into a laughter that shook every nerve endings in my body.

He continued, “Nope ladies, you won’t see Jesus again, nor will you reign with this Jesus. You will however make excellent servants to the men here because you have proven your loyalty and devotion to the idea of a man that was presented to you as a real man. So ladies...Welcome to the Promised Land!”

On that note, the old man who (Eye decided was God because he was old and white) burst into laughter as we all fell to the ground and began to worship the men who appeared before us as our masters.

Chapter Four

Jesus is My Man



Chapter 4 Jesus Is My Man

“As long as Eye got King Jesus, Eye don’t need nobody else!”

Like so many Christians today, Eye too believed with all of my heart and soul that as long as Eye had King Jesus in my life, Eye didn’t need anything else...including a real man. He was my *everything*; my savior, the lover of my soul, as well as my husband! Eye loved him with every inch of my being. Eye thought of him every waking moment. Eye went to bed with him on my mind at night. He was the first thing on my mind when Eye cracked open my eyes in the morning hours. Yes, he was my all in all! Eye often asked my self a rhetorical question: *why would Eye need a real man when Eye had my Jesus?*

Eye was so proud to call him my own. Eye proclaimed it to the world through my books, via internet and over the pulpit. Eye proclaimed it to everyone Eye encountered on the streets that “Jesus is Lord, and the head of MY life.” My whole world revolved around him. My house reflected that he was a part of my world. Whoever came to my abode knew right away that it didn’t matter to me what they did in their house, but for me and my house, we served the Lord. When people entered in through the front door, the first thing they saw was a huge poster listing all of the names that others have called my man over the 2000 years since his creation in the hearts of man: *Advocate, Almighty, Anointed One, Beginning, Begotten, Beloved, Bread of Life, Bridegroom, Bright and Morning Star, Carpenter, Chief Cornerstone, Chosen, and Christ* just to name a few.

Holy oil sat on my dressers and countertops so that Eye could anoint my self as well as my children whenever the

need presented itself. God-Spell music would play softly in the background to set the ambience of a Christian home. My husband loved visiting my home when the atmosphere was right (and we ain't even gonna talk about my car and the bible in the front window).

Eye didn't represent my love for my husband by wearing jewelry or apparel that displayed crosses as part of the design. Eye didn't do any crosses with my husband hanging from it because it was just too painful to bear. To be honest, Eye would like to think that Eye had a good reason for not wearing such clothing or jewelry.

When Eye was approximately 20 years old, one of my male friends came over to visit me at my grandmother's house. Eye wore a pair of earrings that grandma had given me. They were crosses with Jesus on them. My friend said to me without hesitation: "Why would you wear a symbol of Jesus hanging on a cross when he is not on the cross; he got up?" Eye sat in silence as his question penetrated my thought process while sinking into my mind. He was right! Why was Eye wearing these symbols on my earlobes that were a complete lie? My friend went on to give me a few more words and then he was done, "If your mother was shot and killed, would you wear the bullet that killed her around your neck?" Once again Eye had no answer, but it gave me something to think about. From that day forth, Eye don't think Eye ever wore anything like that again.

No, Eye didn't do many symbols to show my love for Jesus but Eye displayed my love for him in many other ways. He was my husband; the lover of my life; the captain of my soul. Jesus WAS My Man, and everyone who wanted to be a part of my life had to accept it or they couldn't be a part of my world...PERIOD!

Believe it or not, Eye actually told this to my ex-fiancé in 2006 which Eye regret to this very day. He and Eye were having a heated discussion when he decided to reiterate his love for me. This is actually how that conversation went:

My ex: “Babe, you don’t understand. I love you and I want this thing to work.”

Me: “Eye love you too Babe but Eye love Jesus more, and if you want to be with me, you are gonna have to go through him first.”

End of discussion.

Eye will never forget the look on his face for as long as Eye shall live. To say that it was a look of confusion would be an understatement and does not do it justice. He stared at me as if Eye just told him that Eye was sleeping with another man. Eye could see the color drain from his beautiful, brown skin. He couldn’t comprehend what Eye was saying to him, but Eye didn’t care; he needed to know that JESUS WAS MY MAN! He needed to know that Eye wasn’t going to let no one come between me and my Lord. My ex- fiancé walked out of my house, jumped in his car and left without saying a word. A weird feeling came over me as regret began to set in. Eye wasn’t sure that telling him that my love for Jesus was greater than my love for him was such a good idea after all.

Eye became confused about the whole reaction from my ex-fiancé. Eye wasn’t really expecting it from a man who was raised in church all of his life. Eye thought that he would understand but Eye was wrong. Eye knew that his exit wasn’t a good sign. To be perfectly honest, it was real clear to me when Eye noticed the copy of my first book laying on the

kitchen countertop where he had been standing. Eye presented to him an autographed copy just 30 minutes earlier. To see that he left my book there on the countertop hurt me more than he will ever know. Eye couldn't wait to give him a copy. Eye wanted him to be proud. Eye wanted him to be eager and excited about my new accomplishment. Eye wanted him to feel happy that his girl published her first book. He could have been all of these things but he wasn't. To tell you the truth, Eye think that my profession for Jesus' love destroyed the love that my ex-fiancé and Eye had. But it was okay and well within my soul. Any man who didn't love my Jesus the way Eye loved him didn't deserve to be with me anyway.



Lonely & Confused, But Eye Love Him Anyway

Now that Eye no longer had an earthly man to call my own, Eye needed to find a way to fulfill my days with my Jesus. If he was all Eye needed as Eye proclaimed, then surely he will keep me fulfilled right? Eye knew that in order for me to occupy my time for my man, Eye would have to do it through the church. Eye had to do it through fasting and praying. Eye had to do it through reading about him in the bible. Eye found my self indulging deeper and deeper into the affairs of my husband. Eye was so deep that Eye didn't even realize the reality of it all; Eye was lonely. Not *alone* because Eye had my babies with me, but *lonely* because my husband was out winning souls instead of being at home with me.

Eye found that confusion was settling in my mind and soon became a companionship to my loneliness. Eye was confused because Eye wasn't sure if my husband was pleased with me or not. Eye wasn't sure if he approved of the many methods

Eye had chosen to express my love for him. Eye was still a bit confused because my fiancé of 2 years had recently walked out on me after Eye chose Jesus over him. Eye was confused because the feeling of loneliness was sinking in. But how could this be? My husband told me over and over again that he would never leave me nor forsake me. He promised me that he would be with me always until the end of the world. Eye know this to be true because Eye read it in the book that men wrote for his daddy (so they say).

The crying spells were not as often as they had been in the past. Eye would break out into tears during the times when Eye would actually be relaxing from all of the work that Eye was doing down at the church. Eye didn't know why Eye was crying; Eye just knew that Eye had a lonely feeling that Eye couldn't shake. Eye didn't know if the tears were appearing because Eye missed my ex-fiancé and his warm, caressing touch while whispering in my ear, or that spiritual high that Eye once had when Eye fell in love with Jesus for the very first time.

Eye was an unhappy girl who hid this useless emotion from others while trying to hide it from myself. Eye knew how to smile at others when talking about the goodness of my Jesus, and all that he has done for me. Eye kept a testimony in my mouth about how he woke me up in the morning and started me on my way. Eye needed to be a good wife (no matter what it took) and not let others know that Eye was feeling lonely. Eye didn't mind that Eye was lonely and confused because Eye loved him.

Eye had to show my children that Eye was happy too. It was my job to raise them to love their step-daddy, and Eye dare not show them anything otherwise. They needed to believe that mama was complete, happy and content in her

relationship with Jesus. They needed to learn how to be complete, happy and content too so that they would love him in the same manner. It was my job as their mother to make them *think* that loving Jesus was better than gold or silver. They had to be shown how to *never* turn their backs on him. Eye couldn't let the secret out, for if they knew that Jesus wasn't making mommy happy as Eye proclaimed then they would despise him. They themselves would be confused and wonder why Mommy continues to love this phantom dude who doesn't make her happy. Eye couldn't be responsible for their hatred towards their step-daddy so Eye faked the funk. Hopefully Jesus will be proud of me for not being selfish and that Eye did an awesome job showing my children what it really felt like to be in love with him.



Jesus Loves Me, This Eye Know

Eye often think back to being in Sunday school as a little girl and learning the bible. We learned the teachings of Jesus through songs such as *Jesus Loves the Little Children* and *Jesus Loves Me*. How did Eye know that Jesus loved me? Because the bible told me that he loved me, and because the bible said it, it had to be true. Those songs embedded themselves within my spirit and Eye believed every word too. Eye even sang those very songs to my own children to help them in their understanding of who Jesus was. Eye wanted my children to know without a shadow of a doubt that their Step-dad loved all the little children of the world. He didn't care about anyone's color, sex or where they lived. Jesus loved all of the little children of the world.

Because Eye knew with all of my heart that Jesus loved me, Eye wanted everyone to know it. Eye wanted to share some

of the intimate conversations that we would have late at night. Eye began to tell people things like “The Lord said to me.....” Some would say “amen” and nod in agreement that the Lord did speak to me. Others just gave me a half-ass smile as to say *yeah right*. Eye wanted folks to think that Eye was Jesus’ favorite wife. Why would Eye not be his favorite? After all, Eye had ejected non-practicing Christians including my boyfriends, family and friends out of my life just to prove my loyalty to my husband. Eye gave him credit for everything good that happened in my life. Eye would never take the accolades of my man for he was worthy to be praised, *whether he did it or not*.

Eye wrote a check every time Eye heard my husband whisper in my ear “give.” He was always a man of few words. When speaking to me, he would use command words such as “come.” Eye knew what he meant every time and Eye was surely to obey his every word. Eye even spent a huge amount of my precious and valuable time at the church house because that is where Jesus spent a lot of his time. Eye wanted to be wherever he was. Eye was attempting to do everything that Eye could possibly do to prove my love for him. Oh yes, Eye knew that Eye was his favorite, and damn it, the world was gonna know too.

“I will not leave you as orphans; I will come to you.”

<John 14:18>

Jesus would always talk to me as if Eye didn’t already have parents. He was my man, but he thought that he was my mother and father too. He would tell me that he was my *everything*, and as long as Eye kept him in my heart (and obeyed him); he would take the place of my mother and

father. He told me that Eye had to forsake everyone else, give away my possessions, pick up my own cross and follow him if Eye wanted to connect with his daddy erroneously known as God. Of course Eye wanted to connect with the God of the bible. Wasn't that the whole point of being a Christian anyway? Eye knew that Eye could not get to the father unless Eye went through my husband. With my man being the only begotten son of this God and all, Eye wanted to be able to talk to my father-in-law just like Jesus talked to him. Eye wanted that one-on-one personal relationship that my husband talked about so frequently. Eye needed Jesus to survive the cruel world, and he needed me to exist in it.



What Manner of Love is This?

Loving my man Jesus was a love that Eye never knew before. It took me years to learn how to love someone that Eye couldn't see. Being in a relationship with him took me out of reality and catapulted me into a fantasy world. He wasn't like any man that Eye had ever known before. Although he was different from them, he had some similar characteristics of earthly men. For instance, he made a lot of promises that he didn't keep. He was a smooth talker though, but not from his own lips. He would use other men *and women* to tell me what he said, or he would tell me things in the books that were written about him; Mathew, Mark, Luke and John. Eye knew when he was actually speaking to me via the bible because it would be written in red ink. This was a clear indication that these words were those of my husband, and they were true.

Jesus didn't promise to provide for me financially, but what he did promise me was that *the same God who took care of him*

would supply all of my needs from his glorious riches. All Eye was required to do was ask and the door would open up to me. He told me to trust him and do well. Give my heart and soul to him and obey his teachings. If Eye did that, Eye would receive my reward once Eye entered through the pearly gates of heaven where he said he had prepared a place for me. Well of course Eye complied, and Eye waited eagerly to go home to be with my husband in the flesh. Eye soon realized that while Eye was waiting, Eye had to work and pay all of the bills so that my husband could stay focused and remain busy visiting his *other* husbands and wives.

It didn't matter that Eye was paying all of the bills in our home we shared together. It didn't matter that Eye was paying all of the tithes and offerings to the church my children and Eye attended. And it sure in the hell didn't matter that Eye was buying all of the groceries and supplying all of my children's needs **but** telling them that Jesus and his daddy was doing the supplying. Eye still had to give him and his God the glory and praise for it all. Eye still had to acknowledge that if it had not been for the Lord on my side Eye couldn't do it.

When Eye would struggle at times, Eye would ask him for assistance and he would promise that he would do it. Often times they were just that though; promises. That was okay too, because Eye already had an explanation ready to explain the times when he didn't keep his promises. Eye would blame myself for the reasons why and often felt a just punishment from Jesus for unknowingly doing something wrong. Eye would eventually ask my church for assistance with no success. They would tell me that they didn't really have the funds set up to help people with their bills. They did have one thing however; they had PRAYER. So that is exactly

what we would do. We would hold hands, bow our heads and pray to my husband and beg him to go to his daddy and talk him into sending my children and Eye some help. Maybe his God was too busy or something because he made it a habit of ignoring my needs. More times than Eye would like to acknowledge, Eye found myself contacting friends and family members to loan me some money so that Eye could pay a bill. My mother even had to send us boxes of food on several occasions over 2000 miles away. But Eye understood why Jesus didn't answer me, his beloved wife. Eye must have done or said something that Eye shouldn't have said. Or maybe Eye had a bad thought and my husband wasn't happy with me. If that was the case, Eye needed to be punished.

It was totally in my rights to ask others to help me when Eye needed it, for my husband once told me that if Eye continued to give, it would be given unto me. He said that it would come in many different ways; good measured, pressed down and shaking together was how it would come to me. He said that Eye would get so much from him that my cup would run over, and Eye would have enough to share with my other co-husbands and co-wives. He even promised me that other men would give unto my bosom. Whatever the reasons my husband had for not helping me, Eye was okay with it because Eye loved him and he loved me. Jesus was my man, and as long as Eye had King Jesus, Eye didn't need nobody else.

Meet Author T'Malkia Sariah Zuri



Empress T, host of *Life After Christianity 101* is a recovering Christian who is 36 months clean after 44 years of indoctrination, and has devoted much of her time in sharing what she has learned. She was born and raised a Baptist, then converted to Pentecostal, then Islamic, then Hebrew Israelite, then non-denomination. Empress T worked in every area of the “ministry” after attending many classes and receiving certificates of completion. Over the course of about 30 plus years, she managed to be a member of the choir, the missionary board, the usher board; a Sunday school teacher, bible study teacher, Pastor’s Aid/Armor Bearer, and a national licensed Minister by a very prominent and commercialized Bishop.

Empress T's main objective is "NOT to convert people, but to encourage them to think outside of the box while provoking them to seek and study for themselves. One will often hear The Empress proclaiming: "We can't liberate you for YOU have to liberate yourself, BUT we can HELP you to BECOME liberated."

T'Malkia Zuri, affectionately known as "Empress T" is the Founder and CEO of *Griot Publishing House*, an entity of *GriotInternational LLC*.

She is also the founder of “The Write Cipher” an organization that assists inspiring/aspiring Writers in sharing their thoughts with the world. She is the Founder of *GriotSites.com*, a webhosting and web design business that specialize in custom web designs, domain maintenance and more.

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A Real Spiritual Love Story!*



Divorcing Jesus



A Love Story

I often get this question "WHAT HAPPENED THAT MADE YOU LEAVE CHRISTIANITY?"....Some ask because they can't believe that I was able to escape the hold of Christianity...some ask because they think that something bad happened at my church that turned me away from Christianity. Others are just stunned that a black woman would denounce the teachings of Christianity. Needless to say, it wasn't any of those reasons.

I was in love with a man that I had heard of but never seen. A man that I read about but never saw any writings from. A man that never sinned but died for the sinners, (so they say). I was in love with a man who was supposed to be my everything: my way maker, my confidant, my provider, my savior, my leader, my husband and my lover. With him, I needed no physical man.

This is the journey of my life. From the time I came to know about this man called "Jesus" from within my mother's womb to the time I turned away from him. This is the story of our fantasized relationship that led to divorce.

You see, divorce can be a devastating event in your life with a man or woman that you can see, but to divorce an idea that you cannot see can be traumatizing. Hopefully, my story will help all who dare open this book.

ISBN- 13:978-0-9961321-4-5



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78-0-9961321-4-5

Griot Publishing House
Phoenix, AZ 85027

www.griotpublishinghouse.com

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