

# My Husband Raped Me

*By Barrington H. Brennen, September 17, 2009*

The story you are about to read is real. Names, places, and times have been changed to protect the identity of the individuals.

“Hi, I am Susan. I am sharing my entire story so you can understand the subtleties of the rape experience in marriage.

My husband and I first met on Christmas Day many years ago. He was charming, attractive, kind and sensitive at the time. We fell in love and in eighteen months we were married in a beautiful wedding ceremony on the beach on Paradise Island. All went well in the beginning of our relationship until the routine of every-day living took over our lives.

We started having children within two years and were busy working, going to church, and being involved in community activities. Although I was busy like my husband, I realized that I was demonstrating a greater need for closeness, affection, and intense conversation. He worked hard and provided for the home financially. I soon discovered that his “power house” body could not really stand up against the daily rigors of heavy construction he was involved in. He would come home hungry and tired at the end of the long day. After eating he would fall asleep for the rest of the night and left me hungry for attention. I did my best to make him comfortable, as an understanding wife, but soon discovered that he showed no interest in meeting my emotional needs. By this time he had lost his tender, sensitive, caring spirit towards me.

In the beginning of our marriage he was passionate and extremely erotic in our lovemaking, making me feel wanted and special. Within six months that changed. With all the weight of daily living on his shoulder, he cared less about my needs. He actually told me one day: “What more do you need. I am paying all the bills and we are living in a great home. Why are you complaining?”

Eventually when we did have sex, he was like a bull on heat leaving me cold and famished. The most painful part about it is that his sex drive made him unreasonable. He wanted to have sex and not make love anymore. The irony is that I wanted sex more often than he did and he did not know that. Important ingredients that were missing were the passionate love and tenderness needed to turn me on. He needed sex to make him feel like a man. I needed loving making so I could feel special and close to him. Sadly, I could no longer get turned on by his touch. I did give in to having sex but often felt used and abused because he did not care about my feelings. I knew the importance of providing the sexual needs for each other. I would write him letter to express my feelings because he would not listen to my pleas. I bought books, video tapes on marriage and insisted that we attend marriage seminars. These only helped for a short while and we would settle in our old routine again. I wanted our marriage to work, but it seemed as though he could care less about my feelings and what I was saying. Eventually all he was concerned with was his work and sex. Yes, I did have sex with him only because I wanted to be a faithful wife. The truth is they were not wonderful times. But he never knew that. I often felt dirty and like trash at the end of each sexual encounter. Looking back I felt like I had been raped many times. That was my secret, but not for long.

By the fifth year of our marriage we were having lots of arguments even in front of the children. We fought over trivial matters. The emotional wall dividing us had grown thick. He had no idea about the distance between us. Oh yes, we went to church together. He sang in the choir and I was an usher. We had a good showing on the outside. No one knew that our marriage was in a mess. I tolerated our cold relationship hoping, as most women do, that things would change, but they never did. They only got worse. Then he really began to abuse me. It started out with verbal put downs and demeaning language. He even would use expletives in front of the children. I really loved him but this was painful. He became intimidating and often attempted to be physically abusive.

## **THE RAPE**

He refused to understand what was dividing us. He could not see my pain. I would spend many times crying in my pillows or in the shower after sex. One day he came like a bull hungry for sex. I was tired and not feeling well from a long day at work. My back was hurting and I was somewhat depressed from learning about the death of a close friend. When the front door slammed when he entered, I knew only one thing was on his mind and I was not ready for it. He came to me in the bedroom trying to entice me to have sex with him. He said "baby, it has been almost a week. I need some." Usually I would give in. This would be the first time I felt I was not physically nor emotionally ready for sex. I said very kindly "Not now honey. I am weak and in pain. Let's wait until tomorrow." This made him mad and he began to spit out Biblical demands like "your body is mine," and "the Bible says you are never to refuse me." Although he acted this way before, he had never actually said these things.

He demanded and demanded but I pleaded "honey not now." Like an uncontrollable beast, he grabbed me and ripped off my underwear, forced open my leg and attempted to penetrate me. It was painful, not physically but emotionally. "Why couldn't he just wait till tomorrow," I said to myself. "Now he is really raping me." I cried while he pushed. He did not even care about my tears. After he was through, he pulled up his pants and left the room totally unaware of my emotional pain. How could I tell my friends or my family? It was embarrassing. They would not believe me. He is such a nice guy. Four days later the same thing happened again. This time the physical pain was real. I could not break loose. He also forced turned me over and penetrated my anus. I screamed and he laughed. When he completed his orgy, he laid in the bed fully satisfied from his great accomplishment. I ran into the bathroom and stood under the shower for more than an hour as the blood flowed down my legs.

The sad thing about this is that this scenario took place more than three more times before I had the gumption to leave. I had to sneak out of the house with the children and leave the country the next morning. Who could I tell this to? On one occasion in the past, I talked to the police and they laughed at me. Even my mother said one day to me "Honey, that's your husband. He's a man. He has needs. Don't refuse him." At church the pastor always preached "Wives submit to your husbands always. . . Never refuse your husband sexually unless by mutual consent." What a misuse of scripture.

I did return to Nassau but I never went back to my husband. Two years later we were divorced on the ground of mental cruelty. During the times leading up to the divorce, I discovered that during our marriage my husband frequented strip bars, viewed pornography on the Internet and had at least two affairs. I was blessed that I did not get any sexually transmitted disease. A few years ago I go re-married to a wonderful, godly man who understands me and does not rape me.

## **APPEAL**

Dear friends, a married woman seldom cries rape even when she is raped. Why? Because no one understands and believes her. When she finally cries rape, rape has occurred numerous times. Married women know what rape is even if they do not want to admit it. Rape is not about sex. It's about power and control. Married women who are raped do not feel like they are making love. In marital rape, there is often emotional and physical pain that leave long-term and sometimes permanent damage. I encourage any married woman who has been raped or who is being raped by her husband to seek help. There is help today. Call the Crisis Center or the police. You can also send your story to [maritalrapelaw@gmail.com](mailto:maritalrapelaw@gmail.com) "

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