

# Why I am No Longer a Christian

by Alberta Parrish

At 13 years of age, I became a Christian and joined a predominantly black church in East Point, Georgia. I joined mostly because my aunt told me that *she* wanted to join the church and urged me to do the same. I was never given a choice as to whether or not I wanted to serve the Christian gods. Since I lived in a predominantly Christian community, there was a church on every corner in my neighborhood. Because my aunt became a Christian, she preached the message of the gospel to all her family members. At the time, I gravitated to her message more than any one else in my family. Consequently, I started following my aunt around to different churches.

In 1988, my mother purchased a house in East Point, which was three blocks from my aunt's church. It was easy, therefore, for me to attend church every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday.

Over time, the people at church became my second family. The church was the place I ran to for comfort and support. The church was also the place where I learned how *not* to trust people. I learned that people who profess to be Christians are more capable of harming me than individuals whom Christians deem as "ungodly sinners."

Dedicating 23 years of my life to an ideology based on ancient mythology and folklore has left me psychologically and financially destitute. Together my aunt, mother and I gave thousands of dollars to the church during the years that we were active members. Before my life as a Christian, I had a normal life. When I became a Christian, my life changed forever.

Before moving to Georgia, I had a great childhood. When my mother and I lived in Miami, she would take me to Miami Beach to visit a Jewish woman for whom she worked. Ms. Massey lived in a condominium with a swimming pool, and she was always very kind to me. Although I was afraid to swim, I would still get in the pool and act like I could. I never knew my father, because he was not around. My father never even came to the hospital when I was born at Jackson Memorial Hospital in 1974. He died of a heart attack on March 16, 1982, at 57 years of age.

Every Sunday morning, my mother would take me to the Catholic Church near downtown Miami. I remember being bored out of my mind whenever the priest delivered his sermon and was always glad when worship service was over. I recall that religion held no real meaning to me. The inside of the church was very dark. There an idol of a white Jesus hung. I would stare at this idol and actually believe he died for my sins. I couldn't help but notice that other parishioners looked like they were bored, too.



In Miami, my friends and I would go to the park and play football. We would race each other to see who was the fastest runner. During the summer, we would go to this same park for summer camp where we were fed great submarine sandwiches, potato chips and soft drinks. The beach in Miami is the place where I had the most fun. My Aunt Hattie, my cousins, mother and I would all pack up in the car and go to the beach to have a family picnic. Viewing the blue ocean water and feeling the sand between my toes were some of the happiest times of my life. Then, one day in the mid-1980s, the happiness stopped when my Aunt, cousins, mother and I all packed up and left Miami to move to Atlanta. I said goodbye to all of my childhood friends, and I was never able to have genuine and loyal friends like them again. I remember how the kids in Atlanta were some of the most horrible

individuals to befriend. ATL kids bullied me. Many of these same individuals are now adults, and are in positions of authority in the workplace where they continue to harass and bully people.

Since Atlanta has a large black Christian community, I have had to deal with black Christian bullies for much of my life. Yet, I remained with the same black church for 23 years. The many problems I had with black Christian bullies in one church should have been enough for me to walk away and seek a new church home. Instead, I remained out of loyalty even though many Christian members ostracized me.

The pastor and her husband, a few ministers, and certain members were kind to me to a certain extent. But there were far more people who were very unkind than the few who were decent toward me. Human nature is complex and often unpredictable. Therefore, I never should have put those people on a high pedestal. I expected them to have a certain standard when it came to the way they treated people. Instead, I came to regret the day I laid eyes on most of these people. I let it be known that I was not pleased. Since the pastor taught us that we could be perfect like Jesus from the gospels, I expected Christians to truly love one another just like the Bible claims that Christ loved us and gave his life upon the cross to save humanity. I found, however, that many Christians behaved contrary to what I was taught to expect. Many were complete assholes to me! I learned that Christians are not perfect people. Most of them are not even good people.

I know now that human beings were never meant to be perfect people. In fact, we are a destructive species. It is my opinion that most black people don't have a lot of respect for other black people. In fact, you can see the murder and

mayhem occurring in many black communities all over the United States, and realize that the numbers regarding black-on-black murders are pretty damn accurate.

When my mother and I left Miami in 1985, we moved in with relatives in Green County, Georgia, where my mother was born and raised. I really hated living in the country, because not only was I bored out of my mind most days but I also felt that I was being treated differently. Maybe it had something to do with my dark complexion, or perhaps my cousins were just assholes. Or it could be they just didn't like me. I will never know why they made me feel like I was different.

After moving to Georgia, I met most of my family for the first time. I was ten years old. I didn't get the same sense of belonging with these "other" family members as I felt with my Aunt Hattie and her children when we all lived in Miami.

I also met my older sister even though she saw me after I was born in Miami and had left shortly afterwards to live with her grandparents in Green County, Georgia. My relationship with my sister has always been strained. For many years, I tried to have a friendship with her, but I don't think she ever truly wanted a relationship with me. I have learned in my dealings with people that no one is always as they appear. Sometimes, there are layers upon layers of bullshit that you have to peel back in order to get to the real person underneath. I know now that I never really knew my sister at all. For a long time, I believed that deep down in her heart she cared about me, as a human being, but I have come to realize that she never really gave a damn about me.

I was the one that told my sister about joining the church that I attended. In my attempt to bond with her, I thought that somehow our relationship would get better if only she were Christian like me. How wrong I was!

Instead, our relationship got worse. I remember watching my sister walk up to people after each church service to have a friendly conversation with them then realizing that she and I didn't have the same camaraderie between us and we were family! I was always jealous of my sister's friendships with others, because we didn't have a strong friendship bond.

Today, my sister and I are still not close because she chose to not have a friendship with me many years ago. After becoming a Christian, my sister's negativity toward me got worse. She treated me differently than she treated other fellow church members. In my anger and frustration for how my sister showed more favor toward others and less toward me, I didn't speak to her at church or acknowledge her presence many days.

Dealing with black Christians in one church was one of the most negative experiences of my life. But it wasn't so in the beginning. During the first few years, I would travel with my church family to various places and share motel rooms with the sisters. Many Sundays, I would go to dinner with the pastor and church family. I went to Cozumel,

Mexico for my first cruise with the church family, and I had so much fun. I remember having my picture taken with an iguana perched over my right shoulder, and how the sisters frowned upon it.

For a long time, I was happy and content with being a Christian. But I had a turning point during my high school years. I was the kid that was mostly quiet. I mostly wore skirts and no pants, because I was brainwashed to believe that wearing pants was an abomination in the eyes of god. The kids thought I was weird for bringing a bible to school, and they taunted me for it. The boys didn't like me. Most of the girls hated me except for one girl with whom I became a friend during my junior year.

The anger and frustration I felt from being bullied soon took a huge toll on me and, as a result, I acted out negatively toward others. I became very withdrawn. I lashed out at my mother and grandmother a lot. My sister had choice words for me, which I felt were verbally and emotionally abusive at the time. I quickly became the subject of gossip by family members, who all seemed to have something negative to say about me as a person just because I used profanity. Here I

was a good church girl who didn't party, have sex, or use drugs like many kids around my age were doing at the time. Because I showed momentary weakness due to my anger at the way I was being bullied in school and rejected by my peers, my sister gossiped about me with our relatives and her friends.

Since a couple of my relatives were also members of the same church I attended, they would gossip about me at church and tell people about the problems I had outside of the church with family members. There was no room for error with church people. Everything I did wrong was quickly highlighted and put under a microscope for all to judge. Often I felt rejected by my second family, the Church.

Long before I finally walked away from Christianity in 2011, I was not a happy Christian. I often felt that a god was punishing me due to my disobedient and rebellious nature. At church, I was constantly taught that human beings are often disobedient to God and that animals are more obedient than human beings. I, therefore, believed that my nature was that of a disobedient servant. I was so brainwashed that I felt a god was not "blessing" me because I wasn't consistently paying my tithes and making offerings to the church. I remember one Sunday when the preacher stood in the pulpit and told the congregation to pay their tithes and offerings before paying their bills. I was shocked that people agreed with her. I sure as hell didn't! There is no way I would give all my money to a church while not paying my light or gas bill. I refused to let my home go without electricity and gas for the sake of giving my tithes and offerings to a church.

I remember sitting in church and listening to an entire sermon in which the pastor berated and condemned people for not giving 10 percent of their income to the church. I don't think she cared about the circumstances surrounding why certain people were not able to give 10 percent of their income from each paycheck. Many days I felt that I was

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sinning against God by not paying my tithes and offerings and, as a result, my finances were shaky.

When my mother, who was a diligent member of the church, lost her home in 1992 due to foreclosure, church leaders never came to her aid. My mother and I ended up in a single room in the home of a Jewish man for the next several years. We received zero assistance from family members or the church to help us keep our house in East Point. Yet, the church expected my mother to continue paying unreasonable tithes and offerings, which could have helped her to obtain other suitable housing for her needs and those of her family. The only time my mother and I ever asked the pastor for financial assistance was when we were two weeks behind on our rooming expense. Rent was due each week, my mother wasn't working, and I was taking care of her off very little income. The pastor gave us the money to pay the rooming expense, but family members should have been the first ones to help us. Instead, they abandoned us and left us in a precarious situation.

For years, I lived my life according to what church folk would think about me. The same way this so-called Christian nation pushes other nations around and tries to police the entire world, this is how the black Christian community attempts to control and dominate people. I allowed so-called "good Christians" to dissect my life and tell me how I should think, how I should live, how I should worship, and what I could and could not say.

I believe that one of the reasons I find it sometimes difficult to verbally communicate with others is because certain people around me during my childhood would not allow me to verbally express how I was feeling and what I was thinking. When I did attempt to verbally communicate my feelings, my words were often rejected by the authority figures in my life like my aunts, uncles, church ministers, school teachers, and so forth. I believe I turned to writing at the age of 13 because my oral communication was often rejected. Even so, my mother was the only person that really listened to me.

Writing gave me the outlet to express how I was feeling, and what I thought about people and the world. Because my writing had a twist of secularism mixed with spirituality, many fellow church members didn't quite know what to think about my work. I don't think my former pastor and many people in her congregation accepted certain ideas I'd written in the past. I asked my pastor to edit a manuscript for me one time, and she did. Beyond that exchange, she didn't offer me any guidance on attending college and majoring in writing. My former pastor was also a former school teacher, but the lessons I learned under her ministry did not prepare me for the reality of living in a capitalist system. Although my former pastor used education to empower herself and her children,

she didn't empower me with education to enhance my life, so that I would rise out of poverty like she did.

I expected the church people to care about me even when certain family members did not. My expectations were never met.

Many of my relatives never supported my efforts to become a professional writer. My sister read my first book that I had self-published in 2002, or she claimed to have read my first book, and the only words she had for me were, "It was good."

In the years that followed, my sister never said another word to me about my goals, hopes, and dreams of possibly making it big as a writer. The only two people that really offered me steadfast encouragement and support in regard to my writing were my mother and a friend named Carl.

I don't think many in my family really wanted me to succeed in life except my mother. I think many expected me to be as miserable and as poor as they were. Many expected me to fail at life like they did. Many expected me to have a bunch of kids out of wedlock and be forced to raise kids as a single parent like they did. They didn't expect a lot from me and, as a result, I didn't expect a lot from myself.

The Church did not prepare me for life. I was never taught about personal finances or building wealth through real estate and other means. Even though my former pastor sold real estate, she didn't share this information with the entire congregation. She didn't teach her congregation about investing in real estate, and earning residual income by selling real estate. Whatever I heard about personal finances, it was always in the context of giving tithes and offerings to the church.

My former church leaders would claim that by giving god 10 percent of your earnings, this was helping to build up the "Kingdom of God" here on Earth. In fact, the only lessons I learned from the church were how to be a good slave for Jesus, how

to be a good slave on the job, how to be a good slave in your home, and how to allow church people to control your life. Church people some-times treated me with contempt and dis-respect. At the time I didn't understand why. I assumed because I wasn't steadfast in my faith or consistently paying my tithes, this was the reason for their actions toward me. At that time, I didn't understand that when you bend over backwards to please everybody, people often reject you even more. Plus, there were problems between the pastor and my aunt, which culminated in the pastor preaching a sermon about her one Sunday. My aunt was personally offended, and decided to end her church membership. My mother also left the church along with my aunt. I decided to stay, even though I should have left, too.

I remember making some comments during a Friday night Bible study, in which I read biblical passages pertaining to people gossiping about others. I said it was a sin for saints to spread negative rumors about people. I was

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personally offended about some untrue statements circulating in the church about my sexuality, and decided to express my concerns. I assumed it would be okay for me to express this concern in the church. I wanted people to think about gossiping when they didn't have a shred of evidence to prove anything.

I wasn't the only person that addressed certain issues before the congregation. Other people did it all the time. However, on Sunday, the pastor stood in the pulpit and preached a sermon about me during which she made inappropriate comments about my character. She embarrassed the hell out of me in front of the entire congregation, and I was shocked. But this should never have come as a surprise to me, because she did it to my aunt a few years prior. That embarrassing episode should have been my cue to permanently exit this church in 2007, but I stayed out of loyalty and because I felt I was doing the right thing.

From my teenage years to my mid-thirties, I wandered through life with no real purpose except the life that had already been arranged for me by the black Christian community. I wasted years of my life feeling guilty about not adequately pleasing God. Then, I met Dawud in 2009. He was the man that opened my eyes to the origin of Christianity having been based upon lies and deception.

Based on my personal research, I discovered that the Roman Piso family invented Christianity and the New Testament.

According to author **Abelard Reuchlin, Arrius Calpurnius Piso** invented Jesus, Mary, Joseph and other biblical characters. The author claims that the Book of Revelation was written as metaphorical writings describing the last will and testament of the Caesars, who were the elitists of ancient Roman society.

Below is the image of a Piso seen on a Roman coin bearing a horse and rider, and beneath it the phrase "LPISO FVGRI," which means Lucius Piso Frugi, the same man that wrote the first version of the Gospel of Mark (Ur Marcus), according to Abelard Reuchlin. Lucius, along with his father, were moneyers, which meant they created money during the days of the Roman Republic. The Piso family included rich bankers, aristocrats, poets and historians.



The real writers of the New Testament included peripheral historical figures like King Herod and Caesar Augustus as part of the Jesus story to give it authenticity. However, Jesus is nothing more than a literary character in a fictional tale. Christ's crucifixion is not authentic because

Krishna was seen in earlier depictions hanging from the branches of a tree as he was martyred.

Outside of biblical sources, there are no authentic historical records describing a man called "Christos" or "Christus" who performed miracles and was crucified by a man named Pilate. Even the Jesus account in the Annals written by the famed Roman historian Cornelius Tacitus is not authentic. In fact, according to some modern historians and investigative researchers, an Italian writer named **Poggio Bracciolini** forged the Annals in the 15<sup>th</sup> Century.

Although my mother is a Christian, she is a very kind and loving person. It is a rarity to find people today who profess Christianity and still have their humanity. My mother was first a good person before she became a Christian.

Sometimes, I was frustrated because I felt my mother allowed church people to raise me to a certain extent. I know now that she felt she was doing the right thing by placing her faith in those whom she believed had her child's best interest at heart. It is no different from parents putting their children in the interest of the State rather than in the best interest of the family. The Church is the last place to entrust the care of a child. Many children who are raised in a religious community turn out to be dysfunctional adults. If they are in positions of authority, they often cause many problems in society.

As an adult, I have made poor decisions regarding career goals and personal finances because I grew up in a Christian community where I was taught that god and the Bible are the answers to all of mankind's problems. During my young adult years, I was to caught up in religion and pleasing God rather than focusing on what career path I wanted to travel. I knew I had a great talent for writing. Instead of attending college for writing, I went to a business school and majored in Information Systems. Needless to say, I never got a job in my major. In fact, I never did much of anything with my life. My pastor never questioned me about what college I planned to attend and what I wanted to major in although she was a former school teacher. I wasted my youth with the Christian cross so far up my ass until I forgot that I must still be able to survive and operate commercially in the real world after I leave church services.

As a former slave to organized religion, my entire worldview was between the pages of the Bible. The purpose of the Christian doctrine is to teach you how not to think for yourself. Religion stunts a child's psychological development, and often causes mental illness in children. It produces delusional thinking. I have known many Christians who claimed to hear the voice of a supernatural entity speaking to them and directing them throughout the day. Many religious people also suffer from delusions of grandeur, which means they believe themselves to be more powerful and influential than what they really are.

I once believed myself to be a chosen child of the biblical Yahweh and thought that this imaginary figure had a special purpose for my life. Because I was told to believe that Jehovah was real, I believed blindly, without evidence, for many years.

My delusions also convinced me that an imaginary evil entity called Satan was oppressing me and causing me to

