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ESHET CHAYIL

ONE-WOMAN ARMY

FALSELY ACCUSED
HATED WITHOUT CAUSE
A FEARLESS STAND FOR HER DIGNITY
FORGED IN BETRAYAL & CROWNED IN CHAYIL

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DISCLAIMER

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Introduction

Was I in the midst of being trafficked?

I observed quietly, acting naïve.

Feign oblivion, I thought to myself, careful not to reveal my awareness.

I arrived at the stables and, almost immediately, I sensed that I had become the focus of something unusual.

I continued observing while appearing completely unaware.

There were never men here.

Why were all these men here?

The attention on me felt too overt, too deliberate, too fixated, as men kept drifting into my vicinity at precisely the right moments.

Every glance lingered a little too long, as though they were inspecting or sizing me up.

My awareness sharpened, committing every detail to memory.

This feels deliberate, I thought.

Well-dressed men appeared at seemingly calculated moments.

I sensed it in the air: their timing, their positioning, the rhythm of their interactions.

Nothing about it felt spontaneous.

Play dumb, Shanny. Act completely oblivious.

I felt eyes on me constantly: covert observation from some, overt staring from others.

Conversations appeared strangely rehearsed, with references to wealth woven into casual exchanges, positioned carefully enough for me to overhear.

Then came the approaches. The implied gestures.

The situation at the stable yard began to take on a more troubling shape.

As I rode toward the arena, one man approached on horseback as though on cue.

He was dressed far too immaculately for someone who had been riding, wearing no riding gear at all.

His gaze remained unabashedly fixed on me.

Before long, another approached me, attempting to strike up a conversation, impeccably dressed in a formal shirt, drawing attention to the ostentatious timepiece on his wrist.

The gestures were subtle yet unmistakable.

Each seemed designed to impress, to signal status, and to capture my attention.

I politely brushed him off.

Suddenly becoming aware of another man standing beneath a nearby tree, smoking a cigarette, watching me intently.

It was at that moment that the unease I had been trying to ignore settled into certainty.

Prior to these events, I had reported the inappropriate behaviour of one of the institution's employees, conduct that crossed the line into sexual harassment.

As these encounters unfolded, I could not help but wonder whether this was how the equestrian institution responded to complaints like mine.

Was I being publicly shamed for having come forward?

Were they trying to cast me as the kind of woman who invited such attention?

Was it easier to brand me an unchaste strumpet than to confront what I had reported, thereby shielding the perpetrator while sparing the institution both accountability and reputational consequence?

The thought was revolting.

They're trying to portray me as a whore. A hooker.

Disgusting.

It felt like an attempt to attach a false identity to an innocent woman before the eyes of a watching community.

I was being watched, eyes fixed on me like daggers.

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I ignored it all and maintained my façade of naivety, behaving as though I had no awareness of the spectacle unfolding around me.

It seemed to work because the atmosphere felt increasingly designed to provoke a reaction from me.

A woman approached me, called out to me, and immediately raised her voice.

In a deeply demeaning manner, she insisted that “everybody” was talking about me.

Then she aggressively began hurling accusations, seemingly determined to draw me into a confrontation.

Yet I remained silent.

I chose not to defend myself against people who appeared to have accepted a narrative about me without ever hearing my side.

I refused to plead my innocence to a crowd that seemed eager to participate in what felt like a coordinated effort to shame and discredit me.

To me, it resembled a form of collective intimidation, social targeting, public humiliation, and group hostility carried out in ways that could easily be denied if challenged.

Highly coordinated, yet just ambiguous enough to allow for plausible deniability.

So, I stayed quiet.

I knew what I believed was happening.

I kept my composure and walked away.

Cool, calm, and collected.

Alert to everything around me, yet outwardly behaving as though I were completely unaware.

I picked up on the subtle cues that were never spoken aloud, the meanings implied between the lines.

I noticed the contempt in certain expressions.

The smirks.

The concealed amusement.

The fleeting flashes of satisfaction.

Duiping delight.

The elderly Asian man lingering in the background did not blend into the scene as naturally as he may have intended.

He seemed to hover with quiet precision, his presence striking me as oddly investigative rather than incidental.

Surveillance? The thought crossed my mind.

Or was it simply coincidence that kept placing him in my path wherever I went?

As I made my way towards the parking bay, eager to leave, I noticed him again. As I walked past, he had opened the back door of his vehicle while maintaining his gaze on me.

The meaning behind the gesture felt self-evident, a message conveyed without words.

The implication was abhorrent.

I ignored him, got into my car, and drove home.

As I drove home, relieved to have gotten away from the stables, my mind was reeling.

What had just happened?

Had they been trying to set me up to pimp me out to these men, seemingly unbeknownst to me?

The possibility seemed too grotesque to be real, yet every instinct insisted I take it seriously.

As every interaction from the morning replayed itself in my mind, each memory began taking on a darker meaning.

I searched my memory for explanations; I needed to know whether I was imagining the danger, or had I been standing in the middle of it?

The men hadn't looked surprised to see me; they'd looked expectant, as if they were waiting for something to begin.

My stomach twisted.

If I was right, then this wasn't some misinterpretation.

It meant I had been expected here, my presence serving some predetermined purpose.

The realisation settled over me with sickening clarity.

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Whatever role they expected me to play, I hadn't agreed to it.

And that made me the only person in the setting who hadn't known the script.

I wasn't certain whether I was being set up to be trafficked in broad daylight or framed as something I was not.

Either possibility was horrifying in its own right, and my mind lurched between them, desperate to find a third explanation, one that, to me, didn't exist.

If I was being framed, then someone had orchestrated events so convincingly that I was already standing in the middle of a story I hadn't agreed to be part of.

It was 16 September 2023.

The day I felt surrounded by people who had already been briefed on a supposed narrative about me.

The day strangers seemed to respond not to the person standing before them, but to a version of me I did not recognise as true.

Their expressions, their confidence, the subtle presumption with which they regarded me all left me with the unsettling impression that I had walked into a conversation that had begun long before I arrived.

The day I walked into what felt like an ambush, not necessarily of fists or weapons, but of assumptions, expectations, and accusations I neither understood nor saw coming.

It was as though I had stepped into a room where the verdict had already been reached, and my presence was merely a formality.

What I experienced that day left me believing that an effort was being made to portray me as something I was not, an image that, in my view, served to protect the interests of Golgotha Stables at my expense.

I had reported the inappropriate behaviour by one of their employees, conduct that I experienced as sexual harassment.

Rather than seeing the matter addressed, I became increasingly aware of what appeared to be attempts to discredit me through rumours, accusations, and behaviour that seemed designed to undermine my credibility.

It felt as though the focus had shifted away from the complaint itself and onto me: my character, my motives, and my integrity.

As events unfolded, I became convinced that a deliberate effort was being made to damage my reputation and credibility.

What troubled me most was not merely what was being said about me, but the apparent determination to create circumstances that could be used to reinforce those allegations.

It was a staggering level of institutional betrayal that traumatised me, compounding the harm I had already experienced and leaving me to confront not only the original complaint, but also the consequences of how I was treated after speaking up.

That day marked the beginning of one of the most painful and bewildering seasons of my life.

What followed felt like a spectacle of public ridicule.

I felt as though I was being put on display before men whose innuendos seemed unmistakably clear, all in plain sight of everyone present.

They're all in on this. They're trying to frame me.

The atmosphere felt heavy and hostile.

The gestures I perceived left me feeling like the target of a public humiliation campaign, a degrading display designed to scandalise, diminish, and strip away my dignity.

Everywhere I turned, I felt watched.

Glances that seemed intended to intimidate followed me.

I sensed hostility in their expressions and perceived deliberate attempts to embarrass and shame me publicly.

This did not feel like ordinary retaliation.

To me, it appeared to be something far darker, a level of malice that seemed disproportionate to anything I had done.

I hadn't done anything.

I felt as though I was standing alone against a collective effort to destroy my credibility; an effort that, from my perspective, relied upon false allegations, coordinated hostility, and the spread of rumours designed to influence how others perceived me.

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The intensity of the response felt impossible to reconcile with the circumstances as I understood them.

The sudden presence of so many men immediately struck me as deeply unusual.

Because men were rarely present at the stables, I understood their presence formed part of a broader attempt to shape public perception, or perhaps something more concerning.

The situation appeared carefully arranged to portray me as “available”, encouraging interactions that felt deeply degrading and entirely detached from reality.

I was left with the impression that individuals within Golgotha Stables were participating, either knowingly or unknowingly, in circumstances that served to reinforce a false narrative about me.

So I remained silent.

Not the silence of weakness.

Not the silence of fear.

The silence of someone who was watching carefully.

Someone trying to understand what was happening.

I witnessed what I believed to be envy finally revealing itself.

It was no longer subtle or hidden, envy taking shape through accusations.

Envy organised itself into coordinated harassment, into whispered slander that spread like smoke, seeking to suffocate reputation and dignity.

Envy attempting to distort who I am in the eyes of others: my friendliness recast as flirtation, my warmth interpreted as seduction, my openness portrayed as promiscuity.

Envy that dressed deception in the garments of justice, allowing resentment to masquerade as righteousness and personal grievance to present itself as moral concern.

As I observed quietly, it seemed that an entire institution had accepted a narrative that bore no resemblance to who I truly was.

A lie was being paraded before others and attached to my name.

I believed rumours were being spread that portrayed me as something I was not - a woman for hire - while obscuring the truth of my character.

What disturbed me most was the apparent willingness of people to accept those suggestions without question.

The events of that Saturday morning were deeply distressing and traumatic for me.

As a young woman who had never been in a relationship, the implications being attached to my name struck at something deeply personal.

I do not engage in sexual activity outside of marriage and never will.

This conviction is rooted in my faith and in my commitment to honour God with my body.

For me, sexual purity is not merely a lifestyle choice; it is an act of worship and consecration.

It is one of the values that have shaped my life from childhood.

I am not alone in that commitment.

My family shares the same conviction.

In this way, we seek to present our bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which Scripture describes as our reasonable service (Romans 12:1).

My brother, at twenty-five, had never given himself to physical intimacy with a woman, choosing instead to honour God with his body.

My sister, at twenty-one, had likewise chosen the same path of devotion.

That is why the smearing of my virtue felt so devastating.

It was not merely a matter of reputation; it felt like an attack on the very qualities that defined how I moved through the world.

My kindness, my openness, my warmth were being reframed through a lens of immorality.

The very things I valued most in myself now recast as something shameful.

What I experienced was not merely an attack on my reputation but an attack on something I considered one of my greatest honours as a woman.

The honour of a single, consecrated, and sexually pure life.

I began to perceive what appeared to be a campaign designed to create the appearance of guilt where none existed.

A narrative seemed to be forming in which spiteful accusation carried more weight than truth.

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When enough voices are willing to echo lies as though they are truth, illusions can easily be made to appear convincing.

Yet in the midst of it all, I remained still.

Because deep within me, there was a recognition.

I had seen this pattern before, not in my own life, but within the pages of Scripture.

Within the pages of the greatest story ever told, about the greatest Man who ever lived.

Jesus also stood before false accusers.

People distorted His words.

Misrepresented His character.

And gathered witnesses against Him.

They were threatened not by wrongdoing, but by His purity, authority, and very presence.

They could not find fault in Him, so they manufactured it.

They could not control Him, so they condemned Him.

They could not corrupt Him, so they crucified Him.

And in that moment of injustice, He did not scramble to defend Himself against every accusation.

He stood in truth, silent, composed, and unwavering.

Because innocence does not need to perform, deception does.

Truth remains true, needing no permission from the crowd, whether believed or not.

Over time, I came to believe that the accusations were never truly about me.

I believed they stemmed from something deeper, a fear of exposure.

A fear that the truth might eventually come to light.

I knew this was pre-emptive damage control, an effort to discredit my voice before it could be heard.

The truth I carried threatened to unravel the carefully woven illusion they had crafted.

Threatening to loosen the fragile threads of the story they were trying to maintain.

What was crafted in the shadows and intended as a weapon against me,
God has transformed into a testimony.

And so, what was meant to silence me became the beginning of my story.
This is my testimony.