

If only God were not *MALE*. I don't want to trust *HIM*. If only it wasn't a *HE* that called me. I can't understand *HIS* love. If only...

If only I hadn't been molested when I was three. I have no actual memory, but my mother does. She is the one who told me about it.

If only a painter in a vacant house next door had not violated me again when I was five. I do remember that. If only...

If only I had not been repeatedly abused physically and emotionally by my stepfather. He also attempted sexual acts and spoke of them often. If only...

If only when I had not run to my "real father" to escape the pain to have him repeatedly and grossly rape and abuse me...if only

If only I had been protected from my uncle at an early age. If only...

I see these are the times Satan attacked my life illegally. I was a child. It all occurred before I was 14.

Then...

In order to run away from the pain I began to run away from home. I would offer myself to truck drivers and anyone who would help me or give me a place to stay. I once stayed at a Salvation Army Shelter for 3 or 4 weeks with my brother who was also raped by my father. I wouldn't give my name to the authorities because I didn't want them to return me to the pain I ran from.

Finally, I was old enough to run away and stay away. In Colorado I began to sell my body to get by. I remember while working as a nude model, hearing an audible voice say, "This is where you belong." I believed it was true.

During this time I gave birth to my first child...my daughter. I began to drink and take drugs to escape the pain the shame of my life. My life was a wreck when I discovered I was pregnant. It only seemed reasonable that I abort the pregnancy. After all—I wasn't sure who the father was. In less than a year—I was pregnant again. I had a second abortion.

This did not help my circumstances. It only added to the guilt and shame I already lived in. It only led to more drinking, drugs, sex and now suicide. I lived a life of constant torment. It came to the place where the alcohol and drugs were no longer effective to control the pain. Suicide seemed the only way out.

It was because what Satan had once stolen from me as little girl-- I willfully entered into...making an agreement with Satan. I agreed to sell my body. I agreed that I "belonged" in wicked places. I believed I was the black-hearted b---- the enemy told me

I was. Because those who should have protected and cared for me violated me, I was wounded and lied to. I believed the lie. I then built my life around it.

I even dabbled in some witchcraft from time to time. In 1983 I met a guy that went to church. I moved in with him and would go to church with him and beg (in my head) for God to save me, but I felt I was born defective and un-savable. I had two more children and got divorced.

In 1988 I was at the fair in Turlock when I came upon a pro-life booth. I froze when I saw the pictures. I realized I had butchered my own children. I started volunteering with the pro-life group, but it didn't stop the deep guilt. I just pushed that way down inside along with everything else.

In 1988 or 89 my daughter was molested by my boyfriend. I thought I would have been the best at seeing a molester. I was wrong. I was blind. Even worse, when she told me—I didn't believe her. Because of this CPS took all three of my kids for 6 months. I went to rehab and classes to get them back. It was a shock because I wanted so much to be a good mom. How did this happen? I didn't keep her safe anymore than my mom did.

In January of 1991 after being on a three-day binge with alcohol...I got on my knees and said part of a scripture I had heard. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God—everything else will be OK." That is all I knew. I saw a dark cloud leave my face. I also saw that I could be saved. I asked Jesus to save me. My life then started to swing like a pendulum in and out, on fire for God and back on drugs. I was unable to love and trust. I wanted the love of a father, but felt hate for God if He was a father. Once I was screaming at God how I hated Him...I heard a voice say, "You don't hate Me, you hate your father."

This past year, 2005, my brother, Ricky, got saved and came out of a 25 year gay life style along with hearing voices and doing drugs.

I started going to Christian counseling with my pastor's wife, Ms. Shelly. I have been seeking deliverance from strongholds that have been keeping me in bondage. Just a few weeks ago I was going to kill myself for like the fifth time. I ended up going to a conference in Dallas with the ladies at the church and Ms. Shelly. A lady there, Teresa, heard I had 2 abortions and said to me, "Jesus forgives you and your children forgive you." I couldn't hear that yet, but I kept it in my heart. At the conference I began to learn about spiritual warfare.

Soon after I went to a retreat that Teresa had called "Come Away My Beloved". I was reluctant to go, but did so because Ms. Shelly went with me. I was mad by the second night because all these women were singing about love! That is my big hang up...love and trust. I had never dealt with my abortions. It was just too deep. I was honest with the group. I told them that I didn't want to ruin things for everyone else, but all of the stuff about loving God and intimacy with Him made me angry. I hated that God was Male! I spent much of that weekend in my room alone with a workbook Teresa had

given me—“Forgiven and Set Free”. (It is called the Peace room.) I sat in that room looking at a small figure of Jesus sitting next to a woman and holding an aborted baby. I tried to get to my feelings. I wanted the wall that surrounded my heart to break.

Also, while we were there a woman named Lee gave me a scripture Hosea 6:1—In my words, He (God) has torn, but He will bind...and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day He will raise up.

That Sunday morning Teresa and I walked over to Gilead. It is a memorial for the unborn. Though we talked there for a while there seemed to be no big breakthrough. I had told God I didn't want to leave with out a breakthrough.

Anyway, we went back to the house for breakfast and I remembered the flowers I had taken over to Gilead. I wanted to press them and keep them. As I began to walk the path back to Gilead—I felt drawn-pulled...I walked faster. It was like Jesus was calling me. He wanted me to bond with Him, to feel again, to release. I started talking to Jesus. I asked Him to forgive me. I told my sons that I was sorry and I wished I had protected them. It was as if they forgave me...

I had always pictured them in the abortion clinic in that stainless steel bowl. I had kept them there in my mind. Now, I know they are safe with Jesus and I will see them again. We will run in fields of flowers and they will hug me.

That morning after I returned from Gilead we began to worship. We were singing—

*Oh, Take me away with You. Even so Lord come...  
I love you Lord- I love you more than life-repeatedly*

Teresa asked if she could sing the verse of that song over me. I said I would like that. It goes:

*Jesus I need to know true love-greater than love found on earth  
Take me into the King's chamber-cause my love to mature*

*Let me know the kisses of Your mouth  
Let me feel Your warm embrace  
Let me smell the fragrance of Your touch  
Let me see Your lovely face...*

Teresa then asked me if I could just tell Jesus that I love Him. I told her I didn't feel it, but I wanted to say it. I whispered, “Jesus, I love you”. Then it began to flow louder and louder—“Jesus, I LOVE YOU”- **“JESUS, I LOVE YOU”**. A wall came down inside of me.

Right now- I am a work in progress, a broken vessel, but willing to let Jesus pour His love into me so that it will flow over and spill out to others. When Jesus breaks all the walls in my heart I know I will gush His love.

My life matters to Jesus. I still don't understand how or why, but I believe He loves me...and I love Him.

“He who is forgiven much-loves much.” I am going to love Him soooooo much more than others because I have been forgiven of so much.

I love my mother and step dad. My mother had been a secret Christian and rededicated her life to Jesus on her deathbed in 1997. She died in peace. My step dad is the only person to ask me to forgive him. As an old man he became a sweet and wonderful grandpa to the kids. He accepted Jesus on his deathbed. He said things like, “God is so good.” He died in peace.

My father is out of his mind in a nursing home. I prayed for him sincerely for the first time the week after my break through. I have since released all of the judgments I have held against my father. I know Jesus died to wash away my father's sins and His blood can and will save my father if he accepts Him. I used to want him to burn in hell.

Very unexpectedly my grandmother, my father's mother, called to tell me she loves me. She had always seemed to hate me. I was shocked.

It feels like releasing my babies from the abortion clinic to Jesus when I release and forgive those who have hurt and abused me. I get released inside.

My husband is going to church with me. One of my sons is serving God. I am working on restoring relationships with my other two children. I have so much hope for the future. I know God has a purpose for my life.

Last, I went for an “Intensive” at The Abiding Place. While there God delivered me from so much. It seemed too simple. I just broke the agreements I had made with Satan. There was no yelling, screaming or thrashing...I was afraid of that. The demons had to leave once I realized why and when I gave them permission to enter. I told them to leave...I told them “the deal is off”. They left and Jesus came into every empty place inside of me.

During this time the lie that I was born to be a prostitute was exposed. God told me I was born to love Him. Murder and hate left...Love and forgiveness flooded me again.

For the first time I sensed God hugging me, keeping me safe and even smiling at me.

**God told me that my life would become as beautiful as it had been ugly.**

The Story Continues:

I know every day I need Jesus. I need His Holy Spirit every second. If I take my eyes off of Him I just can't survive or think. My whole life I was desperately searching for Him...for my soul mate. I was like the woman in scripture who lost her coin and searched everywhere desperately until she found it.

Now, when I mess up, I know the "lover of my soul" is merciful and long-suffering. He is my protection. He covers me. He knows me...every gory detail... and still He paid the price for me...to preserve me. It blows my mind that I can say those words. I know that is what I have wanted to say my whole life.

The last time I was at The Abiding Place, the end of November, I had a major panic attack and was going to leave. I ended up staying and had another break through that night. Rhonda Arias from Oil of Joy for Mourning was leading the retreat and she had us deal all day with layer after layer of unforgiveness and judging others, ourselves, and even God.

Then, that night she said since we had dealt with the guilt and shame entangled with the abortions we could now grieve the loss of our child. We could now love and mourn for our children. Wow! That is a different way of thinking.

Example: If I killed 2 born children and then cried and mourned the best I could hope for from a judge or jury is the insanity plea. Even if we don't consistently think about it...deep in our mind...how can you really love or accept love if for whatever reason—you killed your own flesh and blood...your perfectly innocent gifts of God. But once you deeply and truly sort out, receive forgiveness, and forgive others you are allowed to hurt and mourn for them...as if they had died any other way...only Jesus can bring you to that place. It is Him...

I so enjoy being lost in Jesus...hidden in Him...letting Him fill every broken and empty place...letting go.

Jeremiah 18:4 And the vessel that He made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter...so He made it again into another vessel...and it seemed good to the potter to make.

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