

What About Her?

# What About Her?

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This is the story of my life. It's the story of how I went from victim to victor. It's the story of how I went from abused to living happily ever after.



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## Chapter 3: Introduction

### Introduction

**It was a warm summer night in upstate New York, August 1964, when mom first held me in her arms. I was born into what seemed, on the surface, to be a beautiful, happy, young family. They already had one bundle of joy; a two year old daughter. They really weren't ready for a second. They were struggling. Mom was a stay at home mom and dad was a guitarist in a small band with a few of his friends, not making much money. Their struggles led to arguments. Most of my memories of this far back are now faded but I do still have vague memories of the fighting. And then came three.**

**In April 1967 my younger sister was born. The added mouth to feed surely put extra stress on dad as he tried to support his growing family. He did finally get a job that would pay well, an over the road trucking job, but it was clear across country in California. So he uprooted his family and brought us all West. Little did I know that this move would be the first in a series of horrible events that would be the roller coaster that our lives would turn into.**

## Chapter 4: Chapter One

### Chapter One

It was a joyous early morning in 1968 and it was finally moving day for our young family. My sisters and I were 6, 4 and 1. We were heading on an adventure, a new beginning for us. Southern California. Where there was warm sunshine, a steady paycheck, and no worries. There wouldn't be anymore arguing. No more fights. Everything would be better. But life wasn't going to get easier; only harder. I don't think any of us knew the extent of dad's unhappiness. He was out on the road more than he was home. He had his own stress and emotions that he was trying to deal with. Taking care of a wife and three little girls was not easy I'm sure. None of us expected what was coming next though. We were only there for a handful of months. Just long enough to meet "the neighbors from across the street", and become friends with them. But, whatever was going on in dad just got worse and worse until one day he walked out the front door and never came back.

The longer dad's over the road trips were the more we began to visit with "the neighbors from across the street". We went to their house for lunch and dinner and we played with their five kids. We were getting to know them pretty well in a very short time. Mom was getting to know him pretty well too. They were becoming fast friends. We had fun with him and so did she. He was nice to us. He'd play with us and make us laugh. He would come over and spend a lot of time with her while dad was off driving his truck. Dad would come home after long weeks of being gone and his jealousy would get out of control because of the time spent between mom and "the neighbor from across the street". They'd have arguments and we were petrified. Mom was a very strict, devout catholic, though, and would never allow anything to happen between the two of them. She tried to convince dad that nothing was happening. But it didn't work. He didn't believe her. She didn't have feelings for "the neighbor across the street" but dad refused to believe her. He let his anger and jealousy get out of control.

I went to kindergarten there and it was one of the saddest times in my life. I was such a sad little girl. I was always on the verge of tears. There was always so much fighting going on. It hurt to see dad so angry with mom. It hurt to see mom cry so much. I was so heartbroken and so sad all the time.

I remember one morning specifically, waking up and noticing that my sisters weren't in the room. I remember calling out to them and no one answering. (Why I didn't get up and walk through the house, I don't know). I remember screaming then, "mommyyyy!!" I remember crying so hard by this time, and I was on my knees on my bed, bouncing up and down (probably in a frantic panic mode) and I remember actually pulling on my own hair while screaming "mommyyyy". I can remember my face drenched in tears. I can remember the panic, to this day. And then I noticed something. There, just under my leg, was a small clear wrapper with a Hostess cupcake in it. You know those ones that have the white swirl of cream on the top? I saw that and immediately stopped crying. I got the package, opened it up and stuffed it down. That was the very first time that I ever used food for comfort, and sad to say, it would not be my last. I ate that and fell back to sleep. Mom eventually came home, and I started crying again when I saw her. She had been over at the neighbors, across the street.

It didn't take long for dad to get to his breaking point. They were fighting pretty much continually then, and it was all over his jealousy over "the neighbor across the street". The fighting got so bad, that eventually dad just could not take it anymore. He called all three of us together and had us all stand in front of him and told us that he was leaving and that he would not be coming back. When I heard that, it was as if all of the air got sucked out of the room. It was as if I was hit with a ton of bricks. We all cried, and we cried hard. My heart was so devastated. Daddy wouldn't be coming back. My little heart was crushed into millions of pieces.

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**Mom tried hard to convince dad that nothing was going on. That she would never let that sort of thing happen. And that she loved him very much. But he wouldn't listen, and walked out the door. So here we were 3,000 miles away from home, in a strange home, unfamiliar territory, and daddy was gone. I was heartbroken, crushed beyond words. We all were. I can't imagine now when I look back on it all, how mom must have felt. Abandoned. Alone. Deserted. No one to turn to. And a long way from home. How scary that must have been for her.**

**So mom, in her frightened state, called her brother back in New York and asked him to come and get us. Well, he wasn't the only one that came. Her brother, her twin sister, and her mom and dad all showed up. Boy was it good to see them all. They all came to our rescue and brought us all back home. She wouldn't dare have anything to do with "the neighbor across the street", because in her heart she was still married to dad. She'd never do anything against the Holy Bible.**

## Chapter 5: Chapter Two

### Chapter Two

Now, late '69, we were headed back home. We were 7, 5, and 2. The adventure turned into a nightmare and the new beginning was one that I wish never would have begun. Our lives were taking a turn for the worse and none of us had a clue.

When we first got back home to New York mom, my sisters and me went and stayed with mom's mom and dad. My mom's twin sister and her three daughters were also living there. Grammas' house was a large farm house that had two separate apartments. One that took up the bottom floor and the front of the house and one that took up the top floor and the back of the house. No one was renting the upper floor so they kept it shut down. They didn't keep up with it. There was furniture in each room and cobwebs covering everything. Once in a while we'd sneak through the side door of the kitchen and into the hallway that led to that apartment, and we'd run up the long flight of stairs into a toy room, that still had toys in it. There were the six of us girls now and we had good times and bad. I remember my older sister and cousin going out to the barn and walking barefoot in the cow manure. I remember me and my younger cousin going out to the pond and catching frogs. I remember playing out on the giant silver water container and pretending we were riding it like a horse. There were a few good memories out of all the bad. I'm sure mom didn't quite know what she was going to do with herself, much less three toddlers, but she was happy in the safety and the comfort of her parents.

Mom might have felt safe at home with her family but my world was completely turned upside down. Everything was crumbling down around me. We had no home of our own, and had to live with whatever relative would take us in. We had cousins in each of the homes we stayed in. We played nice, but many times there were fights between all of us.

Mom and her family were all devout catholics. During the time we stayed with relatives, we went to church with them, faithfully. I remember mom making us take what they call, 'the holy eucharist'. I remember being in church with her, and having to stay right beside her, so that none of 'us girls' would make a sound. When it was time to swallow that wafer, which was at that time, for me, a humongous dry awful thing, I remember mom putting it on my tongue and telling me to just let it sit there and get wet. "Let it sit there and get wet???" I remember almost gagging the moment it hit my tongue. I remember being so scared that if I told my mom that she'd pinch me or pull my hair. She did that a lot. I remember the gag reflex happening and the fear that came with that was horrid. I would start to cry because the thing just would not soften up or go down my throat. And don't let her see me CHEW the thingâ that's a whole separate punishment. So finally after a while of this going on, she decided she'd be 'nice' and help me to be able to swallow it. Her idea was to bring a pill bottle of water with us, so that when that thing stuck to my tongue and wouldn't go anywhere, I could put the water in my mouth and maybe soften it up with that. Well that didn't work either. I was too young and too small. I didn't have the ability to hold the water in my mouth that long. The water slipped right down and the disgusting round wafer bread would stick right there. So on and on it went, the pinches and hair pulling and verbal abuse until the thing was down my throat.

Every night all of the grown ups (mom, her sister, and her mom and dad) would sit around the kitchen table and they'd recite the rosary. I remember all of us kids would all have our pillows and blankets laid out on the kitchen floor, everywhere, just having to listen to them. We'd have to be completely silent. We couldn't laugh or we'd get pinched. This went on every night. If any of us would laugh, giggle, talk, whisper, or make a sound, we'd get in big trouble.

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Here's something really odd. You'd think that as a "devout catholic family" that they were, this sort of thing wouldn't happen. But you never know what you'll find behind closed doors. I remember all six of us girls had to sleep in this big bedroom at the very end of the house. We had to go through room to room walking past all of this eerie furniture and past all of the ghostly black and white pictures on the walls, of all of the soldier relatives. This room in the far back had three of the biggest beds. We loved jumping on the beds in there. I remember there was this one picture in that room of one of the soldier relatives, and his eyes followed us everywhere. It scared the living daylights out of us. But the thing I remember most about those days and that room was when my mom and her twin sister would get together in the one bedroom right before ours, and they'd play with the ouija board. I remember how they talked about it would move by itself and it would answer their questions accurately. I remember how they talked about trying to talk to dead relatives. This is one thing that I renounced and one thing that I pleaded for forgiveness for, for the sins of my 'fathers'.

Also another interesting thing I want to add is that my grandparents, parents, were first cousins.

Talk about curses in our family. There were two sources right there.

## Chapter 6: Chapter Three

### Chapter Three

**In 1970 we moved from mom's parent's farm house to her sisters' house to stay with them for a while. We ended up being with them for about a year, too. This year had its regular fights with the cousins, routine catholic rosary nights, and its ongoing picking on at school. It brought in more fear, more inferior feelings, and more shame.**

**We never thought much about "the neighbor across the street" anymore. He was like a distant memory to the three of us. I'm not sure if mom thought about him much. I can't imagine that she would have after him being the reason for dad leaving.**

## Chapter 7: Chapter Four

### Chapter Four

1971, I turned seven years old that summer and I'd be starting the 2nd grade. My older sister would turn nine that year and be in the 4th grade. My younger sister would be four. This was the year that we finally wouldn't have to live with relatives anymore. We were getting an apartment of our own. Mom finally had a job and could afford a place for us. I can't remember who took care of us while she was working though.

It was time to start school and I was still a sad little girl. I was introverted, shy and scared, and very lonely. I still missed my dad so much. I was meek and timid. The girls, it seemed, never liked me. In fact it was as if they hated me. I never did anything to them. I learned not to even look at them. One glance could get me slapped. And it did. Plenty of times.

I do remember one small boy though, who was very nice to me. We became good friends and then he was my boyfriend. I remember one time in the play ground; he gave me a kiss on the cheek. That was the one time that I actually felt special. We left that school that year and I never saw him again.

Mom was gaining weight by this time and was meaner too. She was constantly yelling at us for something. We could never play when she was home. We would either get smacked, pinched, or she'd pull our hair. We could never slip and chew with our mouths open just once, or we'd get slapped. She was getting miserable.

During this time is when I became so afraid. Scared of my own shadow. Scared to be alone and scared to be with people. I wanted to hide all the time. I cried all the time. I withdrew into myself because it just seemed everyone in the world was so mean. Everyone except for my sisters.

## Chapter 8: Chapter Five

### Chapter Five

**Its 1972, the third grade, I was 8 years old. I don't have a lot of memories of this year. I am not sure why.**

**We moved from our last apartment and into a low income apartment complex. Still the abuse went on though. That never stopped. Mom was getting meaner and the kids were relentless. No matter where we lived, there was no end to it.**

## Chapter 9: Chapter Six

### Chapter Six

1973 fourth grade, nine years old. We never stayed in one place longer than a year. I never figured out why. Not sure if mom was compulsive about moving, or if she had a fear of staying in the same place too long, or what. We never stayed in the same school longer than one grade. This year was no exception. Another new place to live. Another new school. More new kids. We were always picked on because we were such meek shy kids. Girls would look at us and they'd know we were scared of them, and right away they'd start their sarcasm, teasing and name calling. I think I must have been the shyest out of us all because I seemed to be the worst one picked on. That was verbally though, but my sister got it physically. My sister got the physical abuse because she was always sticking up for me. The girls would be so cruel and nasty with their words to me. They would spit their venom out and it poisoned me just the same as venom from a snake bite would. Their words were evil darts hurled at me to keep me down. But my sister would always go to bat for me and get into fights with them so that they'd just quit it. But it never stopped. The enemy knows who are God's and he is relentless with them, right from day one of their little lives. That school year was filled with horrible verbal abuse from the kids but that was nothing compared to what was happening at home.

Mom got a better job with better money so we moved out of that apartment complex and into our own apartment again. Then we had the surprise of our lives. "The dad from across the street" showed up. He was nice to us before so we were happy to see him. He spent a lot of time with us. He was nice to us then, and he gained our trust. We were glad that he was there. Maybe mom would be happy now. Maybe she wouldn't be so mean.

That year went by fast. Still trouble with the kids at the new school. Still trouble with mom. Mom and "the neighbor from across the street" were planning to move out and into their own place. So we would be moving once again. Another new school and new kids to deal with. We would soon see where this new turn of events would take us.

## Chapter 10: Chapter Seven

### Chapter Seven

In 1974 I was 10 and in 5th grade. My older sister was 12 and my younger was 7. We moved into a large apartment complex with an in ground pool with slides and diving boards and a playground with swings and merry go round and slides and all sorts of things. We were ecstatic. We were so happy to finally be moving somewhere where we could have some fun.

This time "the neighbor from across the street" would be moving in and living with us. He suddenly was "the dad from across the street". As soon as he moved in it was as if he had changed into a different person. I'll never know exactly what happened to cause him to turn on us like he did. He was a cruel, abusive, evil person. He seemed to have no heart. Or maybe he did have one, and it was pure evil. Either way it was a horrible time. I truly believe he hated us. He was heartless. I remember how he used to hit me on the head all the time and knock me down onto the floor. I remember him yelling at me. I remember the name calling and the horrible laughter and snickering that he would do when he would be mean to us. This was when the abuse really started, from both "the dad from across the street" and from mom.

One time, on my birthday, I was swimming in the pool. He came down to the pool so that he could give me my "birthday spankings". I thought he was playing, so I was laughing and giggling all the way over to him. I was so unaware of what was about to happen. He sat at the edge of the pool, put me over his legs, held me down so tight, and spanked me 10 times so hard with his hand, that it left welts, bruises and bleeding spots on my be-hind. I never cried so hard in my life. I was just beaten, so unexpectedly, so un-called for, so unnecessary. He let go of me when he was done and I ran out of that pool area crying so hard I couldn't catch my breath. I ran back home and into the house and into my bedroom and stayed there for I don't even remember how long. I look back on this while I am writing about it, and I'm crying, still hurt by the memory of it, still there is a horrible wound in my heart from it. The blood and the bruises are gone now but the memory and the pain aren't.

I also remember something else "the dad from across the street" did. My older sister and I would be swimming in the in ground pool and he'd come down and go swimming. And he'd start "playing games". Well he would take us both, one under each arm, and hold us under the water for so long that we'd actually be reaching up out of the water scratching at him to get us out because we were losing our breath. This man had to have been demonic.

Mom used to slap us in the face and mouth all the time when we would talk too much. She used to pull us by our hair to bring us with her from room to room. And, I remember she would just pinch us, all the time, for all kinds of reasons. And she'd really smack us hard if we did not stop laughing and playing with each other. We were yelled at to keep quiet, not talk all the time, not laugh, not play too loud. We were made to feel stupid all the time. She called us so many names. Mom used to hit us with a yard stick and throw hair brushes at us to make us stop laughing and giggling with each other. She would hit our face and mouths when we would chew our food with our mouths open. They would leave us in the car for hours when they would go out to shop. We'd invent vocal games just so that we wouldn't get bored. This kind of abuse, and more, went on until I actually left mom, when I was 18 years old.

I was molested once by "the dad from across the street". I will not go into details here because I don't think that's necessary. But I will say out of everything that happened to me up to this point, this was the absolute worst. The memories and flash backs that I used to have haunted me for a very long time. It

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wasn't until I was about 38 years old did those memories finally go away. I'll get to the reason why, when I get to the year 2002.

Fifth grade wasn't much different than the previous grades. A new school, a new set of kids, same old garbage though, same old cruelty. Nothing had changed all this time. Ten years old and still being abused, at home and by the kids at school. You'd think a teacher would have noticed. You'd think a teacher would have noticed such a withdrawn, sad, little girl. But the enemy had them all blinded to me. No one ever noticed or even cared.

This was the year that mom started getting physically sick. We started noticing because her left leg started dragging as she walked. A month or two later she ended up having to quit work because she had so much trouble walking. I had no idea the things life was gonna throw at me now. She eventually started seeing a Psychiatrist and was diagnosed with Anxiety Disorder and severe phobias, Social Anxiety disorder, Agoraphobia, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, and "Parkinsonian like Illness". She started showing signs of shaking and rigidity, and they told her that she was getting what they thought was Parkinson's disease. She had Restless Leg Syndrome that was never truly diagnosed. She was told by the Psychiatrist to start using biofeedback methods to relieve her anxiety. Nothing worked. She was given Valium and many other medications to reduce her anxiety, as well as Sinemet to relieve the Parkinsonian like symptoms. Nothing was working and she was getting sicker by the day.

As she got sicker she would hear us laugh or whispering too loud and she'd call us over to her as she was holding a yardstick or hair brush or anything else, and she'd tell us to just stand there and let her hit us. She would make us pull down our pants and bend over her bed and she'd spank us till we had welts an inch thick on our be-hinds.

## Chapter 11: Chapter Eight

### Chapter Eight

The year 1975 and sixth grade was pretty much the same as '74 and fifth grade. There's not much different about this year. It's just the same thing over and over again. We actually lived in the same place for two years straight. But that only allowed the same school kids to pick on us even worse. And the abuse by mom and "the dad from across the street" was giving us just kept getting worse as the days went by.

## Chapter 12: Chapter Nine

### Chapter Nine

It was 1976 and I was 12 years old and I was heading into the 7th grade. Junior High. This was generally a hard year anyway, being a 7th grader going into their first year of junior high. That was only made so much worse by all of the other garbage going on.

Mom was getting sicker. We had moved into yet another different apartment but in a different town this time. We had to meet new kids all over again. We still moved from apartment to apartment every year for the next five years but since we lived in the same school district we didn't have to change schools. That didn't turn out to be a good thing though. The kids that hated us when we first got there just hated us even worse each passing year.

Mom was finally coming out of catholicism this year, because she heard the Lord tell her to get out of the catholic church as fast as she could. So she began her search for Jesus with everything she had. She started calling a few of the local 'christian churches' in the area and asking them if they had anyone who would come out to talk to her. Well she found a church that finally actually did have a couple of people that would come out to see her. They came out and they talked to her for a good while. She was finding Jesus. One time these people offered to pick us up and bring us to their church. It was a non denominational christian church. I remember the pastor so well. He was a Jewish man, who had come to believe Jesus as Savior. He was so nice, thoughtful and so kind to me. He was so joyous and bubbly. I wanted to live there. I never wanted to leave. I felt such a peace there. It was here, at this church, when I met Jesus. After going for some time, I went to the front on an alter call and cried right there and gave my life and my heart to Him. That was a stepping stone that day. A major turning point in my life. I was so happy when I was with Him in that church. I read my bible and took it everywhere. I took it to the school full of horrible mean kids and tried to save them all. Of course none of them listened, but seeds were planted.

One time though, mom was invited to go to a woman's group at someone's house. Mom brought me along with her. I had no idea what I was in for. We sat and talked for a little while. One of the ladies had asked me if I had ever received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I told her no. So before I knew what was happening, all of those ladies gathered around me laying hands on me, all over me, and started praying all at once, and praying in tongues all at once. I was so scared I started crying and ran out as fast as I could. From that moment on I was convinced that the "gift of tongues" was demonic.

But my whole brand new relationship would soon come crashing down. A giant separation would form between me and my Jesus.

I met a boy. Well I actually didn't meet him at first. I met one girl who had become my best friend, just before that, and I was with her at a local park; one of the few times mom let me out of the house. This boy "serpent" was there with two of his friends. I was captivated. He wasn't even that cute. But I made a vow that I wouldn't stop till I married that kid. (Horrible, hu??) I left my beautiful relationship with Jesus for a relationship with "serpent". I called across the park to him that he was cute. He called back and asked me to go out with him. I called back and said yes. That was at the beginning of the summer and I didn't see him again until the beginning of that school year, 7th grade. I saw him when I first got to school that year and he would turn the other direction when he'd see me. I'd follow him till I caught up with him, and he'd finally talk to me. He'd never talk long though and was not nice to me when he did. But I hung on. I chased him relentlessly through that entire school year, no matter how he treated me.

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Mom started getting sicker, more rigid and shaking more, and started needing so much more help than I was already giving her. She eventually became bedridden. I became her keeper, her nurse, her personal aide, her power of attorney, her maid, her chef, and so, so, so much more. My older sister was out of the house by this time because she had her own set of problems from her own abuse, so she couldn't help me with the responsibility of mom. She had gotten pregnant at age 14 and had a son at age 15. And my younger sister "had such good grades in school" that no one wanted to give her any of the responsibility, so it was all mine. "The dad from across the street" would do nothing but yell at me to take care of her. I had to cook for her, bathe her, clean her with bed baths, get up and scratch her itches. I had to hold empty coffee cans underneath her as she stood beside her bed so that she could go to the bathroom into them. I was made to become her power of attorney and make life and death decisions for her. I had to plan and schedule doctor appointments for her and I had to wheel her in her wheel chair to the appointments. I had to wash her hair in her bed and clean her private parts for her. (Not something a child that age should ever have to see or doâ!) I had to sleep on the floor right next to moms' bed with yarn tied to her wrist and to mine so that she could pull it to get me up at night to help her move or turn or to scratch an itch. I was being made to get up so often at night; many times I couldn't hear her when she would call me. They made me do all the family dishes that piled up from morning to night every day or "the dad from across the street" threatened me that he would put them all in my bed under my blankets. And they had to be spotless clean, no grease, or I'd really get in trouble.

Mom had so many fears. When "the dad from across the street" was gone out working, and someone would knock on the door, mom would make us all hide in closets and under beds and behind furniture and not make a sound, so that no one would hear us or be able to see through the curtains and see that we were home. Can you imagine this? Young children having such fear instilled into them. She did not want to answer the door for anyone. She wouldn't answer the phone and wouldn't allow us to. She wouldn't allow us to go outside except for school and back. We were stuck in the house all the time, with no privileges hardly at all.

No one knew it then, but me having RLS myself, now, I know that what she had going on with her legs was definitely RLS. She would always sleep and have severe leg jumps, and would always tell me that she had electricity in her legs and ask if I would push down on her thighs so that they would stop. I never realized what it was until I grew up and got RLS myself. I finally understand why she would ask me to put pressure on her thighs. It relieves the feeling of electricity at least a little bit. She would ask me to say "one nice word" to her and if I did, it would help her come out of all of the stiff rigidity that she was in and she'd get some relief from it for a little while. I couldn't even do that much for her. I stood there, after so much abuse and so much horrible things that she demanded of me, and she wanted a nice word? I prayed that I could open my mouth though, and give her one. But none would come out. I would just stand there and cry.

## Chapter 13: Chapter Ten

### Chapter Ten

1977; thirteen years old and starting the 8th grade. What do you think was on my mind? Yep, all I could think of was finding "serpent". I did finally find him and we talked. I was so insistent showing him how much I liked him that he finally broke down and agreed to be my boyfriend. I got so attached to him. He soon found out though, what life was like for me. He found out that I couldn't go out very often, and that he couldn't come over very often either. I wasn't aware though, at that time, that he was a "serpent" but by the time I found out, I was stuck on him more than ever and for some reason I just could not separate myself from him.

Once in a while I was allowed to go outside and hangout with him and a few of his friends. And when I did, every single time I did, he would treat me so bad in front of his friends. He would belittle me, saying things in front of them like "eh, she'll never amount to much." "Do this for me and that for me, and this and that". He would tell his friends that he didn't have to do anything because "that's what he had me for". And I actually allowed him to do this to me! I actually stayed there saying nothing while he talked to his friends like that about me, AND I actually did the things he told me to do for him. I still, to this day, ask myself why. I still to this day cannot comprehend why I allowed this to go on.

The abuse was piling up; physical and verbal abuse from both mom and "the dad across the street", and now verbal abuse from my new "boyfriend". I was feeling so lonely. So hurt. So destroyed. I had it in my head that I could not go crying back to Jesus because in my heart I felt like I was so worthless. So unworthy. Such a waste of flesh. That was one of "serpents" favorite names for me. And that's exactly how I felt. And on top of all of this I still, continually, had to do all of those gross, disgusting things for mom that no person that age should ever be made to see or do. Mom was very heavy, maybe over 300 pounds. Yeaâ not something anyone that age should ever have to see or do.

## Chapter 14: Chapter Eleven

### Chapter Eleven

Its 1978, I was 14 years old, and in my 9th grade year. I barely made it through this year. Mom was sicker than ever. She couldn't wear clothing because it made her too hot, so she was continually naked. Her bed was right out in the living room. I had to turn her over and spoon feed her and even wash her hair in bed. "The dad from across the street" would come home a few times a day to check on her while we were in school. But as soon as I got home, she was my responsibility right up till I went to bed, and even then she was still my responsibility.

I remember one night, during the middle of the night; when I was sleeping on the floor next to her bed, and my wrist was tied to hers by the yarn, she called me and called me to wake me up to help her with something. I was so completely exhausted she couldn't wake me up. Even with her pulling the string, I just could not wake up. So finally she got the energy (from fear) to yank that string so hard it about yanked my arm out of the socket and cut my wrist in the process. I finally woke up. She told me that she could feel a spider walking along her leg under the blanket. I started crying. I thought that was the worst thing that she has ever pulled to try to get me up. I told her there wasn't one and tried to go back to sleep. She was crying by now and begged me to get up. Once I noticed she was crying I got up. This was serious. I took the blanket off her leg, and sure enough! There was a spider walking right up her thigh! I smacked it and killed it, right there. She was so relieved. I felt horrible. I felt so ashamed for not getting up when she first called. I never got over that, even to this day.

My boyfriend "serpent" was still my boyfriend. He was treating me worse than ever and yet I still stayed with him. I was still allowing him to treat me like that, to do those things to me.

My heart was so shattered. It was in shreds, millions of pieces. I barely could hold it together anymore. I needed strength from my Jesus but I just could not call out to Him. I still loved him. That never left me. But I was so ashamed for leaving Him for "the serpent" that I just could not face Him. I needed Him so bad though. But every time I tried to reach out to Him, the pain in my heart would explode and I'd cry from such excruciating pain. So I never went to Him.

Well there had to be some relief in sight or I would have died. Ninth grade went on and I finally made it through that. I actually passed that year, but only by a thread. The summer came and went and I was still barely hanging on.

My older sister was still going to church, but between mom being so sick and me being so devastated, we weren't up to going at all. So we just quit.

## Chapter 15: Chapter Twelve

### Chapter Twelve

It came time for school again. I was 15 and it was my 10th grade year, 1979. I just could not do it. I could not hang on. I can remember how weak I was. I can remember feeling like I was in a fog, or a cloud or some kind of haze. I just had no strength left at all. So mom agreed to pay for a correspondence school for me to finish and get a diploma that way. Oh halleluYah. I was free from having to get up and go to school. So I waited to get the books in the mail and started my studies.

Staying home from school to do my school work was actually a blessing in disguise. I was at the end of my rope, I was about to die from it all, and yet my Redeemer came rushing to my rescue and gave me a rest from it all. Being home from school allowed me some free time to rest. Free time while mom was sleeping. I was able to get a lot of much needed sleep. I think I slept most of that school year. I slept every time I wasn't taking care of mom or doing schoolwork. I made it through, sent all my schoolwork in, passed my classes, got my diploma, and was beginning to get a small bit of strength back. I was still weak, and my heart was still in shreds, but I was resting, and that was a good thing.

By this time, too, "serpent" was able to come over a little more often. And mom actually let me out of the house a couple of times so that I could visit "serpents" family and finally meet them. I walked into that house and it was like walking into a cave of demons, literally and truthfully. They hated me at first sight. And they would continue to hate me for the duration of the time that I was with him. It goes back to the whole thing about Father "choosing us" before the foundation of the world. I was His and the demons around them knew it. Well we didn't stay upstairs in the living room for long. We went down to his basement and he locked the door. We started making out and he was moving really fast. He asked me if I had ever had sex before and I said absolutely not. He said, 'well come on then, lets have sex'. So, he put down an old crib mattress and we had sex. I lost my virginity to him that day. I was devastated that I allowed him to talk me into that so quickly. I thought, what was wrong with me? But it was done now and he wanted me to go home. So I did and didn't see him for a while after that. When I got home, I never told mom. I was too ashamed. I was so tremendously ashamed. It was just one more thing to push me further into the pit of despair that I was in.

## Chapter 16: Chapter Thirteen

### Chapter Thirteen

Between the years 1980 to 1982 I was Sixteen to Eighteen Years Old. Freedom, Finally! For so I thought. "The dad from across the street" left us. Miracle of miracles. Relief. What was interesting though is that right around the very same time that he left, someone had reported about the situation going on in our home, and the people from social services came over to investigate. They saw what our living arrangements were like and they asked us a lot of questions. Before I knew it people were setting mom up in her own apartment 'for sick people' with round the clock aides and my younger sister and I went to live with relatives. Freedom!! I didn't know what to do with myself. I was free.

I stayed with my bachelor uncle who lived upstairs from us, and my younger sister went to live with relatives in a different city. During this time he didn't enforce any authority over me. My uncle wasn't home very much and when he was it really didn't matter to him when I was home or when I wasn't. Oh I had freedom alright. Way too much of it. I didn't know how to act. My heart was still destroyed and I was starving for affection and love. I was so sheltered and never had any kind of a childhood that I just went crazy. I partied with "serpent" and his friends, no matter how they treated me. I got drunk, smoked pot, and drank liquor. I met some more of his friends and started hanging out with them, doing the same things. I met up with an old girlfriend of mine from school and partied with her. During these two years I did everything under the sun. I met groups of people after groups of people, each one leading to more people. I had sex with so many guys during this time. So many that I can't even remember.

I got pregnant during this time. I was so scared. No, I was petrified. I was so far from Jesus that I didn't let the fact that He said 'do not murder' even enter into my mind. I was frozen in fear. My mind was so filled with fear of having this baby that the only thing that I could think of was having an abortion. I know that fear is no excuse. I have no excuse. But I had nothing anyway. I was already destitute. So, I went to mom, cried to her, and she saw how petrified I was and how I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown. And she helped me get the appointment set up and I did it. I am so devastated, still to this day, that I did such a thing. But I know that the redeeming blood of Jesus covers me and washes me clean because I have repented for it.

## Chapter 17: Chapter Fourteen

### Chapter Fourteen

**1983-1984 Two more whirlwind years of sex, wild parties, drugs, and freedom. My uncle, though, wasn't putting up with it anymore. He was making me get out and get a job. I went to a trade school and learned typing and clerical work and went to work as a secretary. I still partied a lot though. I wasn't about to let that go yet. I was so empty. I had a hole inside me that only "God's" spirit could fill and I didn't realize it. I was crying all the time. Broken. Shredded in pieces. So lost. My life was spinning out of control. I got caught pregnant again. I thought, that was it. I could not live through this. Fear was overtaking me. It was either have another abortion or die from fear. I literally was going to have some kind of breakdown. So I set it up again and I had another abortion. Now I was in the depths of despair. I had no one. I had nothing. I was so alone.**

**My (boyfriend) "serpent" who stayed my boyfriend through all of how I was living, went into the service in 1984.**

## Chapter 18: Chapter Fifteen

### Chapter Fifteen

In 1985, after 5 years of partying and through all of the junk and garbage I had been through, I actually got pregnant again, a third time, only this time I wasn't going to have another abortion. I was going to do right and have this baby. But I knew that I couldn't take care of him so I decided right then and there that I'd give him to a mommy and daddy who loved the Lord with all their hearts. So I went back to the church where I first met Jesus and I found that wonderful pastor that I had known years before. I told him what was going on and that I was looking for parents who wanted a baby. He told me that he had very special friends who were trying to adopt but were not having any luck. So we set it up and he called them and told them and when the nine months were up they were contacted and they picked 'little boy' up at the hospital. I did get one chance to see him and hold him first though. Talk about heart wrenching.

When I first got pregnant this time though, my uncle kicked me out because he didn't want to have anything to do with an unwed fatherless baby. I found a nice family from the church I was in at the time, and they let me stay there until my baby was born. After that, I went back to my uncles because I had no where else to live.

By this time I felt like a used rag, just used and abused and drowned and drenched in dirt and mud and wrung out and strung up and whipped and beaten. I was still so lost and in so much despair. But God saw to it to help me again when I was at rock bottom. He brought an old friend back into my life. He was one of mom's friends, and was a very nice religious man. He asked me how I was doing. He was an angel in disguise. After I told him some of the things I had been through and was going through, he led me through a grief recovery program. And he led me back to Jesus.

## Chapter 19: Chapter Sixteen

### Chapter Sixteen

I went on to stay with my uncle until 1987. Between 1984 and 1987 I started to calm down some. I had a few jobs and I saved some money. I wasn't partying anymore or doing drugs or drinking. I was searching for the truth. I was searching for Jesus again. I needed Him and I knew it. I knew that I was nothing without Him. I knew that if I could just find Him, I'd be okay. I tried going to church after church. But He was not there. The people looked nothing like Him. They acted nothing like Him. They sounded nothing like Him. They were all so fake. Each one I went to, I sat in their *'long brown chairs'* and I cried. I was still such a mess. Heart still shattered. Not one of them approached me. Not one showed me Jesus. I'd leave one and go to another only to have the next one be worse than the one before. They were all about themselves. The people in them looked just like the world. They didn't look like what the Bible said they should look. I was so confused. No one. No one. No---one had the love of Jesus in them at all. Where were the prayer warriors? Where were the spiritual leaders who are supposed to talk to a new member when they come into a church? Where was their love and kindness?? It was dead because they were dead. They were spiritually dead.

I was so heartbroken that I had been so disillusioned by the churches for so long that I just quit going. If Jesus wasn't there then I didn't want to be there either.

## Chapter 20: Chapter Seventeen

### Chapter Seventeen

During the years of 1987 to 1990 "serpent" got out of the army. Again, I chased him. Again, I CHASED him!! What was I thinking?? Did I really want the abuse?? Did I really want to live a life with "the serpent"??? To this day I still do not understand my actions.

It didn't take long for him to agree to marry me though. Only three months. The friends we had at the time were goading him into it. I was pressuring him into it. He didn't want to marry me. It's my own fault the hell I lived through while being married to him. We spent 15 long years married, and a lot of years before that together. Abuseâ the whole time. He had just come back from being in the Army in Germany for 3 years and he had changed into an evil monster much worse than he was before he left. And I wouldn't open my eyes enough to see it.

Surprise of all surprises, "dad" had come back and I had no idea. He heard through the family grapevine that I was getting married. So he showed up at my wedding unexpectedly after all those years. I didn't know how to react. I was in shock. So I didn't. I just didn't react. I said hello to him, but I didn't react at all. It was my wedding day and I was trying to enjoy it.

In the beginning "serpent" was physically abusive a few times. He tried to choke me once. Thank God that my friend was there with me because she jumped onto his back and put her arm around his neck and twirled him around off of me so hard that he went rolling onto the floor! Another time he pushed the kitchen table towards me so hard he pinned me between that and the wall.

He was an alcoholic ever since he was 13. And by this time he was worse. He was evil and demonic. Downright cruel and cold hearted. He spent many years calling me the worst names that I ever heard, and saying the meanest, cruelest things I've ever heard. His favorite names for me was waste of flesh, slut, whore, lazy, fat, ugly, oh and the list goes on.

Why did I stay with him for that long?? Fear. I believe it was fear. Not having anywhere to go and no way to take care of myself. I know that I was waiting and hoping and praying that he would change. He hated though, and I realized that as long as he was with me, there was no chance of change for him.

He always yelled at me for everything. He would never let me go out or do anything. He would always call me names and tell me I am an ugly, fat whore and no one would ever love me. He would always say to me, "Where's Your God Now???" He would always get drunk and come home in a rage, punching holes in the walls, breaking chairs, and even flipping the couch and chairs directly over, right upside down. He continually told me that I was an ugly whore and a waste of flesh and that I was totally useless. Oh God why did I stay with him?? More pain. More shredding of my heart. More millions of pieces for it to be torn to. When would it end???

One night he came home so drunk and angry the he flipped his pool table right over, upside down, in one full sloop, one handed. He screamed at me, "WHERE'S YOUR GOD NOW"??? I was petrified. I sat in a big corner chair in the dining room and prayed. I prayed for protection, like I've never prayed before. I pleaded protection from Jesus and for his blood to cover and surround me. He walked through the room and announced that he had to pee. I kept praying. He went in to the bathroom and came right back out. He was white, he was stone sober, and had a look of fear on his face. He came around the corner into the dining room and said, "I just saw 'Jesus' face on the bathroom wall". HalleluYAH! He protected me! He showed himself to that evil "serpent" and "serpent" backed down. He went straight

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**to bed. No other words were necessary.**

## Chapter 21: Chapter Eighteen

### Chapter Eighteen

1991 to 1999 I'm going to sum up the next nine years here in this chapter. These were some of the hardest years of my whole life. I had transitioned from a child, young girl, teen, now to an adult, and I was still being abused. As I sit here and write this though, I'm so glad that the thought of suicide never entered my mind. I believe Father protected me from that.

By this time I was still crying out to Jesus and praying that I'd find Him. I was making attempts to go to church, but it still was just not working for me. I started talking to Jehovah's Witnesses, and I learned a lot from them. I didn't realize that I'd soon have to un-learn a lot from them. I realized that something was weird with them though. They didn't think about Jesus the way that I knew Him. And I wasn't about to let them tell me otherwise. So I left them and started seeking Him through His Word. I started reading it and reading it. I started to seek him more and more. I felt as if I was always stuck though. Always right at the door of a breakthrough with Him but never getting through it.

When I married "serpent" I truly was in love with him. Don't ask me how or why, but I really was. I prayed that he'd change. I wanted him to be a nice guy. I wanted him to love me. I wanted him to be the man that "I" wanted him to be. Way down deep inside, where I was keeping it hidden from myself, I knew he didn't love me. And I knew that he never would. But I couldn't, no, I wouldn't accept that. I was actually refusing to accept that. We had come this far and he just had to love me. I mean, he was marrying me right? He must love me! But he didn't and he wouldn't. He never did. Ever.

The days went on and the verbal abuse grew worse and more evil every day. We lived in a first floor apartment, directly underneath his family, who also hated me. From day one, they hated me. So did he though. Oh why didn't I learn? Why did I subject myself to this torture? Why was I putting myself through this?

Within the first few years I found out that he was having an affair with one of my friends. That was devastating, yet I continued to stay with him. I tried to find work but he wouldn't let me. He wouldn't let me out of the house. Time went by and there was no "happy birthdays" or "merry christmas's" or anything. No "I love you's". No kisses hello or kisses good bye. Only 2 minute sex sessions and when he was done that was it. No affection or love from him of any kind. No kind words. (Was this because I couldn't give my mom even one kind word??) I look back on this time and I wonder what in the world was I thinking? Was I a glutton for punishment? No, I don't think it was that. I believe it was because of the life that I had up till that point, and the abuse and the lack of love, and the lack of proper teaching and upbringing, that I truly didn't know or realize that I should not be holding on this guy like I was. I just did not realize. I was holding on to him in desperation. So desperate for someone to love me.

One time, I had to drive "serpent" to work, about a half hour drive away. It was about 3 am, a freezing dark night in the dead of winter, in the middle of a North Eastern winter storm. It was freezing rain and the roads were covered with black ice. We were borrowing a cousin's car, a bigger one that I'd ever driven. He drove up there; I drove the car back home. He drove the long straight 30 minute two lane road through town. I thought I knew better and attempted to drive the freeway back home. I was still a new driver at that time, and did not realize that the freeway onramps most likely would not be salted at 3:30 in the morning. The onramp was an upside down L shape with the bend in the bottom of the L that led to the freeway pointing out to the left. At the bend there was a railing with a ravine on the other side. I made sure to drive real slow on this road because it was so dark and icy. But the unthinkable still

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happened. I started to slide. This wasn't just a short quick slide where you slid then gained control either. I was sliding forward and toward the right. I was sliding and straight toward the silver guardrail in the front of me and the car was turning toward the right, away from the direction of the freeway. I thought I'd stop by then because I was pretty far from the turn when I started sliding, but I actually started picking up speed. When that happened I freaked, and I heard myself screaming at the top of my lungs, "Jesus STOP THIS CAR"!!!! As soon as I screamed that, my car STOPPED! Suddenly. And was shaking from the suddenness of the stop. I was facing the opposite direction of the freeway and I was about six inches from the guardrail. I peeked out my window and could see down the hill, to the bottom of that ditch. I sat there and cried. He had saved me that day. I slowly backed out and turned around and went home, praying and thanking Him the whole way.

All through the years I was married to "serpent", though, I prayed and cried out to Jesus and asked Him to please send me the Christian husband that He had planned for me. The one that He had for me before I made the awful decision to marry "serpent". I prayed that each and every year throughout that entire 15 year marriage.

During these ten years, between 1991 and 2001, my relationship with Jesus did grow though, and I really didn't realize it was. "Serpent" and I would be struggling financially and a bill would be late, and I'd pray and ask Him for His help to pay it, and so faithfully He provided money, one way or another. It always came, when I prayed. I remember this happening many times. Car payments would be late and I'd cry and pray and ask Jesus to meet our needs and send money to cover it, and sure enough, money would come from somewhere. I remember being late on our gas bill so often, and every time they would threaten to come and shut it off, and every time, I'd pray and seek Him and ask Him for His help. And sure enough, every time I prayed He was there for me. This happened over and over again. Gas bill. Electric. Rent. Car payments. All of them, at one point or another. A real relationship was forming with my Jesus. I was trusting Him now. It took a long time but it was happening. And I'm really glad that it was, finally. Because I needed him so bad. Especially now. After so many years of abuse, and so many years of my heart being torn to shreds, there was nothing left in it any longer. There was no love left in it at all. No love left in it for "serpent" either. It was stone cold. And now all I wanted to do was get out. Get away from him. But I had thought about that through the years and I knew there just was just no way of getting out. No way of getting free. He'd find me. He told me he would. And my strength was too far gone to fight to get free.

## Chapter 22: Chapter Nineteen

### Chapter Nineteen

It was 2000 and I was now 35 years old. ~ Thirty five years old ~ Just wow. I remember thinking to myself at times, "Where am I?" "How did I get here?" I'd be 40 years old in a few years and I was still being abused. It was a long nightmare; one that I just wasn't waking up from. Something had to happen, some day. God had to 'redeem the years the locusts ate' some day, right?

I was finally able to get a job. We were so short all the time. "Serpent" finally allowed me to go out and get a job to help out with bills. Not knowing how I'd survive out there in the 'working world' and not wanting to be around people because they were all so mean, I didn't know how I'd do this. I still had typing skills and I knew my way around the computer from back when I lived with my uncle. So I applied for a job as a medical claims processor in the same place that "sister in law" was a supervisor for. Since she lived right upstairs from us, I could go to work and get back home, with her. I was making good money. I was able to help out, finally.

I couldn't stand being dependant on "sister in law" to get me to and from work. She was so "smug", if you know what I mean. She was 'better than me' 'bigger than me' 'smarter than me' 'taller' 'prettier' you name it. And she let me know it every chance she got, too.

One day while on the way home from work I saw a sign in front of a Ford dealership that said, "First Time Buyer Program". Now that got me thinking. The next day I asked a friend at work to drive over there with me so that we could check out the program. It was such a good deal that I went back a day or two later and got myself a car. It was a Silver Ford Focus, new that year. I was never so happy in all my life. Now I had some freedom. Now I could be independent. When I drove back and forth to work in that car, I was free! It felt so good. (I learned how to drive back in early 90s when "serpent" wanted me to be able to drive back and forth to the stores so that he didn't have to).

It was still the year 2000 and my 36th birthday was coming up. I decided to get myself a computer for a birthday present. Maybe I'd find some friends on there. Maybe I'd find some people to talk to, who didn't know me. Maybe I'd find a way to leave. That would be great! So I bought it and got it home and set it up. I couldn't wait to dig in and find a friend. Well let me tell youâ a friend, I did find!

## Chapter 23: A New Life Begins

### A New Life Begins

It was the beginning of January 2001 and I'd been searching around and trying to figure out how to find friends on the internet and I found a website that would do just that. It was a Christian email pen pal website. It was called C-pals and it was a Christian pen pal website. I put an ad in that website saying, "Hi from NY!" and went on to introduce myself. A few days after that I got a response from "Puppy" in Northern CA, saying hello. He was a Christian singer and he was trying to sell cassettes of his music. I wrote back and did end up buying two of them. I'm really glad I did because his voice was angelic and it was so soothing for me. I would take them to work where I was still working as a Medical Claims Processor and I'd listen to them on my recorder with my headset on while I did my claims. I'd listen and listen to those songs. They took me away from the life I was living.

"Puppy" and I emailed each other back and forth from January through March. After that we pretty much just sent each other forwards for the next eight months. Then in November something changed. We started writing emails back and forth getting to know each other. We started having some fun by sending each other 'quizzes'. Ten questions that he'd answer then I'd answer. And so on. We asked everything that we could imagine. From 'what would you do if you found 50 bucks on the road' to 'what's your favorite this and that' to 'how would you respond if you were witness to a tragic accident' such as a car crash. We started finding out that we had a lot in common. We started opening up to each other about our lives. We told each other all about the things we both had gone through in our lives. We were confiding in each other about literally everything. And we talked about Jesus. A lot. We both knew that we were followers of Jesus and that would never change. We kept Jesus and prayer at the center of our relationship. I had finally found my friend.

He started writing songs for me and about us and our friendship. By December we were even closer. We started instant messaging back and forth. That brought our friendship to a new level, because we were actually able to be interactive with each other. We spent lots of time on instant messages. We would take virtual walks down tree filled dirt roads and we'd have picnics by a lake in a giant park. We'd see deer and geese and other wild life. We'd walk under covered bridges. We also started recording cassette tapes for each other, talking and telling about our life stories. I told him all about mine and he told me everything about himself. And he prayed over me, every night, faithfully. In fact, for every awful word "serpent" would say to me, "Puppy" would have a handful more to counteract it. We were building a foundation; forming a bond. We were falling in love.

The end of December we made our first phone call to each other. We were finally talking 'ear to ear'. We had a blast. His very first words to me were, "I love you". He breathed those words into the phone so soft and gentle, that I just about passed out. I had finally found my Prince Charming. I finally found the man that God had planned for me, so many years ago. And to think, he was clear across the United States.

## Chapter 24: Chapter Twenty

### Chapter Twenty

Hell was still happening at home. I was still working and coming home to "serpent". But things were so different now. I was spending all my spare time with "Puppy" either in emails, IM's, or on the phone.

January 5th, 2002, "Puppy" proposed to me over the IM, and I said yes to him, over the IM. Our relationship was moving ahead so fast. We were getting closer and closer. I was so happy. I would go to work and the girls would say to me, "What has happened to YOU?" "You're smiling!" "You're happy!" I only confided in two close friends at work. They told me that I was crazy and to be careful. But I was the one in the relationship, and I knew that I knew that he was not some sort of monster or creep that would kill me the second I got there. I really knew this man.

After the proposal, our survey questions to each other got a lot more personal. There was no way that we weren't going to know every single thing about each other before we got together. We began making plans for how I would get out of the house and how I would get to CA where he was. By March I was gathering together some of my personal things that I wanted to bring with me, and hiding them down in the basement. Now was a waiting game. I knew that I couldn't just up and walk out of that house without some kind of communication with "serpent". I had to let him know I was leaving, or he wouldn't stop until he found me. I knew something big would have to happen to involve the police, or I would never get out of there.

June 15th, 2002, after dinner. We had pizza that night. I was on the computer and "serpent" bellowed at me to clean up the dinner table. I said something you never say to an abuser. I said, "NO!" Well that's all it took. He got up from the couch where he was watching TV and came around behind me, and grabbed the phone cord that went into the wall, and tried to wrap it around my neck. I got my fingers up under it, and I dropped the weight of my body off of the chair and with that I could slide the cord up over my face and over my head. I crawled to the front door and yelled that I'd go upstairs and tell his sister. Well then he turned around, and got his shot gun, and his shot gun shells. He stood there and loaded it. He came over to me, and stopped dead as if he hit a brick wall. He couldn't get any closer. He slammed the gun butt down on the floor hard and said, "I'm going to bed, don't come in or else!" I thought to myself, "COME IN?? COME IN??" I wouldn't go in there if you PAID me to go in there. Not sure why he threatened me with that but that's ok, at least he went to bed. Well I spent a long time that night packing a lot of my things and packing it all into my little Silver Focus, my "Silver Bullet". I even packed up my computer and got that in there. I was ready to go.

June 16th 2002, 'serpents' birthday. When it got light, I left and went to my older sister's house. I called the police and filled out a report. I told him about his shotgun, and his rifle, and his knives. They confiscated all of that and took him to jail for a week. Then he had 1 year parole and had to go to anger management classes. I stayed at her apartment with her for the next three months. During this time I had gotten a cell phone and "Puppy" and I were on the phone constantly. We were in constant prayer; constantly depending God for help and support, and we were constantly planning how to get me there. The longest stretch that we were on the phone with each other during this time was sixteen hours straight.

Three months went by and I couldn't stay with my older sister any longer so I went to stay with "dad". Talk about a strained relationship. I had no idea how to act with him. I didn't know what to say to him. I didn't know him so I didn't have much to say. We did have a few chances to sit and talk some, but we never really got into any deep questions or anything. I stayed with him for the next two months while

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**"Puppy" and I made our final preparations how I'd get across country. I was gonna drive clear across the USA to California, and I was ecstatic.**

**I worked my last two months at my job while at "dads" so that I could have those two paychecks extra while on the road. We continued to map out the route and continued to make plans and continued to pray. I'd go over I-90 and I-80, and then I'd be on my way all the way to "Puppy's" door.**

## Chapter 25: Chapter Twenty One

### Chapter Twenty One

It took me 6 days and 5 nights to go from New York to California, to go from "serpent" to "Puppy", my Prince Charming. I drove about 500 miles each day and slept at hotels each night. I drove up and over the Rocky Mountains. Oh what a beautiful sight that was. What a strenuous trip it was too, going over those mountains. With the little Silver Bullet packed full with stuff; trunk, backseat, front seat, they were all jam packed. We barely made it over them. "Puppy" prayed constantly through the whole trip. We prayed together a lot. We had maps and an entire route planned out. "Puppy" was home at his 'command station' guiding me the whole way. I was so excited. I was finally out of the abuse. I was finally on my way to be with the 'christian man God had for me'.

Day six, arrival day, this would turn out to be one of the happiest, most joyous days of my entire life. I only had 415 miles left to go. I was almost there! I was almost to his door! I left Winnemucca Nevada by 7 am. I went to fill up the gas tank. There were ominous black clouds looming over my head. It was cold, windy, and it was snowy.

I remember that there were these giant tumbleweeds blowing across the road as I drove toward California. They'd blow across in big groups. And they were huge! I mean, there were some that would blow right up to my window and they were as tall as the top of my car. They were as big as recliner chairs. I had never seen anything like that before. That was one adventure I won't soon forget.

I made it through the whole state of Nevada, with nothing going on. But when I got to the border of California that was another story.

I was afraid I'd have to have chains when I got to the California border, but thank God that didn't have to happen. At the border of California there was the Lassen National Forest that I was going to have to drive through. Normally it would be a beautiful drive. But that day, it was horrible. It started raining before I got there and by the time I was there it was raining buckets. It was raining HARD. I entered the forest barely even able to see the roads. Cars going by me would dump buckets of water on me so much I'd have to put my windshields up on high and I could still barely see through the window. And then I had a big scare. Logging trucks started going past me. I thought it was scary when the cars went past me. Nooooo. When the logging trucks went past, they dumped POOLS of water up and onto my car. The road was a sheet of water and I prayed hard that I would not hydroplane. This road was narrow and it was chock full of very tall steep hills. I felt like I was on a roller coaster, but much more dangerous, because of the rain.

I made it through the forest and I had to go through some more back roads before I got on to I-5, but I finally made it. I was headed home! It was drizzling out, the rain had stopped. I was talking to "Puppy" on the phone and I was heading down I-5 to finally meet and marry him. I was so excited! I was coming up to his town now. I was finally at the off ramp. It was time to turn right, to go onto the road that would lead me to his home. I turned when the light changed to green and started driving. I only had one more mile to go! I was following the maps and I recognized where I was because months before this "Puppy" took pictures of the road and surroundings and sent them to me. I was driving slowly up the main street to get there. I went  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. I was starting to squeal. I went another  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. The butterflies in my stomach were blowing me away. I went another  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile and there was a deer in the road. Finally I only had one more  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile to go. I drove so slowly. I was finally there and I turned left into the long parking lot to the apartment complex and I pulled right into the parking spot that he saved for me. I stopped the car. I was talking to him on the cell phone and he said to me, "Are

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you parked?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I am about 60 feet from you!!" I squealed and started to cry. I put the phone down and brushed my hair and fixed myself and got back on the phone. Then "Puppy" said to me, "You stay right where you are. I'll be out in a minute." I said, "Puppy, I love you". He said, "I love you too." I said, "I'm here"â 1..

I sat and waited. My heart was racing. I was never so excited! He came out his door. He was in an apartment complex so he had to walk down a walkway before I saw him. Then he turned the corner and stopped right in front of the apartment mailboxes, put his arms on top of them, and just stopped and started at me for what seemed like forever! I was crying. He started walking over, down the little steps, down the long sidewalk. I let out one long squeeeeeel. And he opened my door, and knelt down beside me. He took my hand and said "Hi honey." I couldn't get my hand off my mouth to even say anything. He had to reach in and pry me off my seat. I was just so overwhelmed.

I got out and stood up. I'm five feet, he's six feet. We kissed our first kiss and it was so wonderful. We must have kissed for an eternity. It was heaven.

We walked into the apartment, holding hands the whole time. I couldn't believe I was there. We spent the first month just sitting on the loveseat holding each other and staring into each others eyes. Oh yea, and we ate once in a while. I finally was with the love of my life, my Prince Charming, my perfect match, my puzzle piece. Bliss!

## Chapter 26: Chapter Twenty Two

### Chapter Twenty Two

I had to be a resident of California for six months before I could even file for divorce and then we had to wait another six months and one day before the divorce was final, and then another 30 days after the divorce was final, before we could get married. So we waited. And we waited. But we enjoyed ourselves until that time. We spent every minute with each other. We went to that real life park that we went to in the Instant Message. We saw all of the ducks, geese, and deer. We prayed together and we worshiped and he sang to me all the time. He tucked me in at night and would sing me to sleep. He was then, and is now, the most thoughtful, the kindest most considerate, man and he loves me unconditionally, still, ten years later.

The first three months I was in California were glorious. I could not stop looking at him. Neither one of us left each others sides. We were always with each other. We had given each other nicknames before I even left New York. They were "Puppy" and "Kitty". Well now that I was here with him we were just like a puppy and a kitty. We laughed and we played and we loved. It was my dream come true, the answer to my prayers. He was my Prince Charming and I was his Princess. It was my dream; I was living happily ever after.

Finally the day came! It was February 2004 and we were about to get married. I was about to marry the man of my dreams, my perfect match, my Prince Charming, my "Puppy". We wrote out our vows and rehearsed them. We got our rings, picked out our music, and we were ready. The day came. We had on the same color clothes. Tan pants and pink shirts. And brown shoes. Kinda weird hu? It was time to go to the "church". I had such goosebumps. I remember the moment. I remember standing up there in front of God and our friends. I remember looking up at my Prince Charming and saying my vows to him. When it was his turn, he started reading them from the paper. Halfway through them, he put the paper down and starting singing them. He is such a romantic! When he was done we exchanged rings and sealed it with a kiss. Then we played the theme to the Newlywed Game show as we turned and walked down the isle as Mr and Mrs "Puppy".

We had a blast at the reception. A lot of people showed up with lots of gifts. We had four giant white cream and strawberry wedding cakes and every one of them were gone when it was done. It was a lot of fun. We were off to the honeymoon suite at the Amerihost Inn where we'd have the best time ever. I still thank God for him, every day.

## Chapter 27: Chapter Twenty Three

### Chapter Twenty Three

I was living my fairy tale life. I was living happily ever after. I was a Princess with the best Prince Charming a Princess could ever ask for. I should be happy. I should be on cloud nine. So then, why was I so miserable??

I spent most of my life always on the verge of tears. Sadly that did not change when I got to California. My heart was still shattered. I still had so much pain inside that I couldn't seem to get beyond it, and feel good or happy.

During the years from 2002 when I got to California up to January 2006, life was wonderful. We continued to follow each other around, madly and passionately in love with each other. "Puppy" was so kind to me. All through the years, he spent so much time, being so gentle and loving to me, telling me how much he loved me and replacing old cruel names with loving kind names. He helped me with low self esteem. He helped me with anger issues. He helped me as I battled and struggled to get over the shame that was so ingrained in my heart for so long. The shame. I had so much shame. He was helping me heal, from such a long lifetime of abuse. We spent these three years just living life. Worshiping, singing and making CD's, and loving each other.

But at the same time, there was a different side to me. I was with my Prince Charming and he was helping me through so much. Yet, I still had so many fears and hurts and pain inside me. My heart was still in pieces. I had a fountain of pain. Stab wounds in my heart that wouldn't heal. Always on the verge of tears, never seeming to end. I had such a hard time believing and accepting when "Puppy" told me he loved me. His actions did speak louder than his words though, and that made it easier for me. He was always the sweetest man in the world.

I had a fear of people. I couldn't seem to get myself to go out much, unless I really had to; or unless I was with "Puppy" holding his hand and not leaving his side. I couldn't meet new people without being terribly afraid. And I couldn't stand up and talk to people I didn't know without feeling like they were all thinking bad things about me and judging me. I felt like everyone was staring at me, thinking horrible things about me and judging me. I had this thing that happened to me when I was nervous, hot, or hungry. I get red; I get flushed, spotted, from my chest up my neck up my face. When I had to meet someone, or stand up in front of someone to say something, the redness happened. I had fears that would come and go suddenly. I felt so unsafe all the time. I felt like if I didn't know what was going on around me at all times, and if I don't have control of my surroundings, and the people around me, that I would feel unsafe. I would have this really sudden surge of fear if there was something going on that I didn't know all the details about. I would constantly have fears and memories of the past, something always seemed to remind me or would bring up feelings, fears and memories of times when "serpent" or "the dad from across the street" or mom would do something to me. I would sit on the couch to crochet, and my mind would run away with thoughts that I could not stop. I would carry on actual arguments with "serpent" or "the dad from across the street" or mom or with someone else, and all the sudden I would get so angry, my heart would be racing, and "Puppy" would speak to me and I would jump on him and argue with him about something. It was so horrible. I would sit there thinking thoughts and having flashbacks that horrified me, or enrage me, and I couldn't even stop them. Until I would get up and walk around and shake myself out of it. And, I also had a terrible anger problem. I am not a violent angry person. It was just a quiet anger that erupted only with my "Puppy" when we are alone. I was irritable, cranky, and all around generally depressed and unhappy. I went back and forth between these times and the good times, when I was on top of the world, happy as ever, living out

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**my fairy tale life with my Prince Charming.**

**In 2005 we noticed that I was having trouble sleeping and that I was snoring horribly. I was always tired all the time too. So we scheduled a test for me at the sleep apnea place. I went and had the test and the next morning when he read the results to me, it was as if the sky had fallen in. He told us that I had suffered over 100 episodes an hour of my breath stopping. He explained to me that it was as if every night my body was drowning, and I was fighting for air, all night long. So they set me up with a CPAP machine and a mask. Well I tried it, for six months, faithfully. I couldn't do it any more than that. They started me at the number 12 and that's an extremely high force of air blowing around in your head. I would open my mouth and air would come blasting out. So six months of that and we got a recliner for me to sleep in sitting up. That began to help a lot.**

**And then came 2006. I started seeing some other health problems. I always had a weight problem, all through my life. I ate food for comfort. It was my only friend. Breads, pastas, candy, sugary sweets. They comforted me. Now I was having issues with a severely heavy menstrual cycle. I bled enough for 3 women. I would go through two Kotex each time, every half hour for the first two days of it. And my mood swings were horrid. I cried and yelled and I'd yell at "Puppy". But he never got angry with me. He had and still does, an unconditional love for me that I believe will never end. The problems with this cycle got so bad though, and I ended up having a hysterectomy in November 2006. It seemed as if that had helped, but then something else would happen that would change a lot of things for us.**

## Chapter 28: Chapter Twenty Four

### Chapter Twenty Four

January 11th, 2007 I was upstairs in our bathroom. I had just gotten done with a shower. And all the sudden I felt my right side go numb. I couldn't feel it and I couldn't move it. And then I noticed that my vision went down to about a dime sized hole that I could see out of. I called for "Puppy" and he came in and I told him what was happening. He started praying and rebuking stroke, heart attack, and anything and everything that might be going on. In the middle of all that we managed to get down the stairs to the living room. I kept asking if he rebuked stroke and he said yea, but he'd do it again. So on and on this went for almost an hour. By the time the hour was finished I had my vision back and regained the feeling on my right side back. All glory to God for allowing me to have my vision and mobility back. I ended up sleeping on the couch for the next two days. Finally after two days of sleeping I did end up going to the ER and told them what happened. They took plenty of tests and I found out that the stroke was in the Thalamus area. I remember the ER doctor coming in and telling us the seriousness and severity of the stroke. And I remember us telling him just what happened. That "Puppy" prayed for an hour and that I regained everything back. And most of all, I remember how that ER doctor put his hand up to his chin and rubbed it, and walked backwards out of the room, and didn't come back even once. The nurse came back in and tied up loose ends and we went home with giant smiles praising the Lord!

The year of 2007 was a quiet year actually. We were just trying to get over the stroke issue and the hysterectomy.

Something was about to happen though that would change us forever and cause us to really seek God with everything we had.

It was in September of 2007 It was on our hearts to try to reach out to our community. We live in a very small town where you are either dirt poor or rich. Not much middle class here. And we found that there were more poor here than rich. We wanted to start some kind of food bank where we would collect food from stores and the rich and give it out to the community. I had already been crocheting hats for the homeless and we wanted to do more. But everywhere we turned it was a dead end. This town was dead. There seemed to be no help from the community with donations for food and no help from stores or churches either. People only had enough to feed themselves. They couldn't give what they didn't have.

At the same time, I was still hurting. Still wounded. My heart was still so broken. My spirit was caged in a prison of despair. I was searching online for videos that would help. Someone. Anyone. Hoping that I'd find someone who had the right words.

Then I found videos of "Wolf" on YouTube. I watched one video and he really made sense. He said a lot of good things that seemed to help my heart. I started watching more and learned that he had a big ministry where he lived. He was helping the poor and handing out food and things, just like we wanted to do. And, he was inviting people to go there, to be part of it. I talked to "Puppy" and showed him the videos. We prayed real hard and felt as if the Lord was leading us to move there and to be part of their ministry. We agreed with his teachings and what they were doing and thought it was time to contact them. So we sent "Wolf" a message through YouTube telling him of our plans. He wrote back and we spent time with him on the phone as well.

Our first phone call between him and I was over two hours long. He prayed with me and during that prayer something changed in me. I wasn't sure exactly what until the next morning.

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**I woke up that next morning a totally new person. My heart had been totally set free. The chains were broken. It wasn't crying anymore. There was no more pain in it! I was free!!**

**It was as if my heart was a prison with a bazillion rooms. And in each one of those rooms, there was a 'little me'. Each of those 'little me's' was a representation of a time that I had been hurt. And it was just as if Jesus had come in the night and scooped up all of those 'little me's' and brought them all up to heaven with Him. And then all of the doors to each of these rooms were blasted open and Jesus' light was just radiating out of them so bright!! His light was shining out of my heart so warm and so loving. No more pain. My heart was not crying anymore. He had saved me, and He healed my heart that day.**

**After that, we talked again with "Wolf" and they agreed to give us our own penthouse apartment, furnished, and a new car, and computers and anything and everything else we wanted. (And they did do just that). So, we packed up the basics of our personal belongings and we had an open house and invited the neighbors in our apartment complex to come over and get whatever they wanted. They did. We gave away 99% of our belongings. We got our maps out and planned out a route. Soon it would be moving day.**

## Chapter 29: Chapter Twenty Five

### Chapter Twenty Five

2008 We were starting a new chapter in our lives. This year was going to be quite a ride. We had our GPS and our car packed and we were ready. We were going to do the Lords work. We were going to be part of a big ministry who was taking care of the sick, feeding the homeless, and doing everything that we wanted to do in our own hometown. The day before moving day, we were saying bye to neighbors. We had no family to say bye to. "Puppy's" were spread out in different states, and all mine were back in New York. So, March 3rd came and we were heading out on a brand new adventure. We spent 4 days driving there and we were excited! This was going to be fun!

We had a great time for the first two months. Everything was running beautifully. We were spreading the gospel, we were feeding the homeless, we were clothing the naked, and we were doing the Lords work. "Puppy" at the time was still continuing to sing and make CD's only this time it was for the ministry.

There was another person who ran this ministry as well. She was "GentleHeart" and she was so beautiful, both inside and out. She was an elderly woman from Australia and I loved her so much. I was with her in her own townhouse one day, and was telling her of the constant feet pain that I had. I was telling her how I never had any relief from the pain there. I had had planter fascia surgery on both feet while I was in New York, and neither worked, and I had daily bad pain in them every day. The night that I was sitting there telling her about it all, she asked me if she could pray over them. I told her sure. She got on her hands and knees, and picked up my feet and took my slippers off of them, and she started to cry and pray. I was so touched. And by the time she was finished praying, there was no pain in them any longer. I mean, NO pain. I was able to walk back to my townhouse in no pain. I rejoiced the whole way.

There was another time, not long after this happened, when I was talking to "Wolf" about the pain I had in my heart and giving him a small run down of the life that I had led. I told him how he looked just like "serpent" and how I couldn't seem to get passed that, and how each time I looked at him, I'd get flashbacks. So, he came over to me, knelt down in front of me, I was on the couch, and he said, "HIT ME!!!" I was floored! I said, "What?? Hit you? Why?" He said, "Come on, give it to me, as hard as you can. Tell me what you would tell him if you had a chance". I was still shocked. I couldn't do that! He said, "Come on, what would you say to him?" I said, "I'd ask him, why??" He said, "it's because I was never loved when I was growing up." Then I broke down and cried. I knew that "serpent" must not have been loved growing up, just by what his family was like. He said, "do you forgive me?" That took me a while. There was more conversation between us, and then finally my heart broke, and I forgave him, right there in that living room, I finally forgave "my Ex" for everything that he'd ever done to me.

I also received the baptism of the "Holy Spirit while I was there. I have always believed that it was demonic, until I got to California and talked to "Puppy" about it. He helped me to see the truth and helped me to understand it. So one night during this first two months "Puppy" and I were worshiping together and he was praying in tongues and I mentioned that I'd really like that. So he came over to me, knelt down beside me, put his hand on my chest, and said, "Father, she really wants your gift of your Spirit, will you please give it to her?" Then I felt something in my chest. It was like something in there tickling. It was joy. I started laughing and "Puppy" said, "let it out". So I spoke the words that I was feeling in my chest. I spoke them out and giggled and I was so happy. We both began worshiping again this time I was praying in tongues too.

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And then suddenly there was a huge split in the ministry. Hard feelings and bad things were floating around everywhere. "Puppy" and I kept our heads low and prayed hard, the whole time.

Four more months later, after the big split, we started noticing that "Wolf" was teaching some real unbiblical things. Weird things were starting to happen there. A horrible darkness was coming over the place. A cold evil. "Wolf" started writing up 'teachings' that included some really crazy off the wall unbiblical things. They stopped feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Their 'storehouses' went dry. We started seeing A LOT of false teachings and we started getting really uncomfortable being there.

After eight months of being there, seeing all we were seeing, we knew it was time to get out. We also knew it would be hard to get out of there. There was a lot of control going on. I was his 'secretary' and "Puppy" was his musician and he really wasn't gonna let us go without a fight. We knew that we had to face "Wolf" and tell him that we were leaving. As soon as we did, he instantly told us we were NOT hearing God, and we were going to be out of His will; in fact he even told us that if we were to ever leave it would go "very badly" for us. He was manipulating us into staying. Well, later on there was a big blow up at our house about this whole issue. It was such a big argument and such a bad situation that we knew that we wouldn't be able to get out of there without help. So the two of us secretly made a video and put it out on YouTube. We told about what was going on and how we needed to get out of there and within a week people had donated 700 dollars to us to get out.

And one guy, "Rescuer", even emailed us and told us that he had been there previously and knew what it was like, and would we like to go to his house and stay with them until we could get home. So, he came to get us, from about 500 miles away, and on his birthday! He got there late that night, snuck into the house and we waited. First thing in the morning, under a cloud of fog, we packed up the cars and took off. We were getting out of there and we were glad. We ended up staying with "Rescuer" and his wife and new baby for about four months until we were actually able to get back home where we belong.

I do not regret going there to "Wolfs". My feet were healed there. I was baptized by the Holy Spirit there. And I was finally able to forgive "serpent" while I was there. So if you were to ask me if I believed that it really was the Lords will for us to go there. I would say YES! It sure was.

So we stayed with "Rescuer" and his little family for the next four months. We had family and friends who donated and supported us during that time, and sent us enough money to get back home.

## Chapter 30: Chapter Twenty Six

### Chapter Twenty Six

March 1st, 2009 we were on our way, getting ready to make the trip all the way back home. We prayed for the Lord to guide, lead, and protect, and keep the car running in good shape, (as the car that they gave us was a 16 year old For Taurus with several problems, including a right rear tire with less than perfect tread.)

One thing that I'm truly happy about, after leaving "Rescuer" is that they gave us their cat. They just had a small baby and didn't want the cat around him. So they asked us if we wanted her. We said yes in a hurry! She's a beautiful Devon Rex with a bare pink tummy and she's so spoiled. We love her so much and she's our baby.

We spent four days on the road getting home, and spent four months renting a motel room after we arrived. When we couldn't afford that anymore, a woman from a church nearby took us in for a couple of weeks while we looked for a place to live. After two weeks of being with her, we finally found an apartment and were able to move right in. We stayed there in "PG Complex" from July 2009 until August 2011, a little over 2 years.

2009, July till December, we were just settling in and we were trying to get over everything that we'd just been through. I still had health issues here in "PG Complex". I was noticing that I was having balance issues, and hard time walking. I had to hold "Puppy's" arm a lot while we went out. I had so many food allergy issues. I couldn't eat anything with any kind of chemical or preservative in it or I'd have a terrible reaction. My stomach would get hard as a rock. And my sinuses would clog up and my throat would get swollen. I was still miserable. And I was still having mood swings.

## Chapter 31: Chapter Twenty Seven

### Chapter Twenty Seven

January 2010 I was told by my doctor that I had pre-diabetes. And then right after that, in February, I was visiting my doctor and she was making suggestions about my weight and dieting again. She suggested that I read this book called "My Big Fat Greek Diet" written by a (\*doctor\*) named Nick Yphantides. He lost weight by doing a liquid fast. My doctor suggested that I read it and start a liquid fast - and this after just telling me that I had pre-diabetes. I'm sure "Nick" didn't have diabetes, doing a liquid diet. At first we picked a chocolate powdered store brand and brought it to her and she approved it. So I started it. It was the absolute WORST decision I ever made in my life. I didn't know anything about diabetes. And I didn't know that a liquid diet was the worst thing that someone with diabetes could do.

During the first week that I was on the liquid diet I started having chest pains like I had never had before, ever. I thought I was having a heart attack. I went to the ER and they did test after test. Every test was negative. I did a treadmill test with a shot of something and that result was normal. Every single day that first week I had terrible chest pains. They'd come and go though. No one could figure out what was wrong. They told me it was anxiety. I knew it wasn't that. One time I had the chest pains so bad that I went to my doctor and told her about them and she gave me nitroglycerin to take, and told me to take it the first minute it happened again. So it happened again, I took the nitro, and man I thought I was a goner right there and then. I thought for sure the nitro was actually causing a heart attack that time. I ran to the ER and nothing was going on with my heart. Not a thing.

By the middle of the second week I was finally getting a clue. I quit the liquid diet and the pains started to slow down, they weren't flaring up like they were before. And from that minute, even right up till today, I still have pains in my upper chest area, that no one can figure out what they are. I know they're not my heart, because every test even today tell me they're not. But still to this day no one can figure them out. In the middle of the second week, shortly after I quit the liquid diet, my stomach started acting up. It would get hard as a rock, bloated, and big and hard as a bowling ball. I went to my doctor who sent me to have tests. No one could figure out what was wrong. Test after test and still no one knew anything. Until one day I switched doctors and the new one had me take a test for H Pylori. Sure enough it was positive. That's what was bothering my stomach.

So, by March 30th, I was taking antibiotics for it. Also I had just gotten done having surgery that day too, for an umbilical hernia. So, getting home from the hospital I was supposed to start the antibiotics. I did, and I started throwing up bad. I couldn't handle throwing up because I had stomach surgery so I quit taking them. I did take them, but not till after I was healed from surgery.

And then by September I had a second hernia just above the area where I had the first one. So I went in for tests for that, and for retesting for the H Pylori. I found out that yes I did have to have another surgery again, and even more antibiotics for the H Pylori infection. So I had the surgery and I took a different set of antibiotics. The surgery went well. I wouldn't know about the H Pylori until later.

We also left the "christian church system" during this year. We never wanted to go back. We saw that there was so much wrong in them. So much paganism in them. We knew though that we had to get closer to God. And we were gonna try.

## Chapter 32: Chapter Twenty Eight

### Chapter Twenty Eight

2011 was a year we won't forget too soon. We had been out of the "christian church system" for 2 years and in March of this year we wanted and needed more from God. We were searching for Him. For a deeper relationship with Him. We wanted more and more of Him. So we started asking in our prayers for Him to make us Holy for Him. To show us how to be Holy. Show us what to do to make us Holy in His sight. So after that we started reading His Word like never before. We started in Genesis. And He was opening our eyes to so many things that we never saw before. We started learning about Tzitzit's and Sabbath and 'for all generation' Laws. We were trying to grow as far from this world as we possibly could and as close to Him as we possibly could.

And, we learned His proper name. His name is Yahweh. YHVH. And it should NEVER have been taken out of the bibles that we read today. His Son's name is Yeshua. It's not Jesus. It never was Jesus. And His name should NEVER have been translated into Jesus. It's His name YESHUA that saves. Not the pagan name Jesus.

During this time we started learning about submission. We learned about His Kingdom and His chain of command. I started learning about head coverings and then modesty. True modesty. Holy Modesty. I was learning about the role of a woman in His chain of command. And we learned about obedience. That the Law wasn't done away with. That obedience was still very important to Him.

And, sure enough, just as soon as we were totally dedicating and devoting ourselves to Father Yahweh, evil struck. A test. And a hard one, at that. We came across a post that someone had posted onto Facebook, about divorce and remarriage, and talked in his post about how there was never, ever any way out of a marriageâ never, ever any reason or excuse for a divorce, expect for death of a partner.

Well this sent us into a whirlwind of turmoil. Oh my gosh, we were never supposed to have gotten married!! But how could that be?? We knew that we knew that Yahweh was with us the entire time that we were building our relationship. We prayed consistently, we kept Him in the center of our relationship; we never stopped depending on Him for our next moves. And now, our world was crashing down around us all because we saw this post, with this guys opinion.

Well we spent the next five months preparing to divorce. We kept a celibate relationship. We cried practically every moment. We went through so much heart wrenching torture. We never thought a day would come where we would actually have to divorce each other. We got rid of our rings. We even tried to develop a new kind of relationship, complete with new pet names for each other. We were "John and Jane the Baptist" and we were moving into a whole other stage in our relationship. We started a new mission, and we were going to be obedient, no matter what the cost. *No matter what the cost!*

Those five months was the hardest of my whole life. No abuse that had previously happened to me, in my entire life, could have been more painful than having to divorce my soul mate.

We went through those five months in so much agony. We were praying for some sort of confirmation from Yahweh, to show us that what we believed and were doing was correct. That it was right in His sight. But nothing came. We heard nothing from Him that whole five months. He was completely silent.

On Sept. 11, a friend sent us a link to a teaching by a preacher on the internet. The preaching was about divorce and remarriage. He talked about how 'unequally yoked' marriages are never really "Of

'God'. That God would never endorse, or put, two unequally yoked people together.

As if that wasn't enough, on Sept. 22nd, Yahweh confirmed the video by speaking to "Puppy" in the early morning. He told him light and darkness have no part together. He reminded him of the scripture in 2 Corinthians 6:14-16.

*"14 Do not yoke yourselves together in a team with unbelievers. For how can righteousness and lawlessness be partners? What fellowship does light have with darkness? 15 What harmony can there be between the Messiah and B'liya'al? What does a believer have in common with an unbeliever? 16 What agreement can there be between the temple of God and idols? For we are the temple of the living God - as God said, 'I will house myself in them, and I will walk among you. I will be their God, and they will be my people.'"*

This scripture proved to us that Yahweh would never put two unequally yoked people together in a marriage. It proved to us that He would never ordain a marriage between two unequally yoked people. So many people assume that if two people are married, it means God put them together. But this scripture proves other wise. There are some marriages that MAN put together himself and Yahweh has no part in.

And in Matt:5, 6 it says, *"and that he said, 'For this reason a man should leave his father and mother and be united with his wife, and the two are to become one flesh'? 6 Thus they are no longer two, but one. So then, no one should split apart what God has joined together."*

Mark 10:9 *"So then, no one should break apart what God has joined together."*

The key phrase here is, "What God has jointed together." There are some marriages that are NOT ordained by Him. He would never approve of a marriage of a believer and an unbeliever, because His own word says that light has no fellowship with darkness. So all these people who say that if a believer and an unbeliever are married, and that God put them together, are totally mistaken. If Yahweh was never in it, and never wanted it to happen in the first place, then why would it bother Him to see it divided? Yes Yahweh hates divorce, but if it is a man made marriage, then He is not in that.

So that meant that my marriage to "serpent" was not ordained by Him, it was a marriage between a believer and an unbeliever.

"Puppy" had been married to an unbeliever as well. His marriage was unequally yoked. And he has his own life full of his own stories, as well. About eight months before the two of them were married, in November '86, it was revealed to him that his "ex wife" was possessed by demons. "Puppy" and his pastor at the time did deliverance on her and from how I hear him tell it, it was quite the horrific story. After they started the process, she ended up on the back of the couch, squatting, and the demons within her were shouting at them saying, in a male guttural voice, "You can't have her. We're going to kill her." Finally, after several hours of battling with these demons, she was delivered of them. She had been into the occult, tarot cards, psychic readings, ouija boards, out of body experiences, the works. During the next eight months, they planned to marry. During this time, the Holy Spirit (the Ruach ha Kodesh) told him repeatedly, NOT to marry her. He felt it so strongly. And over and over again, she too, would say to him things like, "you know you can back out of this any time". Yet he still went forward with it. Eight months after the deliverance, the two of them were married. She was not a believer at the time. She was, and to this day, is not a believer. So the two of them were unequally yoked. And we both believe that because neither of our marriages were put together or ordained by Yahweh, then our marriages were not considered 'a marriage ordained by God', as the scripture puts it. So then that means that we could divorce. And remarry. And, marry the one that Yahweh had

## What About Her?

**originally planned for each other.**

**So then now, all of that horrific terrifying long five months, was over. We were finally able to get on with the rest of our lives, walking in obedience to Torah and washed clean by the blood of the Lamb. That was September of 2011 and we're on into 2012 and we're living Torah and trying to stay as close to Father Yahweh as we can.**

## Chapter 33: Chapter Twenty Nine

### Chapter Twenty Nine

Its 2012, July, and Yahweh is opening our eyes and showing us new things every day. We've begun to dig in to Hebrew and we're learning that our "Holy Bible" is totally different that what we thought. We are learning that so much as been twisted and translated wrong. So, this is where we are right now. We are living for Him to the best of our ability, staying in obedience to His Torah to the best of our ability, and continuing to enjoy each other and our lives. I still deal with health issues. Balance issues and I still battle with the H Pylori and stomach issues. Many foods upset my stomach. But we're slowly working on those issues. But we're at peace and doing our best to spread the gospel to as far as we can spread it. Learning new things from Father Yahweh is an every day experience. We never knew that keeping the Law could be so much fun.

As I sit here today, I realize the biggest reason why I was abused all my life is because I belong to the Most High of the Universe and the enemy was just doing everything that he could do to kill, steal and destroy me. He didn't succeed though. Look where I am today. A survivor. No matter if I never felt it, I believe to this day that Father Yahweh was holding me up in His Righteous Right Hand through my whole life. He would not let me go through what I could not endure. He was right there and when I got to my wits end, He came through and saved me, each time.

With all that I've been through in my life; all of the abuse and all of the emotional turmoil, all of the pain and sorrow, and all of the torture, as I sit here looking back at all of what I've written, and as I reflect on it all, I can't help but remember Job. I still believe that the enemy went to Father Yahweh and said, "What about her?"

## What About Her?

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