

Delivered From Abuse

In October 1995, I was 34 years old and on my third marriage. While I was recovering from a major operation, my husband viciously attacked me. After choking and hitting me, he pushed me into the walls and threw me across the room.

Although I did not want another failed relationship, I was concerned for my son, who was 16, and my 11-year-old daughter. I kept wondering, What am I doing wrong?

We had dated for five years, but we separated after four months of marriage. I decided I couldn't take the arguing, his adulterous relationships and now the physical abuse.

Later, my husband asked for a divorce. After I finally agreed, he began stalking me. He would call me and hang up and drive past my house day and night.

One evening he called to say he had the divorce papers for me to sign. The next morning, I stopped at his apartment.

After he let me in, he attacked me. He took out a gun he had hidden under a cushion on his couch and held the gun to my head.

As he cursed and taunted me, he pulled out a shotgun, loaded five shells into it, and put it to my chest. As I sat there, I heard the Lord speak so clearly, "It's not your time."

Many things went through my mind, yet, I had a peace I couldn't understand. After being held hostage for three hours, I talked my husband into letting me go.

I filed a court order of protection against him and moved out of my home with my children. After my court date, I moved back in, but I restricted my movements to work and home. He continued stalking me.

One day, I was standing in my driveway with two of my son's friends, when my husband walked up behind us with a gun. He threatened the boys and made them leave.

He hit me in the head with the butt of the gun and fired a shot into the air to force me inside the house. When I resisted, he pulled me into the house by my hair.

As I looked up at my husband, I prayed, "Lord, two weeks ago You said it wasn't my time. Is it my time now?" The Lord said to me, "Peace, be still."

The two young men went to get my son and called the police. We were in the house for about five hours with a SWAT team on the roof. While my husband was on the phone with a hostage negotiator, the police stormed the house, and my husband was killed.

Knowing he was not going to come out alive, my husband could have shot me first, but the Lord allowed me to live. Later God told me that I was to share my experience with other women and let them know they don't have to stay in abusive relationships. My prayer is that people will see the mercy of God when they hear my story and understand the love He has for them.