

Delivered From Sexual Abuse

When I was 5 years old, one of my family members, who used to baby-sit my siblings and me, began sexually abusing me. For years the images of what he did haunted me and led to my being given to a spirit of perversion.

Another family member teased me about what my uncle had done, and later he, too, began abusing me, as well as my cousin and my sister.

When I was 8, my mother had a nervous breakdown, and I was placed in a foster home. I was molested there for two years.

I was a runaway at 14, a prostitute at 15, married to someone I'd later divorce at 17 and pregnant at 18. At one point I became a drug dealer.

Through a host of perversions and generational curses the enemy tried to destroy my life. But in November 1987, after fighting and pulling a gun on the man I was engaged to marry, I surrendered my life to Christ.

I was a broken and hurting individual whose life was full of pain. When I asked God why He had allowed so many terrible things to happen to me, He helped me remember girls I'd known from the street who had gotten killed or been put in jail.

God told me, "The devil wanted to kill you, but I wouldn't let him. Now use what you've been through to help deliver the sexual abuser as well as the sexually abused."

Since then, God has made me a minister of the gospel. One of the greatest blessings I've experienced is being allowed to preach deliverance to one of the family members who abused me. God gave me the grace to do it with His love and without hurt or pain.

I've been delivered in Jesus' name, and now I'm seeing souls

set free by the power of God. To Him be all the glory.