

How God Moved This Woman From Pain to Purpose

It all began when I was married to my first husband. The first few years were great. He was in the military, and it was not until he got out of the service that things began to change. The military kept him self-disciplined and once out, he went back to his old ways before we met, going out to bars. Through the years, the drinking became worse and led to drugs. And once addiction set in to both alcohol and drugs, the happy life we knew changed. By this time, we had two children, two boys.

The more my husband dove into the drug and alcohol life, the more the rages from the withdrawals took over, and they left our two sons and me overwhelmed in fear and a feeling of worthlessness. We felt as if we did not deserve to be happy or that it would never take place again. My husband was so consumed by the drugs that he could not think outside of needing his fix and going out “with the guys.”

The intense rages and verbal and emotional abuse continued year after year. I did not want a divorce, nor did I believe in it. So, I stayed, believing one day, if I loved him enough, he would change. This did not happen. To numb the pain they felt inside, our sons soon dove into that lifestyle as well. I tried to be mom and dad to them, to love them enough to make up for the emotional drama we had to live with, but it was not enough.

I grew up a Catholic, and I did not know what being saved meant until I went to my mother-in-law's church. There, I was introduced to Jesus Christ. I still had a lot to learn, especially the part of surrendering completely and trusting Him to lead me, take care of me and always love me.

I continued to go to a Christian church, and my life was still consumed with heartache. I was determined to stay with him until it was just too much. I could not take it any longer. The pain was too great; the fear within consumed me. We separated several times but always came back to each other. I could not deal with it any longer, I hurt so much inside and felt as if I did not have a voice. So, I decided to end it, yes, commit suicide. The pain I was dealing with was so great; that was all I could see and feel. It was as if no one else existed. That is the way Satan works: He devises schemes to make the pain so much greater than God, His love and the love of your family.

God had to take my eyes off the pain, so He sent my two sons, who were then teenagers, to the back of our property where I was. They had no reason; they were at the house with their friends. They came to me and saw me crying and said, "Mom, we love you." They hugged me and walked away. Immediately, I heard a voice say, "See, if you do this, who will be there to love them?"

God had to shift my focus from the pain to the ones still here on earth that I loved with all my heart: my two sons. It was then that I cried out to Him and surrendered all. It was then that I understood what it meant to be born again. My head and my heart agreed. I felt new within and had a hunger to read and study the Bible that I never had before. I also began writing poetry. The poems would just be in my heart; they would come at once, and I had to write them down or be bothered until I did.

My ex-husband was still the same; the pain was still there; but I had someone to turn to now, to keep me going and give me strength, the Lord Jesus Christ.

We moved back to South Carolina from Texas shortly after that and the move did not change things; in fact, they became worse. My ex-husband even got a DUI, and you would have

thought that would make him slow down on the drinking. Not so; he just made his family take him and pick him up from his bars.

Then the nightmare happened, as if what we were living with was not enough of one. My youngest, just a week away from turning 17, was killed in a car accident.

Years passed and ups and downs still happened, and my husband and I finally divorced. The Lord continued to give me things to write. Now, He was giving me books. Writing the books helped to heal my heart. I continued to write, and God brought a publisher to me and to date at this time, I have written 25 books and have begun sharing my testimony as well.

The enemy tried to take my voice, but God abundantly gave it back. It took a lot of time to heal my heart and during that time of healing, God continued to give me book after book to write and in the process, I learned more and more about Him and grew spiritually. As a result, healing came. {eoa}

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