

Miracles that follow the plow :: My Testimony

My Testimony, on: 2005/5/29 4:11

Thought it was time i shared with you guys my testimony. Here goes....

Ever since i can remember i always used to talk to God. I never grew up in the church but i did go to a 'church of England primary school'. I used to be absolutly fascinated and overwhelmed when we went into the church for 'special' services . I felt a sense of awe and wonder and i could always feel God presece although at the time i didn't know that was what i was feeling. Being left out of communion upset me often as i wanted to be trully a part of what church was, i was only young then.

As i grew up i was always a 'loner'. I was born with a hole in the heart and had to make frequent trips to the hospital as a child and the PE teachers at school never let me join in although it was perfectly safe for me to take part! Classmates used to pick on me because of my openness, i wore my heart on my sleeve (actually i was probably a bit naive at the time). When i was nine we moved from London to Sussex and i had to make a whole new bunch of friends for the next year and a half before starting secondary school! I had no problem making friends but again PE classes were a problem for me as the teachers thought i might collapse and die on them!

My parents were very strict. My dad was always at work which just left my mum (my only relatives lived up North in Manchester, i only have one grandparent as my dads parents died before i was born and we dont know whats happened to my mums dad). I cant remember when my mum first really started to hit me but i think most of it happened when we moved when i was nine. My mums never exactly been the most maternal of parents. One morning she pushed me down the stairs and at school that morning i just couldn't stop crying. The headmaster phoned my mum voicing his concerns. I hate to think what lie my mum gave him. Looking back i remember my headmaster...he was a christian and was like a grandad sort of figure. He always made us sing hymes even though the school i went to wasnt anyway linked to the church.

At secondary school the new friends i made were good friends but were soon afraid to come round my house after a particularly nasty incident. I had my then best friend over, we were about 11. My dad was cooking and had a really heavy pan on the stove when my mum asked me to keep an eye on the cooking while she and my dad had a chat upstairs (little did i know they were going through a crises in their marriage, my mum was having an affair). As the contents of the pan began to boil i tried to move it but couldnt and didnt know how to operate the cooker so i looked at my friend and said i'd better call my dad. As i called him i heard someone coming down the stairs, turned around and "Whack" my mum punched me and busted open my nose. I ran to the toilet and left my poor friend in the kitchen alone! She never came round again.

In my last year at school we moved again but not so far this time. I could still go to the same school but i would need a lift everyday as we moved out into the sticks where there were no busses and there was a train station there for racecourse reasons only!! Anyway my mum said to us (my brother and two sisters) that if we moved they would take us to see our friends whenever we wanted. Once we moved it was a different story, she refused to keep driving us out to see our friends saying we needed to make new ones in a village of only around 300. Anyway one night some young people knocked on for me and my mum litterally pushed me out the door saying you will make new friends with these people. And i did. I got myself a boyfriend too and as a result missed the most of my last year in school. I got into drinking and smoking something my previous friends and i were never interested in. I wasnt rebellious at all with my parents as i was far too afraid of them but i did something that really upset them. I left collage due to bullying. My dad went mad!! He never said anything when my mum used to hit me he just wanted to keep the peace but this infuriated him. I found myself a good job where i was paid just enough for my travelling fees and they trained me in an n.v.q and city and guilds. This kept my parent quiet for a while. When i completed that i instantly got the position as a stockroom manager. The wage wasnt too good but i really enjoyed the job. While i was there i began to date an old friend who i totally fell in love with. I was doing really well.....so i thought. I changed jobs to train to run a pet shop, i took a drop in pay but the training was good and would be worth it in the long run. My parents werent happy! One night my boyfriend dropped me off home and i realised i left my coat in the car with my wallet inside it. I had no money to get to work in the morning. It was very late at night but i knew my parents would be awake so i knocked on their bedroom door to ask for some money until the next day. My dad said come in a minute first we want to talk to you about rent. it was almost midnight and i had to be up at four and they wanted to talk about rent!? So i said "dont worry about the money i'll get to work somehow, but i'll talk with you tommorrow about rent as it's too late to have an indepth talk now". My mum went mad! So i walked away from her saying id talk to her tomorrow. She followed me into my room stood over me and said i will not stop talking until you talk about this with me. And she didnt stop talking so i put my fingers in my ears. Next thing i know my blanket was pulled off of me and i looked up and it was my dad!!! I was half naked and he started punching me aimlessly. I screamed for him to stop and when he did my mum said when i go to work she will box up all my stuff and throw me out. That was my last night at home with my parents, she kicked me out at 16.

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I wasn't a bad person in the world's eyes. I obeyed my parents (through fear I might add) and my only vice was smoking. My boyfriend's parents then took me in. I felt so rejected and ashamed. I got another great job and did really well in it. My boyfriend and I got a house and I began to rebuild my relationship with my mum. By this time my mum was consumed with materialism and herself but she was still my mum and I always saw hope that she will one day love me. Then I got interested in witchcraft. But before I really got into it I began to have this weird recurring dream where I was in the back of a car and there was a girl my age in the passenger seat and a young man driving. I never saw their faces just the back of their heads. But I did take in the view from the window. I saw bridges with blue railings mostly. Around this time I just fell out of love with my boyfriend (well fiancée as we got engaged). I left him and had no place to go. In the end out of sheer desperation I rang my aunt in Manchester and said I wanted to move away from everything and start a new life. I moved to Manchester within weeks of the call and got a job at a nightclub where I met Aaron. I wasn't looking for a relationship! After a couple of days of seeing each other I was in the car with him as he was driving and our friend in the passenger seat. As he was driving I looked out of the window and had a strange sense of déjà vu. Then I saw the blue railings on a bridge and remembered the DREAM!! This was my dream. The next few days I was introduced to his parents which he failed to tell me were pastors of the church he went to until we pulled up and I was about to go in. Talk about interrogation!! They wanted to know everything which for me was overwhelming, but there was something about them. In the next few weeks we both left the nightclub and became engaged. Everything felt right. I completely renounced the tarot (witchcraft) and began to attend church. That year I went to a conference and was so touched by God in such a deep and personal way. I gave my life to Him and confessed Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. I have never looked back. From that moment on I have been like a completely different person. I gave up smoking instantly and God began to deal with the very deep wounds of mental and physical abuse inflicted by my parents. God is still dealing with the rejection I suffer even today with my parents. They have moved to Cyprus and still I try and keep a relationship going with them & I pray earnestly for their salvation.

Re: My Testimony - posted by crsschk (), on: 2005/5/29 7:20

Dear sister, thank you so much...for sharing... for bearing your soul, it is difficult to even find words...

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication. What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper.

*Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever. ~ Ps
alm 30*