

As far back as I can remember, I had always felt like I was incomplete, missing something. I never was comfortable around people so I made up for it by being the class clown. As I grew older into my teenage years, kids had divided up into groups or cliques. I had ended up getting involved with the group that at the time were called (The Freaks) to fit in. Primarily for two reasons: one being that I'd always had long hair and two being I wasn't athletic or good at book studies and it was obvious that I wasn't a goody goody. At that time I was not into drugs or alcohol, although I drank beer on more than one occasion and smoked cigarettes and tried pot. I knew that if I was to be accepted I would have to become like them and be a user. The power of acceptance. It wasn't long before I was in to drugs and alcohol full force. Because of that I'd found myself at odds with my parents and moving out of the house at age sixteen. (By the way, my dad being an alcoholic didn't help matters any.) I was no stranger to work, for I had been working for many years. That allowed me to support my habits and the lifestyle I was living and aided in my rebellion. For a while I was having a big time, but then the sinful life started to catch up with me. In and out of jail, married and divorced. What little relationship I had with my parents was broken. Running, depressed, discouraged, defeated, alone, searching for an answer within this world and finding none. At many times, suicide seemed to be the only answer, however God's mercy was sufficient. He knew what he had in store for me, although I couldn't see ahead and didn't even know what being saved was, God knew there was coming a day when He would save me. That was the start to a new life, being born again. Although I knew God had changed so many things: desires, wants, needs, I still had a problem with what I know now as strongholds of Satan and bondage. It was costing me the joy of my salvation, it was destroying my second marriage and ultimately my life. After years of putting off psychiatric help, that others were pushing for, I found myself at another point of brokenness and that is when I called Rick. Rick listened and helped by exposing the lies of Satan and sharing the fullness of God's love, showing me through scripture, through the power of the Holy Spirit how to be Set Free. I know that this is the starting point of coming to know who God really is and who I am in Christ Jesus. This reality of God that was revealed to me through Rick was something that I was unable to ever see in church. There is so much more I could say both about the devil and mostly about God, but really what I want to say and experience and live is the love of God, how real it is. Thanks be to GOD!

Signed,  
A born again believer who has been set free