

# Testimonial

Environmental Illness, alcoholic, allergic, lonely,

Our God is an Awesome God! What a privilege it is to watch God transform each of you from the inside out. It's exhilarating to watch you: families growing together and even Steve being healed. It's amazing and humbling to realize this is how the team of Restoring Lives watched God transform me last June.

I had Environmental Illness for 20 years. Again, I repeat, I **had Environmental Illness**, or "EI" for short. I no longer have it. Environmental Illness is rooted in fear stemming from rejection and unloving--which is self-bitterness. I was raised in a dysfunctional and **alcoholic** family. I was **allergic** to the world, my environment, and even foods for the last 20 years. I could not be near my husband for the last three years. I had to remain even farther physically from my children and grandchildren. I couldn't pat my outside cats. They would go to the shop and pick up cologne contamination from other people there.

I was extremely **lonely** and unhappy. My husband had his own severe health problems. He could not help or comfort me, nor I, him. Communication faltered. To keep from feeling so unbearably alone and isolated I would drive around all hours of the night. Gary was so ill he wouldn't even know I was gone. He wasn't living in the house. He slept in his truck or sitting in a chair in his shop. He couldn't even come in the door. I slept on the couch with no bedding. I could tolerate nothing for warmth. I had two sets of clothes I could wear and they were rags with holes in them. I also slept in them. I had to hand-wash them. I couldn't use the washing machine and we had three. I told Gary I was going to have to join the nudist colony down the road if my clothes got any worse. I could not tolerate clothing.

Ask any team member that attended Milford's conference last year. I was skinny and pale, gray and I looked sick. I could tolerate only four foods—organic chicken and beef, both of which caused reactions. I had to eat them anyway. I also ate organic grape tomatoes and cucumbers. That was all I could eat--period. At one point I would call the ministry in California in tears unable to purchase uncontaminated food. I was hungry and I was weak. At the very end of my illness I had excruciating stomach pains for up to nine hours at a time. I wasn't even able to get myself a sip of water, nor could Gary come inside and get it for me. I think he was probably in too much pain to care anyway. I had no one to help me no matter what the problem.

I had tried numerous times to convince Gary that we could "check out" together. He wouldn't agree. This would have devastated our children. Neither was there a cliff to drive off of which I imagined, and like Bryn said, you were afraid of dying too! One scripture I clung to was "hope thou in God for I shall yet praise Him, my health and my



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countenance and my God.“ My health and my countenance, my God. I knew that was there. I just didn't know how to find my way back to Him. He came to us through this ministry. He came down and He lifted us up. He came running and looking for us. He let His mercy reign on us for which we are grateful.

We came to this conference last June. Within two or three nights Gary was walking without two sticks for canes. He was walking straight and not bent over. Another day or so and God healed me also. While eating Italian subs the very next day I caught myself walking across the lawn barefoot for the first time in 20 years. I was always afraid of severe allergic reactions to bug bites to go barefoot. On that same day we rode to the conference together in the same car. This was the first time we'd ridden together in years.

God has truly, as Psalm 142:7-8 says, “Set me free from my prison that I may praise your name. Then the righteous will surround me because you have dealt bountifully with me.” God's righteous people, the Restoring Lives team, have surrounded us here. This bag of antigens I brought was a brand new order. They came the week before the conference. It's worth about \$5000.00. I took 5 to 10 allergy shots a day in an attempt to function. Sometimes they made me worse. I haven't had a shot since the week after conference. I took one or two then. It's either antigens, which didn't make me well in 20 years, or God's goodness and healing. Which would you choose? God's truth has set us free. We are filled with His joy. He has given us our lives back, each other, our children and our friends. We are having fun everyday. How great is our God, the name above all names!



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