

Testimonial

Hate, Stress, Worry, Anxiety, People Pleaser

John and I went to A More Excellent Way in Pleasant Valley, Georgia 8 years ago, and I was a pretty new Christian at the time. When they ministered the Father's Love, I went forward, but I didn't have a clue what they were doing, I just went through the motion.

We returned home, and we taught in our home what we learned at Pleasant Valley for a while. We met Henry Wright when he came to Columbus, just a few minutes from our home. This was in 2004, and there we met Mike and Bryn Kelly. Through the relationship, we came on board with their ministry, Restoring Lives (formerly The More Excellent Way).

During the second conference we attended, they were doing the Father's Love ministry. In the first conference, I didn't believe I needed it. In this second conference, I'm on the team and I'm walking around up front with my little box of tissues to give for those who need them. Everyone is getting in line and the Lord started working on my heart, which usually means that my heart really starts beating fast and it feels like it's getting up in my throat so I can hardly swallow. My eyes started filling up with tears, and I knew it was God. I decided to get into line and one of the team members yelled "Linda, are you getting in line?" I wanted to keep it hidden because now I'm a Christian and I'm in the ministry and I didn't want to tell anybody that I **hated** my Dad. I hated him extremely.

The reason why I hated him is because when I was nine months old, he tried to kill me. He was an alcoholic, had been married and divorced twice before he married my mother. Talk about baggage, even before I was born, I had baggage. Adam and Eve had baggage. Before I was born, my mother married my dad who was 26 and she was 15, but had been married and divorced twice so that made my mother his third wife, so there was lots of baggage. He was an alcoholic and adulterer, he did everything, but he tried to kill me. He turned the bed upside down with me in it, burned up all my clothes, and beat my mom. My sister was eighteen months old and I was nine months old. My mother took us to a cemetery to hide behind the headstones so he wouldn't kill us. I grew up hating. I was told not to ever get in the car with him because he will kidnap me, and all this horrible stuff.

My mother remarried when I was four years old. When I was eight years old I attended



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a funeral, my mom called us girls over to her and wanted to point out my father, who was at the funeral as well. It was like looking at my dad where the traffic was, that's how far he was from me. He never touched me. I never had a touch in my whole life from my dad.

I saw him again when I was 12 years old at another funeral. People have asked why I remember those dates. They're **doorpoints**. They're things in your life that you always remember. When I was 17 years old, my oldest sister was going through something in her life, and she would constantly ask me if I'd like to see dad and just talk to him. She wanted to see him, but I didn't want to see him because I hated him. She really didn't believe I hated him, but I did.

My stepdad overheard us talking, and my sister asked him if he would take us. He always told us that if we wanted to see our dad he would take us. Just don't run away.

I graduated when I was 17 and my sister was working in Columbus, and she came home for my graduation and told me she had to go see our real dad. My stepdad agreed to take us. My dad lived somewhere in Kentucky. We didn't have a clue where this man lived, but we took off and found him. We actually found him. I looked at him and really didn't see anything. It was almost like nothing.

When I'm in line for Father's Love, I walked up, and there were several men ministering. At that time, I wanted to pick who I wanted to minister to me. I was looking for an older gentleman, but when it became my turn, a young man around 30 years old was going to minister to me. When he started saying the Father's Love ministry, "I love you" and "I forgive you", etc., I was so angry, I wanted to knock his head off. I said, "you don't even know me, you don't even know me", but I knew that I knew that I knew that it was God working in my heart. I had read scripture time and time again and it says in Matthew 6:15, "But if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." I'm not going to miss heaven and go to hell for anybody. So, I listened to him and then I told him what I thought because I'm looking at dad now. I told him everything I thought and how I felt and I knew God was in my heart and he replied that I had to forgive him. I looked at that young man and said "I'll give you a gift you don't deserve. I forgive you." As I walked away from the platform, I was shaking. I went all the way to the back of the sanctuary and laid down on the floor and sobbed for



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so long. When I got up, it truly felt like a ten ton truck had been lifted off me because I had carried it my whole life until 2005. As Christians we are supposed to forgive, love, and have compassion and the enemy's job is to keep us separated and apart, not to share our testimony and not to tell people that God loves them and you have to forgive those that trespass against us.

I think that most of my life I **worried** about what people thought, what they said, I always wanted to be a **people pleaser** – I do good to you, you do good to me and that's just the way I've lived my life. Most of that has been **anxiety** and **stress** because I just kept it stuffed, stuffed, stuffed. Please do not walk out of the conference with parental issues. When you walk out without resolving these issues, you'll just go around that mountain once more and you'll never be free until you forgive mom and dad. You can have a testimony, too. Even if you don't feel like it, receive it and see what God will do.



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