

# Testimonial

**Fear, Environmental Illness, Chemical Sensitivities, Chronic Fatigue, Allergies, Chronic Sinus Infections, Fibromyalgia, Borderline Personality**

I began getting sick in 1982-83. I worked with emotionally disturbed kids in Hamilton Children's Home. It was like a war zone and after two years there I started getting **chronic fatigue, chronic sinus infections, allergies, mild chemical sensitivities**, and I can never work full time again—until recently.

I struggled through that for many years and then I met my husband in 1988. And I knew that some stuff had happened to me as a child. My husband was a wonderful person. I met him through a Christian Day Club and he wanted to have children and I didn't think I could because I knew that I just didn't trust myself around children. And so I went into therapy.

I went to a psychologist. He called his counseling business a Christian Counseling business. He was referred to me by an evangelical Christian friend. He was wonderful in many, many ways. He began to help me feel my feelings. He knew what had happened to me. I had no idea. I had gone through a lot of physical abuse and verbal abuse and I didn't know it and he helped me get in touch with that. He diagnosed me as **Borderline**. I don't think I was the worst Borderline. My mom was worse.

A Borderline is someone who doesn't have personality. You've gone through so much trauma at such an early age that you've never formed a personality. You're just all over the map. You have mood swings, a fear of abandonment. He was so right about so many things. I had been a Christian when I went to him and he told me that Jesus was not the only way to God. He even told me at one point that suicide had redeeming qualities, which is a very strange thing to say to a borderline who has self-destructive tendencies. But he was so right and so I just believed him about everything. I mean, what did I know. I came from this crazy family who took me to church and just came home and beat me. He seemed so right and so kind and so supportive. He let me call him when I was in an emergency.

So what happened was--I had already had chemical sensitivities--in 1995 we moved back to Dayton—my husband was military—and we bought a house. I was very terrified of getting a house that would make me sick and that's what happened. We got a house that had black mold under the carpet. If I hadn't been so frightened it wouldn't have been that hard to deal with but I knew there was mold in there and I was terrified. I had a reaction and I got **Mycoplasma Pneumonia and** they put me on steroids and



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antibiotics for three months and then after that they put me on heavy-duty antifungal medications.

At the end of that time I became extremely chemically sensitive. I got **Fibromyalgia**. My **stomach was ulcerated** and I got down to 99 pounds. I couldn't sleep. I was hysterical. We remodeled our house totally and put \$15,000 dollars worth of ceramic tile in it. Nothing worked. I still couldn't sleep. I found out about Dr. Rea's clinic in Dallas and went out there. My goal was just to sleep. I wanted to go to Seagoville where they had porcelain trailers and I thought I could sleep if I got there. I got there and I didn't sleep. I became electromagnetic sensitive. By that time I could only drink water out of glass bottles with metal lids which were only available in Dayton so my husband took me out there and then came back to Dayton, rented a U-Haul and drove it out full of glass bottles of drinking water with metal lids, out to Dallas so I could drink water. And then he left me out there and went home and had a nervous breakdown. He was an officer in the Air Force and you aren't allowed to have a nervous breakdown when you 're in the Air Force as an officer. They had to hospitalize him twice. Finally he went to a church and happened to sit next to a guy who was a retired colonel, a strong Christian guy who took him under his wing and basically sort of nursed him back to health. That church supported him incredibly.

I was in Seagoville and I heard about Pleasant Valley from a woman there who had gotten healed and they pulled her trailer off the grounds the week I went out there. She had been sick for nine years there and she had gotten healed on the phone in four months time with Bruce and Anita out there and I got the phone number from them. I thought, "Well, maybe they know something I don't." I had nothing to do so I called them and they kept telling me "it's fear". People who get this were severely abused as children, which I knew, and you're full of fear. I couldn't even understand that I was full of **fear**. I was suicidal, I was pacing all the time and I couldn't even understand that I had fear. Eventually they allowed me to come out there. It was so hard for me. I began to see that Jesus was the way. I listened to Henry (Wright), I knew that Jesus was the answer but I couldn't make the switch from all the background I had from my psychologist who had taught me how to live the only thing I knew that had worked.

Being a Christian had kept me from getting into drugs and sex and stuff like that before but no one had any answers for the pain that I had been in and the disturbing thoughts that I had. I didn't know how to sort through what my psychologist had taught me and mesh that with Christianity. I didn't know how to make the switch. I just was suicidal. I thought that was the only answer. I was so disruptive they had to send me away. They sent me home to Dayton. Mark put me in a mental institution for two weeks and then I



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went out to another ministry in California. They just kind of babysat me and they knew the Word and they knew that God could heal and they kept telling me “You can be healed.”

A year and a half later Mark was totally well. God had healed him. He kept his career miraculously in the Air Force and he got a transfer out to L.A. He came out and we started to live together. I finally started wanting—I had heard the Word enough and I just decided I am going to do what they told me to do all along, both ministries. I am going to change my mouth. I am not going to talk about my symptoms cause that was my big deal, for two or three years, all I'd done is go around and say, “I'm sick. I'm in so much pain. I'm so afraid. I'm so scared.” That's all I said. Nobody wanted to be around me like that. I paced constantly.

So when I finally decided to change my mouth people liked being around me. I started saying, “God is healing me.” And within about six weeks of absolutely determining to do that, and starting to worship the Lord, I had a breakthrough. I got my mind totally off my symptoms for about six hours.

I started having fun. And all the **Fibromyalgia** left. I was amazed. And then after about two weeks, I got under some stress and it started coming back, but I just kept it up. I kept saying, “God is healing me.” I kept refusing to dwell on it. I kept worshiping the Lord. Again, about six weeks later, I went to a church conference. I was having fun. I got my mind off my symptoms. They totally left. I realized what I had to do.

I began to realize I have to be happy. I have to be in the moment. I can't be dwelling on my problems. I knew I couldn't do it there where I was in California, in this little apartment where I was all alone so I called the ministry in Pleasant Valley in Georgia and asked if they would let me come back. They did, which was absolutely amazing considering all the trouble I'd caused them when I had been there before. They let me come back and I just threw myself into helping the people that were there who were really sicker than me. I just listened to Henry and was able to go through what the psychologist had taught me and I realized that everything he had taught me that had helped me is in the Bible. Everything he taught me that confused me is not in the Bible.

I would go back and forth between Pleasant Valley and my husband. I did that for about a year and a half. In 2000 I was well enough to go home and live with my husband in L.A. I've been well ever since. It's such a blessing to be part of this, to find this ministry cause no one could understand what I went through. I would try to tell other Christians what I had been through and they just couldn't understand it, absolutely



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couldn't believe it. And here, the teaching is so wonderful. It's wonderful to see people being healed. It's just wonderful to have people who understand, who I can talk to and continue my healing. **I've gotten more healing since I've been a part of this ministry.** Thank you.



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