

I was the youngest of 4 children, the baby of the family and my parents' love child as I was the only child of my Mother and Father's union. My Dad adopted my 2 older brothers and my older sister from my Mother's first marriage. As I look back on my childhood, what I can remember of it, I learned from an early age and for as long as I can remember how to manipulate the people around me. Being cute and funny got attention. For the most part I was pretty quiet and not very outgoing, but I loved when I was able to make people smile or laugh.

My earliest memory of wanting to worship God was when I was a very little girl, I'm not sure how old I was, perhaps 4 or 5. I was in the back seat of our family vehicle on our way to visit my grandmother. My Dad was driving. On this trip we took the back roads. When we rounded a sharp corner where there was a monastery there were a couple of nuns walking across the road. My Dad had to slam on the brakes and swerve to the left to avoid hitting them, but the nuns never flinched or skipped a beat. Their walk remained at the same pace. I remember my Mother's shock and her commenting that their pace never changed when the tires squealed and I was tossed in the back seat, and my Dad thought they were really stupid and must have really wanted to meet God, but I thought to myself, "I want faith with no fear like that!" For the longest time as a child, I thought I wanted to become a nun. That certainly never happened!

Because my oldest brother was molested by a youth minister in a Baptist church before I was born, by the time I came along I was raised to choose my own religion. The desire to worship God never really left me. As a family we never attended any church, and God was not spoken of in our home, unless it was my Dad mocking religion and those stupid enough to get involved in it. I think I was maybe around 9 or 10 when I chose to attend a church with one of my childhood friends and decided to join the choir. We would meet after school to practice singing, and when Easter Sunday came around, I went with that family to church to sing in the choir. We had white robes we dressed in, and I felt very special being able to sing to God. I do not remember being supported by my family, nor do I remember any of my family members attending church, even that day. Perhaps my Mom went, but I know my Dad didn't. He used to mock Christians and the name of Jesus. Funny how that did not deter me because I adored my Dad and wanted to do anything I could to please him.

I never felt comfortable with the Christmas holiday. It never made sense to me why I was getting gifts on what was supposed to be Jesus's birthday. There was a Catholic church down the street from where I grew up, and when I got old enough, I attended the midnight mass on Christmas Eve.

Nothing made that holiday feel right to me, but somehow it felt better to at least attend church and focus on Jesus on His birthday.

For as long as I can remember and for the most part I always felt like an outcast, especially in grade school. I had a group of friends through most of grade school, but they all turned against me when I chose to stand up for a girl that had become an outcast from our group. They were so cruel to her, and eventually to both of us, taunting us in the hallways, pranking my home phone, etc. Even the boy who was my first crush turned on me and made fun of me. Enter the spirit of rejection. I remember feeling envious and jealous of at least one of the pretty girls that was dating a super cute boy. She was a cheerleader and had been one of my friends. Thoughts of God at this point in my life were basically nonexistent. I was too busy focusing on being a victim of cruelty and just trying to deal with the constant harassment.

The tables turned a bit in high school, which turned out to be my Jezebel spirit practice and playing ground. Because I had an older sister and 2 older brothers who all went to high school ahead of me, I knew people in the big new school, the ones who taunted me were more lost in the big new school. It became a thing to call out "hi, so and so!!" to so many people, and draw attention to myself walking down the hallways. I learned the power of seduction and the illusion of control, all part of that Jezebel spirit. The ones who had taunted me backed way off, and some even became my so-called friends again.

I met and seduced the man who would become my husband soon after high school. He was quite the Jezebel spirited womanizer, so no surprise we ended up together. He was very charming and very much an alcoholic. I found myself pregnant at 19 and married with a child at 20. Our daughter, TinaMarie, was an amazing child. She never ceased to make me feel proud of her, and I enjoyed every aspect of her growing. My mother-in-law was big time into Jehovah's Witnesses, and my husband assured me that this was the truth. My desire for worshiping and serving God was reignited and I fell right in, hook, line and sinker. I attended every meeting, studied their bible, taught people their bible, had group bible study in my basement, and knocked on many doors, but again I found myself doing these things without my family, without my husband. Even though he believed it was 'the truth', he always said he could never live up to their standards, and neither could I, but I still tried. He did try too off and on for a short periods of time, but that was short lived. I would take my daughter and stepson to the meetings and teach them the bible, but I felt extremely empty and lonely, longing for my husband to be there with me as a family. It all felt very unfulfilling, and I felt absolutely no closer to God, but I kept trying to do all the "good works".

The "truth" about holidays was truly refreshing to me and I gladly gave them all up, believing I was doing the right thing, and again going against what my birth family wanted. They would dream up ways to have us participate, having family gatherings on days other than the official holiday. It was very hard on them, but ultimately my choice was to serve God, and I believed that was what I was doing was right. The more I served, the emptier I felt. The day I got baptized I got up in front of thousands of people to give my testimony along with a woman who I had taught, and she was baptized at the same time. My husband and I got into a horrible fight that day as well, which made me feel betrayed and more and more like the abused victim.

I remember clearly at another large assembly of probably 10,000 people singing a song that had the words, "Here I am! Send me! Send me!" I had tears streaming down my face, and I was praying inside, "I mean this with all my heart! Here I am! Send me! I don't know where or how. I have a family, but whatever you want me to do, I will do! Send me!"

My marriage was really rough. My husband had a bad temper, I'm sure prompted by the Jezebel manipulation tactics I learned to wield and never admitting when I was wrong or making any changes, and fully believing I was the innocent victim. He called me self-righteous. I just saw myself as doing my best to be a good wife and mother. At one point he hit me so hard across my face I thought he broke my jaw. I felt continually broken, betrayed by him and by God. How could God let this happen to me? I left Jehovah's Witnesses following a nervous breakdown about a year after my Mom's hospitalization where she had been in a hospital in Boston for a month fighting for her life and having 14 heart attacks. I stayed in Boston by her side the entire time. When I got home from that extremely stressful month in Boston, my husband and I had a horrible fight, and he told me he was moving out that night after work. He didn't move out. Instead, he stayed, and we fought to the point where eventually I broke down and ended up in the hospital. Within a couple years after recovering from that and seeing clearly that my husband was trying to manipulate and control me and put me back in the hospital, I also left and divorced my husband.

I basically went full-on Jezebel at that point, turning to New Age teachings and believing all roads lead to God, and God just wants us to be good people and do the best we can. I was extremely sexually promiscuous and went from relationship to relationship and got into smoking pot. I dabbled in playing with tarot and angel cards, shamanism, native American teachings and sweat lodges, Hinduism and chanting, I studied sacred geometry, tried the whole "you can create your own reality" crap, took vows of 10 days of silence to learn a Buddhist practice call vipassana ~ you name it, I tried it. I

really wanted to find God and make that connection and believed that all of these roads would lead to Him. Instead, they left me empty, confused and unfulfilled, but of course in New Age teaching, that just meant I wasn't doing it right, and maybe I needed more of this or more of that. Every failure led to yet another door of more confusion that just kept me in a perpetual state of seeking, confusion, loneliness and emptiness.

One night after a really horrible argument with my boyfriend at the time, I frantically ran, in the dark, crying hysterically until I reached an opening in the trees. I looked up and cried out to God, "Why is this happening me? This is not what I asked for!!!" In that moment I felt this wave, this rush of all enveloping peace wash over my entire body, filling me from the top of my head to the tips of my toes, and I knew if I could forgive my boyfriend for what he had just done to me, I could forgive everyone and anyone for anything they had ever done to me in my entire life! That started me on a long, what I called my 'journey of forgiveness'. My life changed, but my search was far from over. I left him and moved across the country to Washington State and eventually I moved to California, always searching, always dabbling in this or that, but not knowing what it was that I was looking for. I worked and traveled with musicians and was able to go back to Cape Cod often and was able to be with both of my parents when they passed.

When my Dad passed, I had just started working at a little herbal apothecary and had figured it was finally time for me to settle down and take care of the home that was now my responsibility and this business with natural medicine. It all seemed to fall into place, and perhaps this was the best way for me to serve other people, but I still never felt satisfied.

After several years of being single I met a man and was experiencing what I felt was the best romantic relationship I had ever had. His family had been involved in Jehovah's Witnesses when he was a child, so we had that in common. He went to missionary college and became a missionary as a young adult with another church, and he traveled the world to spread the gospel but had fallen away from that many years prior to meeting me. He had divorced his wife and mother of his 2 children, and the Jezebel spirit of seduction, sexual promiscuity and manipulation was alive and active in his life, too. He lived a couple hours away, which worked for me. I could still focus on the business and keeping the house and garden, and he would come visit as frequently as possible. I rarely went to visit him. I introduced him to many New Age teachings and, of course, natural medicine.

I fell at work and messed up both of my ankles, which knocked me totally off my feet. The message at that time that kept coming to me was, "You just

SIT THERE until you figure out where you STAND in the world!" It was a long road to recovery to get back on my feet.

When 2020 hit I went into panic mode. After refusing to watch any mainstream news, or much tv at all, I started watching every non-mainstream media outlet I could find trying to figure out what was going on in the world. I started stockpiling survival supplies and preparing for the worst. At the same time the property where the herb shop was located was being threatened by the town.

After battling all of this for about a year and a half, someone we knew connected us with Tom Goudey who came to the property one night after work to talk with us about becoming a PMA, (Private Membership Association). Tom ended up talking about The United States of America and told us about all of the things they were responsible for resolving. I honestly can't tell you what he said that night, all I knew was that what he was saying was the truth, finally, and it was political. I hated politics but I loved the sound of this!! By the time he left I was crying with gratitude thinking there are still good people in this world! The fear that I had been experiencing was greatly reduced and I went home that night and slept for the first time in months.

Tom also told us about telegram and the Q&A, and I joined that group and tuned in as often as I could. He came back to the property soon after the original meeting, and then he and Eric came back to my house so Eric could pick up some MMS. That's when he told me about the Straight Gate and Narrow Way. I believed everything he said to me except for the part about hell, but soon enough that truth would also become very clear to me. Soon after that while I was tuned into the Q&A he told someone else about the Dark Light series. That was IT!! Finally!! The TRUTH about EVERYTHING!! I quickly tuned out of the Q&A and tuned into the audio Dark Light series.

The truths revealed in the Dark Light series were absolutely devastating and totally life changing. I was a serious disgusting mess. I would listen to those recordings day and night, every opportunity I got, sometimes having sleepless nights. I would get on my face and cry out to our heavenly Father and Yeshua begging for forgiveness. All of the vile corruption I had gotten involved in throughout my entire life was becoming so clear. The conviction of the Set-apart Spirit and my repentance was real for the first time in my life. I realized how much my behavior had hurt the Father, the thought of which just broke me, and I cried out for forgiveness. This went on for months.

I also tuned into the Temple on telegram. One of the first times visiting that sight, James, (Keith at the time) was talking to another woman who was involved in natural medicine and also tangled up in New Age teachings. It was a truly ugly scene, and I remember saying to Tom, "I don't fully understand what is happening here, but I am sure I need to see this."

I wrote to James and told him what was happening, and how much of the same things she was involved in, I was involved in as well. I never believed in crystals or crystal healing. Some of the New Age crap just sounded stupid to me, actually a lot of it did, but that didn't stop me from trying it anyways just to see what might happen. I told Keith that I was a mess, and that I just wanted to dump everything out on a table in the Temple and go over each thing together and find out what was "clean or unclean" in the Father's eyes. His response was simply, "Keep going!" So, I kept listening to the Dark Light and I kept getting on my knees and on my face and crying out to Them, begging for forgiveness for all of the deplorable and disgusting things I had gotten into, at least what I could clearly see at that time, giving up my self, my life and my will to do the Father's will, and accepting Yeshua as the Father's only Way, the only Truth that leads to Life.

When Alex came back from Hawaii, I was eager to share what I had been learning with him. I was so grateful when he was drawn immediately to it. Out of all the people I shared this with, Alex was the only one who took it and ran with it!! There was no hesitation. He was all in!

Soon after that I woke up one morning and got on my knees. All I could see in my mind's eyes was what I describe as a heavenly court scene, and I was kneeling. I could not make out exactly what was being said, but I understood it to mean that I was giving my life to doing the Father's will, not my own. I agreed and thanked Them. Of course I was crying, and then I felt what felt like energy being poured into me through my head and filling my whole body, and I heard what sounded almost like a buzzing sound. It came in intervals: Buzzzzzzzz - stop. Buzzzzzzzz - stop. It felt like I was being filled with the Set-Apart Spirit a little at a time, at a pace that I could handle. I had to get up and go into the bathroom at least 2 times to blow my nose and wipe my face, but I would come back to the same position, and then it would start again. Buzzzzzzzz - stop. Buzzzzzzzz - stop. When They were done, They told me to STAND up. I stood there feeling peaceful and clear, bawling my eyes out and thanking Them. I now understood where I stand in this corrupt and dying world. ~ I STAND for THEM; our heavenly Father, Yahweh, His Son, Yeshua, and our faithful friend and helper, the Set-apart Spirit, and for MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I was so excited to share what had just happened to me with my boyfriend, so I jumped in my car and headed for New Hampshire. All of a sudden it hit me; What was I about to do?? I was about to commit fornication? No way!! There was no way I was going to do anything that would jeopardize or come between me and my new relationship with the Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit!! NO WAY!! I called Tom and asked him, isn't this fornication? I can't do that!! Actually, I can, I just won't do that!!

I was already in Boston and decided I would continue to his house so that I could speak with him face to face, but things were going to be much, much different! I knew a huge change had come over me because there was no way anyone could change my mind, and I did not care what the outcome was going to be. If he ended the relationship because of this, so be it! I did not care, AT ALL!! I typically could not do that. Historically I would avoid any situation like this or try to find a way out of it, but not this time. I was about to change things up with this awesome (at least that was what I thought at the time) relationship and potentially break his heart. Typically, that would be extremely difficult to me, but not this time. I did not care. I felt nothing but determination and boldness. When I told him, I did not cry. I did not back down. I did not waver. I made it perfectly clear that I would not continue a physical relationship with him without being married. And I was not about to back down, at all.

He actually took it really well. He told me that he understood my conviction, and then he confessed that all of the New Age crap that I was involved in really bothered him. He said he understood why I felt so convicted because of all the crap I had been involved in, but he never said anything to me while it was happening!! He was going to continue to get what he wanted from me. I kept asking him, "Why would you choose the likes of me? Why would you choose a harlot? Why would you choose a Babylon whore?" So gross! What did that say about him? The more I understood the less I wanted to be with him. At that time he was in the process of moving, and I went to his house to help him move, but I would not have sex with him. I told him that I was committed to our relationship, but only if we proceeded in the right way. I was willing to marry him because I felt that strongly about our relationship, but I was ready, willing and able to give it up for my relationship with the Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit, period! No compromising!!

I was finally feeling like I had a relationship with Them, and with the help from the Set-Apart Spirit, scriptures started to really make sense to me. The conviction of past disgusting behavior was still happening on a regular basis, but I was learning, with the help and guidance of Sarah, to allow the Father through Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit do "the threshing" instead of me

beating myself up. They were only reminding me so that I could give it up to Them, like an offering, so They could clean me up. I could see myself at Calvary picking up my cross to follow Yeshua, and at one point while I was driving home from work I felt like my right hand was being pierced. In my mind's eye I saw the Straight Gate and heard it creek open. When I shared this with Sarah, she told me to push it open and go in! I did that, and I saw myself fall with my face to the ground, thanking Them for allowing me to enter.

It didn't take long for my boyfriend to become very impatient with me. One morning he shared a scripture with me, and we read it together over the phone. I read the verses before and after it and started to elaborate on what it was saying. He actually became annoyed with me. I felt a tension begin to grow between us that had never been there before. He also started to try to put pressure on me to answer questions. What was The United States of America all about? What was the Temple all about? I had already given him the Dark Light recordings to listen to, but he did not seem moved by them or motivated to make any changes, and he seemed to have zero conviction. I tried to get him to talk with Tom so Tom could explain the things I did not yet understand about the nation, and I explained to him that once I found the narrow way, I did not really care about the nation any longer. For me it was all about my relationship with Them and the narrow way. Nothing else mattered, and I'm sure he understood that included him.

During these few months of this back and forth, we did not see each other in person. He had told me about some friends of his, a couple that were going on vacation on Cape Cod, and he wanted to come down so we could go spend time with them. That time was fast approaching, and he was putting pressure on me to come and stay with me on the Cape. I was getting more and more uncomfortable. We started having the conversation about the upcoming weekend over the phone and I told him I was not sure, but that it was time for me to go to Temple. He said he wanted to join. I told him he needed to start in the Welcome Center and sent him an invite link. After we hung up, he kept sending me messages saying that nothing was happening in the welcome center, and I kept telling him I was busy and that he didn't belong in the Temple because he wasn't ready for the Temple, but he would not stop. I had been praying and asking the Father what he wanted me to do and asking for His direction to please be very clear. Alex had invited his girlfriend to the Temple that night, so finally I asked if he could come in as well. The invite link was sent, and he came in the chat. Right away Jenna started asking him questions, and soon after James came in and listened for a few moments. Then it came. The Father's will became very, very clear through Jame's questions to him and his answers back to James, in front of the entire assembly!! He finally left the Temple chat, and I finally got my



answer. It was absolutely clear he was not who the Father wanted me to be with, and I was seriously ok with that, and extremely grateful for the answer! It was over. It was done, and, best of all, I had not compromised.

It was around this time the decision was made that I wanted to move to Pennsylvania to be closer to our community. I planned a trip with Tom to go visit with his sister, Jackie and her husband, Gregg, and to look for houses. My jeep needed work before we could make the trip, and the mechanic needed a part that he had located at a junk yard. I had just gotten a new copy of The Scriptures and had it with me in the car when I met the believing mechanic at the junk yard. He was trying so hard to fix the jeep so I could make this trip, but the part had just been sold. He was beside himself with disappointment. I tried to reassure him that it was ok, and that everything would work out, and not to worry. I took the new copy of The Scriptures out and opened it for the first time with him sitting beside me in the car. My eyes focused in on Ruth 1:16 where Ruth said to Naomi, "Do not urge me to leave you, or to go back from following after you. For wherever you go, I go, and wherever you stop over, I stop over. Your people is my people, and your Elohim is my Elohim. Where you die, I die, and there I shall be buried. Yahweh do so to me, and more also for death itself parts you and me." This was exactly how I felt about moving to Pennsylvania.

So, Tom said that he would drive, but he wanted to leave late at night and drive through the night. He has a very loud sound system in his car, and he played what I can only describe as devil music all the way there and all the way back, both directions driving through the night. I was very seriously sleep deprived, and by the time we got home I felt seriously "off". During that time, there was extreme stress around my work, and Stephen, the owner of the herb shop, had sent a horrible letter to my daughter about us moving and how we did not deserve to call ourselves herbalists, etc. Stephen forgot to include me when sending this letter. Tina and her family had made the trip out to Pennsylvania in their own vehicle, and they stayed in an air b&b, which was a very welcomed reprieve from the trailer they were living in on the herb shop property. Tina came over to the house and visited us, but I was becoming unglued. She had sent me the letter from Stephen, and between the stress of the herb shop, the town threatening to take his property, Stephen's horrible letter, constantly being surrounded by demonic items, the sleep deprivation and the blasting of devil music, I can only describe what happened next as becoming demonized. By the time we got back on the Cape I was really messed up. My mind was in total confusion, and I started behaving like I had years ago when I was hospitalized. I needed sleep, and I needed deliverance. Tina made the decision to have me hospitalized. I was there for 2 weeks.

I agreed to take medication to help calm me down. I found it hard to pray, and I felt numb and disconnected from the Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit. I still would not give up! The enemy was not going to win!! After several months, Tom confronted me and reminded me about the effects and dangers of "Pharmacia". I used what I had learned from natural medicine, and I made the decision to stop the pharmaceutical medication.

Soon almost everything around me at work became a source of conviction. The logo for the herb shop was a yin yang symbol, there were crystals advertised in the store as healing crystals, there were pagan symbols all around me. I found myself dreading going there, and most certainly convicted about misleading people. I would take any opportunity given to me to speak about Yeshua and the truth about the narrow way as the only way to salvation. When asked about crystals I said what I always used to say, but with much more conviction. "I cannot talk to you about crystals, but I can talk to you about what is real and that is the plant medicine." It amazed me how people could believe that they could get healing from a rock, but the enemy uses everything he can to deceive people, even helping to feed the delusions and deceptions in people's lives with seemingly miraculous events.

I would cry out to the Father, Yeshua and the Set-apart Spirit asking them what should I do? I told Them that I was extremely uncomfortable surrounded by so much deception, but I was willing to do anything They wanted, and would tell people about the truth when asked, or even when not asked. Being there did open many doors to share the truth with many different people, but I felt like I was stuck.

There was one morning when a father and daughter came in. It was the daughter's birthday, and she was spending it with her Dad. It was truly a special occasion. I had been learning how important it was for children to have a strong relationship with their Dads, so this was delightful to observe. She joyfully picked out a crystal pendulum, and I was freaking out inside thinking, "NO!! NOT THAT!!! Of all the things in the store, not that!" He was so happy to gift that to her, and she was so happy to get that gift from him. While I was observing this situation I kept praying inside, "please, just show me an opening, any hint at an opportunity to tell them the truth!" The moment came and went by so quickly, and I felt so convicted when they bounced happily out the door that I fell apart! I ran downstairs when they left the store and called Alex, who was on the phone with Tom at the time. I was bawling my eyes out, panicking, telling them how I missed the opportunity to tell them the truth!! I just couldn't stand being there any longer!! Moments after that, Alex came through the door and said, "Where are they!?" He whipped out his credit card and between the two of us we

bought every one of them and threw them all in the trash. One of the other girls that worked there and I went through the store and got rid of all kinds of stupid things, angels and fairies and other Pagen symbols, but the store was still littered with unclean objects. I just kept praying and crying out to the Father, "What do you want me to do? Do You want me here to speak to people? Is this where I belong? This is not my store, so there is so much that I can't change, and stupid shiny rocks helps pay the owner's bills." I was learning to have patience and trust in Their perfect timing.

Alex had needed a place to live so he had been staying at the house on Cape Cod for a while, and we decided to make a trip to Pennsylvania together to look at houses. This time was more organized than the first. We had a realtor, but it was also the dead of winter. We drove in some of the craziest weather to look at houses. Nothing appealed to us at that time, but we really enjoyed the trip and exploring the area. We also took a trip to North Carolina to explore that area. We had learned about the Moravian people that had landed there in the 1700's, and how they prayed 24/7 for an entire year on Prayer Mountain. That time period was dedicated to breaking and releasing immoral soul ties, any ungodly agreements or covenants, binding and rebuking demonic connections and demanding them to leave in Yeshua's name! We attended a church there, but it did not feel like "home".

We decided we needed to put the house on the market on Cape Cod and have it at least under agreement before we could move forward in purchasing another house, wherever Yeshua led us to be. The decision was made, and I contacted my friend and realtor on the Cape. We decided that August 1st the house would be listed. Now came the grueling process of going through generations of "stuff", and in the heat of the summer as well. The house was loaded from basement to attic. There were so many memories that came up with old pictures and things that reminded me of my childhood. One of my older brothers and my older sister have been estranged from the family for close to 40 years, although I tried and kept in touch with them periodically throughout the years, especially when our Mother was in the hospital. All of this was in my face as I knew there were things my Mom wanted them to have. I invited them to come to the house and basically take what they wanted that had not already been put in storage. By the time they left I was an emotional mess. So many years of hurt to face. So many years of hurt to offer up to Yeshua. So much pain. I could have never gotten through any of this without Alex. When I was crying after they left the house, Alex poked his head around the corner and said, "Did I hear you wanted a coconut?"

The house was listed online on August 1st, our set deadline. We were told to "get ready because it is going to sell fast." That did not happen. When the

house finally did sell, we found out that the new owners had spotted it as soon as it came on the market, but they were not in a position to purchase it, yet. We were learning that all things happen in Yeshua's perfect timing, with many tests along the way. When we found the house we are in now, I knew right away this was it. Alex was not so sure, so I waited. That time period was challenging for me as I was learning to trust Them!! The purchase of Yeshua's house was made and the move completed, with so many challenges and lessons along the way, and way more lessons and challenges to come. Alex and I had entered into an agreement where, as a man and my friend, he agreed to be my covering. This was a new lesson for both of us, and we were being set up for some very serious challenges.

The first lesson for me was submission. What does godly submission look like? What does submitting to a man as a woman really look like? Early on when I was first learning about the Narrow Way, I asked Them very specifically, "please teach me proper protocol." Easy & simple, right? No way!

Getting the house on the Cape ready for sale was super difficult for me. I was trying to work at the same time, which included the final days and closing of the herb shop, and the emotional toll with all of this was very heavy. One of my friends on the Cape came a few times to help me go through all of the "stuff" in the house. None of my family was there to help. Alex worked tirelessly to sort through so many years of accumulated things, and I agreed to leave it up to him to make decisions on a lot of the stuff from my Dad that I had no idea what to do with; keep it, sell it, give it away or throw it away. Was I in full submission? I, of course, thought I was. We were learning to work together as a team, but our work involved very different and separate tasks, Alex of course doing all the "heavy lifting". When it came right down to it, the house went on the market exactly on the agreed upon day, August 1st.

In the purchasing of the new house situation, I knew there was no way I was going to go ahead and make the decision on this house without Alex's agreement and approval, but I also at the same time didn't want to lose this house because of waiting too long. The lesson for me was, if this house was where They wanted us, there was no way it was going to be sold out from under us. Trust with all your heart! Their timing is perfect timing in all things!

So many lessons along the way ~ But a HUGE eye opener for me was my deplorable behavior in how I was (unknowingly) viewing and treating Alex. It was brought to my attention that I was treating him more like a slave than a head of the household. That information was truly shocking to me; how

could I do such a thing? My heart is truly wicked, and I don't even know it, not at all, and my heart is most certainly not to be trusted. That Jezabel spirit of thinking I was the innocent woman veil was being ripped from my eyes. I had a lot to repent for, which included turning things around. The set up in this living situation needed to change immediately!! First of all, I needed to understand, everything belongs to Yeshua!!! Everything, including us and our very lives. This was not "MY house that I bought with my inheritance", this is Yeshua's house that He allowed us to live in and care for. Realizing how much I hurt the Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit, and Alex, in this process again brought me to my knees. Without hesitation I agreed to change the way we occupy this property, but the personal begging for forgiveness and offering that part of my heart up to Them and asking Yeshua to please occupy that space in my heart, in this situation, had just begun. The refining process They so lovingly put us through down the Narrow Way is so hard because we have to see ourselves for what we really are, and that is rightfully condemned.

Another correction involved my view of submission and manipulation, which is also called witchcraft. I am still learning, but a huge veil was lifted from my eyes in a situation involving having a mutual friend come to help around the property upon my return from the Cape where I was retrieving the herbs, and wanting help to set them up in the house. I was told, very clearly, no, the timing was not right, but I did not accept that answer. In my delusion I imagined and expected chaos all around in the house because of all that was about to get dumped in there, and Alex not available to help because he had so many other things on his plate during that time. My female, illogical way of thinking was front and center, and I was not trusting the proper order the Father set up and that I asked to be taught, and obviously I did not trust Alex's leadership.

First of all, the way I approached this situation was not by directly "asking" for what I felt I needed. I presented it in a way that made it look like it was for his benefit. When the answer came back as "no, not now", I tried a different approach. When that didn't work, I tried yet another approach. When Alex became frustrated with me, I viewed THAT as the problem, not my manipulation or illogical thinking or undermining his leadership. In reality, what he was doing was absolutely not tolerating that Jezabel spirit and was fighting with all that he had, but I still did not see it. Finally the scales were ripped from my eyes and I could finally SEE what was happening, but not until I had totally manifested all the ugliness of that spirit so that there was no way I could deny it, justify it, excuse it in any way or say that my behavior was not the problem. That was not submission, it was clearly manipulation, and it was ugly.

It was further revealed to me that I honestly did not even know how to ask for anything because I never HAD to ask for much of anything in my entire life. Why? Because I would manipulate the situation to make it look like it was their idea to help me, or I'd present myself as the helpless innocent female who obviously needed help from the big strong man. Sometimes I would knowingly do these things thinking it was the nice way to get what I wanted and not be demanding, and other times I didn't realize or recognize that was what I was doing. After becoming completely exasperated and bringing the situation to Yeshua, and He lifted the veil, and I could SEE what I was doing. I understood how I was conniving and twisting things to get my way and absolutely NOT submitting to the leadership I agreed to submit to! That is all part of that evil Jezebel spirit that Yeshua commanded us to not tolerate!

Soon following that situation it was lovingly brought to my attention that I was in full-on witchcraft mode, and that I have a serious and intense desire for power and control, and when I am given anything, I take it and use it to uplift my SELF, and that I wanted to be queen of all Jezebels and simps, and this is why I am not given a lot of spiritual gifts because I would use them to enslave anyone around me. This devastating revelation, brought to my attention on 2 separate occasions, truly brought me to my knees and rocked me to my very core. I honestly did not know how to be around anyone. I felt like I was a plague and that anyone around me would only get hurt. All I wanted to do was be on my face begging for forgiveness, expressing gratitude to Yeshua for those lovingly bringing these things to my awareness, and asking for these things to be clearly revealed to me and for them to please, please, please remove them if that is His will, and for Yeshua if He would please occupy that space in my heart. Any time I would get in my vehicle to go to town would be another opportunity for me to cry out to Yeshua, rebuking and renouncing the Jezabel spirit and all that spirit brings with it. This humbling myself went on for a couple months.

Recently a message from Yeshua was delivered to me in person that He would accept me into His kingdom!! Hallelujah! Praise the Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit!! They heard the likes of me. They listened to me in my disgusting and evil state. This news humbled me even more. They loved and paid attention to me, just like They promised They would! I kept knocking, They answered. For the next several days this house was filled with Yeshua's presence, and I found myself crying in gratitude so often! He so lovingly made Himself known to me and let me know that He has been watching me and watching over me my entire life. He chose the disgusting, pitiful likes of me, a filthy rag. Every day new things that are not in alignment with Them are revealed to me, and every day I offer those things up to Them. This is the Truth. There is no other Way that leads to Life.

All praise, honor, glory and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father, Yeshua and the Set-Apart Spirit!

YES, I, Donna Marie Wright, hereby declare, accept, acknowledge and recognize the Father, Yahweh as my God, the authority of Yahushua/Jesus the Christ/Yeshua over me as my Messiah, Savior, and King, and the Set-apart Spirit as my faithful friend, helper and essential, intricate part of the New Covenant.

So be it, in Yeshua's name.