

My Testimony

Yeshua has been in my life for as long as I can remember. I didn't recognize Him till later. My life has been such a disappointment to me can't even begin to know how so with Him.

I was an army brat for the first 2 years of my life during the cold war. We traveled from east coast to west coast and back again. Growing up was raised as a catholic. I went to church with my grandmother or alone. As a child always believed there was a God. I didn't really understand Jesus or Holy Spirit. All the masses were in Latin. I did first communion. Didn't do confirmation didn't understand why there was a need to tell a priest what I had done wrong when could just tell God.

Just before my brother was born I was outside playing and a couple of boys who wanted to play doctor. One took my tempter by putting an arrow with the rubber suction cup up my butt. Had to go to the doctors to have it removed.

My grandparents on my father's side were the steady force in my life. We could go to be with them and be kids and feel loved special especially with Papa. They would bicker but everyday Papa would say to Nanny "Did I tell you I love you today dear?" I was an only child until just short of 5. Before my brother Tom was born I was the center of attention. Then it all changed and I was a horrible mean sister. I took a cigarette but that was still lit and burned his eye lash. The jealousy was real. When the parents punished you it was harsh and over bearing. I felt like a disappointment and the wrong gender because I always had a pixy hair cut and boys had it easier in my mind.

Fights were a common accordance I never saw kiss and make up moments. We got pushed aside always felt in the way. My safe place was with my grandparents. I felt loved and not constantly stifled. We always had good food and felt peace from the ragging storm and over barrenness of home. I was always in trouble not eating all my food on my plate would lead to having it kept to the next meal for days. The rules were so over the top.

Around 6 I got sick every weekend for a long time and my mother would get mad because I ruined her plans. Finally went to a specialist and had my tonsils removed. Was horrified when a nurse said they could grow back. I know Jesus saved me from death when I was 5 or 6 my mother was beating me all the way

upstairs continuing on the bed and was so mad she saw red and was going to kill me. If she hadn't had something or someone distract her she would of.

My dad always thought it was funny to try to squeeze our knee with his thumb and middle finger. It was so painful that it felt like he was trying to go through everything in-between. He defiantly had a mean streak I developed. Dad left us for Aunt Vicki when I was around 9 or 10. I had feelings of rejection, fear, responsible and abandonment. My dad was my advocate. Now I was at the mercy of my mother's rage. It was hard and didn't understand how to deal with it. My dad would help me when it came to mom. Tom was her favorite and she didn't hide it. When dad left it wasn't discussed just had to deal with it. The fighting just got worse. Both parents went on their deep dives. I didn't know at the time but Vickie was my mother's best friend. I remember going to her house in New York. My parents were into the swinging seen had no idea. No room for Yeshua there.

When we went to our grandparents I was told not to say anything to my Papa because if I did it would kill him. He had some strokes. He was also an alcoholic. Nanny suffered with depression. I didn't know that until later on. Somewhere in this time frame my mother got sick and I had to take on the roll of caretaker. It was not an easy task on top of taking care of

household chores as well learned how to give her shots because she had diabetes and my bother. When my mother would go to the hospital we would beg her to let us go anywhere but with our dad. The constant belittling and talking bad about our mother was too much, hating my life even more. Around 9 I realized my meanness with my brother came to a point when I hit him in the back of his legs with a car track and cried because I understood I hurt him for years not knowing why. Around 11 my mother almost killed herself on purpose in a major car accident. Yeshua was there if not she would have of. I had to learn how to give her shots, practiced on an orange. I hated it having to give her a shot. More feelings of abandonment, rejection and already overwhelmed more responsibilities.

Somewhere in here a neighborhood kid older (13) than me I was 11 I think, had talked me for weeks into letting him get on top of me in a wooden spool with our pants down. The whole neighborhood kids were there unbeknownst to me until after. Thankfully Yeshua protected me and no penetration happened. I was so ashamed and didn't want my parents to know. It was hidden from them for months. When they found out my mother asked question calmly. My dad called his dad wanted to have a street fight with my dad. Told my dad I was a hussy and caused the whole thing. Then that was that. I became claustrophobic didn't put it together until years later when watching a talk show.

At 12 my mother had my sister Kim. Even though there were more responsibilities. I was happy because I had prayed for my doll to come to life so she was like a doll but real. I thought my prayers were answered. I'm not the sharpest tool in the shed. Learning has been difficult. Six years of summer school. It takes me awhile to learn things but once I do, it's good. I hated school not just because of feeling stupid but I was always picked on. I hated my name everything. Wanted to go by Buttons because that was what my grandparents called me. Then I wanted to change it to Susan. I wanted at one point to be a nun so I could marry God. A neighbor said you don't have to be a nun to be close to Him.

My parents divorced when I was 13. Even though they were toxic together it was devastating. I felt alone, humiliated and lost. My mother went on welfare and got food stamps. When we went grocery shopping and it was time to pay I would hide. I was so embarrassed. In the mist of all the chaos I prayed and tried to find God. My parents put our lives at risk driving drunk and fast on whiny roads. If not for Yeshua protection we would have died.

At the age of 14 went to a Baptist church VBS. Heard how Jesus died and rose again. I learned a lot of things about Jesus and how he died for me, how to study the scriptures, how He left

His glorious life to save me from my sins. Hell wasn't spoken of much as I recall. Yeshua saved me from a lot of things that could of lead down really bad paths, Did the sinner prayer thing. Thought was all set. My mother wasn't happy there and searched out other churches with her friend. We landed at an AG church. I just followed blindly. We got baptized in water. I searched after being baptized in the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues like everyone else. I did have an experience but later in life questioned it because of the false teachings. Most of my life was in AG churches. My first husband was a journeymen electrician and he was always looking for another church. I loved going to church we went every time the doors were open, worshiping and fellowship. I felt closest to Jesus and felt like I fit in.

When 16 my grandmother died of cancer. My dad came to the house to inform us and he was ticked off because I didn't go to visit her more. He put me in the middle of the floor and laid into me (Not physically). I had no defense He was yelling so loud thought the roof was going to rise. Jesus was there again because he could have killed me.

I always had a problem with lust due to exposure with magazines at a young age. I got into porn heavily in the first marriage. It was the, if you can't bet em might as well join em. It was one of the worst things I did especially the videos. Didn't

stop until went back to church after 10 years. That is praise to the Father, Yeasua and the Set-Apart spirit.

I got married at 18 right out of high school. I figured if I was going to be an adult I would do what I wanted and not live under my mother's rules. Not rebellious much. The first 10 years were good. We went to church were happy had our first Naphtali in the first year. Then was Daniel 23 months later and Tabitha 16 months after that. I was happy being the homemaker, taking care of the kids and going to Ladies Bible studies, trying to raise the kids to trust in God. We decided early on that we weren't going to raise the kids to believe in santa claus or the easter bunny because we didn't want our children to not believe in God. We knew they would find out it wasn't true but God is. We received a lot of persecution for it. We fought a lot. I wanted my way and submission was something I really knew nothing about. I knew about the umbrella but knowing about it and living it are two different things. Stephenye came 6 years after Tabitha.

In the first marriage I made him a god. I was so codependent it came out more and more as he began to drink and then went to drugs. He ended up having a one night fling for drugs. It was devastating lots of praying, crying I was so insecure, overwhelmed with grief, and the pain. Not feeling good enough, betrayed, rejected, humiliated, abandoned and angry.

Didn't know how would make it without him. Trust had been broken. It's funny because we were in marriage counseling at the time. I tried so hard to make it work but I was too weak to stick to rules to be put in place. I had no borders and would play the victim. The separating and coming back together happened for a few years.

We lost our house, another humiliation. How could all of this be happening? Why? God I did the right things got married a virgin I followed your laws. Not true just in my head. Jezebel was diffidently there lots of pride, anger. I so looked for love from the wrong sources Yeshua paid for all my devotion. The oldest one Naphtali got pregnant at 16. I was so devastated that I had strong thoughts of suicide to just take us all out at one time. My life was still spiraling out of control. I called out to Jesus for help and He did me get through it.

When my first marriage was falling apart for the finally time, the church I attended was turning on me. I got mad and threw my hands up and didn't look back. Of course Gregg and I were in an adulterous relationship on my part. At least that is how I judged myself which I have no right to due because Yeshua is the judge.

I was rebellious and started living in such manner as I wanted. Everything was computation with Gregg. Never once until about 6 or 7 years later did even give a thought about how Jesus felt about any of it. I was doing a lot of research after 9/11 and the death of family members which lead to seeking answers to questions about Yeshua. We went back to church when Tabitha got pregnant. There had been through 3 deaths in a 3 year time first my mother, my youngest brother Frankie and ex husband. I was thinking about it before she brought it up. I believe Yeshua was preparing me for what new information I was going to be exposed to. The bad part is there was a lot I still held onto and had a hard time processing and letting go of.

Even when I went back to church I was still in rebellion. Stopped the drinking, porn and swearing but the attitude was still wrong. I did the right things but inwardly I was negative and always wanted things my way never giving a thought of how anyone else felt. I desperately wanted to be a good Christian and serve God right but I didn't have any answers. Not loving God with all my heart, mind, soul and strength or my neighbor and being selfish. Over the years I played church well tithing, teaching Sunday school, VBS, reading the bible it was always someone else that things applied to. I was doing works and was worshipping a false god who would just forgive me. Always fearful of them knowing the real evil me and fear of death was always hovering. There have been a few times when going through great stress I've felt Yeshua was there. One time when

I was participating in a group study like a 12 step program I felt the Holiness. It was overwhelming and scared. I had heard a sermon about how we should pray silently so the devil couldn't hear. It made sense so I started doing it.

All the time that I went to church there was something missing. Why didn't I have a relationship with Yeshua like the disciples? Why are we called Christians instead of Followers of the way? Tom was trying to tell us about the government but he got my attention when he started talking about Jesus. When He said Depart from me I never knew you. That cut deep into my soul. When I came to know more truth about things and how there are so many lies. I couldn't stay at the church anymore. The songs, everything felt like lies. I had been taking classes to be a lay pastor but how can I lead anyone when I didn't know where I was going?

There have been times I've been aware of how dark and evil my heart is adulteress, selfish, angry, mean, liar, undermining authority, quick to speak, gossip, judgmental, lazy, argue mental then the curse convinces me your ok and I listen can't do that anymore. Finding Yeshua is too important. The burden has been heavy since finding out just how bad I've been coveting and broken every commandment been praying, asking seeking even harder, knocking. I don't want to be the evilness

anymore. I don't want to be lulled to sleep, distracted or self sabotage.

Watching Pilgrim's Progress more things began to sink in. How easy it is to be swayed away. How I've been going around the mountain and ending up in the same place. At the closing part the song "Blessed assurance Jesus is mine" played. It broke me that is what I want with Yeshua, to be reconciled to the Father through Him and to be filled with the Set-Apart spirit. I know I can't do anything without Him, He paid such a high price that He didn't deserve. I'm the one who should of gone though what he did.

I opened a door I had shut and was afraid to open having to do with porn. My imagination I invited Yeshua in. In prayer it hit in the bowels just how corrupt, evil and what a stupid old fool I am. I'm in a class about Pilgrim's Progress and It has been and is helping to process the internal journey to find Yeshua. The deception, protecting the curse, selfish, self centered, never wanting to be who I was always wanting to be someone else, rejecting everyone else because of being rejected, looking, for love and acceptance everywhere but Yeshua.

No more! I want to be staying on the path, find Yeshua the staigt gate and be reconciled to the Father through Yeshua with

the help of the Set-Apart spirit. Love the Father with all of my heart, mind and being. Love my neighbor as myself. Serving my King and telling others about Him and what he has done for me.

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