

## ***God Knows Where You Are... And He Cares — Female Team Member***

*This testimony was written by a member of our Living Waters Ministry team. She has experienced the depths of despair and the great love of our Heavenly Father who reaches into our deepest pits and draws us to Himself. Her life is a wonderful testimony of the grace, restoration, and power of Jesus Christ. This article shares how the love and compassion of the Body of Christ helped her find the mercy of Jesus.*



My husband always says that things seem really dark just before they go completely black. I think he's right. Good thing the Good Shepherd isn't afraid of the dark. Matthew 5:16 says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in Heaven."

At forty-five years old I was adopted by my step-dad. That experience opened up for me a bigger share in the inheritance from my Heavenly Father. It was several months later that I went to see Dan Hitz for counseling and was referred to the Living Waters program. My natural father had been involved in witchcraft, adultery, and alcoholism. My step-dad originally came into my life when I was three, bringing me to the waters of Baptism, a life of scripture study, prayer, and regular church attendance.

When I was growing up, our home was a happy place, only it didn't keep out sexually abusive relatives who had plenty of drugs and alcohol to share. By age fourteen, I had a drug problem and was preoccupied with sex and thoughts of suicide.

My parents' plea for help was intercepted by the enemy, as they placed me in a drug program run by cruel con-artists. It was actually a warehouse modeled after North Korean POW camps. During my one and one half years of food, sleep, and oxygen deprivation; and mental and physical beatings; I lost all hope. God did not seem to be there, or know that we were there.

After my escape, it was not difficult to find myself caught in the snare of drug, human, and sex traffickers. These professional predators offer help and friendship to gain trust. I even gave them my real name and my parents' contact information, in case something bad ever happened to me. With this information, they secured ownership, by threatening to kill my whole family if I should try to leave. I was told that I was born for one thing; to please men, and that I would never return to my family, get married, or have children.

Upon entering a drop house for the first time, I saw something that horrified me. Drop houses are terrible places where the traffickers imprison their victims. We delivered a father and two small children. A large door was unlocked and slid open to reveal many men, women, and children crammed into this room. The heat and the smell

that poured out felt like death. Armed gun men pushed the three in and locked the door. Panicked, I asked my owner what was going on. He explained to me that some people are disposable, "...even God does not know that they exist." His words confirmed my deepest fear, a lie that had burned deep into my heart in that warehouse; I was one of these people.



One day, something happened that I will never forget. While working my corner, a minister and his wife came up to me. They said that God loves me and they invited me to a church event. They were run off by another street girl, but they had shown me the truth. God DID KNOW where I was! He sent these people of faith to my dark place to shine a bright light. I could hardly recognize the feeling, but it was joy! Although religious practices were forbidden, this visit emboldened me. I never did attend their church, but for Easter I bought some proper clothes and a corsage (my dad had always gotten corsages for us girls on Easter). I snuck out to Church.

I got "the look" as a lady pointed me out to the minister, but it didn't matter. I felt as if I had been invited by his Boss in Heaven, and that I belonged there. It was the closest I had been to my family in years, even though I was 2,000 miles from home. It only lasted a couple hours, but a bridge of hope to my Father in Heaven had been built. I believed He would get me home one day.



Mark 2:5 says, "And when Jesus saw the faith of his friends, He said to the paralytic, 'My son, your sins are forgiven.'" At a one day conference, Dean Greer from Desert Stream Ministries asked, "Do you have friends like this?" Thanks be to God, I do! In their faith, I have found the healing power of Jesus Himself. I have also been blessed with 31 years clean and sober, reconciliation with my family, 29 years of marriage, 14 beautiful children, and 3 wonderful grandchildren, so far. God has been so generous and it just keeps getting better!!! Praise be to Our Father, who causes His children to become light that leads us back to Him.

***Most important of all, continue to show deep love for each other,  
for love covers a multitude of sins. 1 Peter 4:8 NLT***

If you would like more information about Reconciliation Ministries, or any of the ministries we offer, visit us on the Web at [www.recmin.org](http://www.recmin.org), or call (586) 739-5114. You may also e-mail us at [info@recmin.org](mailto:info@recmin.org). **All correspondence will be kept strictly confidential.** Reconciliation Ministries is an affiliate ministry of **Restored Hope Network**, and uses many of the programs written by **Desert Stream Ministries**.

© Reconciliation Ministries 2016.