

## Testimony of a Friend of Harbor Bible

Let me start out by saying that I am giving this testimony because I was asked to share my story of how I found God and how I am trying to turn my life around for the glory of God.

First of all, I come from a dysfunctional, “non-christian” family. My parents were not married to each other. I was a so-called “love child” as Diana Ross puts it. My mother was a prescription drug addict (which I attribute to some of my mental/emotional problems to this day, and my father was a bum - - going from job to job and one woman’s bed to another; causing my mother more stress and anguish.

My mother took in boyfriends on the side behind my father’s back to try to make up for his incompetence in paying the bills. I only wish she hadn’t done it right in front of me. I was only 2 or 3 years old at the time, but at that tender age I knew something wasn’t right.

By the time I was three, my mother miscarried my brother at eight months. I later blamed her drug habit for that. But in 1965 people didn’t really understand what drugs can do.

My parents broke up when I was four. My mother left with some man she had been keeping company with at the bar (who she stayed with “unmarried” for the next 17-18 years), and my father kept shifting me around from one abusive babysitter to another.

By the time I was six, my father and his mother placed me in an orphanage in Fort Lee, NJ. Little did I know it at the time, but it was probably the best thing that happened to me in my life; for God had other plans for me.

This orphanage turned out to be a “Born Again Christian” organization. By the time I was about eight years old, I had truly come to know the Lord and trust in Him. I was drilled morning noon and night of Jesus.

When I became around eleven years old, I was sick and tired of the senseless punishments and beatings the orphanage had bestowed on me (all in the name of Jesus of course) I became resentful and bitter and wouldn’t allow them to beat me anymore. They said I was a bad child and kicked me out and sent me to my other grandmothers house in Union, N.J.

My resentment grew stronger and stronger and I was now angry with my God. There are so many things that a teenager just doesn’t understand. I just couldn’t fathom why my parents let me stay in the orphanage and refused to rescue me after numerous pleadings to get me out of there. At 44 years old, I now understand - - it was all part of God’s plan for my life.

Now I was subject to all kinds of peer pressure - - I was living in the real world now - - not the born again Christian atmosphere in which I was raised. Satan attacked me from all sides, and now I was really in trouble because I had neglected my faith in God and I had to go this on my own.

By the time I was 13-14, I started with drugs, immorality and acting up in school. I look back now and think how stupid I must have looked! I was then placed in a juvenile delinquent home for girls for the next 3 1/2 years.

When I became 17, I dropped out of school. I moved in with my other grandmother, “Nana,” who by the way is saved. She said if you’re going to live under my roof then you have to go and get your diploma. So I did. I wound up taking the GED and graduating six months before my class of 1980. Because I was still 17 years old, DYFS supported me for getting my own apartment. I thought that was just great! Now I could drink, take drugs and have boyfriends sleep over all I wanted to - - there was nobody to stop me. I was looking for love in all the wrong places.

By the time I was 18-19, I had become just like my mother (whom I had hated) and even worse! I was

so strung out on drugs that I didn't know what to do. I even tried taking my own life by stabbing myself in the heart with a switchblade! That just wound me up in the mental hospital at Marlboro.

I soon got out of there and went back to my life of drugs and fornication. I soon met my ex-husband which was another great mistake in my life that God carried me through. I was divorced within a couple of years but still on drugs! I prayed out loud to God one night and said, "I'm sick and tired; either take my life right now or give me life." God chose to give me life. But it was no bed of roses. I was still living in sin, going from one man's bed to another and drinking as much alcohol as I possibly could to dull my pain. I was searching for a love that just wasn't there. I had one broken heart after another. I prayed to God throughout all of these times, but I was asking God for all the wrong things - - please God make this guy stop hitting me - - dear God please make this guy stop cheating on me - - dear God please let this guy marry me. But God didn't answer any of these prayers. He had something better planned for me which I didn't realize at that time.

Finally, I'll just skip over the next 10-15 years because its just the same old, same old. But now I'm 44; I moved to this town and drove past Harbor Bible Church every day, but never had the nerve to go inside. I finally went inside one Sunday morning. I believe the Holy Spirit of God led me there. He was continuously knocking at the door to my heart. The God that I had thought forgot me had come back into my life.

I find myself now trying to remember all those old Bible passages and verses I used to know; Due to the kindness and love of the people at Harbor Bible, I have found my way back to the Lord and am continuing to do so. I still struggle with alcohol and other sins of the flesh - - "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. But now I have a second chance on life.

I have had the pleasure of meeting the most wonderful, loving, beautiful people that I have ever met in my life. I thank God for the church and the Pastor Brad. I have finally found peace and a resting place in my life. I still have a ways to go, but don't we all.

Now I know that my God never left me, nor did he forsake me. He only had better things in store for me in His own way and in His own time.