



*My Dad John Lutz, brother Johnny, and I  
at a deceptively happy moment*

# *From The Desert To The Promised Land -*

*One Person's Journey of Faith*

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***An Illustrated Spiritual Autobiography***

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## ***Rough Beginnings***

So, you've come to find out a bit more about me, eh? That's great, and I hope you will be blessed by what you read here. My story is a long one, so pull up a chair, grab your favorite drink, and relax while I share my memories with you.

Looking back at my life from my perspective as a born again, Spirit-filled Messianic Christian, I can see that the first half of my life was a really brutal time because I was a lost sheep who did not really know Yahweh God. Despite my spiritual bankruptcy, however, I desperately sought to find real purpose, and true meaning in the emotionally pain-filled, barren desert wasteland that was my life. In addition, I was a gifted child - born with a brilliant mind and much creativity, but lost in a home life filled with bitter or angry people who had no ability to love or nurture me effectively. In short, they were completely incapable of supporting and encouraging my artistic leanings, and they did absolutely nothing to help me shine as the gifted artist and writer I was, and still am - thanks to God.

The following sections describe this desolate time. Despite the harshness that was my life, there were bright bursts of spiritual light as God made many attempts to get my attention, and to lead me in the right spiritual directions. As I share the pain, and the promise of my spiritual journey with you, I hope you will find guidance - and direction - in your own life's journey.

It was a very warm Chicago evening when I was born, on August 6th, 1957. A Chicago newspaper I once looked up on microfiche showed the daytime high that day to be 102 degrees, with 90 percent humidity. It was definitely not a good time to be nine months pregnant, and I am sure my mother was grateful when I was finally born. I seemed to be in a hurry since my mother told me she only felt a few labor pains before the one massive contraction that brought me into the world, long before the doctor at Grant Hospital was ready to deliver me.

My parents named me Helene Marie Lutz, and I was the second of three children. Though I was raised nominally Catholic, I did not know the true Gospel of Repentance and Salvation, since it was never taught to me at home, or in the Catholic grammar schools I went to. I had a basic knowledge of, and love for God the Father, and I especially liked Yahshua (a.k.a. Jesus), but I never really knew who He was until many years of searching later. This is one reason why I never returned to my Catholic beginnings later in life, when I was searching to know more about God. The priests and nuns whom I had come in contact with had failed to teach an innocent and receptive little girl the truth. How then could they hope to teach a skeptical adult?

I was a sickly girl who had few friends, and I spent my earliest years in a very dysfunctional home, in a poor neighborhood on Chicago's north side. Since my parents were Catholics, I was baptized as an infant in 1957 at Saint Josephat's Catholic Church in Chicago. For a time, my mother cared for my older brother Johnny and I, but she was resentful that she had to care for two sickly children, and angry at my father's unromantic treatment of her. So, one day she wrote my Dad a good-bye note, and abandoned us all so she could seek the prestige, power and self-sufficiency that she craved. My parents were subsequently divorced when Johnny and I were still toddlers. As a result, we lived with my father John Lutz and his immigrant Polish parents, who looked after us until they died in late 1963. My Dad's mother had lived a very hard life, and she was - perhaps unwittingly - very cruel and unloving toward my older brother Johnny and I. They had that Old World mind-set that viewed children as burdensome responsibilities that had to be disciplined harshly, rather than as the beloved additions to the



*My half Assyrian, half German Mother,  
Mary Ann David in 1955, two years  
before I was born*



*Me at 3 months old - 1957 Baptismal Photo*

family that God intended children to be. We were not allowed a voice, but were expected to be well behaved and obedient, and there were harsh - and often violent and abusive - consequences if we did not obey. Yet even with the terrible emotional and physical handicaps this cold and unloving environment left me with, I somehow knew that I did not have the total picture of what life was all about. I knew that something very profound and crucially important was missing from my life, but I did not really know what it was at the time.

When my grandparents and my Aunt Ceil died, my dad had a hard time looking after us on his own, so Johnny and I spent some time in a foster home that my Dad arranged for us. He had some wealthy friends that lived in the suburbs of Chicago who agreed to care for us for a year until my Dad could get his life back on track. At the time, my Dad was a Chicago Policeman working night shifts, and had recently gone bankrupt from a failed business venture. Unfortunately for him, he had attempted to own and run a corner restaurant and bar in the neighborhood, trusting its operation to a few extremely irresponsible friends who soon bankrupted the business due to mismanagement.

My memory of life in the foster home is fairly good, and I remember some very favorable things

about living there, though I sadly can't remember the names of my foster parents anymore. But here is what I do remember. First of all, I was put into a much better school than I had been in, and under their tutelage, I soon overcame my severe dyslexia. As a result, toward the end of Second Grade, I finally began to understand how to read. Secondly, my foster parents kept Johnny at bay when I lived there, and they were wise to his false charm. As a result, they would not tolerate any of his pranks, and disciplined him harshly whenever he needlessly abused me by hitting me, pushing me, calling me nasty names, teasing me, or destroying one of my favorite toys or beloved drawings while he watched my pain with glee.

Unfortunately, my respite from Johnny's constant abuse ended when my Dad remarried my Mom in late 1965. Subsequently, my final memory of my life in that foster home was of being literally dragged out of that house by force by my father as I screamed in terror and agony. I was screaming and fighting to get away from my Dad until he literally threw me into the back seat of his car next to Johnny, and told me to shut up after slapping me in the face. I cried all the way to the house he had purchased with my Mom, acutely aware that the safety and comfort I had felt in that foster home had just been robbed from me forever. I was also certain that the abuse I had experienced at Johnny's hands, and my mother's and father's own hands before being put in that foster home was going to become a part of my life again, and I felt like a frightened lamb among wolves. Also, as a result of all the stress, my asthmatic condition grew far worse.

## ***First Contact With Christ***

Before my grandparents died, I had one very unusual encounter with Yahweh God. At the time, I did not realize what it meant, and it took many years of searching before I would finally know. The first time God came to me was in a very vivid dream that I have never forgotten, and that I had sometime during the summer of 1962. I was five years old at the time. In that dream, I was in my grandparent's home on Jansen Avenue in



Chicago. It was a poor neighborhood, and we lived on the main floor of a clapboard-sided three flat. I was sitting in the full sun on the tall front steps of that house, and I was with my young cousin Lori. We were hot, and a bit hungry, since it was a very warm day. Just then, I remarked to my cousin that I wished we were tall enough to pick some of the delicious cherries off of the two cherry trees that were growing on the lawn in front of the house. Lori agreed that it would be nice. But we could not reach the cherries that had not yet been picked. We had already helped my brother, and other cousins pick all the cherries we could reach.

Just then, a very unusual man came up to Lori and I. He was tall and handsome, had a neatly trimmed beard, and very long dark hair. He was dressed strangely - in a long white robe that covered his whole body and seemed to glow unnaturally bright in the sunlight. I was surprised when He smiled at us warmly, and stopped to talk to us. He chatted with us for a while, and I cannot remember all that he said, but then I do remember him asking us if we wanted to pick cherries from the trees with him. Lori and I nodded - a little shy at first with this man we didn't know. But then he asked us to take his hands, and - feeling we could trust Him - Lori and I did so. We walked up to the tree, and I remember looking up, thinking that there was no way we were going to reach those cherries even if he picked us up, which is what I was expecting him to do. But then, to the utter amazement of my cousin and I, the man in the white robe began to rise up off the ground, and we were lifted up with him!



*My Kindergarten "Graduation" Photo of 1962*

It was the headiest and most thrilling experience I had ever had in my young life, even though it was only a dream - or was it? I remember at first being terribly frightened, but then being calmed by the handsome man's gentle voice and reassuring words. He told us to let go of him, and to pick all the cherries we wanted. We finally did so after a great deal of coaxing. Then slowly, we floated back down to the earth with him - and his robe's pouch, and our pockets were full of cherries! Afterward, he told us that we could float like that without holding onto him as long as we had him in sight. He stayed a little longer while Lori and I experimented with our newfound ability to soar upward. But then he began to walk away, and as he waved good-bye and turned to leave, I noticed that I couldn't float as high, or for as long. The further away he went, the less we could float. Sadly, by the time he was around the corner and out of sight, neither Lori nor I could levitate our bodies anymore. We then stood there quite forlornly for a while, wondering who that man had been as we munched on our sweet, fresh cherries. That is when the dream ended.

The next day, I stared at the picture of a person I knew then as Jesus. It was hanging on the wall in my Polish Grandmother's (whom I called "Busha") dining room. I was certain then that I had met that man in my dream the night before, and from that time forward I always had a special affection for him. The surprising thing is that I really didn't know who he was. I know we prayed to him because he was someone important, and somewhere I had been told that his name was "Jesus," and that he was the Son of

God. But I never really understood what that meant until many years later.

I did not yet understand because too much emphasis is placed on Miriam (Mary), the mother of Yahshua (Jesus) in the Catholic Church. As a result, I never learned enough about the true Savior of the World to be saved. Looking back now, I grieve over what a travesty that is. Sadly, many are still being misled all over the world because the Roman Catholic Church continues to teach the same false doctrines. I will cover more on this a little later. For now, let's return to my story.

## *My Terror of Death, And Surrender To Yah*

As a girl, I suffered from crippling bouts of Bronchial Asthma, and I almost died a few times from the severe attacks. I distinctly remember one of those times, because something very unusual happened. I was around ten



*A very sickly girl with her older brother Johnny, in late 1965 - right after my parents re-married*

years old, and very weak from a respiratory infection that complicated my already seriously ill condition. I was frightened, and struggling desperately to breathe. At that moment, I cried out audibly to God, begging Him to help me. I had faith that He was there. At the time I was all alone, and filled with terrible dread, and the fear of death. I did not want to die yet! I was still very young, and wanted to live and experience some more of what life had to offer - even though it had been a fairly painful experience for me so far.

***"Please God, don't let me die! I'm afraid!"***

I said, not really expecting an answer, only desperate to live.

From within the darkness of that sick room, however, Yahweh God came to me. Despite my fear and pain, I heard His voice for the first time. It was like a whisper, yet at the same time it seemed to echo with power. Suddenly, I remember feeling awe in the stillness where He had come to me, and I was paying rapt attention when He responded to my plea:

***"What can you give me if I allow you to live?"*** God's voice said.

For a little while I pondered that question in the darkness. I had nothing to give Him that I thought He would like. I owned nothing except a few clothes and toys, and I had no money, or any other tangible gift to give Him. All I had was myself. Just then, it dawned on me to give Him the only possession I had, and I said:

***"All I have is me, Lord. You can have me if you want me. But please don't let me die!"***

Then, as I waited in silent anticipation to hear His answer, Yahweh God said:

***"I accept your offer."***

After that, I heard Him no more, and He left me to contemplate the meaning of that visitation. I did not know then that my life was no longer my own. Not until much later did I understand why Yahweh God had let me live that night. If only I had known then that He had come to me because He wanted me to fill a special purpose! Yet I was still unaware of how much God loved, and cared for me, and wanted to show me His greatness.

I never forgot that meeting with God in the darkness of my fear. Until I became born again, however, I wondered sometimes if I had really heard Yahweh God’s voice that night, or if it had only been a dream. Thankfully, I now know that this really did happen. Yah (i.e.: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit) was reaching out to me through all my years of wandering in the wilderness. I was lost ***but never forsaken!***

These experiences helped fuel my love for Yahweh Elohim, a love that has remained with me all of my life. Even when I was totally misled by the teachings of those whom I now know are perishing, I believed in Yahweh, and that belief has never wavered.

After my conversation with God, my health gradually began to improve, and some teachers at my school began to realize that I was not a slow dimwitted girl after all. Instead, they began to understand that I was a brilliant child, but misunderstood because I had been unresponsive in school for such a long time. Thankfully, after talking to me more, my teachers realized that I had received little love, and no motivation to excel from my family - and this explained my poor grades, and prolonged lack of interest in school. After my school confronted my parents with their need to give me more praise and encouragement, things temporarily improved in my home life. But my parent’s supposed appreciation of my talent was extremely short-lived - despite the fact that I did well in the summer art classes at the Art Institute of Chicago that the school told my parents about. Though I showed good aptitude in art school, my family’s desire to help me soon disappeared for no reason, and the blessed respite I had in art school was not repeated. Despite my pleas to be allowed to continue with the art classes, I was refused, and I soon found myself back in an emotional and spiritual desert at home.

## ***God’s Call Falls On Deaf Ears***

Nonetheless, that little bit of encouragement motivated me tremendously, and as I hungered for more acceptance and love, I still continued to improve. Soon, my asthma was a thing of the past, and I had become a fairly healthy, smart, happy, and pretty teenager. Suddenly, I was also more popular, had a wider circle of friends, and many prospective boyfriends. Unfortunately, however, I was also very naïve, extremely sensitive, totally lacking in the ability to be intentionally malicious or manipulative, and emotionally broken from my disgustingly unloving home life. My life was filled with manipulative and selfish people who didn’t understand my creative leanings, my spiritual needs, or my need to be an artist. So, even while they took advantage of my open and loving nature, I had absolutely no idea how to deal with my emotions, or the screwed up emotions of the many manipulative and selfish people I came into contact with. It felt to me as if I was a lamb surrounded by lions - although, in truth, all of the people I knew were emotionally wounded victims and unregenerate sinners, just like I was. Sadly, because I didn’t know that at the time, I was getting wounded on every side as I desperately struggled to survive.

During this time of emotional upheaval and poor choices in my life, I had another profound spiritual experience that happened repeatedly. This was in hearing my name being called out in moments when no one was around me. I would look all around trying to find the person who had called me. At the time, I frequently remember thinking that it was one of my brothers, or either of my parents. But I would usually find myself alone

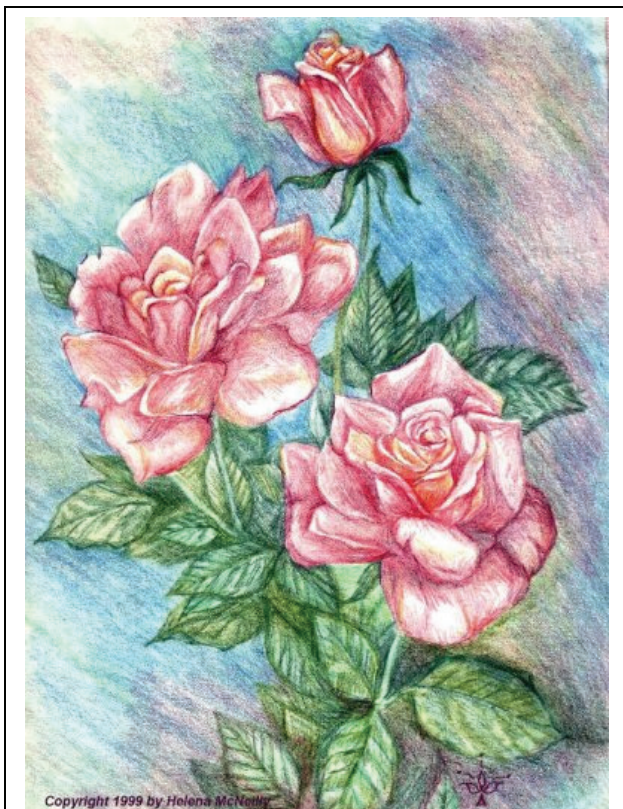


*A Happy Teen - Self Portrait, 1975*



in the house. Occasionally, though, I would find that my brother or parents would be there, but they would act mystified when I asked them why they had called me. For many years, whenever I realized that I had heard that voice from an unknown source calling me again, I thought I was going a little bit crazy. However, not long after I was saved, Yah showed me what had been happening to me back then. He enlightened me by leading me to a passage in Scripture - one that made the bodiless voices calling to me make some sense at last!

***"And it came to pass at that time, while Eli was lying down in his place, and when his eyes had begun to grow so dim that he could not see, and before the lamp of God went out in the tabernacle of the LORD (Yahweh) where the ark of God was, and while Samuel was lying down, that the LORD (Yahweh) called Samuel. And he answered, 'Here I am!' So he ran to Eli and said, 'Here I am, for you called me.' And he said, 'I did not call; lie down again.' And he went and lay down. And the LORD (Yahweh) called yet again, 'Samuel!' So Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, 'Here I am, for you called me.' And he answered, 'I did not call, my son; lie down again.' (Now Samuel did not yet know the LORD, nor was the word of the LORD (Yahweh) yet revealed to him.) And the LORD called Samuel again the third time. Then he arose and went to Eli, and said, 'Here I am, for you did call me.' Then Eli perceived that the LORD (Yahweh) had called the boy. Therefore Eli said to Samuel, 'Go, lie down; and it shall be, if He calls you, that you must say, "Speak, LORD (Yahweh), for Your servant hears." ' So Samuel went and lay down in his place. Now the LORD (Yahweh) came and stood and called as at other times, 'Samuel! Samuel!' And Samuel answered, 'Speak, for Your servant hears.' " -- 1 Samuel 3:2-10***



*Pencil Drawing by Helena at Age 17*

You see, it was Yahweh God Himself who was calling me, and I was too spiritually blind at that time to understand it!

I also had another unusual experience during the same time period when I heard the voice calling my name. Like the bodiless voices calling me, I sometimes heard a loud knocking at the door that totally mystified me. When it happened, I was always alone in the house. Suddenly, from out of the stillness, I would hear three or four loud knocks on the front door. However, when I rushed to open it, no one would be there. At first I attributed this to a childish prank. But when it happened repeatedly over the next few months, I began to think that it was some sort of paranormal activity. Little did I know that Yah (i.e.: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit) was reaching out to me yet again! At this time, the following passage of Scripture was literally coming true in my life:

***"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and dine with him, and he with Me." -- Revelation 3:20 (NKJ)***

How sad that I did not know that Yahshua (Jesus) was the invisible visitor at my door! Nevertheless, how grateful I am to know now that I was never really alone.

Yahshua was always there in the sidelines, waiting for me to call on Him for help. I only wish I had known how to call on Yahshua then in faith. I know my life would have been so much more blessed and happy. But I sadly had

to suffer much more before I realized how desperately I needed Yahshua in my Life.

## ***One Creative Genius Almost Destroyed By Ignorance***

Perhaps the greatest tragedy that occurred in my life as a result of my own spiritual bankruptcy, as well as my parent's lack of a relationship with God was the enormous waste of my talents. I realize now, after experiencing so much of life, that I was no ordinary child by any standard. Though slow and sickly in the beginning, I began to show some promise as an artist and creative writer even in puberty. Still later, when I reached my early teens, I began to show enormous potential, which was thankfully not lost on my teachers, though my family was hopelessly unappreciative of it.

I first began to show an inclination for writing at age 8, when I developed a love for writing poetry. I wrote many poems from this time onward until my early adulthood, when all my life changes made me abandon my artistic and literary aspirations almost altogether for awhile. I also wrote out two full-length stories in long hand on notebook paper, since I didn't own a typewriter, and didn't know how to type yet anyway. One of those was a science fiction story with a heavily spiritual theme that I wrote in my early teens, and it was over 200 pages long! Before writing this one, I wrote another fictional story centered on a young Native American girl and boy in the Algonquin Tribe. I also attempted to illustrate this historical fictional account, drawing my first pictures of Native Americans, and their horses at this time. Though the story had a rather idealized view of Native American life and spirituality, the drawings I did to depict them were fairly good. Uncannily, both of these stories also showed that I had a very otherworldly view on life even then! Though I did not know it at the time, these early experiments at creativity were keys in shaping my desire to return to this pastime of writing and illustrating my own books later in life.

Despite all this writing and drawing I was doing at home, however, few people knew I had so much creative talent. They were instead familiar with the troubled, rough-talking, hard fighting teen I had become, who began to experiment with drugs, alcohol, and gangs at the tender age of 12 - right around the time that my asthma became a thing of the past. Though I never really got heavily involved with any of these negative pastimes, however, I did get emotionally and physically hurt by my dabbling in dangerous areas best left alone.

Thankfully, at the age of 16, I made a life-changing decision to stay away from all drugs, especially Marijuana smoking. This change entailed finding a whole new set of friends because everyone I knew back then centered their lives around leisure activities involving drug and alcohol abuse. Unfortunately, I didn't find too many people to associate with when I made this decision, and unless I had a boyfriend at the time, I spent most of my free time alone.

The aching loneliness I often experienced back then, though it was painful, opened up a new door into my creativity, and I produced many psychologically deep, emotional poems, pictures, and paintings. Some of my artwork was even strangely prophetic! Take, for example, a picture I drew using oil crayons at the age of 16. It is a tropical island scene with three islands in view, and a big island in the background that contains a towering volcano that is erupting violently. In the foreground is a portrait of a blue-skinned woman that I identify as a spiritual image of myself. She has her hand held up almost as if in resignation, and a pentagram necklace is resting on her chest.

Little did I know then that I would one day be dating a man who had been in a witch's coven, I would be dabbling in black magic to try and protect myself, and eventually would be driven by fear to leave home and join that US Air Force, where *I was eventually stationed in Hawaii!* For those of you who have never been there, Hawaii is not just one island, but an island chain with several active volcanoes. In fact the largest volcano in the world is on the Big Island of Hawaii. It is called Mauna Loa. Incidentally, Mauna Loa shares space with Kilauea, which erupted fairly spectacularly in 1982, my last year in Hawaii before returning to the mainland. Now, if that drawing that actually depicted all these things years before any of it happened wasn't prophetic, what is?





*Prophetic Pastel Drawing called "Destiny" drawn in 1975*

During my mid teens, I had a subscription to the now defunct Teen Magazine. In the February 1975 issue of Teen, they advertised a poetry contest to be judged by Donovan, the English singer of Mellow Yellow fame. In honor of Valentine's Day, the contestants had to write a poem about how diamonds convey feelings of love. I wrote my poem on the night I'd read about the poetry contest, then mailed in my entry the next day. Later that year, in late summer, I received a very surprising call from the Editor of Teen Magazine, who told me that I had won the contest.

I was very excited to receive my prize a couple of weeks later, after making my first plane trip anywhere to California. There I met with Donovan and the Teen Editor at an upscale Japanese Restaurant for a celebratory dinner, then went with them to California's Motorama Museum. There, I received the originally advertised prize: an unusual 13-diamond yellow gold ring that was worth 1800 dollars at the time. Little did I know then that this ring was a prophetic symbol for my life, and God certainly had His hand in my winning of it. The ring, which I still own, has a very rough, textured yellow gold surface surrounding a roughly mouth shaped area of white gold set with thirteen small, clear white diamonds. This made the ring appear to look like a toothy smile in an old lady's face - not exactly pretty by any means, but certainly eye-catching.



*Songwriter Donovan presenting me with my diamond ring at the Motorama Museum*

Furthermore, it was raised up on one side, and it looked like a snow-covered mountain slope if worn centered on my ring finger, which significantly is the only finger it fit on properly without having to resize it.

The only dark spot in the whole experience was the fact that my mother accompanied me on this journey, insisting that I was too young to go to California alone. She therefore bought a ticket and flew with me from Illinois to California. What's worse, she constantly made me feel inadequate by insulting my intelligence during our trip, and she put a real damper on my enjoyment of the entire experience by criticizing me at every turn. As I recall, she also NEVER personally gave me one word of praise for my achievement in winning this poetry contest. In fact, she NEVER even read the poem [\(to read it in PDF form, click here\)](#) that won the contest! This was partly why I named this autobiography "From the Desert to the Promised Land." For the first half of my life, I literally existed in an emotional and spiritual desert, surrounded most often by irregular people who did not even know how to love themselves, much less me, or anyone else.

Oddly, there is much spiritual symbolism from the Language of God in the ring that I won, though I could not see it clearly at the time. Gradually, however, its meaning has been made clear to me by the Holy Spirit. First of all, the ring is yellow like sunlight, and its diamonds shine white like the Sun. It therefore represents the pure and radiant Son of God who betrothed me. Its thirteen diamonds are also symbolic of the Body of Christ, which is made up of born-again believers from all thirteen spiritual and literal Israelite Tribes that are on the Earth today. The ring also looks like a shouting mouth, meaning that I would one day loudly preach the Word of God to all Thirteen Tribes of Israel. In addition, this ring is reminiscent of a snow-covered mountain peak sloping up to the summit, suggesting the fact that I would one day climb to the summit of the mountain of God's truth. Finally, its thirteen diamonds indicate that God was going to take the unrepentant sinful person I was then, and turn me into a glowing beacon of Christ's light and truth in spiritual darkness. This is because, as I reveal in my books, the number 13 - which is my lucky number of sorts - is a number indicating good coming out of something evil. Interestingly, this was the "lucky" number of the Benjamite Pharisee named Saul of Tarsus, who persecuted the earliest Messianic and Christian believers. Later, however, Saul saw the Risen Christ in visions, through which Christ changed Saul's name to Paul, and instructed him spiritually. Paul then went on to become the thirteenth, and greatest Apostle, and the one man responsible for writing most of the New Testament.

I realize now that, with this odd ring, God was symbolically betrothing me to Him that day, and - like Ancient Israel when they sinned - I was going to suffer much in the next few years as a result of my ignorant inability to draw near to God, to deal with my dysfunctional family, to understand my small-minded boyfriends, to love my two emotionally bankrupt husbands, and to accept the consequences of my own bad choices that were not yet being tempered, and governed by the Holy Spirit. The ring, however, was also a promise to me that I was to one day become a bit like Paul, being instructed by Christ Himself in visions, and writing thousands of pages on His behalf, and for His Glory.

## ***Looking For God In All The Wrong Places***

Unfortunately, I was a very lost sheep back then, and by the time I finished High School, I had almost completely fallen away from my Catholic roots. At that time, I was futilely trying to figure out



*The Knight in Shining Armor that I sought in my art and life wasn't on Earth, but in Heaven!*



who God was, and what He wanted, by searching for truths about Him from many unbiblical sources. Soon I began to dabble in things like so-called "White Magic," which is a variation of Witchcraft. I also began experimenting with the Tarot, palmistry, numerology, and other mysterious and mystical teachings that were far from the Biblical landscape of truth. I had no idea that I was wandering deeper and deeper into enemy territory with each step I took away from the true God. Nor did I know what that enemy would do to me without Yahweh God's protection. But I soon found out.



*Senior Year Class Photo -  
Me at age 17, in 1976*

In my teens, I began experimenting with drugs for pleasure, and began drinking alcoholic beverages recreationally, especially on weekends. Eventually, though I was pushed to do even more drugs, and drink more booze by unsavory young men and women, I began to refuse. Nonetheless, I also found myself the victim of many men who wanted more from me than my bubbly and fun personality. Despite this, I managed to stay a virgin until the age of 18 - far longer than any of my other girl friends in the neighborhood. However, my relationships with men always left me wanting more, and my lovers became increasingly more abusive as I struggled to understand the spiritually draining situations I kept finding myself in. I did not yet know I was a codependent ACOA, or Adult Child of Alcoholics, and, as a result, all of my friends also tended to be codependents. As such, they habitually abused others the same way that their family members abused them.

Beyond this huge emotional handicap, another reason I was so dissatisfied with the men whom I knew is that I was an intelligent, creative, and ambitious woman who wanted to be recognized as more than a pretty face with a dynamite body. I was wildly creative, intensely imaginative, loved romance, and had a poet's heart. I also had big dreams, but was surrounded by small-minded men with no goals, and no real future. At gut level, I knew that there was more to life and love than being groped in the dark by men who cared nothing for the enormously creative spirit whom I was then, and still am.

My home life also left much to be desired. Though some of my cousins thought I was terribly spoiled because I received nice material things at Christmas, my nicest gifts came from my aunts and grandparents, not my parents. My parents were, in fact, very stingy with their cash, and bought me cheap clothes, and very little else outside of adequate medical and dental care. For example, I never received any gift with lasting value like real jewelry, or a nice jewelry box or other type of keepsake even though I was an only daughter! Furthermore, my mother was extremely resentful of my peachy skin, blue eyes, and blondish hair since she was olive-skinned, and dark and sultry looking like her Assyrian father, who came to the USA from Iran. She also hated me because I was so talented as an artist, and I was capable of succeeding in it. At the time - though it made me sad - I did not know that my mother's emotional instability was a dangerous problem. But I soon found out.

Though I did not know it at the time, my mother's instability was deepened by two events that occurred in succession, and intensified her already strong jealousy toward me. Just after New Year in 1976, my Assyrian grandfather John David passed away, and - though I did not learn about it until 20 years later - something happened at that time that really embittered my Mom, and the entire David side of the family toward me. You see, it turns out that my grandfather left a sizeable portion of his estate to me, while writing my mother out of his Will entirely. My grandfather was obviously trying to make a statement with this gesture that showed his deep love for me despite his dislike of his daughter! Nonetheless, this was an extremely unwise move on his part, because it backfired. In fact, nearly the entire David family conspired against me, and they sought legal help to ensure that I never saw a penny of that inheritance. Instead, it was given to my mother without my knowledge,



and I only later found out about this event because my mom's sister Aunt Carol told me this happened years after my mom disappeared, and there was no more danger of reprisal from her.

Not long after that, while I was attending my senior year at Mother Theodore Guerin Catholic High School, my grandfather's sister Violet Yohannan convinced me to be in a beauty contest that was being sponsored by the Assyrian Community in Chicago that winter. She told me it was my grandfather's dying wish, and because I had really loved my grandfather, I agreed to do it even though I knew very little about my Assyrian heritage at the time. What followed was a half dozen sessions learning how to walk and stand gracefully, and answer questions calmly and succinctly with other young ladies who looked far more like Assyrians than I did with my light brown hair, and blue-green eyes. During social hours spent with my fellow contestants, I also learned how to do more Assyrian belly dance style moves than I'd known about from attending Assyrian picnics every summer as a girl. For the competition, all the contestants also practiced singing a couple of songs in Aramaic, which is the language still spoken by Assyrians today. As Christians, Assyrians are very proud to tell others that Yahshua spoke the language they still use everyday to communicate to each other.

Amazingly, I did very well in that contest - and won the second-place position of first runner up despite the fact that I didn't look Assyrian. I suspect that this happened because, besides the fact that I was somewhat pretty, many Assyrians in the community had known and loved my grandfather, and they wanted to honor him through me. Sadly however, this added to my mother's already strong jealousy toward me, and likely contributed to the horrible treatment I received when my mother finally snapped.

It couldn't have happened at a worse time, since it was Valentine's Day, and I had been getting ready for a date with my boyfriend Emilio. He was a classy Italian man who was about eight years older than me. He was also very well-to-do compared to me since his father owned a construction firm. He had let his honorable intentions toward me be known to my parents, and I really enjoyed his companionship, though I was unsure if I wanted to marry him or not at the time. I was still interested in going to college, not getting married right out of high school like Emilio was pushing me to.

I had gone downstairs from my attic bedroom, and found a pot of coffee on in the kitchen, so I poured a cup, fixed it the way I wanted it, and went downstairs with a blouse in hand that I needed to press in order to wear it on my date. As I went to the stairs, I said hi to my Mom and Dad very cheerfully, and was oblivious to the fact that they were both already drunk, even though it was early in the morning. This was probably because they had been fighting - which was a common occurrence. I, however, was all smiles because I had so much to look forward to that day. But sadly, the joys of that day were never to be realized. Instead, it turned into a nightmare of terror and pain for me. My Mom followed me downstairs shortly after I had set up the ironing board, and plugged the iron in to begin ironing.



*Miss Assyria 1976 standing between me as  
First Runner Up, and my Aunt Violet*



*"Blue Girl" Self Portrait, 1977 - Contrast this sad one with the happy one I drew in 1975*

At that moment, my mother came up to me frowning, and her eyes were filled with rage. I was instantly afraid. There was no telling what my mom might do when she was angry, and I was not in the mood to get slapped or punched - again. This time, I had a better reason to be afraid than other times, because it soon became evident to me that my mother had lost her sanity - at least temporarily, and she was acting as if she was demonically possessed. In fact, I now believe that she WAS demonically possessed, and I am lucky that demon didn't finish me off that fateful day. As soon as I asked my Mom what was wrong, she started speaking to me in a voice filled with barely repressed rage. She told me that the coffee I was drinking was her coffee, in her coffee cup, and I could not have it. She thereby took the coffee cup I had taken, and poured its contents down the utility sink drain, which was nearby. Then she said that the iron, and ironing board were hers, and I could not use them. My mom was acting completely crazy, and so I quickly and meekly decided to agree with her. I turned the iron off with trembling hands, gently took my half-ironed blouse off of the board, and turned to leave.

That is when she grabbed my hair and pulled me violently backward, almost knocking me to the floor. I caught my balance, only to feel the side of my head exploding with pain. She had pulled my long hair so hard that my scalp was bleeding profusely! Then she started to claw me with her talon-like painted nails, and to hit me in the face and chest with her fists. I was so dazed and frightened, I did nothing to protect myself at first, hoping she would stop hitting me, But this time, my mother did not stop. She continued to beat me as

hard as she could, and when she punched me hard in the stomach a couple of times, I fell forward. At that moment, my mother hit me directly in the nose with her kneecap. My nose broke when her knee hit it, and it was smashed in. That is when the blood began spurting out of my face uncontrollably.

At this point I was beyond scared. I was completely terrified. I was bent over, and my mother had taken a phone receiver off the wall hook nearby and started using it as a club on the back of my exposed head. I tried to protect my head with my hands, but she only beat them into a bloody mess. As I was huddled there on the floor and being beaten, I suddenly heard a quiet but urgent voice in my head telling me that I was going to die if I did not stop my mother, and that I needed to lunge upward with all my might to stop her. After a few seconds, I did just as that quiet voice had instructed me, and I succeeded in knocking my mother backward, and knocking her temporarily unconscious. I now believe that quiet voice was my guardian angel talking to me, and God was protecting me from certain death that day.

I then half crawled up the stairs, trying to get as far away from my mother as possible. I was soaked in blood, and blood was dripping all over the floor as I went toward the bathroom. At that moment, my father walked into the room and saw me like this, and I asked him for help because I was certain my nose was broken, and I was afraid I was going to bleed to death. Do you know what his response was? He basically said: "Your nose probably ain't broken, but if it is, it serves you right for pissing your mother off!" Then he staggered away, acting like he could care less if I bled to death right then and there or not! As a result, it was Emilio who rescued me from this hellish situation, after I frantically asked him for help on the telephone. It was Emilio - enraged at



my mother for her cruelty, and compassionate to me as I wept in front of him in terror and pain - who took me to the hospital emergency room to receive some much needed medical attention.

What a horrible way to spend Valentine's Day!!!! On a day when we are supposed to show our love for one another, my mother showed me her unbridled hatred and contempt of me instead. The saddest part of this whole terrible scene was how undeserved it was. I was far from being a troublesome teenager. I was doing very well in school, and helped with chores around the house whenever I could. Sure, I had my nights of broken curfews, and experimenting with too much alcohol, but in Chicago, what kid didn't? Very few! In most respects, I was a fairly good teen, and I never deserved the treatment I received from my parents. In fact, very few people ever deserve to be beaten like that!

Soon, it was evident that I would require plastic surgery to repair the damage that my mother had done to my face. She had completely demolished my nose, and fractured both cheekbones. But no human doctor could ever repair the damage that my mother had done to me emotionally, and spiritually that day. I lived in fear of her

for years, afraid to look her in the eye for fear I might see her unholy rage directed at me again, and the red glow of the demon in her within her bloodshot eyes. If I had had someplace to run to, I would have left home then. But I did not have anywhere to go, and I knew I'd never make it as a runaway. I was an artist, not a gangster.

At this time, my relationship with my Italian boyfriend Emilio ended badly. This is because he kept pushing me into getting married - even though I insisted that I wanted to finish College before the wedding. After I refused his engagement ring, he desperately kept trying to coax me into having sex with him in order to keep me from leaving him. I realized then that Emilio was hoping to get me pregnant so that I would be unable to pursue my education, and so he could start the family he wanted sooner. I got really angry over this, and during another one of his attempts to sleep with me, I hit him hard with one knee where it counts, and told him to get out of my room, and my life. For many years afterward, however, I regretted that decision sometimes. If I had done as Emilio wanted, I would have gotten out of my hurtful home life, and I would have been loved by Emilio, and well-provided for. But then, I likely never would have gotten to the point I am at today, as a scribe and artist for Yahweh! Emilio's strict Catholic family would have been outraged if I had ever been inclined to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and they would likely have disowned me if I had wanted to pursue a career as a Protestant evangelist with heavy Messianic leanings like I am being led to do today.



*A Prophetic Self-Portrait Done in High School*

While in my senior year at Mother Guerin Catholic High School, my English Teacher gave the assignment to illustrate a book of poetry any way we wanted. The poems and artwork or photos did not have to be our own, but I chose to do the entire booklet from drawings I drew specifically for poems I had written. One of the pen and ink drawings in this booklet was a self-portrait, and the poem attached to it was a reflection of my heart after



my mother assaulted me ([to read it in PDF form, click here](#)). Though I did not know it at the time, the drawing attached to this extremely sad poem had a prophetic quality that came from deep within my subconscious. I recognized its prophetic quality the moment I looked at it again over 30 years later - after storing it away in an old art portfolio from my college days. I therefore have reproduced the portrait on the preceding page to explain what elements make it prophetic.

First and foremost in the drawing, note the otherworldly celestial view in the odd shaped window above my head. This appears to be a window looking into my thoughts, though I can honestly say that at this time in my life, I had not formulated any ideas as yet about the Language of God or Gospel in the Stars that I grew to be an expert in after my conversion. Another prophetic quality to the drawing is my short hair. I did not have a hair cut that short until after my time in the military, and that is also the time period when I began to get my first inklings into the Language of God. Note also the cigarette in my hand that looks like it is lit, but is not creating any smoke. I quit smoking shortly after my conversion in 1987, but found it very hard to overcome the desire to smoke for several years after that. The final prophetic quality to the drawing is the fact that I am crying. About a year after my conversion, I began to feel enormous sorrow that was a window into God's sorrowful heart over the unrepentance of so many of His lost sheep. This is also when I began to write my book about the Language of God. Sadly, pursuing knowledge in this subject would also bring me enormous sorrow because no one around me would support or accept God's vision for me to become an expert in this area, or to write for Him, and preach to others about it until many years later. In fact, my life became a living hell for a while when I tried to pursue God's vision for my life, just as is clearly implied by the fire raging around me in the drawing, even though it is not consuming me. This, like the window above my head, is a symbol of hope, meaning that I would not be destroyed by this emotional and spiritual fire, and would survive to do as God willed for my life. Happily, this is now coming true, but I had to suffer much before this could happen.

After graduating from High school in 1976, I escaped the emotional desert that was Chicago that autumn, when my parents agreed to pay my tuition so I could attend Northern Illinois University, in Dekalb, Illinois. This monetary gift was likely my mother's way of making up for being so cruel to me on repeated occasions, but her generosity didn't last, nor was it meant to bring me happiness. It was instead just another manipulative tactic in my mother's arsenal used to try and control and mold me into a bitter, unhappy carbon copy of herself. Nonetheless, I did get to live on campus for one blessed year, and for that brief time I blissfully studied my greatest love in life: Fine Art. That is, until my mother withdrew her support of my aspirations. She was furious with me for having chosen a major in Commercial Design instead of Business Administration!

Of course, she only insisted that I major in Business or Accounting when I did so well academically in my chosen Art major, with a 3.2 GPA. Yet no amount of pleading with my mother to change her mind, and let me pursue what I wanted to pursue had any good affect. Instead, my mother sent me to the design department where she worked at Container Corporation of America. She insisted that I would be miserable trying to make my designs suit the needs of clients - whose wishes would surely always override my own. Yet, much to her chagrin, I loved the design department, and the type of work I would be challenged to do, and I still wanted to pursue my major in Comprehensive Design at Northern Illinois University.



*Me on the NIU Campus in 1977*

Despite every attempt on my part to convince my mother that I could, and would excel as a Commercial Artist and Designer, my mother refused to change her mind, and said she would not pay for my tuition any further. Since the two jobs I had held on and off campus to pay for my other college expenses such as art supplies and books was insufficient to pay for my tuition too, I knew I could not stay at NIU. As a result, I came home defeated, and miserable after spending only two semesters at Northern Illinois University. I attended Wright Community College after that, working full time during the day, and going to school part time at night. At Wright, I still pursued my dream of doing something artistic. I eventually changed my major from Art to Architectural Design and Drafting, and maintained a 3.5 GPA.

After doing this for a year, I was sure I would be happy as an Architect. So I applied for entrance into the University of Colorado at Boulder. I was accepted, and with great elation I obtained the necessary financial aid paperwork, and approached my parents. They needed to sign them since I was living with them at the time, and their income was too great for me to qualify for financial aid unless I could prove that they were not interested in supporting me. However, they flatly refused to sign, saying that I was being claimed as a dependant, and they could go to jail if they signed the forms. They had no right to claim me as a dependant, however, since they spent little or nothing to feed me, I bought my own clothes and jewelry with my own money, had to find and pay for my own phone and health insurance, had to pay my own medical expenses, and had to pay for my own transportation. I also helped out around the house to pay them for what little in room and board they spent - constantly washing piles of dishes and doing mounds of laundry without receiving any thanks or appreciation.

In short, I took care of myself because they refused to do so, and I ended up taking care of them even though they refused to do anything but the minimum they were required to do as my parents. In addition, they seemed to delight in telling everyone that I was a worthless child that needed to be punished for being such a wastrel. They still flatly refused to acknowledge the fact that I was a gifted artist, and was very much willing to do my best at what I felt I was meant to do with my life - not what they were trying to force me to do. Yet the irony of it was that one day God would recognize and claim the talent in me that my parents despised.

Even though they effectively destroyed my chances to shine in the world because of their own ignorance, selfishness, greed, and contempt, and I became deeply bitter because of it, God was showing me the path to the Cross. He was preparing me to understand the moment when Christ looked out at the screaming masses taunting Him as He died, and still had enough love and compassion in His heart to look up to Heaven and say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing!" I know, because I lived that moment with Christ one day in a vision - when God showed me my need to entertain forgiveness. But I hadn't learned that lesson yet, so all I could see was how unfair and unjust they and my extended family were acting toward me as they ignored my pain, and flatly refused to acknowledge the part they all played in my lack of worldly success in life. But what I didn't know at the time was that God had a bigger plan for my life than I, or any of them, could ever have imagined.

Unaware of the great task that God was going to choose me for one day (or, in actuality, had already chosen me for), I sank into a state of absolute despair and disgust, and I lost my will to work hard in school. As a result, when some challenging classes came up at Wilbur Wright College, I gave up before the summer semester was in full swing. After I dropped out of college, I slowly began to lose hope and faith that I would ever amount to anything in life. I was ready to give up, and was close to suicide. Adding to this state of despair, my parents continued to treat me with disdain, and wanted me to move out of the house, but I had no place to go. Concurrently, I had just found out that the man I had been dating was a Wiccan, and a former High Priest in a Coven. This frightened and discouraged me even more. His home was filled with bizarre artifacts, books on Witchcraft, and a collection of scary-looking sacrificial and ceremonial knives, dragon-decorated incense burners, and other occult religious paraphernalia.

His former coven members wanted him back, and they tried to get his attention through intimidation and fear tactics directed at him through me - an innocent, but very vulnerable bystander. Since he was likely protected by a host of demons, his old Coven associates attacked me instead of him. First, I found a sacrificed possum on my doorstep, its blood smeared on the door. Then there were the phone calls telling me to stay away from him, or else. Yet even while these events were occurring, God was still reaching out to me in love. I could feel His pull,

beckoning me to draw closer to Him. But, sadly, I still did not know how to answer that call, or how to ask Him for help, and so I remained defenseless, and rightly afraid.

As all this was happening, I was also struggling with two jobs that didn't work out, and I lost the second of two jobs just before the holiday season in 1979. In desperation, I searched for the least destructive way I could find to get away from my abusive family, Wiccan lover, and bad environment in Chicago. After finding out the airlines and Peace Corps didn't want me, I finally joined the US Air Force in desperation. This would turn out to be a big mistake, however, as I will now explain.



*Me in 1981 at Age 23 -  
In US Air Force Dress Uniform*

When being tested by the military to see what I was capable of, I had exceptionally high scores in every area EXCEPT mechanics. Then, shortly after I arrived at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas for Basic Training, I was tested again, and I was told then that my IQ was 140 plus, meaning that I was a genius. This was a surprise to me, as was the fact that less than one percent of the human population of this planet has this kind of exceptionally high IQ! But it partly explained why I felt like a fish out of water for most of my life. I was "swimming around" with people who were often far less intelligent, and far less talented. But God was trying to show me that I needed to feel compassion for those less fortunate than I in mental

capacity, not superior! But I was still too full of myself to realize what a schmuck I was in God's book!

Because I was intelligent, it was no surprise that I was frustrated, and felt deeply alone. I was hoping for a better life than I'd already had, but I was surrounded by morons, as what happened to me next would show. After Uncle Sam went out of his way to find out what I had an aptitude for, he put me in a position where I would be no benefit to the Military at all! Instead of placing me in a position where I could really benefit them, they gave me a job in an area that I was not interested in, and that I was not only unqualified to do, but that I would eventually hate!

Before life in the military soured for me, however, I met and hastily married a military man named Mark. Though it was destined to end badly, our sad marriage lasted from January 1981 through September of 1984. I met Mark quickly after being assigned to work at Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii because he was a near neighbor to me in the barracks apartment I lived in. It was not a love match, but a marriage of convenience for us both.

Strangely, though I had left my parent's home in Chicago under such bad circumstances, and had not kept in touch with my family after I left home, my Dad, Mom, brother Bob, and my grandmother Elizabeth on my mom's side had come to my wedding to Mark at the Catholic Church on base after I had invited them - at Mark's insistence. Frankly, I think the only reason they really showed up at all was because I was being married in Hawaii in January of 1981, when it was below freezing in Chicago, and it was a good excuse for a warm vacation! But their true colors showed afterward, when I sensed their reluctance to spend any time with Mark and I, or to include us in their vacation plans while I was on honeymoon leave with Mark. As a result, I ended up feeling even more bitterness toward them later on.



*My first husband Mark Bacon in his  
USAF Dress Uniform, 1981*



In the meantime, however, I swept my feelings under the rug and did my best to ignore them as I found an apartment with Mark, moved in with him, and grew to love him. As I did, I really began to try to make our marriage work. Nonetheless, the relationship was ill fated - and it ultimately failed four years later. Part of the reason for this was the fact that Mark was a burgeoning alcoholic, and a regular drug abuser, and I still had no idea how to pray for myself or my marriage. As a result, I eventually wanted absolutely nothing to do with my husband's chosen lifestyle, or the degenerate types of people it always attracts. Meanwhile, my life as an airman soon turned dreadful. This is because I had been lied to by my recruiters, and I hated how I had been duped.

When I signed up to be in the US Air Force, I explicitly requested either an administrative position or a job in a technical area where I would be working in a lab. Instead, they gave me a job as a grease monkey with the glorified, though totally inaccurate title of "Avionics Instruments Systems Specialist." In truth I wasn't allowed to repair these instruments as I had hoped, or even to actually remove and replace them with new instruments in the cockpits of the antiquated planes and helicopters that we worked on. It was an impossibly disappointing situation for me, and I was miserable as soon as they put me out on the flight line - even though I was stationed in Hawaii - because I was surrounded by men who were all too much like the low class rednecks I had left behind in Chicago. Furthermore, much to my sadness, I was forced to be congenial with, and to work with, these low class men - despite their constant sexual innuendos, swearing, drinking on the job, and patronizing attitudes toward women. It was almost as if I had never left Chicago at all!

It should have come as no surprise to anyone when I ended up seeking to get out of the Air Force a year after joining. It had turned into a nightmare assignment that I could no longer handle. I had expected order and sanity in the military, but found it to be a hell-hole of mismanagement and unneeded waste. I guess I was destined to become another Private Benjamin of sorts - because I was so naïve! Nonetheless, when I sought help from the Inspector General's Office of Military Legal Affairs, I was told repeatedly that the only way they would let me out of the Air Force early was if I agreed to fail some psychological tests. This would allow them to give me a medical discharge *due to mental instability!* I was horrified, but felt I had no choice, and hoped it would not affect my ability to find a good job in the future.

Without Christ in my life, I was a sitting target for all sorts of abuse. What's more, despite my textbook intelligence that made me able to see the faults in work situations and in the behavior of others, I was deeply naive and gullible. That's why I was treated so poorly in the military. I made it no secret to them that my assigned workplace was being mismanaged, and that I had been subjected to many unfair work practices. For example, as an avionics technician on Hickam Air Force Base in Hawaii, I was frequently on the flight line, where I came into contact with dangerous chemicals and damaging levels of flight line noise from roaring jet engines. But despite this, we were given little or no hand or ear protection. The real tragedy is that some of this exposure seemed planned as a way of getting back at me for being dissatisfied. But after I openly complained about it with higher-ranking military personnel, they simply didn't care. In short, something very sinister was going on because I was openly dissatisfied with my life in the military.

Little did I realize then that this possibly deliberate military negligence in regard to my health and safety would have given me the ability to press charges against the Air Force - had I been inclined to find a lawyer - and the military knew that when they pressed me to falsely play "unstable." However, I was so happy to finally be out of that hellish environment that I did my best to not look back, and to start over in a fresh direction. Their fears were therefore totally unfounded, and sadly left me with a permanent mark against my character that would haunt me until Christ came into my life, and healed my pain.

Though my experience in the Air Force was extremely negative, it did have one positive after affect. It helped resurrect my will to live, and my desire to fight for what I believed in. I had to fight long and hard to get out of the military, but in the end I had lost to win. Now I wanted to make up for lost time. At the time, though, that was hard because I was married to a man in the military, and it was not working out. This was partly because he was still loyal to the military, despite their very poor treatment of me, and because of his alcohol and drug abuse, which he refused to give up despite my insistence. Despite this tension, we managed to stay together for a time after I was discharged from the military, and after living through Hurricane Iwa and spending the Christmas after

that 1982 storm in Hawaii, I left with Mark to live in Denver, Colorado, which was near to his new work station on Lowry Air Force Base.

Though I now know that all the pain and misery I suffered back then had a purpose in my life, it was hell at the time. Yahweh God was sadly not a part of my life yet. Instead, God was still standing in the wings, trying to get my attention. But He could do nothing until I remembered that I had once given myself to Him, and He wanted me back so that I could fulfill His Will and purpose for me and others. As a result, at about the time my mother disappeared (which is another story I will save telling for another time), and afterward, my life became a series of even bigger disappointments - one after another: dead-end jobs; forsaken dreams; a failed marriage; selfish and cruel boyfriends; failing health. I became involved in the entertainment world about this time too, when my hobby taking belly dancing classes gradually developed into a part-time career. I worked for Continental Airlines as a Ticket Sales Agent at the time - having gotten out of the Air Force - and I was in the process of a divorce.

Since I needed to support myself, I needed to earn more money than I did working part-time for the airline company. That is when I took my hobby studying belly-dancing to the next level, and began moonlighting as a nightclub dancer to make ends meet. However, the sleazy places and people that I had to perform belly dancing for in nightclubs and at parties did nothing for my spiritual growth. In fact, it became a great hindrance to it and, as a result, my life was filled with even more pain. Despite the fact that I did not really clue into how sinful belly dancing in nightclubs was because I didn't understand how to define sin, I was still seeking to find the unanswered spiritual questions I had, and since I did not know anyone who could mentor me in that direction at the time, I continued to search on my own.

At first, I tried to decipher the teachings of the Bible privately, but found it very difficult to read, and seemingly full of contradictions. How, I wondered as I read various commentaries on the Bible, could a God of love and mercy be capable of such cruelty, as witnessed in the history of the Old Testament with its bloody animal sacrifices, and its destruction of whole people groups to set up a kingdom (Israel) that was, in turn, destined to destruction? I began to doubt the Bible's ability to teach me about God because of this, but I couldn't read the Bible to find out because of the demonic oppression I was under. This manifested itself as a sleepy stupor that would come over me whenever I tried to read the Bible. Tragically, the Catholic Church had taught me nothing about Spiritual Warfare, and though I was puzzled by this supernatural sleepiness that came over me whenever I held a Bible in my hands, I had no idea I was fighting against demons who wanted me to remain ignorant. This is what forced me to seek God in books outside of the Bible.

Though this was a dangerous way to seek the truth about God, God eventually turned it around and used it for my good. You see, He was counting on my use of my highly analytical side to decipher the lies, and grasp the small truths that were hidden and perverted in the works of many Christian cult leaders and Occult practitioners. Though I may not have been fully baptized with the Holy Spirit at the time because I still did not acknowledge Yahshua as the Son of God, I am certain that God's unseen Hand



*Me as a Novice Belly Dancer in 1984*

was guiding me. But this didn't become apparent to me until after I overcame the demonic oppression that had hampered me for so long. Now, let me tell you how I was delivered from it.

## *Finding God On My Own*

Despite my terrible first marriage, I convinced Mark to study God's Word with me, and I eventually attended an Adventist Church in my neighborhood that I had been invited to at a health food booth they operated at a local State fair. But regular church attendance was not enough to change Mark, or to save our marriage because neither one of us had been baptized by the Holy Spirit yet. So, after Mark cheated on me and I cheated on him, and I left Mark and moved into my own apartment, I began studying the Word of God on my own. At this time, I believe Yahweh gave me an insatiable hunger to know the truth about Him. Initially, I tried to satisfy my curiosity by tearing the Bible apart. By dissecting its teachings, and finding the supposed contradictions I initially assumed it contained, I attempted to show myself that the Bible really was flawed, and a fraud. For several years I engaged in this destructive quest, and thought I had a good understanding of the Bible, and how error-filled it was. But then, through even more intense Bible study, I came to realize that many of my previous assumptions about the Bible were absolutely false.

At first, it was a subtle change in my perceptions of what I read. I began to see that there are really no contradictions in the Bible, just varying reports of the same events that in no way detract from the overall message of the Bible, which is absolutely unified throughout. Its message is that there is only one God who manifests Himself in Three Persons, and that this God is merciful yet holy - a God who despises sin, yet forgives those who repent of it, and who change their evil ways through Christ. I also began to see once hidden nuances in the messages of Scripture that I had never seen before. They intrigued me enough to get me to study the Bible even more. I wanted to see what these subtle messages I was receiving from the Word really meant. I also began to notice that there is a beautiful cohesiveness that runs throughout the Bible. This symmetry began to delight and enchant me. Eventually I found that I was beginning to love the Word of God, and I wanted to uphold it, and prove its worth!

Now I can honestly say that this didn't just "happen." It happened because of prayer! Not just anyone's prayers, but my own sincere prayers. Shortly after applying for my first divorce in 1984, I studied with the Jehovah's Witnesses. All the Bible Study meetings were opened with prayer. Before the Study Leader gave his lesson from the Bible, we would all bow our heads, and ask Jehovah to open our eyes and ears so that we would understand His Word. But I still struggled to understand the Bible as I tried to read it. In fact, I didn't stop finding myself falling asleep until I bowed my head privately one day and prayed to Jesus to help me understand His Word. This is something a Jehovah Witness would never do because they see Jesus or Yahshua as an angel, and not as God Incarnate. I now know that Yahweh answered that desperate prayer for me because He loved me, had chosen me, and wanted me to know Him - especially because I was lost, unaware of His great love for me, and being deluded by some of the false teachings of the Jehovah's Witnesses.

By sincerely praying for guidance from God, I found that my prayers were answered in marvelous ways. At first, I simply began to understand the Bible as I never had before, and I became increasingly hungry to read more. But when I became curious to read and understand far beyond what the Bible Study leader asked us to read, I began to see that something very sinister was going on. The Bible Study leader was deliberately misguiding his students by twisting Scripture, which is when Scriptures are taken out of the context in which they were written, and are made to sound as if they are saying something very different than what was originally intended. To twist some Bible passages, they had been deceptively spliced together with other unrelated Scriptures in such a way as to make them sound as if they came from the same sentence or paragraph. Studying on my own after these dark Bible studies, however, I soon discovered that some of the phrases that had been spliced together were originally in different paragraphs, or even in different chapters or books of the Bible!

Shortly after making this discovery, I started to question the Bible Study leader at the meetings, and asked him to explain the other passages in the Bible that seemed to completely disagree with his conclusions. He was obliging at first, but after finding it almost impossible to answer my questions, or explain them away easily, he



started to ignore me whenever I raised my hand at the meetings, effectively silencing my inquiries. Angry and disillusioned, I stopped attending services at the local Kingdom Hall, and stopped attending their deceptive and misleading Bible Studies. This was sometime in the summer of 1984. Though my experience with them was ultimately not a good one, I am grateful to the Jehovah's Witnesses for getting me interested in the Bible. Their message of hope and salvation could not have come at a better time.

For a time after leaving the Jehovah's Witnesses, I continued to seek a church that taught the truth. I studied the literature and/or joined the Bible Studies of several very high profile Churches. The sad truth about all these Churches, however, is that they all taught (and still teach!) aberrant, or outright heretical doctrines. These were the Worldwide Church of God, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (the Mormons), and the Seventh Day Adventists. I learned some wonderful things about God's Word when studying with all these churches, especially the Adventists. Unlike the Adventists, the other two churches were far more skewed in their thinking about Yahweh God's true purpose in the world. Among the errors in their teachings, I found that they had a measure of the truth. Yet they were also guilty of twisting or ignoring key Scriptures in their interpretations of God's Word. Through intense private Bible study, I soon discerned the lies that I was being fed. When I did, I swiftly left those churches behind.



*Me in Cabaret Costume - 1991*

After being so disillusioned by the poor leadership and instruction of the church Bible Studies that I had frequently attended, I finally stopped studying with organized churches, and began to study the Bible regularly on my own. Slowly at first, I began to see that the Bible is a wonderful book and I wanted to apply some of the teachings of Yahshua (a.k.a. Jesus) to my life even though I still did not accept His divinity. Since the time that I made that decision to honor Him as a great teacher and prophet, however, my life was never again the same! My life began to improve bit by bit. I found a good job, and got out of the hurtful, destructive relationships I had with men at that time.

My belly dance career changed subtly too, and I began to be more discerning about where and how I danced. Though at times I failed, I began to make major efforts to dance with an air of innocence and joy rather than one of wantonness. I took this attitude of treating belly dancing as a fine art form rather than a cheesy sideshow with me wherever I went. Whether I had been asked to perform or teach, I did it with a spirit of joy and purity, concentrating on the idea that belly dancing is an expression of the sanctity and sacredness of motherhood and giving birth, and was meant to express the beauty of being a woman. Gradually, as I developed this idea further, Yahweh God blessed me for it, and I was soon in demand as a teacher and performer of Raks Al Sharqi, commonly known among Americans as belly dancing.

I found my second husband Leonard through Belly Dance. Unfortunately, I was still not a believer at the time, and destined to allow my flesh to choose a partner for me rather than God. I made the fatal mistake of not consulting Yahweh first, and not asking His permission to marry. I therefore had no idea what His Will was regarding my relationship with Leonard, whom I affectionately called Leo. Many years later, this mistake came back to haunt me, and I realized then how important it is for believers to seek Yahweh's Will before they make

any major life decisions. At the time, I was blind to my need for Yah’s guidance, and living life on my own terms - and Leo was the same way. Also like me, Leo was an avid belly dance participant, and had aspirations of becoming a paid performer like I already was. In fact, he and I met at a belly dancer’s workshop and show in Seattle, Washington in October of 1986 – two years after my first divorce was final. Unfortunately, I was still emotionally hurt, and had not done any healing emotional work yet. I ignored my emotional brokenness, however, and thought I was ready to make another commitment. Only I did not know then that I was destined to choose another partner who was totally wrong for me.

Just five short months after we met (during which we carried on a whirlwind long-distance courtship), Leo and I married. In March of 1987, I then moved to Canada to live in his native country. This began our shared odyssey dancing together at various parties and events as a paid professional male-female dance couple. As my student base grew, I was able to start my own Dance Troupe. Troupe Assallam (Assallam is Arabic for “Peaceful”) was born in 1991. Over the time we operated as a troupe, we danced at many cultural events, and competed in various regional belly dance, or folk dance competitions, winning several awards for our innovative, fun dances.

During this time working in the entertainment industry, many spiritual changes were occurring within me. Leo and I were not believers when we met, and I was just then finding my way back to the true and Living God Yahweh. After my born-again conversion, I worked on helping Leo to return to Yahshua’s fold too. Eventually I thought I had succeeded in converting Leo, but I was wrong. Our marriage was very difficult at times, even after Leo’s supposed conversion. Nonetheless, I took false comfort in believing that we were both Believers, and that God would make things work between us eventually. I hoped our mutual faith would help us settle our differences as they arose. However, this never seemed to happen. As a result, I became acutely aware of the seeming ineffectiveness of all my prayers asking God to help Leo and I change, and to become a happily married couple. As a result, I gradually began to lose faith in the power of God to transform lives, and I often felt powerless, and defeated.

Yahweh, however, had not yet taught me that it is impossible for anyone to change people unless they WANT to change. Even Yahshua Himself CANNOT change an unwilling heart. Furthermore, I was not yet aware of the crucial importance of the Holy Spirit in this spiritual transformation process. Later, when I learned that Leo’s supposed conversion was lacking the baptism of the Holy Spirit that would help him to grow and change, I understood why my efforts to help Leo grow were ineffective. I will share more on this later. First though, I want to explain how I came to become a born-again believer after I married Leo.

Despite my ever-deepening desire to know more about God, I had some problems believing all of the Bible’s teachings, and that still bothered me. I was not certain that Yahshua (a.k.a.

Jesus) was God Incarnate, and the question of whether He was or not constantly nagged at me. I searched everywhere looking to find out more about Him, looking for literature pertaining to Him from people of every faith



*Troupe Assallam - 1991 - Leo and I at center*

and persuasion. Unfortunately, every scholarly work I read seemed to have a different take on who Yahshua was, and I became more confused then ever!

I read works by Christians and Non-Christians, and several Gnostic-styled cults, including those that styled their beliefs after a form of westernized Hinduism known as the New Age Movement. At first I was swayed by these Gnostic and New Age teachings, and almost became lost in them. But I praise Yahweh God that He showed me the tremendous errors in their teachings, and gradually steered me away from them. Like the modern brand of Gnostic Christians that have infiltrated the Church in recent years, New Age leaders teach that Yahshua is an Ascended Master or a Guru - or as the Gnostics put it - a manifestation of Divine essence in human form that was sent to lead us to "godhood."

This does not sound so heretical to Christians who are sleepy, lazy, or spiritually weak, but it is! This is because the New Age Movement and the Gnostics also teach that "God" is impersonal, without any real sentence except that which was given to us. In essence then, we humans become God's brain! To those in the New Age or involved in the Gnostic heresies, every human ever created - whether they are aware of it or not - are little "gods" who would be on their way to becoming ascended masters if they knew that they had this untapped divine power already within locked within them. This heretical lie is behind the Positive Thinking and the Positive Confession Movement that took the Church by storm in the 1990's, and led many believers dangerously astray, including me at one point.

The New Age idea that we are either on the road to godhood, or are already little gods has often been erroneously linked to the idea that the Kingdom of God is found within us. However, though it is true that believers become more like Yahshua in character through spiritual regeneration, the spiritual gift of rebirth is not available to just anyone. In fact, it is NEVER possible unless we become aware of what sin is, repent of our sins, ask Yahshua to forgive us, and then ask His Spirit to become the undisputed Ruler on the throne in our hearts. Only after this can we become spiritually regenerated, and subsequently transformed by the action of Yahshua's Holy Spirit within us. Without this indwelling presence of the Spirit of the sentient and loving God who created us, we are spiritually DEAD. This means that the unsaved souls who reject Christ are spiritually EMPTY, and open to demonic possession. Furthermore, they are condemned to die, and to be totally separated from Yahweh FOREVER. This place of everlasting separation from God is so horrible that the Bible calls it the Lake of Fire. This is the Bible's name for Hell, and I can think of no fate worse than being eternally engulfed by the Devil's complete malevolence and darkness - darkness so agonizingly intense that it engulfs our souls in the searing flames of unending rage and despair.

New Age preachers have many persuasive arguments that they use to deceive people about the true nature of Yahweh and Yahshua. Satan's henchmen are clever at appearing as angels of light. How terribly sad it is that New Age teachers are leading many millions of people into a black future of utter destruction and death! Many arguments against Yahshua and His unique divinity abound. I heard them frequently from New Age proponents, as well as from my Muslim and Jehovah's Witness friends. Finally, however, I felt I had heard enough of what others thought of Yahshua, and our heavenly Father. I wanted to find the answers I sought once and for all.

I knew that something vitally important hinged on whether or not Yahshua was the Son of God. Was He really God Incarnate, and the Savior of the World, or was He just a very gifted and wise man that had come to give less spiritually advanced people a helping hand? That was the question I diligently sought to answer. I spent weeks studying many different writings about Yahshua, and I went back and forth to compare them to what the Scriptures had to say. I wanted to believe in Yahshua as God - but I also didn't want to be wrong.

In the Spring of 1987, sometime past midnight, I was exhausted and frustrated again after another intense search of the Scriptures. At that moment, I finally decided to humbly ask Yahweh God for help. In my frustration, I called out to God the Father for answers, and I prayed more fervently than I ever had in my life. I got down on my knees, and asked God to show me who Yahshua (whom I still called Jesus) was - because I did not want to mislead people. I thought that to die having misled hundreds, or even millions, of people would be the most horrible sin any person could commit - and I did not want to be guilty of it! I went to bed that night not expecting any great revelations, but I had hope that Yahweh God would somehow guide me to make the right decision.



Well, that night, Yahweh God answered my prayers in a very profound and remarkable way. He came to me in my bedroom while I slept, and I awoke when I felt His presence. Initially when I felt Yahweh God's Spirit, fear gripped my heart, because I did not understand what I was feeling, only that it was a supernatural presence - and that terrified me! Then I saw Him, Yahshua (Jesus), at the foot of my bed. He looked at me, and smiled as I noted that His body and raiment shined like the sun, and His eyes looked like fire. His presence was so bright that I was nearly blinded by it! Then, as I looked on in shocked silence and wonder, He showed me His nail-scarred hands, and I heard His voice saying:

***"I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no one comes to the Father but through me!"***

Still shocked and a bit frightened by what I saw, I wanted to cower under the covers as I exclaimed: ***"Oh God! I am not ready for this!"*** This is when the vision ended. I was in shock for a while as I stared silently at the now dark wall at the foot of the bed. I was certain now that I had just seen the Risen Lord! As the realization sank in, I wanted to shout from the rooftops about what had just happened to me. I'd seen Yahweh God's Son Yahshua, right down to the nail scars in His hands. I also recognized then that what Yahshua had said to me was a direct quote of Yahshua's own words as found in the Gospel of John, chapter 14, verse 6. How moved I was, and how humbled! I was so excited that I could not just lay there. I felt that I had to share this with someone immediately, while it was still fresh in my mind. So I sat up in bed, woke my husband, and tried to tell him what had happened. He wasn't a Christian though, and I don't think he ever truly understood how radically my spirit changed that night!

I accepted Yahshua as my Savior on that very night of the vision, about five months before my 30th birthday. Since then I have never doubted who He was, or the fact that He loves me despite my sins. At long last I knew why the Risen Lord had come to me in a dream so many years before, and why He had continually called out to me when I thought I was alone, and was afraid. With continued study of the scriptures, I also gradually understood that I had been chosen for adoption into God's eternal family before I was born!

I was so very grateful! Few people had chosen me as a friend, or as a team-mate. I was a lone wolf for much of my life, and usually very much alone in my feelings. But Yahweh God had deemed me worthy to be a part of something bigger, and so much better than any human club or organization! To this day, I am so very much in awe of this because I am such a terrible sinner even now. Every day, I struggle to turn my spirit over to Yahshua's Holy Spirit - so that Yahweh God can help me to change what I would otherwise be incapable of changing. As the changes in me come about ever so gently and profoundly, I am continually reminded of the Scripture that says: ***"He who began a good work in you will be faithful to complete it."***

Gradually, to my great joy, my desire and ability to effectively witness to others grew stronger. The Holy Spirit was filling me with the fire and light of faith, and I wanted to share my joy and hope with everyone I met. I began to spread the word, telling others what had happened in my life, sharing the message of God's salvation with others wherever I went. For a time, however, this made me many more enemies than friends, especially in the Middle Eastern Dance community in which I taught and performed regularly. My health also continued to deteriorate, and my childhood asthma returned with a vengeance. Despite all the illnesses and attacks being made upon my character and abilities as a performer and teacher by those who hated my Christianity, however, there were small, joyful victories in my life too. One of the biggest victories I won was being instrumental in leading my second husband back to Christ. Though his return to the faith was not complete, I did get Leo's eyes focused back on the true God and His Word, and that was a step in the right direction.

## ***Receiving Visions, And Leading Others To Christ***

Leo was involved in the New Age Movement at that time. This New Age Consciousness teaches that all human beings are divine and do not need spiritual regeneration in the Christian sense. They believe that we all have divine knowledge hidden away in our souls, and that we need to tap into this in order to self-realize godhood! They also believe that our power to become gods and goddesses comes through processes like

meditation, communion with ascended masters (who are nothing but demons in disguise!), positive affirmation and reincarnation.



*Troupe Assallam - "Ya Ombda" - 1992*

This heresy is very popular and widespread in Western countries, and it is constantly growing and includes most practitioners of Wicca (modern witchcraft) and other neo-pagan religions. In trying to draw Leo out of this religious system, I made attempts at reasoning with him, using my best arguments to cajole him into the kingdom of God. I wasn't getting anywhere though. Eventually I remembered to pray for help. Shortly after that, Yahweh God led me to see a poster advertising a lecture being given by David Groothies. He is a Christian scholar who had made it one of his life's callings to speak against the New Age Movement using Biblical definitions about God and salvation. I excitedly jotted down the information and hoped that this lecture would achieve what I could not. My prayers did not seem to go unanswered. I recall now with joy that Leo appeared to repent on the very night of that lecture. How very happy I was when I thought that he did! I was so full of hope then – believing that if God was in a marriage it could not fail. But I was unaware of how shallow Leo's conversion actually was.

Nevertheless, I naively assumed that my husband was a believer based on his word rather than on his actions. So, instead of praying

that God would fully convert my husband, I concentrated on improving my walk with Yahweh God and focused on how I could further serve Him. During this time, I still had much growing to do as a Christian. My primary sin was a deep-seated bitterness and anger that I could not dislodge from my heart toward my mother, father, and older brother. They had abused me so badly as a child that I still suffer emotional scars from it. I also had an inordinate love of pleasure that continually led me into sin and temptation. As I drew nearer to Yahweh, however, I began to see the need to get rid of these sins as well as my powerlessness. I could not do this on my own, however, and I prayed fervently for help. On several occasions when I was deep in prayer and meditation, I had powerful visions that only my husband was initially aware that I'd had. I had no one else to talk to about such deep spiritual matters. That is why these visions meant so much to me. Yahweh God seemed to be reassuring me that I was on target, because the visions always came at key moments in my walk with Yahshua.

My first vision of import after my conversion happened when I was struggling to come to grips with the fact that I was an adult child of alcoholic parents, and I wanted to overcome years of codependent behavior in myself and others. I had been soaking in the tub and listening to a tape by Melody Beattie about healing and forgiveness for people trying to recover from codependency. Through this tape, I hoped to forgive many of the people in my past that had hurt or abused me. However, try as I might, I could not fully forgive my mother. My mother and brother Johnny had been very cruel to me when I was growing up. But it was my mother's warped idea of love that had gradually turned my unconditional child's love for her into bitter loathing. As I was struggling with trying to forgive her, a vision of the crucified Christ suddenly came over me, and - for a few intense moments in time - I was completely engulfed in the utter suffering of our Messiah.

In this vision, I saw Yahshua up on the Cross. He was dying for the sins of the world while a rowdy mob hurled insults at Him from where they stood at a distance. Then, in the next moment, I was up on the Cross with Him, seeing the crowd as He saw them, and feeling what I can only imagine was a little of His intense physical agony. As I looked out with Christ at the mockers, instead of feeling anger, bitterness, fear, or contempt coming from Him, I felt His deep sorrow and compassion for them all - despite their hatred of Him! Then, as I focused on the crowd from my position on the Cross, I realized that my earthly father, mother and older brother and several other people who had hurt me greatly were in that crowd. I also realized that they were not there to hurl rocks and curses at me, but at the Messiah! At the moment of that realization in me, it was as if time stood still. I could see the hecklers at a distance, and the soldiers and mourners near to the foot of the Cross, but their voices and cries began to fade away. Instead, I suddenly felt the immense compassion and love emanating from Yahshua as He looked up to Heaven and said:

***"Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing!"***

For a few more intense moments, I was allowed to absorb the spiritual gravity and raw emotion of that moment. I felt Yahshua's tears, sorrow, forgiveness, and love for them all firsthand, and I was suddenly filled with sorrow and shame over the fact that I had never understood or felt the way that Yahshua did on the Cross toward His enemies. Moments after I felt these intense feelings come over me, I was whisked away from the Cross, and found myself back in the bathtub, where I began to weep. As I did, I found that my whole body was tingling from the mystery and power of what I had just experienced. In the twinkling of an eye, I had been teleported back in time, and had been on Calvary to see and feel Yahshua's suffering firsthand. I was allowed to hear Him utter His famous words of forgiveness as recorded in the Gospel of Luke, Chapter 23. I also realized then that, through this vision, Yahshua was showing me much, much more.

Through this vision, Yahshua had allowed me to experience something that the Apostle Paul may have also experienced. As a dear sister in Christ recently pointed out to me, a similar experience could have been behind Paul's statement in Galatians 2:20, when he said that he had been crucified with Christ, and he no longer lived, but that Christ lived in him. Like Paul said immediately after that, I also began to understand how deeply Yahshua loves us, and how selflessly He had given Himself for us. I also realized that every insult and injury I had ever suffered emotionally, physically and/or spiritually at the hands of others was also a source of pain for Yahshua! In fact, every time someone hurts a believer, they also hurt Yahshua. But just as Yahshua had also suffered these same emotional wounds at the hands of ignorant, unregenerate people, He had also forgiven them all. He had known great pain, rejection and loss! But, despite the sins and ridicule of every lost soul, Yahshua had asked His Father to be merciful toward them, and He was calling me to do the same. He wanted me to forgive everyone that had hurt me, once and for all time, just as He already had.

Many other visions came to me as time went by. Someday I would like to share them all. For now, though, I have revealed enough of them to show those who read this that God still does reveal Himself to His servants through visions and dreams, and this is very important point that believers need to know, since it is not taught in the majority of churches today.

Now, around the same time as my vision of the crucified Christ, a miraculous healing occurred at a terrifying moment in my life. It happened one night shortly after I finished performing a very odd dance gig at an elaborately designed Meeting Hall owned by the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry in British Columbia, Canada. At the time, I had no idea that the Freemasons were part of a decidedly demonic organization. Though I was informed that the Freemasons were a semi-secretive type of men's club by my friends in the entertainment industry, dancing at their events was considered a safe, well-paying gig. This particular Mason's Hall that I had to dance at was a bit out of the way, however. Since I didn't want to go out to such a remote location unaccompanied, I asked my husband if he could drive me there. He agreed, and we got there without mishap. But as I left Leo out in the car and entered that Mason's Hall, I suddenly began to feel very ill at ease. This was because my formally dressed audience, which consisted not only of men, but - oddly - of a few women, was staring at me not with interest, but with a sort of amused mockery. As I performed, I also noticed that many of their eyes were cold - as if they were unhappy with me rather than enjoying my performance for its entertainment value. Not without warrant, I became very anxious, but the extreme shortness of breath that followed was highly unnatural. In fact,



I was in a state of near panic by the time I was through with my performance, and I couldn't wait to get out of that place.

As soon as I collected my \$100.00 check, I turned without saying thank you and rushed out to the car. But as I did, the unusual shortness of breath I'd began to feel as I was dancing inside the Hall began to get seriously out of control, and a very severe asthma attack came upon me suddenly - one of the worst that I can remember. Once inside the car, I hurriedly reached for my inhaler. But even after several puffs, my medication did nothing to relieve the pressure I felt in my chest, and I was suffocating. Meanwhile, my husband fearfully watched me gasping for air from the driver's seat, and had no idea what to do for me. As I registered that my husband was frozen with fear, I was being gripped by terror. But, in that moment of total desperation, I finally cried out to God for help. As I was on the verge of losing consciousness from suffocation, I gasped out:

***"Jesus, save me!"***

In the moments that followed, it was as if time almost stood still. I could feel myself losing consciousness and falling over as my husband reached out to catch me, and then - in the next moment - I could feel God's warm Presence surrounding me, and my lungs opened up and I could breathe again! Though I am unsure if my husband understood the utter evil surrounding the Masons that I had danced for that night, or the miraculous nature of what had just happened, there is no doubt in my mind that Yahshua had heard my imperiled cry for help, and had answered me in an instant of time. From then on, I never doubted that Yahweh does answer prayer, and I still believe that He can and will instantly save us from imminent death or danger if we remember to call out to Him for help - even if we are suffering at the hands of the Freemasons and other occult groups that secretly worship Satan.

Despite my miraculous healing on that strange night outside of a Masonic Hall, and the spiritual growth that occurred within me because of it, however, my health began to suffer dramatically over a period of several years after my conversion, and no amount of prayer seemed to help me get fully well. I therefore gradually was forced to give up my life as a dance performer and teacher. Meanwhile, instead of being loved and accepted by my Christian brothers and sisters at Burnaby Christian Fellowship in Canada, they continued to judge me until I no longer felt like I was a part of God's spiritual family through this community.

Over time, I felt moved to look for another church to attend as one Christian after another passed some sort of judgment against me and/or Leo. Some accused us of disobeying Yahweh God, or of harboring undisclosed sin in our lives. They believed this because of my continued illness despite many prayers in church, and outside of it - at church sponsored home-group meetings, where many people prayed for me and asked God to heal me - to no avail. Though at the time all this criticism hurt me, I now know that there was more than a bit of truth to it. For example, some of the people we knew from church viewed belly dancing in any form as evil, while others condemned being married again after being divorced as a sin. Both of these beliefs are based on sound Scriptural interpretation.

Belly dancing, for example, should be seen as immodest because it is associated with sexuality, pregnancy, and giving birth. Though these are natural expressions of the human condition, and belly dancing - at least in its folk aspect - is a lively celebration of these things, there is no doubt that a beautiful woman dancing provocatively can cause otherwise godly men to sin by conjuring up inappropriately lustful sexual thoughts within their minds. In fact, as a married woman, the fact that I unwittingly encouraged this bad behavior in men (and in lesbian women) is a great source of shame for me now. Like anything else that has a good side, dance can be turned into a sleazy sideshow by anyone who is ignorant of what actually constitutes sin, even if they don't have loose morals, or try to dance provocatively. The tide of sin goes even deeper in the men and women that belly dance for the ego rush it can give, as well as for the great money that can be made by manipulating people's sexual lusts and desires.

In the case of divorce, I once thought that it was only a sin to re-marry if the divorce was sought expressly to marry another person, rather than due to marital infidelity or abuse. But the Scriptures clearly say that marrying another after divorce is a form of adultery. Whether we like it or not, this means that divorced people

should probably never re-marry, or have an intimate relationship of any sort - unless they hear otherwise from the Holy Spirit - as in the case of the prophet Haggai - and also in my case when I went on to marry again after my 13-year marriage to Leo ended.

Though it took many years, I finally realized that I was not sick because of any sinfulness connected to belly dancing, or because I was a divorced woman married to a divorced man. Instead, I had gotten sick because God wanted my full attention to be on Him. Before I became sick, I would not surrender all of my heart, and my life to God. Belly dancing - though not a sin - was definitely getting in the way of my spiritual life, and our God Yahweh is a jealous God! Secondly, I was suffering because my marriage was never really valid. It was only a secular union, made without inviting Yahweh God to validate it through a sacred Blood Covenant ceremony. Furthermore, I had never asked Yahweh if I had His permission to marry either of the first two men that I had married. Because I had not married men that God had given me permission to unite with, I suffered terribly for it.

## *Discipline And Character Through Affliction*

I have often felt that Yahweh God was working His purpose in my life when He did not heal me quickly. I am certain that through this prolonged bout with severe illness, He was encouraging me to focus on Him instead of the pleasures of the world, and to become more humble. Being ill for so many years, and not being able to keep a job outside the home kept me centered on God's Word, and in finding peace and fellowship with Yahshua instead of with people. Unfortunately, well-meaning believers still occasionally accused me of harboring unconfessed sin in various areas of my life. They felt that is why I stayed so ill even though I was a believer!

What they failed to see, however, is how Yahweh God can sometimes work His purpose through afflicting us with pain or sorrow. Good cases in point from the Bible would be righteous Job's fall into ruin, and the "thorn" in the Apostle Paul's side. I realize now that there was a good purpose for all my suffering and despair - even though I could not see it at the time. Yahweh God was testing me then, and I am happy to say this: Though I have been very angry with Yahweh God at times, I was like the biblical Job in that I never rejected God. Slowly, over many years, Yah has shaped me through these sufferings, and given me the ability to feel great compassion and love for others. This was something that I was not deeply capable of before. But even though I have come far in my walk with Yahshua over the years, I know that there is always room for more growth.

One of the most powerful defining moments of my walk with God happened on the day of my baptism. On June 12th, 1988, both my husband and I were baptized by full immersion at Burnaby Christian Fellowship. A short time later, Fred Peter - a man who had the gift of prophecy and had witnessed my baptism - came up to me and gave me a gift. It was a hand made card decorated with beautifully penned calligraphy script. When I opened the card, the date of my baptism and my name appeared on one side, and a Bible passage that I was not familiar with appeared on the other side. Upon inquiring about why Fred had chosen this obscure Scriptural passage from the Old Testament, he told me that this passage of Scripture had been given to him by the Holy Spirit as Fred watched me being immersed in the water. Though I didn't fully understand the significance of that Bible passage in my life at the time, I was grateful for what Fred did for me that day, and I hope that the Spirit of Yah has let him know it! The scriptural passage that I received that day as special to me was this:



*Me at time of Church Baptism in 1988*

***"Then Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of the Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests who bore the ark of the covenant stood; and they are there to this day." - Joshua 4:9***

After studying this Scriptural passage for several days and praying about it, Yahweh showed me what it meant to me personally. Like the Israelites, I had entered into the Promised Land of His Love after wandering in a desert of loneliness, sin and pain for many years. Now Yahweh wanted me to make a memorial of my salvation, and show the world what He had done for me. This is what made me begin to write down all the things that God had already shown me in my walk with Him, and continued to show me over the following years.

About this time, I also began ministering to my family - many of whom are still lost in the "culture" of Roman Catholicism, and totally unaware of the spiritual ignorance they are in. I had read books like "The Two Babylons" by Alexander Hislop, and although there were some mistakes in his facts and his thinking, he was right about many of the erroneous doctrines being taught in the Catholic Church. When I was a little girl, we were required to put the letters "JMJ" at the top of all our assignments. When I asked why we had to do this, the nun who was teaching me at the time told me that these were the initials for Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Though this nun did not say so, this was the apostate Catholic version of the Trinity that I grew up believing in!

Evangelizing my family was not easy, however. Some of them had this hedonistic attitude that we were created by God to have fun, and experience pleasure in this life, and that nothing else is important. They reasoned that, as long as we didn't hurt anyone in our pursuit of pleasure and wealth, God wouldn't care what we did. Having abandoned a similar philosophy about life, I could understand their point of view, but knew how wrong it was as well. With as much compassion as I could muster, I therefore tried to show them that life is NOT all about seeking and finding pleasure. It is about finding and loving Yahweh Elohim with all our hearts, souls and minds, and about loving others as ourselves.

As I worked on the hedonists in my family, I also came across those who were doing their best to be good, devout Catholics. Unfortunately, they were also convinced that Yahshua's (Jesus') mother Miriam (Mary) was not only blessed but also pre-eminent in our Salvation and, as the mother of God, was our mediator to Yahweh when we transgressed His laws and sinned! This is why the central prayer I had been taught in Catholic school as a child was the "Hail, Mary!" This heretical doctrine still horrifies me because it flagrantly takes the position of Savior that Yahshua alone can fulfill away from Him, and gives it to Miriam (Mary). Miriam, however, was only the human vessel that carried Yahshua in her womb, not God! Yahshua alone is the mediator between man and God, and He has never shared this position with anyone else!

Before I witnessed to my family, I had to deal with the many conflicting emotions that I felt toward them because of the way I had been abused as a child, especially at the hands of my mother, father, and brother. While I was seeking naturopathic medical help to get well, one of my doctors told me that my unhealthy emotions might be contributing to my ill health. He could tell because unresolved anger, bitterness, and sorrow came out of me whenever he asked me about my feelings toward my husband, family, and past relationships. As a result of his continued coaxing, however, I finally sought out a Christian counselor to discuss this unresolved anger with.

What followed was incredible in its intensity. I pity the poor counselor who unlocked the tightly closed door that had shut all this anger, bitterness, fear, and sorrow inside my heart! Because, when the moment came for that door to be cracked open, I spent many of the following sessions with my counselor in a state of weeping. No matter how hard I tried, the minute I went into that office, I would start to cry uncontrollably, finally allowing myself to feel the sorrow that all that unresolved anger and bitterness had caused inside of me. These times of weeping continued - both in and out of counseling sessions - ***for over six months!*** This is because I felt so much sorrow and remorse over what had happened to me, and also over how I had allowed it to destroy much of the happiness I could have experienced in life if I had learned how to forgive others sooner.

During this time of intense inner-reflection and self-evaluation, my counselor at church pointed out that I was struggling with unhealthy ways of dealing with relationship issues because I was raised in a codependent



household with two alcoholics for parents. Thankfully, my father had changed enormously since that time, and we had reconciled a couple of years after I moved to Canada to live with my new husband Leo. It was my Dad who initiated the reconciliation, as I was not really on speaking terms with him since I'd joined the military - even after having my vision of the crucified Christ on the Cross.

For a long time, I did not attempt to talk to my family on the phone, or send them letters, and they did likewise. In fact, they never bothered to contact me at all until my Dad called one day almost a year later - in October of 1981 - to tell me that my mother had disappeared. Though this was a traumatic event for everyone concerned, it did not resolve the issues standing between my family and I, but intensified them. This is because I was denied access to my mom's belongings, even after seven years when my mom's estate was finally settled! In fact, I was not allowed to lay any claim to her jewelry, china, sewing machine, and other material things she had left behind until after my father died in August of 2005, at which time none of these things really meant anything to me anymore, and the time in my life when I would have used them had long passed. Sadly, they caused even more trauma in my life, however, because I was treated cruelly, and selfishly at several points when going through my Dad's things with my brothers, which took over a month.

As a result, I wrongly reacted with anger, and then they reacted even more selfishly in turn. This caused a permanent rift to form between me and my younger brother Bob and his wife. Despite their profession of being Christians, my humble pleas for forgiveness, and my expressed desire to forgive and reconcile with them, however, their continued lack of interest in contacting me was a clear sign that they aren't at the same level in their walk with God, or as easy to forgive. Our reconciliation has therefore been complicated by this, and by their lack of apology or remorse for what they clearly did wrong to Steve and I. They could not see how they had acted without compassion or love toward Steve and I on numerous occasions. Consequently, I now pray for them to change at a distance while I ask God to heal my heart of any bitterness that I might be holding toward them. It is, after all, hard to feel bitter toward people when you are lovingly praying for their salvation instead of wishing that they, or you, were dead!

## ***Becoming A Spokesperson For Yah In Print***

As I was actively witnessing to my family, and dealing with my unresolved codependency and bitterness, I began to write down my discoveries about Yahweh God and the Bible. At first, I focused on what I had learned before I came to know Yahshua as my Savior. In the process, I also examined how those perceptions changed when I became a believer. By 1991, I had written two full-length books on the subject of what I had learned studying the Bible, as well as studying God's Creation. The first book I wrote was called ***"In The Name Of Love."*** This as yet unpublished book on Apologetics was my first attempt to show other believers how to distinguish erroneous Christian doctrines from a true Christian walk, and how to apply the truth of the Gospel to one's life. Later, portions of this first manuscript were incorporated into a second book that I wrote after discovering the Gospel in the Stars. It was my budding interest in backyard Astronomy. This was fostered during my marriage to Leo, who enjoyed Astronomy and kindled my interest in it. Little did either of us know then that God had uniquely prepared me to excel in this area of study, but I soon found out.

All my previous years of studying Bible prophecy had uniquely prepared me to see connections between the symbolism hidden in the Signs in the Heavens, and the allegorical language that God uses in His prophetic Word. But even while God was giving me amazing insights into Sacred Astronomy and the Star Gospel, and introducing me to wealth of knowledge about God and the past that could be found in the Book of 1 Enoch, the Book of Jasher, and the Book of Jubilees, my marriage to Leo was slowly falling apart because he was not learning and growing with me as a believer. In fact, while I was excitedly running my race for and with God, Leo had been stagnating emotionally and spiritually, and no amount of prodding on my part seemed to make any difference in his attitude. Despite the emotional unhappiness that eventually followed as we grew apart, I continued to write, and eventually my writings accumulated into a massive, 1200 page book manuscript that I called "The Language of God – Yah's Nature Revealed Through His Creation." This book, though initially written in 1991, took 15 years of extensive research to create. But when I finally was told that it was far too long to be published as a single

book, I spent several years dividing up and re-writing that material into what became the 2800-plus pages of the four books in the [Language of God Book Series](#).

Sometime after I was well into writing my non-fiction book series, I realized that the vivid, full-color dream that I'd had when I was five years old was one of the most significant events in my life! This is because, though I did not understand it at the time, God had given me that dream in an attempt to show me Yahweh God's hidden Language long before I knew how to recognize it. ***That powerful dream vision told me the Gospel message in a word picture*** that I never forgot because it was so deeply compelling. So, in affect, that dream was a living Parable! In it, Yahshua showed me how I could do the impossible. First, He helped me to soar off the ground with Him and into the air as a symbol of the freedom and power that believers have in Him! Then He showed me how He was the source of my ability to find good fruit, which signified spiritual growth. This fruit would have been impossible for me to reach without Him! Then, when He enjoyed eating that fruit with me in the dream, He was trying to show me that the only way I could achieve anything was through drawing very close to Him and mimicking Him. Yahshua also showed me that, ***with His nearness, I could float and soar like a bird. However, when Yahshua walked away and I could no longer see Him, I was grounded and keenly felt the loss!*** This fundamental truth is one that every believer must learn, yet often fails to grasp: ***We must keep Yahshua's words and character in sight in order to be good disciples who produce much good fruit (i.e. good works) on Yahshua's behalf.*** Understanding this truth is absolutely essential for living a triumphant and blessed life in our walk with Christ.

How incredible it still is to me that Yahshua chose to reveal all of this to me when I was only a child! Amazingly, Yahshua came to me before I understood who He was, or what He wanted from me, and He lovingly showed me all that I needed to know, but was too blind at the time to see. Praise God that I can now cry out to Yahshua with joy, and say HalleluYah! Thank you Yahshua, for allowing me to see, and to understand the world and our faith through Your eyes!

***In that dream vision that I'd had as a child "The Language of God" was already being revealed to me - even though I didn't know it!*** How delighted I am to see that now, and to know that Yahweh God has been working in my life ever since my childhood! Let me tell you a little more about my book. It is a study of how the Creator God Yahweh reveals Himself through His Creation with the use of powerful visual imagery. I call this special method God has for communicating with us [The Language of God](#). This is a picture language that presents us with scenes and images that must be interpreted both literally, and metaphorically. This sacred language is made up of divinely inspired parables, symbols, and events in the Bible and Star Gospel that Yahweh's Holy Spirit helps us decipher.

Initially, I was convinced that this divine Language that the Holy Spirit revealed to me was important for all believers to know about. But when no Christian publishing houses that I approached back in 1991 accepted my ideas, I grew terribly discouraged. Later, when even my attempts to get pastors or elders in my church to read my work met with failure, I felt completely defeated. At this point, I also began to seriously question whether or not I had received this revelation about God's Language to share with others or not. Unsure of how to proceed, I gave up trying to get my 300-page manuscript published. In addition, since I had no real opportunities for ministry in the Church at large, I eventually grew so frustrated with this situation that I almost completely gave up trying to share my spiritual ideas at all.

Sadly, I began to feel that perhaps Yahweh God did not want me to share the greater revelations He had given to me in my books. I therefore unwisely began channeling my writing pursuits into other areas that moved me further and further away from preaching the Gospel, such as failed attempts at writing historical romances, and publishing my essays about belly-dancing. During this time, my religious writing nearly came to a standstill since I didn't feel I would be able to succeed as a Christian writer. So, instead, I turned my creative energies toward a more proven venue for writing success: writing inspirational historical romances. I'd developed a passion for reading romance novels during my marriage to Leo. On reflection, I realized that I mainly read these seductive novels to find some of the romance that my marriage was sorely lacking. I read hundreds of romance novels, and began to collect books written by my favorite romance authors.

When I decided to try my hand at writing a romance, I joined Romance Writers of America, and began to go to every writer's workshop I could afford that promised serious networking, and learning opportunities. Though I eventually had several authors and editors encouraging me, and telling me that I could go far as a historical romance author, however, my poor emotional life, and bad state of health constantly interfered with my ability to make good on my promises to produce a finished manuscript. This is where my creative writing endeavors remained until I began to write the first book in [The Pillar of Enoch Book Trilogy](#) in 1995, which I was inspired to write after procuring a copy of "The Other Bible" and then being led to read the Book of 1 Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, the Book of Jasher, and the histories of Josephus. My acute interest in what was then virtually unknown ancient literature (but has since been embraced by many in their search for truth) is what Yahweh God used to pull me back toward doing His Will, and focusing on Him. However, my interest in this ancient literature was so keen that I never finished writing the fiction trilogy set in antediluvian times that I wanted to write

In fact, I soon viewed my first attempts at trying to write this trilogy as a waste of time because the manuscripts were missing huge amounts of information that I hadn't known existed at the time! This realization is what started me on a quest to uncover what the righteous people mentioned in the Book of Genesis really understood about Yahweh God before the Bible was written, and what sources they had at their disposal to learn more about God. My efforts to find out what the antediluvian patriarchs Seth, Enoch, Noah, and Shem knew about God led me to find and begin reading the Books of 1 and 2 Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, the Book of Jasher (or Upright Record), the histories of the 1st Century Jewish historian Josephus, "The Great Pyramid" by Piazzi Smyth, "Mazzaroth" by Frances Rolleston, and "The Gospel in the Stars" by Joseph Seiss, and many other books that most of the Christian world had never heard of, much less would have understood or accepted. After engaging in this research over several years, I scrapped the idea of finishing the fiction trilogy at all until I understood the world of the antediluvians by researching these ancient works. As I dove into these ancient texts, I recorded copious amounts of notes in an effort to connect the dots. Though I didn't know it at the time, these notes eventually formed the base manuscript that would eventually become the [Language of God Book Series](#).

Outside of aspiring to be a Scribe for Yahweh during this time, I also found myself habitually wanting to reach out to others with my faith. Though I was a little reluctant to reach out at first, Yah began to give me courage, and then to present me with many opportunities for personal ministry. I began to follow the Holy Spirit's prompting by reaching out to others whenever an opportunity presented itself. Gradually, I found myself enthusiastically witnessing to many friends and acquaintances. Though I had learned to be cautious after so many dealings with those who hate believers for their faith in God, I happily witnessed whenever I was asked to explain my beliefs, or was confronted with a question that I couldn't resist trying to answer. Happily, my efforts in reaching others individually have been more successful. Being able to reach others effectively one on one, I was encouraged to continue my Bible studies, and my research into antediluvian times deepened and grew.

About this time, since we were already familiar with Middle Eastern style folk dancing, Leo and I found ourselves invited to become part of a Messianic Jewish dance group that often danced in local churches, at weddings, and in the Messianic synagogue they were affiliated with. This began a wonderful time of learning Jewish folk dances with really devout people who loved Yahweh, and who taught us much that we didn't know concerning our Savior, and the Jewish way of life that He lived. We began to discover the Jewishness of our Savior, and found ourselves being led to explore the meaning of the Seven Major Feasts of Yahweh still kept by the Jews today. As a result, Leo and I eventually asked some people at our church to help us teach the congregation about the special Messianic significance of Passover by hosting a Passover dinner celebration. When they agreed, I wrote my Christian Passover Haggadah to help show the good folks who attended Burnaby Christian Fellowship that the Last Supper was the concluding event in a Passover meal, and that the entire Passover meal is full of symbolic references to the ministry of Yahshua our Messiah. This was made into a handout given to the people who attended the dinner. That handout is still available in PDF format on my ministry web site here: <http://pillar-of-enoah.com/essays/index.html#Lamb>



## *The Joy Of Becoming A Mom, And Sorrow Of Losing My Health*

From the time I reached the age of 30 onward, I developed a need to have a child that I had never experienced before that. Previously, the thought of having and caring for children revolted me, and I found little babies repulsive. This was in large part due to my mother, who became pregnant, and had a baby boy shortly after my parents re-married. Sadly, however, my mother would not let me play with, or care for my little brother Bob. Instead, she forced me to do all the tedious or disgusting jobs surrounding the care of an infant, such as washing out his poop diapers in the toilet, washing and folding his diapers, cleaning his soiled clothes and crib, and washing out, disinfecting, and filling his bottles - even though I was never allowed to change one of Bob's diapers, play with him, or feed him one of his bottles. In short, I became a servant to my brother, and this quickly left me with a deep-seated repugnance toward all babies that took God's miraculous healing power to overcome. In fact, shortly after my conversion, the ice around my heart toward children melted, and I suddenly found myself finding joy in seeing babies, and I had a newfound desire to hold them, and play with them that I knew was a gift from God.



*Miranda and I, Mother's Day 1994*

Unfortunately, however, all my attempts at having a baby while married to Leo ended in miscarriage at first. I'd waited too long to get started on a family, and my body wasn't being co-operative. I also had liver problems that steadily grew worse no matter what herbs or vitamins I took to improve my health, and I took plenty. Sadly, I realize now that my liver failure may have partly been due to the fact that I had taken too many supposed health supplements for too long, and my liver eventually failed to work properly after suffering constant strain while processing all of these nutrients out of my blood. As a result, they acted like toxins instead of nutrients. My poor health in infancy was partly related to my mother, who smoked cigarettes and drank alcoholic beverages throughout both pregnancies. But I feel that this new wave of illness as an adult was related to exposure to toxins, especially while I was on the flight line in the military. Eventually, it led to liver disease and toxin-induced hepatitis in early 1992. For over six months, I

was severely jaundiced, and I had little energy to teach the belly dance classes I'd started teaching four years before. As a result, Leo took over my belly dance teaching classes while I tried to recover. This began a long odyssey of seeking naturopathic doctors who used alternative medicine such as diet changes, herbs and homeopathic medicines to cure disease. In my search for a cure for my ailments, I eventually came under the care of two doctors who helped me enormously, and taught me much about the source of disease and how to cure it naturally. One of them was named Dr. Jonn Matsen, ND., who is the author of several books on naturopathic healing. Miraculously, after only six months of naturopathic treatment, I was feeling and looking much better. In fact, I finally became pregnant shortly after I stopped going in regularly for treatment!

I was ecstatic when I found out I was pregnant, but worried I would lose this baby too if I wasn't careful. After four months of pregnancy and prayer almost everyday for the new life growing within me, I began to noticeably show, and this is when I began to feel confident that I would keep this baby. My mothering instincts also started to blossom at that time, and I put my skill as a seamstress who made elaborate belly dancer's costumes to work making high-quality lined curtains for our new house apartment, as well as crib furnishings, and baby blankets for my baby's future room.

During this entire time, I returned to teaching belly dancing, and taught classes through my eighth month of pregnancy. At that time, we had a student dance party at a local Greek Taverna, and I danced for my friends and

students while they cheered me on. It was a good deal of fun, and I will never forget the happiness it brought me, despite the joys and sorrows to come.

Miranda was born on October 20th, 1993, after I'd gone through only about six hours of labor. In fact, I remember surprising the doctor and nurses who attended me in the hospital, thinking it would take me many hours to push my baby out of my womb because I was 36 years old, and older women generally have a much tougher time getting through their labor. Not me, however! After all those years of belly dance teaching and performing professionally, I had baby-expelling muscles of steel in my body! As a result, I had a fairly easy and quick labor, and while the other women in the maternity ward were screaming their heads off, Miranda came into the world amidst relative quiet. Sure, I grunted and groaned a bit from the pain, but never screamed. Though I was exhausted after such a short but intense labor, I was overjoyed when I held Miranda in my arms for the first time, and I felt an instant love connection to her that has never waned.

Unfortunately, though Miranda was born perfectly formed and healthy, my health suddenly deteriorated shortly after Miranda was born. In fact, my liver problems returned, and became so bad at one point that I was afraid I was going to die before I had an opportunity to raise my daughter, and watch her grow up. Thankfully, I returned to the naturopathic doctors I had found success with before, and after some very seriously ill moments, and wavering results, I began to get steadily better again. Despite this, my weight began to creep up dramatically, and I was soon nearly 100 pounds overweight. Sadly, though my health did get much better, I never really could lose all the weight, no matter what I tried, and my career as a belly dance entertainer effectively ended because fat dancers don't get paid to do dance gigs, and students generally won't take classes from obese teachers, no matter how good they were as belly dancers when thin. Nonetheless, though giving up belly dancing was painful for me at first, I am now sure that the obesity and asthma I still live with is God's way of getting me to focus much more on Him, and much less on externals.



*Miranda at 6 months old*

By 2006, Miranda had grown to be a very bright and pretty teenager with a really kind and generous heart, although she has a habit of lying to me when it suits her. As of 2007, she was very helpful around the house, very respectful to me, and a good friend and loving daughter most of the time, although she challenged my house rules more and more often as she got older. Despite this, she was and still is doing extremely well in school. In Grammar school and High school, she was often on the Honor Roll with straight A's in all her classes. Miranda also is a believer in Yahshua, although she was not baptized publicly until 2013, and she is not yet truly on fire for the Gospel, or courageous enough to share her faith. This is a problem that I frequently address in prayer, asking God to change the major direction of her heart.

Miranda initially wanted to pursue a career as a geologist who supported Creation instead of Evolution, but has since changed her mind, and - as of 2014 - is in her second year of pursuing a Bachelor's Degree in Architectural Engineering while living with her Father in California. I am sure that if Yahshua doesn't come to take us all to Heaven before then, that Miranda will be able to succeed in whatever profession she ultimately decides on, and I am proud of her, and extremely grateful to God for allowing me to be her mother.

Although I only have one child, Miranda has been an enormous blessing to me, and to anyone she comes into contact with. I Praise Yah for this often, as I know that my constant biblical discussions with and prayers for Miranda have much to do with the way she is going. But her spiritual life is just beginning, and I know God's Spirit has much to do within her before she will be fully equipped to do every good work according to the Word and Will of God the Father and His Son Yahshua.

## *Creative And Spiritual Blessings Through Online Role-Play*



*2002 gathering of me (the chubby girl on the bottom right) with Ancient Sites On line Role-Play friends at an Amarna Period Egyptian Art showing in San Francisco*

Thankfully, despite my loss of my belly dance career, and failure to get my books written and published in the past, I never lost the desire to become a better writer. However, my ability to write with real power and effectiveness did not begin to blossom until I discovered an online role-play site devoted to the study of Ancient History that turned out to be a writer's goldmine. The reason for this is because role play has a clear connection to acting, and I had been told at many writers' workshops that studying acting could help an aspiring author to improve their writing by learning how to use dialogue, as well as to "show" and not "tell." It did not take me long to realize that role-play has a good deal in common with live acting. As a result, I soon became an enthusiastic role-player, and found ample occasions to pretend I was someone else in a totally different time and culture. I also found numerous opportunities to write to an appreciative audience. In the process, I also did massive amounts of research for my online activities that required in-depth studies of ancient history.

My favorite community at this role-play site was centered on Ancient Egypt. I had always had a real fascination for the art and architecture of the Ancient Egyptians, and the mysteries surrounding some of the structures in Egypt like the Great

Pyramid and Great Sphinx. I also found certain aspects of their religion curiously similar to Christianity, and I wanted to explore the similarities and differences, and find out what they implied. During that time, I played an Ancient Egyptian nomarch, or mayor of the 5th nome, or province in Upper Egypt called the Herui, or Horus Nome. This province included several cities of Ancient Egypt, with Gebtu being the most important of the three. As a nomarch, it was my responsibility to create a web site to give new members a thorough background on the features of the province that made it interesting. So I ended up studying the region of Gebtu and neighboring nomes in ancient times to help create the web page home for my nome, and to have a background to write convincing role-play posts with. It was also my responsibility to get a storyline going for role-play, and to enlist members to become citizens of the nome. I also found that I had to find engaging ways to encourage the new citizens of my nome to be fairly active in the role-play, and/or in the discussion boards attached to it for posing questions, or sharing information with others in a live forum.



Opportunities for me to witness to others that I met online in role-play also began to materialize. Sadly, many (but thankfully not all) of the people I chatted with at Ancient Sites professed to be Agnostics, Wiccans or Neo-Pagans. In the process of talking to them about their beliefs, and attempting to share my own, I learned some of the best pagan arguments for denying the truth of God’s Word, and found ways to counteract their venom with compassion and gentle, biblically-based rebuke. Unfortunately, as is virtually inevitable in these types of communities if you get involved in them for any length of time, you might find yourself wrestling with people seeking cyber sexual relationships. On several occasions, I had to get really tough with some of these people who just didn’t want to take “no”

for an answer. Sadly, however, there were times when I was weak in my flesh, and I compromised my values for brief periods until I inevitably got hurt because my emotions were involved, and (though I didn’t realize it at the time) I was willfully sinning, which always carries a curse with it. There are consequences for dabbling in sin, and any type of illicit sexual relationship, online or off, mentally or in person, can only lead to emotional pain, failed prayers, and - worst of all - separation from God until we seek forgiveness through repentance.

Fortunately, I did learn many valuable spiritual and emotional lessons before I quit being involved in online role play. For one thing, it reinforced the Bible’s teachings that any kind of sex should only be shared with one person whom you love and are married to, and should never be engaged in for recreation or amusement, regardless of how “harmless” it may seem at the time. Telling other people this truth when they were having so much “fun” engaging in immoral role-play acts wasn’t easy, however. In fact, in my efforts to follow and share the morality and spiritual light from God’s Word with others, I began to make some truly wicked and vengeful enemies too. As a result, I eventually lost my desire to engage in role-play, and I withdrew from that community, which is no longer in existence today.

Though there are similar role-play sites like it out there that I did get involved with for a time, I found that I no longer wanted to engage in it with any kind of commitment. Though I didn’t know it at the time, God was inevitably leading me on to do something more meaningful with my life, and Ancient Sites was just one stepping stone in giving me the skill set I would need in order to pursue it. However, before I quit online role play, I did make some really good friends through it. In fact, I had an opportunity to meet many of them in person. We met together to attend Renaissance Fairs and Museum Exhibitions, and to enjoy occasional Role Play parties. In fact, some of the people I got to know in person after meeting them online are still dear friends today, and always will be.

While I struggled with many tough theological, spiritual, and emotional issues in this new cyber witnessing ground, I also began to have fun creating increasingly more elaborate and interesting virtual homes for my online characters to reveal themselves through. My experiments with HTML made me fascinated to learn more. Then I



*2001 Role Play Friends Costume Party  
in my home (I’m the girl in red)*

began to dabble in creating computerized graphics. Slowly, I learned that I had a real aptitude for both. The final result of this growth is the [Pillar of Enoch Ministry web site](#) that this autobiography was created for.

During this time of new discovery online I also began writing, and doing intense research for [The Pillar of Enoch Book Trilogy](#). The first book in this proposed fiction trilogy covers the time-period before the Great Flood, during the lifetime of the antediluvian patriarch Enoch. In a nutshell, ***the first book of the trilogy is about Enoch; a patriarch, spiritual leader, and visionary who - despite great adversity - learns to love and serve both his people, and his God.*** I finished the first draft (which I initially called the Enoch Tablets) in 1995. Upon finishing it though, I found that it read more like an illicit romance novel than a work of historical fiction. I had spent too much time trying to capture the utter sinfulness and rebellion of the Cainites in their interactions with the Fallen Angles and Nephilim, and as a result, there were way too many sensual scenes in the book. Shortly after finishing the first draft of the first book, I also discovered that there were several important ancient manuscripts that I had not known about or studied when I tried to accurately reconstruct Enoch's world. I therefore spent several more years learning everything I could from every new resource I could find.

Now, because I felt God moving me to write further about the sacred knowledge Enoch possessed, which I call “the Language of God,” I stopped working on the first book in “The Pillar of Enoch Trilogy.” Then, through many visions and dreams that I had in the early hours of the morning over a period of several years, the Holy Spirit began to show me many new aspects of the metaphorical Language of God. These visions have never stopped, though I don't get them as often anymore now that I am finished writing my books. Reflecting upon the Ethiopian Book of Enoch, I am certain that what Enoch describes in this book came directly from visions and dreams like I have had. The prophet Zechariah also describes being awakened with angelically delivered visions in his book that is included in the Bible (Zech. 4:1). Through these visions and dreams, I have been led to completely revise and update my original “[Language of God Book Series](#)”, which originated from an early manuscript for one book that was about 375 pages long in 1991, but has now become four large books full of over 2800 pages of fascinating information that was inspired by the Holy Spirit, and supports and confirms everything that I have read in the Bible.

I started the revision process shortly after I moved from Canada to San Diego, USA in November of 2000, and by 2003, the “Language of God” was a 1500-page manuscript. In fact, it had become so large that it needed to be divided up into smaller segments. Therefore, per the advice of publishing industry professionals, my one book was transformed into a four book series. This division of the material into four books, and learning how to prepare it for publication took several years, but the first full set of books was finally finished in 2007. Selected PDF-format excerpts from all the books in the series can now be accessed from the left hand column links on the [Free Articles page of my POEM web site](#), and there are also many links to my teaching articles on my [POEM Blog](#). Many of these articles are linked to on my [Pillar of Enoch Ministry home page](#).

The Language of God Book Series has a deeply profound, far-sweeping message that will take both new and seasoned believers on the spiritual journey of a lifetime. Though these books may take much time and reflection to read and understand, they are certain to give everyone who attempts to do so eternal spiritual rewards. After adding so much to that original manuscript, I now realize what a blessing it was that I did not find a publisher for it back in 1991. Yahweh knew I wasn't ready to market my work yet because my knowledge of the subject matter was still so vastly incomplete.

## ***Spiritual Lessons From Another Failed Marriage***

Through all of the searching, spiritual growth, writing, and drawing I have done for Yahweh God, I know that Yahshua has had His hand in all of it. He has always been there behind the scenes, gradually showing me what I needed to know to be of greater service to Him through His Spirit. In fact, I know that the only reason I am still alive on this Earth is because Yahshua chose me to be one of His servants, and a representative of His love and mercy in this Last Day. Even though I am still a miserable sinner at times, I am always being led by the Spirit to repent and change to become more like Yahshua, and to become a better servant of those He loves.

I am so grateful that Yahshua paid for my sins, even though He had to do it with a horrible death on the Cross. I am also filled with joy in knowing that I will become as pure as He is when I am either translated in the Rapture, or resurrected when Yahshua comes again. For this reason, I am doing all that I can to model Yahshua's character. I want so much to be more like Him - speaking, writing, drawing, and acting in righteous ways that will have a deep and lasting spiritual impact. It is my goal in life now to reach as many people as possible with this message: ***"Yahweh God loves you, and the time is short! Don't wait to turn your life over to Yahshua the Anointed One. Give yourself to Him today!"***



*Me just before hitting rock bottom, and crying out to God for help*

Unfortunately, over these years when I was making the biggest headway in my spiritual growth, my marriage was failing. My husband's faith in God did not seem to be genuine, and he was dragging me down and hurting me with vile negativity, and copious neglect. Our sex life was virtually non-existent, and we rarely spent any quality time together. In addition, though I tried to build him up with words of affirmation, Leo responded on many occasions by verbally abusing me. Always subtle, his attacks were nonetheless intended to hurt. Later, however, he would deny ever wanting to hurt me, and I was left feeling very confused and unhappy. I felt totally unattractive, bruised, and battered inside. No amount of prayer, or positive thinking on my part seemed to help me feel better about my marriage or myself. I was so despondent and miserable I almost gave up hope of ever finding lasting happiness.

This negative outlook became a terrible yoke of oppression for me, and it almost crushed me under its weight. I became very sick again, gaining a lot of weight, and feeling in near constant pain from various maladies such as severe asthma, food and environmental allergies, and constant, chronic sinusitis. But Yahweh had a purpose for my physical

and emotional suffering in my unhealthy marriage. In God's miraculous answers to my prayers, which began in January of 2002, I learned much about why my marriage and my health were failing.

I had been unhappily married for quite sometime. However, every effort I made to try to convince Leo to seek counseling as I had done was met with unwavering resistance. He completely refused to deal with his negative emotions and codependency, asking me to change instead, and to live with his unhealthy emotional state. As a result, my husband was a continual source of gloom, negativity, and despair for me. He suffered from depression, a lack of self-esteem, and codependency so deep-seated that nothing I did or said to build him up, or change his heart had any effect in helping him to overcome it. Instead, he always relied on me to be his sunshine while at the same time trying to smother my light under the heavy blanket of doom and gloom that he continually carried with him everywhere.

I tried to deal with his problems by praying for him continually. Countless prayers were spent asking Yahweh and Yahshua to heal Leo and myself, and bring joy back into our marriage. However, though I found some solace in Yah's love for me, Leo remained a black hole toward me emotionally. As such, he almost sucked all the life and love I had to give out of me until I was only a shadow of my former self. My health deteriorated slowly as he wove his web of poison around me. ***I almost died because his idea of love was so destructive.***

Nonetheless, I tried futilely to get better. For a time I hoped to regain my health again using herbs and alternative medicine. As I mentioned previously in this testimony, it had worked before. My health did improve each time I used naturopathic methods, though it was a costly and tedious way to get well. However, Leo's poisonous emotional state, and my lack of reliance on Yahweh eventually ruined my ability to succeed. I was getting sicker and fatter this time, instead of healthier, and I was losing my will to live. Thankfully, however, my



life was about to take a miraculous turn for the better. Though, in my pain, I did not know it, I was about to gradually emerge from the desert wasteland that was my life. God was about to step in, and miraculously lead me into my own personal Promised Land - a land where God's will, and purpose for my life would at last be fulfilled. But first I had to hit rock bottom.

## ***Yah's Voice Reaches Through My Despair***

In January of 2002, my health was at an awful low. Moving to San Diego from Burnaby, BC, Canada in the year 2000 did not cure my ills like I'd hoped. In fact, instead of regaining lost health, I got even sicker. I now believe that this is because the reason I was sick was still with me (Leo). I needed to get away from him to get well. I gradually figured this out, but telling people I felt that Leo was somehow contributing to making me ill didn't seem to work. No one seemed to understand that a relationship could make someone physically ill. But they can, and often do.

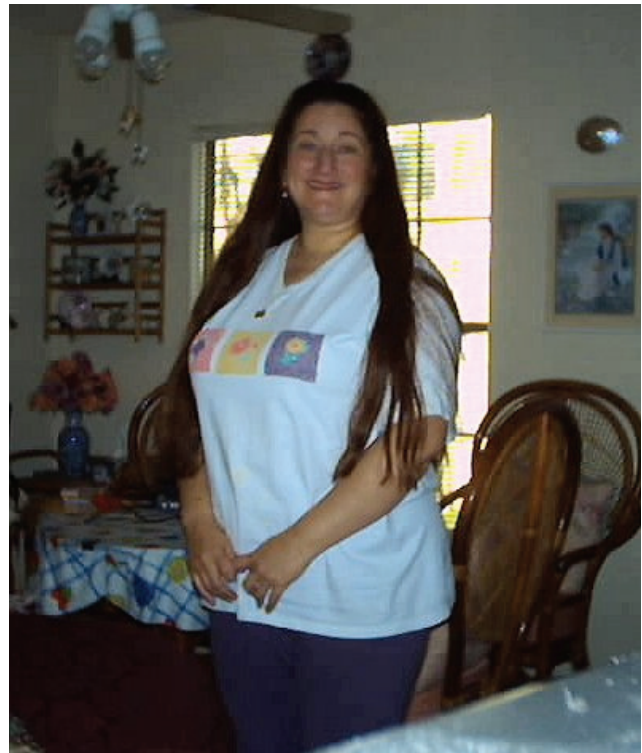
But Yahweh understood, and He came through for me then. At the time, I was so depressed and sad that I could think of nothing else to do but turn to God for help. At last, in a fit of despair one night, I cried out to Yahweh for hours while Leo and Miranda slept. As I wept, I asked God to save me from the emotional and spiritual void that I was trapped in, and that was killing me. I can happily say now that God did NOT disappoint me. That's because Yahweh is not like people, who so often let us down. Instead of abandoning me, the Spirit of Yahshua spoke to me in a still, quiet voice that night, and said:

***"Take your eyes off of Leo, and focus them on Me."***

I was startled when I heard God's Spirit saying this to me, but not surprised. Instead, I felt the sudden desire to do just as Yahweh had asked. If He wanted my full attention to be on His Son Yahshua, and not Leo, I would do it! I understood then that I had to make every effort to make Yahshua the focal point of my life. I listened to Yahweh that night, and my life has been steadily changing for the better ever since. I pray everyday now. Praying has become as essential to me as breathing because I gain strength directly from God when I pray. I also show Yahshua how much I love Him in prayer. As I seek to know Him better, Yahshua gives me His love and encouragement, and the will to go on. I needed, and still need Yahshua's constant help to go on.

Slowly but surely, Yahweh and His Son Yahshua pulled me out of the despair and sickness I had fallen into, and began to give me my life back - one step, and one level at a time. Yah gave me the confidence and self-esteem I lost, or never had. He gave me the will to fight, and strive for the things I want, and believe in. He gave me greater knowledge of how I could please Him as well, and greater wisdom concerning His allegorical language, and how to discern its meaning.

I often found myself drawn to spend many hours praying after Yah spoke to me in January of 2002. Soon after, I found out in prayer why I wasn't miraculously healed all at once that night. It was because Yah wanted me to learn discipline and obedience. He also wanted to help me regain lost confidence, this time through giving me a confidence that is built on the strong foundation of His unconditional love. He also wanted me to draw near



*Me in 2002, after filing for divorce,  
and losing 30 pounds*

to Him, nearer than I had ever been. I did draw near, needing His words of love and comfort to keep going more than I ever had. As God's Spirit ministered to me, I found it much easier to listen to Yah's voice, and do His Will. Gradually, as I became more obedient to Yah, I was rewarded with an almost overwhelming outpouring of Yah's grace, mercy, healing and love. It felt wonderful to be so greatly blessed with this miraculous healing within my spirit, and I praise and thank Yahshua, and my heavenly Father Yahweh Elohim for their continual blessings upon me then, and ever since. At last I began to see big results from much prayer and hard work. They were results that are colored throughout by the miraculously close presence of Yahweh Elohim in my life. He is my support now. He gives me the love and affection I need to survive and thrive. As a result, I no longer have to rely on Leo or anyone else for anything emotionally or spiritually. Since Leo had little but negativity to give me at that time, this was the only way I was going to survive until Yah sent me someone I could have a healthier human relationship with.

In March of 2002, as I continued to make every effort to say His true Names (Father "Yahweh," Son "Yahshua" and Spirit "Ruach Ha Kodesh") in prayer, Yah added another promise. At the time Leo and I had had another fight. I was very angry with Leo for a while, and was wishing I could leave, and be free of him, and our rotten marriage. Later, when I stopped crying, I had a long talk with Yah. I told Him how sorry I was that I'd made such a mess of my life, and would He please hurry up and help me to fix it? Miraculously, Yahweh answered my plea, and I again heard Yahshua's still, quiet voice. At that time, Yahshua said that He would continue to do the good work He had begun within me in January of 2002. ***In addition, Yahshua told me that He was going to restore all the spiritual ground that I had lost in the past.***

Yahshua wanted me to understand that this promise covered every aspect of my life spiritually, emotionally, physically and financially. ***Yahshua also told me that His blessings and promises to me in all areas of my life would begin to be fulfilled by the end of March of 2003.*** At that time, Yahshua began slowly restoring important areas in my life. One of the things He restored - and is restoring - is my health. After years of poor health, I felt much stronger, and looked better than I had in months. My health and emotional well being improved so much under Yah's loving guidance that I felt strong enough to look for work back then, and to take the steps I needed to get a divorce. Whenever I prayed for help then, Yahshua poured out His mercy and love upon me, and gave me much spiritual guidance. In the process, Yahshua restored my faith and trust in Him.

Here is the most powerful spiritual insight Yahshua revealed to me via His Spirit: on two occasions around March of 2002, I was shown that my feelings toward Leo were an analogy of how Yahshua (Jesus) feels toward His backslidden church. Just as Yah was guiding me to leave Leo behind, Yahshua will leave many of those who profess to be Christians and Messianics behind to suffer the Tribulation. Meanwhile, the rest of His Bride of faithful believers will attend the Wedding Supper of the Lamb in Heaven. The Spirit of Yah also revealed that I am like the prophet Hosea, who was ordered by Yah to marry an adulteress so he could learn how Yah felt about Israel's spiritual adulteries. In the Old Testament Book of Hosea, Israel was likened to an adulteress who knew nothing about love, fealty, and faithfulness. I too was married to a faithless man who could not, and would not allow Yah to heal him because he had no real faith. I too had a mate who commits adultery in his heart every time he looks at a pretty woman. I had been ignored, rebuffed, and left wanting too often for too long by him, and I wanted to be released from my marriage vows to him. I am happy that Yah agreed with me in this, and promised to help me find a way to re-establish my life on a better foundation.

In addition, Yahweh told me that my marriage to Leo was His way of showing me how badly the church has hurt God! They have done this by taking His gifts and blessings and miracles but giving Him NOTHING IN RETURN for them. They are not following His commandments, or striving to live separately from the world's cravings for transitory material, or physical pleasures. Likewise, Leo had given nothing to me despite all I had given to him - over and over again. He had raped me emotionally, and stolen my joy by putting me through numerous painful moments. When Yah affirmed that He was aware of all that His apostate Church and Leo had failed to do for me, I cried again, not just for my failed marriage and myself, but also for God! Yahweh God hurts too. He has done, and will do much figurative crying before He must punish those who have ignored and rebuffed Him. Yah takes no pleasure in destruction, but He must allow His wrath to be expressed against those who have so arrogantly refused to allow Him into their hearts and lives.

As I received these profound spiritual insights into my marriage, and Yahshua's heart, the Spirit gave me additional strength to progress in every other area of my life. Through Yah's constant encouragement, I began to heal emotionally, spiritually and physically ***just as Yah had promised.*** As He built me up through visions, dreams and ***audible*** words of affirmation, Yah often told me that I already serve as a princess in His spiritual kingdom. He also promised that I would one day lead a worldwide ministry in Yahshua's Holy Name before the onset of the Great Tribulation. I was initially afraid to do as Yah asked of me, however. As a result, I turned my weakness over to Yahshua and prayed for the courage and strength to do as Yah wants. Since then, Yahshua has miraculously answered my prayers. I now want to serve Him in any way that I can. Until then, I hold on to Yahshua's personal promise to me that I will do great things for Him when the time is right. I therefore wait in expectation as His promised blessings are revealed to me, one by one.

Though Yah promised to restore much that I had lost, He told me that there is one thing He could not restore, and that was my marriage to Leo. As I prayed on different occasions, the Holy Spirit showed me that Leo would never be able to heal fully until He gets to heaven. His wounds are too deep even for God to reach while Leo is housed in his mortal body. Yahshua then told me that I needed to be patient, and not do anything foolish. I needed to trust Him and tolerate my position with Leo for just a little longer. Yahshua also said that He would provide a way for me to get out of this marriage easily, without too much hardship for Miranda and I. Miraculously, He soon did.

## ***Yah Promises Me The Desires of My Heart***

When Yahshua spoke to me in June of 2002, He said the following:

***"I AM changing your life for the better."  
"I AM giving you the desires of your heart."***

When He said this, I found out that Yah was referring to these scriptures in the Bible:

***"May He give you the desire of your heart  
and make all your plans succeed." – Psalm 20:4***  
and;  
***"Delight yourself in the LORD (Yahweh)  
and he will give you the desires of your heart.  
Commit your way to the LORD (Yahweh); trust in him and he will do this:  
He will make your righteousness shine like the dawn,  
the justice of your cause like the noonday sun." – Psalm 37:4***

I wondered what Yahshua meant by this until He clarified His message to me while I was in prayer. This is what He told me:

For the past fifteen years of my life, I had delighted myself in Yahweh by diligently studying the Bible and seeking deeper knowledge of spiritual things. I had also done my best to please Yah within the framework of the spiritual knowledge and understanding I possessed at the time. For my faithfulness and joy in Him and His holy Name, Yahshua soon meant to restore what was lost to me in all areas of my life: physically, spiritually, emotionally, and financially. Furthermore, Yahshua promised me that He would fulfill ALL the desires of my heart. These desires were to be useful to Him in furthering the coming of His Millennial Kingdom, to find happiness with a man before I die, to find a wholesome and worthwhile occupation that pays well so that I can support my daughter Miranda and myself, and to one day have a perfect resurrected body that no longer has the aches and pains that this temporary, fallen one does.

When I hear God speak to me, He manifests Himself as a masculine voice within my mind. Furthermore, everything God tells me when He speaks upholds principles in Scripture, and focuses on teaching about His love,

power, and Grace. This is also true of every vision or dream that I received from God. Some people may think I'm weird (or crazy!) for saying that Yahweh God has really spoken to me. However, though I can't rationally explain it, Yahweh HAS spoken to me through His Son Yahshua, and I don't care how crazy anyone thinks I am for saying it. Without Yahshua's very own words of encouragement and love, I would not be able to get anywhere. I need His support and love to survive and thrive through all the life-changes coming my way. In fact, everyone needs this same sort of encouragement from God. Sometimes, when our relationship with God is too weak, we only find this kind of encouragement coming from people whose walk with Yahweh is stronger than our own. For many years, this is what my relationship with God was like. But that all changed on the night I fully broke down, and wailed in agony to God for help. How glad and amazed I was when He came to me, and comforted me in ways that no human being ever could!

It was after this that many miraculous things began happening to me. Yahweh soon did much more to restore my already improving health. I began to lose more weight and inches. Between January 2002 and December 2002, I went down five dress sizes in girth! However, the biggest changes occurred between August 2002 and December 2002. During that brief time, I went down three of those five dress sizes! As this was occurring, God in His goodness also began to restore my ability to find happiness with another man. He did this by bringing a wonderful person from my past back into my life.

At the end of July of 2002, a fellow I knew at Steinmetz High School contacted me. He found my name listed at an online web site called "Classmates." His name is Steve, and we were very close for a while in High School. In fact, we never forgot each other, and I hoped I'd be able to get in touch with Steve when I saw his name listed at the Classmates site. He made contact with me first though, and - after I answered his e-mail - we started chatting regularly via e-mail, and then on the phone. As a result, it didn't take long for us to quickly reestablish our relationship, albeit on new terms.

Just as quickly, it was soon apparent to both of us that we were in love with each other. Time and distance hadn't made Steve love me any less than he once did, and my time away from Steve gave me the spiritual and emotional depth, and maturity to see what a gem of a man Steve really is. I now believe he is as perfect for me as he thinks I am for him. In fact, ***in prayer Yah has told me that Steve and I are soul mates, and have a bond that is deeper and richer than most human couples will ever share.*** This means that, for the first time in my life, I was entering a love relationship with Yahweh's full permission and approval. This was such a wonderful space to be in, along with knowing I had Yah's love and forgiveness over two divorces. Yahshua had given me a third chance at happiness with a man that He alone had chosen for me. In so doing, God indicated that I was at last ready to receive this gift, and make the commitment necessary to make it work.

However, God let me know before I entered this relationship with Steve that there would be problems. God warned me that Steve had some rough edges left over from his unhealthy past relationships with family, and his own failed marriage, and I would have to rely heavily on God to overcome these negative traits in Steve. I therefore knew before moving to Chicago to be with Steve that there would be hard times ahead.

But I also knew that Steve and I would eventually have a happy and successful relationship. I was overjoyed by



*Steve (with his nephew PJ) a few years after his time at Steinmetz High School*



this, and happy to enter a committed relationship with someone whom I would fully love, and who fully loved me in return.

Being reunited with Steve, and falling in love with him all over again made me act on the divorce my husband and I had already agreed upon eight months before Steve re-entered my life. In fact, I had the desire to divorce Leo in 1999, but did not receive the support I'd hoped for from my father at that time. In fact, my Dad told me he wouldn't help me, and to go back to Leo because he thought I was making a bad decision. I therefore gave up trying to get a divorce, and stayed in my unhappy marriage for another three years. However, I again vowed to pursue a divorce in January of 2002 after Yahweh talked to me, and showed me His Will regarding my painful marriage. At that time, I told my husband I no longer wished to be married to him, and wanted to be treated as though we were legally separated. We therefore stopped sleeping together entirely, though this had almost totally been the case prior to then anyway.

What kept me from leaving Leo completely was my lack of employment and poor health. I knew that, at the time, I could not survive on my own as a single mother without help. Fortunately, Leo still vowed that he loved me, and would take care of me until I could take care of my daughter and myself without his help. I commend him for this, and have since then found it much easier to forgive him for his past wrongs toward me. However, I knew from what Yah had told me, and allow me to become the warrior for God that Yahshua was calling me to become. I therefore focused on what Yahweh wanted me to do, and did all I could to do His Will in my life. As I did this, I prayed continually, asking for the faith, courage, and strength to go on as I awaited more blessings and opportunities for growth and change.

As my health began to improve, I looked for, and found work in a department store. This did much to help raise my own self-esteem while helping me to heal further too. In addition, I now had more money in my bank account that I could use to buy new clothes for my rapidly shrinking body. I also began to consider ways in which I could make a better income so I could move out on my own, and file for divorce. My plan at the time was to go back to school in January of 2003 and study AutoCAD drafting for two years. Then I was planning to leave Leo and start a new life alone with my daughter. However, after meeting Steve and finding such a deep bond with him, I was no longer compelled to wait to file for divorce until I could afford to move out on my own. Steve had a home, and a place for me in it. All I had to do was rely on, and trust both Yahweh and Steve, file for divorce, and make the move to Chicago to be with Steve. As my faith was being restored, I received Yahweh God's permission for us to become involved. Finally, armed with more faith and hope than I have ever had, I was ready at last to act. I soon found a divorce attorney whose fees I could afford, and filed for divorce on November 1, 2002, after almost sixteen years of marriage. Trusting Steve fully was not easy, however. Nearly sixteen years spent living with the wrong man had done much to make me skeptical and mistrustful. However, Yahweh soon began to heal me of my mistrust too.

While I am in prayer, Yah speaks to me often, continually building me up in preparation for serving Him. Often, Yah also asks me to trust both Him and Steve. Slowly, through Yah's constant presence and love, I began to trust God to keep all His promises to me. This filled me with great hope, a hope that helps my faith grow stronger each day. Even now, Yah often reminds me that He will always be with me to support me and nurture me, as will Steve. In addition, Yah wants me to have an unshakable faith in both Him AND Steve. To help me to trust Steve, Yahweh told me that Steve and I were ordained to be together long ago, and that we will be together from now on - throughout eternity - as an inseparable team. These words of comfort, promise and hope have filled me with joy, and done much to restore my full faith and trust in both Yahweh and Steve.

## ***The Desires of My Heart Slowly Realized***

After my divorce was final, Steve and I were eventually engaged, and then married over a year later. But when we finally got married, it was only a civil ceremony in a drab courthouse room at the beginning of the coldest month of the year - on January 7th - with no one but my daughter Miranda, the judge, and God as witnesses. It was nothing like what I'd hoped for, and remained a sore spot between Steve and I for a long time afterward because I felt so dishonored and unloved by the whole mundane affair.

Throughout this time there were other struggles we had to overcome in our relationship also, and there were times when I sincerely felt I had made a mistake in getting involved with Steve, and vice versa. The biggest problems came from his prolonged wait before we were engaged, and the longer wait before we were married. Though I later found out this was because Steve's family was pressuring him to be careful because they thought I was a "gold-digger" looking for a "sugar daddy," I did not know this at the time. As a result, I became really angry at Steve at times. First it was because he resisted my desire to go back to school so I could get a degree in architectural drafting. Of course I didn't know that his brother and sister were telling him not to help me in my efforts because I was a gold digger, which is a patently ridiculous claim in the first place. Steve owns a decent old house in a decent old neighborhood near Chicago. But it is old and fraught with problems.

After failing to get support to go to school, the pressure to find a job intensified to the point of abuse. Everyday, Steve reviled me with his words of condemnation, and our relationship teetered on the brink of dissolution. But through it all, I heard God calling me to ignore and defy Steve, and to write my books, and so I became determined to stay home and write and draw for God instead of taking a low-paying mundane job that would be an insult to what God was calling me to be. But Steve refused to accept my decision, insisting that I go out and work instead of pursuing my gifts, just as my previous husbands and family had forced me to do! It was such a terrible act of hate, yet it was coming from a man that God told me not to give up on, and so I persisted and took his abuse as best I could while keeping my eyes on the light-filled goal that God had set before me.

But for several years, my life diminished into another living hell that was almost as bad as the one I was in when I was married to Leo. The big difference is that I still loved Steve, no matter how vile he behaved toward me. It is a crazy, irrational kind of love that I have for him that I cannot truly explain. But despite my love for him, it wasn't enough to get Steve to be kinder.

Even after pleading with Steve repeatedly to let me fulfill a dream that I had been denied for so long, Steve insisted that I go out looking for a job, and when I objected

repeatedly, he was furious, and constantly fought with me about my lack of wanting to pay his bills, even though I used every penny of my child support to buy food and clothing for all of us, had my own health insurance, and relied only on Steve for the roof over my head. In effect, he was asking me to pay his bills without giving me much in return, and he was stabbing me in the back like everyone else in my family had because he didn't see the value in my work as a mother, wife and scribe and artist for God. He also didn't believe I'd ever be finished with my books, or be able to make any money writing them. Sadly, Steve's predictions came true to some extent because of his lack of faith in me. This was a terrible problem that sadly didn't change until after my Dad died.

My Dad died at the age of 79, on August 1st, 2005, and was buried after some unexpected delays on my birthday - on August 6th in 2005. It was a terrible experience to attend my Dad's funeral on my birthday. I loved



*Steve and I at Christmas in 2003, eight months after getting back together*

him so very much because he cared so much about me, even when we were separated by thousands of miles for so many years, and he was a wonderful father to me in his later years. After suffering much over his loss, and weathering big problems that developed over the estate, I inherited some money from him. Though this was not unexpected, it was a 100,000 dollar inheritance, and far more than I had hoped to receive. Thankfully, this cash became a blessing because it made Steve feel less threatened when I began to use my inheritance money to fix up the old house we live in, which was a mess from disrepair at the time. I eventually used the money to replace all the old windows in the house with energy efficient double-paned windows, had a new heater and hot water heater put in, and had an electrical box installed to replace the old fuse box in the basement, which was a fire hazard. I also spent a little on seeds and small plants for the garden I wanted, and I worked hard to successfully beautify the grounds around our home.

Later, the remainder of the money paid our bills for day to day living when Steve lost his job in 2007. Unfortunately, that money eventually ran out because Steve was trying to make it as an Insurance Sales Agent after he lost his marketing job, and it never worked out. Though he has found a few temporary jobs in between, and has gotten us by with unemployment insurance when he lost them, the financial crisis stage never seems to leave us. It is always hovering there, threatening to rob us of our home and possessions. In that regard, I have begun selling my possessions on E-Bay to make ends meet, and it has helped. But the real tragedy is that the reasonable return in money and public acknowledgement that I should have received from my ministry work online and in my books and articles never materialized, except for the few good friends I've made online over the years, and for which I am very grateful.

Thankfully, despite these problems, I know that Steve loves me more than he is capable of showing due to his unhealed emotional state. I am praying more deeply now for Steve to get well, to find joy, to love me and God freely, and to be freed from any demonic presences that might have been intensifying his codependent behavior. In 2010, I finally also called on my friends to pray with me for Steve's and my own healing. Not surprisingly, it has begun to show fruit! Steve and I really began to make headway in our relationship in 2010, and we have made peace with each other in several key areas. Though money is very tight, and the unemployment money could run out any day, I am continuing in my quest to write and speak for Yahweh to His lost sheep, and I stand to serve God to the best of my ability as I await the return of His Son Yahshua in Glory. To that end, I did, and still am doing as He asked: finishing and promoting the books He has led me to research, write, illustrate, publish, promote, and revise.

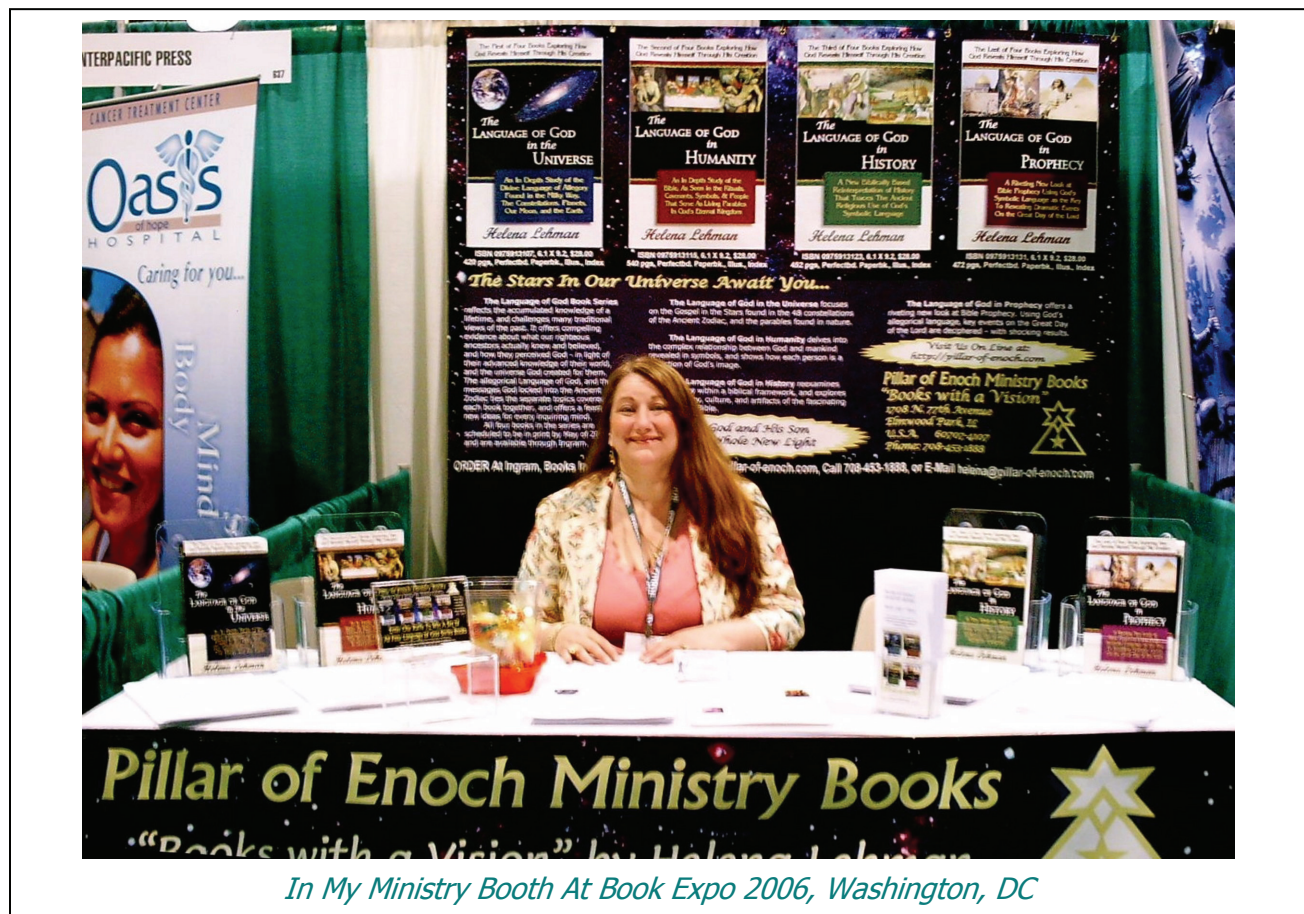
Though the promises that Yahweh made to me haven't materialized fully, God has honored many of His wonderful promises to me since I have been with Steve. Though I didn't have Steve's encouragement or support, I managed to get much accomplished with God's direct encouragement. It also has been easier to finish what I started since Steve and I found peace together. I have recently rewritten many old articles and produced many new articles that are offered free of charge at my [POEM Web Site](#) and [POEM Blog](#), while some of my old manuscripts still wait to be revised and prepared for publication. I also did, and keep doing much more groundbreaking research into my chosen areas of study concerning ancient history, the Bible, the Book of 1 Enoch, and many scholarly religious and secular non-fiction books.

Concurrently, I found a printer and distributor for my books, and learned how to produce my own books and book covers using my own designs, and the power of a PC graphics program. I also began to draw illustrations to include in my books, and taught myself how to prepare them for inclusion in an MS Word document and in PDF book format. All of this hard work paid off, and in December 2004 I self-published **"The Language of God in the Universe,"** the first book in **"The Language of God" Non-Fiction Book Series.** During this time, I wanted to make my presence as a publisher and author known, and I joined many professional organizations to aid me in this endeavor, such as the Publishers Marketing Association and the Small Press Association of North America. I also attended various publisher trade shows and writer's workshops to gain information, and to network with like-minded individuals.

The knowledge base and services offered by these specialized organizations and events for Independent Publishers such as myself were helpful at first. However, I found that most of these marketing services, and the expensive booths at book industry trade shows that I rented (like the one pictured with me on the preceding



page) were not effective for marketing specialized books like my own. Though they were not a total loss because I learned much, and turned [my business trip to Washington DC in 2006 \(click to see photos at Flickr\)](#) into a wonderful sightseeing vacation for my family and myself, I did waste a lot of money.



*In My Ministry Booth At Book Expo 2006, Washington, DC*

As a result, I stopped spending money on outside marketing programs, and instead tried doing my own press releases, news articles, and blogs, and arranging targeted mailings of books and promotional literature to various people in ministries and the Media. Unfortunately, all of this work and the interviews I did on various internet shows failed miserably in one regard, since they did very little to help me increase my earnings. What they did do, however, is get people more interested in Star Gospel, Sacred Astronomy, and the Ancient books I used to increase my knowledge of God and the past. As a result, though it is a bittersweet thing to see because so many haven't honored the person who inspired them to search this information out (which is me!), I am pleased that all my efforts did lead many to find the truths I was trying to teach has had a great deal of success.

I hope, dear readers, that I will see you all in heaven. I am very grateful to Yahweh that He has at last given me the opportunity to witness to others through my writing, through the Ministry web site and Blog that I have created, and through [Facebook](#) and [Twitter](#). I pray that He will continually bless me and that I will be able to lead many people into a deeper and more loving relationship with the Father and His Son Yahshua before He comes again in Glory. Until then, I pray that we all shall walk as Yahshua walked and truly learn all that it means to love Him and be loved by Him. Amen!

***"HalleluYAH For Our Salvation!"***

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Thank you for taking time to learn about my walk with Yahweh God and His wonderful Son Yahshua. I hope this revealing glimpse into my past and present will be useful to many people in their own spiritual walks with God, and that those who may be struggling with hard issues like codependency, illness, persecution, and sin will be blessed by my own insights into these problems, and how to deal with them as Christ expects us to - with love, patience, kindness and forgiveness.

**~ Finished by Helena Lehman on February 14th, 2007 (and updated in 2008 and 2013)**