

Denise's Testimony

At 12 years old I was raped. It was so horrible. I somehow associated it with "love" and decided if that is what love was, I wanted no part of it. I was raped frequently through my teenage years. My heart became very hardened and I built walls of self-protection around my life trying to keep myself safe.

In junior high school, I partied as hard as I could, but managed to get good grades in spite of it. I had a wonderful first boyfriend, Danny, who had a band. We had so much fun partying and playing all our favorite songs from grand Funk Railroad, CCR, James Taylor and many more.

I was in the 10th grade, about 16 when Danny joined the Navy. I was very upset and felt a great sense of loss and rejection when he left. Unknown to Danny I was pregnant with our baby, which I miscarried, before I even told him about it. I started selling drugs with a girlfriend, trying to ease the pain of losing Danny and our baby.

At age 17, my friend and I were raped by students in our school. Again I was devastated, scared and began looking for love anywhere I could find it.

In my senior year, before graduation I met and married Willie. I didn't graduate. Willie was an alcoholic and I was a drug addict, not exactly a marriage made in Heaven!

Willie and I had an awesome daughter who we named Brandy. We later divorced during a time I was using crystal meth. This is a very evil drug that seems to take away your pain, but makes one-do evil things. It is definitely from the pit of hell. It causes one

to go crazy and eats the calcium right out of your bones.

Against Brandy's advice, I married a man named Frank. She told me he was evil, but I didn't listen to her and all hell broke loose. Turns out, he was into the occult and in the mafia. We were married for 1 ½ years during which time he abused Brandy and I sexually, mentally and physically. When I tried to divorce Frank, he threatened to kill me. I was afraid of what would happen to Brandy if he did kill me, so I gave Brandy to my mother for her protection.

During the years of 1984 through 1989, I lived on the streets in San Diego. I had a brother named Ronnie, who was from the old school. He taught me the biker way of living; with love and respect. We talked about God all the time. In January of 1987, he was shot in his stomach and nearly died. I prayed and begged God to keep him alive. He did! When I told Ronnie how I had prayed, he yelled at me and said, "Why did you do that?" He would have much rather have gone to be with Jesus! I told Him that I loved him and would miss him. He told me once, that three men wiser than he would come into my life. I was surprised to hear him say that and wondered what it meant. Ronnie was later murdered. Even during the worst of times, I felt protected by angels.

For a while, I lived on the streets of San Diego. One day, while in a park picking through clothes which had been donated by a church, a woman walked up to me and asked me if I was Denise and said my last name. She recognized me from a picture my Mom had of me. She told me Mom wanted me back home. I couldn't have been more surprised. It was at this point that things

began to change for the better for me. I felt love for the first time in a long time.

However, in September of 1989, I was arrested for being drunk in public. While in jail, I received a letter from my Dad telling me about Jesus. I started getting very curious about this man called Jesus. The guards introduced me to Chaplain Romie who told me the whole story of how Jesus died and rose again. She said that while He was on the cross, I was on His mind and in His heart. She told me that He is in Heaven praying for you right now. I was very overwhelmed at what she said to me and on my way back to my bunk; I overheard a Bible study leader saying, "Jesus loves you".

I held back tears, not wanting to let anybody see me cry. I had been in jail for eight days and just had to get out of there. I asked God to get me out on the yard, two hours later I did. I got down on my knees out in the yard and said, "God, I know You are so real to me. You provided everything I needed when I was on the streets. I can see that now. Your Son, Jesus did this for me and I will do everything for You. Please deliver me from meth, prison, the streets, sex and pot. I accept Your Son Jesus in my heart and life forever." I added one more prayer, "Lord because I was so touched by those letters sent to me in prison, telling me about Jesus please open Your doors for me to write to your children until Jesus comes for us all."

I suddenly felt a deep and great sense of peace. I felt completely clean and refreshed with an indescribable love. I wept in total gratitude, feeling better than I could ever remember feeling. God came in a very real, tangible way to my heart and mind, soul and spirit. It was the ultimate love, I had been

searching for from the time I was a very little girl, throughout my whole life.

I went back inside to find out I had been called into court and released with a very minimal fine and dropped charges. It was my birthday gift from God, September 13, 1989. I was ecstatic, to say the least!

From jail I went into a women's discipleship home until it closed. I went to my parents house and took care of my grandfather, Dave until 1993, which is when the doors opened for me to step into my Daddy God's ministry, which he named Jesus' Prayer Ministry. We celebrated 19 years of ministry this year. We write letters all over the United States to prisoners encouraging them in Jesus. God has raised up leaders, Worship Leaders, Chaplains and Teachers. It is awesome to be part of His ministry! I have since discovered who the three wiser men are that Ronnie told me about! They are my blood brother Jesus, my teacher and coach; the Holy Spirit and my precious Daddy God.

My mother and I have reconciled and she helps me with the prison ministry. We also enjoy one another's company as friends going to movies, working puzzles and praying together.

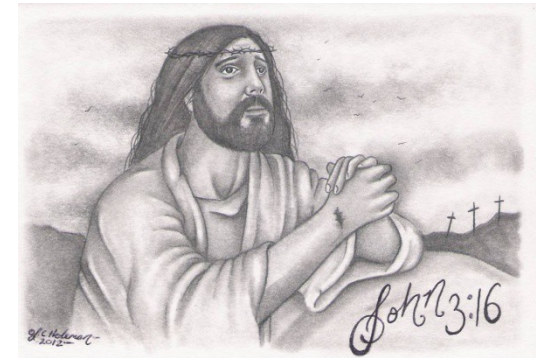
In 2006, I moved back to California wanting to be there on Mother's day to see my Mom, but I didn't have a ride. I was feeling sad that I couldn't be with her, so began to worship and praise the Lord. Jesus gave me a vision of my son Vito and my Bro Ronnie. They were in Heaven with Jesus right next to them. We did a group hug, giving me the best Mother's Day present ever! I cried so hard!

God's love is so real in my life and I pray every day for more and deeper thing from my God. I particularly love 1 John 4: 7-19 and ask that you read it as a gift from me to you.

If you have been looking for love in all the wrong places; if you have suffered abuse and hardships, honestly believe that Jesus will come and bring His healing love to your heart. All you have to do is get on your knees and ask Jesus to come into your heart and be Lord and Savior of your life. Ask Him to forgive your sins. He will because He loves you so deeply.

I want to bless you all by saying that Jesus loves you so very much; you are blessed and highly favored, as a child of the King.

With Love and Respect,
Sister Denise



My Complete Transformation In Jesus

I was born on a Navy base to an 18-year-old Mom. My Dad was gone much of the time so my Mom raised me by herself. As a child, I was very sickly with bronchitis, asthma and high fevers. Later, Mom and Dad had two other daughters. Because I was the oldest, I suffered the brunt of their abusiveness and was mistreated physically, emotionally and mentally. My parents were never shown love by their families so it stood to reason they didn't know how to show love to their children.

The abuse I suffered took a terrible toll on my life, even at a very young age. At 8 years of age; I began to make poor choices drinking alcohol and taking drugs from a little girl in my neighborhood, whose parents were "bikers. I stopped coming home, staying with her family whenever possible. I had run away to escape from the abuse and constant restrictions punishment for my wayward behavior.

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