

NOW
WHAT
ABOUT
ANNE?

*The Life Story about the Founder of
Hannah House & Prison Letters*



Lighthouse International Ministries
MPO Box 2813
Niagara Falls, New York
14302

Copyright – AnneSkinner2019

INTRODUCTION

Many people have asked how it all began with Prison Letters and Hannah House. I tell them a little of the early beginnings and they always want to know more.

They ask me why I did this type of Ministry and how was my life before. Here it is for you to read and by reading it I hope you will understand that Nothing Is Impossible With God.

You may feel like you have not got the intelligence or the skills to work for the Lord and help others. You may look in the mirror and say you would never be able to reach others like some do.

This book will let you see that no matter where you came from, what you did or how you survived that you are a person that is deeply loved by God and He has great plans for your life, just like He had for me.

I have travelled many paths in life and many of them were the wrong ones that I had chosen. This book you will find interesting as we go back over the many memories of what has taken place in my life.

I wrote this book to help you, to encourage you and to see you make the right choices in your life. I know my life would have been so much different if I had made the right choices, but because I didn't it has also made it possible for me to write these experiences for you to read.

Sit back and as you read always remember that each day is a New Beginning, a New Adventure. Life is what we make it and our choices are the defining factors.

Anne Skinner

SISTER, SET YOURSELF FREE

Growing up in a wonderful loving home was great for me. Our family came from across the ocean when I was just a small child, looking for a better way of life. Dad had owned a Tobacco Store and a Ladies Hair Dressing Salon and also a Man's Barber Shop, so we certainly didn't lack any money in those days.

I was often told the stories of how mom and dad had met.. Mom walking up the street always wearing nice sophisticated clothing and dad driving by in his Jaguar. He had stopped a few times and asked if she had wanted a ride and of course Mom being the independent woman that she was always said "No Thank You".. Well as you may know it didn't last too long and she took that first ride that lasted a lifetime. Looking back I really am glad that she did, I truly was a blessed child even though there were many obstacles that Mom and Dad faced upon arriving in this new country.

Landing in Newfoundland from Scotland must have been a shock for them as they looked around at the snow and different

country. I can just imagine how they felt as they boarded the next plane to Toronto, Ontario. Excitement must have taken over and a desire to see Mom's Aunt and Uncle who had travelled a few years before to this new country to start over.

Dad always wanted to keep on going and come to America, but just after a few weeks Mom got word that her parents and brother and his wife were on their way too to this new country, so they decided to stay. Many times Dad would tell me in later years that he didn't really want to stay but he would always say "Anne, you know how your Mom is " I would laugh and agree with him. He loved her very much and I know he wanted her happy.

After a few months, Dad realized that he couldn't get his money out of the country; they would only give him small portions each year so it started to make things a little difficult for him and mom. They did however buy a rooming house in downtown Toronto and settled there, renting rooms to all those who wanted to stay clean. I see now how Mom and Dad had really been protected in the old country and this new life was so much different. Dad had put an ad

in the paper advertising rooms for rent and had put abstainers only... well that wasn't too cool as all those who wanted to stop their addiction figured this was a home where it would be free of drugs and alcohol and they wanted to live there. By this time I would be about four years old and remembered a lot of things going on in the house. Once a man who was very kind said he would bring me a soda and leave it in my doll buggy on the porch.. The next morning I was so excited to go out and find a bottle in my buggy. When I went running in to my mom to show her the soda I had got I thought she was going to faint, it was a bottle of beer and she quickly took it from me. Of course I didn't understand and started to cry that the gift I had been given was taken from me. Mom just said that it was best not to drink it and that she would buy me a soda next time we went shopping, which she did.

There was also a fire I remember on the third floor, one of the tenants had been cooking in his room and had fallen asleep forgetting all about the stove being on. The fire department was called and all I really remember was the large amount of water flowing down the stairs to each floor. It was a

different life there and mom and dad always kept me away from the guests that lived there. I didn't really know why but managed always to be able to play happily by myself.

One day Mom and I came home from church, I was about five years old and I remember walking into the kitchen and here was my Dad really upset, he had to have our dog put down and yet he kept talking about other things. My small little mind picked up on the seriousness of it all but mom quickly got me out of the kitchen and into another room. It wasn't long before the police showed up and took Daddy away. I remember standing at the front door and crying that my dad was leaving, I looked around at Mom and asked her why? It was the first time and the last time I ever saw my Mom cry, she told me it would be alright and that was all I knew.

Years later I was told that my dad was having a nervous breakdown and the Doctors just weren't helping him, one Doctor said that the only way he would get help in to have to police take him for evaluation. Well it seems that because of the stress of this rooming house, Dad was just not sleeping well. He had been to the Doctor for help and he had given him a heavy medication that he was allergic

too and he started to see all these things and thought that he was going crazy. He did go to the hospital for about three months and then came home but you know he never was the same Dad that I had known before. He slept most of the day and was up all night; he didn't joke around as much or play with me as much. Mom too had been pregnant and I had a little sister and here she was again pregnant with my little brother so she sure had her hands full. I always felt like I needed to help her and many times I ran away from kindergarten to help. I was going to be expelled... Can you imagine in Kindergarten and getting expelled but of course when Mom went down and spoke to the principal it all came out about my home life and how sick my Dad was and they understood. I always hated school though and thought I really didn't need it, even at that young age.

It wasn't long until our family moved to go and live with my Uncle and his wife in a smaller town. Mom felt it would help my dad to be away from all the craziness of the rooming house so we packed up and moved.

I liked it a little better because I had someone to play with, my cousin. Her and I

were good friends and had a lot of fun, but that didn't last long as we moved again to another City which was smaller again.

We ended up living in this little shack and I always remember playing with a small ball and it rolling to the front door. The floors were slanted and underneath the house lived a family of skunks. It actually was funny at times to hear them fight and then we all knew what was coming. You are right the smell that accompanied that. Even to this day I seem to like the smell.. Well not really but it always brings back memories of those days.

One thing I did learn though through all those difficult times that my Mom was a praying woman and that God was first in her life. One night mom and I were coming home from a Bible Study and on the way walking home she said to me that the scripture kept going through her mind to "Be Still, and Know the He is God". I remember her saying to me on the lonely walk home in the dark, "Anne, I don't understand it much or why I have this scripture going through my head but I guess I will find out", and that she did. We just walked in the door and here was my dad

sitting. He looked up at her and said that my rich Aunt and Uncle had come for a visit and looked around the little shack and laughed. Then they asked where Mom was, when my Dad had said church they commented “This is what her God has done for her” and said they had to leave and did. Mom just smiled as Dad was telling her the story because she said that God had already told her to

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT HE WAS GOD.

For many years I saw little things take place and I began to see that the God that my mother served was a living God and she loved Him and He loved her. Dad eventually got better after about 7 years and got a job at the Board of Education, life was slowly changing again and for the better.

Moving again seemed normal for me in those days and Mom and Dad were able to purchase this home which had two bedrooms, so much different from the little shack we had come from. My bedroom in the shack was in the kitchen as the one room that was available had mold all over the walls no matter what the season. So, it was a new adventure to be able

to have my own room to share with my brother and sister. They were younger of course than me and I don't think they much cared if we moved or not. Mom and Dad always made us feel happy no matter what the situation was and we sure were protected from all the events of that season of life.

Our new home and a new school was fun and I started to feel better about myself too. I was getting older now and my first year of High School was an awful year. I really hated school and didn't like being around so many people or getting involved in the different events that took place, so I kind of became a loner. To this day I find I am still like that a bit. Love to be around people but then love to be home again.

I remember when I was 10 years of age, my Mom and Dad were going to Toronto to visit my Grandparents. I sure didn't want to go. My Dad give me a few dollars and I ran to the store, bought a pop, candy and a comic book and couldn't wait till they all left and I could have the house to myself. I would lay around all day just enjoying the quiet. They would return bringing me something from my Grandparents, but I sure enjoyed those days.

MY TEEN YEARS

When I turned 13 years old I really felt cool. You know that feeling you have when you have just done something that made you feel important, well that is how I felt. Here I was a teenager and happy. I still stayed alone a lot and didn't like to mix much with anyone, but life was good and I always thought that one day I would be 21 years old and out on my own. I still went to church and had a few friends there, but not good friends I guess you could say. The Pastor had two daughters that I hung with at times but they just seemed to be much better than me and always flaunted it in front of my face that they were the Pastors kids. Anyway life was good and I was looking forward to my future.

My first year at High School was awful and I remember coming home at 15 years old telling my mom I just couldn't go back to school, I hated it. Mom was cute many times and did spoil me I am sure.. She just looked kind of sad and said not to tell my father and that she would see what she could do as she knew I couldn't legally leave school at that age. It wasn't long before I was told that I was going to a Business College, now this was for adults

but luckily my mother's friend owned it so they had said they would enroll me and teach me everything that could be taught. I loved it as I was with adults and learning how to type, do shorthand, bookkeeping and all those grown up things that I knew I would need to get a job. I was well on my way and graduated with a Bookkeeping degree just like the adults and the first week got a good job in an Insurance Office as a stenographer.

Life was going good I was now 16 years old and earning a paycheck, my Dad purchased a small car for me and I felt so good. I was president of the Young People's group at church and my life was going in a positive direction. Well that didn't last long as one night at church I brought up the fact that I had many friends who didn't go to church and drank a lot but needed to get involved in our Youth Group. I was told that the church kids couldn't mix with the other kids and that they didn't want to get involved. I was sickened by their attitude so I gave up being President and decided that I didn't want much to do with their crazy ideas. I loved God but yet I couldn't understand why the people who said they loved Him didn't act like He did. Many people who call themselves Christians really

aren't, they don't live like they should at all. I always had a desire to open a home to help the homeless and those who were in need of food.

Once I remember going and looking at this big old house, it was gorgeous and the lady who owned it said that if I could get a co-signer she would sell it to me.. I was so excited but when I started asking around for people to get involved they told me to wait until I was older to get involved in things like that.

I was pretty disappointed that no one seemed to see what I saw. Almost every week I would pack a loaf of sandwiches and go down to the canal in our town and sit with the men who were drinking down there, they lived anywhere they could lay their head and they became my friends. We would eat the sandwiches and laugh and talk about things, I really enjoyed those times. I would even let some of them sleep in the back seat of my car but told them they had to be out of there in the morning before I came out for work, and they always were gone by morning.

I look back now and laugh at myself, here I was 16 years old letting a homeless man sleep in my car, but I knew that something had

to be done to help them. My heart used to break many times when I saw the conditions they lived in and I vowed that one day I would help get them out of that situation.

TROUBLE COMES MY WAY

A few months after I had my new job I was walking home one night, I loved walking at night and the warm air on your face just seemed to bring me a peace. Well I was near my home and I heard this voice say “Hey, can I talk with you?” I looked up and here was this guy walking toward me. He was a few years older than me and had these big brown eyes and here he was wanting to talk to me. It turned out that he was the older brother of my sister’s friend. I guess I was kind of flattered so we talked, he seemed such a nice guy. He wanted to take me out and I decided that I just would go and have coffee with him, we scheduled it for the following night. That first date lasted three months. It was a good three months and we did have a lot of fun. He was such a gentleman and my heart was getting really involved with this man. When you are 16 I guess you tend to look at life as a big dream and that a special man will come like a Knight in Shining Armor and sweep you off

your feet, all that romance and no reality gets into our heads and we live in a dream world. That was me. It didn't take long for me to wake up.

One night I got a call from the police station saying that G was there and he was drunk and could I come down and pick him up. I really didn't understand it too much because for three months he never drank anything but coffee or water and now here they are saying he was drunk.

I drove down to the station and the police officers helped him into my car. When I saw the leading him to the car I thought something terrible must have happened for him to get drunk. They got him in my car and he slouched over almost passed out. Still totally confused I said thank you to the officer and drove away with him.

Now a 16 year old girl should never be in a situation like that anyway and here I was driving a drunk home alone. I helped him into his small apartment and on to his bed, he seemed to pass out so I took off his shoes and started to head to the door to go home. By the time I got to the door and just got my

hand on the knob when I felt him grab me from behind and start hitting me. I was in total shock when that happened and within a few minutes my both eyes were black and my mouth and nose was bleeding, my body also had bruises and I felt so sick. What was happening to me? Why did he do this to me? Thoughts ran through my mind as I was being beat. All of a sudden it stopped and he wandered over to the bed not saying anything. Now, I had never been beat like that in my life and as I looked over to the bed he had passed out.

I lay on the floor sobbing for a while and then decided I should call my mother. It was so good to hear her voice, but I knew I could not let her know what had happened to me. Honestly, I don't know why I couldn't tell her the truth and have G charged with beating me so I told her something terrible had happened and that I had to go away for a few days. My mom was special and trusted me completely, all I could hear was her soft talking asking me if things were alright and I said yes but I couldn't talk about it them. I told her I would call her the next day and hung the phone up. I lay on the floor that night and sure didn't sleep, just trying to think of how I could get

out of this crazy situation I had found myself in. It was terrible and I knew that my life that night had taken a different direction and yet I was lost really lost to know what to do.. Like I said too I was too scared to tell anyone what had happened, so I just lay there and cried in shock.

All night my mind was racing and I just couldn't believe what had happened to me. Why had this taken place and what made him get so angry at me. Questions just flooded my mind as I lay there. Looking back now I realize that this night was the beginning of the end for me and I was on a road to destruction, one I had not chosen but had found myself travelling on and not knowing how to get set free. I knew if I told anyone my parents would be so hurt at the fact that this happened. They had met him and actually liked him. Not sure what happened within me that night but I found myself just keeping it all inside and not telling anyone. I knew the bruises would go away and the swelling in my eyes would leave and it would be over, so I thought.

Many of us find ourselves in situations that we just don't know how we got there and always think that it will change as time goes by,

that was me, I thought for sure this was just a onetime event and that it would never take place again, but it did.

Life took many strange turns as time went on and I began to realize that I should have walked away that first night. The police should have been called and G should have been charged but it never happened like that at all and here I found myself the next morning when he apologized after seeing my face and telling me he would never do it again, blaming the booze of course. “It is OK, I heard myself telling him as he hung his head”.. but did I really mean it was OK? No, I sure didn’t but there was something inside of me which made me say those words. Fear had set into my inner being and I really knew that if I didn’t say it was ok that I may be hit again. At that time I did think though that it wouldn’t happen again.

Time passed and I found myself in this relationship with G that was taking over my life I was being isolated from family, friends and all those who I came in contact with. I remember one day walking down the street with him and saw a girlfriend of mine which I hadn’t seen for a few months. Deep inside of

me I was happy to see her, I mentioned to G that I wanted to say hello to her, he just looked at me and said that if I spoke to her I knew what would happen to me when we got home. I will never forget that day looking straight ahead and walking past her like I never knew her. She yelled out hello to me and I totally ignored her knowing the consequences of what would happen if I did acknowledge her. My heart was breaking inside of me and I found that I was becoming a person that I never knew. The person I had been wasn't there anymore as I was being molded into G's image of me.

I was caught in a web of lies, hurt, pain and disappointment and all because I had chosen to be with this man who beat me and disrespected me. But, I couldn't seem to get myself free from his clutches or the abuse that was being shown me every day.

I remember many times after the beatings that I would get a terrible migraine headache, looking back now I am not sure if the pain in my head was from all the crying and the swollen eyes but it sure hurt. Once my brother came over to visit me, I was laying in my bedroom with the curtains drawn and the

lights out. When he came into the room, thinking that I had the flu I told him not to turn on the lights as it hurt my eyes so bad. I had a cold washcloth over my eyes and told him that I had a bad headache. I remember him sitting at the edge of the bed and asking if there was any thing he could do for me or if he could get me anything. I told him no that I would be ok after the flu had left me. How wrong I was and how crazy to tell him those lies when I knew that G had caused all this pain I was feeling. My brother left that day and I cried some more wishing I had told him the truth and asked him to help me get away from G.

When you are in a situation like that you are scared, and really don't know what to do. Many times G had threatened to kill my family and me and I knew that he would probably keep his words if I didn't obey him and do everything that he told me to do.

THE FIRST DRINK

It wasn't too long before I decided to get drunk so I could survive the mess that I was in. I really figured that it would kill the pain a little and for a short time it did but then of course I had to drink more and more and much more often than what I even wanted too.

Living at home with my parents just wasn't working out for me, it was time for me to move, part of me didn't want to go and yet I knew I couldn't keep up this pretense much longer of being this happy teen. I told my parents that I had got this real nice apartment across town and that I was moving. My parents were great people and loved me so much, they wanted me to stay and yet wanted me happy. I told them that I would have room to refinish furniture, which was a lie but they believed me.

The apartment was really nice, it had big windows and was on the Main Street so you could always see the traffic passing by. I moved in alone and thought this way he couldn't threaten me about killing my parents or myself. Little did I know that it was a big mistake, the next day after I had moved in he

showed up at my door saying he was moving in with me. He had a suitcase full of his clothing and what could I say.

You see, when woman keep getting told they are no good, and all the choice words that go along with being torn into the ground keep happening every day along with the beatings, you start to feel like a fool and start depending more and more on your abuser. It may sound silly to some but it takes place. We start to depend on the person that is manipulating us and we start to feel that maybe we deserve to be hit day after day.

One day I remember telling G I needed about \$50 for the electric bill or they were going to shut it off the next day. That night he went out drinking and I sat at home just waiting for him to return. I didn't answer the phone for fear that he would come home and find me talking to someone. In he walked about midnight with this guy. I found it a little strange and they went into the living room and sat down. G called me in and as I went over to him this guy started staring at me up and down, I was so uncomfortable it really gave me a creepy feeling. I went out into the kitchen and G came in and said "I know how you can

make the \$50” and then proceeded to tell me that if I had sex with this guy he would give us the money. For a split second fear took hold of me and I really didn’t know what to do. Then a thought came to me and I said “Sure, take him back to the bar and get him real drunk and I will go have a bath and get ready”. Of course, I had no intentions of doing anything with this guy. G fell for it and they both left. The minute they drove away I ran and got in the old car that I drove and just kept driving. I parked along this quiet country road and just stared out the window all night. Fear had taken hold of me and I didn’t know what to do or where to turn. I knew all of the people around me loved G and yet they never knew what he was capable of . He would put on such a performance, help the old ladies with their groceries, walk them across the street.. all the things that a gentleman would do. Sadly it was only an act.

As the sun was coming up I decided to go back home because I figured that G would have slept the alcohol off and he would maybe be ok and I had to go to work that morning too so I knew I better get ready. I pulled in the driveway and went into the house. G was asleep so I started to get ready for work. Then

there was a knock at the door. I looked out the window and saw a police car. "OH NO" now what do I do? I thought. All of a sudden I realized that the knock at the door had woken G up and he called for me. He asked me to come into the room. I went in and he motioned for me to bend down like he was going to whisper something into my ear. I leaned over and his fist connected with my stomach. What a blow, I clutched my stomach in pain and started to cry. He told me to go answer the door and tell the police that I hadn't seen him and didn't know where he would be, he said if I said anything else he would finish the job. Well, I knew exactly what he meant and I went to the door, opened it still holding my stomach. The officer just looked at me and I guess he knew but of course I followed my instructions and said exactly what I was supposed to say. The officer looked at me and said "I know you are lying, if you tell me where he is we will take him to the police station and charge him" I looked right into the police officers face and said "Yes and then you will let him out in a few hours and I will be dead". I closed the door and watched the police officer drive away that day wishing inside that I could have told him the truth but fear was just too strong in me.

That began many nights of men coming home with G and me being the toy that they played with. All I remember was crying and crying as the events of each night went on. Tied in chairs with butcher knives being swung past my throat and him asking me all these stupid questions and every time afterwards going to shower and trying to get myself clean.

I don't know if you have ever been standing in a shower crying trying to wipe away the dirt that only exists in the inside of you ... well I did, it was awful. What I was made to do was torture for me and yet I felt I had to listen to him or my family and myself would die.

It is funny how your life can change over night... When I started drugs I was training to be a model. I had got asked to take a job in Montreal as they said I had the features to wear any type of clothing and have it sold. I did a few runways and then I found that some of the buyers were allowed to come back and watch us undress. One night after doing my run on stage, I came back to change and a dirty old man who had tons of money was in the dressing room. I went up to him and said

to get out, my boss just looked at me. I told him I was not for hire and that I didn't sign up to give him a thrill. As he walked out he said "Drinks are free for you tonight". He really made me sick but I knew that the lifestyle I was in was taking me darker and darker into a big hole that I might never come out of ..

Years went by and I found myself shooting up drugs, going to all these Doctors and getting prescriptions for all the pain pills, muscle relaxers and anything they would give me to help me cope with the pain of what I had to do and make me numb to the way I was living. Selling drugs on the side for extra money just to buy more drugs.

Living life in the fast lane now and hating it and yet it was my lifestyle that I had chosen. Fear had helped me make that decision and I had followed the road that was leading me straight to hell, or was I already living in hell. If you asked me back then I would have said life was great and I was having a great time but deep inside I knew I was telling a lie and would only pray that one day my life would change. Each day I found myself getting harder and harder, I started to hate instead of love, I started to look at everyone just like I

looked at G. I didn't care about anything anymore and my emotions which I used to have no longer existed. I was a robot just waiting for disaster to strike and I didn't even care.

I remember telling a friend once of my life and asking her to help me get out. Boy did that backfire, she went directly to G and told him what I had said and I got the worst beating ever.. So I learned that no one could be trusted at all not even those in the church that I used to go to. So now I stood alone, but knowing I could handle it and one day my life would change.

One night I got high and went to the little church that I was raised in, I thought if I was in church maybe I would meet God or something but guess what happened the total reverse. I sat thru the song service and when the preaching began I hear the door open to the sanctuary, it was G, he had found me. I sat thinking that I was safe as I was in church and they would protect me, but I was sure wrong. I saw the preacher nod to the usher and the usher went out to talk with G and came back in and whispered in my ear "Anne, you have to leave, we don't want any trouble here" I

looked up at him and said that he didn't know what he was sending me out to but he told me again to go. I got up out of my seat and slowly went to the door leading outside, here was G, I got dragged to the car and beat once again. It was many years later, after I had got clean and left G that I went back to that little church. When they asked if anyone had a testimony I stood up and started to talk. I spoke of that day I had come in and was asked to leave.. Many faces turned to look at me that day and I really didn't care much I just kept talking. I told them how I was put out of their church and told them how I had got beat. I went on about the beating and then I said to them to be sure when someone comes in their church again never to send them away, hug them and be there for them because they never know what is going on in that persons life. Then I sat down.

Many just looked at me with a strange look on their face, see I had met Jesus and had given my life to Him by then so I felt pretty good. After the service many came up to me with arms wide open and I just stared at them and said " I don't need a hug now because I found the Lord, save your hugs for the next girl that walks in here who needs it" and I

turned and walked away, out the door and to a better life.

Going back to years before that happened I ended up with G homeless, the drugs had taken over and every penny that we had went to support our habit. My mother had run a Salvation Army store in town and I used to go help her in the store, she would give me a few dollars and it always helped me get more drugs. With us not having a place to live I got a copy of a key to the store and when she locked up at night I pretended to be going to my apartment and when I saw her drive away I would circle back and go into the store. See, in the basement I had an old mattress on the floor and a few odds and ends, it was a terrible dirty place but I didn't really care because now the drugs were my life along with the beatings. I had fallen into a hole and just didn't know how to get out of it. Of course I would pray and ask God to get me out of the mess I was in but never believing that it would ever happen. I guess I figured death was the only way out.

One night I took a razor blade and slit my wrist, I didn't want to live anymore the way I was living and felt it was time to end it all. I hadn't cut deep enough and in walked G's

brother who slapped me and took the razor and bandaged my wrist up. He tried to talk with but I wasn't listening at all, my mind was made up to end it all and I started on a downward turn from that night on.

Life didn't ever get any better and I found myself in more messes than I can even talk about. We started hanging with Biker clubs and of course drugs got even worse. I remember one night there were a bunch of Bikers in the living room and G decided to lock the door after they came into the old house that we had got. It wasn't much but to me it was home. He started yelling at me and I made a dash for the door, but it was locked. I turned and leaned my back on the door wondering what he was going to do. He had a butcher knife in his hand and I guess I was the target, he threw it at me and it landed in the door skimming past my ear.. I screamed and started crying, I noticed the Bikers started leaving I guess they didn't want to be involved in what might happen and none of them had the guts to stop him.

Another time I was home alone and a voice inside of me spoke saying to go upstairs and unload the guns that G had, so I listened

to that little voice. I was so glad I did for I just got the guns unloaded and sat back down when in walked G, he looked me straight in the eye and said tonight you are going to die and ran upstairs for the shotgun. He came down and pointed at my face and pulled the trigger.. God was with me that night and I know it, he ran back upstairs to reload and I ran as fast as I could to get away. That night too I stayed in my car and watched the sun come up.

You ask me why I am telling you these stories? Well they are true and they only skim the surface of my lifestyle with G which lasted 12 years. I hated my life and hated everyone around me, I always put on a smile to people when I saw them and I was always told how lucky and blessed I was to have such a wonderful man in my life. Little did they know what was going on behind closed doors. This is what happens when someone is being abused, no one knows what is happening and most don't tell anyone for fear of what will happen to them. I have heard many girls say that they are getting beat up and hate their mate and yet I laugh and know that if that were really happening they wouldn't be talking about it at all.

My twenty first Birthday was a day to remember. I got beat so bad I was in bed trying to get rid of the pain, I had a cold cloth on my face trying to take down the swelling but nothing seemed to make me feel any better. G had taken off and left me and I was really in a mess that day. I heard someone knocking at the door. I could hear my Mom and Dad talking and saying how I must be having a great birthday. My heart broke that day as I heard them talk, they loved me so much and I knew it and yet here I was all black and blue and in pain. “Our little girl is now twenty one years old, wow where have the years gone?” I heard them say and then I could hear their footsteps as they walked down the hall and out of my life again. I loved my family so much and wanted it to be like it was when I was a kid, Dad had been sick a lot but we had love in our home and I knew it. Time passed and I lost the little job that I had and ended up making a key for the Salvation Army Store that my mom supervised. I had no where to go and no money so I knew I had to do something. My life was on a downward spiral and I knew that something had to change but I just didn’t know what Things were different for me and I felt so alone and lost but I vowed that one day I would kill myself and it would be over. I

carried a 38 but didn't have the guts to shoot myself. I had got it so that one day I could kill G.

The day came and I decided to take all the drugs I could and that I would hopefully overdose and it would end for me. I used the needle so I just kept hitting up the drug, heroin, speed, whatever I could find. Well, all of a sudden I got this pain in my chest.. Here I was living in the basement of the old Salvation Army and happy that my life was about to end. I couldn't move the pain was so bad, so I just sat there. I looked down and a book was on the floor the title of it was "How God Answers Prayer" I sure didn't care about that but I did pick up the book, I turned to the back and read how this man had lost everything even his kids and wife and yet God gave him a new life. I thought about this but really figured that it couldn't happen to me. The pain was terrible and I was hoping to pass out when G came in, he wanted to take me to the hospital but I told him to just carry me to the old mattress on the floor and I would go to sleep. He didn't know what I had done and I wanted it that way. He carried me through and I lay there, I told the Lord what I wanted to do and to let me die or the next day I would

walk in front of a truck and end it all. I knew then that not only was I in a mess with G but I was hooked on drugs and that each day I was breathing, that my life was involved around finding my next fix. My prayers were always that God would deliver me from drugs and from G, and until then I was making sure I wouldn't live like this much longer.

Morning came and I awoke, I couldn't believe it and I decided that I would just get up and get dressed, wash and go help my mom at the store. Now I was used to cold water to wash my hair so it wasn't anything new to me to wash my hair that morning. It is funny how the simple things of life don't mean anything to you when you are stoned all the time. I didn't care if I had hot water or not. I got ready slipped out the back door and walked in the front greeting my mom with a big smile and asking how I could help her. She of course was happy to see me even though I was down to 103 pounds and not looking so good. Make up works wonders on a person and I of course always loved my makeup and even though my life was a mess my face was always made up. I just started to fold some clothes when this old lady came in and asked if she could talk to me. Wondering what she wanted

I said “Of course” and we went into a corner of the store. As she started to speak G walked by signaling that he was going to buy some drugs and would be back soon. The old lady started telling me of all her problems and all of a sudden out of my mouth came the words “God answers prayer, just trust Him” I was floored to hear myself say that and here I was telling a lady who had spent most of her life in church. She smiled and walked away thanking me for the help. I walked away apologizing to the Lord for saying those words, it really bothered me that me being a drug addict would tell this lady to trust in God.

It wasn't too long when G walked past and signaled to me that he had the stuff The drugs I always needed, BUT something was different that morning I didn't want them. Now I know that may sound crazy to you but something had changed inside of me, I didn't have any desire for them at all and I couldn't understand it. What was wrong with me I thought, but it was gone, the desire to use was totally gone. I didn't even understand it myself. Now looking back I can see where God had taken that desire from me totally. God does answer prayer, so if you have been praying about anything I urge you to just keep

trusting God for the answer because it will come. Sometimes it doesn't come the way we want it to come but He always answers us. This day I was totally delivered from drugs.

It didn't take long for me to realize that things were changing within me, I wasn't the same and each day I became stronger. I knew too that I had to get out of this relationship that I was in. Twelve years is a long time to go through the many things that I had and now that I was free from drugs I could think better and make decisions that needed to be made.

My Dad had given me an offer to live in one of his houses.. I quickly accepted as I was so tired of waking up on a dirty basement floor. One day I remember waking up with my eyes facing a whole bunch of spiders and webs. It was horrible and I thought that at one time I had never ever believed I would end up like this but here was me now, living in a real mess.

Each night I would pray that God open a door for me and that day came. It was almost a month later when I woke up that morning and knew that this was the day I was moving out. I still had an old convertible that got me

around when I was able to afford the gas, so I knew that would be the one way to leave. One thing I noticed was I didn't have any fear inside me anymore. G didn't scare me like he used to and this morning I gathered a few things and went over to him, kissed him on the cheek and said goodbye. I got out to the car and started it up, the tank had some gas and I knew it was enough to get me to another place. As I looked up at the front door I saw him standing there and for a split second inside of me thought maybe I should just stay but that song came into my mind. "When I remember that He died for me, I'll never go back anymore". I knew going back was going back to the old life and doing the things that were totally wrong.. I had to move forward and follow God no matter what the outcome. Serving Jesus was what I wanted to do now and nothing else seemed to matter to me anymore. I now was strong inside, a feeling I hadn't felt in many years. My past was gone, the hurts, the tears, the trials and the beatings were over. I was a new person in Jesus Christ and I was determined to follow God no matter what the cost.

For many years I had been miserable and in total bondage to this man and now I was

free. What a great feeling to have when you are free, nothing else seems to matter. I didn't have much money at all and didn't care. I didn't have much gas and didn't care. All I was thinking about was my new life that was about to take place and wondering what God had in store for me.

I have written this short part of my life to help all those in bondage. You may be a woman who was in the same situation as myself and feel that there is no way out. When I was going through some of the things I felt like no one understood me and if I dared to say anything it would only get worse and always thought that no one would believe me as everyone thought he was such a great guy. Those are all deceptions and when mixed with fear we become helpless and start to rely on our abuser. We become a puppet that our abuser controls all the strings and even tells us how to talk, walk and be. We lose our own identity and start to take on another identity of someone we don't even know.

Today if you are in a relationship and are going through some of the things that I have mentioned I urge you to seek help, start telling someone what you are going through. It could

mean your life. I look back at the time he tried to shoot me and how my life was spared only by the grace of God too. But you might be sitting there in fear and that same thing may have happened to you or could happen to you in the future. Don't take any chances you are too special for anyone to treat you that way.

I have told only some of my stories, if I told you all of them you would start to believe this book is fiction. Anyway I am not here to tell the gory details of my life but I am here to tell you that I found the answer to it all.

I felt good that I was moving on in a different direction and off I went driving on a road to a new beginning..

HUSBAND # 1

Well I found myself in Toronto and sleeping in my car. I had got away from Gord and was at peace but I knew I had to get out of town. I guess I felt like I might weaken if I saw him or if he threatened me so I left town. It was the middle of November and it was freezing out. I had an old Oldsmobile convertible with a bust out back window and the wind blew in on me and I thought for sure I

was going to freeze. I would walk the streets through the day looking for a place to find something to eat but never did find anywhere. Then I saw a sign that said “Special today coffee 25 cents” Now I was so looking for a good cup of coffee and I went inside. The waitress came up to me and said “We have oatmeal today for 25 cents. I dug in my pockets and all I had was a quarter. As much as I wanted the coffee I decided after not eating for three days I better have the oatmeal. I left and thought about what I was going to do next. My car was stuck with no gas and the weather was really starting to get bad. I spoke with this lady and she told me to go to this coffee house and I could get coffee and donuts for free. Now that sounded real good for sure.

I walked in that night to this Coffee House on Yonge Street in Toronto... I was freezing and just wanted to sit down and drink a warm coffee before I headed back to my car. I looked over and there was a dog sitting beside this guy drinking coffee. He must of seen me look over as he asked how I was doing. I started to tell my story and how I had come to Toronto to get away. He asked where I was staying and I told him in my car. He looked shocked and said it wasn't safe in Toronto sleeping in a car. He offered to let me sleep at his apartment just a few blocks away.

***(NOW THIS IS WHAT I HAVE LEARNED
BUT NEVER REALIZED IT BACK THEN.
ABUSE IS A CYCLE AND EVEN THOUGH
WE GET OUT OF ONE RELATIONSHIP WE
FIND WE MAKE SOME CRAZY MISTAKES
AS WE ARE SO USED TO THE ABUSER
RUNNING OUR LIFE FOR US. I NEVER
KNEW GOING WITH HIM THAT IT COULD
BE ANOTHER SIDE TRACK IN MY JOURNEY
OF LIFE)***

We walked the few blocks and when we arrived at his place he asked if I was hungry. I said yes of course and he made me a sandwich. He gave me a bed to sleep in and said I could stay as long as I wanted to stay. Now this wasn't a big fancy apartment and when I turned on a light I saw these bugs crawling up the wall and hurrying to hide. I didn't know what they were and later found out they were cockroaches. Well I knew I had to get out of there even though I had a bed to sleep in. He was a real gentleman too and never bothered me at all. I went to a temporary employment service and got some work. It was at International Harvester and they gave me a few weeks work. It made me feel good to be able to work again and get some good money in my pocket. Now apartments in Toronto were high and I knew I couldn't find anything that I could afford, even though the Company after a few

weeks offered me work for the next 6 months. When I told this man about looking for a place he suggested that we share a place and we would go looking for a better place to live. I thought at that time it was a good idea and it seemed like it would be better than living alone in one room.

I called home to Mom and told her I had a great job. She was ok with the idea but then she said that Gord was on his way up to Toronto to bring me home. She said he had been real sick and loved me so much he would do anything to get me back. Now here I was again feeling that fear come on me as I spoke with her and out blurted that "I AM MARRIED, MOM" I couldn't believe what I had said but I knew that was the only way to keep him away from me. She was shocked, my poor mother only wanted what was best for me and here I was lying to her about my life. At the end of our conversation she said she would tell him and for me to keep in touch with her. Mom never knew of the lifestyle I had led, she never knew of the drugs .. only once had I went in to help her and she knew something was wrong with me, but I told her that the Doctor had given me this medication and it had made me act funny. Not sure if she believed me or not but she never said anything about drugs to me ever again. Then one day she found a gun I had purchased. I had forgot and left my purse open and

she just happened to walk by and see it.. When she asked me about the gun I told her I was collecting them and it was all rusted and didn't work. She seemed to believe that too. It wasn't till years and years later I told her the truth about everything.

We ended up getting a better apartment and of course getting into a relationship. He was kind and I just wanted to get ahead and change my life. I started going to church looking for answers but still didn't understand it all. After a few months I called mom to see how everyone was doing. She said her and my Dad had been talking and she would love for my husband and I to visit, after all she said he is our son in law... YIKES... what was I going to do. I said we could come but only for one night and not the whole weekend. I thought it was best to get it over with, sadly I should have told the truth and once again I went along with this lie I had started that we were married.

Lies never get you anywhere and you only find yourself getting in deeper and deeper into the lie that you have confessed.

The next weekend we travelled the 100 miles to visit. I told my boyfriend that he better just go along with it and not tell Mom and Dad the truth. I was always scared to have them know the truth

about me. I just didn't want the to hurt. We arrived on Saturday and I wanted to leave on Sunday morning to go back. Mom said she had to go to the church that night to set up some tables and could we go and help her. I said "NO" I didn't want to be any part of this church as that is the one that had kicked me out when I was high and I got a terrible beating that night.

Off Mom went to set up the tables telling me she wouldn't be long. I was grateful that she didn't persist on me going with her until the phone rang that is..... "Anne can you come down to the church there is only one lady and myself setting up the tables and I need you and your husband to help" Oh no, it had started again. I said to him we better go help my Mom but will leave right after the tables are done. We took off in the car drove the 15 minutes and walked in to the basement. As I opened the door I hear "SURPRISE" from the whole church. I was shocked and if I could have hid somewhere I would of but there was no place to go. I smiled and walked in. Looking around I saw a large table with gifts on it and another large table with a huge cake that said "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR WEDDING" Oh no ... now what. Mom was so happy and all the others were just smiling from ear to ear and here I stood wondering what to do. I

knew once again I couldn't hurt my Mom so I just went along with it ... The little speech I made when I thanked everyone for their kindness was hard to do but I managed to do it with a smile on my face. I couldn't wait to get out of there and get home. It was terrible... "How could one little lie cause all this damage?" I thought... but it did, my life now was taking another turn and I couldn't seem to get myself out of it. I didn't even pray as I thought that would be hopeless too.

I used to think how strange I had lost 12 years of my life over a horrible relationship and now here I am in a different kind of relationship that just happened, there was no love just convenience but now I found that I was hooked into a situation that I may never get out of or would I? Not having the guts to tell the truth and by trying to protect my family once again I found myself on a bridge that was crumbling around me and I was starting to sink once again. My heart wanted out and yet I found myself going day by day and just existing... Now there was no drinking or drugs but there was certainly no happiness at all.

To make things worse my Dad liked this man who he thought was my husband and in six months Dad called me wanting to help us buy a house but it had to be closer to them. Once again I didn't know what to do, the lie that I had told to protect myself from

the man who had hurt me so bad was now escalating into so much more. I told him I would think about it and as Mom and Dad kept urging me to let them do something to get us on our feet, I gave in once again.

We found a house in Niagara Falls, Ontario and my Dad payed the down payment. Everyone was happy except me, but then DID I CARE? Not really, my emotions just didn't seem to work anymore and I tried to make the best of it ... This all happened within six months and when the date came around that I had told my Mom we had got married, the guy and I talked and we decided to get married on that date... After all I thought it would only be a year out and we didn't fight at all so to me it would all work out. Was I crazy? Looking back I see where my self esteem and my love for myself was not there at all. I was willing to sacrifice my happiness, my joy for others and deep inside I had no feelings at all about anything so it didn't matter much about anything that happened in my life. Looking back now I see where hurts, beatings, and the abuse slowing made me put a wall up to the pain and to not trust anyone. My life as I had known it just seemed to be day after day the same thing. People would say to me "Anne you don't get excited about anything?" and I didn't. Life meant nothing

to me at all. I never knew that it wasn't normal to live this way but it happened to me.

Well "M" my husband bought a motorcycle and we would go for rides, it was a chopper and I loved riding. One day the lady across the street who at times would come in and have a coffee came over and asked if she could go for a ride on my husband's bike, I told her to ask my husband... lol Well he said yes and told her tomorrow he would be free if she got there about 9 a.m and they could go around the block. I never loved this man so I didn't care who got on his bike or not and she showed at 9 a.m with her three little kids... NOW, picture this... they all couldn't fit on the bike right? So here I was the baby sitter... Off they went to go around the block, now this is at 9 a.m. baby starts to scream, no bottle, no diapers and time passes. I was so worn out and starting to get mad .. noon came, then 1, 2, 3, 4, and then 5 o'clock came around as they pulled into the driveway. She was looking pretty upset and he never said a word. I told her exactly what I thought about leaving me with her kids for the day. Must have been a long block huh? Hahaha ... Looking back now it really was funny to me. When I asked what happened, my husband said her bra strap broke and they had to stop and fix it ...Hahahaha I must of looked like a real fool to get given that lie, but I just shrugged my shoulders and told her that she would

never have me babysit again. Well, the next morning I get a phone call at 7:30 a.m. It was my neighbor, she was crying and telling me she was in love with my husband. I told her to hang on a minute and I yelled to him sleeping in the bed.. “Hey, I don’t know what happened but she fell in love and wants to be with you, Do you want me to pack your bags?” He looked at me and told me to tell her to get lost. I told her what he said and she even cried louder. I just hung up the phone and went and made myself a coffee. Wow, what had I got myself into.. Out of the frying pan and into the fire. What had I got myself into? What happened to my freedom? Now where was my life going? Am I on a road that is leading me to another disaster? Well I was soon to find out. I know that the choices I made were not the right ones back then, but it seemed I couldn’t even think clear at all.

A few days later I get this phone call from a young girl 15 that I had babysat for a few years when I was with Gord. She was a little mentally challenged and said she wanted to live with me again. Now I had just taken in my grandmother who was 90 years old and she had the mind of a child, I took her in because I could see how it was affecting my mom to care for her. Now this phone call. The girl was at a group home and wanted out. I told the worker that they could stop over the next day. The

girl Lonnie came back on the phone and said she knew I would be upset with her because she was pretty fat.

The next day there was a knock at my door. I went to answer and here stood Child Protective Services with Lonnie and she was fat but that was because she was pregnant and about 8 months on. Lonnie had been a good girl and I watched her from the ages of 3 to about 11 when her mom had taken her back and then committed suicide leaving her to go into a group home. I asked then to come in and the Worker began with telling me the story of how Lonnie had been raped and wanted to live with me and that I could even adopt the baby. I was shocked as my life up to this point had been totally crazy and now I am asked by a Worker if I would take Lonnie and her unborn child and yet they knew nothing about me. I said I would ask my husband about this and get back to them the next day.

He was in full agreement so I called the Worker the next day and Lonnie moved in a few days later. They even started the paperwork regarding the baby. Well I soon became a mother to my grandmother, Lonnie and her new baby. She was a beautiful baby with dark curly hair and I named her Marianne. Wow I thought how wonderful my life was going and I had explained to

the Worker all about my past life, the drugs etc. and they said it would be fine to adopt.

The baby was born about three weeks later and I felt so happy. A happiness I hadn't felt for years flooded my heart because of this new little gift that I had received.. A little girl who was certainly a beautiful child ... Mom would always say she wanted to buy me everything new for Marianne and yet I kept telling her I had a gut feeling about things. Even the worker when she came 2 weeks before the final papers were to be signed, I explained I just had a gut feeling about the adoption. She assured me it was all going to be fine and to go out and buy everything brand new. A few days later I had to go with my husband to sign the final papers and I never left the baby so Marianne came with me ... We went into this large room where three men were sitting behind a table. I still had this feeling deep inside of me that something was wrong. **THEN IT HAPPENED.** One of the men said they were so sorry but I could not adopt Marianne but couldn't give a reason. My husband jumped up cursing them out making the situation so much worse and ran out of the room, leaving me with Marianne sitting on my knee. I started to cry and they said I could keep her as a foster child until they found a home for her.. Now I had Marianne for 6 months and I loved her so much, I knew I couldn't just keep her as a foster

child now. The worker came into the room and I handed her over to her. They left the room and I went up to the three men. Their faces looked so sad and I asked them what I had done wrong? They said it wasn't me or my past but they couldn't tell me.

I left sobbing as I ran down the hall to the car where my husband was waiting. My life once again was shattered. He was swearing so much, I had never heard him ever swear before and I couldn't understand it ... I told him I just wanted to go home and pack all her things as it was over. When we arrived home, he went to our bedroom, put on his swimming trunks and was going out the door. I asked him what he was doing that I needed help. He looked back and said "Anne it was your baby so you pack her things up. I am going swimming" I knew then that he had something to do with it but didn't know what.

I was in a state of depression and mom came over and helped me take down the crib, packed everything up and put it out to the garbage. I was numb and my heart was totally broken. I wanted to stay at mom's but felt it was best just to go home. For two weeks all I heard was her crying, it was the worst time of my life back then. Mom was really worried about me as I just shut everyone out of my

life and didn't want to talk to anyone. We had a good friend who was a Doctor and mom went and spoke to him. He said that I needed to get over this and as soon as possible or it could get worse. He suggested medication or a trip. Mom ended up taking me to Scotland for three weeks. All I did was sit and crochet whatever I could find to crochet. Didn't mix too well but mom kept at me to pray and that God would tell me what happened. I didn't want to return home at all never mind leaving the Country but mom knew that I would be better with her and she was quick to tell me so. When I returned from Scotland I called my husband to say that I was going to stay at my Mom and Dad's for a bit until I could get my head cleared. He was so mad at me and said that I was his wife and I needed to be home. I just hung up the phone as I couldn't even cry anymore and I was searching for peace.

Life once again didn't seem much like living at that time.

After a few days my husband called and asked if we could go for dinner just to talk. I agreed and he came to pick me up. I got in the car and as we drove off to go to a restaurant, he started saying how I was his wife and needed to be home. I could feel pressure all over my head and asked him to just take me home. I realized that whatever was going on I

just had to stay away from him. As I opened the door to walk in he stuck his foot in the door and it wouldn't close. I tried the best I could but he was just too strong for me and he made his way in a grabbed my throat and threw me on the living room floor saying he was going to kill me if I didn't come back. Here I was again, only this time gasping for breathe as he tried to choke me ... A lady lived with my mom and she was home at the time and she heard my screaming. She came out of her room and instead of calling the police she called my brother. When my husband heard my brother come in the back door he ran out the front door and drove away. My neck was bruised and I knew that my life could have ended that day.

The next morning I called a lawyer and filed for divorce. Here I was once again in a situation that I didn't want to be in but I knew that I had to get my divorce and move on. I had to wait a year for it to be final and the day I walked out of court I felt so free, I had stayed with mom and dad for that year and now it was time to call the Worker who had taken the baby from me that day.

I could hardly wait to dial their number and see how Marianne was doing. She came to the phone and said "Anne we can't tell you anything" I burst out crying and told her I had just came from

court and I had got my divorce and I had to know so I could move on. There was silence, then she started to tell me that the day she was at my house telling me to go and buy everything new that my husband had flagged her down as she left and told her he did not want Marianne and to do whatever they had to do to get her out of our house. She said she couldn't tell me as I was married to him. That night I cried so much and remembering that day when she was at my house and he walked by me, kissed me on the cheek and said he was just going to the store for cigarettes and would be right back. THE KISS OF DEATH.. well it seemed like that after I found out about how devious he was.

Now it was over and I had to move on with my life vowing I would never get myself into any more messes with anyone and that the hurts I would leave behind me. I never realized it though that each hurt had started a wall around me and slowly more bricks were being added. I decided to put myself into work and I got two jobs to keep myself busy. I stayed at Mom and Dads and worked so many hours, came home, fell asleep and worked some more.

Would this be the way life was to be? Well there is more

Months passed and I found myself starting to get used to working again and being so thankful that my life was starting in a new direction. I felt free and just wanted to forget my past. I got a third job working from 11 pm to 7 a.m in the morning at a Taxi stand being a dispatch operator.. I could get a few hours sleep thru the night and it was more money on top of the other two jobs I was doing.

HUSBAND #2

One night this Police Officer came into the taxi stand to ask if I had a light. I said yes and then he left, but returned after a few minutes and asked what I was doing on Saturday night. He said he wanted to take me out for supper.

I never thought much about anything but decided to go out that Saturday night for dinner with him. I used to laugh to myself and think “Anne, here you were a drug addict and now you are dating a cop”.

Little did I know that a short time later I would be the prisoner, confined to a home and another marriage once again.

It seemed some of my bricks from my wall had come down a little and I found myself talking marriage with him. I always remember coming

home and thinking what a fool I was even talking marriage and yet he wanted to marry me so bad. After a short time I thought just maybe this might be the right thing to do, he had wanted me to quit my 3 jobs and said he would give me some spending money if I did ...My mind still wasn't right and I found myself taking \$10 a week from him for coffee and that was it. We got married shortly after that and he had bought this real nice house right around the corner from my mom. Was I happy? Well any woman would have been living in this real nice home but I wasn't. I would sit when he was at work and once again wonder how I had just married him so quickly but could never find any answers. Abuse in woman tend to make us do things that to others would seem crazy, we can't see that we are worth something because for many years we were told we were not and then to think that maybe finding a partner who seemed to care was the answer... Was I in love with him? No.... I would sit many times when he was at work and ask myself why I had done this again. It was like I was on a road to destroy myself and I was doing a pretty good job at it.

We were only married 30 days when he started to tell me I couldn't wear the clothes that I had in closet and I could only wear what he wanted me to wear. I had to stop wearing make up and stop dying my hair. At that time I couldn't believe what I

was hearing... Honestly it felt like I was his prisoner and he was the warden telling me when to breathe and what to eat.

I was so unhappy and yet I always tried to tell myself it might get better in time.. It only got worse and worse, then one day I got the opportunity to run a little store from 10 a.m. to 4 pm. Telling him about it was not a good idea and that night he raped me. I have heard many say that a husband can't rape his wife and yet I experienced it first hand. I lay crying and that day too I had been so sick with the flu. More tears, more heartache and now what do I do.

Well I took the job, he was so mad at me but I knew I had to get out and get away from his clutches ever if it was only for a few hours. Within a few months I found myself pregnant and realizing that I should be so happy I was the opposite. Now pregnant and in this situation was not good. The day after I came from the Doctor I told him and he said "Whose baby is it?" I couldn't believe my ears. Once again I found myself looking back on my life and seeing the mistakes I had made, I just didn't know what to do except exist in this prison that I was in.

A few days later I had an appointment with the specialist who would be taking care of me while pregnant and when I got some tests done he asked to speak with me. “Anne, something is wrong I don’t hear a heartbeat.. I am just waiting for some final tests to come back. Be by the phone early in the morning and if these tests tell us the baby has died inside of you we will have to take it, we don’t have much time” Those words rang out in my ears and as I came home I found I couldn’t even cry. It was like I was numb once again to my emotions and nothing mattered. When I walked into the house, I saw his suitcase and a few boxes.. I told him what was going on and he told me he was leaving for a week with his brother on a hunting trip. Here I was alone again and adding a few more bricks to my wall. I just looked at him and asked him to stay and he said “NO”. I walked upstairs thinking it didn’t really matter anyways and maybe this was the best that I did lose the baby as he didn’t want it at all.

The phone rang about 6:30 that morning and I got up running to answer it. It was the Doctor telling me that the baby had died and they had to take it and to get to the hospital as soon as possible. I hurried up and left for the hospital alone and went through the procedure, they kept me there and when I was able to drive I drove home and went to bed. I called my mom when I got home and told

her what had happened... She wanted to come stay with me but I reassured her I was fine and would just get some rest.

The next morning I awoke to blood everywhere and feeling so sick. I called Mom and she came over and took me to the hospital. Something was wrong, I couldn't even stand. A Doctor came in and started running blood tests on me only to find that I had this serious infection that was all through my body, he told me the infection was so bad it had killed the baby.. Did I cry? NO I just wanted to get better and leave the past behind.

A week later he came back and handed me a candle. I looked at him and said " I could have died and you didn't even phone to ask about the baby or me" He just shrugged his shoulders and said I never appreciated anything he did and that I was so selfish I couldn't even thank him for the candle. I started to wonder if I was crazy or is this how we are supposed to live our lives... It was all strange to me.

Within a few months I knew that I had to keep busy so I started painting the bathroom, we never talked much anymore, only small talk about the weather etc. I felt good that I had got the bathroom done and in he walked. He came upstairs and told me to take the wallpaper down and he

didn't like the color of the paint. Then he turned and said "What happened to the small piece of soap that was at the sink, I told him I had replaced it and he told me to go in the garbage and put it back that it was such a waste to throw out the soap. One again I couldn't believe what I as hearing. Turning to him I said it was ridiculous to put a piece of soap the size of a quarter back on the sink to be used. He grabbed me by the shoulders and threw me across the hall. Now it was a big hall and I had a big old chest which I kept my towels and face cloths in. I landed in it bumping my head on the back of it as it was open. It hurt so bad, I got up and said I was leaving. He laughed and said "You will never leave me" but I grabbed my purse and left. I went back to Mom and Dad's and the next day he called telling me to come back or else. I knew that death would be better than living with a man like him and yet I couldn't figure out why I kept attaching myself to another abusive man . Was it me? Or Was it my choices? I didn't know. Now 2 years later I was filing for divorce. I found out from the lawyer that he had a hidden bank account in the thousands and that he was not going to give me a divorce unless I signed the house and money over to him. To me it was so worth it to walk away with nothing except my sanity and my peace. I had vowed I would never let another man beat me or even threaten me again.

Why I would think is life so hard and why am I always losing at life.

HUSBAND # 3

Once again I decided to get to work and work was what I did ... I play piano so I found myself in a little church playing for them each Sunday, sticking to myself and just existing once again.

After a short time the Pastor told me that his brother was going to play the guitar with me. Well I didn't care much who played as I was doing what I wanted to do. My wall was pretty high now and I was content on living in my own world. I figured things couldn't get much worse for me for what I had been through and emotions just didn't exist in my anymore.

The brother was a comedian and always tried to make me laugh.. What was laughing I really didn't know or didn't care to know. Now I had moved out of the family home and got a trailer behind a bait shop, I was working at the hospital and working the bait shop too and going to church... keeping busy as usual and loving the loneliness that I felt as I knew to stay away from people was the best thing for me to do.

Then it happened I had spoke to the Pastor about my door to the trailer that had this big hole in it ... I wasn't sure what to do and he said he would come to look at it ... It wasn't him that came but his brother. Now I wasn't too happy about that but he said he would fix it and I let him. I was hoping it wouldn't take more than a day or two and as he was gathering his tools up all this water started coming out of this closet and flooding the trailer. He checked it out and said the little water tank had rusted out but he had another one and would fix that too for me.

We went for supper a few days later after he had fixed the water heater and he seemed so nice. It wasn't too long before he asked me to marry him. Emotion? I didn't have any... Was I in love? Not at all but in my head he seemed so thoughtful and kind and once again I was on a road to another marriage.No one even tried to stop me when I said I was getting married and they even said how lucky I was to have met such a nice guy. Maybe I thought, I just can't see things the way others see them and I went ahead with the wedding.

I never felt real love at all and yet here I was thinking that to have someone who was kind in my life was the answer... More mistakes and more

heartache were on the way and once again I went into it with my eyes wide open but realizing that they were covered with the truth that was about to take place.

We moved from the trailer and his father sold us a little church building that he remodeled into a home. He started a remodeling business and we started to make money, I didn't have to work anymore and then we took in foster kids. I felt some happiness from the kids as a week after we married he wanted his own bed in a back room. He said his back was sore and it would be better for me so he wouldn't wake me up. So gullible I was back then but I agreed to it, wanting only what was best for his back.

For three years we did a Television Show on cable with 100,000 viewers. I loved working for the Lord and I knew that many were being helped from the calls and mail that we got. Then one day he said he was quitting it all. I couldn't understand why he would even want too and there was nothing I could do about it as we had to do it together. Once again I felt terrible inside but I never thought that it could get worse, but it did .

A short time passed and my father died. It was so hard on me cause I loved him so much.

Then mom came to me and said that she wanted to live with me but she wanted us to move into the big house that her and Dad had owned. Thinking this was right we built on an addition and making a real nice apartment in the back for Mom as I didn't want her to be bothered by the foster kids. She had never had a lot of new things and I wanted her to be happy.

We had been married a few years and just in Mom's home for three months when he walked out the door and left me. I was shocked. Devastated I guess is the word. Here we were with four kids that I loved dearly and one of them we were adopting .. a little four year old boy named "Quinton". Now what do I do.

A few weeks after he left child welfare came in and took the children and wouldn't tell me anything. Being left in the dark is terrible and once again my brain was racing wondering what was going on. I had got a lawyer and he had taken \$17,000 dollars regarding the transfer of the house and a few other things. I ended up getting another lawyer who charged me \$5,000 and told me there was nothing he could do to help me. Bills were coming in and I was paying them. The business had done great and I was able to save a lot of money but when you pay out \$15,000.00, \$12,000.00 and more every few

days you start to question what is happening. Well the business was in my name and my husband after leaving me was going to the lumber yards and charging things so he could feed his drinking problem that I didn't even know he had. He was selling the items for a few thousand and leaving me with the bill for thousands. Now what was I supposed to do and I didn't even know what all this was happening until one day I got a call telling me that there was a court case as my husband three years before had molested a girl 13 and charges had been laid against him. I was devastated. I called him and told him I had to talk with him. He came over and I told him what was told to me. I needed to hear it from him. He just leaned against the kitchen sink and said "Yes it happened" It was terrible, how could he do this ... and why... I told him I was totally finished with him and was filing for divorce. He said he wanted me to be on his side and try to get this girl who was now 16 to lie and say he didn't do it ... That even shocked me more that he could do this and then try to have the girl lie to protect him. I said "NO" and he said he would take everything I had even my mom's home that she had just signed over to me. I told him to get out of the house and I called a lawyer right away and filed for divorce. Was this really happening to me, I have lost the kids, lost my marriage and now getting asked to have someone lie so he could walk away

holding his head high to maybe do it to another child.

It only took a few months to realize that I was losing everything, more bills came in and they came and towed my Lincoln, and the trucks that we had for the jobs and when I checked the garage that had the tools it was empty. He had been coming at night and loading up taking everything away.

He was driving my Chrysler New Yorker and when I asked for it back he said “NO” well I went to get the invoice saying it was mine but my name had been changed on it to his mothers...more loss and yet it was only a car I thought.

It got worse the Sheriff came with a notice that I had 30 days to leave my home and it would padlocked. BUT, BUT, BUT... What about my mom? What about the family home? The one last thing my dad had said to me was “Anne, Make sure Mom always has this home, don’t let her lose it” Now here was I 30 days to get out of the house. He had put me into so much debt that the companies had put a lean on my property and I was losing it all. My sister came and took mom, thankfully mom didn’t really know what was actually happening and I was in another mess. Alone and in a mess not knowing which way to turn once again.

EMOTIONS? There were none ... BRICKS... yes there were many bricks around me, around my heart and I was even building a house of Bricks to protect me from the hurts that I had gone through and was going through.

HUSBAND #4

Within the 30 days I met a man who had done 15 years in prison and he was now at a halfway house. He said he wanted to help me. HELP ME? I didn't care if he did or not, but when he said maybe we could get a place together as he was coming out of the halfway house soon. I looked him straight in the face and said .. "I will not live with anyone and the only way that will happen is if you marry me" WHAT did those words come out of my mouth, was I crazy? Maybe I was but I didn't care about much at all and we got married.

Looking back now I really believe God sent him in my life for those 2 years we were together. Yes we got married, he was working and purchased a little house down by Lake Erie. It was a one bedroom cottage that had been winterized. I found my life sure had changed and I couldn't even believe what had happened to me. Going from thousands of dollars each month to barely getting by. I called

out to God many times and asking for His help, I never realized that coming from a life of abuse, drugs, beatings would still give me the pain that those days brought. Many people now were hurt at what had happened in my life, so I decided to just keep my distance from family.

So many times I would find myself in a grocery store and hear the words “MOM” thinking it was the foster kids I would turn to see them and it was always another child speaking to their own mom. My heart was so broken and I really couldn’t see the light that was at the end of the tunnel. Once again I was married and wondering how it even happened. Could my mind be so messed up that I kept searching for someone to love me or was it the fact that I just had been so abused in my teen years that I couldn’t function properly as a normal person. I really didn’t know but I knew that I had to keep moving forward. Shutting down emotionally was the only thing I knew how to do to keep from being hurt and that was one thing I could do.

Our second anniversary was coming up and “D” said to me that we really had to talk. We sat down and I wondered what was going to be said. “Anne, you know I love you a lot, but I know God has a plan for your life and it is in Ministry” **MINISTRY? ME?** I looked at him in shock

because I really didn't know what or why he had even said those things about Ministry. Now I had written a few prisoners and he had even bought the stamps and paper saying that he knew how important a letter was to someone locked up. But now, MINISTRY? I just sat there and said "What do I do? I was lost for words and lost inside at the same time. He told me to go visit my friend in New York for the weekend and see what happens. Well that was exactly what I did, we prayed all weekend and I knew by Monday morning that MINISTRY was what I had to do. So many dreams of people in prison needing letters and I was the one who had to take this Prison Letters a step farther.

I returned home, got a few clothes and started on a new journey. We stayed married for 9 years and only saw each other once for dinner. I knew that night having dinner that the words he had spoken 5 years before were true and I had to follow God. He would call every month to make sure I was ok and if I needed anything. I told him I was fine and thanked him for caring. One day he called to say he wanted to marry some one and would I sign the divorce papers. We laughed and I said of course. He mailed them to me and I signed them and mailed them back. That was the last time I heard from him. We wished each other well and we both moved on with our life.

Looking back I believe God put him in my life just to help me through the time of losing the family home, losing the kids and going through the tears of heartache.

We registered the Ministry and I began on a new journey of life that I will never regret. I have learned a lot over the years and I can see how it is so easy to get caught up in situations that can destroy our life. For many years I cried myself to sleep over and over again, wishing I had never been born, but now I was finding that I had found peace in my life because I had given everything over to the Lord.

I have remained single ever since and see each and every day that God is with me teaching me His ways and giving me Hope for a future.

I have written this short part of my life to help all those in bondage. You may be a woman who was in the same situation as myself and feel that there is no way out. When I was going through some of the things I felt like no one understood me and if I dared to say anything it would only get worse and always thought that no one would believe me as everyone thought he was such a great guy.

Those are all deceptions and when mixed with fear we become helpless and start to rely on our abuser. We become a puppet that our abuser controls all the strings and even tells us how to talk, walk and be. We lose our own identity and start to take on another identity of someone we don't even know.

Today if you are in a relationship and are going through some of the things that I have mentioned I urge you to seek help, start telling someone what you are going through. It could mean your life. I look back at the time he tried to shoot me and how my life was spared only by the grace of God too. But you might be sitting there in fear and that same thing may have happened to you or could happen to you in the future. Don't take any chances you are too special for anyone to treat you that way.

I have told only some of my stories, if I told you all of them you would start to believe this book is fiction. Anyway I am not here to tell the gory details of my life but I am here to tell you that I found the answer to it all.

I found my freedom and found that God will give you the strength to move forward in

your life and not live in the hell that you are living in today.

One of my problems was that not only was I being abused but I was trying to please everyone. People thought he was a great guy, he put on such a front that everyone told me how blessed or lucky I was to have him in my life. They didn't know what was going on behind closed doors and I thought that if I told them they wouldn't believe me. I was lied too, my thoughts inside of me were certainly not from God for sure. The thoughts I believed and the fear was so real that it made me keep staying in this crazy relationship. I just thank God that I wasn't killed or my family weren't killed, as he threatened to do many times.

You can be set free too, you can know the feeling of freedom and peace that I now know. It is so simple and yet back then I couldn't see it at all.

God has a plan for your life that will bring you the joy and peace that we all seek so badly. Honestly it is a hard thing to believe that when we are in a situation where someone is telling you every day that you are no good and that you never will be any

good. More things were said to me than I ever experienced in my life, I was degraded constantly and when that happens you actually start to believe you are no good and that things will never get any better but that is a lie. Stop believing the lies that are told to you.

EPILOGUE

It totally amazes me how when we are children we are taught so many fairy tales. We believe them and that when we grow up life will be wonderful, if we are in a relationship we will be swept off our feet and live a life of total happiness. None of this is reality, life comes at us in a way that we always have choices to make. The choices we make today will affect our tomorrows.

Many times I would be told growing up that Jesus was the answer and yet I never really understood how He could be the answer. I remember one day walking up the street feeling like I was in this big bubble and looking up to the sky asking God where He was and how could I ever reach Him.

We sometimes think we are all alone in life and that no one understands what we are going through, many times people don't understand because they have never walked in our shoes but we have to start searching ourselves to get help. If we sit in our situation day after day and expect others to take us out of our problems it just isn't going to happen. For me to get out of my problem I had to take a step forward and do something. First I prayed, now I prayed for a long time but the answer came and then I was able to move forward. When I was sitting in the car and looking back at Gord standing in the doorway, that was the time that I could have made the wrong choice and ended back in the same mess. I had to move forward with my life and take the door that God had opened for me to get out.

Today you may be in that same situation, a door may be open for you but you are hesitating to go through it. We think so many times that if we did leave the abuser might find us, that was me back then. I remember a few years after I had left that town and started over that I was driving in a car going to visit my mom and dad. Never being back to that same town since I left I felt a little funny, when I started to feel those negative thought I could

feel fear take hold of me again and found myself trying to crouch down on the floor in case the abuser would see me. Looking back now I can't even believe that I would do that, but when we live in an abusive relationship for so long we tend to find that memories of that abuse haunt us at times and that was one of the times that it got to me.

I remember too the first week that I had left, the dreams that I had were terrible. G kept walking towards me begging me to come back, he was crying and begging and I would wake up in a total sweat. Never had I prayed so much for God to remove those dreams and He did.

I've been raped by a friend who I trusted, beat and tied to beds, chairs with ropes around my neck and knowing I couldn't move or I would be dead. I've been shot at, thrown out of cars, I could go on and on. The fear that I carried for so long made me think that I could never be a better person. BUT it did change and today now I can help others who are going through a similar thing.

Your life is important and what you do now with it will make your future totally

different. God has a plan for your life and it certainly isn't getting beat up or being abused.

Here are the first steps to freedom. Give your life over to Jesus Christ, ask Him into your life today .. don't wait .. today is the day. Then get yourself a Bible and start to read it, pray each chance you get too. Now prayer is simply talking to the Lord, tell Him how you feel and express all your desires, ask HIM for help.

When you have given your life to JESUS CHRIST, you are a new creature, a new creation in Christ.. old things have passed away. You will never be the same again. Here are some scriptures for you to read.

2 Corinthians 5:17 - Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

Galatians 2:20 - I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ lives in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

These are only two scriptures but there are many more that will help you on your new journey. TELL SOMEONE what you are going through and get help. There are safe houses in your City that you can go too. Don't wait until your life is taken by these abusers. Do something now to get help.

If you have any questions or need help at all please contact us today at

Hannah House,
MPO Box 2813,
Niagara Falls, New York, 14302

Website: <http://hannahhouse2002.org>

Email: hannahhouse2002@gmail.com

Youtube.com -

https://www.youtube.com/user/Amayianne/videos?disable_polymer=1

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/hannahniagara>

We have a Prayer Chain also and if you
would like your name added to our Prayer list
just contact us at
hannahhouse2002@gmail.com

A NEW LIFE IS AWAITING YOU....

Hannah House
Publishing



Lighthouse International Ministries

MPO Box 2813
Niagara Falls, New York
14302