

MY PERSONAL TESTIMONY by Keri Ashley

"In the beginning, there was darkness. I had a dad who was abused as a child; he grew up to be an alcoholic and an addict. I had a mom who also experienced abuse as a child; she grew up to be the target of my dad's anger. One night, things spiraled completely out of control, my parents separated, and my brother and I ended up growing up in a broken home. A family torn up, and divided; ravaged by the enemy.

Growing up, I remember desperately wanting a "normal" family. I did not have a dad there to love, guide, and provide; instead, there was this huge gaping hole in my life. I remember going to Bible school and praying to Jesus as a small child, but my faith was small and it diminished over the years. With weak to no faith in God – there was no one to fill the void inside of me, no one could heal the hurts, and no one could mend the wounds, they only festered more and more over the years. My pain was growing, my faith was fading, and hope defined by me was mere wishful thinking; a sheer waste of time.

Up until ninth grade, I lived with my brother, mother, and her parents. My grandmother was my mom because my mom was working and going to school. My mom stepped up to the challenge of being a single mom instead of pursuing another husband. While mom was getting her life off the ground and running for our future benefit, my grandmother had become my solid foundation. She is what I held onto for dear life. My grandmother passed away in the middle of my ninth grade year, my mom moved us out into our own home, and I completely lost my mind. All of a sudden I had too much time, too little supervision, and an overabundance of hurts, pains, lies, and losses. This is where the little faith I had in God turned into offense and died.

I spent close to a year hearing demons, I had eight of them named. When I actually saw one, everything changed. (I spent some time in a mental hospital over this). The devil was real, and this meant that God is real too, and I was definitely crying out to Him at this point. Death was no longer my love, it was actually horrifically scary. Over the next 15 years, my life went spiraling down the road to hell at full speed. I literally fell in love with death and despised my life at this point. I went into total rebellion. Everything was black, skulls, horror movies, and mythology. If it wasn't rock or heavy metal music – it really didn't appease me. I indulged in tattoos and body piercings. I worked in barrooms. The doctors prescribed medications for depression, anxiety, bipolar, etc. They only worsened my condition. I started trying to self-medicate with street drugs, and started jumping from one relationship to another. Relationships ended badly over and over again, and my appetite to get high increased while the satisfaction from the drugs decreased. I have several attempts at failed suicide. I also had three children out of wedlock, along with one abortion. Somewhere in there my dad tried stepping back into my life, I ended up cursing him out, and he committed suicide before I could apologize. I fell into a serious pit of regret, self-pity, and self-

apathy. I spent all my time mixing whatever I could find. I could not tolerate sobriety. I despised me. I wavered back and forth between men and total isolation.

The Revelation House is where I found true hope. Hope is no longer defined by me as wishful thinking. I now know the true definition of hope is confident expectation. All my hope rests in Jesus. I received a tremendous amount of revelation directly from God at the Revelation house, they named it with the perfect name. Thanks to their love, I can now discern the voice of the Lord, and I am no longer tormented by demons. Currently, I am back at my mother's house with my son Dominick, and the Lord is clearing the way for me to go to college. Thank you, mom for helping me get my life off the ground and running too!! The light of Jesus shines through the darkness and the darkness shall never overcome it!!!

This very special body of Christ delivered me from the demons that had overtaken me. They nurtured and cared for me for almost two years while Jesus healed me emotionally, physically, and spiritually. My youngest son, Dominick joined the Revelation House family with me when I was about 6 months into their discipleship program. They ministered the word of God to us, and they loved us with the love of Christ. They walked me through forgiveness of myself and others. They helped me to get a job and get on my feet. I was a spiritually dead addict passed out on death's door step, and through the Revelation House ministry along with their fellow ministries, Jesus revived me into a Spirit-filled, responsible, loving, kingdom-minded mother. The empty void that was destroying me is finally all filled up with the Holy Spirit, the love of Christ outpoured into my soul, Living Water. Then God said, "Let there be light." Jesus heard my cries, and He rescued me. Through the help of my brother, Jesus brought me to the Revelation House. I finally had what I was always missing!! I had what I had wanted so desperately, but could not attain on my own. He placed me within a truly loving family!!! A FAMILY!!! God had placed me under the loving care of Shepherds after His very own heart.