

PSALM 35

"Believe there is a great power silently working all things for good, behave yourself and never mind the rest."

– Beatrix Potter

I was scared every day for so long. I was scared that I would be good enough and scared that I wasn't good enough. My life spun off its axis on May 5th, 2013. I had to leave that day, I could not stay because my husband had stolen all of my air. If I stayed with him I knew it was the end of me. I could feel this in every fiber of my soul. I could never go home again. I need air to live and my children needed me to keep the "happy" in their lives.

I was the keeper of the "happy" within the walls of my marriage of 20 years. I was given that duty and I have taken this task very seriously. It is a large responsibility to care for the "happy" in a household of four, plus a dog, that makes five. I needed to keep the calm as well, and man the fire truck to put the fires out that start from time to time. I worked very hard at all my jobs for the family. I gave it one hundred percent every day, yet when it came to my husband, I failed every single time.

My husband was never happy, he could never find the good enough, he always wanted the chocolate when all that was available was Cherry Garcia. I started to get dizzy from the circle of trying and failing, and failing and trying harder. Around and around I went.

I also inherited two new roommates once my world was in the spin cycle. Their names were "FEAR", AND "PANIC". I did not want these two pests moving into my already limited emotional space, but they are a rude pair of twins and did not care about what I thought or felt. They wouldn't leave even though I had served them eviction papers. They even had matching comforter covers for their

bunk beds. Fear and panic don't clean up after themselves, and they keep terrible hours. Fear and panic were pushy and they would barge right onto my living space and make a giant mess for me to clean up.

I hate those two.

The day my husband pushed me too far and stole my air, was the day "fear" and "panic" seized my emotional fortress and became the rulers. They were so strong and powerful that that every molecule of my being was held hostage. I had no choice but to retreat in order to breathe the vital air that I needed to sustain living for my dear sons. There was no going back to the place where the twins had their power. My husband hired those two pests to do this to me and going back was never an option for me.

On May 5th, 2013 I had a panic attack due to being verbally and emotionally abused for such a long period of time. I lost my job as the keeper of the "happy" that day and nothing has been the same.. I lost my home, my community, and my relationship with my children. He took it all that day.

I have one thing that he wan't able to take, wasn't able to steal, and that is me. He didn't take me, and I gave him back his valiant warriors "fear" and "panic".

I can breathe again.

The road I have traveled has been bumpy and almost impassable. I have been tested in ways that I never could have imagined that I could endure. I have felt pain both physically and emotionally that have forever changed the pain scale that the doctor will show you after a surgery. What was once an 8 is now may a 4 at the most. I learned that I can tolerate the pain, and that I can survive.

I did lose all of my friends but God and one selfless caring friend. With God and love and patience from my friend I was not alone.

I have loads of horror stories of crazy things that have happened to me through this journey, as does anyone who has been in a place abuse. Anyone who has been in this type of terrible place who makes it to the other side will have coping stories to share. i have one small story to share about that time in my life.

. What I would like to share with you is a story about a ghost. This is a true story, there is no way I could make this story up. I am not that creative. Plus there is another witness to this ghost if there are any doubters.

In early August of 2013 my kind friend that has been my support through my difficult time took me to see a concert in Colorado. I like the band and I needed to stop crying every day and feeling sorry for myself. He got me a suite at the Hotel Colorado. It was the Molly Brown suite, and it was so cool. It was old and full of photographs and antiques, I loved it. We went to the show and came back late, around 1:00a.m., and we were exploring the suite. We were both wide awake because the music had our adrenaline pumping and we were going to play darts.

This suite had a spiral staircase in the middle of the room. I ran down first to get the dart board, he was behind me. He suddenly yelled for me to come back. He was frozen on the staircase staring at a table across the room. There was a bible on the table that had the pages flipping from one to another. There was no window, there was no fan. Bible pages flipping back and forth and back and forth before our eyes. He came down the stairs and we sat on the sofa across from the bible and watched in awe. We were both mesmerized and watched the pages flip and flip.

I said out loud "show me". The bible flipped down with a thud to an open page. I went and picked up the bible and read what the ghost page flipper wanted me to see. The bible was on Psalm 35. I read the Psalm out loud, the ghost page flipper had given me this. I was speechless. The Psalm came true for me when I returned home. I was given proof that I will survive with the Lord's help.

Psalm 35 is a plea from DAVID to God to help him. He is falsely accused, he is betrayed by his loved ones, and people are joyful about his misfortune. This all happened to me, as well as my dear friend.

I lost so much due to my abuser, but I did not lose myself or my faith. Faith carried me through some very scary moments. Faith that my children will come back to me will keep me going today. Faith that I am stronger than I thought. Faith that just one good person and God's help can carry us when we can't carry ourselves.

There really was a bible flipping ghost in the Hotel Colorado. There really is a life after being abused. I struggle daily and hurt for my children, but I have my new two friends holding my hand now. Faith and God.

Bless us all

Lisa Boeck Jenkins.

"Faith has won it! Fear has lost it! When you get full of faith, the devil gets filled with fear! Keep your faith in light every day and you will keep the devil in fright always!"

— Israel more Ayivor, The Great Hand Book of Quotes

